

whereas the Hales Owen nailer had, with the assistance of his sons, that of his wife, daughters, and maiden sisters to boot; and so he bore down the Scotchman in the contest, through the aid lent him by his female auxiliaries, in the way his blue-painted ancestors, backed by not only all the fighting men, but also all the fighting women of the district, used to bear down the enemy.

In passing a small bookseller's shop, in which I had marked on the counter an array of second-hand books, I dropped in to see whether I might not procure a cheap edition of Shenstone, with Dodsley's description, and found a tidy little woman behind the counter, who would fain, if she could, have suited me to my mind. But she had no copy of Shenstone, nor had she ever heard of Shenstone. She well knew Samuel Salt, the Hales Owen tee-total poet, and could sell me a copy of *his* works; but of the elder poet of Hales Owen she knew nothing. I bought from her two of Samuel's broadsheets, — the one a wrathful satire on the community of Odd-Fellows; the other, "A Poem on Drunkenness."

"O, how silly is the drinker!
Swallowing what he does not need;
In the eyes of every thinker
He must be a fool indeed.
How he hurts his constitution!
All for want of resolution
Not to yield to drink at first!"

Such is the verse known within a mile of the Leasowes, while that of their poet is forgotten. Alas for fame! Poor Shenstone could scarce have anticipated that the thin Castalia of tee-totalism was to break upon his writings, like a mill-dam during a thunder-storm, to cover up all their elegances from