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SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL
Of British North America.

VOL. 1. QUEBEC, 9TH, JUNE 1849. No. 8.

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PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

A human being, supposing him to be soundly constituted at first, will continue in health till he reaches old age, provided that certain conditions are observed, and no injurious accident shall befal. This is a proposition so well supported by extensive observation of facts, that it may be regarded as an established axiom. It becomes, therefore, important to ascertain which are the conditions essential to health, that, by their observance, we may preserve for ourselves what is justly esteemed as the greatest of earthly blessings, and dwell for our naturally appointed time upon the earth. A general acquaintance with these conditions may be easily attained by all, and to render them obedience is much more within the power of individuals than is commonly supposed.

The leading conditions essential to health are :—1. A constant supply of pure air ; 2. A sufficiency of nourishing food, rightly taken ; 3. Cleanliness ; 4. A sufficiency of exercise to the various organs of the system ; 5. A proper temperature ; 6. A sufficiency of cheerful and innocent enjoyments ; and, 7. Exemption from harrassing cares. These conditions we shall now treat in succession, taking as our guides the most recent and eminent of physiological authorities.

AIR.

The common air is a fluid composed mainly of two gases, in certain proportions ; namely, 20 parts of oxygen and 80 of nitrogen in 100, with very minute addition of carbonic acid gas. Such is the air in its pure and normal state, and such is the state in which we require it for respiration. When it is loaded with any admixture of a different kind, or its natural proportions are in anyway deranged, it cannot be breathed without producing injurous results. We also require what is apt to appear a large quantity of this element for healthy existence. The lungs of a healthy full-grown man will inhale the bulk of twenty cubic inches at every inspiration, and he will use no less than fifty-seven hogsheads in twenty-four hours. And not only is this large quantity necessary, but the air that surrounds us must be in free circulation, in order that what we expire may be speedily carried away, and allowed to commingle with the atmosphere, which is subject to never-ceasing causes tending to its restoration and renewal.

Now there are various circumstances which tend to surround us at times with vitiated air, and which must accordingly be guarded against. That first calling for attention is the miasma or noxious quality imparted to the atmosphere in certain districts by stagnant water and decaying vegetable matter. It is now generally acknowledged that this noxious quality is, in reality, a subtile poison, which acts on the human system through the medium of the lungs, producing fevers and other epidemics. A noted instance of its acting on a great scale is presented in the Campagna di Roma, where a large surface is retained in a marshy state. The exhalations arising from that territory at certain seasons of the year, oblige the inhabitants of the adjacent districts of the city to desert their hom s, to escape its pernicious influence. All marshes, and low damp grounds of every kind, produce more or less miasma, and it is consequently dangerous to live upon or near them. Slightly-elevated ground, with a free exposure to light and air, should accordingly in all cases be chosen for the sites of both single houses and towns. Tanks and collections of water of every kind are dangerous beneath or near a house, because, unless their contents be constantly in a state of change, which is rarely the case, their tendency is to send up exhalations of a noxious kind. Some years ago, Viscount Milton—a youth of great promise, and who had recently become a husband and father—died of a fever which was traced to the opening of an old reservoir of water underneath the country-house in which he dwelt. More recently, a similar but more extensively fatal tragedy took place at a farmhouse in the south of Scotland. Not only did the farmer, his wife and a female servant sink under a malignant fever, but a son and daughter, and several other servants, narrowly escaped with their lives, and only by removing from the house. It was observed in this case that removal produced instantaneous improvement of health, but a return to the devoted dwelling at once removed the ailment. On proper investigation, it was found that immediately behind the house was a kind of millpond, into which every kind of refuse was thrown, or allowed to discharge itself; and that this collection of putrid matter had not been once cleared out for a long series of years, no one dreaming of any harm

rom it. The momentous consequences from a cause so trifling, and the consideration that they might have been warded off by only a little knowledge of natural causes, furnish melancholy matter for reflection. Many analogous cases, which might be referred to, demonstrate that we are yet but in the infancy of an understanding of the subject of aërial poison.

Putrid matter of all kinds is another conspicuous source of noxious effluvia. The filth collected in ill-regulated towns—ill-managed drains—collections of decaying animal substances placed too near or within private dwellings—are notable for their effects in vitiating the atmosphere and generating disease in those exposed to them. In this case also it is a poison, diffused abroad through the air, which acts so injuriously on the human frame. This was probably the main cause of the plagues which devastated European cities during the middle ages. In those days there were no adequate provisions for public cleaning, and the consequence was, that masses of filth were suffered to accumulate. The noxious air diffused by these means through the narrow streets and confined dwellings would tend to the most fatal effects. In old drains there is generated a gas (sulphuretted hydrogen) which is calculated to produce dreadful consequences in those exposed to its inhalation. It has lately been discovered that it is the presence of this gas, arising from the shores, river deltas, and mangrove jungle of tropical Africa, which causes the peculiar unhealthiness of that region. It is ascertained that small animals, such as birds, die when the air they breathe contains one fifteen hundreth part of sulphuretted hydrogen, and that an infusion six times greater will kill a horse. It follows that we can scarcely attach too much importance to measures for cleaning and improving the sewerage of cities. There are as yet no large towns in Britain kept in a state so clean as is desirable for the welfare of their inhabitants; nor will they be so till the measures now in agitation for improved modes of construction, for adequate supplies of pure water, and for thorough scavengering and sewerage be adopted.

The human subjects tend to vitiate the atmosphere for itself, by the effect which it produces on the air which is breathed. Our breath, when we draw it in, consists of the ingredients formerly mentioned, but it is in a very different state when we part with it. On passing into our lungs, the oxygen, forming the lesser ingredients, enters into combination with the carbon of the venous blood (or blood which has already performed its round through the body); in this process about two-fifths of the oxygen is abstracted and sent into the blood, only the remaining three-fifths being expired along with the nitrogen nearly as it was before. In place of the oxygen consumed, there is expired an equal volume of carbonic acid gas being a result of the the process of combination just alluded to. Now carbonic acid gas, in a larger proportion than that in which it is found in the atmosphere, is noxious. The volume of it expired by the lungs, if free to mingle with the air at large, will do no harm; but if breathed out into a close room, it will render the air unfit for being again breathed. Suppose an individual to be shut up in an air-tight box; each breath he emits throws a certain quantity of carbonic acid gas into the air filling the box; the air is thus vitiated, and every successive inspiration is composed of worse and worse materials, till at length the oxygen is so much exhausted, that it is insufficient for the support of life. He would then be sensible of a great difficulty in breathing, and in a little time longar he would die.

Most rooms in which human beings live are not strictly close. The chimney and the chinks of the door and windows generally allow a communication to a certain extent with the outer air, so that it rarely happens that great immediate inconvenience is experienced in ordinary apartments from want of fresh air. But it is at the same time quite certain that in all ordinary apartments where human beings are assembled, the air unavoidably becomes *considerably vitiated*; for in such a situation there cannot be a sufficiently ready or copious supply of oxygen to make up for that which has been consumed, and the carbonic acid gas will be constantly accumulating. This is particularly the case in bedchambers, and in theatres, assembly-rooms, churches, and schools. An extreme case was that of the celebrated Black Hole of Calcutta, where a hundred and forty-six persons were confined for a night in a room eighteen feet square with two small windows. Here the oxygen, scarcely sufficient for the healthy supply of one person, was called upon to support a large number. The unfortunate prisoners found themselves in a state of unheard-of suffering, and in the morning all were dead but twenty-three, some of whom afterwards sunk under putrid fever, brought on by breathing so long a tainted atmosphere.

Although the vitiation of the air in ordinary apartments and places of public assembly does not generally exite much attention, it nevertheless exercises a certain unfavourable influence on health in all the degrees in which it exists. Perhaps it is in bedrooms that most harm is done. These are generally smaller than other rooms, and they are usually kept close during the whole night. The result of sleeping in such a room is very injurous. A common fire, from the draught which it produces, is very serviceable in ventilating rooms, but it is at best a defective means of doing so. The draught which it creates generally sweeps along near the floor between the door and the fire, leaving all above the level of the chimney-piece unpurified. Yet scarcely any other arangement is anywhere made for the purpose of changing the air in ordinary apartments. To open the window is a plan occasionally resorted to, but it is not always agreeable in our climate, and sometimes it produces bad consequeuces of a different kind.

It would nevertheless be easy to produce an effective draught from any room in which a fire is kept. It is only necessary to make an aperture into the flue, near the ceiling of the room, and insert therein a tin tube, with a valve at the exterior, capable of opening inwards, but closing when at rest, or when

a draught is sent the contrary way. The draught produced by the fire in the flue would cause a constant flow of air out of the *upper part* of the room (where most vitaiated): and the valve would be an effectual protection against back-smoke, should there be the least tendency to it. This plan was adopted in Buckenham Palace. It could be applied to any existing house at a mere trifle of expense. A more effectual plan, and one which opperates when there is no fire in the room, is to establish a tin tube, of two or three inches diameter, out of each apartment to be ventilated, causing them all to meet in one general tube, the extremity of which passes into some *active flue*—for example, that of the kitchen, which is rarely cold. Thus there might be a constant pass-in of fresh air into and through every room of a large house, so that it would be at all times as healthy in this respect as the open fields. At the same time the supply might, by means of graduated valves, be regulated to any degree which might de deemed agreeable.

"IT'S ONLY A DROP!"

"AN IRISH STORY."

(*Continued from page* 111.)

The victory Lawrence archived at Birr uplifted *him* sadly. He had hitherto kept a wakeful guard over himself; and whenever inclination put in its plea for another "drop," resolution said "No," and fidelity whispered "Ellen;" but Birr "birred" in his ears. "Think of me there," thought Lawrence; "*just look* at me, when every boy in the fair was 'blind' or 'reeling,' able to swalk a chalked line from this to Bantry; up before the lark, and working *alone* at my trade in the morning." Perhaps Lawrence had never read, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall;" or if he had, he had forgotten! It was within a week of his "statute of limitation"—one single week! Saturday came as usual, and Lawrence went to receive his wages at the public-house. Some of his old friends were there, *steady*-headed men, who could drink "a deal" without showing it, and made a boast that they could *do* so— a strange boast, is it not?—and often made by men whose families, if not absolutely clotheless and foodless, are without the comforts of life: *yet their* husbands and fathers, those who are bound by every law human and divine to protect them, *can* make a *boast*—of drinking: that is, of absolutely swallowing the pence, shillings, and pounds which would feed, clothe, and educate them respectably; a *strange* boast! Such a man might just as well say, "My wife has no shoes, my baby no clothes, the fire on my hearth burns low, there is little food for ourselves, and if our neighbour wants, there is none to give him; yet I am a good workman, I earn good wages, I could give my wife good shoes, and my baby clothes; they might warm themselves at a cheerful fire, that would join them in giving me a welcome those dreary nights; there would be abundant food for ourselves, and something to spare for a poor neighbour or a houseless wanderer, so that the blessings *they* return might be treasured up in heaven, a dower for me and my childern hereafter! *But if I did this,* I should not be able to show that I could drink ten or twelve tumblers with a steady eye and a steady hand. Yet, let me think! my hand is *not* steady; and though my eyes are steady enough, I can't see much out of them; but then I *can drink the ten* tumblers without a reeling head; though it may be bothered, it doesn't reel. Hurra!—isn't that a glorious thing? I can swallow wife's shoes, baby's clothes, blazing fire, plenty of unblest food, and my own credit, in ten strong tumblers of punch. Hurra!—there's a head!—isn't that a FINE THING?"

Lawrence met one or two of these very tremendous ten and twelve tumbler men, and other poor weak-headed fellows, who reeled and staggered, and made fools of themselves upon the value of a single shoe, or a new apron, while the mighty drinkers *sneered and laughed* at them. And then Lawrence was induced to boast that his head was as hard and as strong as ere a head there. His companions did not at all doubt its hardness, but they doubted its strength: they were sure a wine-glassful beyond *his quantity*—his stint—would "knock him over;" and to prove it would not, Lawrence took another wine-glassful; and those who were anxious he should be overthrown like themselves, pushed the jug of punch close to him; and talking and singing, the *increased stimulant* of the glass, led him to pour out another unconsciously; then, as his spirit mounted, companioned by the other spirit he had imbibed, he declared that he could drink as much as any of them without being touched or "staggered."

There are always, unfortunately, a number of persons who take a mischievous pleasure in setting, not wrong right, but right wrong; and such were delighted at making Lawrence—"steady Lawrence, sober Lawrence"—the same as themselves. His was precisely a case where it was easier to *abstain* than *to refrain;* he could do the one, but not the other; he lacked that greatest of all commands—SELF-COMMAND. If roused, like all his countrymen he was equal to anything—brave, earnest, self-denying, silent, strong-hearted; but when once *the watch and ward* slumbered, he sunk. Once thrown off his guard, Lawrence plunged still more deeply *into* the pit. Drop by drop he went on until his head turned—and amid the uproarious mirth, little remained of his real nature. He was *angry with himself; the hour was past* when he had promised to meet Ellen; and when, having stood up to ascertain, with a species of drunken stupidity, if he could walk, he was hailed with a shout of triumphant laughter, he turned upon his tempters like a baited lion, fierce and *desperate, and a* voilent conflict ensued. Larry, from the circumstance of being from a distant part of the country, had no "faction" to take his part, and so stood a chance of being murdered; but Michael Murphy, who, astonished at his intended brother-in-law's *loitering,* had come to the public-house *to* inquire why he tarried, hearing the riot within, rushed forward, and, but for his raising the *well-known* cry, "A Murphy, a Murphy, hirroo! here's *for* a Murphy!" there is little doubt that Lawrence would have been *sent,* unprepared and unrep*entant, out of the* world, whose peace and harmony is destroyed by the vices and intemperance of those *whom the Almighty* created for far different purposes.

"I could," said Ellen on the following morning—"I could have followed him *with a less heart-broken*

feeling in poverty through the world: I could have begged with him, begged for him, worked my fingers to the bone, and at the last, if it had been the will of Heaven, have sat a mourning widow on his grave—ay, to the end of my own days—rather than have seen him as I did last night; not so crushed in body as in mind; unable to speak three *plain words*, or call me by my own name, while every drunkard in the parish shouted at his disgrace. Och, Michael dear, your poor sister's heart is broken intirely! I took too much pride out of *him! I thought at the fair of Birr* how grand he looked, taking the shine out of every one; and he so sober, his eyes as pure as crystal, his head strong, and his hand ready to save others from the usage which every *spalpeen* in the place was able to give him last night—and all through *"the drop!"*"

Poor Ellen felt her lover's degradation more than he felt it himself; though he *did* feel it when he saw that, however others might think of it who were as bad or worse than he, Ellen's pale cheek and wasted form proved how much she suffered. It was nearly three weeks before Lawrence was able to resume his employment, and during that time Ellen never reproached him—never said a word that could give him pain—but when he was quite recovered, and again spoke of their *marriage*, she at first turned away to weep bitterly, and then firmly told him "that her mind was fixed; she never would marry him until he took 'an obligation' on himself '*at the priest's knee*' never to touch spirits of any kind from that day to the day of his death." There might have been a struggle in Larry's mind as which he would give up, Ellen or the whiskey. Ellen however, triumphed; he practiced total abstinence for three months. When, from faith in his oath, she married him, experience had convinced him that his tower of strength was *total abstinence*, his guardian angel his firm yet gentle wife. He never tasted whiskey from that time, and Ellen has the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved *him from destruction*. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Women could do a great deal to prove that *"the least taste in life"* is a large taste too much—that "ONLY A DROP" is *a temptation* fatal if unresisted.

Since the foregoing story was written, a great change has taken place in Ireland, and, by the blessing of God, in England and in Scotland also: there are many thousands at this moment who instead of striving to content themselves with "only a drop"—an experiment that failed in nine cases out of ten—never taste or touch the *liquid poison*. What has been the consequence? Their comforts have been augmented fourfold; they are bringing up their families respectably, giving them better clothes, better food, and better education, than their means could have permitted them to do, had they spent what they once did upon strong drinks. Many, many are the blessings they hourly enjoy, arising out of the *monies* of which drinking-houses are deprived. There heads are cool, while there hands are strengthened by industry sevenfold productive—industry born of temperance societies who have not laid by a little at least against "a rainy day." Proud and happy men are they who once a week visit THE SAVINGS' BANK, that tower of the working-man's *strength*. Proudly yet humbly do they pass by the "gin-palaces," whose glaring lights and broad windows shine in the bitter mockery upon the rags, the violence, the evil-speaking, the debilitated forms and emaciated countenances of those who are there ruining bodies and periling souls by the most debasing and least defensible of all bad habits. Of such unhappy fellow-creatures the upholders of temperance may well say, though with an unblameable and truly Christian feeling, God be thanked that we are not as other men are."

But the hero of total abstinence will not be satisfied with *this*; he will be content with his own prosperity; he will not say, "Stand back, I am holier than thou"—not he. He will call to mind when he too was one of the "unclean;" he will prove his gratitude for the saving knowledge he has acquired by endeavouring to impart it to others; and he will do this gently and without self-exaltation. He will be ready at all times and in all places to give a reason unto all men, to shew why he is more comfortable than his neighbours; and why; despite the "hardness of the times," he is able to multiply his "little" by the self-restraint that renders it "much." I look upon the temperance movement as one of the greatest glories of the age we live in. It was preached unto the poor by a few good men, and the poor adopted it; its influence spread *upwards*, and the rich have since followed the example of the humbiest class.

But while I rejoice at the spread of temperance in England, and hope it may be as widely extended in Scotland, I find it difficult to write dispassionately of the *self-denial* practiced by the peasantry of my own dear country, giving up what might be termed, and with perfect truth, their only luxury—relinquishing what, *according to one of their popular songs*, was

"Sister and brother,
And father and Mother;
My Sunday coat, *I have no other*"—

discarding a habit, the growth of centuries, suddenly, and yet faithfully—is enough to warm even a stranger's heart towards the country, despite all that is said against it. The fact, that they made a resolution to which they have adhered, and give a pledge which they have kept faithfully for above six years, will surely be accepted as sufficient proof that the Irish may be trusted fully in even higher matters—they are capable of any effort for the social elevation of their country—and that the poverty and misery which have been for a series of years proverbial, cannot be much longer their burthen and reproach.

A. M. H.

THE WHITEDOVE OF THE MENOMINEES.

Mark Walker built his shanty in a pine shrub close by the Menominee River, within a few miles of its junction with Green Bay, and began his hunting and trapping in the fall of 18—. The Menominees and Winnebagoes had not yet ceded the eastern part of Wisconsin to the whites. *Agents of the United States government* had been tampering with the inferior chiefs, it is true and the terms of a treaty had been clandestinely proposed and accepted by them, which had created great agitation amongst the Indians, and had rendered the whites and the traitors at this time very obnoxious to these untutored sons of nature. Mark Walker for one, however, was *nothing of a politician*; he had no desire

to see the redskins dispossessed of their territory, and rather grumbled at the march of events which were transforming the game-covers and feed-grounds into farms; so that he built his shanty in the wilderness as a depot for his furs, and not as a permanent home, and he drew his canoe amongst the shrubs and herbs that grew in rank profusion upon the alluvial flat by the river's side, as a temporary voyager, and not as an aggressive spoiler. If Mark might be regarded with suspicion by any of the denizens of the north-western forests, these were not the Indians; for while he hunted and tracked the grey squirrel; 'possum, and minx, he rather avoided than sought the haunts and homes of the redskins. Nobody that possesses the faintest idea of a trapper's life will accuse Mark Walker of cowardice, albeit he shunned the villages which the redmen had built by the creek that flowed into Green Bay, for he who could voluntarily leave Fort Mackinaw and, crossing the stormy bosom of Lake Michigan, take up his solitary and dangerous abode in the pathless, savage wilderness, could scarcely be accused of timidity. Mark Walker, although a trapper, was not one of those vulgar savages who, forsaking the paths of civilised life, sink down into a state of heathen darkness. There are men whose natures are so fragile and so pliant that association with dogs and horses dogify and horsify their dispositions, there are some so inherently strong that they elevate all inferior things that associate with them by the power and influence of their nobler sympathies. Mark Walker had been well educated at an eastern seminary; he had laboured and purified his heart as he tilled the ground in an eastern farm; and then, seduced by a romantic imagination and a tendency to solitude, he had joined with Andrew Blennerhasset in a migration to the unexplored western territory The wild and majestic grandeur of nature had captivated the hearts of the poetic adventurers, and they had built a wigwam upon a little island in Lake Michigan, about one hundred miles south-west from Fort Mackinaw, and were indulging in dreams of seclusion, sovereignty, and happiness, when they were suddenly attacked by Indians. Blennerhasset was slain, and Mark Walker with difficulty escaped.

Undeterred by the massacre of his friend, the sturdy and adventurous woodsman had gone again and again upon his solitary journeys, braving dangers and enduring toils; and now we find that once again, for the sixth or seventh season, had Mark brought his stores of ammunition and his relays of guns and traps to the pathless wilds.

The hardy hunter had already been a month at his lonely vocation, when, in the grey twilight of a September morning, as he went forth to count how many of the furred denizens of the woods he had trapped over night, his quick eye caught the broad fresh trail of an elk, and in a moment all other objects and considerations were forgotten in this, to a hunter, most momentous and exciting one. Unslinging his rifle and tightening the belt whence hung suspended his tomahawk and hunting-knife, he bent his tall athlethic form to the trail, and lightly and nimbly moved off in pursuit of his game. For two or three hours the vigorous hunter pursued his unerring though devious track through the wood, and at last beheld the object of his pursuit browsing beneath a broad fir, whose branches almost shaded a rood of land. The click of Mark's deadly instrument caused the weary, timid buck to throw up his majestic head, and in another moment the bullet was buried in its broad chest, and it lay upon its knees, panting, and bleeding, and lapping its trembling lips with its bloody tongue. The excited hunter had rushed upon his prey with his knife on high, and he was just about to bury his blade in the throat of his victim, when his hand was suddenly caught, the knife was wrenched from it by a powerful Indian, and his arms were pinned to his side by a grasp of iron.

'Hugh!' said the grim savage, as the astonished white man turned his face towards his captor—'How! how!'

'How! how!' said Mark, in low, firm tones, as he recognised the Indian, at the same time passively submitting to a restraint which he felt it would be dangerous to attempt to free himself from. 'How is it that Hickory steals my knife and then clasps me so tightly to his bosom?'

The Indian smiled grimly as he uttered a 'Wah ha!' and then adroitly and rapidly passed a thong round the arms of his prisoner, in which operation he was assisted by a comrade, who had suddenly glided from the covert and stood at his side. 'Does Walker suppose that the hunting-grounds of the Menominees are the Mackinaw station?' said the Indian, who knew his captive well; 'or that they have been purchased and paid for, because that dog Natokee mingled the smoke of his kneck-knick with that of Macomb's agent? No, no, paleface!' said the Indian, lashing himself into a fury; 'my brother, the Crow, and I have already taken the scalps of two of thy tribe, who were hunting game by the Menominee River, and if we do not take thine it is because Hickory would let the young Whitedove of the Menominees see that her lover is brave and powerful.'

Mark Walker knew as well as any man how to make a virtue of necessity, so he submitted quietly to his fate. He cast a lingering look, however, at the noble deer, across whose throat the Crow had drawn his knife; and even in his disheartening position he could not forbear from smiling upon the redskin as he nimbly plied his blade and honourably illustrated his powers of woodcraft. The skin was flayed from the reeking carcass with the utmost rapidity, and the saddle was selected and cut out with the nicest care, and then, being wrapped up in the skin, the same was laid upon the shoulders of Mark and sustained there by Crow, until the village of the Menominees, about twenty miles distant, was reached.

Hickory was the chief of the Snake band of the Menominees, and he was as fiery and sanguinary in his disposition as the emblem of his band was cunning and venomous. The Menominees are not a tall nation, neither are they remarkable amongst Indians for any of these graces of form which so distinguish the Crows and the Seminoles; but there never stepped an Indian in moccassins who was of more imposing carriage than Hickory, or whose form would have been a fitter model for that of an Adonis. Tall, graceful, and a dashing gait, the proud chief walked, about mid day, with his prisoner, into the heart of the village, his hand carelessly holding a lash that was attached to Mark Walker's wrist, while Crow, ostentatiously displaying the gory scalps, still held the venison poised upon the shoulder of the poor weary prisoner. Hickory and Crow led Mark into the centre of the village, and as they chanted in boastful strains of their prowess and success in war, the women, children, young men, chiefs, and warriors came crowding to the square, where the stately white man now stood, calm and self-possessed, while

around him leapt his captors, brandishing there tomahawks and displaying the gory trophies of their murders.

'Hickory is a great chief,' sang the beautiful but boastful savage; 'he has torn the scalps from the paleface warriors who were out upon the Menominee, and he has caught the cunningest and boldest hunters that ever slept within the black house of Mackinaw. Walker is swift of foot, and his rifle is true as the eagle that sweeps upon the weary heron; but Hickory can bind his feet with the long grass of the creeks, and saddle him like a prairie colt.'

'Hickory knows,' said Walker, loudly and emphatically, interrupting the chief, in order that the surrounding chiefs might hear and mark his words—'Hickory knows that Macomb has warriors in Mackinaw who will miss Walker when they come to count their peltries a moon hence, and they have canoes and long rifles. They have smoked the pipe of peace with the Menominees; and the Chippewas and Winnebagoes, from Rock River to the Great Lake, have buried the hatchet in the brains of my brothers, and taken Walker a prisoner, who shall save the Menominees from his vengeance?'

The sedate and grave elders of the nation looked at one another and exchanged glances of meaning as they listened to the prisoner's speech; then one of them spoke a few words in a low tone to Hickory, who discontinued his boasting, and, dancing, followed his seniors to the council.

Mark Walker stood bound in the midst of wondering but admiring savages, for both his dress and appearance were striking and attractive. In his leisure hours he had woven the divers-coloured feathers of his game into a fringe for his shirt and trimming for his leggings, and his costume partook of all the hues of the forest birds. His loose shirt of softly dressed deerskin fitted tightly to his tall athletic frame. Leggings of goatskin covered his clean wiry limbs, and finely ornamented mocassins clothed his small and hollow feet. Exposure to the sun and wind had tanned his manly face, but his black curling beard and soft blue eyes retained all their original glossiness of hue and gentleness of expression. Mark's pouch was formed of the skin of the sea-otter, and was richly ornamented with wampum; beside it hung his hatchet, whose *lignum-vitæ* handle was curiously carved; and a long meerschaum with a China bowl which seemed particularly attractive to the Indian dandies, hung suspended beside his bark tobacco-pouch.

Mark knew well that the cause of his detention was some temporary irritation, arising from the endless disputes which take place between the Indians and frontier men about the right of hunting; and having escaped the scalping knife of Hickory, whom he had often seen at Fort Mackinaw, he scarcely feared for the issue of his captivity after the impression which he discovered that his words had made upon the old men. He was the prisoner of Hickory, however, and by the law of the Indians wholly and totally in the power and at the disposal of the chief, unless some aged dame or warrior might adopt him as a son, and thus, by the supreme claim of parantage, supervene that of his captor. He knew that to carry a bold and manly front, also, was the only means of gaining the respect of the Minominees, and an apparant indifference to his fate was the best mode of rendering it durable.

'Natokee may cut his long black hair, and roll his blanket about his head,' said a young man of the Snake band, as he smiled grimly upon Mark. 'Hickory has slain Notakee's friends, and made a colt of Macomb's brave.'

'Walker is no friend of Notakee,' said Mark, 'my brother is so young that he does not know what he says.'

The rebuked savage fell back abashed, and forthwith the grave council, with Hickory and Crow, returned to the square from the great lodge, where they had held an unsatisfactory debate. The besetting follies of the handsome chief of the Snakes were his vanity and dogged firmness. All the fears and arguments of his seniors could not induce him to believe that the murder of the two white men was precipitate, dangerous, and impolitic; and that the captivity of Mark was likely to involve his whole nation in ruin.

'I shall present him to the Whitedove of the Menominees,' said Hickory, with a smile of self-glorification, 'and he shall be to her a slave; he shall carry bark to her from the forest, hoe maize by her side, and cook the venison which Hickory shall bring home. I took him in the hunting-grounds of my people, and I shall give him as a presant to the daughter of Blackcloud, who shall be the squaw of Hickory, when the moon shall have grown full and then waned again.'

Grieved at the resolution of the chief, yet too just, according to the Indian ideas of justice, to interfere with the rights of their brother, the council had closed its sitting; and now his captor led Mark to the wigwam of the Blackcloud, and presented to his daughter, the Whitedove, the tall and handsome white man as a gift. Foolish Hickory! uncasual creature of an overweening vanity! even savage lovers, as well as civilised ones, may overshoot their mark. The Whitedove was a woman; she was an Indian one, it is true, and had been already but two familiar with scenes of bloodshed and rapine; but still she was a woman, with the warm blood of symathy and love circulating in her heart, and palpitating still to notes of pity. Seventeen summers had not yet shed their radiance on her brow, and the braided hair that hung round her smooth glowing neck had never been cut in grief. She was secluded and reserved, as Indian maidens of her age usually are. She had none of the stoicism of the 'woman who had suffered,' nor of the mother who panted to be revenged. Whitedove was still an innocent child of love, who had not yet been dragged into the vortex of passion and strife by the active agencies of savage warfare and fierce feudal hatred. Whitedove knew that she was to be the wife of Hickory, and she secretly rejoiced that she was to be taken to the lodge of so great a warrior; and when he presented the prisoner to her, her little heart danced within her, and a blush of pride overspread her neck and bosom. Stripped of every offensive weapon, Mark was allowed to have the free use of his limbs; but he knew very well that a strict surveillance was exercised towards him, and that he was watched by the Menominees as jealously as if he had been a Virginian slave, ever brooding over the means of fleeing from hateful bondage. He built him a little bark hut by that of Blackcloud, and went forth regularly with the squaws and maidens to hoe in the maize and potato patches, much to the amusement and contemptuous wonderment of the Indians, who would come and lean over the fences to gaze upon the mean paleface, who did not rather choose to die than toil like a woman. Despite of their affected scorn for Mark's industry, they nevertheless tacitly acknowledged his prowess, for they bound his hands every night with thongs when he

lay down to sleep, least he should attempt to seek his own people again during the silent watches of the night.

Whitedove, although not much above sixteen, was a tall and graceful maiden, and was acknowledged to be the most beautiful as well as one of the most grave and firm of her sex. She possessed all the common little vanities of woman, with all the courage and promptitude of an indian. It was with no ordinary degree of pride, therefore, that she received Mark from the hand of her lover; and it was with no feeling of fear that she lived so closely by the side of the prisoner from day to day. Whitedove had an eye, and she could mark, as well as the fairist beauty in New England could, that Mark Walker was even more stately in his form than Hickory, and that as he wrought at this, to her mind, degrading employment, his face preserved all its manliness of feature, and his limbs all their gracefulness of motion; gradually her stolen glances became more frequent and open and then she looked upon her companion with undisguised pleasure. Mark was not slow to observe, also, that the loveliest Indian maiden that he had ever seen was daily at his side, and that she cast her eyes towards him with soft and kindly regards. The cold isolation of the trapper's heart melted in the warm, tender glances of the young redskin girl, and he at last discovered that he was as much a slave to Whitedove in his affections, as Hickory had made him in person. 'And shall that savage bear her to his wigwam when the moon has waned, to make her his slave and dog?' muttered Mark; and his heart trembled as he asked himself the question.

'Whitedove is very beautiful,' said the prisoner to his mistress at last, 'and she is like the dahlia that grows in the flats of Green Bay, very tender. If she were the daughter of a paleface, or his wife, she would not grow weary in the maze-patch, nor be burned by the noonday sun.

Whitedove's hoe lay passively on the ground for several seconds, as she drank in the words of her companion, and then she answered in such broken language as she had learned while comunicating with the whites, and from her father, who spoke English well—'Whitedove will grow maize for her husband; Indian warrior would scorn to hoe.'

'But he does not scorn to eat the bread that his weary mother and fainting wife cultivates,' replied Mark. 'A paleface would scorn to eat what his own hand does not produce. He grows his own corn: does the redskin do that?'

Whitedove remained silent again, and then she answered, 'Walker can hoe corn better than Whitedove; he is stronger than a woman. But Hickory could bring buffalo and buzzard to my wigwam, while the paleface was tilling the ground.'

'Hickory,' said Mark, contemptuously, 'is a vain boaster. If he will give Walker his rifle, and go forth with him to the woods, Whitedove soon shall see who can bring home more furs, or saddles of venison. Whitedove,' said Mark, lowering his tone, while his voice trembled with the force of his emotion, 'if thou wilt be my wife, and shall go with me, I shall clothe thee with minx and grey squirrel—I shall bring thee deer and buzzard from the forest—and I shall grow thee corn and wheat to make the bread as white as thy own teeth of pearl.'

The girl slowly raised her tall erect form, and stood as motionless as a statue. After a pause, which seemed an age to Mark, she answered, in low tones, 'Hickory shall come for me when the moon wanes.'

'To take thee to his cabin, where the Hollyleaf and Greenbird already nurse his young papooses,' said Mark, bitterly. 'Come with me; I have no squaw, and never shall have any save Whitedove, if she will go with me.'

'Hickory and Blackcloud will be very angry,' said the maiden, in the same calm tone.

'Let Hickory be as angry as a cougar robbed of its whelps, or as a wounded buffalo,' said Mark, sternly; 'it will be well for him if he does not meet Walker so, with tomahawk or rifle. Walker will give Blackcloud a horse, a blanket, a rifle, and a pouch well filled with powder, lead, and tobacco, when he comes to Mackinaw, and Blackcloud will be angry no more. Will Whitedove go?'

'Yes,' said the girl, after a long pause, Whitedove will go. Walker is here,' she continued, laying her hand upon her bosom, and has been here since he came to the Menominee village. Where he goes Whitedove will go, for her heart is in his hand.'

'Then Whitedove knows that Hickory's canoe lies in the Beech Creek, below the village, said Mark, joyously; 'it can hold a rifle and amunition, as well as Walker and Whitedove; and a lover's knife is sharp when a lover's hands are bound.'

'My ears are open,' said the maiden, as a smile of intelligence passed over her lovely face.

'The moon shall rise this evening when the whip-poor-will has cried his last good-night,' said the impatient captive, 'and two hours afterwards Whitedove could be at the Beech Creek.'

My ears are still open,' said the maiden, smiling; 'Whitedove hears the voice that is sweetest in her ear.'

The whip-poor-will had ceased his vesper-cry, and the bullfrog had taken up his strain, and croaked with lusty throat; the moon had risen, and scattered his silver beams upon the agitated wind-rocked forest; and the white man and his Indian lover seated themsleves in the bark of the Snake chief, and crept silently and with cautious strokes from the shadow of the red beeches which shaded the rippling creek. Whitedove, who steered the light, tiny skiff, beheld with pride that Mark was not only a strong but a skillful paddler, and even Hickory would have no chance with him at a long pull; and as she sat, with all the stately dignity of her nature and nation, in the light of the moonbeams, the trapper's heart danced within him, as he sent the canoe over the bosom of the broad Menominee.

The moon's was not the only eye that had marked the flight of the fugitives, however. Wohna, the greatest 'medicine' of the tribe, had seen the shadow of the canoe skimming over the waters, as he gathered herbs for his incantations. He had concealod the fact until he had ascertained that Walker was gone, and then awakening several of the chiefs, he declard that he had dreamed that the prisoner had fled with Hickory's canoe, and was now upon the water. The delay occasioned in ascertaining the facts of the abduction and flight was as beneficial to the lovers as it redounded to the fame of the great mystery Wohna; but as soon as their flight had become known, Hickory and Blackcloud, with many followers, were in pursuit, and bowling over the moon-kissed waters of the tree-shaded river. Pull on, good Mark! it is twenty miles from Green Bay, and thy only chance is in thy strength and address, for the furi-

ous kindred of Whitedove are on thy trail. The cool beautiful countenance of the lovely Indian was not in the least affected by the shouts and yells of the pursuers, which, although two or three miles distant, were yet borne by the favouring winds upon the bosom of the stilly night, in that reign of unbroken silence and solitude. She held her guiding-paddle with a steady, nervous hand, while her white lover sent the bark skimming over the waters, and she scarcely deigned to look back, although she knew that the pursuers were gaining on them. One man is no match at a long pull against a dozen, and, even though Whitedove lent her aid to Mark, and for nearly an hour kept her kindred at a medium distance, the trapper beheld with pain they were still creeping on towards them. 'Bend, bend, my beautiful, but for a moment, and hang upon your paddle,' Said Mark, as he raised his rifle; 'I must waterlog that formest canoe, or Hickory will have my scalp before morning.' The maiden said not a word, but leaned forward her head, and rested her paddle for but an instant, and the report of Mark's rifle mingled with the cracks of half-a-dozen from his pursuers at the same moment. A cry of pain burst involuntairly from the foremost canoe, and an exclamation escaped the lips of Whitedove, as the balls splashed in the water around her, and her paddle skimmed from her hand, driven from it by a rifle-shot. In a moment the canoe darted past the floating propeller, she caught it adroitly as she passed, and then, in concert with her lover, pulled on once more. A consant firing, as if to alarm or distract the attention of the lovers, now continued to be kept up by the pursuers, as they pushed on with the speed of the pigeon, favoured by the rapid current, in the middle of which they kept their course.

'Hist! said Whitedove, suddenly suspending her exertions as the canoe approached a fork of land, which jutted into the stream, and obliged them to make a detour, 'I hear the voice of palefaces, and the stroakes of their oar-blades.'

'Then you hear the sweetest sounds that I ever heard save your own sweet voice,' said the woodsman, and he joyously shouted, 'Yo, heave, ho!' as his bark swept round the wooded fork, and came upon a party of soldiers and trappers pulling in the still waters up the Menominee. Mark was well known to this party, who had come from Mackinaw to demand reparation for the murder of the two white men, and his own capture, of which Macomb had heard, through the agency of Natokee; and he was lustly cheered and welcomed, with his red bride, by his friends. His evidence sufficiently criminated Hickory and Crow, who fearful of the vengence which they knew must overtake them, fled from the presence of so many white warriors as they knew filled the boats of the expedition, and, collecting all the Snake band, retired into the wilds of the Prairie du Chien. The red chief was known to regret the result of his present to Whitedove more than the effects of his cruelties, however. He could have died rejoicing, with the scalps of his enemies sowed to his garments, for so to have died would have glorified him; but to have been outwitted, and supplanted in the affections of Whitedove by the slave he had given her, was more than his vanity could bear.

Mark retired, with his red wife, who was united to him by the chaplain at Fort Mackinaw, to the island where he and Andrew Blennerhasset had passed the early days of their wood-life. He repaired the sweet little cabin, enclosed a piece of ground, which he cultivated himself, and was privileged to hunt and trap on the Indian reservation whenever he had a mind to do so. Gradually, however, Mark felt impelled by the lively intelligence of Whitedove to teach her to read and write, and then, as little boys and girls began to multiply, and neighbours to gather round him, he reckoned that farming was more consonant with a husband and father's position than hunting, so that by and by he never went abroad with his rifle save in winter; and it was not long till he found that his little shanty at Green Bay was in the centre of a highly-cultivated region, and that the 'yaw-hip-gee' of the ploughman was now heard where he used to hear the 'wah, wah, woo, woo' of the savage, and there were now fashionable novel-readers where he had won his Indian bride from her pristine state of human nature.

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL

Of British North America.

QUEBEC, 9TH JUNE, 1849.

WESLEYAN METHODISM.

REV. JABEZ BUNTING, D. D.

Few sentiments are so extensively diffused over the universal human mind as the love of fame. It is as general as the appetite for food, and it is as various in its tastes. In some it is a morbid, high seasoned love of glory; in others it is the simple healthy desire of what they feel they deserve. In some spheres of life the rays of fame inhalo the brows of men with the sudden, arbitrary effusion of accident; in others the crown of its simple glory has been fashioned by an honourable and patient labour, and attained by a slow and toilsome ascension. In our estimation of fame, then, which is nothing more than homage paid to an aggregation of general character, we ought to be careful in our examination of the basis upon which it rests; we ought to know how and from what it has been obtained or acquired, and to value it accordingly.

The warrior, by some act of ferocious courage, or by a rapid succession of victories, suddenly springs from the obscurity of the ranks to a high and isolated position. His fame and glory burst in acclamations from the trembling lips and palpitating of awestruck admiring onlookers, who, surprised by the promptitude of his deeds, and charmed by the influence of his aggrandising successes, add to the general shout there frantic 'All hail.' The politician, by the revolution of an hour, strides from the seclusion and unnoted retirement of his closet to the head and front of magisterial honour. He that was but the atomical unit of an immense system of social organisation and was lost in it, stands up before his fellows on a pinnacle of renown as suddenly as is eclipsed the dynasty which he succeeds. To the soldier success is the grand element of fame. If he fails to place his heel upon the neck of his foe and to claim the deep mouthed homage of the trump of victory, he is nothing.

His career is one of chance, and ten thousand are against him winning even the fœtid, fleeting, unhealthy applause of a bloody-minded generation, whose feeble cheers must yet give place to the groans and expressive silence of posterity. Success is also the criterion of the politician's glory—success in bending to his will and in satisfying a host of partisans, who, raising him on there shoulders to the head and front of power, bend to him in life, and after death build the monumental marble over his body.

There is a fame, however, which is neither so suddenly won nor so brilliant as either of these, but which grows like *immortelle* in the green, leafy shade of obscure life, and which is as fadeless as that bright and lovely flower. There is a fame which is begotten of a life of good deeds—which the Christain wins from watching angels, who bending down their glistening eyes from heaven upon him, follow his footsteps of peace and love with smiles and whispered blessings through the dark labyrinthian mazes of a sinful, suffering world. They write down in the eternal book the ineradicable records of his fame; they weave for him from the glories of heaven an unfading garland, and when his pilgrimage is near a close they let it fall gently on his hoary head, before they translate him to his throne in 'the better land.' Such fame belongs to the devoted servant of Christ, whose glory is not of himself, but of Him for whose sake he worketh and fainteth not.

The world's better aspirations have often muttered the deeply felt hope, 'would that the ideas of mankind were revolutionised, and in none, assuredly, do they need so thorough a reform as in regard to the kind and quality of fame. The heroism that has hitherto monopolised the applause of mankind is no heroism, while the unseen deeds and almost unrecorded acts performed by the soldiers of the Cross, when looked upon with the eye of reason, rise up in gigantic glory before the homage-giving souls of the good and true, because of the humility, devotion, and self-sacrifice of which they are so full.

The Rev. Jabez Bunting does not occupy a high place in the acknowledged veneration of the world, and yet this venerable man has spent his long life in the cause of God and humanity. Dr. Bunting is one of the venerable patriarchs of the connection of the Wesleyan Methodists, and perhaps the most indefatigable and earnest promoter of missions within the pale of that large and influential body of Christians. He began his life, and the great purpose of that valuable life, in Manchester, where he seems to have imbibed the energy and and acuteness of the man of business, as well as the devotion and courage of the minister. Zeal and ability, when allowed full and free exercise, invitably win their way to consideration and influence among men; and those marked and invaluable qualities were soon appreciated in Jabez Bunting—they indicated a master mind capable of sustaining the highest duties of a high and holy calling, and of occupying the wide sphere of a wide field of action. From Manchester Dr. Bunting removed to London, where, for the last quarter of a century, he has fulfilled a noble ministrry, and given a life-long impulse to the cause of missions.

The Wesleyan Methodists owe there origion to John Wesley, son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, of Epworth, in the isle of Axholme, Lincolnshire. John Wesley was born in Epworth in 1703; in 1713 he was entered a schoolar at the Charter House, London, where he remained seven years under the tuition of doctor Walker and the Rev. Andrew Tooke, auther of the 'Pantheon.' Being elected to Lincoln College, Oxford, he became a fellow in 1725, and took his degree of master of arts in 1826. The writings of the celebrated Mr. W. Law, author of 'Christian Perfec tion,' led John Wesley and several of his fellow-students into the strict observance of a religious life. They partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper weekly, observed all the fasts of the Episcopal Church, visited the prisons, rose at four o'clock in the morning, and refrained from all amusements. From the strictness and uniformity of their habits, the young men received, in derision, the name of 'Methodists,' which has now became the denomination of one of the most active and numerous bodies of Christian dissenters in England. In 1735 Mr. Wesley made a visit to Georgia, United States, whence, after a sojourn of two years, he returned to his native country. The contumely and scorn of the high and wordly-minded, and the closing of the chapel-doors upon this remarkable man, instead of destroying his energy and influence, strengthened and extended them. In 1738 he took to the byways and the fields—went down into the dark and loanly places of life—cried to the hitherto neglected, unnoticed outcasts from the Word of God, 'Come all ye that are heavy laden, for His yoke is light!' and by the example of his life, and the persuasiveness of his words, he soon gathered around him a numerous and devout flock. The establishment of Methodism in England might be viewed as a revival of religion; for, amongst the poor and neglected colliers of Kingswood and tinners of Cornwall, light and grace, hitherto unknown and unfelt, sprung up with vigour and shone with fervour.

The Methodists are divided into two sections—the followers of the Rev. George Whitefield, who are believers in particular redemption, or Calvinists in doctrine; and the Wesleyan Methodists, who profess the doctrine of universal redemption, or Arminianism. To the latter of these sections of this great body of English dissenters belongs the venerable and indefatigable Jabez Bunting. If the Wesleyan Methodists have been active in evangelising the poor of our own country, they have also been an example of energy and devotion in the propagation of the Gospel abroad; and Jabez Bunting has been the life and spirit, for the last twenty years, of those heroic enterprises that have gone forth again and again to the dark places of the earth with the light of Christ's glorious Gospel, and the banner of the Cross unfolded.

Twenty years ago missionary adventure was a work of Christian forlorn hope. The Moravians and Wesleyans threw themselves in the van of that work, however. From 'Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand' the voice of supplication came, with all the force and earnestness of the Hindoo widow's wail and the poor imolated negro's cry of pain, to deliver the lands afar off from error's chain; and the devoted Moravian and the Wesleyan sped forth at the Master's call to do his work.

When Jabez Bunting became secretary to the missions, their sphere was necessarliy limited, and strong efforts were necessary to arouse attention to the call of the heathens; but as the aspect of the darkened pagan world was again and again presented to the gaze of Christians, their hearts and hands expanded to the work. On the continent of Europe and Ireland, at this time, upwards of 12,000 people are under the cognisance of the Wesleyan Mission Board; in Asia, up-

wards of 8000; in the South Seas, about 30,000; in Africa, upwards of 20,000; in the West Indies, nearly 80,000; and in America about 30,000. Of these, upwards of 105,000 are full and accredited church members; nearly 5000 are upon trial; while 80,000 are childern being taught in the missions' schools. Amongst the untroden wilds of the north, and in the almost unexplored regions of Africa, their missionaries and catechists have set up their little tabernacles for the preaching and teaching of the word. For the furtherance of the great and noble objects comprehended under the appellation of missionary enterprise, the Wesleyan Methodist communion contributed more than any other body of voluntary contributors. The Church of England Missionary Society supports a staff of missionaries at an annual cost of about £105,000; the Wesleyan Methodists devote to the same purpose nearly £100,000, the childern in the communion contributing no less than £4000 annually. The missions of this great section of the Christian church occupy a large part of the visable, and what may be almost termed the invisable, places of the earth's surface. In those stations into which civilisation has neglected to penetrate, as unprofitable and pestiferous wastes and wilds—on those shores which the ship of the merchant and the bark of the politician, the vessel of the philosopher and canoe of exploration, have not dared to touch, the missionary, armed with faith and the consciousness of this heavenly purpose, has fearlessly trod.

On the western coast of Africa, amongst the Mandingoes of the river Gambia, the Wesleyans have established four stations, with three missionaries and there assistants, who have upwards of 400 members in society, and about 400 childern at the schools. South-east from this, at Sierra Leone, three principal stations, with the missionaries and thirty-five salaried teachers, speed the gospal message, while upwards of 300 adults, and nearly the same number of children, receive spiritual and intellectual instruction. On the Gold Coast, at Cape Coast Castle, and Ashantee, six stations have been fixed by the auxiliaries of this enterprising body of Christians; and to their progress and welfare Jabez Bunting has ever had a watchful and anxious eye. No one who has not made himselt cognisant of the spirit and nature of missions can estimate the importance of Dr. Bunting's connection with them. There vitality depends upon home sympathy, home energy, and home zeal, as much as upon the more apparent efforts of the active missionary. By the ability, perseverance, and energy of Dr. Bunting, the Wesleyan missions have grown from a minute and almost unseen nucleus into a great and efficient system of evangelisation.

Dr. Bunting is one of the oldest and most respected ministers in the Methodist connexion. He has been elected four times as the President of the Annual Conference of Ministers; and, if it were possible, the grateful hearts of his brethren would confer upon the venerable Christian even a marked proof of their respect and love.

If the incidents in the life of this great and good man have not been striking and illustrious, that whole life itself has been useful and glorious. If his name and image shall not be carved upon the sculptured marble of a semi-pantheonic hall, they shall live in the greatful hearts of men, and may be cherished by the posterity of the pagan, when they have been awakened from the dark night of heathen bondage into the blessed light and glory of the Lord's Canaan.

DUELLING MONOMANIA.

The hero of the action we are about to record was Mr. Mathew, the proprietor of the estate of Thomastown, Tipperary, where Dean Swift paid a visit of four months. The rental of the estate was £8000 a year, and Mr. Mathew desiring to spend the whole in the exercise of hospitality, had the resolution to live abroad for seven years at an annual expense of £600, that he might accumulate enough of money to build a commodious house for the reception of visitors. This house contained forty appartments for guests, where each might take his meals by himself, or invite his friends to join him. Or they might meet at a daily ordinary in the common parlour, where the only rule was, that there was no one master of the house. In addition to these accommodations, there was a place fitted up like a coffee-house, where the guests might obtain refreshments at any hour of the day; and likewise a *tavern*, where such of the guests as were addicted to intoxication might indulge themselves without the reserve which would be occasioned by the presence of more abstemious persons—among whom Mr. Mathew himself was one.

When Mr. Mathew returned from abroad, the duelling-mania was at its height. There were in London at that time—towards the conclusion of Queen Anne's reign—two gentlemen, a Major Pack and a Captain Creed, both of them accomplished fencers, who hearing of the daily exploits in duelling which took place in Dublin, repaired to that city in quest of adventures. Here they learned that Mr. Mathew had the reputation of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe; and Pack, firing at the news, insulted him by jostling one of his chairmen as he passed, and boasting of the exploit in a tavern as an affront which Mathew had not had spirit enough to resent. This brought about the desired consummation; and Mathew, accompanied by a friend, Macnamara, repaired to a tavern where they knew Pack and Creed were to be found. The sequel we give in the words of Mr. J. B. Burke, in his recent work, 'Anecdotes of the Aristocracy.' 'After securing the door, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying he had something to propose before they proceeded to action. He said that in cases of this nature he never could bear to be a cool spectator. "So, Sir," continued he, addressing himself to Creed, "if you please, I shall have the honour of entertaining you in the same manner." Creed made no other reply than that of immediately drawing his sword. The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists. Upon this occasion Mr. Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind. Creed had fallen first, on which Pack exclaimed, "Ah, poor Creed! are you gone?" Yes," replied Mathew with the utmost calmness, "and you shall instantly *pack* after him, at the same time making a home-trust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never known in his life, never before or after, to have aimed at a pun. The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seemed most miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the

desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed to it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice said to his companion, "*Creed*, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle." For a long time their lives were despaired of, but, to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterwards ensued, as they found them men of probity, and of the best disposition, except in this extravagant idea of duelling, of which, however, they were now perfectly cured."

Poet's Corner.

THE LAST MAN.

All wordly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to weep
Adown the the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun!
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids the go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will?—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recal
Life's tragedy again:
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the sythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skes
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumles agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him,
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bless unknown to beams of thine,
By him who recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

A Few years ago, towards the dusk of the evening, a stranger was leisurely pursuing his way towards a little tavern, situated at the foot of a mountain, in one of the western states of America. A little in advance of him, a negro, returning from the plough was singing the favourite Ethiopian melody,

'Gowine down to shinbone alley,
Long time ago!'

The stranger hailed him—'Hallo! uncle, you snowball?'
'Sah?' said the blacky, holding in his horses.
'Is that the half-way house ahead yonder?'
'No, sah, dat Massa Billy Lemond's hotel.'
'Hotel! eh! Billy Lemond!'
'Yes, sah, you know massa Billy? he used to live at the mouf of Ceder Creek; he dont move now though—he keeps a monsus nice house now, I tell you.'
'Indeed!'
'Yes, sah; you stop dah dis chening, I spec; all spectable gemplemen put up dare. You chaw backah, massa?'
'Yes, Sambo; here is some real cavendish for you.'
'Tankee, massa—tankee, sah—Quash my name.'
'Quash, eh?'
'Yes, sah, at your service. Oh!' grunted out the delighted African, 'dis is nice; he better dan de Green Riber; tankee, sah—tankee.'
'Well, Quash, what kind of person is Mr. Lemond?'
'Oh, he nice man—*monsus nice man*; empertain gemplemen in fust style, and I take care ov de horses. I 'blongs to

him, and though I say it, massa Billy mighty cleber man. He funny, too, tell a heap o' stories, 'bout ghoses and spirits, notwithstanding he 'fraid on 'em heself, too, my opinion.'

'Afraid of ghosts, eh?' said the traveller, musing. 'Well, go ahead, Quash—as it *is getting* late, I will stop with Mr. Lemond to-night.'

Yes, sah; gee up hoe, dobbin! go along, lively!' and setting off at a brisk trott, followed by the traveller, the musical Quash again broke out in 'Gwine down shinbone alley.'

The burden of 'Long time ago,' was taken up by one apparently in an adjoining corn-field, which occasioned Quash to prick up his ears with some surprise; he continued, however, with 'Long time ago,' and the same voice resounded again from the field,

'Who dat?' said the astonished negro, suddenly checking his horses and looking around on every side for the cause of his surprise.

'Oh, *never mind*; drive ahead, snowball; its some of your master's spirits, I suppose.

Quash in a very thoughtful mood, led the way to the tavern without another word. Halting before the door the stranger was soon waited on by the obliging Mr. Lemond, a bustling talkative gentleman, who greeted his customer with—'Light, sir, light—here, John! Quash! never mind your umbrella, sir, here, Quash, take off that trunk—walk in, sir—John, take out that chair box—come, sir—and carry his horse to the stable—do you prefer him to stand on a dirt floor, sir?'

'If you please, sir. He is rather particular about his lodgings.'

'Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and attend to him well; I always like to see a horse well attended; and this is a noble critter too,' continued the landlord, clapping him on the back.

'None of your familiarity,' said the horse, looking spitefully around at the astonished tavern-keeper.

'Silence, *Beelzebub*,' said the traveller, carressing the animal; and turning to the landlord observed, 'you must excuse him, sir; he is rather an aristocratic horse—the effect of education, sir.'

'He's a witch sir.'

'Wo hoa, Beelzebub! *loose* those traces, Quash. What are you staring at? He'll not eat you.'

'Come, landlord,' said Beelzebub, 'I want my oats.'

Quash scattered—the landlord backed up into the porch—and the traveller was fain to jump into his vehicle, and drive round in search of the stable himself. Having succeeded to his satisfaction in disposing of his horse, he returned to the tavern.

Anon supper came on. The eggs had apparently chickens in them—the landlord, confused at such a mortifying circumstance, promised the traveller amends from a cold pig, which as he inserted the carving-knife into it uttered a piercing squeak, which was responded to by a louder one from the landlady. Down went the knife and fork, and the perspiration began to grow in large loads upon the forehead of the host, as he looked carefully at the grunter; his attention was taken, however, by a voice from without, calling out, 'Hillo, house! landlord!

'Ay, coming gentlemen—more travellers—do help yourself, sir.'

'Coming, gentlemen; here John, a light, bring a light to the door—Sally, wait on the gentleman,'—and out the landlord bounced, followed by John with lights, but soon returned with looks of dissappointment—he declared there was no living being without. The voices called again—and the landlord, after going, returned the second time, declaring his belief that the whole plantation was haunted that night by evil spirits.

That night rumour sayeth, Mr. Billy Lemond slept with a candle burning in his room till morning, and those who pass there to this day, upon close examination, discover the heels of horse-shoes peeping over the door casement, as a bulwark against witches, hobgoblins, and other evil spirits.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY, ADVENTURES, Experience and Observation OF DAVID COPPERFIELD, OF BLUNDERSTONE ROOKERY,

(Which he never meant to be published, on any account.)

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.

I AM BORN.

Whether I shall turn to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by any body else, these pages must show. To begin my life with the beginning of my life, I record that I was born (as I have been informed and believe) on a Friday, at twelve o'clock at night. It was remarked that the clock began to strike, and I began to cry, simultaneously.

In consideration of the day and hour of birth, it was declared by the nurse, and by some sage women in the neighborhood, who had taken a lively interest in me several months before there was any possibility of our becoming personally acquainted; first, that I was destined to be unlucky in life, and secondly, that I was privileged to see ghosts and spirits—both these gifts inevitably attaching, as they believed, to all unlucky infants, of either gender, born towards the small hours on a Friday night.

I need say nothing here on the first head, because nothing can show better than my history whether that prediction was verified or falsified by the result. On the second branch of the question, I will only remark, that unless I ran through that part of my inheritance while I was still a baby, I have not come into it yet. But I do not at all complain of having been kept out of this property; and if any body else should be in the present enjoyment of it, he is heartily welcome to keep it.

I was born with a caul, which was advertised for sale, in the newspapers, at the low price of fifteen guineas. Whether sea-going people were short of money about that time, or were short of faith and preferred cork-jackets, I don't know; all I know is, that there was but one solitary bidding, and that from an attorney connected with the bill-broking business, who offered two pounds in cash, and the balance in Sherry, but declined to be guaranteed from drowning on any higher bargain. Consequently the advertisement was withdrawn at a dead loss—for as to sherry, my poor dear mother's own sherry was in the market then—and ten years afterwards the caul was put up in a raffle down in our part of the country to fifty members at half-a-crown a head, the winner to spend five shillings. I was present myself, and I remember to have felt quite uncomfortable and confused, at a part of myself being disposed of in that way. The caul was won, I recollect, by an old lady with a hand-basket, who, very reluc-

tantly, produced from it the stipulated five shillings, all in half-pence, and twopence halfpenny short; as it took an immense time and a great waste of arithmetic to endeavor without any effect to prove her. It is a fact which will be long remembered as remarkable down there, that she was never drowned, but died triumphantly in bed, at ninety-two. I have understood that it was, to the last, her proudest boast, that she never had been on the water in her life, except upon a bridge; and that over her tea (to which she was extremely partial) she, to the last, expressed her indignation at the impiety of mariners and others who had the presumption to go "meandering" about the world. It was in vain to represent to her that some conveniences, tea perhaps included, resulted from this objectionable practice. She always returned with greater emphasis and with an instinctive knowledge of the strengh of her objection, "Let us have no meandering."

Not no meander, myself, at present. I will go back to my birth.

I was born at Blunderstone, in Suffolk, or "thereby," as they say in Scotland. I was a posthumous child. My father's eyes had closed upon the light of this world six months, when mine opened on it. There is something strange to me, even now, in the reflection that he never saw me, and something stranger yet in the sha-dowy remembrance that I have of my first childish associations with his white grave-stone in the churchyard, and of the indefinable compassion I used to feel for it lying out alone there in the dark night, when our little parlor was warm and bright with fire and candle, and the doors of our house were—almost cruelly it seemed to me sometimes—bolted and locked against it.

An aunt of my father's, and consequently a great-aunt of mine, of whom I shall have more to relate by and by, was the principal magnate of our family. Miss Trotwood, or Miss Betsey, as my poor mother always called her, when she sufficiently overcame her dread of this formidable personage to mention her at all (which was seldom), had been married to a husband younger than herself, who was very handsome, except in the sense of the homely adage, "handsome is, that handsome does"—for he was strongly suspected of having beaten Miss Betsey, and even of having once, on a disputed question of supplies, made some hasty but determined arrangements to throw her out of a two pair of stairs' window. The evidences of an incompatibility of temper induced Miss Betsey to pay him off, and effect a separation by mutual consent. He went to India with his capital, and there, according to a will legend in our family, he was once seen riding on an elephant, in company with a Baboon; but I think it must have been a Baboo—or a Begum. Any how, from India tidings of his death reached home, within ten years. How they affected my aunt, nobody knew; for immediately upon the separation, she took her maiden name again, bought a cottage in a hamlet on the seacoast a long way off, established herself there as a single woman, with one servant, and was understood to live secluded, ever afterwards, in an inflexible retirement.

My father had once been a favorite of hers, I believe, but she was mortally affronted by his marriage, on the ground that my mother was "a wax doll." She had never my mother, but she knew her to be not yet twenty. My father and Miss Betsey never met again. He was double my mother's age when he married, and of but a delicate constitution. He died a year afterwards, and, as I have said, six months before I came into the world.

This was the state of matters, on the afternoon of what *I* may be excused for calling, that eventful and important Friday. I can make no claim therefore to have known, at that time, how matters stood, or to have any remembrance, founded upon the evidence of my own senses, of what follows.

My mother was sitting by the fire, but poorly in health, and very low in spirits, looking at it though her tears, and desponding heavily about herself and the fatherless little stranger who was already welcomed by some grosses of prophetic pins in a drawer up-stairs, to a world not at all excited on the subject of his arrival; my mother, I say, was sitting by the fire, that bright windy March afternoon, very timid and sad, and very doubtful of ever coming alive out of the trial that was before her; when, lifting her eyes as she dried them, to the window opposite, she saw a strange lady coming up the garden.

My mother had a sure foreboding at the second glance, that it was Miss Betsey. The setting sun was glowing on the strange lady, over the garden-fence, and she came walking up to the door with a fell rigidity of figure and composure of countenance that could have belonged to nobody else.

When she reached the house she gave another proof of her identity. My father had often hinted that she seldom conducted herself like any ordinary Christian; and now, instead of ringing the bell, she came and looked in at that identical window, pressing the end of her nose against the glass to that extent, that my poor dear mother used to say it became perfectly flat and white in a moment.

She gave my mother such a turn, that I have always been convinced I am indebted to Miss Betsey for having been born on a Friday.

My mother had left her chair in her agitation, and gone behind it in the corner. Miss Betsey, looking round the room, slowly and inquiringly, began on the other side, and carried her eyes on, like a Saracen's Head in a Dutch clock, until they reached my mother. Then she made a frown and a gesture to my mother, like one who is accustomed to be obeyed, to come and open the door. My mother went.

"Mrs. David Copperfield, I *think*," said Miss Betsey; the emphasis referring, perhaps, to my mother's mourning weeds, and her condition.

"Yes," said my mother faintly.

"Miss Trotwood," said the visitor. "You have heard of her, I dare say.

My mother answered she had had *that* pleasure. And she had a disagreeable consciousness of not appearing to imply that it had been an overpowering pleasure.

"Now you see her," said Miss Betsey. My mother bent her head, and begged her to walk in.

They went into the parlour my mother had come from—the fire in the best room on the other side of the passage not being lighted: not having been lighted, indeed, since my father's funeral—and when they were both seated, and Miss Betsey said nothing, my mother, after vainly trying to restrain herself, began to cry.

"Oh, tut, tut, tut!" said Miss Betsey, in a hurry, "Don't do that! Come, come."

My mother couldn't help it notwithstanding, so she cried until she had had her cry out.

"Take off your cap, child," said Miss Betsey, "and let me see you."

My mother was too much afraid of her to refuse compliance with this odd request, if she had any disposition to do so. Therefore she did as she was told, and did it with such nervous hands that her hair (which was luxuriant and beautiful) fell all about her face.

"Why, bless my heart!" exclaimed Miss Betsey. "You are a very Baby!"

My mother was, no doubt, unusually youthful in appearance even for her years; she hung her head, as if it were her fault, poor thing, and said, sobbing, that indeed she was afraid she was but a childish widow, and would be but a childish mother if she lived. In a short pause which ensued, she had a fancy that she felt Miss Betsey touch her hair, and that with no ungentle hand; but, looking at her, in her timid hope, she found that lady sitting with the skirt of her dress tucked up, her hands folded on one knee, and her feet upon the fender, frowning at the fire.

"In the name of Heaven," said Miss Betsey, suddenly, "why Rookery?"

"Do you mean the house, ma'am?" asked my mother.

"Why Rookery?" said Miss Betsey. "Cookery would have been more to the purpose, if you had had any practicial ideas of life, either of you."

"The name was Mr. Copperfield's choice," returned my mother. "When he bought the house, he liked to think that there were rooks about it."

The evening wind made such a disturbance just now, among some tall old elm trees at the bottom of the garden, that neither my mother nor Miss Betsey could forbear glancing that way. As the elms bent to one another, like giants who were whispering secrets, and afther a few seconds of such repose, fell into a violent flurry, tossing their wild arms about, as if their late confidences were really too wicked for their peace of mind, some weather-beaten ragged old rook's nests burdening their higher branches, swung like wrecks upon a stormy sea.

"Where are the birds?" asked Miss Betsey.

"The——?" My mother had been thinking of something else.

"The rooks—what has become of them?" asked Miss Betsey.

"There have not been any since we have lived here," said my mother. "We thought—Mr. Copperfield thought—it was quite a large rookery, but the nests were very old ones, and the birds have deserted them a long while."

"David Copperfield all over!" cried Miss Betsey. "David Copperfield from head to foot! Calls a house a rookery when there's not a rook near it, and takes the birds on trust, because he sees the nests!"

"Mr. Copperfield," returned my mother, "is dead, and if you dare to speak unkindly of him to me——"

My poor dear mother, I suppose, had some momentary intention of committing and assault and battery upon my aunt, who could easily have settled her with one hand, even if my mother had been in far better training for such an encounter than she was that evening. But it passed with the action of rising from her chair; and she sat down again very meekly, and fainted.

When she came to herself, or when Miss Betsey had restored her, whichever it was, she found the latter standing at the window. The twilight was by this time shading down into darkness; and dimly as they saw each other, they could not have done that, without the aid of the fire.

"Well!" said Miss Betsey, coming back to her chair, as if she had only been taking a casnal look at the prospect; "and when do you expect——"

"I am all in a tremble!" faltered my mother, "I don't know what's the matter. I shall die. I am sure!"

"No, no, no," said Miss Betsey. "Have some tea."

"Oh dear me, dear me, do you think it will do me any good?" cried my mother, in a helpless manner.

"Of course it will," said Miss Betsey. "It's nothing but fancy. What do you call your girl?"

"I don't know that it will be a girl yet, ma'am," said my mother innocently.

"Bless the Baby!" exclaimed Miss Betsay, unconscioly quoting the second sentiment of the pincushion in the drawer up stairs, but applying it to my mother instead of me. "I don't mean that. I mean your servant-girl."

"Peggotty," said my mother.

"Peggotty," repeated Miss Betsey, with some indignation. "Do you mean to say, child, that any human being has gone into a Christian church, and got herself named Peggotty?"

"It's her surname," said my mother, faintly, "Mr. Copperfield called her by it, because her Christian name was the same as mine."

"Here! Peggotty!" cried Miss Betsey, opening the parlor door. "Tea. Your mistress is a little unwell. Don't dawdle."

Having issued this mandate with as much potentiality as if she had been a recognized authority in the house ever since it had been a house, and having looked out to confront the amazed Peggotty coming along the passage with a candle at the sound of a strange voice, Miss Betsey shut the door again, and sat down as before: with her feet on the fender, the skirt of her dress tucked up, and her hands folded on one knee.

"You were speaking about Its being a girl," said Miss Betsey. "I have no doubt it will be a girl. I have a presentiment that it must be a girl. Now child, from the moment of the birth of this girl!—"

"Perhaps boy," my mother took the liberty of putting in.

"I tell you I have a presentiment that it must be a girl," returned Miss Betsey. "Don't contradict. From the moment of this girl's birth, child, I intend to be her friend. I intend to be her godmother, and I beg you'll call her Betsey Trotwood Copperfield. There must be no mistakes in life with this Betsey Trotwood. There must be no trifling with *her* affections, poor dear. She must be well brought up, and well guarded from reposing any foolish confidence where they are not deserved. I must make that *my* care."

There was a twitch of Miss Betsey's head, after each of these sentences, as if her own old wrongs were working within her, and she repressed any plainer reference to them by strong constraint. So my mother suspected at least, as she observed her by the low glimmer of the fire; too much scared by Miss Betsey, too uneasy in

herself, and too subdued and bewildered altogether, to observe any thing very clearly, or to know what to say.

"And was David good to you, child?" asked Miss Betsey, when she had been silent for a little while, and these motions of her head had gradually ceased. "Were you comfortable together?"

"We were very happy," said my mother. "Mr. Copperfield was only too good to me."

"What, he spoilt you, I suppose?" returned Miss Betsey.

"For being quite alone and dependent on myself in this rough world again, yes, I fear he did indeed," sobbed my mother.

Well! Don't cry!" said Miss Betsey. "You were not equally matched, child—if any two people *can* be equally matched—and so I asked the question. You were an orphan, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"And a governess?"

"I was nursery-governess in a family where Mr. Copperfield came *to visit*. Mr. Copperfield was very kind to me, and took a great deal of notice of me and paid me a good deal of *attention*, and at last proposed to me. And I accepted him. And so we were married," said my mother simply.

"Ha! poor Baby!.' mused Miss Betsey, with her frown still bent upon the fire. "Do you know any thing?"

"I beg your pardon ma'am," faltered my mother.

"About keeping house, for instance," said Miss Betsey.

"Not much I fear," returned my mother. "Not so much as I could wish. But Mr. Copperfield was teaching me—"

("Much he knew about it himself!" said Miss Betsey in a parenthesis.)

—"And I hope I should have improved, being very anxious to learn, and he very patient to teach, if the great misfortune of his death"—my mother broke down again here, and could get no farther.

"Well, well!" said Miss Betsey.

—"I kept my Housekeeping-Book regularly and balanced it with Mr. Copperfield every night," cried my mother in another burst of distress, and breaking down again.

"Well, well!" said Miss Betsey "Don't cry any more."

—"And I am sure we never had a word of difference respecting it, except when Mr. Copperfield objected to my threes and fives being too much like each other, or to my putting curly tails to my sevens and nines," resumed my mother in another burst, and breaking down again.

"You'll make yourself ill," said Miss Betsey, "and you know that will not be good either for you or for my god-daughter. Come! You mustn't do it!"

This argument had some share in quieting my mother, though her increasing indisposition perhaps had a larger one. There was an interval of silence, only broken by Miss Betsey's occasionally ejaculating "Ha!" as she sat with her feet upon the fender.

"David had bought an annuity for himself with his money, I know," said she, by and by. "What did he do for you?"

"Mr. Copperfield," said my mother, answering with some difficulty, "was so considerate and good as to secure the reversion of a part of it to me."

"How much?" asked Miss Betsey.

"A hundred and five pounds a year," said my mother.

"He might have done worse," said my aunt.

The word was appropriate to the moment. My mother was so much worse that Peggotty, coming in with the teaboard and candles, and seeing at a glance how ill she was,—as Miss Betsey might have done sooner if there had been light enough,—conveyed her up stairs to her own room with all speed, and immediately dispatched Ham Peggotty, her nephew, who had been, for some days past, secreted in the house, unknown to my mother, as a special messenger in case of emergency to fetch the nurse and Doctor.

Those allied powers were considerably astonished when they arrived within a few minutes of each other, to find and unknown lady of portentous appearance, sitting before the fire, with her bonnet tied over her left arm, stopping her ears with jewellers' cotton. Peggotty knowing nothing about her, and my mother saying nothing about her, she was quite a Mystery in the parlor; and the fact of her having a magazine of jewellers' cotton in her pocket, and sticking the article in her ears in that way, did not detract from the solemnity of her presence.

The Doctor having been up stairs and come down again, and having satisfied himself, I suppose, that there was a probability of this unknown lady and himself having to sit there, face to face, for some hours, laid himself out to be polite and social. He was the meekest of his sex, the mildest of little men. He sidled in and out of a room, to take up the less space. He walked as softly ar the Ghost in Hamlet—and more slowly. He carried his head on one side, partly in modest depreciation of himself, partly in modest propitiation of every body else. It is nothing to say that he hadn't a word to throw at a dog. He couldn't have *thrown* a word at a mad dog. He might have offered him one gently, or half a one, or a fragment of one; for be spoke as slowly as he walked; but he wouldn't have been rude to him, and he couldn't have been quick with him, for any earthly consideration.

Mr. Chillip, looking mildly at my aunt, with his head one side, and making her a little bow, said, in allusion to the jewellers' cotton, as he softly touched his left ear:

"Some local irritation, ma'am?"

"What!" replied my aunt, pulling the cotton out of one ear like a cork.

Mr. Chillip was so alarmed by her abruptness—as he told my mother afterwards—that it was a mercy he didn't lose his his presence of mind. But he repeated, sweetly:

"Some local irritation, ma'am."

"Nonsense!" replied my aunt, and corked hersel again, at one blow.

Mr. Chillip could do nothing after this, but sit and look at her feebly, as she sat and looked at the fire, until he was called up stairs again. After some quarter of an hour's absence, he returned.

"Well?" said my aunt, taking the cotton out of the ear nearest to him.

"Well ma'am," returned Mr. Chillip, "we are—we are progressing slowly, ma'am."

(To be continued.)

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