

"My hand on it," says I, "that I'll keep an eye to it; but, remember if he wakes afore mornin', that ye don't let another dhrup crass his lips, for, if you do," he'll go into town as sure as a gun, and stay there or here until every farthen' of it is spint."

"Take my word for it," says he, "that I won't."—And seein' that the Gauger seemed staggered, by what he harde and saw, I left the room with a low bow, bidden' them both farewell, and made the best of my way to the stable once more, where the horses stood already saddled. I pledge you, I wasn't long until I was on the back of Slasher: and stalin' out of the yard at the back of the house, I was soon on my way across Mick's monieen, taking the advantage of the party that I supposed were thrudgin' round by Doonegans.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### EARLY RISING :

"I'LL PACK MY PORTMANTEAU."

"Promises, like pie-crusts, are made to be broken."

*Elegant Extracts.*

That is not true. The proverb is a wicked proverb, and deserves to be thrust out from the collection for its wickedness, as do some others for their folly. To act up to the pernicious principles it inculcates, would tend directly to the disorganization of society. Yet there are certain matter-of-course promises which we are in the habit of making, with an implied understanding, on the parts of both promiser and promised, that they will not be kept: we engage in them with just the same degree of sincerity which we exercise when writing to assure an utter stranger that we are his very humble and obedient servant. I shall not attempt to defend either the wisdom or the virtue of the practice: I merely state the fact: it is one of the politousages of the world. We are requested to do some certain thing—to perform some extraordinary feat; by common courtesy we are bound to engage in the undertaking: the promise is of such a nature—so absurd, so wild, so nearly unaccomplishable—that no man, in his senses, would make it, with a serious attention of carrying it into effect; nor would any one, possessed of a grain of humanity, be so cruel as to insist upon its fulfilment. I will state, for

instance, an extreme case. You live somewhere about St. James's. One day, in the depth of winter, you meet an old acquaintance, whose domicile—mark the season and the localities—is near the Zoological gardens, in the Regent's Park. You have not met for a long time before, and are, both, really delighted at the meeting. He can have no possible motive for insulting you, or for drawing you into a quarrel; yet, at parting, he, with a countenance expressive of nothing but good humor, shakes you by the hand, and says, 'I'm heartily glad we have met again: *you will come and breakfast with me at NINE o'clock to-morrow!*' Now, if you could, for a moment believe that the invitation, or the insult, (call it which you will, for, in such case the words would be synonymous,) were offered in sober seriousness, you would instantly take a review of your whole past life and inquire of yourself what offence you had ever committed against that man in particular, or against society in general, (of which he might arrogate to himself the right of becoming the avenger,) to warrant him in meditating such an attack upon your peace and comfort: that done, the proper course to be pursued would be obvious. But, no; you, as a man of the world, are perfectly well aware that the "breakfast with me at nine,"—like the Spaniards' "may you live a thousand years," our own "I hope you're well" to every person we meet, or, the "you'll always find me your friend" to the universe entire—is a phrase totally devoid of meaning; you, therefore, cordially return your friend's grasp, and promise him that you'll wait on him with pleasure: consequently you don't go. The thing is well understood on both sides.

But of all the promises which are made, notoriously, and for the expressed purpose of being broken, those relative to early rising, whether we make them to ourselves or to others, are the most common. As I address myself to the members of a community far advanced in civilization, I might spare myself the trouble (but that it is best, in all cases of importance, to come to a distinct agreement upon terms) of defining *early rising* to be the act of getting out of one's bed at any hour before nine o'clock (a.m.)