

soles, who, on becoming teetotallers, had improved into gentlemen. He was now engaged in making a second speech, which was, however, like a good many other second speeches produced in such circumstances, very much an echo of the first; and every one who dropped in this evening, whether to visit the landlady and her daughters, or to drink coffee, was sure to question little Samuel regarding the progress of his speech. To some of the querists Samuel replied with great deference and respect; to some with no deference or respect at all. Condition or appearance seemed to exert as little influence over the mind of the magnanimous speech-maker as over that of the eccentric clergyman in Mr. Fitzadam's *World*, who paid to robust health the honor so usually paid to rank and title, and looked down as contemptuously on a broken constitution as most other people do on dilapidated means. But Samuel had quite a different standard of excellence from that of the eccentric clergyman. He had, I found, no respect save for pledged teetotalism; and no words to bestow on drinkers of strong drink, however moderate in their potations. All mankind consisted, with Samuel, of but two classes, — drunkards and teetotallers. Two young ladies, daughters of the supervisor of the district, came in, and asked him how he was getting on with his speech; but Samuel deigned them no reply. "You were rude to the young ladies, Samuel," said his mother when they had quitted the room; "why did you not give them an answer to their question?" — "They drink," replied the laconic Samuel. — "Drink!" exclaimed his mother, — "Drink! — the young ladies!" — "Yes, drink," reiterated Samuel; "they have not taken the pledge."

I found a curious incident which had just occurred in the neighborhood forming the main topic of conversation, — exactly such a story as Crabbe would have chosen for the basis of a