

I will curse you till I die as a destroyer of my husband, and I will teach my children to curse you when I am dead and gone, as the destroyer of their father.'

Uncle Snooks continued to sell rum to Barny Belcher as before, whenever he got any money. It was thought by a good many, that Nelly had lost her reason, or very near it, about that time. She soon found out that Barny got rum at our store; and sure enough, she brought her four little children, and standing close to the shop door, she cursed uncle Zeik, and made them do so too. It worried him exceedingly. Whenever she met him in the road, she stopped short, and say over a form she had, in a low voice; but every body knew, by her raising her eyes and hands, that she was cursing uncle Zeik. Very few blamed her; her case was a very hard one; and most folks excused her on the score of her mind's being disordered by her troubles. But even then, she made her children obey her, whether present or absent, though it was said she never struck them a blow. It almost made me shudder sometimes, when I've seen these children meet uncle Zeik. They'd get out of his way as far as they could; and when he had gone by, they'd move their lips, though you could't hear a word, and raise their eyes and hands, just as their mother had taught them. When I thought these children were calling down the vengeance of heaven upon uncle Zeik, for having made them fatherless, it made my blood run cold.

After the death of her husband, she became very melancholy, and a great deal more so, after the loss of her two younger children. She did not curse uncle Zeik after that. But she always had a talent for rhyming; and she used to come and sit upon the horse-block before our shop, and sing a short song, that was meant to worry uncle Zeik, and it did worry him dreadfully, especially the chorus. Whenever he heard that, he seemed to forget what he was about, and every thing went wrong. 'Twas something like this—

He dug a pit as deep as hell,
And into it many a drunkard fell;
He dug the pit for sordid pelf,
And into that pit he'll fall himself.

One time when poor Nelly sung the chorus pretty loud, and the shop was rather full, uncle Zeik was so confused that he poured half a pint of rum, which he had measured out, into his till, and dropped the change into the tin pot, and handed it to the customer.

I really felt for him: for about that time, two of his sons gave him a sight of trouble. They used so get drunk, and fight like serpents. They shut the old gentleman down in the cellar one night, and one of them when he was drunk, slapped his father in the face. They did nothing but run him into debt; and at last he got to taking too much himself, just to drown care. Old Nelly was right; for uncle Snooks fell into his own pit before he died.

After the Temperance Society was formed, he lost his license, and got to be starving poor, and the town had to maintain him. He's been crazy for several years. I went to see him last winter with father, who has tried to get him into the state hospital. It made me feel ugly to see him. He didn't know me, but all the time I was there, he kept turning his thumb and finger as though he was drawing liquor, or scoring it with a bit of chalk upon the wall. It seemed as if he had forgotten all his customers but one, for again and flip and toddy, the whole was set down against Barny Belcher.

A DREAM.

An elderly gentleman was sitting, one afternoon, before his fire, in his little store, which small as it was, was the principal one in the village. On one side, a long counter extended itself, behind which were arranged the various commodities essential to make up the assortment of a country store. Strings of buttons, and bunches of tape, and faded handkerchiefs, hung at the windows; near it the shelves were occupied with boxes covered with fancy-coloured paper, and full of fancy coloured things. Next came cambrics and calicoes, and gingham carefully folded, above, with boxes of raisins, and figs, and almonds below. Then glass and crockery ware, from a long row of little mugs on the uppermost shelf, down to the dinner set of a dozen pieces which filled the lowest. There was a row of painted punchcoons next, arranged in very neat order, and with

spigots at the bottom of each. Their contents were marked upon them in painted letters, and the row was terminated by a great tin cylinder, placed near the fire, as if to keep the contents of it warm. The fire place was in a back corner, beyond. The whole of the other side of the room was occupied with boxes, and bales, and barrels, leaving a narrow passage way, along the counter, to the snug little corner in the rear.

It was after dinner; and as there was no customers in, the proprietor of this establishment was sitting in an old, worn-out elbow-chair, with his feet on a wooden block before the fire, or rather before an immense bed of ashes, on which a few brands were slowly burning. He was reading a religious newspaper, for he was a very decided Christian; i. e. we mean a very active professor of religion. What the precise subject of the article he was reading was, we have no means of ascertaining. In a few moments, however, he stopped, and laid the hand containing the paper, on the arm of his chair, the paper itself hanging down towards the floor. He seemed, for a few moments, lost in thought, moving his lips, however, and nodding his head, as if reasoning with some one. Presently, he began to talk more audibly, and his words were as follows:—

"I am sorry, but then I am not to blame; the people around here will have it, whether I supply them or not. If I could prevent their getting, if it would be another thing; but they will use the article, and if I do not supply them, they will go to somebody who will;—so that my refusing to sell will not make the least difference.

"Then, again, my supplying them need not do any harm; it is all their abuse of it, afterwards. I am as great a foe to intemperance as any body,—but I am certainly not answerable for excesses which other people commit. If they would be moderate, and keep their appetites within bounds, there would be no harm done.

"Besides, I must support my family, and increase my means of doing good. I am a steward of the Lord's, and have consecrated all my property to Him, and to do all I can, by honest means, to add to his treasury; and the money had better be in my hands, than with that unprincipled tavern-keeper, for I can make a better use of it."

The voice of the speaker here became inaudible again. He sat some time, looking into the fire, lost in a dreamy sort of reverie. Presently his eyes grew narrow,—the paper dropped out of his hands, down upon the floor,—his head nodded,—in short, he fell fast asleep.

The singing of the fire seemed to turn into the murmuring of a brook, along the banks of which he fancied he was walking. It was very early in a cool autumnal morning, and the brook flowed along a beautiful valley, with a hill rising on one side, and on the other, an eminence, crowned with the buildings of a magnificent city. It appeared to him precisely like what he had seen of Jerusalem. Yes, it must be Jerusalem. There was the temple, and the well, and the gate, through which issued a road that descended the hill to the brook where he was rambling.

It was very early, scarcely day, he thought, and his attention was soon attracted by some lights and voices, just entering the gate. He thought it was armed men taking the Saviour into the city, the morning of his crucifixion. His blood ran cold at the sight. His strength failed him, his knees, smote together, and he sank down on a stone, which was lying at his feet.

Presently he heard some one approaching from the hill behind him, opposite the city. The shrubbery concealed him from view, at first, but soon he saw a dark figure with something in his hand, come out from a copse, and stand leaning against a tree, looking very eagerly towards the city. It must be Judas Iscariot, thought the dreamer.

He soon thought he heard him talking to himself; and it is a curious circumstance, as illustrating the philosophy of dreams, that there is a very striking resemblance between the language the dreamer now heard, and that which he himself had been using. Whether this arose from any similarity between the cases, or, only as an instance of that singular mixing of every thing together, so common in dreams, it must be left for philosophers to decide. At any rate he thought he heard distinctly the following words:—

"There they go;—I hope they will not hurt him. I am sorry, but I am not to blame; they would have discovered him, whether I told them where he was or not. If I could have prevented their taking him, it would have been another thing; but they were de-