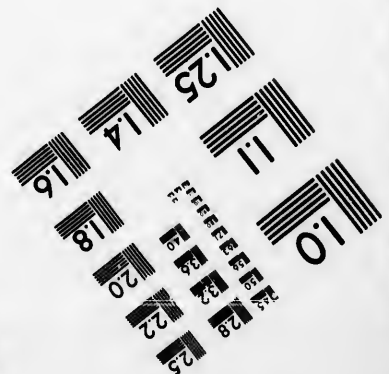
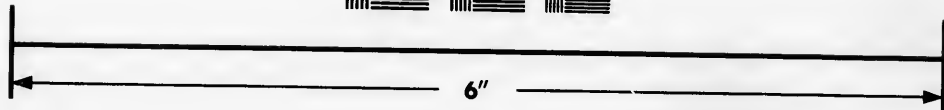
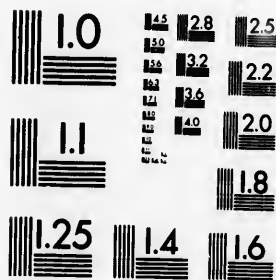


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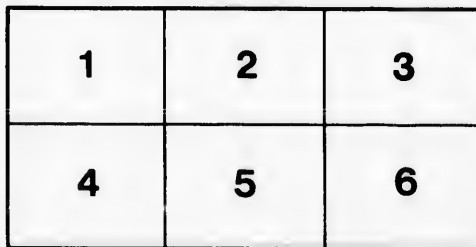
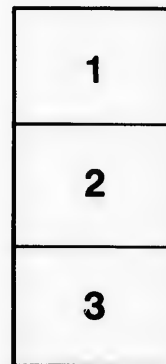
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CANADIAN



PROHIBITION

RECITER

DELIGHTING DIALOGUES
READINGS & RECITATIONS

EDITED BY JAMES HUGHES.

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PROHIBITION RECITER:

A COLLECTION OF NEW

Dialogues, Readings, and Recitations.

FOR

TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS, SOCIAL
GATHERINGS, AND LITERARY
ENTERTAINMENTS.

EDITED BY
JAMES HUGHES, ESQ.,
Inspector of Public Schools, Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO:
ADAM MILLER & CO.,
11 WELLINGTON STREET WEST.
1874.

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PRINTED AT THE MONETARY TIMES OFFICE, 64 & 66 CHURCH ST.

PREFACE.

It is a source of much pleasure to the Editor to know that the practice of having literary entertainments in connection with temperance organizations is rapidly becoming more popular throughout the Dominion. It is important that these entertainments should not only be interesting, instructive, and sometimes amusing, but also calculated to enforce the leading principles of true temperance advocates. In order to attain this object, it is the intention of the publishers to issue a series of cheap Temperance Readings, Recitations, and Dialogues, of which this Book is the first.

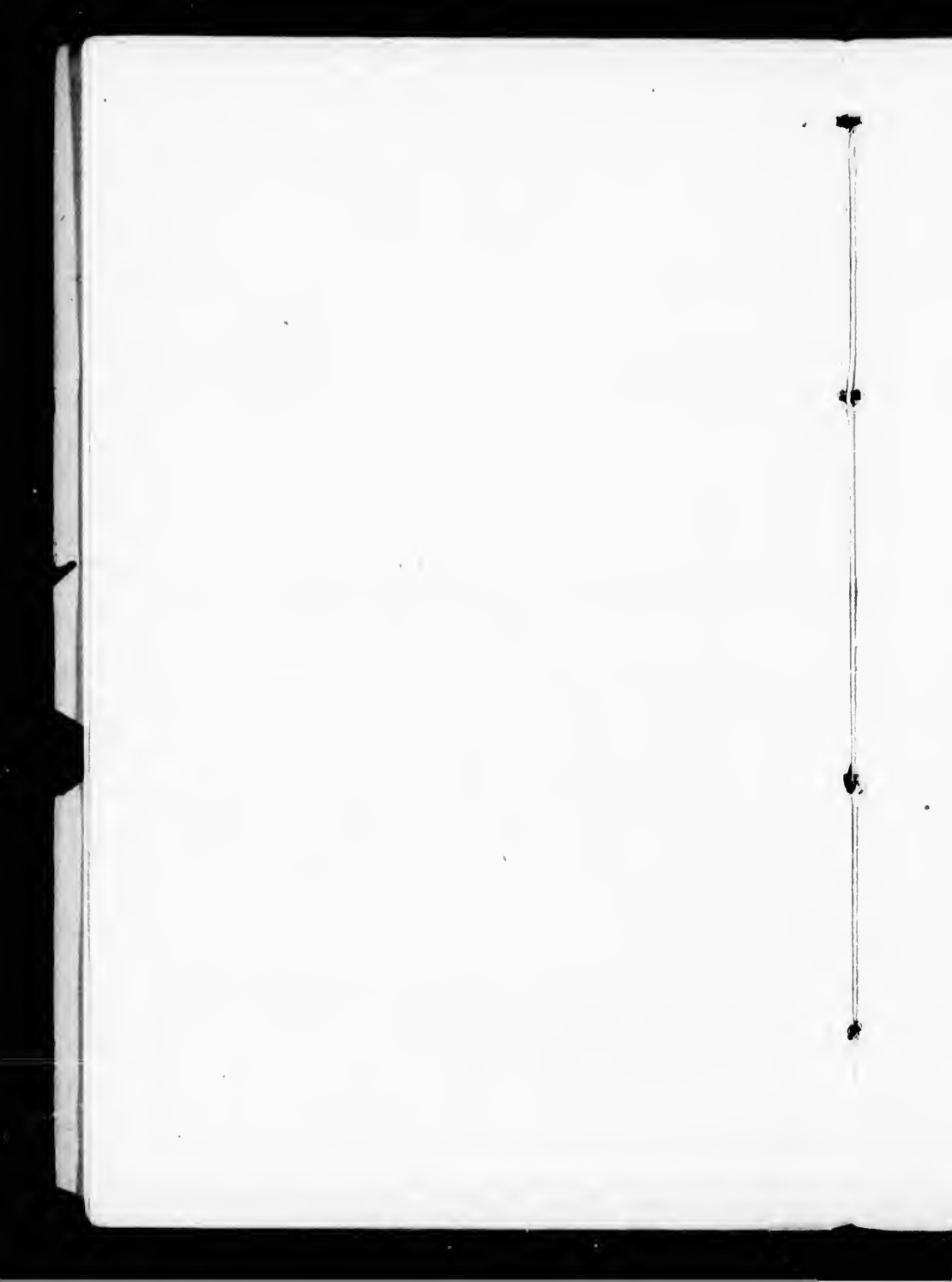
Many of the Dialogues in this work appear for the first time in this form, and all the pieces have been arranged with a view of *acting* events rather than *describing* them; of teaching by *practice* instead of *theory*. They can all be prepared easily, and acted without much scenery or many stage requisites.

The book is respectfully submitted to the public, with the hope that it may aid in securing the great object to which it owes its name.

TORONTO, August, 1874.

ure, in the year
-four, by ADAM
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CHURCH ST.



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CANADIAN
PROHIBITION RECITER.

THE MODERATE DRINKER.

CHARACTERS :

Mr. ABSTEMIOUS,
JOE TODDY,
Squire TAKE-A-DROP,
Capt. LITTLESON.

[*Enter Mr. ABSTEMIOUS, who commences a soliloquy.*]

“Rum, rum, cursed rum ! what misery does it entail on society ? Already is this once flourishing city (*or village, as the case may be*) filled with want and wretchedness, caused by the traffic in man’s most deadly foe. How shall I proceed to do away with the sale and use of this *liquid fire*, which goes by the name of brandy, rum, gin, spirits, whisky, and the like—curses to society ? How shall public opinion, that mighty engine, be brought to bear upon it ? I have it. I’ll make an effort to put a Temperance Society in operation—perhaps it will prove a ‘Leaven

that will leaven the whole lump.' But how to begin? Shall I go to the fathers of the place? I fear I should fail. 'They are joined to their idols.' Shall I go to the retailers? That won't do; by the traffic they gain their wealth. Shall I present them to the families and individuals they have made wretched? That won't do; their hearts are steeled against the cry of misery. This will I do—I'll make an appeal to the young men and youth, the 'bone and sinew' of society; perhaps——"

[JOE steps forward and interrupts Mr. ABSTEMIOUS in the middle of his sentence. He should be dressed in dirty ragged clothes, and hold a jug or bottle in his hand.]

JOE—What's that you're saying, you col' water man? Don't ye want to hear me sing "There's whisky in the jug, my hearties." Ise a 'plete singer. (*Hiccough.*)

Mr. ABSTEMIOUS—I don't want to hear your drunken song. You wished to know what I was talking about. I was trying to devise some plan by which you and many others may be reformed and become sober and useful citizens again.

JOE—Do you say I gets tossicated? I only takes a little for stomach's sake. (*Hiccough.*) I must have somethin' to drink; col' water don't 'gree with me stomach. I 'spose you wants to get up a Tem'prance 'Siety? You'll not get this chap to jine, no how.

Mr. ABSTEMIOUS—I feel grieved, Joe, when I look upon you. Once you sustained a good character, and

bid fair to become a respectable and useful member of society. But what are you now? a poor despised fellow; but I trust not beyond recovery. Come, sign this pledge—(*holds it up to him*)—and by strictly complying with the rules laid down you will, in less than three months, be quite a different person from what you now are. Instead of being covered with these filthy rags, you will be dressed in the same good clothes you were wont to appear in, and be respected by every good citizen.

JOE—You don't ketch me a-jinin' yer Temp'rance 'Society, I tell ye. I knows what I be 'bout. Squire Take-a-drop and I thinks jest alike. He says ye're trying to ketch all ye can and not let 'em drink none, no *hods* how dry or tired they be. I don't drink no more than I wants. But I ain't-a-goin' to stan' here all night, I'se tired. (*Sits down.*)

[*Enter SQUIRE TAKE-A-DROP.*]

SQUIRE—How are you, Mr. Abstemious? I'm glad to see you; I have been looking for you a long time. The last time I saw you, you hinted about forming a Temperance Society. I have thought much about it since, and have come to the conclusion to unite with you in so doing, provided you will make a little amendment to the constitution. I think by this means we would soon be able to establish one in our city.

Mr. ABSTEMIOUS—I'm perfectly willing, Squire, to adopt any amendment to my plan that will tend to the furtherance of the good cause of temperance.

SQUIRE—Well, sir, my amendment is this: That

whenever a member may think it necessary, he may take a little; but he must be *careful only to take a little*.

Mr. ABSTEMIOUS—That would never do, Squire,—it is that *little* does all the mischief; and I would ask you if you ever deem it necessary to take a “little of the ardent” yourself?

SQUIRE—Why, yes; and I honestly think that a *little* does me good. My labor is pretty hard, and if I don't have something to drink, about eleven o'clock and at four, I feel faint in my stomach. I don't drink at any other time, except when I have a bad cold or get wet, for fear I should take cold.

JOE—That's when I takes it, Squire; (*drinks.*) I think a little does me good. I'm 'zactly of your mind, (*hiccough*)—I'll jine, Mr. Abstemious, if you'll make that ar' 'mendment the Squire says.

Mr. ABSTEMIOUS—There, Squire, you see what your amendment would come to, when such as drunken Joe approves of it. No sir; I will not adopt any such proviso. I will have thorough reform or nothing.

SQUIRE—Well. Mr. Abstemious, I can reïrain from drinking ardent spirits without signing a pledge.

JOE—That's right, Squire; them's jist my senterments; I guess we'll give it to him d'rectly. I thinks 'zactly as you do.

SQUIRE—Joe Toddy, I would be obliged if you would keep your tongue quiet. Sots like you are bad enough to see, without having them to intrude as you do.

JOE—Whew ! Squire, you talks likes a tossicated man, yourself.

SQUIRE—Hold your tongue, Joe.

MR. ABSTEMIOUS—I do not see the use, Squire, in railing so against poor Joe. You think a little does you good—so does Joe; and it is this *little*, as you call it, that has brought the poor fellow to the degraded state he now appears in before us. You see, had Joe, only three years ago, when he began to take a little, signed the pledge without your amendment, he would now have been the same respectable young man as he was then. But by taking *that little*, it has grown upon him so, that he takes scarcely anything else than rum. However, I don't despair of again seeing Joe, one of those days, a sober and respectable man.

JOE—You talks like a book, Mr. Abstemious, but I don't think I could ever become temp'rance, although I should like to. (*Striking his jug.*) You cussed critter,—you're the cause.

SQUIRE—Do you think, Mr. Abstemious, that I approve of intemperance? There is nothing I abhor more than a drunken man; no sight is to me more disgusting,

JOE—I thinks just so, too, Squire; I see'd Jack Hubbard drunk as a fiddler, 'tother day; I couldn't bear to look at him. His breath smell'd so strong of rum, that it made me sick. (*Hiccough.*)

SQUIRE—Joe Toddy, will you never be quiet. I have told you I did not wish to hear any of your remarks.

Mr. ABSTEMIOUS—Squire Take-a-drop, I have always considered you to be a man of intelligence; and, from the position you occupy in our city, I should think you ought to be foremost in any work that has for its object the welfare of its inhabitants. It is only a few years since you were appointed to the office you now hold; and you must well recollect what a promising young man Joe then was. I believe he was employed in your office, and had not then learnt to take a *little*; but he soon did, and a year had scarcely elapsed, before you dismissed him for neglecting his business, and for—

JOE—Drinking, I expect you're going to say, Mr. Abstemious. Yes, I drank my first glass in the Squire's parlor.

SQUIRE—Confound the fellow; will he never be quiet!

Mr. ABSTEMIOUS—A heavy sin, Squire, to lay at your door; and how thankful you ought to be to God, that you have been preserved in your respectability, and kept from the disgrace attached to the poor drunkard. Suppose it had been otherwise; Joe the sober man, and you the drunkard. I'm sure, Squire, if you would only reflect on these things, you would make some sacrifice, even *that little*, to reform the poor drunkards that live among us.

SQUIRE—But I told you, Mr. Abstemious, that I could leave off drinking without pledging myself.

Mr. ABSTEMIOUS—It is your influence and example I want, Squire; who knows but that it will be the means of reforming the whole community.

JOE—Them's my idears. (*Drinks.*) I'd like to be 'spectable again, Squire. Maybe I'd jine, if you will.

MR. ABSTEMIOUS—It is men like you, Squire, that we want. We want those that have a command over their own appetites, so that they can exert a good influence upon others. Our object is not merely to refrain from it ourselves, but, by setting up a safe and good example, to induce the intemperate to become sober, and all others to remain sober forever.

SQUIRE—Well, here comes Captain Littleton; if he approves of your object, I don't know but I'll join with you.

[*Enter* CAPTAIN LITTLETON.]

CAPTAIN—Good evening, gentlemen; you seem to be quite engaged in conversation. You've got Joe here, too, I perceive.

JOE — Yes, Captain; I'm here on the spot. (*Drinks.*)

SQUIRE—We're having a great talk, Captain. Here is a gentleman who wants all the people to leave off drinking ardent spirits; no matter how *little* they drink. I'm hardly willing to come to such terms myself, though I can do without it well enough.

CAPTAIN—I am glad to hear it. He has been trying to persuade me, too, for some time past to give up my license, and keep a temperance house in future. But he is not the only one; I find a great many like him. Besides, some of the most respectable citizens who never frequent my tavern, on account, as they say, of the many *hard cases* that are

always loitering about, have stated to me, that if I would keep a temperance house, they would drop in occasionally to look at the papers and partake of some wholesome refreshments ; and that at the end of a year I would find that I had taken more money than I usually received from my rum-drinking customers. But that's not all. My mother and sister have absolutely set up *nullification* at home, and have given me warning that hereafter they will not tend the bar when I'm away, to sell, as they call it, *liquid fire*. This alone would be sufficient to make me shut up shop, if I had not now been convinced that it is wrong to sell that which has entailed so much misery not only in this city but all over the world.

JOE—(*jumping up*)—Why Cap'n, you strikes me all aback ! This is a wonder of wonders ! Whew !

MR. ABSTEMIOUS—It is, indeed, a wonder. Captain, as Joe says ; for I had long given you up. But I suppose we are indebted to the gentle sex at home for this great change in your opinions.

CAPTAIN—I will not deny that there is some credit due to that quarter. You all know Jack Hubbard. Poor fellow ! You'll never see him any more.

JOE—Is Jack dead, Cap'n ?

CAPTAIN—Yes ; and such a death ! I would not be present at such another scene for all the rum in the world. He died a perfect maniac ; *delirium tremens* was his end ; and when I reflected that the last drop of liquor was bought at my bar, and, in a great

measure, the contents of my bar was the cause of his ruin and death—I thought it time to stop dealing death and destruction at a fip a glass. Hereafter I keep a temperance house.

JOE—That's right, Captain; I'll paternize ye. (*Drinks.*)

MR. ABSTEMIOUS—Well, Squire, are you now convinced of the evils of drinking, and that your amendment to the pledge would still continue to make drunkards and reform none?

SQUIRE—I must acknowledge, Mr. Abstemious, that you are right; and now, I believe, the only way to accomplish your ends is total abstinence from all that intoxicates. From this out I'll cease to take that *little*, and will join with you, heart and hand, to get up a Temperance Society in our city for men and women, and a section of Cadets for our boys, the future hope of our great and glorious country.

CAPTAIN—I'll unite with you, also, heart and soul, and may God forgive me for all the evils I have inflicted upon this community, by the zeal I shall henceforth show in the good work.

JOE (*musings to himself*)—Poor Jack Hubbard, dead! He was a real rummie; many a spree we've had together, but now he's gone to his awful account! What a death to die! Maybe it'll be my end! Oh! you cussed critter, (*striking his jug*) all my earnings have gone down your ugly throat. You hav'nt pisened me yet, but will, if I keep on using you.

SQUIRE (*touching Joe on the shoulder*)—What's the matter, Joe; who are you talking to? Did you

hear the Captain's decision? Come, now, throw that jug away, you have hugged the serpent long enough. It'll sting you one of those days, as it stung poor Jack. The Captain and I are going to sign, and then set about with Mr. Abstemious to raise a Temperance Society. We want your name, too, Joe. I have a suit of clothes at home, I think will fit you, and you can again attend my office; and who knows—nay, who can doubt that—

JOE—I will become a man again! Yes; poor Joe will no longer be called the drunkard of the city. He'll sign, too; and you, Mr. Abstemious, had I the means, I would erect a statue to your memory. Give me your hands—for you are, indeed, my friends. But first let me destroy this horrible critter, (*dashes the jug to pieces and then shakes hands all round.*)

MR. ABSTEMIOUS—Come, gentlemen, let us be off to the Captain's new Temperance House, and make the necessary preparations for our Temperance Society.—“Strike while the iron is hot.”

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

MANLY MODERATION.

Adapted from J. B. Gough.

CHARACTERS

SQUIRE BRUCE, a moderate drinker who thinks he ought to set a *manly* example.

MR. DAPPERMAN, a much smaller man than the Squire, physically, who believes in *Total Abstinence*.

SCENE I.

MR. DAPPERMAN—Good evening Squire. I am glad to meet you. We are forming a Total Abstinence Society in our village, and are anxious to have you co-operate with us.

SQUIRE—You are eh? Well I am much obliged to you for the interest you manifest in my welfare, but I think I can take care of myself without your help.

MR. D.—I do not doubt it Mr. Bruce.

SQUIRE—Neither do I. I find that I can drink when I like, and let it alone when I like. I don't need any of your *temperance* societies to keep me sober.

MR. D.—Then you ought to be thankful, but my object in asking you to join with us was not to save you. I believe that it is possible for men of certain temperaments to drink moderately, and you may be

one of them. What I desire is that you give us the benefit of *your* example. Think of the influence which you exert *upon* the young men of our neighbourhood.

SQUIRE (*warmly*)—It is exactly on those grounds, Mr. Dapperman, that I decidedly object to your agitation. Think for a moment about its effects upon those young men for whose welfare you are so much concerned. What are *your* teachings? You say to them: (*sneeringly*) "Young men, take care, there is some danger, keep away from it. Fly from it and hide in the Total Abstinence City of Refuge." I, on the other hand, say, by *my* example: (*pompously*) "Young men, there is a position of danger, enter it manfully, don't be cowards. Look at me, I have met this danger bravely for the last thirty years. I have been exposed to the temptation for the whole of that period, but I grasped the tempter and strangled him. I developed self-government, self-control and self-reliance, so should you. Don't fly, be men—men of self-government, self-control and self-reliance." Now, Mr. Dapperman, don't you see the difference between the effects of our examples; *you* make your young men a lot of weak-minded mamby-pambys, utterly devoid of (*this should be repeated in a rhyming monotonous manner*) self-government, self-control, and self-reliance, while *I* teach them to become manly, courageous, and possessed of self-government, self-control, and self-reliance.

MR. DAPPERMAN—Don't you think, Mr. Bruce,

that a man's power to drink in moderation depends on his temperament? I think I know some men who could no more drink in moderation than you could blow up a magazine moderately, or fire off a cannon by degrees.

SQUIRE—It's all nonsense; perfectly absurd, my dear sir. What one man can do another can. That's my opinion; so I tell young men to look at me, and follow my example, and develop self-government, self-control, and self-reliance.

MR. DAPPERMAN—Well, Squire, I have not time to finish our argument this evening, so I must say "Good-bye" for the present.

SQUIRE—Good night.

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

SCENE II.

The stage must now be arranged with a pitfall or trap-door, or a temporary bridge capable of supporting MR. DAPPERMAN without any danger, but which is certain to give way under the SQUIRE. This can be accomplished by having some hidden support while MR. DAPPERMAN has to cross, which can be removed when the SQUIRE attempts to walk on it. In this scene MR. DAPPERMAN should speak and act with an assumed air of serio-comic pomposity, imitating as nearly as possible the gestures and manners of the SQUIRE in the previous scene.

SQUIRE (*meeting MR. DAPPERMAN who comes on the platform from the opposite side*)—Good morning, Mr. Dapperman.

MR. D.—Good morning, Squire. Have you changed your *manly moderation* principles yet?

SQUIRE—No sir, (*emphatically.*) Nor am I likely to do so.

MR. D.—I am sorry for that, but as I am out for exercise I will, if you please, walk with you a short distance, and continue our discussion.

SQUIRE—I have no objections, for I assure you, you are not likely to convince me.

MR. D.—Well, you are a man of such influence that it is worth while to try to get you on the right side.

SQUIRE—I'm there already.

MR. D. (*who has now reached the bridge and is commencing to cross it*)—You think so, Squire.

SQUIRE—I'm sure of it. (*He seizes MR. DAPPERMAN by the arm, and endeavours to prevent his crossing the bridge.*) Hold on, you are not going to trust that shaky looking bridge, are you?

MR. D.—Why not?

SQUIRE—Why its timbers are rotten. Take care, sir, you are almost certain to go down if you attempt to cross it.

MR. D.—Nonsense, Squire. (*He shakes himself free.*) Let me go. Why I've crossed this river on this bridge regularly during the last "*thirty years.*" Of course, I know there's *some danger*, but I don't run away from it in a "cowardly" manner. I believe in facing it like a "man." I think it "develops self-government, self-control, and self-reliance," to do so. I cross it carefully. I exercise a *dig-ni-fied mod-er-*

action in crossing it, and I must say I have a good deal of contempt for any one who cannot do so.

SQUIRE—But, Mr. Dapperman, you forget that I am a much larger man than you are, and that, while you may cross in safety, I would be certain to go down, if I attempted to follow you.

MR. D. (*derisively*)—A *weighty* argument, surely. I'm surprised at you, Squire Bruce. What can your *weight* have to do with your falling? Look at me. (*He struts cautiously in a provoking manner backwards and forwards on the bridge.*) I've crossed this bridge for the last "*thirty years*," and you know very well that "*what one man can do another can.*" (*He crosses.*) Come, Squire, be a "*man*," and "*follow my example.*" "*Develop self-government, self-control, and self-reliance,*" you know. Glorious opportunity, you may never have another so good.

SQUIRE—Well, I don't like the venture, but I won't be laughed at without trying. (*He cautiously advances.*)

MR. D.—That's right, *CARE-ful-ly* now. Do it in *mod-er-RA* (*the Squire plumps through with a scream.*) Why didn't you do it by *de-grees*? You have missed a golden opportunity for *de-vel-op-ing* self-government, self-control, and self-reliance. But I hope you are not hurt.

SQUIRE (*spasmodically*)—No,—but—didn't—I—tell—you—that—I'd—go—down?

MR. D.—Don't you think now, that one man may do in safety what would endanger the life of another?

SQUIRE—Yes, I'll grant that, now.

MR. D.—Don't you believe that it's rather difficult for *some* people to do *some* things in *mod-er-a-tion*?

SQUIRE—Yes, I don't know but it is.

MR. D.—Won't you *totally abstain* from crossing dangerous bridges in the future?

SQUIRE—Yes, I should *think* so.

MR. D.—Don't you think it would have been kinder in me to have avoided this bridge, Squire, although I knew that I was quite safe on it.

SQUIRE—Yes, 'twould have been just as well.

MR. D. (*solemnly*)—Don't you think that you ought to give up moderate drinking, if by doing what may be comparatively harmless to you, you are leading our young men to a bridge which may give way under them, and precipitate them into drunkenness and eternal death?

SQUIRE—Yes, Mr. Dapperman, I see this matter in a new light, and I thank you for the lesson which you have taught me. Say nothing about your plan of convincing me, and I will promise to assist you in your undertaking with all my power.

MR. D.—I am most happy to accept your terms. Now, let me help you out of your difficulty.

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

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DON'T GO IN TO-NIGHT, JOHN.

CHARACTERS :

JOHN, The Drunkard.
HIS WIFE, and three or four children.
MARY, her sister.

SCENE I.

An ale-house; JOHN is about to enter, but his wife seizes him affectionately by the arm, and most pit-eously pleads with him, urging him not to enter. Both should be poorly dressed, and she should carry an imitation infant in her arms. If properly acted, this piece produces most affecting impressions.

O don't go in to-night, John !

Now, husband, don't go in !

To spend our only shilling, John,

Would be a cruel sin.

There's not a loaf at home, John ;

There's not a coal, you know ;

Though with hunger I am faint, John,

And cold comes down the snow.

Then don't go in to-night !

Ah, John, you must remember,

And, John, I can't forget,

When never foot of your's, John,

Was in the ale-house set.

Ah, those were happy times, John,
 No quarrels then we knew,
 And none were happier in our lane
 Than I, dear John, and you.
 Then don't go in to-night !

You will not go ! John, John, I mind,
 When we were courting, few
 Had arm so strong, or step so firm,
 Or cheek so red as you ;
 But drink has stolen your strength, John,
 And paled your cheek to white,
 Has tottering made your young, firm tread,
 And bow'd your manly height.
 You'll not go in to-night !

You'll not go in ! Think on the day
 That made me, John, your wife,
 What pleasant talk that day we had
 Of all our future life !
 Of how your steady earnings, John,
 No wasting should consume,
 But weekly some new comfort bring
 To deck our happy room.
 Then don't go in to-night !

Ah, little thought our neighbours then,
 And we as little thought,
 That ever, John, to rags like these
 By drink we should be brought.
 You won't go in to-night !

(He endeavours to free himself from her.)

And will you go! If not for me,
 Yet for your baby stay!
 You know, John, not a taste of food
 Has pass'd my lips to-day;
 And tell your father, little one,
 'Tis mine your life hangs on;
 You will not spend the shilling, John?
 You'll give it him? Come, John,
 Come home with us to-night!
 (CURTAIN FALLS.)

SCENE II.

JOHN'S house. *His wife and her sister are discussing the change in his habits and its beneficial results. Time a little more than a year since the last scene.*

MARY—Why, sister, when I saw you last your heart was full of woe;
 Your face was bleeding from a wound—your drunken husband's blow;
 But what a change the years have wrought. Oh! tell me, sister dear,
 What gave your face its happy smile; your words their joyous cheer?

WIFE—My story, sister? Really now, I haven't much to say;
 But if you'd called a year ago, and then again to-day,
 No need of words to tell you then, for your own eyes could see
 How much the Temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

A year ago we hadn't flour to make a batch of bread,
And many a night these little ones went supperless
to bed :
Now, peep into the larder, see there's sugar, flour,
and tea,
And that is what the Temperance cause has done for
John and me.

That pail that holds the butter now, John used to
fill with beer,
But he hasn't spent a cent for drink for two months
and a year ;
He pays his debts, is strong and well, and kind as
man can be,
And that is what the Temperance cause has done for
John and me.

He used to sneak along the street, and look so mean
and low,
As if he didn't care to meet the folks he used to
know ;
But now he looks them in the face, and steps off bold
and free,
And that is what the Temperance cause has done for
John and me.

A year ago those little boys went strolling through
the street,
With scanty clothing on their backs, and nothing on
their feet ;

But now they've shoes and stockings, and warm garments, as you see,
And that is what the Temperance cause has done for John and me.

The children were afraid of him, his coming stopped their play,
But now, when supper time is o'er, and the table cleared away,
The boys all frolic round his chair, the babe climbs on his knee,
And that is what the Temperance cause has done for John and me.

Ah ! those sad days are over, of sorrow and of pain,
The children have their father back, and I my John again ; (*Weeps.*)

I pray excuse my weeping, for they're tears of joy to see
How much the Temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

Each morning when he goes to work, I upward look and say :

" Oh, Heavenly Father ! help dear John to keep his pledge to-day,"

And every night, before I sleep, thank God on bended knee,

For what the Temperance cause has done for my dear John and me.

(*Just when she finishes, JOHN and his children come blithely in, a couple of them holding on to his*

arms. JOHN, of course, is now well dressed. The children should now stand in front, with papa in the centre behind, supported by his wife on the right and her sister on the left. The following piece should then be sung. If possible, a little girl should sing the first verse, a little boy the second, and a little girl the third ; all the family, including auntie, joining in the chorus. Or the children may sing the verses together, the others joining in the chorus. The piece is found in "TEMPERANCE CHIMES," page 22 ; but if the tune is not conveniently available, the chorus may be omitted, the first and second verses sung by the children, and the third heartily sung by all in chorus.)

GLORIOUS NEWS.

O, have you heard the glorious news
That's round the town to-day ?
Father has sign'd the pledge, and we
Are happy, light, and gay.
No more we dread his coming step,
But spring to greet him home ;
Mother has wip'd her tears away,
And joy to us has come.

CHORUS.

O, glorious news, glorious news, glorious news to-day,
Father has sign'd the pledge, and we are happy
light and gay.
Happy, happy, happy, light and gay,
Happy, happy, happy, light and gay.
Father has sign'd the pledge, and we are happy,
light and gay.

Many's the sorrowing time we've had,
 But such we'll have no more ;
 For father has driv'n the demon out,
 And lock'd and barr'd the door,
 No more we'll want for food and clothes,
 No more we'll mourn and sigh ;
 Our home shall be a home of peace,
 With ev'ry comfort nigh. *Cho.*

Now, thanks we raise to God on high,
 For this great blessing giv'n,
 And earth to us henceforth shall be
 The entrance door to heav'n.
 Sing loud and full, sing clear and free,
 Let hill to valley call,
 And bear upon the wings of wind,
 The glorious news to all. *Cho.*

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

BEFORE AND AFTER A PUBLIC DINNER.

CHARACTERS :

MR. SKINNER, a middle-aged gentleman fond of going to public dinners.

MRS. SKINNER, the lady who has charge of him.
CABMAN.

SCENE I.

MR. SKINNER *is about to attend a charitable dinner. He stands with his hat in his hand ready to say "Good evening" to MRS. SKINNER.*

MR. SKINNER—The annual dinner of the Widow's Benevolent Society takes place this evening, Mrs. Skinner, and it is now time to start.

MRS. SKINNER—Now mind, my dear, don't get worse for the wine.

MR. S.—No, my love, (*submissively*).

MRS. S. (*firmly*)—Pray take care of your purse.

MR. S.—Yes, to be sure my dear.

MRS. S.—And don't stop *after* the dinner.

MR. S.—Really, Mrs. Skinner, these remarks are entirely uncalled-for. I should imagine, Mrs. S., that by *this* time you were fully aware of my strength of mind and firmness of resolution. Charity—blessed charity, Mrs. S. prompts me to go; but rest assured, I shall not give more than what is necessary

to maintain the integrity of my name. I never allow my heart to get the better of my head, Mrs. Skinner. If I go to a public dinner, it's as much a matter of business as pleasure ; I never over-do it. Prudence, Mrs. S., prudence is my watchword and motto. I'm not to be betrayed into over-indulgence, nor late hours ; oh, dear no ! *other* men may have these failings, but *I* have not. My position in society and well-known respectability, is a sufficient guarantee against anything of that kind. I'm proud—Caroline—proud, I may say, of my inflexible determination ; when I have once made up my mind, nothing can alter or influence me ; I wouldn't deviate from my fixed purpose, not even for my own brother, Mrs. S. ; you undervalue my strength of mind, and insult me, by supposing me—*me*, Ebenezer Skinner, capable of such vacillation and impropriety.

Mrs. S.—Oh, no ! Think of the last time you went to a dinner.

Mr. S.—Think of the *last* time. Now, Caroline, you know the last time, as I told you, I was taken suddenly ill, and was sent to the hospital in a cab, where they detained me two or three hours ; you know I was perfectly sober when I arrived at home.

Mrs. S.—To be sure you were, Mr. Skinner ; after you had used the *stomach-pump*.

Mr. S.—What do you say ? That was owing to the *stomach-pump*. Mrs. Skinner, may *you* never be suddenly indisposed at a party.

Mrs. S.—And then, the time before the last, you

were so drunk that you did not come home till the morning.

Mr. S.—I didn't come home till morning? That's too bad, Caroline; you know perfectly well, the policeman who brought me home told you, as I did myself, that the crowd at the fire was so great I couldn't get through, and was forced, against my will, into a tavern opposite, where the fumes of the liquors the firemen drank overpowered my finely-strung nerves. (*She laughs derisively*). But I dare say nothing of that kind will occur to-night, and you may rely upon it, that I shall be guilty of no approach to inebriation—it's what I detest and abhor.

Mrs. S.—Wait till you are drinking your toasts, and you will not abhor it so much.

Mr. S.—Of course I must—like others—respond to the usual loyal toasts; but beyond that, Mrs. S., don't think, for a moment, I shall go. In fact, the truth is, I would rather *not* go at all: but you see I am one of the stewards, and *duty*—religious *duty*—Caroline, towards the truly excellent objects of the society, calls upon me, in the sacred names of benevolence and humanity, to contribute my humble aid to the good cause, and to partake of the annual dinner; and I cannot, without self-reproach, neglect it; but, upon the word of a man whose valued possession is his strength of mind, and power to resist temptation, *I shall be at home by twelve o'clock*. You smile—why so?

Mrs. S.—Oh! I know *your* *determination* of character. Ha! ha!

Mr. S.—You know my determination of character, Mrs. S., why doubt me? Mind, I don't say it may not be five minutes *after* twelve, but not *later*. By-the-bye, I might as well take a key, and then neither you nor the servant need wait up.

Mrs. S.—No, indeed! I'm not going to risk the house being set on fire, with your filthy cigars left burning in the passage again.

Mr. S.—Now, Caroline, dearest! that's *not* right; you know I don't smoke.

Mrs. S.—How came it there, then?

Mr. S.—How should I know? I suppose some one threw it in when I opened the door. However, time presses, it's now nearly five, and I've got to walk to the rank to get a cab; I must be off. (*He starts to go*)

Mrs. S. (*calling*)—Remember, I'll sit up for you.

Mr. S. (*calling back*)—Certainly my dear. Ta-ta!

SCENE II.

MR. SKINNER *is starting for home "after the dinner."*
He cannot find his own hat or umbrella, and has to take an old hat much too large for him, and a rickety gingham umbrella. Of course he is so-so-sober.

MR. SKINNER (*Singing*).—"We're na that fou, we're na that fou, but just a wee drop in our ee." Why, dear me! dear me! whatever is the time? Everybody is gone home; I wish *I* was at home. Here—cab, cab, cab! Why, even all the cabs are

gone home. All the people's gone to bed, except my wife, *she ain't*, I know; she'll wait up for me, to let me in, instead of the girl—what a fool she *is!* I wish she'd let Mary Ann sit up to open the door; it would do just as well, and she wouldn't break her rest. Nice girl, that Mary Ann—very nice girl. Now, when I do get home, I shall catch it—I know I shall; I've given all the money away, doubled my subscription, and became a life subscriber. Well, well—Charity covers a'—what is it?—(*hiccup*)—what is it? a multitude of something. Beautiful song that, the man sung—very touching: something about 'drying up the Orphan's *Beer!*'—I forget the rest—cost me five guineas tho'—never mind. (*Singing thickly.*) "Britons ne-e-e-e-er shall be slaves." I don't know which is *my* house? I can't see it. Why (*hiccup*), this isn't *my* street; my street's a terrace, that goes up steps, with a brass knocker, and a letter-box. What does it say? (*Looking up at a street name.*) Bloor street! Why, this ain't the way to John street—that's where I live. (*As if addressing a company.*) "Skinner, gentlemen, will be most happy and delighted to see you all there, gentlemen, come when you will; Mrs. Skinner will be proud to receive you; she's a good woman, gentlemen, though I say it; a better creature than Mrs. S. never breathed, gentlemen; she will make you all comfortable for a week, if you like, gentlemen." (*Suddenly waking up.*) "Hallo! hallo! What am I talking about? Catch her at it. Why, it was only yesterday she snubbed my City friend, Bif-

bins. She don't like conviv-viv-viv-i-alty, does my wife. I wonder what she'll say to me, being so late? She'll think I've been drinking; she's wrong, though, very wrong! How could I miss my way I can't make out! Why, here's a bridge; I don't go over any bridge to John street, do I? Certainly not. How the fog gets in one's eyes! I know these fogs will do a deal o' mischief; if it hadn't been for the fog I should a' been home hours ago—but *she* won't believe it—not a bit of it. She be bothered; she should a' let me have the key; *next* time I *will* have it. (*Hiccup.*) Now I feel as happy as possib-ib-ble. I wonder how people can grumble, and not be charit-a'b-a'b-able?—they ain't like *me*. Now, there's Bunkins, I'll lend him five pounds to-morrow! There's old John, my clerk, too; he's a good old faithful servant; I'll raise his salary, directly. Then there's my poor brother Tom, in the workhouse. Tom, my boy, you shall come out and be my partner. What a good thing it is to have a kind heart! How I feel for the poor creatures that's badly off! I'll make Mrs Skinner give away soup in the morning to all the wretched, starving, poor things that ain't got a bed to eat, and not a bit o' bread to lie down upon!

(*Hears a cab and calls out*): Here, my man! Cab! Cab! Here, drive me home!

CABMAN (*from dressing-room*)—Where's home?

Mr. S.—Why, its home—John street, you know—drive on, and charge what you like. Mrs. Skinner must pay it. Won't she like *that*? Well, never mind, I shall sleep like a top while she talks. I'm

all right now I've got a cab—in I go! (*Singing.*)
'Old Simon the Cellarer keeps a—a'—oh, I don't
know; that's what the man sung.

CABMAN—Come, hurry up if you want me to drive
you home.

Mr. S.—All right, old boy; I'm coming (*hic*).
Help me in, cabby.

*(He has now reached the door of the dressing-room
and the cabman assists him in. It will add to the
amusement if he lets him fall once or twice before get-
ting him in.)*

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

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THE VAGRANTS.

INTRODUCTION.

This piece is formed from the very fine poem of *Trow-bridge*. It ought to be one of the most impressive of all the Temperance Recitations published. It never ought to be read without producing serious emotional feelings. It is a painful thing to see (as is frequently the case), an audience convulsed with laughter during its delivery. This result is partly, perhaps principally, owing to the fact certain parts of the poem are, when separated from the whole, of a mirth-provoking character. The editor has deemed it advisable to omit these parts entirely, and in order to render the delivery of the piece more simple, and, he trusts, more effective, he has changed it to to the form of a Dialogue.

CHARACTERS :

A LANDLORD, seated in his *Bar*.

A VAGRANT, who enters with his *fiddle* and *dog*.

VAGRANT—We are two travellers, Roger and I,
Roger's my dog, and if you please
You'll let us come in by your stove to dry,
For the rain and sleet to my garments freeze.
The rogue is growing a little old ;
Five years we've tramped through wind and
weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.
We've learned what comfort is, I tell you !
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,

A fire to thaw our thumbs, (poor fellow?
 The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
 Plenty of cat-gut for my fiddle,
 (This out-door business is bad for strings),
 Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
 And Roger and I set up for kings!

LANDLORD—Will you have a drink?

VAGRANT—No, thank you, Sir, I never drink;

Roger and I are exceedingly moral,
 Ain't we, Roger?

LANDLORD—'Twill warm you, I think.

VAGRANT—Well, something hot, then; we won't
 quarrel.

[The landlord pours a glass for him.]

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,

I've been so sadly given to grog,

I wonder I've not lost the respect

• *(Here's to you, sir!)* even of my dog. *[Drinks.]*

But he sticks by, through thick and thin;

And this old coat, with its empty pockets,

And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,

He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living

Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,

So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,

To such a miserable thankless master!

We'll have some music, sir, if you are willing.

*[He plays a tune; any sweet, old tune that will touch a
 chord in men's hearts will do.]*

LANDLORD.—Are you not tired of this kind of
 life? Why don't you reform?

VAGRANT—Why not reform? That's easily said;
 But I've gone through such wretched treatment;
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,
 That my old stomach's past reform;
 And there are times when, mad with thinking,
 I'd sell out *Heaven* for something warm
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.
 Is there a way to forget to think?
 At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
 A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;—
 The same old story; you know how it ends.
 If you could have seen these classic features.—
 You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures:
 I was one of your handsome men!
 If you had seen her, so fair and young,
 Whose head was happy on this breast!
 If you could have heard the songs I sung
 When the wine went round, you wouldn't have
 guessed
 That ever I, sir, should be straying
 From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
 Ragged and penniless, and playing
 To you to-night for a glass of grog!
 LANDLORD—What became of her you loved?
 VAGRANT—She's married since,—a parson's wife:
 'Twas better for her that we should part,—
 Better the soberest, prosiest life
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
 LANDLORD—Have you ever met her since?

VAGRANT—I have seen her once ; I was weak and spent

On the dusty road, a carriage stopped :

But little she dreamt as on she went,

Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You've set me talking, sir ; I'm sorry ;

It makes me wild to think of the change !

What do you care for a beggar's story ?

Is it amusing ? you find it strange ?

I had a mother so proud of me !

'Twas well she died before——Do you know

If the happy spirits in heaven can see

The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong to deaden

This pain ; then Roger and I will start.

I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,

Aching thing, in place of a heart ? [*Drinks.*]

LANDLORD—Well, my poor fellow, you do not lead
a very gay life, I think.

VAGRANT—Not a very gay life to lead, you think ;

But soon we'll go where lodgings are free,

And the lodgers need neither victuals nor drink—

The sooner the better for Roger and me.

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

THE TRADES' COMBINATION.

CHARACTERS :

TWO LADIES.

REPRESENTATIVES of various trades.

COMPANY.

Times won't be good, 'tis plain to see,
Till we are rid of Alcohol,
And we will have a glorious time,
To roll the Temperance ball ;
Then let us rouse with might and main,
Together one and all,
And work, and work, and work, and work,
Against old Alcohol.

FARMER, (*with a flail.*)

The farmers want good times again,
To sell their wheat and pork :
And to get rid of Alcohol,
They're going right off to work.
They'll plough, and reap, and sow, and mow,
And store their crops next fall,
And thrash, and thrash, and thrash, and thrash,
And thrash old Alcohol.

LABORER, (*sawing wood.*)

The laboring men they want more work,
And higher wages too ;

They'll help to roll the temperance ball,
 With better times in view ;
 They'll saw, and chop, and grub, and dig,
 And shovel, and shovel away,
 Without a drop of Alcohol,
 By night nor yet by day.

TAILOR, (*sewing.*)

The tailors, too, are on the spot,
 To roll the temperance ball ;
 They know they never get a job
 From old King Alcohol.
 They'll cut, and baste, and cabbage, and sponge,
 And press, and sew, and hem,
 And stitch, and stitch, and stitch, and stitch,
 For all the temperance men.

SHOEMAKER, (*pegging.*)

Shoemakers, too, with right good will,
 Will join the working throng,
 And what they do for temperance,
 They'll do both neat and strong ;
 They'll cut, and crimp, and last, and stitch,
 And peg, and black, and ball,
 And peg, and peg, and peg, and peg,
 And peg old Alcohol.

HATTER, (*fitting a hat on a block.*)

The hatters do not want to see
 Their kettles standing dry,
 Just give them room to sign the pledge
 And then the fur will fly :
 They'll nap, and block, and collar, and bind,

Together one and all,
 And finish, and finish, and finish, and finish,
 And finish old Alcohol.

BLACKSMITH, (*with hammer and anvil.*)

The blacksmiths, too, roll up their sleeves,
 And make their sledges swing,
 And in the cause of temperance
 They'll make their anvils ring ;
 They'll blow, and strike, and forge, and weld,
 And make the cinders fly,
 And hammer, and hammer, and hammer, and
 hammer,
 For Alcohol must die.

COOPER, (*making a barrel.*)

The coopers, too, are on the way,
 With barrels ready made,
 To pack away old Alcohol,
 And send him to the shade ;
 They'll raise, and cause, and guage, and hoop,
 With hoops both great and small,
 And hoop, and hoop, and hoop, and hoop,
 And hoop up Alcohol.

TWO LADIES.

The ladies, too, are on the way,
 To work in this great cause,
 And what they do for temperance,
 Will meet with your applause ;
 They'll laugh, and sigh, and coax, and cry,
 And crush the monster down,

And talk, and talk, and talk, and talk,
And talk him out of town.

COMPANY.

And thus we'll shout, and so we'll work,
Until our journey's o'er.
A glorious victory we'll obtain,
When Alcohol's no more.
Then let us rouse with might and main,
Together one and all,
And shout, huzza for temperance !
And down with Alcohol !

*(It will add to the effect of this piece if the first
and last verses are sung.)*

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

SHALL WE KEEP LIQUOR AT HOME ?

CHARACTERS :

HARRY SEABURN.
EMMA, his wife.
HIS TWO BOYS.
ALEC LOMBERG, an old college chum, ruined by *Rum*.
A WARDEN.

SCENE I.

HARRY and EMMA in their own home.

HARRY—What makes you so sober ?

EMMA—Sober !

HARRY—Yes. You have been sober and mute ever since the grocer came.

EMMA—Do you want me to tell you why ?

HARRY—Of course I do.

EMMA—Well, Harry, I am sorry you have had that liquor brought into the house.

HARRY—Pooh ! what's the use in talking so, Emma ? You wouldn't have me to do without it, would you ?

EMMA—Yes.

HARRY—Why, what do you mean ?

EMMA—I mean that I would cut clear of the stuff, now and forever.

HARRY—But—Emma—you are wild. What should we do at our parties without wine?

EMMA—Do as others who have it not.

HARRY—But—mercy!—what would people say? Are you afraid I—but no—I won't ask so foolish a question.

EMMA—Ask it, Harry. Let us speak plainly, now that we have fairly commenced.

HARRY—Well, I was about to ask if you were afraid that I should ever—drink too much?

EMMA—That's not a fair question, Harry. I was not thinking of that at all. But I will answer it by and by. You have no fixed appetite for it now?

HARRY—Of course not.

EMMA—Then it would not cost you any effort of will to abstain from its use?

HARRY—Not a particle.

EMMA—And you only have it in the house, and serve it to your friends and drink it yourself, because it is fashionable!—or, you do it because others do it?

HARRY—I do it, because it would appear very odd, and very niggardly, and very fanatical, not to do it.

EMMA—Do you believe you, or your friends, are in any way benefitted by the drinking of intoxicating beverages at your board? That is—do you derive any real good from it?

HARRY—No, I can't say that we do.

EMMA—Do you think the time has ever been, since we were married, when we actually needed wine in the house, either for our health or comfort?

HARRY—Why, I think it has ministered to our comfort, Emma.

EMMA—How ?

HARRY—Oh, in many ways.

EMMA—Name one of them.

HARRY—Why, in the enjoyment of our guests.

EMMA—Ah, but I am speaking of ourselves, Harry—of you, and me, and our own little family. Has it ever ministered to our comfort ?

HARRY—No, I can't say that it has.

EMMA—And if it was banished from our house to-day and forever, as a beverage, should we suffer in consequence ?

HARRY—Certainly. What would our friends —

EMMA—Ah, but stop. I am only speaking of our own affairs, as shut out from the world, by our own fireside. I want all extraneous considerations left out of the question. Should we, as a family, suffer in our moral, physical, social, or domestic affairs, in the total abstinence from this beverage ?

HARRY—No, I don't know that we should.

EMMA—Then to you, as a husband, a father, and a man, it is of no earthly use ?

HARRY—No.

EMMA—And it would cost you no effort, so far as you alone are concerned, to break clear from it.

HARRY—Not a particle.

EMMA (*very earnestly*)—Then, Harry, before it is too late, give it up. We have two boys. They are growing to be men. They are noble, generous, and tender-hearted. They love their home and honour

their parents. They are here to form those characters—to receive those impressions which shall be the basis upon which their future weal or woe must rest. Look at them—O, think of them!—Think of them doing battle in the great struggle of the life before them. Shall they carry out from their home one evil influence? Shall they, in the time to come, fall by the wayside, cut down by the Demon of the Cup, and in their dying hour, curse the example whence they derived the appetite? O, for our children—for those two boys—for the men we hope to see them—for the sweet memories we would have them cherish of their home—for the good old age they may reap—let us cast this thing out now, and forever.

HARRY—Well, Emma, I have not time to wait any longer this morning. I will think about what you have said, and we will endeavor to decide the matter when I return from business in the evening.

EMMA—May God direct you in deciding.

SCENE II.

A room in a hospital. A young man reclining on one of the couches. He is evidently in a very low condition. He should assume the appearance of a miserable drunkard as nearly as possible. The couch should be in the rear-centre of the platform. HARRY SEABURN and the Hospital Warden are discovered in conversation at the front of the platform.

WARDEN—I am glad you have come, sir, he seems very anxious to see you.

HARRY—Did he tell you his name?

WARDEN—No. He said he wanted to see whether you would recognize him. Poor fellow, he is very low, but I think he has known better days.

HARRY—How did he come to send for me?

WARDEN—He heard your name mentioned, sir, and he started up asking if it was *Harry* Seaburn, who was meant. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, he insisted on your coming to see him. This is his ward, sir.

(The WARDEN retires, and HARRY goes over to the couch. The invalid extends his hand. HARRY takes it, and gazes affectionately at him for some moments without speaking.)

ALEC *(sadly)*—Have you forgotten your old playmate in boyhood, Harry; your friend in other years; your chum in college?

HARRY *(starting back in astonishment)*—What! This is not Alec Lomberg?

ALEC *(smiling faintly)*—All that is left of him, Hal.

HARRY—Alexander Lomberg!

ALEC—You wouldn't have known me, Hal?

HARRY—Indeed—no!

ALEC—I know I am altered.

HARRY—But, Alec, how is this? Why are you here?

ALEC—*Rum*, my Hal—RUM! I'm about done for. But I wanted to see you. They told me you lived not far away, and I would look upon one friend before I died.

HARRY—But I heard that you were practising in your profession, Alec, and doing well.

ALEC—So I did do well when I practised, Hal. I have made some pleas, but I have given up all that.

HARRY—And your father—where is he?

ALEC (*bitterly*)—Don't mention him, Hal. We've broken. I don't know him; he taught me to drink! Ay, he taught me! and then turned the cold shoulder upon me when I drank too much! But I am going soon, Hal; going, going.

HARRY—Can I do anything for you, Alec?

ALEC (*struggling to raise himself in bed*)—Yes. Pray for me, Hal! Pray for my soul! Pray that I may go where my mother is! She won't disown her boy. She could not have done it had she lived. O! she was a good mother, Hal. Thank God she didn't live to see this! Pray for me—pray—pray! Let me go to HER!

HARRY—(*With emotion.*) I will, Alec, I will; but, my dear boy, you're getting too much excited. I will call again. Try to compose yourself, Alec. Good evening.

ALEC—Good night, Hal., dear. Come soon.

SCENE III.

HARRY SEABURN'S *house.* Present HARRY, EMMA, and their two BOYS.

EMMA—Harry, I think the Lord in his great mercy showed you that dreadful sight to convince you and

all of us that it is wrong—fearfully wrong to bring that serpent into our home.

HARRY—Yes, Emma, and what a lesson it was for me. I remember when poor Alec was the son of wealthy parents; the idol of a fond mother; the favorite at school, at play, and in the parlor; a light of intellect and physical beauty, and a noble generous friend. *His father first gave him the wine cup in his own house.* I have emptied the first and last liquor that I ever brought into my home, and I have made a solemn vow that my children shall find no such influence here. They shall never have that reason to curse their father. God helping me, I will touch the wine-cup no more for ever. What say you my boys, will you join me in the pledge?

BOYS—Gladly, father.

EMMA—May the influence of this hour never be forgotten. Oh, God, let it rest as an angel of mercy upon my boys. Let it be a light to their feet in the time of temptation. So shall they bless us through life for the influence they carry with them from their home.

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

EMMA,

mercy
ou and

THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.

CHARACTERS :

THE JUDGE.

MARION, his daughter in bridal costume.

HERVEY WOOD, her betrothed.

EDITH WOOD and other members of a bridal party.

HERVEY WOOD—Pledge with wine;—pledge with wine.

BRIDAL PARTY—Yes, pledge with wine.

MARION (*beseechingly*)—Oh, no!

JUDGE—Come, Marion, lay aside your scruples, the company expect it. In your *own* home do as you please; but in *mine* for this once please *me*.

EDITH (*offering a glass of wine to Marion*)—Please Marion, lead us in our cheer; once will do you no harm, and you should not stand at trifles on your wedding day.

MARION (*accepting the goblet and raising it slowly to her lips, suddenly exclaims*)—Oh, how terrible!

BRIDAL PARTY (*crowding around her without tasting their wine*)—What is it?

MARION—Wait, wait and I will tell you. I see (*holding the goblet at arm's length and pointing her finger steadily at it*) a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen: I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains, crowned with

venture, rise in awful sublimity around ; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds ; but there, a group of Indians gather ; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheek, how deathly ; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels ; for, see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

Genius in ruins—oh, the high, holy looking brow ! Why should death mark it and he so young ? Look how he throws back the damp curls ! See him clasp his hands ! Hear his thrilling shrieks for life ! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved ! Oh ! hear him call piteously his father's name ; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister ; his only sister ; the twin of his soul, weeping for him in his distant native land. See ! see ! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays wildly for mercy—the friend beside him is weeping ; awestricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together, (*she speaks low, faintly but very distinctly, while Hervey occasionally sobs and the Judge hangs his head in apparent sorrow.*) It is evening now ; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not ; his eyes are set in their sockets ; dim are their piercing glances ;—in

vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back; one convulsive shudder—he is dead. Dead, and there they scoop him a grave, and there without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth; the only son of a proud father, the idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant land, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—*my father's son—my own twin brother!* a victim to *this* deadly poison. Father, (*turning suddenly towards him*) shall I drink it now?

JUDGE (*in a tone expressive of great agony*)—No, no, my child—No.

MARION (*lifting her goblet, dropping it on the floor and looking at the fragments first and then at the company*)—Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste the poison-cup. And (*turning to Hervey Wood*) he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river, in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve.

HERVEY WOOD—Yes, Marion, by God's strength I will.

JUDGE—And I, my daughter, will banish the tempter forever from my home; and fondle no longer the serpent which destroyed my own beloved boy.

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

INDIGESTION.

—
CHARACTERS :

DR. GREGORY.
A MERCHANT.

SCENE.—(*Dr. Gregory's study.*)

MERCHANT—Good morning, Dr. Gregory. I am just come in about some business, and I thought, when I was here, at any rate, I might just as well take your advice, sir, about my trouble.

DOCTOR—Pray, sir, sit down. And now, my good sir, what may your trouble be ?

MERCHANT—Indeed, doctor, I am not very sure ; but I am thinking it is a kind of weakness that makes me dizzy at times, and a kind of pinkling about my stomach ;—I am not just right.

DOCTOR—You are from the west country, I should suppose, sir ?

MERCHANT—Yes, sir.

DOCTOR—Ay ; pray, sir, are you a glutton ?

MERCHANT—No indeed, sir ; I am one of the plainest men living in all the west country.

DOCTOR—Then, perhaps, you are a drunkard ?

MERCHANT—No, Dr. Gregory ; no one can accuse me of that. I am of the dissenting persuasion,

doctor, and an elder; so you may suppose I am no drunkard.

DOCTOR—I'll suppose no such thing, till you tell me your mode of life. I am so much puzzled with your symptoms, sir, that I should wish to hear, in detail, what you *do* eat and drink. When do you breakfast, and what do you take at it?

MERCHANT—I breakfast at nine o'clock; take a cup of coffee, and one or two cups of tea, a couple of eggs, and a bit of ham or smoked salmon, or may be both, if they are good, and two or three rolls and butter.

DOCTOR—Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam at breakfast?

MERCHANT—Oh, yes, sir! but I do not count that as anything.

DOCTOR—Come, this is a very moderate breakfast. What kind of dinner do you make?

MERCHANT—Oh, sir, I eat a very plain dinner indeed. Some soup, and some fish, and a little plain roast or boiled; for I do not care for made dishes. I think some way they never satisfy the appetite.

DOCTOR—Do you take a little pudding then, and afterward some cheese?

MERCHANT—Oh, yes! though I do not care much about them.

DOCTOR—You take a glass of ale or porter with your cheese?

MERCHANT—Yes, one or the other; but seldom both.

DOCTOR—You west country people generally take a glass of whiskey after dinner.

MERCHANT—Yes, we do; it's good for digestion.

DOCTOR—Do you take any wine during dinner?

MERCHANT—Yes, a glass or two of sherry; but I am indifferent as to wine during dinner. I drink a good deal of beer.

DOCTOR—What quantity of port do you drink?

MERCHANT—Oh, very little; not above a half dozen glasses or so.

DOCTOR—In the west country it is impossible, I hear, to dine without punch?

MERCHANT—Yes, sir; indeed, it is punch we drink chiefly; but for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me, I never take more than a couple of tumblers or so, and that's moderate.

DOCTOR—Oh, exceedingly moderate, indeed! You then, after this slight repast, take some tea and bread and butter?

MERCHANT—Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters.

DOCTOR—And, on your return, you take supper, I suppose?

MERCHANT—No, sir, I cannot be said to take supper; just something before going to bed; a broiled haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese, or a half-hundred of oysters, or the like of that, and may be two-thirds of a bottle of ale; but I take no *regular* supper.

DOCTOR—But you take a little more punch after that?

MERCHANT—No, sir; punch does not agree with

me at bed-time. I take a tumbler of warm whiskey toddy at night ; it is lighter to sleep on.

DOCTOR—So it must be, no doubt. This, you say, is your every-day life ; but, upon great occasions, you perhaps exceed a little ?

MERCHANT—No, sir ; except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which as I am a sober family man, does not often happen.

DOCTOR—Not above twice a week ?

MERCHANT—No ; not oftener.

DOCTOR—Of course you sleep well and have a good appetite ?

MERCHANT—Yes, Sir, I have ; indeed, any ill health that I have is about meal-time.

DOCTOR (*assuming a severe look, knitting his brow and lowering his eyebrows.*)—Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow, indeed. You come here, and tell me you are a moderate man but, upon examination, I find by your own showing, that you are a most voracious glutton. You said you were a sober man ; yet by your own showing, you are a beer-swiller, a dram-drinker, a wine-bibber, and a guzzler of punch. You tell me you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep. I see that you chew tobacco. Now, sir, what human stomach can stand this ? Go home, sir and leave your present course of riotous living, and there are hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health, like your neighbors.

MERCHANT—I am sure, doctor, I am very much

obliged to you. (*Taking out a pocket-book.*) I shall endeavor to—

DOCTOR—Sir, you are not obliged to me. Put up your money, sir. Do you think I will take a fee for telling you what you know as well as myself? Though you are no physician, sir, you are not altogether a fool. Go home, sir, and reform, or take my word for it, your life is not worth half a year's purchase.

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

THE GROG-SELLER VANQUISHED.

CHARACTERS :

BOB, a Landlord's Son.

JACK, a Temperance Boy.

[*Enter BOB.*]

BOB (*musingly*)—Well! well! well! What is all the world coming to, every fellow is saying he is going to be a Son or a Good Templar, or some other of these new fangled societies; I

wonder what kind of a magnet they have in their meeting-rooms, for they seem to be drawing every chap there.

[Enter JOHN.]

BOB—Hollo, Jack ! what wind brought you here? I haven't seen you this age. What's the best news?

JACK—Well, Bob, I know not any news, just now, of much importance, except that all our family has joined the Temperance Society, and uncle Samuel is to be initiated to-night, in the same Lodge in which father is. But I suppose that's not the best news to your mind.

BOB—Pshaw! as to that I don't care a fig, for your father never spent much money in our place ; it was only at night times he ever used to come, and then he always got so abominably drunk, that father and I had to kick him out almost every night. But, anyhow, he won't have the pleasure of spending a comfortable evening over a glass of grog, now he has joined that *water-gruel* affair. However, let him go, and joy go with him. He'll soon find out, though, how to fetch himself back again.

JACK—I hope not, Bob, he's had enough of these quarters already, I can assure you.

BOB—You might think so, Jack, but if he doesn't soon fall back into his good old ways, my name isn't *Bob Swig-a-little*. But, Jack, tell me how your father came to join the Sons? for I thought they would only take those whom they thought were orderly and respectable citizens ; but I am sure they

couldn't find in all—a more drunken, beastly fellow than your dad was.

JACK—I suppose, Bob, you saw some bills the other day, in the shop windows, with this heading, "Mind your helm, and steer steady over the Ocean of Life." I don't know whether you read it or not; however, it was about a Temperance lecture which was to be given in the Temperance Hall, by an old sailor who had been an old drunkard. Well, Bob, father happened to pass by and read it, so he determined he would go and hear him, never dreaming he would sign the pledge, or join a Temperance Society. The night came, and he accordingly bent his steps towards the Hall which he reached in time to procure a good seat.

BOB—Well, Jack, what did the fellow say?

JACK—I cannot tell you exactly, Bob, what he said, but this I know,—his arguments were so forcible that father could hold out no longer, so he signed the pledge, and determined while in the room, to get Mr. Faithful to propose him as a member of the Sons of Temperance.

BOB—He did! well, he must have had a pretty hard cheek, too, to do that; for I thought Faithful wouldn't be seen speaking to such a filthy, drunken fellow as your father was. However, I 'spose it's the fashion, these days, for drunkards to go hand-in-hand with them teetotal fellers. Well, let them go!

JACK—Don't be so rash, Bob, father saw no other means of becoming a respectable man again, without he did so, therefore he made bold to *pop the*

momentuous question, as a lover would say, to Mr. Faithful, as he was the only Son of Temperance he knew anything about. And oh, Bob, I cannot thank Mr. Faithful too much for his kindness.

BOB—Pshaw! Jack, you talk like a fool. What sense is there in thanking Faithful, what good has he done you or your father? None that I can see, except that he has managed to get out of your dad two or three dollars for his initiation fee, and gulled him out of taking a comfortable glass once in a while.

JACK—Well, Bob, perhaps I talk like a fool in your estimation, but I think you talk far more so. You can see the good which Mr. Faithful and total abstinence have done father and me, as well as all our family, by the manner in which we dress; you can't see any rags about me now, as you used to, I can assure you. And did you not say, just now, that you or your father kicked mine out of doors, almost every evening, because he got so intoxicated?

BOB—Yes, Jack, I did, and I'll maintain it to the last.

JACK—Well then, do you call that *comfortable*; or do you call it honorable, after having enticed all the money out of his pocket, to take him by the shoulders and pitch him into the street? If that is honorable, I don't know what the meaning of the term is. But, Bob, I think, we've had enough of this subject, therefore let us break it off, or we may not be as good friends in a short time, as when we met.

BOB—Very well, Jack, I'm perfectly willing to accede to your request. And I must say that you're

perhaps half right, after all. But there is one thing I want to ask you before you go, and that is, have you seen Bill Sawyer lately! What should you think, I saw him in Mr. Steady's store, the other day, serving some customers. Why, he used to be a dirty street loafer a few months ago. I believe he must have jumped on the wheel of fortune.

JACK—I see him every Wednesday evening at our Lodge (*or Division, &c.*)

BOB—What! Has he joined your Temperance Society, too? Well, after that I shouldn't be surprised if I were to become a member some of these odd days. How did he get into your Lodge, as you call it?

JACK—Easy enough, Bob; he had only to promise that he would abstain from intoxicating drinks, and we received him as a member immediately.

BOB—How does he act there, Jack?

JACK—First-rate. I cannot praise him too much for his untiring exertions; I believe he would submit to any inconvenience if he thought it would benefit our Lodge in the least. But I think you don't seem to be acquainted with Bill's history for some time, Bob; therefore you'd perhaps like to hear it, and also how he became a member.

BOB—Yes, Jack, I should like to hear it very much.

JACK—Well, then, here it is. You know, some time about a month ago, there was a large fire in Riot Street. Well, father happened to pass that way one night after the fire, and as he was going

along he saw, as he thought, a burnt log in the gutter; but you may judge of his surprise when he heard a heavy groan proceed from the supposed log. He went over, and there discovered poor Bill sleeping *as sound as a top*, as the saying is. At first father intended to give him in charge of a constable; then the thought struck him how kind treatment would do. Just at that moment Mr. Rivers, a person whom he knew, came by in his buggy, and they at once decided that father should take charge of Bill.

BOB—Well, Jack, what did your father do with him?

JACK—I'll tell you presently, Bob; but before I proceed any further with Bill's drunken history, allow me to tell you what Mr. Rivers and father determined upon. They determined to lose no time in splicing and bandaging his leg, Mr. Rivers agreeing to come every morning, in the character of doctor, with a bottle in his hand containing *Pure Cold Water* to rub the leg with.

BOB (*smartly*)—How did the plan succeed? I guess poor Bill thought he was going to *kick the bucket*, or had broken his leg in reality. Didn't he, Jack?

JACK—Yes, Bob; I believe he did, for when he awoke up from his drunken sleep and found his leg rather more stiff than it usually was, he almost fainted; we, however, gave him some good draughts of water, which succeeded in bringing him about again to his proper senses.

BOB—How long did they keep him like that, Jack ?

JACK—I think it was about a fortnight, during which time he had plenty of opportunity for reflection, and I got him to promise that as soon as he got well he would join our temperance society.

BOB—Did he ever find out the trick yet, Jack ?

JACK—O yes ; he knew all about it the night after he left his bed. We were seated around the fire when Mr. Rivers and father came in, and told Bill all about it, and I can assure you none of us laughed so heartily as he did at the joke, as he called it. He, however, told them they would never have the chance of playing such a trick upon him again, for he had determined to join the Lodge.

BOB—Well, Jack, after that I don't know what to say, except it is that you may propose me as a member too. And I will do all I can to persuade father to give up the tavern-keeping business, and keep a grocery instead, for I see that *Pure Cold Water* is the only thing that is fit for much after all, as it can be used with as perfect success in curing diseases, and even drunkenness, as it can in quenching a person's thirst.

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

CHARLIE AND THE GIANT.

CHARACTERS :

CHARLIE: a highspirited little fellow, who means to do something grand yet.

HIS AUNT.

(*Charlie is strutting around with a wooden sword in his hand. Aunt Ethel is sewing, and looks up enquiring :*)—What have you there, Charlie?

CHARLIE—O, Aunt Ethel, don't you know? It is a sword Uncle Frank has sent me. You see we play soldiers at school, and it is such fun! but I shall be a real soldier some day, an officer like Uncle Frank, when I shall have a real sword.

AUNT—And what will you do with it when you get one, Charlie?

CHARLIE—Do, Aunt Ethel? Why I shall fight for the Queen, and for old England. I shall have something besides a sword, too, I suppose.

AUNT—Well, it sounds very grand to hear of men fighting for their country and their liberties, but there are enemies at home that we ought all to do battle with, and not to rest until they are overthrown. I have seen one terrible giant to-day.

CHARLIE—A giant, Aunt Ethel! (*flourishing his sword.*) A giant did you say? How I should like

to fight him! It would be David and Goliath over again.

AUNT—It would be a mightier triumph than David's, my boy, if this giant were slain. But although one man could not do it, if all good people, old and young, were to unite, victory would be certain, he must fall.

CHARLIE—But I do not understand, Aunt Ethel; where is the giant? how do you know he is an enemy?

AUNT—I will tell you of some of his deeds, then you can judge for yourself. This morning I went to see poor Lucy, the laborer's daughter, who has been ill so long you know. It was bitterly cold, and your mamma had sent her a pair of nice warm blankets to make her wretched bed a little more comfortable, but what do you think I saw when I went into the cottage?

CHARLIE—I don't know, aunt, was it a giant?

AUNT—The old bedstead had gone, and the blankets, also! The poor girl lay shivering and moaning on a few shavings in the corner, with no covering but a tattered garment or two, and a piece of sacking thrown over her. Two or three sticks smouldered in the dirty grate, before which knelt a forlorn and haggard woman, her mother, vainly trying to blow them into a blaze. The terrible giant had taken away every article of comfort, and blighted forever the home of that miserable wife. As for Lucy, she escaped to a better home soon after I left."

CHARLIE—Did she die, Aunt?

AUNT—Yes, died, dear ;—had it not been for the giant, she and her mother might have had a happy home, but everything was sacrificed to him. I will tell you some more of his doings,—this is only a solitary case. Every year he lays hold of fifty thousand working-people and reduces them to beggary, strips them of furniture and clothing, starves their wives and children, and lays them in a pauper's grave. Thousands of little ones are pining with cold and hunger, but he is utterly pitiless. Wherever he goes a long train of miseries, crimes, and disasters follow in his track, and he causes people to hate and despise one another, to fight and quarrel, and often to take each other's lives. Oh, none can know half the wretchedness he carries into homes which, otherwise, would be bright and blessed.

CHARLIE—Aunt Ethel, I know ! I will fight this giant ; I know his name,—it is—it is—*Intemperance !*

AUNT—Yes, Charlie, it is Intemperance. War has slain its thousands, but the victims of the wine-cup may be counted by tens of thousands. Fight this giant Charlie, fight him in God's name, and your life labor will not be in vain.

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

FOR TWO VERY SMALL MISSES.

(*They meet on the street.*)

LAURA. Good morning, Bella. Going to school?

BELLA. Thank you. I don't feel well at all—
My head aches. We all missed you so
Last night at Dolly Sparkle's ball.

We had a splendid time. Full dress,
And not a soul arrived till nine.

The music and the supper, too,
Were tip-top—lots of ice and wine.

LAURA. My mamma thought the hours too late ;
So papa wrote " regrets " and said
I had my bread-and-milk at six—
And that at seven I went to bed.

BELLA. Oh, horrible ! I should *expire*
With shame, if I were treated so !
I wore a new pink satin dress,
And, Laura dear—I caught a beau !

LAURA. A bow ? Who lost it ?

BELLA. Little dunce !

I mean a *friend*, who waits on one ;

His manner was so marked, the girls
Were dead with envy, Loll—such fun.

His father's awful rich, ma says,—
We danced together *eleven* times.
Oh, dear you would have laughed to see
The get-up of poor Bertha Grimes.

LAURA. Bertha's a real sweet girl, I think,
And the best student in the school,
I'm sorry if some accident,
Exposed her to your ridicule.

BELLA. It's only that she has no taste,
She makes herself a perfect fright!
She's worn that overskirt *three* times
I'm certain, that she wore last night.

LAURA. I'm sorry, Belle, I was not there—
But mamma thinks these midnight hours
Are bad for little girls like us,
Who need to sleep, like birds and flowers.

BELLA. Don't call me, please, a *little girl*,
That term's entirely out of date
In good society. Why, Loll,
On my next birthday I'll be eight.

LAURA. Well, I am nine; but papa says—

BELLA. What an old fogy he must be!
If he were mine, I'd let him know
I knew about as much as he.

LAURA. Oh, Belle ! there's no one in the world
As good and kind as papa dear !

BELLA. Tut, Loll ! all old folks are a bore,
And in the background should appear.

There's Charlie, now—*my friend*, you know,
Drinks a whole bottle of champagne—
Ties his cravats in *such* a bow,
And twirls the prettiest little cane.

LAURA. Ah ! there's the bell and I must go,
Not once, this session, I've been late.
Come, Belle. Not going ? Miss your school ?
Good-by, then, for I dare not wait.

(*Passes on.*)

BELLA. I *ought* to go with her to school,
But not a lesson have I learned.
That "fancy-ball" comes off to-night,
And with them all my head is turned.

I'm tired of grammar and of slate,
All school-books are but stupid stuff—
When I have learned to dance and sing,
I really think I'll know enough !

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

THE REFORMED FATHER.

CHARACTERS :

FATHER—CHILD.

FATHER.

Come, darling, take a little toddy,
It is a cold and rainy day ;
A little's good for any body ;
Come take a little, child, I pray.

CHILD.

O father, do not tempt me so,
I fear I'll love it by and by,
And then my love will grow and grow,
Till I shall drink your bottle dry.

FATHER.

Fie, fie, your uncle Charles, I think,
Has turned you silly quite, and wild ;
Would your dear father bid you, drink,
If this would hurt his darling child ?

CHILD.

Father, I love you from my heart,
But O, I fear to taste your brandy ;
The sugared dram shall be your part,
And I will have my sugar candy.

O, father! tell me what's the matter
 At Mr. Toper's house, just by;
 O see the little children scatter,
 And hear their mother shriek and cry!

FATHER.

Why, child, that lazy drunken hog
 Has just come home to beat his wife;
 The brute is now so full of grog,
 That all must run to save their life.

CHILD.

And yet when he was young, they say,
 He was as good as any body;
 But every cold or rainy day,
 His father gave the darling toddy.
 Father, if he had never tasted,
 Would he have been a drunkard now?
 His credit gone, his money wasted,
 His wife and children sunk in woe?

FATHER.

But ah, my child, he drank too deep,
 He should have stopped at moderation:
 If we in proper limits keep,
 There is no danger in creation.

CHILD.

And, father, I may drink too deep,
 If I should drink your sweetened grog,
 And, oh! how would my father weep
 To hear them call me "drunken hog!"

And, father, don't the Bible say,
 No drunkards shall with Jesus dwell?
 That God will send them far away,
 To sigh and weep in deepest hell?
 I love you, father, that you know—
 O do not spoil your darling son ;—
 But should I drink and sin, to woe,
 I'll say my father urged me on.

FATHER.

Enough, my son, I've no desire
 To urge you on to woe and pain;
 I'll throw my toddy in the fire,
 And never taste a drop again.
 My child has rescued me from shame,
 And filled his father's heart with joy;
 Sure I had filled a drunkard's grave
 But for my precious darling boy.

BOTH.—(*joining hands.*)

Then let us join together now,
 In asking God to give us power,
 To make and keep a solemn vow,
 To never touch it from this hour.

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

vell?

A WORLD OF TROUBLE.

CHARACTERS :

THOMAS.—*A mechanic.*

SUSAN.—*His wife.*

UNCLE JOHN.

SCENE I.

A room—Susan sewing.

SUSAN—Oh, dear me ! I believe no woman ever had half so much to do as I have. It is drudge, drudge, from morning till night. This is a world of trouble.

(Enter THOMAS.)

THOMAS—Well, Susan, how are all the children ?

SUSAN—*They* were all well ; you don't ask how I am. You never think what a slavish life I lead.

THOMAS—Slavish life !

SUSAN—I have to drudge like a slave from morning till night. No sooner is one thing done than another must be begun. I wonder I have stocd it as I have.

THOMAS—It is just the same with me Susan. I have to work all day. But I do not regard that as a hardship.

SUSAN—You never regard anything as a hardship.

Your work is different from mine. (*Sighing.*) This is a world of trouble.

THOMAS—Nonsense! This is a very good world Susan. The people in it make it bad.

SUSAN—That means *me* I suppose.

THOMAS—Come, come Susan, don't grumble *all* the time.

SUSAN—Who is grumbling? I can not speak a word lately without being accused of grumbling.

THOMAS—Because my dear you seldom utter a sentence that does not contain a complaint. If you would be a little more cheerful, things would go much better with you.

SUSAN—How can I be cheerful with so many troubles, as I have?

THOMAS—Your troubles exist only in your own imagination.

SUSAN—Just what you always say.

THOMAS—I must say one word more, Susan. (*More sternly.*) I am heartily tired, and disgusted with this continued faultfinding. My home has become a very gloomy and disagreeable place lately.

SUSAN—I suppose *I* make it so.

THOMAS—You do, Susan. I have not seen a pleasant smile on your face, nor heard a cheerful word from your lips for more than a year. It is enough to wear a man out. I cannot stand it.

SUSAN (*crying.*)—You have no sympathy for me in my trials and troubles.

THOMAS—You don't have any trials and troubles. It is all nonsense. You have a good house, well

furnished, and plenty to eat, drink and wear. You have to keep busy of course: So do I—so do your father and mother. Your little crosses are not worthy of being called trials and troubles. I haven't come into the house for more than a year without being told that this was a world of trouble, and being compelled to listen to a long list of grievances which are too trivial to be mentioned.

SUSAN (*sobbing*).—I am a monster I suppose.

SCENE II.

SUSAN seated at a table—*Time about a year after last scene.*

SUSAN—Oh, dear me! This is a world of trouble, and every year brings some new trial. My husband, who used to be a steady and industrious man, has taken to drinking, and scarcely ever comes home sober now. Oh, dear! This is a *real* trouble.

(*Enter THOMAS intoxicated.*)

THOMAS—Well, wife, is supper ready?

SUSAN—Not yet, Thomas.

THOMAS—What's the reason it isn't ready? I'm in a hurry. There's going to be a turkey raffle at the tavern to-night, and I'm a going.

SUSAN—Don't go, Thomas.

THOMAS—Yes, I will.

SUSAN—You never stay at home now in the evening.

THOMAS (*staggering*).—I don't mean to. Do you

think I'm going to stay here, and listen to you grumble and growl all the evening? I won't d'zo it.

SUSAN—Oh, Thomas! You are—(*pause.*)

THOMAS—Well, what am I?

SUSAN—Oh, dear me!

THOMAS—What am I?

SUSAN (*hesitating*)—You are—

THOMAS—I'm *drunk*. Why don't you say it right out? I'm drunk (*staggering.*) I used to be a respectable man. I'm not now.

SUSAN—Why *do* you drink?

THOMAS—Because you *grumble*; that's why I drink; why I get drunk. Supper ain't ready you say. I'll go without supper then.

SUSAN—Stay at home to-night.

THOMAS—I won't d'zo it. (*Staggers off.*)

SUSAN—A drunkard's wife! Alas, that I should come to this. (*Weeps.*) I shall die, I know I shall.

(*Enter* UNCLE JOHN.)

UNCLE J.—Ah, Susan, in tears?

SUSAN—Oh, Uncle John! My husband has just left me, and he is intoxicated. He never stays at home now.

UNCLE J.—You don't wonder at that do you. How often have I told you that your complainings would bring about some great calamity? It has come I fear. You have made his home a place of misery, and he flies from it to the tavern.

SUSAN—I, Uncle John?

UNCLE J.—Yes, *you* Susan. (*She reflects.*)

SUSAN—May Heaven forgive me! Perhaps you are right. But what can be done?

UNCLE J.—Perhaps nothing. It may be too late. But, Susan, promise not to grumble any more, and I will talk with Thomas; he is a good hearted man, and I think will reform, if you will do so.

SUSAN—I will; oh, how gladly!

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF MY LEG OF
MUTTON.

(Adapted from Jarrold's Talks.)

CHARACTERS :

A LANDLORD.

JAMES JONES—A labourer, but a regular customer at the Bar.

MARY—His wife.

MR. CROOKS—A well-dressed customer.

MR. BUFFY—A butcher.

BAR-BOY.

SCENE I.

Bar in LANDLORD'S hotel. Present, LANDLORD, MR. CROOKS and JONES.

JONES—Well, Landlord, I have called to pay my score. I have been too heavy with you this week, but I must not come it so strong next week, for I cannot pay for what I want to-night, till next Saturday. I have only twelve shillings out of my thirty to take home to Missis to-night.

LANDLORD—All right, James, you are a jolly good fellow, the life of the company, and can sing a good song; and what is better, you are capital pay. You can have whatever you want.

JONES—Well, I'll have a pint of half-and-half. *(He receives his "pint," but before he drinks it a boy enters with a tray on his head, on which is placed a fine leg of mutton. The LANDLORD takes it, and hands it for inspection to MR. CROOKS, saying as he does so:)*—Isn't that a prime leg of mutton, sir.

MR. CROOKS—Upon my word it is a beautiful leg of mutton! Who is your butcher?

LANDLORD—Oh, Mr. Wright, up the street, an honest fellow. Neither me nor the misses ever have to go; all we have to do is to send up the servant, and down comes the best meat in the shop, roast or boil, whatever we want. And I tell you, sir, he has a good right, for I am a capital customer.

JONES *(moving towards the mutton.)*—Let me see it, please.

LANDLORD *(pushing him rudely away.)*—Stand back, fellow; keep your hands off my good leg of mutton.

JONES—Yes, it is *your* leg of mutton, but it is *my* eighteen shillings that pay for it. I cannot touch it, eh! Then I will not touch *that* either, *(pointing to the liquor.)* You've got more of my money this week than my poor wife. But please Goodness I will fetch her more than twelve shillings next Saturday night.

SCENE II.

JONES' house. He has just returned home on the Saturday night succeeding the one on which the event of last scene took place.

JONES—Here, wife, is your share for this week,
(hands her some money.)

MARY—Why James! What does it all mean.
Look! look! here is a sovereign!

JONES—Indeed, Mary, you may well be surprised,
it is the first full week's wages you have had for a
long time; but, with God's help, it will not be the
last.

MARY—James, have you not been to the 'Black
Bull' this week?

JONES—No, nor will I ever spend a shilling with
the fellow as long as I live.

MARY—Thank God. Oh, James! we will do well
yet if you only carry out your good resolution.

JONES—Well, lass, I mean to do so, and I know
you will help me all you can.

MARY—That I will indeed; but you must re-
member James, that the strength needed is not our
own.

JONES—Yes, I know that I will be strongest to
resist temptation, when I fully realize my own weak-
ness. And now, dear, put on your bonnet and shawl,
and I will go with you for that leg of mutton, which
I promised you.

SCENE III.

A butcher's shop.

JONES (*examines several legs of mutton and having fixed on one, says :*)—How much is this a pound, butcher?

BUTCHER—Eleven cents, sir.

JONES—Weigh it.

BUTCHER (*having obeyed,*) twelve pounds, sir. (*MARY pays for the mutton, and JAMES puts it in his basket, and they start.*)

SCENE IV.

Outside the LANDLORD'S bar. JAMES and MARY on their way home. JAMES stops and says to MARY:—

JONES—Here is the 'Black Bull' let us go in for a minute.

MARY—Oh, James ! You are surely not going to spoil so good a week by breaking your promise so soon, I never knew you to break your word yet.

JONES—Mary, I am not going to spend anything, nor yet to drink anything ; I owe the fellow a trifle, and I am just going to pay him.

MARY—That's right, James, if it's the last penny I have in the world, never let him say that you left in his debt. (*They pass inside and are very heartily welcomed by the LANDLORD.*)

LANDLORD—Why, James, where have you been all the week ? we have been lost without you ; we never had a 'sing-song' or a 'jolly spree' all the week. I am

so glad to see you here, and you have brought the missis with you!—glad to see you, ma'am; hope you are well, ma'am. James are you going to take her up-stairs to-night to give us a song? Can she sing as well as you?

JONES—No. I am not going to take her up-stairs to-night.

LANDLORD—Why, James, what's the matter? Have you been unwell? or have you lost your work?

JONES—I have not been unwell, nor have I lost my work, for master thinks more of me now than what he used to do. He says he will raise my wages a couple of shillings a week, if I do as I have done this week.

LANDLORD—What have you been doing, James? tell me, my lad.

JONES (*opening the basket.*)—I have been to buy a leg of mutton. Isn't it a nice one?

LANDLORD (*advancing towards the basket.*)—Let me have a peep at it.

JONES (*pushing him back strongly.*)—Stand back, fellow! keep you dirty hands off my leg of mutton.

So now, neighbour landlord, I bid thee good bye,

I'll go with my wife to our home;

Too long thou'st been putting my beef in thy pie,

Whil'st she has been picking the bone.

And, landlord, indeed I can wish thee no harm,

But my children, they lie near my heart;

I'll buy them good clothing to keep their backs warm,

So fare thee well, landlord, we'll part.

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

BARNEY MORONEY CONFUSED BY CRADLES.

CHARACTERS :

BARNEY MORONEY, a Drunkard.
BRIDGET MORONEY, his Wife.

SCENE—*A room with a cradle in it.*

BARNEY—*(Enters in an intoxicated condition, and in staggering across the room, falls over the cradle, muttering while on his hands and knees.)* Och! but yez may thrust a woman ony time till put a thing where it's sure till be in somebuddy's road. *(Gets up again awkwardly, managing to face towards the cradle again as he does so.)* Now, Barney, ma bouchal, yer on yer feet agin. *(Starts forward, but again trips over the cradle, and falls in as ludicrous a position as possible, exclaiming):* Meilia murder, what's the manin' av this at all at all? Where in the wide wurrild can the two creddils hev cum frum intil my house? *(Rubbing his knees.)* Ow, wow! Niver a bit av skin 'il be left an my shin if I fall agin, so there won't. I wonder if this is my own house I'm in. Well, I'll thry wance more ony way. I'll not giv in bate so aisy as that. *(Rises very cautiously, and again faces the cradle. Advancing very slowly with his arms extended and his head thrown*

back, he comes, as before, to the cradle, but does not fall over it.) Well, to be shure, but this is past understandin'. (*Raising his hands in astonishment.*) Three creddils in wan house! Wuz iver the like heerd tell av before? Mebbe it's a mistake I'm afther makin'. (*Calls.*) Mrs. Moroney! Mrs. Moroney!

BRIDGET (*from an adjoining room*)—What's the matter wid ye, Barney?

BARNEY—Are ye sure it's yerself that's shpakin' till me, Bridget?

BRIDGET—Shure is it? Indade I am sure, ye miserable, drunken vagabone of the wurrild—

BARNEY—Whisht, whihst, Biddy! It's sure and sartin I am myself *now*, darlint; but tell me, is this our own house we're in?

BRIDGET—Ay, av coorse it is.

BARNEY—Do ye tell me so, now? Dear, oh dear! What iver can be the rasin av it?

BRIDGET—Av what?

BARNEY—Av there bein' so menny creddils here. Hev yiz bin hevin three twins, Biddy? Shure I've fallen over two creddils already, and here's another right furninst me. I'm afeard I'll not be able to get out av thim the night if yiz dusn't git up till help me.

BRIDGET—Indade thin, Barney, it's myself that's not likely till rise out av bed till help the likes av ye. Yiz may stay there fur all I care.

BARNEY—Dade an' I will jist stay here, thin, fur I'm not goin till go rowlin roun the room till plaise

yiz any more. So, pleasant dhrames till ye. (*He lays himself down in the cradle, stretching beyond it at both ends*).

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

MARRY NO MAN IF HE DRINKS.

CHARACTERS :

LAURA BELL—A Reformer.	
SUSIE GRAY,	} Laura's friends.
NETTIE ELLIS,	
MORRIS HALL,	} Admirers of these ladies.
WILL BURNSIDE,	
FRED ALLEN,	

SCENE I.

Parlor—LAURA *sitting by a table, her head resting on her hand, as if in deep thought*; NETTIE *sewing*; SUSIE *reading*. *All silent for a few moments.*

LAURA (*raising her head and speaking with emphasis.*) I have it, girls! I have it!

SUSIE (*jumps.*)—Oh, my! how you startled me!

What *have* you got, Laura—a fit?

LAURA—No, an idea, and a plan.

NETTIE—Wonderful!

SUSIE—Astonishing!

NETTIE—Shall we be honored with the development of this brilliant inspiration? or is it too profound for our untaught minds to comprehend?

LAURA—Now, girls, *do* be serious, for I am in sober earnest, and what I wish to say is the result of long and anxious thought.

SUSIE—Dear me, how solemn! but, please proceed." (*Closes her book.*) Put away your sewing, Nettie. Now, Laura, you have our profound attention.

LAURA—Very well. Now assist me, if you please, to call to mind the young men in our immediate circle of acquaintance who use intoxicating liquors; also those who use tobacco.

SUSIE—Oh! I like to talk about the beaux. I caught two splendid ones at the skating park last night—but I forgot—we're to be serious. (*Puts on a long face.*)

LAURA—Let me see. There's George Boswell, smokes. Ed. Stacey, smokes, chews, and drinks occasionally.

NETTIE—John West, does he smoke? yes, and drinks too.

LAURA—Will Burnside—

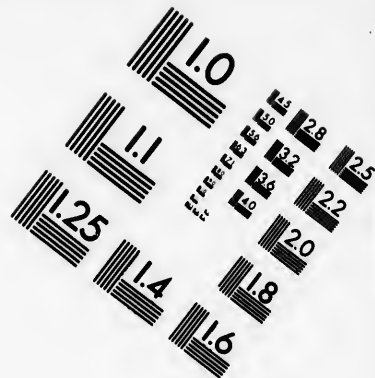
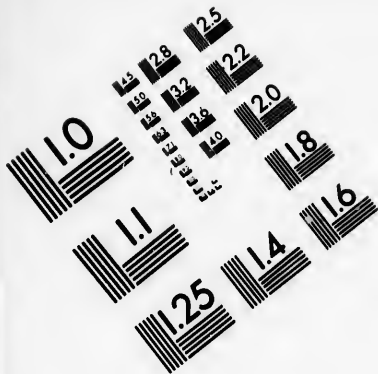
SUSIE—Oh, Laura, that's Nettie's devoted admirer; you'd best not discuss him in her presence.

NETTIE—What a fib, Susie! Go on, Laura.

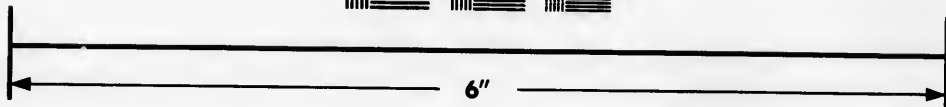
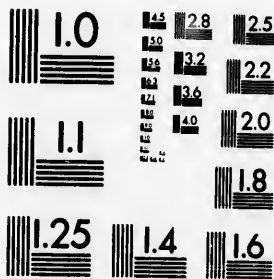
LAURA—Will Burnside takes his social glass. I don't think he uses tobacco in any form.

NETTIE—Robert Baker and Arthur Wood both drink occasionally, and Morris Hall—





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SUSIE (*clapping her hands.*)—Oho, Miss Laura! he's *your* beau; and he smokes, because I met him yesterday with a meerchaum in his mouth nearly a yard long. And he loves wine, too, for I have seen him drink it.

LAURA (*embarrassed.*)—Very well; who else? but I think the list is sufficiently long for the present.

SUSIE (*pouting.*)—I'd thank you not to slight *my* Fred; he's the best-looking man of the whole lot.

NETTIE—Really you must pardon the omission, Susie; it was unintentional. Fred Allen smokes, chews, drinks.

LAURA—These young men are, without exception, talented, educated, and move in the highest circle of society; several are professors of religion, and yet all are addicted to habits which, unless abandoned, will make slaves of them. The use of tobacco injures and debases a man physically, mentally, and morally, and I am sustained in this assertion by the most eminent and learned physicians.

NETTIE—Why, Laura, what has induced you to think and speak so earnestly in regard to this subject?

LAURA—I will tell you. On New Year's a majority of the young men whose names have been mentioned, made the usual calls during the day. Some were chewing gum or aniseed to disguise the odor of the cigars which were only laid aside at the door. Some paid two or three visits to the spittoon during a brief call of ten minutes; and, worse than all, the mingled fumes of the different liquors which many of them

had imbibed at the houses of the numerous friends whom they had visited, seemed more strongly suggestive of a bar-room than a lady's parlor. Not one of them, I suppose, has ever been intoxicated, or has caused his friends any anxiety by this very moderate, temperate use of spirituous liquors; but I contend that they are all in imminent danger, for this insidious appetite will increase and become more and more powerful, until its victims are drawn down into a vortex of degradation and shame, bringing ruin upon themselves, and sorrow and misery to kindred and friends.

SUSIE—Nonsense, Laura! you have suddenly turned preacher, and are trying to make out innocent things to be great sins as black as crows. Some of the very nicest, handsomest young men I know—real *tip-top* fellows—smoke and chew, and sometimes take a glass of something to drink; and I don't see that it harms them. Of course they know when to stop. I wouldn't give a straw for a man who hasn't a will of his own; its only weak-minded, soft-pated men who get drunk.

NETTIE—Laura, I am truly glad you have introduced this important subject; I heartily coincide with every sentiment you have uttered, and will join you in any plan you may suggest, that will enable us to do what little we can toward eradicating the evils we have been discussing—especially this moderate drinking.

SUSIE—As to the assertion, that the use of tobacco is injurious, I'll not attempt to refute that at pre-

sent, for I am such an ignorant little goosie, I should only make sport for you two learned ladies. But what is there so extremely filthy and disagreeable about it? Some people rather like the smell of a good cigar; as for myself, I never spent a thought on the subject.

LAURA—Does not every smoker carry about with him a stale, sickening, intolerable odor that pervades his clothes, his breath, and even his whiskers and hair? As for chewing, I repeat that it is a filthy, disgusting habit. In public halls, in street-cars, and even on the steps and in the vestibules of churches, the same nuisance abounds, for no place is too sacred to escape its unclean presence. To put the question right home—what man would live with a wife who, when greeting him fondly on his daily return home, would put up her mouth to be kissed, with the stains of tobacco juice on her lips and a quid tucked away in her cheek? or who would sit on his knee and puff away at a strong cigar or monstrous meerschaum, Would he not turn from her with unspeakable disgust? and yet women are compelled to submit to these abominable, loathsome things without murmuring.

SUSIE—You've extinguished me entirely, Laura; I must admit that tobacco is *not* such a nice thing, after all. But now about the harmless glass that some of our young friends take now and then. I am confident that not one of them would ever be seen at the bar of a restaurant or drinking saloon. Only drunkards, and those who are becoming so,

will be found at such places—men who have lost all self-respect.

LAURA—But what sends the drunkards to these places, especially those whom you denominate as just “*becoming* drunkards?” Is not the appetite formed by the “harmless glass” that you speak of so lightly, that is passed round at social parties, receptions, and weddings until the desire for strong drink increases, and they then resort to restaurants and saloons?

NETTIE—Really, Laura, I view this subject in a different light altogether. You have given me some ideas that I shall not soon forget. But what is to be done? what *can* be done?

SUSIE—That’s the question. I admit all that Laura has said, but what *is* the use of groaning about a state of affairs that cannot be changed? “what *is* to be, *will* be;” that’s my belief, so let’s stop this long talk and go out for a walk.

NETTIE—Not yet, Susie. I think Laura may suggest a plan by which we can accomplish something.

SUSIE—Oh, you stupid, tiresome old fogies! well, I suppose I must be resigned. [*Puts on a comical air of resignation.*]

LUARA—Yes, we *can* accomplish something. It is part of woman’s mission to refine the minds and elevate and improve the morals of men. We have a broad field before us; let us begin from this day to exert an influence upon our male friends which will result in their attaining to a higher standard of

moral excellence. Let us tell them that true manliness will not be fettered by the chains of unhallowed appetite, but will struggle against temptation, and rise above all the habits and practices inconsistent with manly dignity and genuine nobility of character.

SUSIE—You surely don't mean that we are to resolve ourselves into a Total Abstinence and Anti-Tobacco Society, for the purpose of delivering lectures to all the good-looking young men we know, whenever an opportunity offers, do you?

NETTIE [*With animation*].—Yes, that's the very idea!

LAURA.—I'm glad, Nettie, to have gained so valuable an ally. Perhaps you and Susie will term me a radical, when I here announce my firm determination to accept neither the general nor special attentions of any gentleman who, after having this subject fully presented for his consideration, continues to smoke, chew, or drink. If he likes tobacco or liquor more than me, he can have the benefit of the preference.

NETTIE—Bravo, Laura! that pleases me immensely. I'm with you heart and hand.

SUSIE—Bah! tell *that* to the marines. You'll both sing a different tune when certain young cavaliers that I know, happen to "pop the question;" and judging by their increasing devotion, that event is not far in the future. Then, we'll see what your heroic resolutions amount to.

NETTIE—We say what we mean, and mean what we say. To the question-popping part of your re-

mark, I will only reply that if Fred Allen does not propose to you before a week has passed, I shall be much surprised.

SUSIE [*Springing up hastily.*—There! Fred is to call for me at four o'clock to go to the picture gallery, and I had forgotten it entirely. I shall not be ready in time, I know. [*Hurries out.*]

LAURA—What a careless, thoughtless creature. [*A rap. LAURA goes to the door and receives a letter. Examines the address and delivers it to NETTIE.*] Something for you, Nettie.

NETTIE—[*Opens letter; reads a few lines, and seems much agitated.*] Excuse me, Laura; I will retire to my room to read and reply to this communication.

LAURA—Certainly, Nettie. [*N. retires.*] That was Will Burnside's writing, and from Nettie's agitation, I should judge it to be a proposal. Her newly formed resolution will now be tested, for Will loves the sparkling wine. Suppose I should be called to decide this important question, would my courage waver? If ever a man loved woman, Morris Hall loves me, though he has never revealed it in words. How generous and kind-hearted, how noble and unselfish he is!—and yet he is a moderate drinker, and smokes to excess. [*A rap. She admits FRED ALLEN.*] Good day, Mr. Allen; be seated.

ALLEN—Thank you; is Miss Susie ready? [*Takes something from his vest pocket and puts it in his mouth*]

LAURA—She will be down in a few minutes. Ex-

cuse me, Mr. Allen, but I have a curiosity to know what you are chewing.

ALLEN—Well—you know, Miss Laura—that is—the fact is, we young men indulge in smoking occasionally, and it is deemed polite and desirable to use something which—you understand, Miss Laura—*—which—*

LAURA—How can I understand unless you explain?

ALLEN—Well, then, it is desirable to use something to disguise the odor that a cigar unavoidably leaves on the breath. But, really, as ladies are not supposed to take an interest in such things, you embarrassed me somewhat. I have in my mouth at present some aromatic seed; the name I do not remember.

LAURA—Why render it necessary to deodorize the breath before going into ladies' society? Is smoking essential to health or happiness, and does it —

SUSIE (*Appears attired for the street; drawing on her gloves*)—How do you do, Fred? Sorry I've kept you waiting; Laura and Nettie have been discussing tobacco and moderate drinking, and in listening to their learned disquisitions I almost forgot our engagement for this evening. If you wish to keep in their good graces, never allow another atom of tobacco, or a drop of anything stronger than coffee, to touch your lips. Come, I'm ready.

ALLEN (*Rising*)—Miss Laura had just opened her batteries upon me when you entered.

LAURA—I hope Susie will keep up a constant

fire upon the enemy's works ; or to speak seriously, convince you that the use of tobacco and stimulants is unnecessary, undignified and injurious.

SUSIE—No, indeed ! I can't talk scientifically and philosophically, and all that sort of thing, like you, consequently the effect of my argument, even if I could produce any, would be lost. Come on, Fred. *(As they leave, they are met by MORRIS HALL, with whom they all exchange merry greetings.)*

MORRIS—I am happy to meet you alone, Laura, as important business calls me away to-morrow to be absent a month, and before leaving, I desire to speak to you on a subject which deeply affects my present and future happiness. *(Draws his seat near and takes her hand.)* You can not be ignorant of the fact that for months past my feeling towards you have been deeper and warmer than those of friendship, and the encouragement and favour I have received have induced the flattering belief that you do not consider me altogether unworthy of your regard. You know that I am a man of plain speech and few words. I can only say, dear Laura, I love you ! will you be my wife ?

LAURA *(Much embarrassed)*—Morris, you have taken me by storm ; this is a serious subject. I must have time to think.

MORRIS—Time to think ! Do you not sufficiently understand the feelings of your heart to answer me now ? We know not what may transpire ere we meet again ; do not send me on my journey without

the promise of your love to cheer me during my absence.

LAURA—Morris, I will speak frankly. No other has won so high a place in my regard as yourself, and I will confess that the words you have uttered meet a ready response from my heart; but before I can give you the assurance you desire, certain conditions must be complied with.

MORRIS—Name them, dearest; I know you are too good and true to exact anything unworthy or impossible, and the anticipated reward will lighten the most arduous task.

LAURA—It is no task, Morris, only a simple act of self-denial. You must, from this hour, abstain entirely from the use of tobacco and all intoxicating drinks.

MORRIS (*Drops her hand and starts back*)—Laura, you astonish me! You know that for years I have been accustomed to smoking; and though it has been six months since I began to use wine and other light stimulants, more as a social custom, 'tis true, than because I desired them, yet you have never manifested the slightest disapprobation, but have, on more than one occasion, sipped wine yourself. Why, then, this sudden opposition to these harmless indulgences?

LAURA—I acknowledge with shame and sorrow that I have but recently awakened to a sense of the duty I owe to God and my fellow-creatures. But I have resolved that my future course shall, as far as possible, atone for the past.

MORRIS—But there can be no possible danger for me; there is not a habit to which I am addicted that I can not at any time abandon without difficulty. I do not think that I smoke enough to be injurious to myself or unpleasant to others; and as for drinking to excess—that can *never* be, for to me there can be no more disgraceful and disgusting object than a drunken man.

LAURA—Excuse my plain speaking, Morris, but the odour of cigar smoke that hovers about you at this moment is *decidedly* disagreeable. I assert, moreover, that the wavering, unsettled mind, the want of self-respect, and the blunting, deadening of the sensibilities invariably *follow* the continued use of alcoholic drinks, and are the *results* of drinking, not the causes. (*Pauses a moment.*) I have firmly resolved that I will marry no man who yields to the tempter, even to the smallest extent; and, more than that, the signature of my future husband must be attached to the Pledge of Total Abstinence.

MORRIS—Laura, you are surely jesting! I can not be bound by pledges and promises—they are for drunkards, not sober men. It would be virtually acknowledging myself in need of them; it would be betraying a want of confidence in my own moral firmness, integrity and stability. Do not make this a test of my love, dear Laura. (*Again takes her hand.*)

LAURA (*Sadly but firmly.*)—Then Morris, you can never be more to me than at present. I have witnessed too much sorrow and suffering caused by in-

intemperance of men who once drank no more than you do, ever to unite my destiny with that of any but a pledged teetotaler.

MORRIS—Oh, Laura! how can you thus cruelly blight the happiness of one who loves you so fondly? will you not relent?

LAURA—Morris, my decision is irrevocable! (*Takes up his hat and rushes out.*) So—"the dream is past." He could not bear the test. Oh, Morris! you have left behind you a sad, aching heart, whose love is yours alone. (*Covers her face with her hands, and sighs.*)

SUSIE (*Having returned from her walk*)—I say, Laura, what on earth have you been doing to Morris Hall? He rushed by me as I came in, just as though the Evil One was after him; and though he almost upset me in his mad flight, not one word of apology did he offer. If I didn't know him to be your favorite, I should think you had rejected him.

LAURA (*Raising her head*)—No, Susie, *he* has rejected *me*. I was in the balance on one side, his social glass and cigars on the other. His love for them was stronger than for me, consequently I am rejected.

SUSIE (*Raising her hands in astonishment*)—Well, Laura Bell! so you have been absolutely reducing your high-flown theory to practice, and have lost the handsomest man (but one) in town. You are decidedly the most unmitigated goosie I ever saw! Well, "what is to be, will be," I suppose. But, Laura, I'll tell you a little secret that will help to

cheer up your spirits. Fred and I are engaged—actually *engaged*, and the day appointed. Isn't *that* nice?

LAURA—And did you say anything to him on this important subject, Susie?

SUSIE—Not I. I was so fluttered and agitated I forgot it entirely; and I'm glad I did, for Fred might have run off in a crazy way like Morris Hall, and then I should be in the same sad, forlorn condition in which I find poor you. Not exactly, though. I should have run after him and told him he might keep all his pet habits—that I was only joking; and I expect you wish *you* had done so, don't you, Laura?

LAURA—No, I do not regret what I have done. If he loves his "pet habits," as you call them, more than he loves me, he is not worthy of me.

SUSIE—Well, I believe Fred would do anything or give up anything I should request of him. He'll make a model husband. (*Goes out singing, and NETTIE enters with an open letter in her hand*).

NETTIE—I presume, Laura, you know from whence this letter came?

LAURA.—I do. And from your agitation, I conjectured its contents.

NETTIE—I confess candidly, Laura, that it contains a manly declaration of love and offer of marriage. You are aware that Will Burnside has been my constant attendant for three years, and during that time I have never known him to commit a mean or dishonorable act. Had this arrived one

day earlier, I should have returned to him the unhesitating acceptance my heart would have so earnestly dictated. But our conversation this morning has materially changed my views in regard to certain things, and in my reply, which I dispatched some time ago, I acquainted him with the convictions of duty lately aroused in my mind, and stated my determination to marry no man addicted to the use of strong drink, as I should constantly be haunted with the fear of becoming that most wretched of beings—a drunkard's wife. I am sure, Laura, that you commend my decision.

LAURA—I do, most heartily. It is the only safe course. During your absence, I have had an interview with Morris Hall, who, being compelled to leave town to-morrow, desired an answer to a certain important question. My reply was, in substance, the same as yours to Mr. Burnside; and, though I reasoned with him long and earnestly, his pride could not tolerate the idea of being bound by a pledge. Finally, he left in anger; and, though I would not reverse my decision, still I feel very sad, for Morris has won a place in my heart which no other can ever fill.

NETTIE—Accept my sincere sympathy, dear friend, and let me cheer you with the thought that a little reflection on his part will bring him to your side again. And now a word in reference to our conversation of this morning. If we intend to carry out our proposed plan, we must have a book prepared

for the signatures of all gentlemen whom we can impress with the importance of th's course.

LAURA—I think I have one that will suit our purpose admirably. (*Exit*).

BURNSIDE (*Enters with eager haste, advances to NETTIE, who is still standing, and clasps her hands lovingly*)—Darling Nettie, I have just received your note, and could not resist the impulse to come to you immediately. Did you dream for an instant that I would let any foolish habit interpose an obstacle between me and your precious self? No, dearest; I will gladly submit to your very reasonable requirements, and the more willingly, because I have myself been in serious doubt as to the safety of this social drinking custom. It only needed your sweet, womanly argument to establish my convictions firmly. (*Laura enters unobserved.*) And now this little hand is mine. (*Kisses it*).

LAURA—Ahem! (*Coughs*).

BURNSIDE (*Starting*)—Why, Miss Laura, you entered so much like a spirit, that your suddenly revealed presence startled me.

LAURA (*Roguishly*)—Spirits don't wear high-heeled gaiters, and cough to attract the attention of mortals, Mr. Burnside. Nettie, I find that the book I referred to has been used for another purpose, and we have no other that will answer.

BURNSIDE—There is a book store at the corner, ladies. I shall be happy to supply any want.

LAURA—We accept your offer with thanks, and

delegate you to procure for us a small blank book, in which we propose to write a Pledge.

BLANSIDE—I will return in a few moments. (*Exit*).

NETTIE—And I will get the pen and ink. (*Exit*).

LAURA (*Seating herself in an attitude of sadness and despondency*)—Nettie is happy; and I must appear so, even though my heart should break in the sad struggle. (*Covers her face with her hands, and sighs*).

MORRIS (*Appears at the open door—pauses a moment—advances quickly, and dropping on one knee at her side, gently removes her hands*)—Dear Laura, you have conquered! Forgive the foolish pride that for a time obscured my sense and judgment and made me oblivious to my own danger and heedless of your sweet warning. Since our interview, I have calmly weighed every argument you advanced, and I thank you earnestly for the frankness with which you placed the subject before me, and the courage and firmness with which you combated my weak reasoning and refused any compromise with this evil. If all young ladies would pursue the same course, there would be fewer drunkards, and consequently less unhappiness and misery. Will you forgive me and be my own Laura?

LAURA—All is forgiven, Morris; and I confess that my heart feels much lighter than it did a few moments ago; but I hear footsteps. Oh, Morris, do get up. If that wild Susie Gray should catch you

in this attitude, we should not escape from her saucy tongue for a month.

MORRIS—I don't care for Susie or any one else just now—I'm too happy; but to spare your blushes, I will assume a more dignified position. (*Kisses her hand, and springs up, just as NETTIE enters at one door and BURNSIDE at the other. The three exchange greetings.*)

BURNSIDE—I have obtained the desired article. (*Hands it to LAURA.*)

LAURA—Thank you. Now for the Pledge. (*Writes.*)

MORRIS—What a moral revolution would be produced in society if other ladies would adopt and maintain the principles you two so firmly advocate!

NETTIE—There is no earthly reason why it should not be so. I am amazed and ashamed that I have lived so long in ignorance of my duty in this respect.

LAURA—Attention. (*Reads.*) “I solemnly pledge my sacred honour as a man, that, by God's help, I will abstain from all spirituous and malt liquors, wine, and cider as a beverage, and from the use of tobacco in every form. This Pledge to be binding for life.” (*Places the book open on the table.*) This is now ready for signatures. (*FRED and SUSIE enter quietly.*)

MORRIS—I am proud to affix my signature to the Life Pledge. (*Signs.*)

BURNSIDE—And I will gladly imitate your example. (*Signs.*)

SUSIE—What wonderful progress ! two converts in one day.

NETTIE—Will you not be the third, Mr. Allen ?

ALLEN—Not at present. It will be time enough when I feel that I need the restraining influence of the Pledge.

BURNSIDE—I assert positively that you need it fully as much as we do. Miss Susie, *your* persuasive eloquence might move him.

SUSIE—I believe Fred has enough pride and common sense to keep him from indulging too freely. When I see him in danger, then I'll use my "persuasive eloquence," as you are pleased to term it. I think this signing the Pledge places one in an awkward position sometimes. Suppose you total abstainers should have a wedding—now don't blush, gentlemen, I am only supposing the case—would you give your friends nothing but dry cake to eat ? for of course *wine* would be out of the question.

MORRIS—No. We'd both have some of the nicest lemonade in town, wouldn't we, Will ? (SUSIE and FRED *laugh heartily.*)

SUSIE—Lemonade with wedding-cake ! what a funny idea ! But to speak seriously, the Bible recommends wine, though I don't recollect the exact words. Refresh my memory, some of you.

LAURA—Who hath sorrow ? who hath contentions ? who hath wounds without cause ? They that tarry long at the wine ; they that seek strong drink !

BURNSIDE—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is

raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise!

NETTIE—Be not among winebibbers, for the drunkard shall come to poverty!

MORRIS—Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder!

(*The four in concert*)—No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven! (SUSIE and FRED elevate their eyebrows, and raise their hands as if overwhelmed by the texts that follow each other in quick succession, and are uttered with great impressiveness and solemnity.)

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

SCENE II.

LAURA and NETTIE, *the former turning over the leaves of the Pledge-book.*

LAURA.—As six months have elapsed since the inauguration of our total abstinence movement, I thought I would look over our little book, and I find it contains fifty-eight names. We have been far more successful than I anticipated.

MORRIS.—I see you have the Pledge-book, Laura; I often think that had Fred Allan's name been inscribed in it, he might not have fallen. His boasted pride and self-respect have not restrained his terrible appetite for liquor, for he is now a common drunkard. I met his wife yesterday, and could

scarcely recognize her as the saucy, light-hearted Susie who, six months ago, laughed at what she called our "old-fogy notions." She has changed sadly, and I have heard that Fred is very violent and brutal when intoxicated.

SUSIE.—[*Enters, plainly attired, and in a state of great agitation.*] Dear Laura, will you kindly give your miserable friend shelter for one night?

LAURA.—Certainly, Susie, for as long a time as you wish to stay. [*Leads her to a seat and stands by her.*] May I inquire the cause of your trouble? You appear to be unhappy.

SUSIE.—You are all old and true friends, and have, doubtless, heard of the sad life I have led since my marriage, so I will speak freely. I had not been married a week before I ascertained that my husband had, for a long time, been drinking much more freely than I or any of his friends had imagined; in fact, he acknowledged that he often drank in restaurants and saloons, side by side with the most degraded drunkards. For two months past he has scarcely been sober a day. His business is totally neglected, his money squandered among vile associates. The constant and excessive use of liquor has transformed him into a fiend, whose brutal cruelty I can no longer endure. If you will permit me to remain here to-night, I will to-morrow return to my parents, who live in the country, about forty miles from this place. I left them a happy, merry bride; I shall return a broken-hearted, wretched woman! [*Heavy footsteps are*

heard approaching, and a loud, angry voice exclaims, "Where is she?" SUSIE crouches in terror behind LAURA.]

ALLEN.—*[Throws open the door violently. His face very red; eyes glaring with rage; clothing torn and soiled.]* Where is my wife? Ah, you need not try to hide, madam—I have found you. *[Rushes to her and grasps her arm.]* Come, march home immediately.

BURNSIDE.—*[Grasping him by the shoulder.]* Allen, you shall not use any violence toward your wife in our presence. She desires to remain with Miss Bell to-night, and I would advise you to leave the room quietly, or you may compel us to use force.

ALLEN—She shall not stay here! home's the place for a married woman, and she *shall* go.

MORRIS—*[Who has risen.]* The home that *should* be her dearest refuge, you have converted into such a place of torment that she has been compelled to flee from it. Fred. Allen, has your manhood utterly forsaken you? Let your poor, persecuted wife stay where she can find rest and peace, and go away quietly.

ALLEN—Seems to me, you're interfering in what don't concern you. Didn't that woman know when she married me that I took my glass whenever I wanted it? Don't you remember how she laughed at you for signing the Pledge, saying at the same time that *I didn't need it?* A little persuasion from her *then* would have changed my wild course and made me a different man, for I would have sacrificed

anything to please her; but she didn't think it was necessary, and she's got no right to complain now.

SUSIE—He speaks the truth! I know now, when too late, that my own thoughtless conduct has brought this grief upon me. When I could easily have turned him from the path of danger, I laughed at the idea, and refused to exert my influence to win him to a better life. I have carved my own destiny—and hereafter I will submit to my sad lot without murmuring.

ALLEN—Now, that's more sensible. What's the use of fretting about what you can't help, especially as you've acknowledged that you brought it on yourself.

MORRIS—Allen, reform—sign the Pledge and be a man again.

ALLEN—No, sir, I can't do it. Rum and the devil have got such a strong grasp on me, that if I should try to reform, they'd pull me back again. It's no use, I tell you; as long as whisky's made, and men licensed to sell it, there'll be plenty of drunkards. [*To his wife.*] Come along, Susan. [*Takes a bottle from his pocket and goes out drinking.*]

SUSIE—Laura—Nettie—I hear that you are both to stand before the altar to-morrow night. May God grant you a happier lot than mine! [*Goes out slowly, weeping.*]

NETTIE—Poor Susie! hers is indeed a sad fate.

MORRIS—I am rejoiced to know that on the occasion of the *double bridal*, which will to-morrow night crown our fond hopes with a blissful reality,

there will be no sparkling, ruby wine to tempt our friends to ruin and death.

BURNSIDE—But, as we go through life with our chosen partners beside us—[*each clasp the hand of his intended*]*—*we will warn the tempted, raise the fallen, and brighten the homes made desolate by the Demon of Intemperance.

LAURA—And we will still keep our Pledge-book open, and continue to labor for the cause of Total Abstinence!

NETTIE—And we shall never forget to warn our lady-friends, solemnly and earnestly—

L. and N.—*To marry no man if he drinks!*

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

RECLAIMED.

CHARACTERS :

GEORGE STANLEY—A drunkard.
CARRIE—His wife.
LITTLE NELLIE—Their child.
RICHARD HENSHAW—Rumseller.
WILLIS HAMILTON—Teetotaler.
CHARLES TRACY—Moderate drinker.

SCENE I.

Bar-room—TRACY seated at a table with decanter and glass before him. HAMILTON standing by with his hand on TRACY'S shoulder. HENSHAW behind the bar.

HAMILTON—Tracy, I implore you not to drink to-night. I have observed with sorrow that this appetite for liquor is daily increasing, and although you are now what is termed a "moderate drinker," you will, ere long, unless you abandon this destructive habit, become that most wretched and repulsive being—a confirmed drunkard.

TRACY—Oh ! fudge, Will. You total abstinence men are too radical on this subject. It's all well enough for you to preach to the drunkards, for they need it sadly ; but we who have pride and self-control are entirely beyond your sphere of action—we don't require any temperance talk, because we are

already temperate. (*Fills glass, and sips the liquor slowly.*) I cannot imagine how a man can so lose all self-control and self-respect as to become a degraded, beastly inebriate, to be shunned and despised, pointed at and pitied. There is our old friend Stanley for instance, so proud and ambitious, possessing a cultivated mind and more than ordinary talent, and blessed with a lovely, amiable wife. It is a problem I can not solve. (*MRS. S. enters at the opposite side, holding NELLIE by the hand; both clad in garments faded and patched, but neat and clean.*)

MRS. S.—Mr. Henshaw, I entreat you not to let my husband have anything to drink should he come here to-night.

HENS.—Really, madam, I should like to oblige you, but I could not be guilty of such rudeness as refusing so good a customer as George Stanley.

MRS. S.—But he has no money, and I think you are the only man who will trust him. Oh! if you have any compassion, grant my prayer!

HENS. (*Impatiently*)—See here, madam; I think you are asking entirely too much. Suppose the wives and children of all my customers who drink more than is good for them, should come here and make the same request, and I should be foolish enough to grant it, what would be the consequence? Why, I should have to close up! I couldn't make a living! No, ma'am, it wouldn't do. Selling liquor is my lawful business; I make my money and support myself by it, and if anybody drinks too much, why, it's *their* lookout, not mine. Here is

your husband now. (STANLEY enters, shabby and ragged, his hat battered, his face colored to appear red and bloated; staggers slightly as he walks up to the bar, apparently unconscious of the presence of his wife and child, who shrink back as though frightened).

STAN.—I told you I'd pay you, Dick! not that I was afraid you wouldn't trust me again, but I'm a gentleman, and every gentleman likes to pay as he goes. You see this? (Takes several bills from his pocket and spreads them on the counter.) I knew the old woman got paid for some sewing she did for somebody, and when I asked her for the money, she refused to give it to me. I said nothing for once, but just waited until she left the house this evening; then I hunted all about till I found it hid in a trunk, and I've got it safe enough. Ha! ha!

MRS. S.—Oh! George, you know how hard I worked for that money to buy poor Nellie a pair of shoes. Surely you will not spend it for that which is making us all so wretched?

STAN. (Starts at the sound of her voice, and hastily takes up the notes)—What on earth are you doing here, Carrie? Go home instantly.

MRS. S.—George, please, come too; will you not?

STAN.—I'll come when I get ready. Something to drink, Dick. I'm horribly thirsty.

HENS.—Your wife says you must not have it.

STAN.—So—that's what brought her here, is it? I'll show her that I'm my own master, and will do what I please. Rum—brandy—Quick!

HENS.—You see he *will* have it, ma'am.

STAN. (*Trying to reach the decanter*)—Give it to me, quickly! I'm burning up with this awful thirst.

HENS. (*Filling a glass*)—Well, I'm not to blame, that's plain to all.

STAN. (*Drains the glass and holds it to H.*)—More—more! (*It is again filled and emptied*).

MRS. S.—May God help us! (*Takes NELLIE'S hand and goes out slowly*).

STAN. (*Taking a note from his pocket and handing it to HENSHAW*)—You needn't give me any change, Dick; I'm going to walk round a bit, and when I come back I shall want more to drink, for I can't live without it. (*Goes out staggering*).

TRACY (*Who has been so much engrossed in the scene as to sit with his wine untasted before him*)—Can that pallid, wretched-looking woman be the same beautiful, happy Carrie Stanley of three short years ago?

HAM.—It is the same; and her husband's ungovernable appetite for strong drink has reduced her to this sad state. Yet I remember well when he drank no more than *you* do, Charley Tracy. He was warned as *you* have been, and like *you*, also, he scorned the idea of ever drinking to excess.

HENS.—But Stanley is a poor, weak-brained fellow; while Mr. Tracy has too strong a will and too much self-respect ever to fall so low.

HAM. (*Indignant*)—"Tis false! A firmer, stronger, nobler mind, and clearer intellect than George Stanley's was never given to man; but rum has done its

work so well that ere long it will be a wreck. Were you not utterly heartless, you would have been moved with compassion by the earnest pleading of that wife and the touching appeal of that sweet child.

HENS. (*Wrathfully*)—Must I repeat for the fortieth time that it was none of *my* doing? When a man's crazy for liquor, he will have it.

TRACY (*Rising*)—Hamilton, I am filled with dread. What assurance have I that my wife and children may not be reduced to this same wretched condition if I continue my present course? I can stop *now*, but if I drink a year longer, it may be too late. My friend (*grasping his hand*), I shall no longer need your warning; I shall no longer pain your kind, generous heart, for I shall not only cease to be a moderate drinker, but henceforth I shall be as radical on this question as yourself.

HAM.—Thank God!

STAN. (*Enters very drunk*)—More rum, Dick! I'm 'terminated t'ave jolly time—while this 'ere lasts—I am. (*Leans heavily against the bar and clumsily pulls the money from his pocket; puts it all on the counter, and stretches out his hand for the decanter.*) More, Dick—give me more.

HAM. (*Taking him by the arm*)—Stanley, you must drink no more to-night. Come, *we* will see that you get home safely, for you are scarcely in a condition to get there alone. (*TRACY attempts to take the other arm, but he struggles and resists, and*

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HAM.—We can do nothing with him at present, Charlie; we will wait outside until he comes out, for he will doubtless need assistance. The atmosphere of this foul den almost stifles me. Come.

HENS. (*In a rage*)—I'd thank you to be a little more choice in your language, sir. Call my establishment a "foul den," indeed! This is not the first time you have dogged my customers in here, preaching your infernal temperance humbug to them, and interfering with my lawful business, and it's got to be stopped. You've got to keep out of here, or I'll *make you!*

HAM. (*With intense contempt.*)—Your "*lawful business!*" Pray, what is it? (*With much energy and earnestness.*) I will tell you. It is to demoralize society—to wreck and ruin human hopes and happiness—to crush with anguish and despair the quivering hearts of suffering women and innocent children—to consign immortal souls to eternal perdition! Tremble, oh, man of sin! for in God's Holy Word your doom is written; and though you may coin wealth from the heart's blood of your fellow beings—*remember*, the judgments of the Almighty are terrible to those who break his holy laws; and if not in this life—in the great, the dread *hereafter*, your crimes will meet their sure reward! If in heaven's bright realm of purity there is no place for the tempted, ruined drunkard, where shall the tempter appear? the heartless, fiendish drunkard-

maker, the destroyer of body and soul? (*Slowly.*) Beware! for God's retribution is swift and sure! (*At HAMILTON's first words, HENSHAW approaches in great anger, as if to assault him, but shrinks back from the uplifted arm of the speaker, whose voice and gestures increase in volume and earnest impressiveness, until, at the close of the denunciation, the bar-keeper's attitude and expression is that of mingled anger and horror; the drunkard still grasps the decanter. TRACY listens with intense interest, and HAMILTON, the master-spirit of the scene, stands with head erect and arm outstretched. This, if well performed, will present an effective tableau, upon which the curtain slowly falls.*)

SCENE II.

STANLEY'S HOME.—*Small, low bedstead, scantily furnished. Common pine table against the wall, on which is a plate containing a small piece of bread. Three old chairs are placed in order around the room, one of them having been skillfully reduced to a state of extreme dilapidation by having the different parts loosened, so that it can be easily broken to pieces. NELLIE on the bed asleep, covered with an old shawl; MRS. STANLEY, sewing by the dim light of a candle.*

MRS. S. (*Shivers*)—Oh, how cold and cheerless! how tired and miserable I am! None can know the sorrow, the utter woe and despair, that crushes the lonely heart of the drunkard's wife. But two

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years ago, and how happy I was! I dreamed not the tempter would ever enter our pleasant home, where love and harmony reigned supreme. But he came, and all was changed; and when I think of that joyful past, and contrast it with the dark present, with its long, weary days and nights of toil and suffering, uncheered by a single gleam of hope, my tired spirit grows faint, and I almost sink beneath the burden. (*Drops her work, and clasps her hands across her forehead.*) Oh! God help the drunkard's wretched wife! (*Covers her face and weeps. A heavy step is heard, and she springs up, with fear depicted on her face.*) Ah! he comes! (*STANLEY enters staggering—goes to the table.*)

STAN. (*In loud, fierce tones*)—Where is my supper? I'm hungry.

MRS. S.—It is there on the table, George, all there is.

STAN.—Do you call that piece of dry bread a fit supper for me? (*Takes plate and contents and throws them violently against the wall, breaking the plate.*) Now, get me something to eat, or I'll make you!

MRS. S.—Oh, George, there is not another morsel in the house. I had no money—how could I get anything?

STAN.—You lie! you've got more hid away, like that I found this afternoon, and I'll make you get it. (*Seizes the dilapidated chair and raises it. NEL- LIE springs from the bed and runs to her mother's side.*)

NELLIE—Oh, father, *don't hurt poor ma!* (STANLEY *rushes toward them*; HAMILTON *hastily enters, and grasping STANLEY'S shoulder, charges his position, so that the chair descends upon the floor and is dashed to pieces*).

HAM.—Madman! would you murder your wife and child?

STAN. (*Looks wildly from HAM. to his wife, gazes at the fragments on the floor, and draws his hand across his forehead*)—Heaven help me! I believe I am going mad.

HAM.—Yes, Stanley, you were a maniac at that moment—made so by the maddening poison that is consuming your brain, and burning and blasting every human feeling in your breast; and, had I arrived a moment later, your wife and child might have been in eternity—*your hands red with their innocent blood!*

STAN. (*Groans; presses his hands to his head and drops into a chair.*)—Oh, God, forgive me!

HAM. (*Laying his hand on his shoulder*)—George, I have known you for years. I remember well when you stood before me a proud, happy bridegroom, with a fair, blushing bride beside you, confiding in your honor and love; and for a time you were all that a true man could be. But at length the wine was offered you in a social circle of friends, you did not desire to taste it, but you thought it discourteous to refuse, and when I besought you to beware of the *first glass*, you assured me that it should be the last. That glass led to another and

another; and, although you did not become a drunkard at once, the appetite for strong drink increased gradually and almost imperceptibly, until your powerful will was forced to yield, and you gave yourself up, body and soul, to the ruthless destroyer. Oh, how it has grieved me to see the honored friend of my youth thus debased and enslaved! Look around you, George. Where is the pleasant, luxurious home, whose cosy, cheerful fireside was once the "dearest spot on earth" to you? Where is the rosy, light hearted wife who greeted your coming with delight? Where are the happy children that climbed upon your knee and prattled so sweetly in their innocent glee? (*Mrs. S. sinks into a seat, covers her face and weeps.*) All that is left is this squalid, cheerless, poverty-marked place; a pale, weary woman and frightened, shivering child, that tremble at the sight of your face and the sound of your voice; and (*solemnly*) in the church-yard, a little grave under the snow, in which lies a baby form, forever at rest, undisturbed by the hunger, cold, and pain that extinguished its tiny spark of life and set its little spirit free!

STAN.—(*Throwing his arms wildly in the air.*) For God's sake, stop! Your words pierce my heart like ten thousand daggers. Oh, that I could blot out the awful past! that I could be free from this accursed bondage! But it is too late; you who have never felt its power cannot dream of the fearful spell it casts around its victims. What hope is there for the wretched inebriate who desires to reform, when

every other house is a drinking saloon, from which the jingling of glasses and the fumes of alcohol reach him even on the sidewalk as he passes, till, tempted and maddened, his good resolves are forgotten, and he is drawn again into the whirlpool of death and destruction? I ask again, what hope there can be for me?

HAM.—Rely on God, my friend: make an effort to assert your manhood bravely. May God give you strength to conquer and be free!

NELLIE—(*Who has been standing quietly beside her mother.*) Father, why don't you pray? When I had nice clothes and went to Sunday-school, my teacher said that God would *help* everybody who tried to do right, if they would only *ask* Him.

STAN.—Pray? my child, I can not! *I*, who have mocked and blasphemed God so long—who have only called on His name in curses and oaths!—how could I pray?

NELLIE—Father, I will pray for you. (*Kneels facing the audience with clasped hands.* MRS. S. *advances quickly to her husband, takes his hand and leads him forward, and they kneel, one on each side of the child, who utters slowly and distinctly the words of her little petition.*) “Our Father in heaven, please help my dear father to be a sober man, and do not let him drink any more. Make him good and kind to mother and me, and then we will not be sad and cold and hungry, and poor mother will not grieve any more. Please hear little Nellie's prayer, and answer it for Jesus' sake—Amen!”

HAM—(*Who stands with hat removed and head bent in an attitude of profound reverence.*) Amen!

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

SCENE III.

PARLOR—STANLEY, *in morning gown and slippers, reading. His wife engaged in fancy work of some kind. Everything cheerful and neat.*

STAN.—(*Closing his book.*) My dear, I met Hamilton and Tracey as I came home, and invited them to take tea with us this evening. Does it meet your approval?

MRS. S.—Indeed, dear George, we could not have a more welcome visitor than Willis Hamilton. To him, through God's mercy, we may attribute our present happiness and prosperity.

[*A rap at the door.*]

MRS. S.—(*Admitting the two friends.*) Ever welcome! (*She and her husband greet them warmly, and all are seated.*)

NELLIE—(*Rushing in.*) Oh, mother! do help—but there is Mr. Hamilton! (*Runs to him, and takes his hand in both of hers and shakes it heartily.*) I am so glad to see you!

HAM.—(*Smiling; puts one arm around her and smooths her hair.*) It is really pleasant to receive so warm a welcome from my little friend Nellie.

TRACY—Positively, Hamilton, I shall be compelled to leave you at home when I visit Miss Nel-

lie. You monopolize her so entirely that she has neither eyes nor ears for poor neglected me.

NELLIE.—(*Shaking hands with him.*) Indeed, Mr. Tracy, I didn't mean to be impolite, but you know how much we all love Mr. Hamilton.

TRACY.—(*Seriously.*) I know, Nellie; and I am sure you can not love and honor him too much. But what did you intend telling your mother when you ran in so quickly?

NELLIE—Dear me! I had almost forgotten. (*Goes to her mother.*) A poor beggar man is in the hall asking for something to eat. He is not drunk, and he looks so starved, and his clothes are so thin and ragged, he is shivering. Do let him come in. I told him I would ask you.

MR. S.—I will see him, my daughter. (*Opens the door, looks out a moment, turns to his child.*) Nellie, you can ask the poor man to come in. (*Solemnly.*) "To err is human, to forgive, divine." (*NELLIE obeys, and returns, followed by HENSHAW, weak and tottering, pale and ragged.*)

HEN. (*Advances a few steps, looks around, and starts back in the wildest amazement.*)—George Stanley, can it be you—your wife and child—all looking so happy and content—with all so nice and cheerful around you? can it be? No! no! my poor weak brain is wandering still.

STAN. (*Kindly.*)—It is all a reality, Henshaw. This is *my* home, *my* happy wife and child. Thanks be to God and that noble man. (*Points to HAM.*)

HEN. (*Advances nearer, recognizes him, and starts*

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HAM.

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back, covering his eyes with his hands for a moment as if to shut out some fearful vision)—That man! Merciful Heaven, 'tis he? (*To HAM.*) Oh, man! that terrible denunciation you uttered that night has haunted me, waking and sleeping. I never sold a glass of rum to a poor, bloated wretch but you rose before me with flashing eyes and warning gesture, like an avenging spirit. Many a night have I started from my troubled slumbers with your prophetic, terrible warning sounding in my ears—"Beware! for God's retribution is swift and sure!" (*He totters as if from weakness.* HAM. *brings a chair and gently seats him.*) But I excused myself by saying that if it was *right and just* for the *Christian officers* of a *Christian community*, under the government of this *Christian nation*, to *license me to sell liquor*, then I could not be to blame for selling it! Money! money! was all I cared for. But the day of retribution came—the prophecy was fulfilled! One night, a man drank and paid for the drinks of others until his money was gone, and yet he craved more rum. I refused it, and he became furious. I then drove him out with kicks and curses, as I had done many a one before; and as the door was closed upon him, he swore a dreadful oath of revenge. That night I was roused from my slumbers at the midnight hour by strange sounds and 'a brilliant light, and sprang up to find myself almost surrounded by flames. I escaped by a back window, and rushed wildly about endeavoring to save some of my effects, but in vain. The liquor blazed up in great blue

flames, that speedily enveloped every part of the building; and in a brief period all I possessed lay a heap of smouldering ashes. In my mad, blind recklessness I rushed too near, just as part of the wall fell, and was crushed beneath a mass of bricks and rubbish. Senseless, and severely injured, I was carried into the house of an old associate near by, and received proper care and attention. During those long, weary days of suffering I reviewed my past life, and resolved that if God would spare me, I would turn from evil ways. I arose a week ago. This morning, the man at whose house I was staying, supposing that I had money, presented an enormous bill for board and physician's attendance, and when I told him that I was penniless, he drove me out in a great rage. Hungry and weak, I have wandered about all day, until, at last, I ventured to plead here for a morsel of bread, never dreaming that this beautiful place could be the dwelling of George Stanley, who when I saw him last, was an outcast and a drunkard. (*Pauses.*) And now that you have heard my story, I will no longer pollute this scene of tranquil purity and happiness with my sinful presence. (*Rises.*) Only, before I go I would ask forgiveness for all that I have done that made you and yours so wretched. Will you forgive me, George Stanley?

STAN.—Go? Not so, my poor fellow. You must have clothing and food, rest and refreshment, before you leave here.

HEN.—And you forgive me? you, and your wife,

and the little child whose piteous pleading I heeded not? You all forgive me?

STAN.—Freely—fully; else how could we expect our Father in heaven to forgive us our offences? Come now, and we will minister to your necessities.
(*Leads him out, followed by Mrs. S.*)

(CURTAIN FALLS.)



READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

THE OLD BRANDY BOTTLE.

This piece will be most effectively recited in the character of a sot, his nose reddened, &c., &c.

The old brandy bottle, I've loved it too long,
It has been a false friend unto me ;
When I met it at first I was healthy and strong,
And as handsome as handsome could be.
I had plenty of cash in my pocket and purse,
And my cheeks were as red as a rose,
And the day when I took it for better for worse,
I'd a beautiful aquiline nose.

But now only look ! I'm a sight to behold,
The beauty I boasted has fled ;
You would think I was nearly a hundred years old
When I'm raising my hand to my head ;
For it trembles and shakes like the earth when it
quakes,
And I always am spilling my tea,
And whenever I speak I make awful mistakes,
Till every one's laughing at me.

The ladies don't love me, and this I can trace
To the loss of my aquiline nose ;
Like an overgrown strawberry stuck on my face,
Still larger and larger it grows.
And I haven't a cent in my pocket or purse,
And my clothes are all tattered and torn ;
Oh, that old brandy bottle has been a sad curse,
And I wish I had never been born.

The old brandy bottle, I'll love it no more,
It has near ruined my body and soul ;
I'll dash it to pieces† and swear from this hour,
To give up both it and the bowl.
And I'll now go and sign—I could surely do worse ;
On that pledge all my hopes I repose,
And I'll get back my money in pocket and purse,
And also my beautiful nose.

† Suiting the action to the words.

THE SONG OF THE BOWL.

With features wan and worn,
With nose of grossest red,
A man there sat, like a drowsy bat,
Who lifted his maudlin head ;
He sang the song of the bowl,
'Mid a ragged and wretched band,
And he drove a nail in his coffin lid,
Each time he raised his hand.

Drink, drink, drink,
In the morning's rosy prime ;
And drink, drink, drink,
In the murky midnight time.
It's oh! to be a dog,
Along with a tinker swart,
Than a senseless log, or a human hog,
With never a human heart.

Drink, drink, drink,
The wine-cup never flags ;
And what are its wages? an aching heart,
And squalor, and mouldy rags.
Drink deep of the liquid fires,
In hollow and mindless mirth,
With rogue and knave, and the tap-room
slave,
And the vilest scum of earth.

Oh men with children pale !—
O men with weeping wives !—
Oh, why for a can of unholy ale
Will you sacrifice their lives ?
They play but a dastard's part
Who swear each truth a lie,
Who crush with crime a trusting heart,
And leave it alone to die.

Drink, drink, drink,
Oh, how escape its thrall !
It runs amain through each burning vein,
And turns my blood to gall.
My eyes are dim with tears,
A furnace heats my breath,
And conscience whispers in my ears,
"Thou'rt hastening, fool, to death !"

But why do I talk of death ?
That phantom of fleshless bone—
I might see a thousand shapes
More dreadful than his own.
The cells of my arid brain
Are parched in my burning head,
And countless sprites through the livelong
nights,
Are dancing round my bed.

'Mid darkling crowds I tread
To my last accurs'd retreat ;
There's a heaven above my head,
And a hell beneath my feet.

Oh, ponder, pause, and pray,
Reflect, and pray, and think,
Ere your souls be snatched from the light of
day,
By the ruthless demon—Drink.

It's Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of a purer atmosphere,
To escape from this moral death,
This prospect dark and drear!
It's Oh! for the pleasant hours,
When I felt as a man should feel,
Ere alcohol had enslaved my soul,
And made my senses reel.

With features wan and worn,
With nose of the grossest red,
A man there sat, like a drowsy bat,
Who lifted his maudlin head,
'Mid a ragged and wretched band;
In a vile degraded sink,
He sang this song with a dismal wail;
Would that its tones could on all prevail
To banish the demon—Drink!

THE SMOKER.

I saw him after dinner,
And his face was like the sun,
When wearily he goes to rest,
His long day's journey done.

The rum had made it hot,
And the wine had made it red,
And a cloud was all around it,
Like the curtain round his bed.

His chair was tilted back,
And his feet were on the wall,
And the sorrows of this world
Did not trouble him at all !

For though he toiled and puffed,
Like an engine or a stove,
Yet he always sucked, and blowed, and snuffed,
This "cloud compelling Jove."

Again I passed his dwelling,
In the darkness of the night ;
And still I knew the smoker,
Like a glow-worm, by his light.

His head was still thrown back,
And his feet were still on high,
And he had a most peculiar look
From out his half-shut eye.

'Twas morning ; and I saw him,
This great *Vesuvius* man,

And o'er the news full paper
His misty vision ran ;
For still the fire was there,
And still the smoke was thick :
And I remembered well the tales—
Told of this smoking Dick.

I wonder if he sleeps ?
Or ever goes about ?
Or is he only some machine—
For what ? Ah, there's the doubt !
Though puffing, always puffing,
He never seems to go :
What good he does by staying there,
Is more than I yet know.

A beggar boy craved charity—
The smoker "blessed his stars !"
And said, "he had no change to spare"—
Then sent for more cigars !

His patient wife at last complained,
He gruffly bade her cease :
And then cried out, "It's very hard
I can never smoke in peace."

and snuffed,

MODER-ATION.

Ye friends of moderation,
Who think a reformation
Would benefit our nation,—
Who deem intoxication,
With all its dissipation,
In every rank and station
The cause of degradation,
Of which your observation
Gives daily demonstration,—
Who see the ruination,
Distress and desolation,
The open violation
Of moral obligation,
The wretched habitation
Without accommodation,
Or any regulation
For common sustentation,
A scene of deprivation
Unequalled in creation,—
Who hear the profanation
Of common conversation,—
Who know the desecration
Of Sabbath ordination ;
The crime and depredation,
Defying legislation ;

The mental aberration,
And dire infatuation,
With every sad gradation,
To maniac desperation !

Ye who with consternation
Behold this devastation,
And utter condemnation
On all inebriation,
Why sanction its duration ?
Or show disapprobation
Of any combination
For its extermination ?
We deem a declaration
That offers *no* temptation
The *only sure foundation*
For its utter extirpation ;
And under *this* persuasion
Hold no communication
With noxious emanation
Of brewers' fermentation ;
Or poisonous preparation
Of spirits' distillation ;
Nor any vain libation
Producing stimulation !

To this determination
We call consideration,
And without hesitation
Invite co-operation—
Convinced that imitation,
And long continuation,
Will yield true consolation.

THE DYING CHILD TO HER DRUNKEN FATHER.

A little child lay waiting till death would bring
relief ;
She knew her life was ebbing ; she knew her time
was brief.
She called her drunken father to say her last fare-
well ;
He came, while from his blodshot eyes the briny
teardrops fell.
“ I am weary, very weary ; come, sit beside my bed,
And lay your hand upon me ; there—press it on my
head.
And listen, Father, while I speak, for soon I'm going
home ;
Oh, I could die so happy, if I thought that you
would come.
I've heard the preacher tell you, no drunkard enters
heaven ;
Then Father give up drinking, and pray to be
forgiven.
Oh, Father, will you promise that when I from earth
am gone,
You'll sign the pledge and keep it, as uncle John
has done ?
And, Father, pray to Jesus to take all your sins
away ;

Oh, will you promise this? Dear Father, don't say nay!"

The drunkard bowed his head, and the promise then was given,

She smiled and faintly whispered, "I will pray for you in heaven;

Yes, there I'll not forget you. Oh, I hope you'll join me soon;

I feel that I am going, but I'm only going home."

The child fulfilled her mission and her gentle spirit fled,

And that father wept in anguish for his only comfort dead.

He signed the pledge, but found it hard his solemn vow to keep,

He longed to drown his agony, and sleep the drunkard's sleep.

But that gentle voice seemed whispering unceasing in his ear,

I could die happy, father, if I thought you'd meet me there;

Oh, will you pray to Jesus, and seek to be forgiven?"

And his angel child seemed saying, "I'll pray for you in heaven."

And soon that prayer was answered, a contrite heart was given;

And now he's gone to meet his child, and dwell with her in heaven.

CANADA'S CURSE.

Into her homes so fair and bright,
It hath stolen in guise of an angel of light ;
Flaunting its banners mid song and glee,
And chalice of red wine sparkling,—free ;
Flinging its spells with witching breath,
Weaving rich garlands enfraught with death.

Ah, what hath it taken ? Life and light
Have passed away from the home-hearth bright,
And the altar-fires are pale and dim,
And hushed the voice of the vesper-hymn ;
No golden censer, no incense sweet,
No fragrant cloud from the Mercy-seat !
Grey dust and ashes,—and hopes laid low,
And the flowers,—how faded !—of long ago !

There were love's bright roses rich and rare,
In their clustered glories strangely fair ;
There were pearly garlands of joy and hope,
And stars of the sun-lit Heliotrope ;
Sweet, lowly, and snow-white buds of peace,
Glistening and gem-like blossoms of bliss :
And the "light not found on sea or shore,"
Their golden birthright for evermore.

Ah, so they deemed it ! but lo ! in might,
The "drink-fiend" hath entered the homes of light ;

He hath breathed on the roses—they pale and die,
 He hath touched the garlands—they faded lie!
 In his fiery grasp the young buds fall,—
 Gone, gone, for ever Spring's coronal :—
 Alas, for the wreck. and the wild despair!
 And the blighted glories all dying there !

Oh, land of our fathers,—the strong, the free !
 Throb there no hearts that weep for thee?
 That fain would snatch from the spoiler's breath
 The young bright flowers he hath touched with death,
 That fain would wrestle, and strive and pray,
 Till the direful curse is rolled away?
 Till earth in her Eden glory shine,
 Radiant and glad with a light Divine.

PASTOR M'KNOCK'S ADDRESS.

Good, honest Parson John McKnock,
 Had long observed, with grief, his flock
 Were getting fond, from day to day,
 Of mixing whisky with their clay.
 To cure this ill, he thought it right
 Some admonition to indite,
 Which from the pulpit he might lance,
 Against this horrid sin's advance.

Now, John himself loved whisky toddy
 As well as any other body ;
 So prudence told him to beware,
 And use his censure with great care ;
 Lest, while another's faults were shown,
 He indirectly whipp'd his own.
 Thus thoughts he turn'd with greatest care,
 Himself more than his flock to spare.

John, every fear and danger scorning,
 Spoke boldly thus one Sunday morning :
 " My dearest brethren, I would fain
 Save ye and my ainsel' the pain
 Of preaching t'ye of a sin
 That maist o' ye hae tumbled in,
 And that's in vary truth na less
 Than sottish, wicked drunkenness.
 I preach na, friends, against the use,
 But solely 'gainst the gross abuse
 Of rich, good, gen'rous, Highland whisky,
 Which makes ye, if na daft, owre frisky ;
 And then ye fa' intil a gin
 The deil sets to catch sinners in.
 Noo, i' the morning when ye rise,
 I see na reason t' despise
 A wee sup, just to put to richt
 The feelings of the former nicht ;
 But then, my brethren, I'm a thinking,
 I wad na hae ye *always* drinking !
 Then after breakfast, just in order
 To keep the stomach frae disorder,

And mak' the fish and eggs agree
 Wi' marmalade and cakes and tee,
 I'd hae ye tak especial care,
 Na to neglect a little mair ;
 And, as there ne'er can be a question
 But whisky helps a man's digestion,
 I'd have ye sip at ony time
 A sma' wee drap afore ye dine ;
 But tak ye special care o' thinking
 That I wud hae ye *always* drinking !

Then after dinner very soon,
 And just to keep the victual doon,
 And up the gay joy of the feast,
 I'd hae ye tak a gill at least ;
 But mind and dunna noo be thinking
 I recommend ye *always* drinking !
 And i' the afternoon, d'ye see,
 Mix still a wee drap wi' your tea ;
 This practice is o' muckle service,
 And certainly makes tea less nervous ;
 But dinna ye, my friends, be thinking
 By this I'd hae ye *always* drinking !

Pray ne'er neglect, whate'er be said,
 A noggin 'fore ye gang to bed ;
 Ye'll sleep the sounder a' the night,
 And wake refreshed at morning licht.
 So this, my friends, I think we may
 Indulge in safely ev'ry day ;
 But dinna always be a thinking
 That I wud hae ye *ALWAYS* drinking !

So but confine yoursels to this,
And naething will be much amiss ;
And recollect that men of sense
Still use the greatest temperance.
Bear this in mind, and ye'll stand fair to
Escape some ills that man is heir to,
And by this plan your doctor's bill
Will lighter be for draught and pill.
'Tis true, expenses will increase,
For beef and mutton, ducks and geese,
But stomachs must hae mony faults
That like na sic food mair than salts.
But every day, if you get foo,
Depend upon't, at last ye'll rue.
So tak na mair o' drink or food
Than what will do the body good.
Woe to the man in youthful prime,
That wastes his siller thus, and time ;
He'll sair repent and wail the day,
When time has turned his locks to gray.

THE BREWER'S COACHMAN.

Honest William, an easy and good-natured fellow,
A little too oft got a little too mellow.
Body coachman he was to an eminent brewer,
A better ne'er sat on a coach-box, I'm sure,
His coach he kept clean, and no mother nor nurses,
Take more care of their babes than did Will of his
horses.

He had these and a thousand good qualities more,
But the baseness of tippling he could not give o'er ;
So his master effectually mended the matter
By having a man who drank nothing but water ;
" No, William," said he, " you see the plain case,
Had you done as John does, you'd have kept a good
place :"

" Drink water !" quoth William, " had all men done
so,

You ne'er would have wanted a coachman I trow,
For 'tis tipplers like me, whom you load with
reproaches,
Enable you brewers to ride in your coaches."

WE'LL NEVER TASTE AGAIN.

Though Britannia rules the sea,
Though her sons are called the free,
Thousands live in slavery,
 And wear a tyrant's chain.

Foul Intemperance—his name;
Oh ! the deep, the burning shame,
Let us shout with loud acclaim,
 We'll never taste again.

Christians, rise—these chains to break,
Cheerfully your cross to take,
For your weaker brethren's sake,
 For evermore abstain.

Sober drinkers, think awhile,
Cease your proud, self-righteous smile;
Your ranks produce the drunkard's file,
 Then never taste again.

Sots whose health and wealth have fled,
Sots, who groan on sleepless bed,
With fiery thirst—distracted head,
 And horror-stricken brain;

See, the clouds of ruin lower;
Now's the day and now's the hour,

To break the fell destroyer's power,
Oh ! never taste again.

Sons of woe ! on you I call,
Friendless, hopeless victims, all
Slaves to dissipation's thrall,—
Your liberty regain !

On the brink of ruin, pause !
Join our noble Temp'rance cause,
Bind yourselves by wholesome laws,
And never taste again !

By the most endearing ties !
By your famish'd children's cries !
By your wives' heartrending sighs !
We charge you to *abstain*.

Dash the poisoned cup aside !
Now, to sign our pledge decide ?
In Almighty Strength confide,
And never touch again.

SMOKING AND JOKING.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

A Gospel minister of some renown,
Once took a journey to a distant town.
Well, he got seated in the warm stage coach,
And watched the other passengers approach.
First came a lady, young and passing fair ;
And next a whisker'd beau, with dashing air.
They placed themselves inside ; the vulgar crew
Swarmed to the top. All right ! now off, Jehu !
Smack went the whip,—off started horses' heels,—
Out splashed the mud,—round went the dizzy wheels.
Our spruce young spark, now feeling quite at ease,
Ever intent his charming self to please,
Produced a tube, of vile obnoxious weed,
Call'd a cigar : most ill behav'd indeed !
The man of peace was shocked beyond compare,
And, turning, said, " Sir, I must needs declare
Smoking in coaches never was allow'd,
And with a lady, too !" The lady bowed.
The whiskered boor made very quick reply,
" What, do you preach in coaches, my old boy ?
Do you insult me, sir, or do you joke ?
I've paid my fare, and have a right to smoke,
Or do what else I please with what's my own :
Do you the same ; leave other men alone."

The sage, observing well the creature's *head*,
Perceived his puppy *brains* were cased in *lead*.
So finding reason for the task unfit,
Resolved to point his arguments with wit.
Silent he sat, until the steeds were chang'd,
Then, while that bustling business was arrang'd
He stepp'd into the bar.—“ Good hostess, pray,
Let me have two small tallow candles,—nay,
Don't look surpris'd ; I am in earnest quite,
And one of them be kind enough to light.”
“ To light the candle, sir ! you surely joke ! ”
“ Oh, no, I don't, I want some candle smoke.”
Th' obedient dame uplifted hands and eyes,
And to the other passengers' surprise,
Brought him the lighted candle safe to hand,
And from the sage received her due demand.
The gentle lady scarce knew what to think,
Until she saw one eye give half a wink,
Which spoke of some sly joke he had in head ;
So quite demure she sat, and nothing said.
The burning candle left an inch of wick ;
Then lighted he the other ; what a trick !
Soon as the mantling flame was fixed and true,
The unsuff'd burning candle out he blew
To windward of the smoker. My good stars !
He looked as fierce as a cruel-minded Mars.
Oh what a fume saluted his poor nose !
Out broke his wrath,—“ Sir, what d'ye mean by
this ? ”
The sly old man said, “ Pray, sir, what's amiss ?
I've paid my fare, then let me smoke, I say ;

The candle's mine,—mind your own business, pray !"
 The lady laughed,—who could a laugh refrain ?
 The beau rebuked, with all his might and main
 Threw his cigar into the turnpike mud,
 Where it lay hissing in the puddly flood.
 He laughed and blushed ; own'd the retort was due,
 And kept good fellowship the journey through.

CALL THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

If cider, and brandy, and logwood,
 With drugs of all degrees,
 Can do the human system good
 By driving out disease ;
 If sugar of lead and beetroot juice,
 With opium combined,
 Compose a draught of healing use
 To sick and sore mankind ;
 Then use it ye with hope and fear
 Who in affliction pine ;
 But, in the name of all that's dear,
Don't call that mixture "WINE."

THE DRUNKARD AND HIS BOTTLE.

Sober. Hark, Bottle of Brandy!
Did you not promise—ay—
To make me strong as Samson—
And rich—rich as Croesus—
And wise—wise as Solomon,
And happier than the happiest!
But instead of this—villain!
You've stripped me of my locks—
Left my pockets empty as a cuckoo's nest
In March—fooled me out of all my senses—
Made me ragged—made me wretched,
And then laid me in a ditch!
Touch thee? No. Viper of vengeance!
I'll break thy head against the wall.
But—one embrace before thou die:

(tasting)

Afloat. 'Tis best to part in friendship. (*Recite slowly to end.*)

Ah! thou hast some virtues yet;
I always thought 'twas best
To give the devil his due:

1st tack. And—(*tasting*)—though devil thou art,
Thou hast a pleasant face—
A sparkling eye—a ruby lip—
A blushing cheek—and thy breath—

(tasting)

Half seas 'Tis sw-e-eter than the
over. Bre-e-zes that ever gambol
 Till the break of day
 A-a-mong the beds of roses.

Three My ho-honey (*tasting*) thou shalt not die.
sheets in I'll stand by thee, day and night,
the wind. And fi-ight like Her (*hic*) cu-les.
 I'll tea-e-each the parson (*hic*) a little wis-
 dom.

I'll preach (*hic*) tem-per-ance too.
 I'll live on mil- (*hic*) k and honey,
Aground. And (*falling*) be the hap-pi-est man on
 earth (*hic*).

THE LITTLE SHOES.

It happened on a summer's eve,
There met in Temperance Hall,
A band of British working men,
Responding to a call

To come and hear the victories
That Temperance had won,
How fast the noble cause had grown,
And what its friends had done.

A working man sat near the door,
Young, handsome, and well-dressed,
His animated countenance
Deep interest expressed.

Another workman sitting by,
Thus whispered in his ear,
"Will Turner, have you nought to tell,
Might do 'em good to hear?"

"There's many here, know what you were,
And what you once could do,
Come, stand up, man, and tell 'em plain,
What made this change in you."

A buzz of voices cheered him on,
How could the man refuse?

He rose at once, and stammered out,
"It was the little shoes."

The people hushed up instantly,
At this uncommon text,
And sat with open mouths to catch,
The words that followed next.

You might have heard the smallest pin
Drop down upon the floor,
So motionless the people sat,
Expecting something more.

The speaker felt that every eye
Was fixed upon him then ;
"It was the little shoes," he said,
And then he paused again.

The younger people smiled to hear,
This twice-repeated news,
But when, once more, he stammered forth,
"It was the little shoes,"

A titter ran throughout the hall ;
Will Turner heard the sound,
And in a moment stood erect,
And calmly looked around.

A bright light flashed into his eye,
He stood with steady foot,
And when he raised his voice once more,
Each auditor sat mute.

“ Men, fathers, friends—it was in truth,
It was the little shoes ;
I’ve not the gift to make a speech,
This meeting to amuse.

“ But I can tell a simple thing,
That happened once to me,
If you will kindly give me time,
And hear me patiently.”

“ Go on,” said all, “ and take your time,”
The chairman said “ Proceed,”
And every one sat listening,
And gave attentive heed.

“ It was a cold December night,
About six months ago,
That I became a sober man,
And I will tell you how.

“ I had a wife, I had a child ;
As sweet a child and wife
As ever God in mercy gave,
To cheer a poor man’s life.

“ I had a home, as neat and trim
As her dear hands could make,
And all the trouble that she took,
Was for her husband’s sake.

“ But I had got a love for drink,
The poor man’s heaviest curse,
It daily gained a stronger hold,
And I grew daily worse.

"I grew a beast, ay, worse than that,
I'd lost the power to think,
And I neglected my dear wife,
For that accursed drink.

"I let her dress in shameful rags,
Who loved to dress so neat,
I even let her want for shoes,
To put upon her feet.

"I let her watch our babe alone,
That sickened day by day,
Whilst I, more cruel than a brute,
Spent all I earned away.

"I let her stand out in the street,
There by the gin-shop door,
I let her stand and wait for me,
And hear the drunkards' roar.

"Now think of that! I blush to think,
The villain I have been,
That I could starve both wife and child,
And love them less than gin.

"I never struck her—no thank God,
From that crime I was free,
But I broke that noble woman's heart,
Who would have died for me.

"I tore up every little flower,
Her love and hope had set,
Nor left a single bud to bloom,
Beneath her weary feet.

“ Oh ! when I think of what I've done,
Of what she has endured,
And that she lives and loves me still,
And that my sin is cured !

“ I know 'twas God's most gracious love,
That would not let me sink,
Nor suffer me to drown my soul
In that accursed drink.

“ It was a simple little thing,
You might see any day,
And never stop to notice it,
Nor take a thought away.

“ But none the less, it struck on me,
Just like a flash of light,
As you may see a lightning flash
Shoot through the darkest night.

“ I've said 'twas in the winter time,
The snow was in the street,
I knew there was no fire at home,
Nor yet a bit to eat.

“ I knew it—what was that to me ?
The drinking shop was warm,
There I could make myself at home,
Nor care about the storm.

“ A crowd of people filled the place,
Chink, chink, the money went,
And as it trickled in the till,
The Mistress laughed content.

“ Well might she laugh while every glass
But added to her store,
And she was growing rich, as fast
As we were growing poor.

“ But 'twasn't that—she had a child,
About as old as mine,
But hers was loved and petted up,
While mine was left to pine.

“ She dressed it like a little queen,
In warm and handsome clothes,
And then I saw her fit on it
A pair of scarlet shoes.

“ How proud they looked ! how pleased she was,
That little merry thing !
Tho thought of my poor bare-foot child
Went thro' me like a sting.

“ I started up, I could not stop—
I had no will to choose,
I could not bear to see that child
In those new scarlet shoes.

“ Out on the door-step stood my wife,
Chilled to the very bone,
And in her trembling arms she held
My shivering little one.

“ I caught it from her arms to mine,
I pressed it to my heart,
The touch of its small icy feet,
Struck through me like a dart.

ass
" I hid them underneath my coat,
And then within my vest,
And there they lay and wakened up
The father in my breast.

" They lay, and thawed the ice away,
My heart began to beat
Like frozen limbs roused up to life,
By glow of sudden heat.

" It was the hand of God that made,
My hardened conscience smart,
It was the little icy feet
That walked into my heart.

she was,
" My child, thank God, is rosy now,
My home is trim and neat,
My wife—there is not one like her,
All up and down the street.

" May God bless her a thousand times,
Who bore so long with me,
And help me while he gives me breath,
A worthy man to be."

SATAN AND THE GROG-SELLER.

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,
Veiling his face with its fleecy fold,
As lazily up from his lips it rolled.
While a doubtful scent and a twilight gloom
Were gathering in the sanded room.

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 bloodshot eyes and a whirling brain !
Drowsily rang the watchman's cry,
" Past two o'clock and a cloudy sky."
But our host sat wakeful still, and shook
His head, and winked with a knowing look.

" Ha ! ha !" 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 three,
Make twenty-four for my well-filled fob ;
Ha ! ha ! it was rather a good night's job ;
Those fools have guzzled my brandy and wine,
Much good may it do them, the *cash* is mine."

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

“ Tee, he ! Tee, he ! ” 'twas an echo sound ;
Amaz'd, the grog-seller looked around,
This side and that, through the smoke peered he,
But naught but the chairs could the grog-seller see.
“ Ho, ho ! Ho, ho ! ” 'twas a guttural note ;
It seemed to have come from an iron throat ;
And his knees they shook, and his hair did rise ;
And he opened his mouth, and he strained his eyes.
And lo ! in a corner dark and dim,
Sat an uncouth form, with aspect grim,
From his grizzly head, through his snaky hair,
Sprouted of hard rough horns a pair ;
And fiercely those shaggy brows below,
Like sulphurous flame, did his green eyes glow,
And his lip was curled with a sinister smile,
And the smoke belched forth from his mouth the
while.

And how did he feel beneath that look ?
Why, his lip fell down and he shivered and shook,
And his eyes to that monster grim were glued,
And his tongue was as stiff as a billet of wood.
But the fiend laughed on, “ Ho, ho ! He, he ! ”
And switched his tail in his quiet glee.

"Ho, ho!" says Nick, "'tis a welcome cold
You give to a friend so true and old,
Who has been for years in your employ,
Running about like an errand boy;
But we'll not fall out, for I clearly see,
That you're rather afraid, and 'tis strange to me
Do you think I've come for you? Never fear,
You can't be spared for a long time here.

"There are hearts to break, there are souls to win
From the ways of Peace to the paths of sin;
There is trusting Love to be changed to Hate:
There are homes to be rendered desolate;
There are hands that murder must crimson red;
There are hopes to crush, there is blight to shed
Over the young, the pure and the fair,
Till their lives are crushed by the fiend, Despair.

"This is the work you've done so well,
Cursing this earth and peopling Hell;
Quenching the light on the inner shrine
Of the human soul, till you make it mine;
Want and sorrow, disease and shame,
And crimes that even I shudder to name,
Dance and howl in their hellish glee
Around these spirits you've marked for me.

"Wherever may roll your fiery flood
It is swollen with tears, it is stained with blood,
And the voice that was heard just now in prayer,
With its muttered curses stirs the air,
And the hand that shielded the wife from ill,
Is raised in wrath, is raised to kill.

"Long, long shall it be, if I have my way,
 Ere the night of death shall close your day ;
 For to pamper your lust for the glittering pelf,
 You rival in mischief Old Satan himself.
 Hold on your course, you are filling up
 With the wine of the wrath of God your cup,
 And the fiends exult in their homes below
 As you deepen the pangs of human woe."

THE WILD DARK STORM.

O tie the casement, father, the snow falls on my bed,
 O tie the casement, father, for it rattles o'er my
 head !
 Don't sleep so sound, my father, I am very numb
 and chill,
 And I cannot bear to listen, with the room so black
 and still.

The drunkard heard no plaintive voice, for death
 enwrapt this form,
 Nor the poor child's moan, "I'm all alone, in the
 wild dark storm."

The blast roared down the chimney, and shook the
 fragile wall,
 And the casement rattled louder, at the shrieking,
 angry call ;

The child in agony uprose, and swayed her wasted form,

As she whispered, "I am all alone, in the wild dark storm."

"There's snow upon my bed ; mother, my heart is freezing fast ;

And shadows from the corner, are fitting swiftly past ;

I'll come to you, dear mother, if you'll make me very warm,

For oh ! I'm cold ; and all alone, in the wild dark storm."

The little snow-drifts grew ; and so lovingly they slept,

Upon the ragged coverlid, the child no longer wept ;

She said, there must be warmth in them, and thrust within her hand,

And drew it forth, encircled with a pale and icy band—

Then shrieked, as wild, and frantic, she shook the drunkard's form,

"I'm dying ! father—dying, in the wild dark storm."

Poor child ! her head sank backward, her eye grew dark and dim,

Her voice grew stronger in despair—she could not waken *him* ;

With red and frozen fingers joined, she breathed in anguish low,

"Where mother sleeps, where mother lies, 'tis there I want to go."

The dawn looked in upon her, stiff, motionless, and cold ;
The snow laid all around her, and dimmed her locks of gold ;
Beside that wretched father she drew her quivering breath,
And there the two slept silently, within the arms of death.
Poor babe! no more she murmurs, "O! mother, make me warm ;"
'Twas best the drunkard's child should die, in the wild dark storm.

THE MARKET BASKET.

'Twas Saturday night—the busy streets
Were crowded with rich and poor ;
All seemed engaged but a working man,
Who stood at a ginshop door.
He watched neat-couples wend their way
To well-stored shops hard by ;
And as he marked their purchases,
He heaved a bitter sigh.

He thought of his dark and wretched home,
Of wife and children there ;
And blushed, as he shook his empty purse,
And remembered his cupboard bare.

"Alas!" cried he, "what a fool I must be,
To throw all my wages away
At a ginshop bar, when I earn enough
To buy a good dinner each day.

"For drink I leave my babes to starve;
Their mother grows pale and thin;
And my home is comfortless, because
My money all goes for gin."
As thus he thought, a ragged form
His roving eye descried;
And soon his eldest daughter Jane
Came running to his side.

"Where are you going?" he gruffly asked
The little breathless maid.

"O father, I am going to pawn
This basket now!" she said.

"It is the one, my mother says,
You bought her years ago;
And when she gave it me she wept,
But why I do not know.

"Here, take it, Jane,' she sobbing said;

'We ne'er shall want it more;
Ere your father took to drink, it held
Full many a goodly store.'

"So I am going to pawn it now,
To buy a loaf to-morrow;

For mother has no money left,
And knows she cannot borrow."

"Stay, Jane," the father gently said,
And tears came thick and fast,
As he took the market basket up,
And thought of all the past.
He saw himself as once he'd been,
With bosom light and calm ;
A well-filled purse within his hand,
And wife upon his arm.

"Come, tell me, child," at length he said,
"How think you it would look,
If I, when I come home next week,
Your mother shopping took ?
If this old basket once again
Was filled with bread and meat ;
And if, instead of buying drink,
I bought shoes for your feet ?"

"O father," cried the smiling girl,
"That would be joy indeed ;
I know that if you'd sign the pledge,
It would to comfort lead."
"Well, so I will, this very night,
So take the basket home ;
My foolish steps, I trust, no more
To tavern doors shall roam."

He kept his word ; next Saturday,
He shunned the ginshop strife,
And took his way to market, with
His basket and his wife.

THE AUCTION.

Will you walk into the auction, for the sale is just begun,

And bid and buy, my masters all, before the lots are done?

Such wondrous curiosities were ne'er exposed to view,
So I pray you pay attention while I read th' invent'ry through.

Will you walk into the Auction?

Lot I.—Some dirty dishes, which have once been edged with blue,

But, alas! the rims are broken, and they let the water through;

A broken knife, a one-pronged fork, and half a wooden spoon,

And a little penny whistle, which has never played a tune.

Will you, &c.

Lot II.—A crazy fiddle, without finger-board or peg;
'Twas broken at the *Fox and Goose*, when "Scrapper" broke his leg;

The fiddle-bag and fiddle-stick are with it, I declare,
But the one is full of moth-holes, and the other has no hair,

Will you, &c.

Lot III.—An old oak-table, which has once been neat and small,
 But having lost a pair of legs, it rests against the wall;
 The top is split, the drawers are gone, its leaves have dropped away,
 And it has not felt the weight of food for six months and a day.

Will you, &c.

Lot IV.—The shadow of a chair, whose back and seat are fled;
 The latter Jenny burnt, because the former broke her head;
 And now they've tied its crazy joints with cords of hempen string,
 And it creaks when it is sat upon, just like a living thing!

Will you, &c.

Lot V.—A truss of barley-straw, and two small pokes of chaff,
 Which have served for bed and pillows just five years and a half:
 Two sheets of homespun matting, of the very coarsest grain,
 And a piece of ragged carpeting, which was the counterpane.

Will you, &c.

Lot VI.—A corner cupboard, with the things contain'd therein—

A spoutless teapot and a cup, both well perfumed
with gin :

A broken bottle and a glass—a pipe without a head—
And a dirty, empty meal-bag, where two mice are
lying dead.

Will you, &c.

Lot VII.—One old bottle-neck, bedaub'd with grease
so thick,

Which form'd when they'd a candle, a convenient
candlestick :

Also, an old tin kettle, without handle or a spout,
And a pan, of which a neighbor's child has drumm'd
the bottom out.

Will you, &c.

Lot VIII.—A het'rogenous heap of bits of odds
and ends,

Which you may purchase very cheap as presents for
your friends :

Also, some Locomotive Rags, which move with per-
fect ease,

Like the little coach we read of, that was drawn by
little fleas.

Will you, &c.

Come, walk into the Auction, for my catalogue is
through,

Yet I have just one word to say, before I bid adieu !

These lots are all produced by *Drink*—which you'll
do well to shun,

Before *your* health and substance too, are “going,
going—GONE.”

BANDS OF HOPE.

Bands of Hope ! bright youthful bands,
Join your hearts, and join your hands,
We will free our own dear land
From the enemy.

Drink has stain'd our nation's name,
Drink has thousands brought to shame,
Thousands it will serve the same,
Or we make them free.

Rise, then, for your country's sake ;
Haste, or mothers' hearts will break ;
Help, or else the foe will make
Greater misery.

Who to drink would be a slave ?
Who would fill a drunkard's grave ?
Who for truth would not be brave ?—
Let him turn and flee.

Who would know and do the right ?
Who would help to make homes bright ?
Let him to our cause unite
All his energy.

Custom shall no more hold sway ;
Sorrow's night shall pass away ;
There shall dawn a brighter day,
One of liberty.

Forward, then, to lessen woe ;
Forward, then, to slay the foe ;
Forward, in God's name we go,
And to victory.

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tory.

FRANK HAYMAN.

Frank Hayman dearly loved a pleasant joke,
And after a long contention with the gout,
A foe that oft besieged him, sallied out
To breathe fresh air, and appetite provoke.

It chanced as he was strolling void of care,
A drunken porter passed him with a hare ;
The hare was o'er his shoulder flung,
Dangling behind in piteous plight,
And as he crept in zigzag style,
Making the most of every mile,
From side to side poor pussy swung,
As if each moment taking flight.

A dog who saw the man's condition,
A lean and hungry politician,
On the look-out, was close behind—
A sly and subtle chap,
Of most sagacious smell,
Like politicians of a higher kind,
Ready to snap
At anything that fell.

The porter staggered on ; the dog kept near,
Watching each lucky moment for a bite,
Now made a spring, and then drew back in fear,
While Hayman followed, tittering at the sight.

Through many a street our tipsy porter goes,
Then 'gainst a cask in solemn thought reclined ;
The watchful dog the happy moment knows,
And Hayman cheers him on not far behind.

Encouraged thus, what dog would dare refrain ?
He jumped and bit, and jumped and bit, and
jumped and bit again,
Till having made a hearty meal,
He careless turned upon his heel,
And trotted at his ease away,
Nor thought of asking—"What's to pay?"

The waggish Hayman laughing stood,
Until our porter's stupor o'er,
He jogged on, tottering as before,
Unconscious any body kind
Had eased him of his load behind ;—
Now on the houses bent his eye,
As if his journey's end were nigh,
Then read a paper in his hand,
And made a stand.—

Hayman drew near with eager mien,
To mark the closing of the scene,
His mirth up to the brim ;
The porter read the address once more,
And hiccoughed, "Where's one Hayman's door ?
I've got a hare for him !"

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door ?

HAPPY OLD AGE.

I should like to be old like our good father Lee,
That hale and good temper'd old man ;
Whose face is so hearty and cheery to see,
And who lives on the temperance plan.
Whose heart is so kind, and whose words are so sage,
And who jokes with us all that he can ;
So I want to live to a hearty old age,
And be a staunch temperance man.

There's old — —, a crusty old soul,
Sits supping his brandy and ale ;
He's always so cross with his pipe and his bowl,
When he speaks, why, he makes me turn pale.
I'm sure he's unhappy ; and that I'll engage,
When he teases as much as he can ;
But I want to live to a happy old age,
So I'll be a staunch temperance man.

I should like for a hearty old man to be known,
And not lean for each step on my staff ;
And if gout and old palsy should ever come on,
To flourish them off with a laugh.
Good temper'd and free from all folly and rage,
Not lifeless and woeful and wan,
As I want to live to a happy old age,
Then I'll be a temperance man.

PETER POTTER'S SPEECH.

This recitation given in character and spoken in any good broad dialect, is one of the most farcical and mirth-productive ever published. By substituting "school meetin" for "temperance meetin" it may be given appropriately at any exhibition.

Peter has come to a temperance gathering for the first time and is called on for an address. He rises slowly, gesticulates awkwardly, and speaks at first very hesitatingly.

MEESTER CHAIRMAN,—

Aw nivur know'd there wuz a goin to be no temperance meetin yur this ev'nin till aw cum whoam till zupper. Aw'd a been down in the 'oods all arternoon a-cuttin 'ood, an wen aw cum whoam till zupper, zister Zarah told me there wuz a-goin to be a temperance meetin down yur, an I might zo well go down an zee what you wuz a-doin o'. Zo I said aw didn't mind if aw did. Aw threw the zaddle on the hol gray meare an cum vore yur to the temperance meetin, but aw don't know what a temperance meetin is; aw nivur zeed one afore; aw don't know ow to make a speech, aw nivur made a speech in my life, an aw ain't a-goin to make a speech now; because don't you see, Mr. Chairman, aw nivur know'd there

wuz a-goin to be no tempernce meetin yur at all this evenin till aw cum whoam till zupper, &c.

(Having recited the speech once VERY SLOWLY, it should be repeated three or four times accurately and with increasing rapidity each time until the rate of speaking became as rapid as possible. The more rapid the better. The speaker should warm up with his subject, gesticulating more wildly and awkwardly as his rate of utterance increases. Having attained the highest possible speed, he should mix his statements, and by doing so may produce convulsing effects. Of course this transposing will depend upon the taste and ingenuity of the reciter, but such changes as the following will be found appropriate: "Aw threw zister Zarah over the hol gray meare." "Aw nivur made a gray meare in my life an aw aint a-goin to make a gray meare now." "Aw nivur made a zaddle in my life an aw aint a-goin to make a zaddle now." "Aw nivur made a tempernce meetin in my life an aw aint a-goin to make a tempernce meetin now." &c., &c. (These transpositions may be made during a couple of recitals of the speech, until at last the speaker is so excited and his utterance so rapid that nothing is heard but, "Zister Zarah," "hol gray meare," "Zaddle," "tempernce meetin," &c. When this point has been reached the curtain should fall.)

A GLASS OF COLD WATER.

[To be recited with a glass of water in the hand.]

This is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all his children? Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gasses, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors, and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare this precious essence of life, pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play; there God brews it. And down, low down in the lowest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-storms crash; and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar; the chorus sweeping the march of God: there he brews it—this beverage of life and health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the leaves all seem to turn to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun; or a white gauze around the midnight moon.

Sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier;

dancing in the hail shower ; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintery world ; and waving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven ; all checkered over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

Still always it is beautiful, this life-giving water ; no poison bubbles on its brink ; its foam brings not madness and murder ; no blood stains its liquid glass ; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depth ; no drunken, shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair. Oh, my friends, would you exchange for it demon's drink, alcohol !

REASONS FOR DRINKING.

Mr. A.—Drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little.

Mr. B.—Because his doctor has ordered him not, and he hates such quackery.

Mr. C.—Just takes a drop because he's wet.

Mr. D.—Drinks because he's dry.

Mr. E.—Because he feels a something rising in his stomach.

Mr. F.—Because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.

M. G.—Because he's going to see his friends off to Australia.

Mr. H.—Because he's got a friend come home from Europe.

Mr. I.—Because he's so hot.

Mr. K.—Because he's so cold.

Mr. L.—Because he's got a pain in his head.

Mr. M.—Because he's got a pain in his back.

Mr. O.—Because he's got a pain in his chest.

Mr. P.—Because he's got a pain all over him.

Mr. Q.—Because he feels light and happy.

Mr. R.—Because he feels heavy and miserable.

Mr. S.—Because he's married.

Mr. T.—Because he isn't.

Mr. V.—Because he likes to see his friends around him.

Mr. W.—Because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself.

Mr. X.—Because his uncle left him a legacy.

Mr. Y.—Because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.

