

passengers was a Mr. C——. He was a native of Ireland, but had spent many years in America, from which he had quite recently arrived, and was now returning with the intention of never again visiting his native land. I became acquainted with him in Limerick a short time before we sailed, and having dined once or twice in his company, I conceived him to be a perfectly temperate man. During the entire voyage nothing passed to remove this impression, and it was still farther confirmed by his writing an address, which he delivered to the passengers on our coming to anchor in the St. Lawrence: of which the object was, to fortify them against yielding to the many temptations which Canada afforded, of indulging in the use of spirituous liquors. This occurred in the morning: and soon after he, with others, took advantage of the ship's boat to go on shore. Towards evening I did the same myself, and had scarcely got well into Quebec when poor C—— came towards me, and accosted me, in that thick, unsteady tone, which told too plainly that his practice had been sadly at variance with his preaching! In consequence of expecting that the Richelieu Steamer would take on board in the morning such of the passengers as proposed going up to Montreal, we returned to the Agness before dark, and there I discovered that the infatuated C—— had brought with him into the vessel a supply of brandy. The consequence was, that up to the last moment of our continuing fellow-travellers, he was not one moment perfectly sober. We separated on arriving at Montreal, and, a very few days afterwards, the first paragraph which caught my eye in a *Cobourg Star*, was an account of the ill-fated C—— having been found dead in a field, with a bottle of whiskey in his pocket, and his eyes picked out by birds!

Perhaps the reader will think that I have detained him too long with an anecdote foreign to the subject on which he wishes for information; but let him bear with me a moment longer, while I assure him, that instances of persons, who had been highly respectable in their native country, but who, on coming to Canada, have sunk down in the pool of intemperance to mingle with the very dregs of mankind, are sadly numerous.

I have now brought my reader to the end of our