

The North-Carolinian.

Sec of State

CHARACTER IS AS IMPORTANT TO STATES AS IT IS TO INDIVIDUALS; AND THE GLORY OF THE STATE IS THE COMMON PROPERTY OF ITS CITIZENS.

H. L. HOLMES, Editor and Proprietor.

FAYETTEVILLE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1839.

VOL. 1.—NO. 30.

TERMS.
\$2 50 per annum, if paid in advance; \$3 if paid at the end of six months; or \$3 50 at the expiration of the year. Advertisements inserted at the rate of six cents per square, for the first, and thirty cents for each subsequent insertion.
Letters on business connected with this establishment, must be addressed—H. L. HOLMES, Editor of the North-Carolinian, and in all cases post-paid.

12 Hhds. Prime Porto Rico Sugar,
5 Hhds. N. O. do.
50 Casks "Thomaston Limes,"
30 Hhds. Molasses,
5 Barrels N. O. do.
90 Boxes Bar Soap,
100 Sacks Blown Salt,
20 Boxes Fayetteville Mould Candles,
10 Boxes Smoked Herrings.
For Sale by
June 15. GEO. McNEILL. 16ft.

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.
THE plantation on the Cape Fear River, recently owned and cultivated by John M. Dobbin, Dec'd, better known as the "Northington Ferry plantation". Embracing in all about 250 acres—well fenced, the balance well timbered with Oak, Hickory and Pine. It has in it two comfortable dwelling Houses and other convenient out buildings, fine water, streams on which are now standing a mill and Gin House. The Ferry is also included and being on the best road to Chapel Hill and Hillsborough, with little attention might be profitable property. Distance from Fayetteville about 32 miles. Capital sites for Cotton Factories. The plantation is susceptible of a division into two or three parts, which would be made to suit purchasers. If the above property cannot be sold at private sale before the ensuing Fall it will then on further notice be disposed of at public sale. Persons residing in the low country and others desirous of purchasing a healthy situation and valuable plantation would do well to examine it. For further particulars apply to,
JAMES C. DOBBIN, Exr. 19—11.

Fayetteville Female SEMINARY.
MR. BAILEY respectfully gives notice that, in order to meet the increasing patronage of this School, and advance its interests, he has associated with himself in copartnership, Mr. GUSTAVUS SPENCER, who, with his lady, will commence their labors at the opening of the next Academic year, Oct. 15. Mr. S. is an experienced Teacher, and has had charge, for the past year, of the Female Seminary at Charlotte, in this State. Mrs. Spencer will take the special charge of the Elementary Department, in a room entirely separate from the general School Room.
Seven rooms in the commodious building hitherto occupied, will be devoted to the use of the School, and the classes divided according to their ages, and separated as much as possible from each other.
The commodious arrangements for Boarding will be continued as last year, and Mr. BEACHT will be prepared to take 10 or 12 young Ladies in the Seminary Buildings, where they will have the benefit of constant intercourse with all the Teachers.
Messrs. Bailey and Spencer will seek to furnish able instruction in every department, and considerable expense has been incurred to increase the advantages of the Pupils in this School.
The Academic year will commence on the 15th of October and close on the 18th of July following.
The year is divided into two Sessions of twenty weeks each. Parents and guardians are reminded that it is very important to Pupils that they should enter early, and begin with their respective Classes. Every week they delay, they lose in effect two weeks.

TERMS—In Advance:
Elementary Department or 2d Class, \$3 per Session,
1st Class, 16 do
French Language, 10 do
Drawing and Painting, 10 do
Music on Piano Forte, 25 do
Music on Guitar, 25 do
Use of Piano, 3 do
Incidentals and Stationary, 1 do
July 13, 1839. 20—11

PIANO FORTES.
An Agency is appointed in Fayetteville for the sale of the most approved New York Piano Fortes. They will be sold at the lowest New York prices, with expense of transportation, and warranted. If not satisfactory, they may be returned. They may be packed for safe transportation to any part of the State. They may be seen at the Peanole Seminary, where purchasers are invited to call, or on Col. S. F. Hawley.
PARLOR ORGAN.
The Parlor Organ, or Seraphine, which has been used and generally admired at the Seminary for the past winter, is now offered for sale at cost.
June 8. 15ft.

ENTERTAINMENT.
THE SUBSCRIBER, having been satisfactorily engaged for more than three years in attending to a

Boarding House.
Feels encouraged to say to the public, that her HOUSE and STABLES are well furnished for the reception and accommodation of those who may be pleased to call.

All the STAGES arrive at, and depart from my House, where seats are secured, and no exertions spared to give general satisfaction to passengers.
My residence is on the corner of Gillespie street, the lot formerly occupied by Mrs. Barge, convenient to the market, and near the State Bank.
Mrs. E. SMITH.
Fayetteville, August 24, 1839. 36—4f

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.
THE subscriber having purchased Land on the West side of Cape Fear River, adjoining his residence, offers for sale his Plantation lying on the East side, containing 255 acres, about 125 acres of which are cleared, & the balance wood Land. Said Plantation is capable of producing 2,000 bushels of corn in the season. The Land is as good as any in the River, and but three or four acres of it is subject to inundation, and that only in the highest freshets.
Said Plantation lies about two miles above the Clarendon Bridge, adjoining the Lands of Wm. S. Latta, (formerly owned by Judge Toomer,) and Sampson Boon, and was formerly known as the "Sawell Place."
To a person disposed to embark in the brick-making business, this Plantation affords a strong inducement, as a Kiln is already erected, and there is no better clay in this neighborhood than can be found on this Plantation. For further particulars apply to
H. B. BEATTY.
Fayetteville, Sept. 7, 1839. 28—4f

LAFAYETTE HOTEL.
Fayetteville, North Carolina.
THIS ESTABLISHMENT will be open after the 1st of August, under the management and direction of the Subscriber. The House has been thoroughly repaired, and will, in a few days, be well furnished; and every effort will be made to render it worthy of patronage.
EDWARD YARBROUGH.
August 3, 1839.

REMOVED.
DR. Thomas J. Jordan has removed to Liberty Point, on the north side of Person street, a few doors above Mr. John M. Stedman's store.
mar 9—21f

Valuable Land for Sale.
THE subscriber intending to remove to the South West, offers for sale, his tract of land, lying on the East side of the Cape Fear River, nine miles above Fayetteville, containing
400 acres,
50 of which is under good fence, and in a good state of cultivation, and inferior in point of quality, to none on Cape Fear River. The buildings are a good frame dwelling, and all necessary out houses. Persons wishing to purchase, are requested to call and examine the premises. JOSHUA JONES.
Col. ALEXANDER ELLIOTT,
THOMAS ASHE,
F. C. ARMSTRONG.
August 31, 1839. 27—1f

TRUST SALE.
IN conformity to the provisions contained in a Deed of Trust, made by WILLIAM S. LATTA to me, I will expose at public sale, on Tuesday the 12th day of November next, at the Market House, in the Town of Fayetteville:
3 Negroes.
10 to 14 head of Horses and Mules.
30 head of Cattle.
60 head of Hogs.
1 Sulkey, Buggy & Harness.
2 Waggon & Gear.
—Also—
ALL the FURNITURE belonging to the said W. S. Latta, next in possession.
TERMS liberal, and made known on the day of sale.
H. BRANSON.
Trustee.
S. W. TILLINGHAST,
Auctioneer.
August 25th, 1839. 27—1ds

NOTICE.
THE Subscriber having at September Term, of Cumberland County Court, qualified as Executor to the last Will and Testament, of HENRY W. AYER, dec'd, hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased, to make immediate payment; and all persons having claims against the said estate, are required to present them within the time prescribed by law, duly attested, or this notice will be plead in bar of a recovery.
HENRY McLEAN, Executor,
of HENRY W. AYER, dec'd.

Further Notice.
THE Subscriber will sell at public Auction on Monday the 23rd of September next, the personal property, belonging to the estate of Henry W. Ayer, dec'd, consisting of Household & Kitchen furniture, Horse, Carriage, Cart, Carpenter's Tools, Patent Balances, Rifle Gun, Pistols, &c. &c.
—Also—
A Brigadier General's Uniform and Equipments, complete. The Negroes belonging to said estate, will also be hired at the same time, until the 1st day of January next.
HENRY McLEAN, Executor
of Henry W. Ayer, deceased.
September, 2nd, 1839. 29—31

NOTICE.
WHEREAS, Malcom Monroe and Robert Monroe, of the County of Cumberland, and State of North Carolina, have obtained letters of Administration, on all and singular, the goods and chattles, rights and credits, within the State of North Carolina, of Lauchlin McKay, dec'd, late of the State of Mississippi, which appointment, hath since been affirmed by the Superior Court, we do therefore hereby give notice thereof, to all persons concerned; Calling upon all persons who may be indebted to the estate of the said Lauchlin McKay, to come forward and make payment; and desiring all having claims against the same, to present them in due time, otherwise, the Act of Assembly, under which this notice is given, will be plead in bar of their recovery.
MALCOLM MONROE, } Administrators
ROBERT MONROE, }
September 3, 1839. 28—31

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H. B. BEATTY.
Fayetteville, Sept. 7, 1839. 28—4f

FOR SALE,
A Valuable Tract of LAND.
THE subscriber wishes to sell that valuable tract of land on which he now resides, containing
562 Acres.
with a comfortable Dwelling House, and all the necessary out houses, on the road from Fayetteville to Greensboro' 42 miles from Fayetteville, and 1-1/2 from Tyson's Bridge, with about 150 acres of cleared land, the balance well timbered, and nearly all adapted to the culture of Corn, Cotton, Oats, Wheat, Tobacco, &c. Some first rate meadow land, which might be made valuable in the production of hay, as any quantity of that article can be sold for cash on the road.
Persons wishing to purchase a valuable and healthy residence, would do well to examine the above land, as it will be sold on accommodating terms. For further particulars apply to the subscriber, or John R. Martin in Fayetteville.
JOSEPH M. BUCHANAN.
Moore county, Sept. 7, 1839. 28—1f

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.
Sampson County.)
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, 1839.
Theresa Carr,
vs.
The Heirs at Law, of Jonathan Carr, deceased.
Petition for Dower.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Harry Carr, Alfred Turner, & wife Ann, reside beyond the limits of this State; It is therefore ordered, that publication be made for six successive weeks, notifying said non-residents, personally to be, and appear before the Justices of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, at the Court to be holden for the said County, at the Court House in Clinton, on the third Monday in November next, they and their executors, shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of Petition should not be granted, otherwise, it will be taken pro confesso, and heard exparte, as to them.
Witness, Thos. I. Faison, Clerk, of said Court of office, the 3rd Monday of August, A. D. 1839.
THOMAS I. FAISON, Clerk.
August 17, 1839. 27—6f

VALUABLE LANDS FOR SALE.
THE Subscriber wishing to change his business, offers for sale all his LANDS, containing 4000 acres, lying in the Counties of Cumberland and Bladen, viz: 1000 acres where he now lives, in Cumberland Co. on Harrison's Creek, on the East side of Cape Fear, 13 miles below Fayetteville, on which is situated a good SAW and GRIST MILL, with a quantity of good Timber, a large pond and good stream. The up land is good with a small farm; the mill-pond is as fertile and well adapted to the growth of Rice, as any in our State; on a part of said pond, there now is Rice growing.
—Also—
several other small tracts in said county. In Bladen County, on Indian Creek, 1700 acres, a good portion of it good pine land—as well timbered as any in the State; on the swamp part of this tract, is a great deal of good Juniper, this tract of land is a most excellent situation and good water, on which is a first rate mill site, and a small farm. Several other smaller tracts of land in said county, well timbered.
Any person wishing to purchase such land, would do well to call and view the premises, and judge for themselves, as a bargain may be had.
JOSHUA JESSOP.
September 14, 1839. 29—1f

LOOK AT THIS,
Just Received and for Sale,
12 Casks of Water Lime, for building Cisterns, or daming water in any way: it will cement stone or brick together, and make a wall entirely water tight, and the water cannot act on it in any way, after it is kept off six hours. I have also 12 casks of ROMAN CEMENT, fresh, and in good order; five tons CALCINED PLASTER of PARIS, superior in quality to any that I have ever seen in this market. Also 12 casks of Plaster, for Mauer, Land, 150 blis, Thomaston Lime, LATHES, NAILS and HAIR, for Plastering.
For all, or any of the above named articles, call on the subscriber, 3 doors South of the Market House, where all the above articles, and tools to put them on with, can be bought low for cash.
JOHN E. PATTERSON.
Fayetteville, September 10th, 1839. 29—4f
*The North Carolina Standard will insert the above four weeks, and forward the account to J. E. P.

NEW STAGE LINE,
From Fayetteville to Warsaw DEPOT.
THE cheapest and most expeditions and comfortable route North and South from Fayetteville, is THE NEW STAGE LINE the subscribers established in January last, from Fayetteville, intersecting the Wilmington and Raleigh Road, and the Rail Road at Warsaw Depot. This line has one day's advantage over any other line between Fayetteville and Augusta, Ga. Passengers only have the fatigue of 49 miles staging, and loss of one night's sleep, from Fayetteville (via Wilmington and Charleston) to Augusta, in forty hours.
Going North by this line, passengers will find less staging than on any other Route now in operation; and in a few months, the Wilmington and Raleigh Road will be completed, and there will only be 49 miles staging from Fayetteville to New York.
Passengers by this line can have their choice at Weldon, N. C. to go by Washington City, or to Portsmouth and take the Bay Boats for Baltimore.
On this line the stages leave Fayetteville Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, for Warsaw Depot, Leave Warsaw Depot for Fayetteville, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
The subscribers having prepared themselves, passengers will find on the regular stage days, two stages, if necessary; and will run an EXTRA STAGE at all times when necessary. No pains will be spared on this line to give the public satisfaction.
BAKER & BLOCKER,
Fayetteville, Sept. 14, 1839.—24f Proprietors.

MORUS TRICAUCLIS TREES.
THE subscriber has about three thousand of these trees FOR SALE, the price of which for the present, will be one dollar and fifty cents per hundred for buds, and twenty cents for roots. On sales of \$100 and over, the roots will not be charged. Many of the trees are now eight feet high from the bud.
I have 1000 small trees average height 3 feet, which I will sell at 50 cents each.
I. WETMORE.
Fayetteville Sept. 7, 1839. 28—1f

DIVISION ORDERS.
THE several Regiments composing the second Division of North Carolina Militia, will assemble at the usual places of Regimental muster in their respective counties for Review and Inspection, as follows:
The 32nd or Sampson Regiment on Saturday October 26th; the 41st or Bladen Regiment on Tuesday Oct. 29th; the 54th or Columbus Regiment on Monday Oct. 30th; the 42nd or Robeson Lower Regiment on Thursday Oct. 31st; the 43rd or Robeson Upper Regiment on Friday November 1st; the 93rd or Richmond Regiment on Saturday November 2nd; the 53rd or Anson Lower Regiment on Monday November 4th; the 54th or Anson Upper Regiment on Tuesday November 5th; the 51st or Richmond 1st Regiment on Thursday November 7th; the 44th or Moore Regiment, on Saturday Nov. 9th; the 34th or Cumberland Upper Regiment on Monday November 11th; the 33rd or Cumberland Lower Regiment on Wednesday November 13th.
The Review will be made at 12 o'clock, and the Inspection immediately afterwards.
By order of
Maj. Gen. MCKAY.
JOHN McRAE,
Division Inspector.
Head Quarters,
Elizabethtown, Sept. 7, 1839. 28—6f

FOR RENT.
AFTER 1st Nov. 1839, MY BRICK HOUSE and LOT, at West end of lower brick row, Haymont, now in complete repair, house, kitchen and stable.
LOUIS D. HENRY.
September 13th, 1839. 29—1f

MISCELLANEOUS.
A STORY OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.
BY MRS. S. C. HALL.
"Mind not high things; but condescend to men of low estate."—ST. PAUL.
"It's only a Drop."
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 the Lord knows 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 as peacocks, by calling us her blossoms of beauty, and her heart's blood, and her king and queen."
"God and the blessed virgin make her bed in heaven now and forever more, amen," said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads, and repeating an ave with inconceivable rapidity. "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'm after now, as you well know, you blushing little rogue of the world, and sorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my own hearth-stones with no one to keep me company but the old black cat, that can't see, let alone hear, the crathur!"
"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, "have off; ye're just like all the men, pretending to one thing, when ye mane another; there's a dale of desart about them—all every one of them—and so my mother often said. Now, ye'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the color to your brown cheek, a dale more warmth to yer warm heart, than would be convauint just by the mention of one Mary—Mary! what a purty name, Mary it is, isn't it?—it's a common name, too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the old rhyme?—
"Mary, Mary, quite contrary;
Well, I'm not going to say she is contrary—I'm sare she's any thing but that to you, any way, brother; can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pusheen cat's tail, it isn't many there's in it; and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English stocking I'm knitting; leave off your tricks, or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more than even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed, poor old Pusheen, she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, "never heed what he says to you: he has no notion to make you either head or tail to the house, not he; he won't let you be without a mistress to give you yer sup of milk, or yer bit of sop. He won't let you be lonesome, my poor puss; he's glad enough to swoop an Ellen for a Mary, so he is; but that's a secret, avourneen; don't tell it to any one."
"Any thing for your happiness," replied the brother, somewhat sulkily; "but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you kept on to me; he has turned for the drop, Ellen; you know he has."
"How spitefully you said that!" replied Ellen; "and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself."
"You'll not let a word go against him," said Michael.
"No," she said, "I will never let ill be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop, but I'll cure him."

"After he's married," observed Michael, not very good-naturedly.
"No," she answered, "before. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to after marriage reformation. I won't. Didn't I reform you, Mike, of the shockin' habit, you had of putting every thing 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 your 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 snacking 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 bridle 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 tea and sugar, soap, candles, starch, every thing good, and plenty of it."
"My own dear, generous sister," exclaimed the young man.
"I shall ever be your sister," she replied, "and her's too. She's a good colleen, and worthy my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to 'ere another in the parish. I was 'n in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it off yer handsome face. And hush!—whist! will ye! there's the sound of Larry's footsteps 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 country, the walk across the moor's the dreariest, and yet ye're always going it! I wonder ye had'n't better sense; ye're not such a chicken now."
"Well," interrupted Mike, "it's the women that bates the world for desaving. Sure she echo yer step when nobody else could; it's heath 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 won't know whether it's on your 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 straitforward 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, "blythe 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 whiskey bottle 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 countrywomen, well, she loved, I am sorry to say, unlike the generality of my fair countrywomen, 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 unbeknownst, quite against my will."
"Who poured it down your 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 Ellening me," she answered quickly; "I've 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 overcoming-ness 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 any thing 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 was a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to me 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 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 whiskey, if that will please ye, till Christmas."
"And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsey as ever, with joy to think yer oath is out—no!"
"I'll swear any thing you please."
"I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man 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, one of these days, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you don't trust yourself."

"Ellen, I'm sare ye've some English blood in yer veins, ye're such a reasoner. 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 trouble to tell you my mind."
"Like Mike Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed 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 sare—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Wicked of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old entirely, withered and white headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the streams 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 their side-ways like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scream, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a well-raised 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 'e was 'n one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so, too, if they'd call her any thing but Lady Stacy, which the rare gentry of the place all humored 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 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 basto to fear her to pieces. The dog soon was up with her, and then she kept him off as well 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

*Tax-gatherers were so called some time ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.