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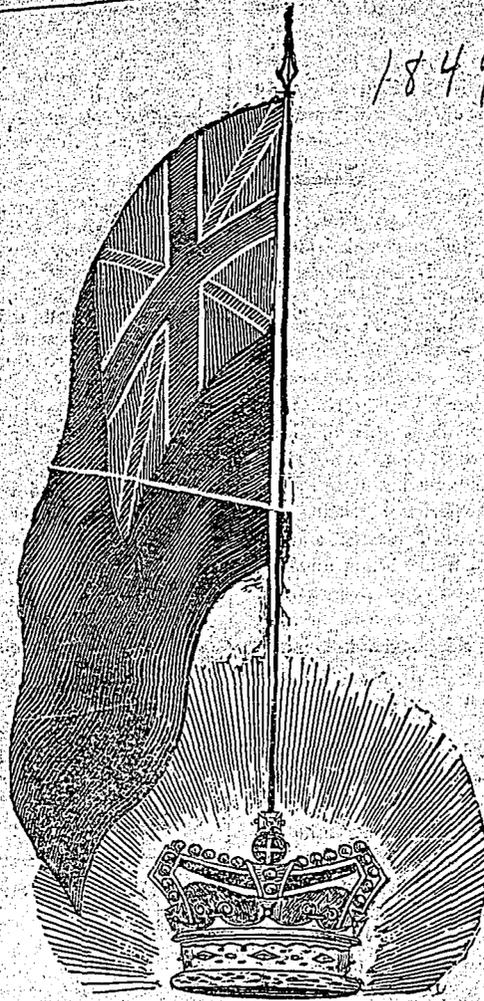
1849

OF

BRITISH

North

America.



Vol. 1.

QUEBEC, 26TH MAY, 1849.

No. 7.

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ON DRUNKENNESS.

No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in. Drunkenness is unfortunately of this number. A drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made; as, indeed, there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed in the eyes of all

reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard; This vice of drunkenness has a fatal effect on the mind, the body and fortune of the person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it. The sober man by the strength of reason may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but drink makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, and show itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. When a young fellow complained to an old philosopher that his wife was not handsome "Put less water in your wine," says the philosopher, "and you will quickly make her so," wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness, it often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment; it makes vanity unsupportable; and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity. Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and shew them in the most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of Seneca, that drunkenness does not produce but discovers faults, common experience teaches the contrary. Drink throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with, after drinking, is not the same man who at first sat down at table with you. Upon this maxim is founded the following saying, Qui ebrium ludificat, lœdit absentem—"He who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent."

Thus does drunkenness act in a direct contradiction to reason, whose business it is to clear the mind of every vice which has crept into it, and to guard it against all the approaches of any that endeavours to make its entrance. But besides those ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its denomination, it has also a bad influence on the mind, even in its sober moments; as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

ANIMALS OF NORTH AMERICA.

THE SKUNK.

Of all the animals, the skunk is the most curious, and the most detested. It has claws and teeth, but is too timid to use them, and is so slow of foot that it might seem to be completely in the power of its enemies; but the most ferocious of these, while still at a distance of many feet from their prey, turn tail, and fly, or run their noses into the earth, and roll and tumble, as if in convulsions. As for a man, he

usually runs from the little animal which is only seventeen inches long, as if a lion were at his heels. The means furnished by nature for this creature's defence, is simply a liquid, contained in two small sacs on each side of the tail, and which it is able to discharge at its enemies to a distance as measured by our authors, of fourteen feet. It takes an unerring aim, saluting a dog in the face and eyes, and setting the animal distracted with pain and inexpressible loathing. So offensive and so permanent is the odour of this liquid (which has nothing to do with the ordinary excretions,) that clothes once sprinkled with it are useless. No washing, no perfume, not even burying them for a month in the earth, has the slightest effect. The following is an account of the adventure of one of our authors with a skunk:—"It happened in our early schoolboy days that once, when the sun had just set, as we were slowly wending our way home from the house of a neighbour, we observed in the path before us a pretty little animal, playful as a kitten, moving quietly along; soon it stopped, as if waiting for us to come near, throwing up its long bushy tail, turning round and looking at us like some old acquaintance. We pause and gaze; what is it? It is not a young puppy or a cat; it is more gentle than either; it seems desirous to keep company with us, and, like a pet poodle, appears most happy when only a few paces in advance, preceding us, as if to show the path. What a pretty creature to carry home in our arms! It seems too gentle to bite; let us catch it. We run towards it; it makes no effort to escape, but waits for us; it raises its tail, as if to invite us to take hold of its brush; we seize it instantly, and grasp it with the energy of a miser clutching a box of diamonds; a short struggle ensues, when—faugh! we are suffocated; our eyes, nose, and face are suddenly bespattered with the most horrible fetid fluid. Imagine to yourself, reader, our surprise, our disgust, the sickening feelings that almost overcome us. We drop our prize, and take to our heels, too stubborn to cry, but too much alarmed and discomfited just now to take another look at the cause of our misfortune, and effectually undeceived as to the real character of this seemingly mild and playful little fellow."

SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

GENERAL GOUGH.

After fifty-four years of active service, Lord Gough retires from command, amid acclamations as loud as they are universal; at a period, too, when there is no further work to be done, except that of turning to account, for the prevention of future wars, the victory consummated by his courage, and by that of the brave officers and army by whom he was supported. Lord Gough, as the country was reminded by Sir Robert Peel, has now received the thanks of Parliament five times for his brilliant services: first in China, and during the later period of his life, at the decisive battles of Ferozeshah, Sobraon, and Goojorat. And we learn from the statement of Sir James Weir Hogg, that the veteran, in the course of his long and brilliant career, has fought fifteen pitched battles, and that every one has been a victory. To such a career, the total defeat

of the Sikh force at Goojerat is an appropriate termination. By that battle a great and costly war has been brought to an end. Our moral as well as physical supremacy has been vindicated. The ambitious, able, and restless enemies of our power have been taught, in the school of a sanguinary experience, that neither treachery nor force can prevail against us. Their pride has been humbled, their self-confidence abated, their means of offensive operations against us effectually crippled, and our future intercourse with them placed upon a footing which will secure us for a long time, if not in perpetuity, against any renewal of the treacherous hostility which has been so effectually punished.

This veteran soldier (who has just been honoured with the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for his recent brilliant services in India,) was born November 3, 1779; and is the fourth son of George Gough, Esq., of Woodstown, county Limerick, and Letitia, daughter of the late Thomas Bunbury, Esq., of Lisneval and Moyle, county Carlow. Lord Gough entered the army as Ensign, August 7, 1794, the same year with Sir Charles Napier; and his Lordship is but seven years the junior of the Duke of Wellington, who has been nearly sixty-two years in commission.

Lord Gough's other commissions bear date as follows:—Lieutenant, 11th October, 1794; Captain, 25th June, 1803; Major, 8th August, 1805; Lieutenant-Colonel, 28th July, 1809; Colonel, 12th August, 1819; Major General, 22nd July, 1830; Lieutenant-General, 23rd November, 1841.

Lord Gough served at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope and the Dutch fleet in Saldanha Bay, 1795. He served afterwards in the West Indies, including the attack on Porto Rico, the brigand war in St Lucia, and capture of Surinam. He proceeded to the Peninsula in 1809; and commanded the 87th at the battles of Talavera, Barossa, Vittoria, and Nivelle, for which engagements he has received a Cross. He also commanded this regiment at the sieges of Cadiz and Tarrifa, where he was wounded in the head. At the battle of Talavera, his horse was shot under him; and he himself was severely wounded afterwards in the side by a shell; for his conduct in this action, the Duke of Wellington subsequently recommended that his Lieutenant-Colonelcy should be antedated to the date of his despatch, thus making him the first officer who ever received Brevet rank for services performed in the field at the head of a regiment. At Barossa, his regiment captured the eagle of the 8th French Regiment, and at Vittoria they captured the *bâton* of Marshal Jourdan. At Nivelle, he was again severely wounded. He commanded the land force at Canton (for which he was made a G. C. B.,) and during nearly the whole of the operations in China—for which service he was made a Baronet. On the 29th December, 1843, with the right wing of the army of Gwalior, he defeated a Mahratta force at Maharajpore, and captured 56 guns, &c. In 1845 and 1846, the army under his personal command defeated the Sikh army at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sohraon; for which services he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and was raised to the Peerage. Lord Gough is Colonel of his old and gallant regiment, the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers. His Lordship has held the office of Commander-in-Chief, in India for six years, having been appointed the 15th March, 1843.

Lord Gough married, in 1807, Frances-Maria, daughter of the late General Edward Stephens, Governor of Plymouth, and has issue one son and four daughters.

NEW YORK.

CONFESSIONS OF CON CREGAN,

THE IRISH GILBLAS.

We have great pleasure in calling public attention to a new work, which we believe is from the prolific pen of that universal genius and highly talented Irishman, SAMUEL LOVER, bearing the above attractive title. It is being published in monthly parts, and the English papers are unanimous in praise of its interesting and amusing progress—we have seen one or two numbers, and quite agree with the able reviewer in the *London Athenæum* "that the manner of the writer happily corresponds with his matter, that an easier flow of narration, without obtrusive familiarity, or a yet more offensive untidiness, does not occur to us than we find in CON CREGAN." We publish an extract which may prove interesting to our readers, but must preface it by letting them know that CON CREGAN after being initiated into the mysteries of vagabond life in Dublin, is entrapped on board the *Fire Fly* Yacht, and the next account we have of him is that he has been left alone in the Island of *Anticosti* in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There he is picked up by the *Hampden*, troop-ship, bound for Quebec, with Her Majesty's—th. The roguish smartness of CON soon provides him with patrons among the officers. Captain Pike is particularly pleased with his volubility and sharpness of repartee, recommends him to a situation in a Quebec Hotel, as a "first-rate English servant," and stores his pockets with subscription dollars, raised by the officers, to enable him to turn out like a "gentleman," which of course CON can do without so much as a "Shin Plaster," to quicken his gentility. CON is happy enough at description, and though Quebec has often been laid under descriptive contribution, it is excellently handled by the free-and-easy pencil of Mr. Cregan:

QUEBEC.

"As viewed from Diamond Harbour, a more striking city than Quebec is seldom seen. The great rock rising above the Lower-Town, and crowned with its batteries, all bristling with guns, seemed to my eyes the very realisation of impregnability. I looked from the ship that lay tranquilly on the water below, and whose decks were thronged with blue-jackets—to the Highlander who paced his short path as sentry some hundred feet high upon the wall of the fortress; and I thought to myself, with such defenders as these, that standard yonder need never carry any other banner.

"The whole view is panoramic; the bending of the river shuts out the channel by which you have made your approach, giving the semblance of a lake, on whose surface vessels of every nation lie at anchor, some with the sails hung out to dry, gracefully drooping from the taper spars; others refitting again for sea, and loading the huge pine-trunks, moored as vast rafts to the stern. There were people every-where; all was motion, life, and activity. Jolly-boats with twenty oars, man-of-war gigs bounding rapidly past them with eight; canoes skimming by without a ripple, and seemingly without impulse, till you caught sight of the

lounging figure, who lay at full length in the stern, and whose red features were scarce distinguishable from the copper-coloured bark of his boat. Some moved upon the rafts, and even on single trunk of trees, as, separated from the mass, they floated down on the swift current; boathook in hand, to catch at the first object chance might offer them. The quays, and the streets leading down to them, were all thronged; and, as you cast your eye upwards, here and there above the tall roofs might be seen the winding flight of stairs that lead to the Upper Town, alike dark with the moving tide of men. On every embrasure and gallery, on every terrace and platform, it was the same. Never did I behold such a human tide!

"Now, there was something amazingly inspiring in all this, particularly when coming from the solitude and monotony of a long voyage. The very voices that ye-hood; the hoarse challenge of the sentinels on the Rook; the busy hum of the town—made delicious music to my ear; and I could have stood and leaned over the bulwark for hours, to gaze at the scene. I own no higher interest invested the picture—for I was ignorant of Wolfe. I had never heard of Montcalm—the plains of 'Abram' were to me but grassy slopes, and 'nothing more.' It was the life and stir—the tide of that human ocean, on which I longed myself to be a swimmer—these were what charmed me. Nor was the deck of the old 'Hampton' inactive all the while, although seldom attracting much of my notice: soldiers were mustering, knapsacks packing, rolls calling, belts buffing, and coats brushing on all sides; men grumbling, sergeants cursing, officers swearing, half-dressed invalids popping up their heads out of hatchways, answering to wrong names, and doctors ordering them down again with many an anathema, soldiers in the way of sailors, and sailors, always hauling at something that interfered with the inspection drill; every one in the wrong place, and each cursing his neighbour for stupidity.

"At last the shore-boats boarded us, as if our confusion wanted anything to increase it. Red-faced harbour-masters shook hands with the skipper and pilot, and disappeared into the 'round-house' to discuss grog and the late gales. Officers from the garrison came out to welcome their friends—for it was the second battalion we had on board of a regiment whose first had been some years in Canada; and then what a rush of inquiries were exchanged. 'How's the Duke?'—'All quiet in England?'—'No sign of war in Europe?'—'Are the 8th come home?'—'Whore's Forbes?'—'Has Davern sold out?'—with a mass of such small interests as engage men who live in coteries.

"Then there were emissaries for newspapers, eagerly hunting for spiey rumours, not found in the last journals; writers of hotels, porters, guides, Indians with mocassins to sell, and a hundred other functionaries bespeaking custom and patronage; and although often driven over the side most ignominiously at one moment, certain to re-appear the next, at the opposite gangway.

"How order could ever be established in this floating Babel I know not, and yet at last all got into train somehow."



WITHERED HOPES.

A DREAMER'S TALE.

(Continued from page 76.)

We were kindly welcomed. My introduction of Harley, and the knowledge of the deep-seated friendship between us, was enough to save him from any stiffness of reception at the hands of the colonel or Miss Montagu. We had no idle parade, no chilling formality to encounter; and cheering it is, after wandering far among strangers, to find yourself with those of your own country once more. The evening passed off quickly and joyously. I had unnumbered reminiscences of old times to speak about. Harley's profession brought him near the colonel, but I could detect very often a distrust look and manner which enabled me to read his heart. We at length took a reluctant leave at a late, or rather an early hour, and returned to our hostelry.

Next day we gave a morning call, and continually, day after day, was one or another excuse in readiness for our visiting our kind friends at the villa. Sometimes it was to form a party to the sights of the city; sometimes to join in an excursion to the delightful Vale of Arno; then Colonel Montagu was often ailing, and it was necessary to inquire for him, or only kind to sit with the old man, and amuse him by talking or reading when he was unable himself to move about. When are people so amiable as when under that most humanizing influence of deep and tender passion? even in my eyes Harley never before appeared so attractive, and soon from "your friend," he was alone spoken of at the villa as "our friend."

I felt no qualms of conscience on account of what I was doing. Emily, I could plainly see, was not insensible to his worth, nor could I else than rejoice in the rising feeling of interest wherewith she regarded him. I knew him to be worthy of her hand, and I knew that his whole mind was filled with the one omnipotent thought of being accepted by her. Waking or sleeping, from the moment he had casually beheld her at the opera, no other idea engrossed him—such is the folly, such is the sincerity of a first passion!

I have no thrilling incident to relate of heroism on the part of my friend, whereby he was enabled to evidence the strength and sincerity of his love, nor shall I invent any to embellish a story the whole of whose claims must rest upon its truth. But if ever esteem, gradually ripening from day to day, can supply the place of those feelings of gratitude which such an event must awaken, then was not Harley a sufferer from the want of this opportunity. A being formed to be loved, no wonder his attentions soon attracted the notice of an affectionate romantic girl.

At length matters were hurried to a crisis. Harley's leave of absence was to expire in a fortnight; and the visible emotion with which Emily received the news, if it made the colonel anxiously question himself about my friend's sincerity, left him in at least no doubt with respect to the state of his daughter's heart.

"John," said he to me, as on the following day we took a stroll together to the river's banks, "I have since yesterday been every moment upbraiding myself for my gross forgetfulness of a father's duty. The feelings of your friend for Miss Montagu, if I had not been purblind, I might have read long ago; and since these tidings of his departure have come, it is plain to me that my girl reciprocates them too warmly for her peace of mind. But there is no one in fault except myself. Tell me more about this Harley; his bearing is gallant—is his heart so? or is the conquest of a poor girl's affection a matter engaged in by him as by others, for éclat? Soldiers' vows, I am sorry to say it, are lightly spoken, and sometimes lightly broken also."

I satisfied the old man. "In birth, colonel, he is her equal; in fortune he is not behind her; and in the purity of his affections deserving even of such a being." I said much more and soothed his agitation as well as I could, for the thick drops of agony and fear were gathering on his brow, and he seemed to listen to me as to one who was allotting to him a portion of life or death.

And Emily—how fared it with her? If her father had such sad conflicting thoughts, how far shared she in them? Sometimes she deemed Harley's attentions only the courtly manners of the polished man of the world. Then, there was something of tenderness in that mild eye, which bespoke sincerity, and the softness of voice with which he would sometimes address her told more than the most eloquent pleading. Oh! how she did love him when such memories came to her. Then her father! if Harley were sincere, could she ever forgive herself this deception? She would fly to the old man, and ask his counsel and protection; but then, how could she own her love, when, after all, Harley might be only simulating? It would be unmaidenly, and she could not do it.

Emily was to be pitied; loving, adolizing her father as she did, this was her first and only concealment from him—it was ungenerous; it was unkind, and she felt it keenly. The reserve which sits so lightly upon the heart, when the world has driven it back upon itself, and taught it the stern necessity for dissembling, is a pain and a burden in the days of our happy inexperience. Confidence in early youth is a natural impulse; it is only when we are deceived and wounded we begin to deny our real feelings and assume false ones. We diplomatize in our self-defence, and gradually cease accusing ourselves for doing so: in the harlequin play of life if we wear no mask, we only attract ridicule for being unlike the rest.

At length all reasons for reserve were swept away: Harley was obliged to prepare for his departure. A few days before his leaving he found means to avow his love, and was surprised, as most men are in such cases, to discover the lady knew it long before. He set out after a passionate adieu, and returned to England the accepted lover of Emily Montagu.

CHAPTER 3.

“These pleasures.

End in delusion.”—*Faust*, by Shelley.

I must now hurry on matters, else my tale may become tedious. What remains did not pass under my own observation, but I heard it immediately after its occurrence, and can consequently detail it with tolerable accuracy.

Harley returned to England; the Montagus, whose tour was nearly completed, followed soon; while I, who had the world all before me—and a homeless might roam from Chamouni to China, without caring exactly where to rest—continued my solitary stroll through the Tuscan duke's territories. Thence passing southward to the papal states, I for a while made the eternal city my head-quarters; but tiring of it, went on to Naples, where I spent a glorious three months; and where I was when the remainder of my little tale took place.

I had frequently letters from Harley and two or three from Colonel Montagu. I was pained to hear that the health of the latter was each day declining; he had received some benefit from his continental tour, but his love of home, like the Switzer's *heimwuch*, had urged him to return. “I have now only one wish,” he wrote to me, “to see my child settled in life; so soon as this marriage takes place I shall be content, and shall close my eyes in peace.” They were all sitting at Ashton, but were to come up to town in the winter for medical advice.

Winter came on, and one day the post brought me tidings that all arrangements were completed. A day was mentioned for which the marriage was fixed, and I was strongly entreated to give up my lonely habits and be present, Harley sportively adding in a P. S.—

“Come to me dear Jack; if it were only to give me away. I do not know how to get through the awful ceremony without you, and as you began it I think I can with justice call on you to see me fairly over the business. My Emily joins and begs you for old times' sake to be here. Mind, we take no excuse.”

So I was preparing to set out, and had applied for my passport, when I was seized with a malaria fever, which left me scarcely strength and intelligence to write to my friends

excusing myself on some other plea, and entreating that everything should go on without me.

Three weeks of languishing, two of madness, and the last of nervous excitement, so distressing that the Italian leech despaired of my recovery. Yet I struggled through it, slowly to be sure but successfully, and the first use I made of returning strength was to creep along towards England to witness and rejoice in the happiness of my friends. I had heard nothing from them since the date of my illness, when I wrote to excuse myself.

There is nothing for the languid sick man so beneficial as this passing from place to place. The isolation of the dreary hours of suffering is exchanged for the consciousness of healthful and bounding life; and days of pleasant journeying, and nights of refreshing repose, take the place of those seasons of dreadful restlessness, in which we say in the morning, would to God it were even! and at even would to God it were morning!

I have been obliged to make this introduction, for my sickness prevented my witnessing what is to follow. I shall put together the details of it as well as I can, though this must be imperfectly, and shall now resume the proper narrative form.

I have said every arrangement had been completed for the coming union. Gay dresses were purchased, a handsome travelling carriage was just finished, the usual legal settlements made, the parson was noticed, and the old clerk of St. George's had begun to speculate upon the handsome fee that awaited him. In other words, the day before that fixed for the marriage had come round.

A number of relations were come to them for the occasion, and the town residence of the Montagus was full as it might well be. A happy dinner party they had of it that day, though dashed at times with looks of seriousness and moments of depression, for the partings consequent upon such occasions take away from them a great deal of their joy. Night came, and they separated, and the rejoicing lover returned to his barracks, believing that on the morrow he was to claim his winsome bride.

“Harley! Harley!” said the colonel, “you have gained a warm heart, may you know how to keep it.”

But why did the old man's lips tremble and his voice falter and fail, when Emily came to him that night for her farewell kiss and blessing? Far away at first were his thoughts then, in a burning land where beneath the shadow of the palm tree her mother's cold form had been laid. He remembered a similar wish, and charges like what he had given Harley given to himself about that precious one, but that they availed him not to keep her from the destroyer. And now there was to be a new separation, and who could tell what exchange Emily was to make! Man was uncertain, and she was to leave him for this stranger.

“Yet would it not be selfish,” said he, when he reached his own room and had closed the door—“would it not be most selfish of me to have it otherwise? I should soon leave her behind me and alone in the world; how blessed the certainty that she has found a protector!”

“Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire!” said one, speaking by the voice of inspiration, and adopting imagery drawn from knowledge of the human heart at once just and perfect. When the family separated for the evening, Emily, with all a maiden's fondness for gay clothing, and with her poor little heart throbbing with joy and anxiety for the day that was fast coming round, went to her room to give her last look-over to the wedding garments which were there laid out in profusion. An hour or more was occupied in this harmless pleasure, and she half blushed as she caught herself looking very often in the glass, “wondering what Charles will say to this new bonnet!” or “how shall I twin this ringlet?” Time moved on; she had no inclination for sleep, so bidding Louise, her Swiss servant, leave some water that she might bathe her feet in, and then go to rest, she drew her chair over to the fire, and taking up a book began to read.

It was a curious old German romance, abounding in the mysticism so characteristic of that singular nation. Her mind

wandered, nor with her greatest efforts could she succeed in getting through it connectedly, yet it was suited to her mood in this respect as every page contained fragments of striking thought rather than a closely woven and continuous history. There was in it the strength of a powerful intellect blended with extreme credulity and superstition. She would sometimes, when caught by an idea whose wildness raised it almost to sublimity, rest her head upon her open hand, and pause that she might bring her mind to bear more closely upon the writer's meaning. One of these remarks was to the effect, that on occasions which are epochs in our history, from their pregnant blessing or misfortune, the dead who love us wander back from their spirit-land that they may be near to witness our happiness or relieve our woes. She breathed quick as she read it, and moaned out once or twice the word "Mother," and glanced around her inquiringly, as if she expected her eye would somewhere encounter that loved form. It was expectation, and yet it was dread, the longing for the sight of one so dear, and the mortal shinking from a visitant fresh from the earthly grave.

She laid aside the volume: it had made her nervous and agitated—"why had she taken it up at all?" and going over, (according to a custom she had given herself, she flung up) her window, and looked out on the night. The moon was sailing high, through drifting masses of watery vapour, lighting up the heavens in her own immediate neighbourhood, but leaving all the rest in gloom. Here and there a few stars were to be seen; and though the angry clouds continually swept them away, yet in the intervals she could discover them again shining on with pale and ineffectual light. In the square before her, the lamps burned faintly and far between; many of them had been extinguished by the strong sudden gusts, while those that remained flickered and were swayed to and fro by the driving wind. The trees in the enclosure tossed wildly about their cumbrous arms, and bereft of their foliage, added to the dreariness of the scene. Still it was cooling to her throbbing temples to let that breeze sweep past her; nor heeded she the rain drops, heavy and thick, it sometimes brought with it, and dashed against her face and bosom. On the opposite side of the square, high up in a tall house, a single taper was burning; it was some company to her, and she was glad to see it there. But she wondered what it was they were doing in that room; were they keeping their vigils by a sick bed, or was it some torturing conscience which could not rest, or some quiet student denying himself the blessing enjoyed by the poorest of his kind? Her busy fancy framed a hundred different scenes, upon which that thin jet of flame might be looking down.

In the remote horizon, far away over a wilderness of building, she could see the grey tins of morning beginning to break out; so, hastily closing the window, she returned to the table where she had been reading, and prepared now to seek the rest her exhausted body and mind both required.

If there had been a volume to excite, was there none to compose? A silver-clasped Bible which lay near her she now took up, and read in it for a little while. It was so encouraging and soothing, and so full of immortal promise, that all anxieties and fears at once fled away. Then she knelt down, and from those pure lips the names dear to her heart were named in earnest and faithful supplication.

It was a sight for angels. That young spiritual head—those locks commingling with the skies—that slight, and delicate, and exquisitely moulded form—that fire of thought kindled at no earthly shrine—that holy mind from which the world and worldly things were all excluded!

A last employment she had made of it on earth: yet was it well to bid the world such an adieu, we find something in exalted hope to remove the agony and bitterness of parting.

Her orisons ended—the last she used, the last she needed—she had partially undressed, when she recollected the water Louise had been ordered to leave, and which was now scarcely tepid, so unconscious had she been of the passing away of time. "Ha, well thought of!" was her remark, as she took a light from the dressing table, and laid it on the floor

by the side of the washing vessel. She then brought over a chair, sat down, lifting a foot to place it in the water—that movement was a fatal one! The wavy folds of the poor girl's dress caught the candle-blaze, and, shrieking with terror, she ran to the door for help, and pulled it open. There, if possible, the current of air made matters worse; and while the alarmed family rushed from their different rooms to her assistance, the night-wind blowing over the balustrades and along the corridor soon enveloped her in one sheet of flame. It at last subsided. Medical aid was procured, London provided its best; and all was done that was possible, but in vain. Some vital part had been injured, and on the third day she expired.

Here I would willingly pause. It gives me no pleasure to refer to things which, in mercy, I was spared witnessing, or to revive memories that have long since, in all probability, passed away from every one upon earth beside. But I find my story will be too fragmentary, if I here break off; and I will not leave it incomplete, since I have brought my reader along with me so far.

In the morning, true to his time, at an early hour the intended husband came. His hopes were at last to be realized, all his bright anticipations were now to receive their accomplishment, and love's young dream was playing its enchantment with his soul.

He knocked. "Why was there a muffle on the knocker and those blinds were undrawn—was he right in the house?" He walked some paces back and looked up. "Yes! he was quite right, but what could it be; something had gone wrong," his foreboding heart whispered, "since he left the place no half-a-doven hours before."

The door was at last—how long they were!—opened, and in the terrified look of the domestic he read his doom.

"In heaven's name, what's the matter?" gasped poor Harley. "Collins, who is sick—dead?"

Whatever answer he got, he burst up stairs with a wild cry of terror: no announcement, no explanation would be waited for—"He would know the worst, and speak to her himself!" The family met him on the outside of the room, and endeavoured to bear him away; but he broke through them, and with an hysterical laugh asked, "Would they keep him from his bride?"

And moodily and fixedly did he seat him down by her side. They were one in heart; and though the priest spake no over them the church benison, were united, they felt, a lasting in affection. She was glad so see him; and exquisite as were her sufferings, not even these could distract her love. She constantly murmured over his name; and all the afterwanderings of her senses, "poor, poor Charles!" was a sound they could easily detect in the midst of broken and incoherent ravings.

And was she resigned to die—she who had promised herself only now to live? She was. One strong wish alone possessed her, and it was this, that her betrothed's heart should be reconciled to the awful change. In her intervals of reason she spoke to him gently and quietly about her departure. She even gave him some directions for her burial, which he religiously fulfilled, and entreated him to submit as a man with fortitude, as a Christian with hope.

She died, as I said before, on the third day. When reached England it had been all over for a month, and had ceased being the current gossip of the metropolis; even the newspapers did not give any "further particulars," and the world went on quietly and pleasantly, as if no such thing had happened. So speedeth the current of life: the voyage sinks, and the bubbles of his drowning agony soon pass away, nor ever tells the smooth surface what hideous sights may be seen beneath, and what deeds have been done by those smiling waves. And the gay and the venturesome put out in their well-rigged barks; with swelling sail and flaunting pennon they at first move on, but surely in the end cometh the self-same destiny; and, encountering it, they receive at the hands of their fellows just the same amount of sympathy they were ready themselves to impart.

A double funeral on the same day entered the gates of Ashton church-yard. They who were so loving in their life

in death were not divided. The father and child rest there together, and the family vault received at once the last lingering remnants of a long line. Shall I not say—they sleep well?

Harley I found at an obscure fishing village of Devonshire. He was calm, very calm, and quiet; the strong hand of grief had tamed him, and every wild pulsation of life had departed. He was so gentle, too, that I could do with him exactly as I pleased; and at times he would talk to me with something of his former animation; when, as it were, surprised at his own cheerfulness, he would pause in the midst of a sentence, and in the fitful uncertainty of grief leave it unfinished. "She was not dead," he would say—"he was going up to town to meet her, and be married. That was a cruel story those unfeeling people were spreading abroad!" Then his eye would fall upon his own mourning ring, and the dreamer's cup be dashed in a moment to the ground.

At last, one day he told me he had made up his mind to leave England, and for ever. Its sky was a pall, its memories too overpowering for a heart so crushed and riven as his own. I did not oppose his wish, for I saw the springs of life so evidently loosening where he was, that any change must be for the better. Italy he might not go to; but just then was the glorious struggle made by the Greeks for their liberty, and he told me he would devote whatever military skill he possessed to their cause. He did so, and not only that, but munificently contributed his pecuniary means; and I have reason to know that some of the earliest successes which infused the confidence of victory into the national mind, are due to the heroic daring of the one I have described under the name of Harley.

I was acquainted with many of our Phil-Hellenist countrymen; some were my own private friends; others I sought out because of Harley's joining himself to them. But very different motives from his had led them to the battle-fields of that interesting land; they had been looking for glory; he, I knew, had gone to seek a grave, and he found it. In that desperate night-attack at Laspi, where Mark Bozzaris with a handful of men nearly cut to pieces a whole Turkish army, Harley was a volunteer. When the Greek leader fell, he endeavoured to rally the dispirited Suliotcs, and disdaining to retreat with them when by one blow they might finish the whole campaign, he was cut down by a Mirdite scimitar; and there that broken heart found its coveted repose and a soldier's grave to rest in.

Long, long after, I happened at Constantinople to suggest, out of a very limited knowledge of medicine, some simple but efficacious remedy for the ague to an old Mussulman in whose house I lodged. In his gratitude, he not only would not receive any remuneration from me while I remained in the city, but on my leaving gave me a valuable diamond, and an ornament which he said once belonged to one of my countrymen, for which reason he thought I might value it. He would not tell me how it came into his possession. It was a ring, and one glance told me it had been Harley's. If I need any confirmation, I found it in the inscription on the inner circumference,—

(" Love my Memory, C. M.")

If you should ever go to Ashton, you will find the chancel of its little church filled with monuments of the ancient house of Montagu. There are altar-tombs of airy fretted work, as if the cunning hand of the sculptor had learned to weave the stone, not carve it. And there are couches of faded marble, whereon repose the warriors of the Crusades, each with his lady by his side—with hands no more grasping the sword-blade or poleaxe, but meekly joined together in prayer. And again, later than these, are plenty of the times of Charles and James. You will know them by the peaked beard, and short ruff, the padded hose, and rosetted sandals. But if you look for poor Emily's memorial you will find it in the wall adjoining the pulpit. It is no more than a small slab of marble relieved by a black ground, and it bears nothing besides her name, her age, and a sentence in French. This last was a sore puzzle to the worthy villagers; it even baffled the school-master, and in consequence was regarded

with awe on account of its sublimity. Casual visitors, to be sure, read and understood it, and often wondered that an English girl should have this continental inscription over her; but they did not know her history. It had been placed there by her own dying direction to Harley, and was the same her father was deciphering to her when we first found them at Santa Cruz.

P o e t ' s C o r n e r .

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

List to the dreamy tone that dwells
In rippling wave or sighing tree;
Go, hearken to the old Church bells,
The whistling bird, the whizzing bee,
Interpret right, and ye will find
'Tis "power and glory" they proclaim
The chimcs, the creatures, waters, wind,
All publish, "hallowed be thy name!"

The savage kneeling to the sun,
To give his thanks or ask a boon;
The raptures of the idiot one
Who laughs to see the clear round moon;
The saint well taught in Christian lore;
The moslem prostrate at his flame—
All worship, wonder, and adore;
All end in "hallowed be thy name!"

Whatever may be man's faith or creed,
Those precious words comprise it still;
We trace them on the bloomy mead,
We hear them in the flowing rill,
One chorus hails the Great Supreme;
Each varied breathing tells the same,
The strains may differ; but the theme
Is, "Father! hallowed be thy name!"

L O V E .

There's a love that only lives
While the cheek is fresh and red;
There's a love that only thrives
Where the pleasure feast is spread,
It burneth sweet and strong,
And it sings a merry theme,
But the incense and the song
Pass like flies upon the stream.

It cometh with the ray,
And it goeth with the cloud;
And quite forgets to-day,
What yesterday it vowed;
Oh, Love! Love! Love!
Is an easy chain to wear,
When many idols meet our faith,
And all we serve are fair.

But there's a love that keeps
 A constant watch-fire light,
 With a flame that never sleeps,
 Through the longest winter night,
 It is not always wise,
 And it is not always blest,
 For it bringeth tearful eyes,
 And loads a sighing breast.

A fairer lot hath he
 Who loves a while, then goes
 Like the Linnet from the tree,
 Or the wild Bee from the rose !
 Oh, Love! Love! Love!
 Soon makes the hair turn gray,
 When only one fills all the heart,
 And that one's far away.

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL

Of British North America.

QUEBEC, 26TH MAY, 1840.

THE CHAMBER OF MYSTERY.

My elder sister Ruth and myself were the only children of our widowed mother. She was poor, and we were brought up in a cheap retired village in the west of England. We had two paternal aunts, Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Coningsby, and a vast array of cousins, of all ages and sexes. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Coningsby were wealthy men of business, living in large towns, and we knew but little of these relatives. We had one uncle also, a bachelor, our deceased father's only brother; and it had been a mystery to me from earliest childhood *why* he was so much disliked and vilified by all the Wilsons and Coningsbys. He resided in a distant part of the country, and I did not remember having ever seen him; but kind and useful presents occasionally arrived from Uncle Moss, for which our dear, patient mother was humbly grateful; and both Ruth and I learned to think with affection of this unknown uncle, to whom we were indebted for many good and pleasant things. Not that the gifts were costly; they were simple and inexpensive; but to us, unused to notice of the kind, they were very valuable. It was not their value we thought of—it was the remembrance, the interchange of mutual sympathies we rejoiced in; and when we did see our aunts and cousins, and they sneered at Uncle Sabby, as they called him, denominating him 'selfish, crabbed, and old'—yet never, to us at least (in the midst of all their affluence), following his benivolent example—no wonder if Ruth and I defended him with all our might. Moreover, we never called him Uncle Sabby, as Mr. Moss had a perfect horror of the name, and our mother told us we had no right to offend the feelings or prejudices of any one unnecessarily.

As we advanced in years, we understood better the meaning of the animadversions unsparingly lavished on

our uncle's conduct; for he had, some fifteen years ago, bought a *life-annuity* with his fortune of ten thousand pounds, bequeathed by a godfather—thus 'defrauding,' as the Wilsons and Coningsbys said, legitimate expectations of nephews and nieces. 'Surely,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'the interest ought to have satisfied the selfish old curmudgeon!' 'It would serve him right if he had died a year after the transaction was completed,' chimed in Mrs. Coningsby. But our mother, who had never expected anything, thought Mr. Moss 'had a right to do what he liked with his own.' It would be far different were he married; but a bachelor, confirmed in celibacy as he was, ought not to be blamed for making the most of his means—particularly as all his nephews and nieces, with the exception, indeed, of her poor fatherless girls, were the children of affluent parents. And as Uncle Sebastian had disapproved of her portionless marriage with his brother, she might not complain that Ruth and Berenice were excluded from any possibility of eventually benefiting by his death.' Thus argued our pious, charitable mother; and when we heard on all sides of Uncle Sabby's egotism, ridiculous vanity, and disgusting selfishness, we almost wondered how it was he continued from time to time these especial tokens of regard to the poor widow and her two little girls. Our mother herself informed us that Mr. Moss had a peculiar weakness attached to his Christian name. The abbreviation of 'Sabby,' for Sebastian, had given him mortal offence; and although the Wilsons and Coningsbys had never trespassed on his forbearance during the continuance of their hopes as to the ultimate destination of his fortune, whenever they found this was disposed of past redemption, to spite him, and revenge their supposed wrongs, they persisted in the abhorred abbreviation, until 'Uncle Sabby' had disowned; and refused all further intercourse with the offenders.

Now, as she ever had done, our mother always humoured her brother-in-law in this particular. It was an innocent, if a foolish whim, she said. He was Mr. Sebastian Moss at all times with her. He had a morbid craving to see his name in writing, or printed, or in any manner that would bring it into notice; and she humoured him, and he was kind to her after his fashion, and she was very grateful, and taught us to be so too.

When Ruth was in her nineteenth year, she married the curate of our parish. 'It was a most foolish and imprudent thing of our mother to permit it,' said Aunts Wilson and Coningsby, for Mr. Mordaunt was nearly as poor as ourselves; although he had a snug parsonage and productive garden, and was young, and loved Ruth dearly, while she was well fitted to be a clergyman's wife on a small income. They had not been married above twelve months, and it was charming to witness their felicity—my mother and I thought them very rich indeed!—when a letter came from Uncle Sebastian—a most singular epistle we thought it—requesting 'that his niece Berenice might be spared to him for two or three months. He required a cheerful companion—low spirits—nerves affected,' &c. My mother hesitated for a long time; she did not know anything about my uncle's mode of life; it was a long journey to; but a ten-pound note was enclosed to defray the expense of that, plainly intimating that acquiescence was expected.

'Berry is cheerful and good-humoured enough to enliven anybody,' said my partial mother; 'and as I am

fortunate in having you so near me, Ruth, perhaps I had better let her go; her uncle seems to wish it very much; and Berry is a spirited girl, and can take care of herself.' And so, after much deliberation, it was finally arranged that I was to pay Uncle Moss a visit of three months; my mother could not spare me longer. To Branhholm, therefore, I went by the mail-coach; and never having been far from home before, every object charmed me by its novelty, and I made the best use of my eyes and ears, drinking in with avidity the changing scene, and endeavouring to catch information from the conversation of my fellow-passengers.

I had always heard so much about Uncle Moss's riches, that I naturally expected to see a fine house and many servants; so that I was much surprised to find his domicile a small common-looking cottage enough, on the outskirts of the quiet gray town of Branhholm.

He was a tall and thin elderly gentleman, with a long pale visage, and a flaxen wig beautifully curled; a continual nervous twitching about the mouth, and blinking of the eyes, made me feel quite nervous and uncomfortable till I got used to it; he had a peculiarly low sweet voice, and he looked refined and delicate, took extreme care of his health, and was terribly afraid of getting cold. He had suffered a good deal from low spirits or melancholy of late; and his medical man advised change of air and scene; but as the patient refused to quit his beloved Branhholm, the next best thing, if not *the best*, said the accommodating practitioner, was to have a cheerful young companion for a while! The cottage consisted of eight apartments: a breakfast-room at one side of the door as you entered; behind that my uncle's library; opposite were the kitchens; up stairs was my uncle's bedroom over the breakfast-room; opposite, the spare chamber, now mine; behind these were two more rooms corresponding with those below, and looking into the garden—one the housekeeper slept in; the other was shut up. That other!—it was the mystic chamber of Blue Beard.

The housekeeper, Mrs. Dawson, a middle-aged decent female, had resided with Mr. Moss for nearly five years; and during that period she had not seen the interior of that mysterious chamber. I never knew any individual so utterly devoid of curiosity as she was; she did not think about it till I spoke to her. There she was, night after night, in this small house, sleeping opposite to this closed room, and never wishing to know its contents, or caring anything at all about them. She had once asked her master if he would like to have it cleaned; but he simply replied, 'No, thank you, Mrs. Dawson; it is an empty uncarpeted room, and I never require it.' From the garden I looked up at the single window, and that was often open to admit the air, for Uncle Sebastian Moss went into it once every day. I found that out very soon. Did I not long to climb up to that window, and just take one peep? This did not appear to be utterly impossible of accomplishment; for there was a fine spreading apple-tree below, whose branches reached to the casement, and as I was an expert climber—accomplishment my worthy uncle little suspected—it would be an easy feat to swing myself from the said branches into the Blue Beard's chamber. But honour forbade me doing this, until at least I had tried fairer means; for my curiosity was really painfully aroused, and I became quite feverish and fidgetty. Mrs. Dawson had a boy to assist her, but he did not sleep in the house; and although my uncle's

establishment was so humble, and his table perfect plain, though excellent and abundant, I was not a inmate many weeks ere I became aware that he needed all his income, however plentiful that might be, to meet the expenses incurred by his liberal, nay lavish outlay of sums for beautifying and repairing the parish church and erecting almshouses—to say nothing of a magnificent pump in the middle of the market-place, bearing an inscription signifying its erection by 'Sebastian Moss, Esq. churchwarden.' &c. &c. In short, my uncle was a second 'Man of Ross, as regarded Branhholm; but here the comparison between the individuals ceased for Uncle Moss's liberality did not arise from either philanthropic or ostentatious motives, but simply from a singular craving to hand his name down to posterity. I found this out afterwards, though at the time I was ignorant of it. He was much respected and considered in Branhholm, and his existence was as unvaried in its monotonous routine as it is possible to conceive a human existence to be. He was a nervous, timid being, but inoffensive; fond of reading memoirs, pleasant travels and such-like; while his game at backgammon and weekly club were the amount of recreation he indulged in. 'Then what can he have in that chamber?' solicited I. Often I listened at the door, and peeped through the keyhole; and at last I made up my mind to the bold step of plainly asking him for an explanation.

'Dear Uncle Sebastian,' I commenced one morning at breakfast-time, 'I hope you will not think me impatient, but I am very desirous of knowing if I can do nothing for you. I fear I am a poor companion and that you are disappointed in me.'

'Not at all, Berry—not at all,' he answered shortly. 'I have not been very well of late, and I wanted to see a young blooming face near me. I should like to have had Ruth too; but you do very well, and I am not disappointed.'

'Then, Uncle Sebastian, let me be of use to you. Let me go in and dust the spare room, and open the window each day as you do.'

He looked sharply at me, and became so nervous twitching his mouth, and winking his eyes, that I feared having gone too far; but the scrutinizing of my countenance seemed to content him, and he said, 'dare say you mean well: you are a good notable girl, Berry; but that chamber is sacred to myself. Take my advice, and never pry into secrets; there is a skeleton in every house.' did we but know it.'

'A skeleton,' thought I: 'how horrible! What can he mean?' I did not know that it was a mere conventional expression.

I fancied he became more particular than ever in locking and double-locking the door; and I daily became more fidgetty and feverish with the uncontrollable desire to explore the forbidden precincts.

I had been my uncle's guest for six weeks, half my time was expired, and I already looked forward with joy to returning home; for though I was most kindly treated, yet the wearisome sameness of the life I led—companionless, and far more confined than I was used to be—preyed on my spirits. I longed for the woods and streams, for a made-up race, and for a hearty laugh again; for I had not heard my own laugh since I had been at Branhholm.

It was on a beautiful summer evening, my uncle was at his club, and would not be home till late

Mrs. Dawson was in the front kitchen busy making preserves, and I sat alone under the apple-tree trying to read; but read I did not; for, alas! the temptation was too strong to be resisted any longer. The window was invitingly open: how simple and easy to climb the knotted trunk of the apple-tree, and to gain the broad window-sill! One peep was all I wanted; just one peep, to see if there really was a skeleton there. This was all wrong, and showed great weakness, and I turned away once or twice. Honour forbade the gratification of my curiosity, but the excitement was delightful: the idea of a climb—the peep—the descent—the secret gained, and none the wiser! I resisted no longer; but in a few minutes sat exultingly amid the high branches, and crept with ease and safety to the casement.

Once there, I was not satisfied with peeping; but ducking in, I alighted in the midst of the mysterious chamber, looked round, and what do you think I saw? You would never, never guess were you to puzzle your brains for twelve months.

The room was bare, utterly devoid of furniture of any description, and the only thing in that Blue Beard's den was a slab of pure white marble, leaning against the wall, and fashioned as monuments erected to the memory of the dead usually are. There were cherubs at the corners, with wings outstretched and smiling faces, and there was an inscription, legible from a distance, signifying that 'Near this place repose the mortal remains of Sebastian Moss, Esquire, a blank being left for the date of month and year of deceased; beneath were several lines of versification, the composition of my uncle, and his sole literary production. The tablet was evidently designed for the inside of a church; and I may here mention that Mr. Moss had bequeathed £50 to the clergyman in his will, to see that his wishes were carried into effect, and the tablet well placed.

How long I gazed in blank amazement at the unexpected sight before me! It was difficult for me to realise the morbid craving which had led to such strange results—this wish of an obscure, unknown, lonely old man to have his name remembered apart from his deeds.

After the first astonishment subsided, I indulged in a hearty laugh. I had a pencil in my pocket, and a sudden impulse of mischief prompted me to fill up the blank spaces in minute fairy-like text, that day fortnight being the date I chose to insert. This done, I cautiously descended, leaving the window as I found it, and not so much as disturbing a leaf out of its place, by which I might be discovered as the daring perpetrator of the outrage. My dress, indeed, was torn, and my hand was hurt; but I perfectly succeeded in concealing both these disasters; and I was in bed long ere I heard my uncle return. He went to the empty apartment, but quickly returned, having only remained to close and secure the open window. After breakfast next morning I heard him softly enter again. A considerable time longer than usual he remained; and when he came out, locking the door carefully as usual, he went straight to his own room, and did not make his appearance below until dinner was announced. I felt very sorry to see him looking paler than ever, and with a disturbed air, as if some weighty misfortune impended. My heart began to quake, for conscience whispered he must suspect my impudent

trick, and every moment I expected to be taxed with it, and to receive a serious chiding. But no: dinner passed away, he ate little, and no allusion was made. Could he have discovered the pencil-marks? When a week went by, and day after day he gradually pined away, and lost all appetite, still making no comment whatever, I became dreadfully alarmed; this silence was an awful punishment; and I asked myself, could it be possible that my uncle attached importance to the minute writing? On the eighth day from my ascent of the apple-tree Uncle Moss became to much worse, that Mrs. Dawson wished to call in medical advice; but he would not hear of it. That morning he had received a letter from my mother, requesting him to stand godfather to Ruth's little son, who was to be named Sebastian Moss. At any other time the compliment would have delighted him extremely; now he merely adverted to it by saying, 'Well, I am glad the name will be perpetuated: as the old Sebastian departs, the young one comes. The stroke cannot be averted; concealment is useless; I have received my call, and I hope I am prepared to obey it.'

When I heard him speak thus, I was almost distracted; and without another moment's hesitation I should have thrown myself on my knees beside him, and confessed my foolish trick. But he stopped my precipitancy by kindly saying, 'Berry, I wish to say a few words to you, my dear. I do not think that I shall be much longer in this world—in fact my time is very limited—and I desire you to pay particular attention to what I am going to say. Should any sudden change take place whilst you are here, which is more than probable, you will send to Hospital Street for my solicitor: he has my will, and will attend duly to its fulfilment. Out of my income I have saved upwards of a thousand pounds: £500 I mean for Ruth, and £500 for you, my dear. Nay, do not weep; you must be prepared; for I have received a mysterious and extremely solemn warning. A few days more, and all will be over, Berry; but worthy Mrs. Dawson will take care you are properly conveyed back to your estimable mother, to whom present my parting affectionate remembrance.'

Poor dear Uncle Moss! Need I say what I did—need I repeat my confession, delivered amid tears, remorse, and terrors unspeakable, for he disbelieved me at first. It was impossible I could have gained admittance to that room, for the lock was one that could not be tampered with; and as to a young lady climbing a high tree, that was out of the question. Nor until I convinced him of the possibility, by repeating the experiment in his presence next morning, did he signify his belief of my assertion by an outburst of wrath which did more towards facilitating his recovery than my confession itself. He, Mr. Sebastian Moss, churchwarden, &c. &c. of Braxholm, had been duped and laughed at by a little saucy girl! She had witnessed his exhibition of superstitious weakness; she had also discovered his treasured secret; and would he not be held up as an object of ridicule and contempt for the residue of his life? I guessed what thoughts were passing in my uncle's mind, as I innocently said, 'Indeed, indeed, dear Uncle Sebastian, I am so ashamed of myself, that I will never repeat the circumstance even to my own mother; say you forgive me—pray forgive me, and forget it.'

'I do forgive you, Berenice Moss,' he solemnly answered; 'but I cannot forget, neither shall I suffer you to do so.'

I did not comprehend the hidden meaning of these words at the moment, but ere another week had elapsed their signification was explained. My uncle's solicitor at Branxholm waited upon him, and they were closeted together in the library, where by and by my presence also was required. My uncle introduced me to the young lawyer, gravely requesting me to be seated, and then proceeded to say that he had sent for me in due form thus, that I might be properly acquainted with the alteration he had made in his affairs.

Your unjustifiable curiosity, Niece Berenice, meet at my hands with the punishment it deserves, to say nothing of your having played off so cruel a practical joke on gray hairs. The £500 destined for you, before I discovered your real character, I have now transferred to your sister Ruth; she will therefore inherit £1000 on my decease. Your secrecy, young lady, I do not desire on my own account, being convinced that your share in the transaction will secure that during my lifetime at least.

Oh! never shall I forget what I endured on hearing these cutting words. It was not regret for the paltry hundreds—besides, I would far rather Ruth had them than I—she needed them more—but it was that I appeared ungrateful and heartless to the uncle who had been kind to us for years. Silly, weak, and vain he might be; but he was, as he had just said, a gray-headed old man, sickly and ailing too, and not a fit subject for my joke. Bitterly I wept and intreated forgiveness: my uncle thought I was weeping for the loss of the money, and that made me cry the more; but I considered it as part of my just punishment to be thus misjudged.

The other individual present at this scene read my heart aright; and though I deserved punishment, and met with it, my genuine distress and contrition won for me a friend in the wise young man of law. From a friend, he became lover; and when I left Branxholm at the expiration of the stipulated three months, it was as the betrothed of Mr. Richard Blossom. Yes, thus I met my dear husband, in humiliating circumstances enough, my uncle expressly warning him to beware of attempting to preserve any secrets from me—and I am quite sure he never has.

We were not married until Richard settled in the metropolis; and soon after the blank spaces on the marble tablet were filled up, and the real date of my uncle's decease inserted, the tablet itself occupying a conspicuous place in Branxholm church.

"IT'S ONLY A DROP!"

"AN IRISH STORY."

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not by anger but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said, "It

isn't for my own sake, Ellen; though I shall be lonesome enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying, and your sweet song, and your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then, in the innocent pride of her heart, call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited, at the very time she was making us proud by calling us the blossoms of beauty."

"God and the blessed Virgin make her bed heaven now and for evermore, amen!" said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads. "Ah, Mike, she added, "that was the mother, and the father too full of grace and godliness."

"True for ye, Ellen; but *that's* not what I afther now, as you well know, you blushing little roge of the world; and sorra a word I'll say against it! the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my own heart! stone, wile no one to keep me company but the ou black cat, that can't see, let alone hear, the crythur."

"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, "lave off; ye're just liko' the men, purtending to one thing whin they ma another; there's a dale of desate about them—all every one of them—and so my mother often said. No you'd better lave done, or may be I'll say somethin that will bring, if not the colour to your brown che, a dale more warmth to yer warm heart than would be convenient, just by the mention of one Mary. Ma what a purty name Mary it is, isn't it?—it's common name too, and yet you like it none the wo for that. Do you mind the ould rhyme?—

'Mary, Mary, quite contrary.'

Well, I'm not going to say she is contrary—I'm a she's anything but *that* to you, anyway, brother M. Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs of Pusheen cat's tail; it isn't many there's in it; I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful Eng cotton stocking I'm knitting; lave off your tricks I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more t even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed poor Pusheen," she continued, addressing the cat with gravity, "never heed what he says to you; he ha notion to make you either head or tail to the house, he; he wont let you be without a mistress to give yer sup of milk or yer bit of sop; he wont let yo lonesome, my poor puss; he's glad enough to swo Ellen for a Mary, so he is; but that's a secret, an neen; dont tell it to any one."

"Anything for your happiness," replied the bro somewhat sulkily; "but your bachelor has a v fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lect you kept on to me; he has a turn for the drop, E you know he has."

"How spitefully you said that!" replied F "and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's no to defend himself."

"You'll not let a word go against him," said chael.

"No," she said, "I will never let ill be spoken absent friend. I know he has a turn for the dro I'll cure him."

"After he's married," observed Michael not good-naturedly.

"No," she answered; "before. I think a chance of happiness is not worth much who thri

after-marriage reformation. *I woult.* Didn't I reform you, Mike, of the shockin' habit you had of putting everything off to the last? and after reforming a brother, who knows what I may do with a lover! Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than yours, Mike? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by yer own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door-check, or smoking your pipe, or sleeping over the fire: look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society."

"That's yours, Ellen," said the generous-hearted Mike; "I'll never touch a penny of it; but for you. I never should have had it; I'll never touch it."

"You never shall," she answered; "I've laid it every penny out; so that when the young bride comes home, she'll have such a house of comforts as are not to be found in the parish—white table-cloths for Sunday, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch; everything good, and plenty of it."

"My own dear generous sister," exclaimed the young man.

"I shall ever be your sister," she replied, "and hers too. She's agood colleen, and worthy my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to 'ere another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the ponch, every bit of it, off yer handsome face. And hush!—whisht! will ye? there's the sound of Larry's footstep in the bawn—hand me the needles, Mike." She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and, after composing her arch laughing features into an expression of great gravity, sat down and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good-humoured face entered with the salutation of "God save all here!" He "popped" his head in first, and, after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was; for he was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank, and manly, and fearless-looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well-feigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Oh, Larry, is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night? Ye're lucky—just in time for a bit of supper after your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over that moor so often; you'll get wet feet, and yer mother'll be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the county, the walk across that moor's the dreariest, and yet ye're always going it! I wonder you haven't better sense; ye're not such a chilkon now."

"Well," interrupted Mike, "it's the women that bates the world for desaving. Sure she heard yer stop when nobody else could; its echo struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it; she'll make a shove off if she can: she'll twist you, and twirl you, and turn you about, so that you woult know whether it's on you head or your heels ye're standing." She'll tossicate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straightforward question, whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does."

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed. And immediately after the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blithe, and 'well to do' in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the "least taste in life more" when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whiskybottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self-conceit of all mankind, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair contrywomen, well, she loved, I am compelled to say unlike the generality of my fair contrywomen, wisely, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcoolin.

"Dear Ellen!" he exclaimed, "it was 'only a drop,' the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknownst, quite against my will."

"Who poured it down yer throat, Larry?"

"Who poured it down my throat is it? why myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three months' penance for that?"

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after—"

"Oh, Ellen!" interrupted her lover.

"It's no use oh Ellen—ing me," she answered quickly; "I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it."

"She's as obstinate as ten women!" said her brother. "There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way."

"It's very cruel of you, Ellen, not to listen to reason. I tell you a tablespoonful will often upset me."

"If you know that, Larry, why do you take the tablespoonful?"

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the temptation and the overcomyness of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.

"I can never think a thing a trifle," she observed; "that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one; and I know you are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad; we've a right to think anything that *does* lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present."

"You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen," said the young man, determined, if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied archly, "if I were a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to confession."

"But, Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in positive downright earnest you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, the least taste in life I took at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me, Michael; speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why, Lent'll be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking—"

"Larry," interrupted Ellen, "do not you talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before

my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying because it is the *least taste in life* makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it."

"I'll take an oath against the whisky, if that will please ye, till Christmas."

"And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think yer oath is out—no!"

"I'll swear anything you please."

"I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man's taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced."

"My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced."

"Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even the *least drop* in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face."

"I'll give it up altogether."

"I hope you will, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you darn't trust yerself."

"Ellen, I'm sure ye've some English blood in yer veins, ye're such a raisoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did, it's not many marriage-dues his reverence would have, winter or summer."

"Listen to me, Larry, and believe that though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the throuble to tell you my mind."

"Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she trashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good," observed her brother slyly.

"Nonsense!—listen to me I say, and I'll tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old intirely, withered and white-headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the strames and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two; and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scrame, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the greencooted waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a wellrared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well-spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so too, if they'd call her anything but Lady Stacy, which the *vale* gentry of the place all humoured her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and maybe she didn't bless them for it.

One day Mike had gone home before me, and coming down the back bohren, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy; and on she came, muttering and mumbling to herself, till she got near

me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon (the dog-man's) hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog soon was up with her, and then she kept him off as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened; but I darted to her side, and, with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him off her.

Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart; but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy herself laid about with her staff; but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that; but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I bate the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman; for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said *she wasn't lucky*; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor, I thought a drop of whisky would revive her, and accordingly I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

"Do you want to poison me," she shouted, 'afther saving my life?' When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large gray eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—wh't I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature. 'Ellen,' she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, 'I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full & plenty in my father's house when I was young; but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink!—whisky! My father was in debt: to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for, Ellen, mind my words—the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so*. He had not means, he said, to educate his children as became them; he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessaries of life, yet he found the means to keep the whisky cask flowing, and to answer the bailiff's knocks for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad, as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a-foot, and we were crying round the deathbed of a dying mother, where was he!—they had raised a ten-gallon cask of whiskey on the table in the parlour, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge powder funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whiskey in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and onches of the fighting drunken company, his voice was heard swearing 'he had lived like a king, and *would die like a king!*'"

'And your poor mother?' I asked.

'Thank God! she died that night—she died before worse came; she died on the bed that, before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her—not that he was a bad man either, when the whiskey had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch,

where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whiskey as there beginning and there end, that make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop; and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer; blacker, deeper curse than ever was put on it by foreign power or hard-made laws!"

"God bless us!" was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat ould Stacy's words," said Ellen; "you see I never forget them. 'You might think,' she continued, that I had had warning enough to keep me from having anything to say to those who were too fond of drink; and I thought I had; but somehow Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words and I was lone and unprotected. I know he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young, handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which *had made me shed no tear over my father's grave.* Think of that, young girl: the drink doesn't make a man a beast at first, but it will do so before it's done with him—I had enough power and enough memory of the past, to make him over Edward, swear against it, except so much at such and such a time; and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, maybe; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people; and I used to rave; when, maybe, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Anyway, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment: he was industrious, and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink—and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think maybe I might have done better; but, God defend me, the last was hard to bear." Oh, boys!" said Ellen, "if you had only heard her voice when she said that, and seen her face. Poor old Lady Stacy! no wonder she hated the drop; no wonder she dashed down the whiskey."

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike; "I never heard it before."

"I did not like coming over it," she replied; "the last is hard to tell." The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. "It must be told," she said; "the death of her father prove the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being even once unable to think or act."

"I had one child," said Stacy; "one, a darlant, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years ould, and he was fond of her—he said he was; but it's a quarro fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I know that Edward would not return as he went: he said he knew he would; he almost swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had maybe it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle;

I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot—very hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so, leaving the door on the latch, I resolved to tell him how my darlant was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a white light fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes, and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it, sure enough, white and thick. Blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found the way to that, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But Ellen—Ellen Murphey, my child, the rosey child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home, as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, and dropt the candle into the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with *what* had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms: I told him if he did not put life in it, I'd destroy him in his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cold or hot, coming from its lips then. I couldn't kiss it in death; *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the wood of Newtownbary with that burden at my heart."

"But her husband—her husband?" inquired Larry in accents of horror; "what became of him; did she leave him in the burning without calling him to himself?"

"No," answered Ellen; "I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbours, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man; for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf. 'And now, Ellen Murphey,' she added, when the end was come, 'do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison the glass you offered me? And do you know why I have tould you what tares my heart to come over?—because I wish to save you, who showed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and indeed it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend that would destroy him, soul and body. His breath is hot as the breath of the plague; his tongue is a foolish, as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become your

lover; and don't trust to promises; try them, prove them all before you marry."

"Ellen, that's enough," interrupted Larry. "I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, hear me. What length of punishment am I to have. I won't say that, for, Nelly, there's a tear in the eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait yer time; name it; I'll stand the trial."

Ellen named the period, and Lawrence, of course, declared it was the next thing to murder—it was murder itself to keep him so long—but he'd "put up with it"—he'd "brave it!"—he'd "walk straight into a sea of boiling hot whiskey punch until it touched his lips—flowed over his lips. And see! look there now! he'd never let it pass them—never, barring the one tumbler. She wouldn't say against one tumbler, would she?"

Ellen shook her head. Though this occurred before Father Mathew regenerated his country, she knew that the only safeguard, where there is a tendency to habits of intoxication, or even to take "only a drop"—where "the drop" is more than the head will bear—is TOTAL ABSTINENCE. She knew the liquid fire was as dangerous to sport with as the fire which destroyed the sleeping child; and she told him so; and he, love-like, vowed that, though it would be "mighty hard," and very unneighbourly, to drink "could wather"—fornint a "hot tumbler" of the "mountain-dew," still, if it was her wish, he'd do it—he'd do anything for a "short day." But Ellen had more forethought than belongs to her countrywoman in general, and she remained firm.

"You've wonderful holding out in you, sister dear," said Michael: "I'm sure he'll never touch another drop."

"I wish I felt assured of it, Michael," replied Ellen. "Even while the story I told him was beating about his heart, he wouldn't give me the promise. Sure it's woful to see how hard the habit is—he would not give the promise only for a short day—though, before I told him of Lady Stacy, he said he would. The grip it takes, the *houl* it gets after a while, is wonderful; and sure it's so with other habits that people can't get shut of. Why, there's yourself, Mickey, has a wonderful fidgety way with you—notching the table with a knife, or churning the salt, or twisting the buttons off yer shirt sleeves—anything on earth to fiddle with—never can keep yer fingers aisy one single minute: its Saint Vitus's dance you have in them; oh! then dear, that saint must have been mighty unaisy in himself, to be so shaking ever and always."

"There," said her brother, throwing down the knife and pushing away the salt, "anything" for peace and quietness. I wonder will Larry be as aisy with you as I am. I often take pride in myself for being such an angel. Ellen, I wonder how Larry will behave at the fair of Birr—will he *hould* out there?"

"He will," answered Ellen; "I'm not fearful of Larry in a great temptation, but I doubt him in little ones. I wish masters would pay their men at twelve o'clock on Saturdays instead of in the evening, and let them take their money where they work, instead of paying them in public-houses: that's the ruin of many a fine boy; for it's counted mean to go into the public and not take something; and the boys hate meanness as bad as murder."

"Oh! save us!" ejaculated Michael.

"Some of them do, anyhow," said Ellen.

"Set a case," commenced Michael with a very wise look—"that Larry really did break out once or twice—only now and then—would you give him up?"

Ellen became pale, then red; but after a pause, she replied, "I think I would—I think I could not make a drunkard happy—no woman could—it would be impossible; whatever love he has for me would wear out, and soon; for though I hope I should never forget the duty I owed as a wife, one of her duties is to seek a husband's good in all things, and the highest step towards a man's earthly good is—sobriety."

"Bedad!" replied her brother, "you did not go to school for nothing, I see that."

"It was you, dear, that sent me there," she said; "and I owe to you what I can never repay."

The fair of Birr came and went, and Larry behaved like a hero. His "big-coat" was thrown back with an air of determined self-confidence (the most dangerous confidence in the world—certain in the long-run to get a man into trouble); his hat put on with a jaunty air; his crimson-silk "Barcelona" tied with a knot and floating ends; his scarlet-cloth waistcoat peeped from beneath the body-coat of blue, whose brass buttons glittered like gold. "Brogues!" Larry disdained them!—his "naot" feet were encased in black shining leather, so that he was ready for a jig—if he could only get Ellen to dance one, but she would not: she did not like dancing in "a tent," nor was she foolishly jealous or angry when her betrothed attended to the curtsy of a "little cousin of her own," and danced him down, amid the vigorous applause of the company. On that occasion Lawrence certainly behaved like a very hero! not a drop would he touch "beyant" the one tumbler; and when he walked home with Ellen in the evening, he felt almost inclined to quarrel with her, because she remained firm to the time she had originally named for their union.

(To be continued.)

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