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FORTY YEARS IN THE WORLD.

PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

FORTY YEARS IN THE WORLD ;

OR,

SKETCHES AND TALES

OF

A Soldier's Life.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

“FIFTEEN YEARS IN INDIA,” “MEMOIRS OF INDIA,”

&c. &c. &c.

“ I have song of war for Knight,
Lay of love for Lady bright.”

SCOTT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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FORTY YEARS IN THE WORLD;

OR,

Sketches and Tales,

&c. &c.

N^o. I.

INDIAN VILLAGE LIFE.

The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,
And, oft renew'd, seemed oft to die,
With breathless pause between :
O, who, with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene !

SCOTT.

MANY of the villages in India exhibit all that poets have conceived of rural bliss. Peeping from beneath eternally green canopies, that shade them from the sun's glare, and fan them with umbrageous branches, nothing in idea can exaggerate the charms of such a scene. You often see

the tall palm and the golden plantain growing at the cottage door; the yellow melloon climbing the roof; and the pumpkin creeping and glittering in the garden; whilst the distance is a perfect feast of roses, banyan flowers, fruits, and wonders. You see the pagoda rising through grand vistas of banyan stems; you view the choultry, or dhuramsallah, a place for the accommodation of travellers, supported on pillars of huge stone; you look at the images of Hindoo gods around it with surprise; fine tanks of water, constructed by charitable Hindoos at vast expense, meet your eye, perhaps, near the spot; and you see the village girls, in all the simplicity of scriptural delineation, ready to draw water for you and your camels. The courts of justice, the public seats under the trees, the numbers of children you behold at play, the mirth and gaiety which laugh in every eye—all, every thing, assures you, that happiness is shedding her perfume on the whole. Such pictures you will often be delighted with in travelling over the Honourable East-India Company's possessions. Security and peace have long left industry at ease in the southern parts of

Hindustan. It has been the object of the Court of Directors to attach the people by making them happy. O, how wise! O, how worthy of an eternal monument! What! though some of the Company's servants have done wrong, and inflicted injury, have they not been dragged like tigers from their dens, to suffer from the spears of reprobation; and shall we blame a large body for the acts of an individual? No; British justice, English good sense, and the East-India Company's known intentions to do good, have gained them the hearts of Hindostan. May it be perpetual! Ye who have power, let not colonization commit robbery! O, let not a licentious press disseminate poison instead of instruction, where there is not an antidote in public opinion! Guard the prejudices and religious institutions of the meek and gentle inhabitants from the meddling, foolish attacks of bigots and fanatics, who think that God cannot accomplish his wise purposes, without the aid of creatures framed from perishable dust. Continue to them their own panjait, or native village courts, for the trial and settlement of all criminal and civil cases. Give them the benefit of education and science, those

openers of the eyes of human understanding; and when they see error, let it be corrected by a regular surrender, instead of being extirpated by invasion and persecution. Justice, like honesty, is the wisest policy.

I have said, that it always afforded me great pleasure to see happy faces. Village life, therefore, was my study and delight in India. When I was in the Carnatic, in Bengal, in Malabar, in Mysore, in Guzerat, in Kutch, and in the Deckan, as well as in the Koncan and at Bombay, it was the charm of my evenings to walk or ride to the villages, and witness the sports and amusements of the people.

“ I love thee, Twilight! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When, o’er the harp of thought, thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind ;
And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns.”

MONTGOMERY.

At this melting period of time I have frequently seen crowds of Hindoos, male and female, commixed as in our village scenes, and equally full of laugh, fun, and life, amusing themselves with the exhibitions of jugglers, story-tellers, buffoons, and

play-actors. Sometimes these displays of ingenuity and feats of art were in the open air, on the clean turf, under overspreading trees; at others, in large tents, or temporary erections, covered with palm-leaves.

The Madras jugglers perform nearly all our legerdemain tricks: they moreover astonish Europeans by swallowing swords; leaping through hot irons and pointed instruments; poisoning men on long poles resting on their breasts, chins, and noses; tumbling and vaulting on the tight-rope; swinging and balancing on the slack-rope; so that many of them would excite surprise, even after the wonders and deceptions of London and Paris. I have given specimens of the story-telling art: the buffoons are half equal to our fools and harlequins in making horrible faces, and in performing extraordinary feats. Monsieur Alexandre could scarcely transform himself faster than the heroes of a Hindoo pantomime. They enter in all manner of shapes; as tigers, lions, bears, buffaloes, wolves; as gods, with monstrous heads of elephants, monkeys, fishes, and all the astonishing variety in Hindoo mythology; as old women,

old men, lovers, warriors, Europeans, drunken sailors, &c. It is a curious fact, that the natives of India ridicule on the stage what they adore in the temple. They laugh at their gods under ridiculous transformations; but the utility of their actions, which induced them to assume these disguises, prevents the contempt at the altar which is felt in the theatre. To understand their ideas and feelings, it would be necessary for us to read the history of their religion, or to hear their popular legends with somewhat of kindred superstition. I need not say more than this respecting the buffoons; but it may be interesting to offer a brief notice of their histrionic performers.

Sir William Jones, and other elegant oriental scholars, have placed the higher dramatic productions of the Hindoo school so well before us, that I need not adduce any thing further than my own eye and ear views. The Indian villagers are amused with our three descriptions of theatricals. I have seen tragedy, comedy, and farce; you may also witness opera singing and pantomime, as well as efforts *à-la-mode de* Mathews and Henry. Their stage is generally formed of a few carpets,

in as many moments: some mats answer well enough for a screen, or dressing-room. They care little about artificial scenery, having such luxuriance in all its natural beauty. Their orchestra is in general very good; for music is the soul of their pieces, sometimes accompanying the speakers, and always playing when the actors are silent. Much of the plot of every piece is carried on in dumb shew; and I often thought that the audience were more excited by what they supposed or imagined, than by the story, which is in general very simple and brief.

The village theatricals of India consist of sacred and profane tales, thrown into dialogue, and transmitted by the power of memory from one to another; for few of them are found in writing. In their sacred plays, many of which are farces, the actions of the gods are described; their loves with the daughters of men; their disguises to destroy giants and tyrants, to overcome magicians, to liberate captive beauties, and to benefit mankind. The Hindoos laugh at the same incidents that our peasantry would extol to the skies; such as the upsets which the gods encounter from

unforeseen obstacles. At the cunning and hypocrisy of their fellow men they smile; they clap successful ingenuity loudly; but the triumph of virtue over vice, of heroism over tyranny, and the destruction of villainy, never fail to excite wild applause. I have often seen a whole audience in tears, while some domestic calamity was recited; and I am convinced that no people have more tender hearts than the Hindoos. Taking them out of the sphere of their prejudices, they are as fine, as generous, as warm-hearted a race, as any in existence. They play off their own rajas, thakoors or nobles, zemindars or great landholders, magistrates, &c., and make them good or bad, according to their character. You will sometimes see a tragedy about a lady who had been seduced from her family by a great man; she is represented as much pleased with the change, or otherwise; whilst the husband sometimes commits suicide; at others, kills the Raja. You will see a zemindar introduced as professing to be a kind landlord, to set his land cheap, not to grind the poor; then he is shown off as taking bribes, selling the inheritance of the fatherless,

and oppressing the people; afterwards you see him disgraced, and trampled under the feet of an elephant, or impaled alive. Many of their comedies are love-stories, in which dancing-girls are the heroines. For them their poor wives are forsaken; but some discovery of falsehood on the part of the frail fair one generally restores the wife to favour, and the *finale* is happy.

It was at the village of Rajapet, a few miles from the head of the Poodicherrum ghaut, on the high-road from Mysore to Cannanore, that I once witnessed a real tragedy. In the year 1807 I travelled alone from Cannanore to Seringapatam. Upon coming to Rajapet, in the choultry of which I put up for the night, the cutwal or magistrate paid me great attention; sent me a present of fowls, eggs, butter, and milk, and assured me that he was a great friend to our queen; for he thought that the East-India Company was an old beebe or woman. This opinion was then very general in the interior. In short, I always found it a most difficult matter to make a Hindoo understand that a company of merchants governed India: every native has a preconceived

notion of government as peculiarly the privilege of the royal caste; and it is impossible to remove this impression but by long explanation, and by entering into the nature of our laws and customs.

The village of Rajapet is beautifully situated almost among the ghauts. It is surrounded by magnificent scenery. The long winding row of houses of which it consists, are tastefully sheltered by trees, and adorned by seats for travellers. I, in my usual way, took my evening walk to view the whole.

“ It was an evening bright and still
As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.”

MOORE.

I had admired the soft serenity of the scene, looked at all the happy faces I had met, and not forced the pretty Hindoo girls to turn their backs upon me by an impudent stare. Indeed, I had received some pleasure from seeing some of them peeping after me as I passed; for they are not at all void of curiosity, and such a strange animal as I

seemed to them naturally drew their bright eyes. Well, I did not notice the innocent peep at me from behind the cloth over their heads, but went on towards the river which was prattling over its bed, and glittering in pools down the distance. About half a-mile from the village I saw some bustle. People were running and shouting towards one of the deep holes before me; others now flocked from Rajapet; and, by the time I got up to the place, they had dragged a young man from the river, who had drowned himself. A large piece of rock was tied to his neck with a rope; and he was quite dead, having been in the water a whole day and night.

My curiosity was naturally excited to learn the cause of such a determined and hardy act; for the young man must have tied the stone to his neck in a recumbent posture, and then have rolled it down the steep into the river; by which means he was dragged after it and strangled, perhaps, before he reached the water; at least, he must have been nearly dead. The following were the particulars:—

Bappo Manick was an industrious farmer. He

had been born at the village of Rajapet, where he was universally respected. At an infantine age his father had married him to a child belonging to a neighbouring family; and, as soon as maturity authorized, the youthful pair lived together in a state of the greatest felicity. It was Bappo's misfortune that Arima, as she grew up, exhibited alarming beauty; yet, such was her affection for her husband, that he was perfectly easy respecting her virtue. He was, however, greatly disquieted lest the young Raja should see her. This prince was of a very amorous disposition: he had already seduced the affections of several poor men's wives from their lowly state to grandeur and neglect; for as soon as his desires were satisfied, his eye roamed after fresh game. Bappo Manick, therefore, implored Arima, in the fondest terms, to keep out of the sight of their Raja, and not subject him to temptation, herself to solicitation, and her husband to destruction; "for," said Bappo, "O, Arima! it would kill me to see you in the arms of another!" Arima, throwing her arms round poor Bappo's neck, assured him, that she would never breathe

on any one but him. She promised that the young Raja should never see her; "for," said she, "whenever I hear the bells of his elephants, I'll run and hide myself behind the purdah, if I am near the house; or, should I be at a distance, I'll draw my saurie* close over my face."—"That's a good dear," answered Bappo, giving his girlish wife a dozen of his best kisses—"do so, and all will be right."

Arima had got it into her little head that it was her best plan to be an obedient and good wife; and she thought in her heart that the Raja's riches could never induce her to think little of her husband. The young Raja had passed her several times: she always did as her husband had desired, and as she had promised. The Raja never looked particularly at her; and she began to think it strange that her fine shape should not have attracted his particular attention. Indeed, she had observed him carefully from under her saurie. His rich dress, shining face, grand hunting ele-

* The garment or piece of cloth which is rolled round the breast.

phant, and splendid attendance, quite dazzled her; and she sometimes thought that his wife must be very happy, though shut up in a strong house, and guarded with locks, bolts, and bars. In short, she began to wish that the Raja would look at her; though she never thought it possible that she should look upon him so as to forget and destroy her poor Bappo.

It happened one day, however, that the Raja went a tiger-hunting with a fine train and numerous retinue. They had excellent sport; for every one knows how plentiful tigers are in the Coorg. As they were returning home, and crossing the river which I before mentioned, the elephant took it into his head to be guilty of a great piece of indecorum, that is, to drink with his majesty on his back. The huttee wallah, or driver, seated on his neck, darted his iron hook into the spinal marrow of the elephant to make him manly. But no—it would not do.—He was determined to drink his fill; and I can assure you, that when one of those huge animals takes it into his head to rebel, it is not an easy matter to reduce him to obedience. The Raja seeing, and feel-

ing how the elephant was plunging about, irritated by the blows of the driver, ordered the man to let the beast have water.

At this very time Arima had been washing clothes in the river. This operation is performed in India by standing in the water, and beating the clothes on a broad stone. A piece, for instance, is taken by the person, who folds it in proper form, and, holding it at one end with both his hands, he raises it over his head, and strikes it against the stone; and so on till the soap and dirt are washed out of it. In all parts of India, this office is filled by men, but women sometimes assist; and poor ones, such as Arima, occasionally wash for themselves. Well, she was either bathing or washing at this river, when the Raja's elephant stopped to drink. Her saurie she had laid aside, and her petticoat was tucked up, so that the Raja, upon raising his eyes, saw one of the prettiest shadows he had ever beheld in the clear water. He instantly looked for the substance, and discovered Arima blushing and smiling under the bank; so that he had not only a

full view of her face, but of her neck, bosom, and waist.

Arima's complexion was dark—it was a deep shade of bronze; but so bright, sparkling with health, and life, and love, that the Raja gazed on her with obvious delight, and ascertained who and what she was. You may suppose that it was a great shame for Arima to speak to the Raja without her saurie, but no—it is quite customary in many parts of India for women of the lower order to go at all times naked from the waist upwards. She, therefore, trespassed on no rule of delicacy and propriety, unless, as may be suspected, that she did not do her best to escape, or conceal herself when the Raja was approaching.

Be this as it may, I am loth to prefer any charges against the fair sex; and though Arima belonged to the dark ones of this world, she raised such a whirlwind in the young Raja's breast as converted him into a very King David.—

“ Love will find its way
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey;
And if it dares enough, 'twere hard
If passion met not some reward.”

BYRON.

So thought our young Coorg Raja. He sent the old women who had the management of all his ladies to Arima, disguised as a fortune-teller. Poor Arima was, like the rest of the world, not contented with knowing what God has thought sufficient to reveal. No, she longed to take a peep behind the curtain of futurity; and, when the old beldame visited her, instead of informing against the witch, and letting her husband put salt in her eyes, according to custom, she placed her little palm on her hand, and to her great surprise, heard that there was a young Raja in it. "This is very extraordinary," thought poor Arima. "The Raja certainly was a little particular," said she to herself; "this old one knows every thing, I am quite sure: who can prevent what fate ordains?" In short, she became all attention to the insinuating old devil; who struck the very key of her vanity, that responded each tone she wished. She had to proceed, however, with great caution, for affection and virtue are not to be conquered in one assault, or taken by escalade. After several private conferences, Arima permitted the wretch to load her with joys; that is, to make her

presents of gold and silver ornaments for the neck, ears, nose, fingers, wrists, ankles, and toes. These she hid under ground lest her husband should find or see them.

Alas ! I need say no more ; you know all the rest. Arima's little feet were slippered in gold, velvet, and silver ; her black hair was pearled with gems of ocean ; her soft bosom, panting alarm, was covered with muslin, half as soft as herself, and so fine that nothing but a Hindoo finger could produce its threads ; and, O Heaven ! she moved all warm, all smile, all breath of roses, to meet the embraces of the young Coorg Raja ; to leave her own, her heart-confiding husband to despair, insanity, and suicide. " O, frailty ! " why did genius call thee " woman ! " Thou art the devil ; she is an angel ! But when fallen ? Ha ! there you touch me ! Yes, Shakspeare, thou art right— " O, frailty ! thy name is woman ! "—and " man, " too !

Well, I went to Seringapatam, leaving a tear at Rajapet, as a monument for poor Bappo Manick. In my way back I inquired how Arima's heart beat ? It was colder than marble. She

had starved herself to death, and torn the beauties from her face, with her nails, which had destroyed her Bappo! This was the work of remorse. O what a hell her bosom must have been, when she was marching arrayed in smiles to meet the young Raja! Of what were her smiles the type? volcanic flowers, if such ever grew over the burning lava of nature's heart. We know they bloom for a moment, on passion's lip; till, nipped by remorse, they die like the dolphin, shewing all the colours of despair. Well has the preacher said, "all his vanity"—but guilty pleasure is most vain.

"Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain."

SHAKSPEARE.

N^o. II.

THE PANJAIT.



Plate sin with gold,
 And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE engine of Hindoo government, in ancient times, was beautifully simple ; and so well calculated to ensure happiness to the full extent of human possible enjoyment, that it is still cherished by the mass of the people, and held as sacred as their religion. It may be useful to draw attention to a subject so interesting.

I need say very little of the ministers of a raja, or native prince. All governments, both in Asia and Europe, must divide themselves into departments. A Hindoo raja, like a British king, has his prime minister, his secretaries of state, his

chancellor of the exchequer, his civil and military branches, his sirdars or headmen, and his courts of justice, and law officers. The obligations of king and subject are reciprocal; both receive valuable considerations for the parts they perform. These principles were well understood at a very remote period in India; and civilization has left us a monument, in Hindostan, of simple justice, which it would be well if we imitated. I shall confine myself, therefore, to the administration of the laws in India, as that part of the machine which is most useful, and least understood, or practised in this country. To secure men in the possession of acquired property, to protect the weak against the strong, to redress grievances, and to make justice poise the balance of right; neither inclining to the rich, nor declining from the poor; and to pioneer the road towards the gates of equity, so that they may be easy of approach and open to all, are indubitably the duties which government has to perform, as essentially connected with the subject's welfare. Some of its other duties are in self-defence; but these are peculiarly required for political happiness.

Now I will ask, with great humility and respect, the following questions: Is justice administered with us in as simple a form as possible? Has it not become a science, and a means of acquiring vast fortunes to one out of four great professions, into which we are divided, like the castes of Hindostan? Can a poor man obtain justice with the same ease as a rich one? No.—But I wave this question, because, I believe, except in Utopia, the affirmative of the proposition is an impossibility: when two things are constitutionally unequal, they cannot be matched. Well, let that pass. Does a man obtain redress in our free land, where injury has been inflicted; and is he able to punish the man who has wronged him, immediately? We know the contrary. I need not urge the distance we may have to travel to the assize town; the length of time we may have to wait for the judges; the penalty under which a prosecutor is placed to ensure his evidence, and answer the purposes of justice. Why, he who has been injured, robbed, assaulted, half-murdered, is punished, and threatened with fine or imprisonment, before he can obtain redress; and a prisoner, who is consi-

dered innocent in the eye of the law till tried, is punished with six months' incarceration, though he knows his witnesses could prove him not guilty. A grand jury may throw out a bill, after the person whom they thus discharge has been punished—for nothing! Good God!

The fact is, habit blinds understanding. Men cannot see the absurdity, the cruelty, the horrible folly, of things which have become familiar—which time and precept have consecrated. It requires a convulsion—some extraordinary concurrence of events—or a serious lapse of time, to overwhelm prejudice and error, by the force of public opinion: because, what has grown to maturity recreates itself, and clings to nine-lived existence; whereas, that which has to beat it down must outstride the other before it can strike. But I have said as much on these points as my subject requires; though volumes might be written on one so fertile.

All these objections vanish before the simplicity of Hindoo jurisprudence. Wherever a native prince, or raja, reigns in India, every town and village are independent; each has its own invested

right of holding panjait, or courts for the trial of all civil and criminal causes within its jurisdiction, which embraces the entire scope of its necessities. These courts are of three kinds: the most simple is the Panjait of Arbitration, to the decision of which all parties are obliged to submit their petty grievances and complaints; the next is a Debtors' Court, in which all litigation business is tried; and the third is the great Criminal Panjait, which extends to life and death, and takes cognizance of the highest crimes. The same officers and members form one or any of these courts. There must be five judges to constitute a panjait, for the word means five; but it may consist of as many more as circumstances may occasion, or necessity require. Unanimity, as in our jury, is considered desirable; but a majority of voices passes sentence. Neither barrister nor attorney is allowed to plead in this court; but when the conviction or acquittal has been forwarded to the raja, the law officers are called in to pronounce the conformity of the proceedings to ancient rule and established custom. Execution is then ordered, and thus only a few days

intervene between crime and its punishment: on the spot where the former was committed redress is procurable; and no expense is incurred in defeating ingenuity, and in dragging forth justice from the cell of cunning.

These courts are composed of the chief magistrate of the town or village, and any of the other respectable inhabitants, who are all supposed to be acquainted with the customs, and capable of deciding questions of right amongst one another.

I am fully sensible that, in a complicated government like our's, the panjait could never be constituted to meet contingencies: much, however, might be done by its introduction in curbing litigation, and gaining the ends of justice. The simplicity of tenure in India, the great regularity of the Hindoos in living, and in conforming to the customs of their caste, render it easy to govern them; and the panjait is all-sufficient for every exigency.

In different parts of the country I attended these simple native courts; and it is my intention here to illustrate some of their proceedings; premising

only, that the particulars do not all apply to any one part of India, but embrace the entire range of my observations.

The reader is aware, that in the Company's possessions justice is administered by British civilians according to the maxims of Mahomedan and Gentoo law, and the customs of established usage; but several able writers, amongst whom is Sir John Malcolm, think, and I believe with great truth, that the general adoption of the panjait would, in its practical effects, benefit government, and greatly increase happiness.

All the inhabitants are bound to do duty when called upon as panjait judges. In some places they are paid for loss of time and labour; in others, it is considered a sacred duty. Like our grand and petty jurors, they are summoned to attend in turn; and no party who has the least interest in the cause is allowed to sit. The court assembles under a sunnud or warrant from the raja: directed in all its forms by a learned pundit, and governed by the patell, cutwall, or chief magistrate of the town, who is generally the most respectable man in the place, as well for age and

gravity as for wealth and character—all goes on smoothly and as impressively as in our courts. The court is generally a large building supported on pillars, and open all round three sides to the public. In the enclosed part are the record offices, and the great books of law, written, as they tell us, by God; together with entries of all the proceedings by the clerk of the crown, who turns to precedents, and, under the pundit, guides the judges—men who are merely supposed to be acquainted with the laws of nature and the customs of their ancestors.

If you can conceive such a building or great hall, surrounded by a piazza of pillars in the Egyptian style of architecture; if you then fancy one side, or end of it, raised three or four feet, and covered with carpets or mats, as a bench for the judges and court officers; if you can imagine ten or twenty grave Hindoos in full costume, and with flowing beards, seated cross-legged on this stage, with palm-leaves and brass styles before them for writing notes, &c., you will have a tolerable notion of the court. Some of the judges may be smoking the hookah, others chewing

betel-and-pock,* some eating opium, and a few in a seeming slumber. The large turban, long white beard, painted forehead,† flowing robe, and rich party-coloured shawls and slippers, are as imposing to the eye as the costume of our judges. Look around and you will see the hall crowded with turbaned, bare-headed, well-dressed, half-naked, bearded, close-shaved, sedate-looking, mad-seeming, queer-painted, wild-staring natives of all orders, castes, and tribes, sitting, one row rising above another.

The first trial which came on was a question of disputed demarkation. Complainant alleged that the boundary line should run one way; defendant swore it had always run another. Several old men were called as witnesses. Brahmans attended with a brass vessel of water, in which some sacred leaves were steeped: the witness's right hand was placed in this; and, with the other

* A certain kind of nut, a green leaf, and a small proportion of lime, compose what is called betel-and-pock; it is a pleasing aromatic, a good stomachic. It stimulates the salival glands.

† All good Hindoos are marked with caste and tribe in red or white chalk, which is carefully renewed every morning.

holding the Veda or Scriptures over his head, he swore to tell all he knew, and nothing but what he knew; so help him the record, and so favour him Brahma. Well, there was just as much difference of opinion and cross-swearing as in our own courts. The judges lifted up their eyes and hands, wrote what they thought quickly down on a palm-leaf, and then looked quite demure; the learned pundit stroked his beard, seemed as though he could say a great deal—hemmed—shook his head—and at length said, “My lords, this is a case for sacrifice.” “Do you agree?” inquired the president. The plaintiff and defendant kissed the ground. Then a buffalo was killed in presence of the Brahmans; the warm skin of the animal was rolled round the oldest inhabitant, who knew the boundary line in dispute; that person commenced his procession, followed by a vast multitude; and, having marked with some blood the course which he deemed right, all were forced to submit to this sacred decision.

My next memorandum describes a case which has often occurred in India. A complainant came to the patell in open court, on the banks of the

Myhe, in Guzerat, and stated that he had been robbed of the greatest part of his harvest of unpressed cotton during the night. He swore that his neighbours had taken it; but he acknowledged, though he demanded a warrant for their apprehension, and a panjait, that he had no witnesses to prove the fact. “Are you on good terms with your neighbours?” inquired the patell.—“Yes, my lord.” “Have you mentioned this affair—you have not been so rash as to accuse them before you came to me?”—“No, no, my lord.”—“Go home, then—ask your neighbours to eat rice with you this night—order the musicians and dancers forthwith, and I shall be your guest.—Choop!” that is, be silent; and the patell placed his finger on his lip.

At the appointed time Chundoo Doss, who had lost his cotton, was visited by his dear and loving neighbours. The rice was brought in on plantain-leaves, and they all sat cross-legged on mats, to enjoy it and the vegetable curry, which made it very nice. The cook had given plenty of ghee or melted butter; and the rice was yellow with saffron and fragrant with spice. O, how they

praised Chundoo Doss, as an excellent neighbour and a right soodur !* hospitable like Chrishna, and beneficent like unto Mahadeva. Oh! oh! oh! Just at this soft moment in walks the patell, with rage in his looks, followed by his police peons. It is said that his beard was standing. "How dare you," cried he, "false soodurs that you are, come to feast at your friend's with his cotton sticking to your beards?" Those who had stolen the cotton instantly put up their hands. "Seize them!" roared the patell. —Oh! oh! oh! In short, the property was recovered and the thieves punished.

The next trial was that of a witch, who it was alleged had played the very devil with every one near her. She had caused her own buffaloes to give the milk that those of her neighbours should have streamed into their chattees or earthen vessels; she had prevented the children of those she hated from growing, and made them ugly; in short, she was a most dangerous old woman. It was boldly asserted that she had been seen flying in the shape of a large bat the night before: the people had seized her, according to custom, cram-

* One of the four castes.

med her eyes full of salt, and, because she had shed tears, pronounced her positively a witch; thrown her into a tank, and, as she did not sink instantly, believed her to be a terrible one; flogged her with the branches of a certain tree; and, when she cried out with pain, they called her the very devil. Therefore she was brought to the patell to have her nose cut off, or to be tried and executed. I never heard such a hubbub as her accusers made. Our patell was about a century before his countrymen in the growth of his brain: he did not believe in witchcraft; he did not absolutely deny it; but he knew that it was his wisest plan to keep his doubts to himself; for, if it had been known that his superstitious creed had such a rent in it, he would have lost caste, and been pronounced a philosopher. However, he saved the old woman by a stratagem, although she, in the state of frenzy to which they had reduced her, acknowledged, and believed herself possessed of supernatural power. She was asked if the winds and spirits of the air obeyed her? Her answer was a positive affirmation that they did; yet, by her own account, she had never done any one the least harm; and

many of her friends were present who swore that she had cured them of diseases, and increased their wealth by her power, although she was herself miserably poor. Indeed her appearance indicated the extremity of wretchedness. Contradiction and uproar now began to spread. One party were for cutting off her nose, another for burning her alive, and a third for letting her go home. I thought there would have been a battle royal; as many of the disputants were armed with short swords, targets, and spears, whilst others carried bows and arrows: but, at a critical moment, the old witch raised her voice to an amazingly loud pipe, and vociferated “Hunnymaun! Hunnymaun!—there he is!—I see him among you.—He will eat you all.” Instantaneously an indescribable panic prevailed; and one man tumbled over another till they all lay in a curious but confused heap; some shouting, “Oh, murder! you are smothering me;” whilst those who could run took to their heels, leaving swords, targets, and bows behind them. Hunnymaun is the monkey deity; and he was the god of the old woman’s idolatry. That she saw him in the wild mind’s

eye, I have no doubt; and the anecdote shows how much alike the people of all countries are at different stages of civilization. Such scenes have occurred in all parts of Europe in the dark ages. The spirited relation of the witch frightening a whole synod of presbyterian clergymen—as beautifully given in the first volume, I believe, of *Waverley*—from fancying that she saw the devil seated among their reverences, will instantly occur to the reader.

Well, when the people came to look upon each other, they began to laugh, and shake their beards, and ask, “What! did you see any thing?”—“Why did you knock me down? I was not in the least afraid.” This put them into good-humour; and the patell, taking advantage of their return to temper, told her accusers that he would punish the witch provided they submitted to undergo the same ordeal as she. “I shall cause you and her to be thrown into a tank: now, if you all instantly sink, like stones, the devil cannot be in you; but if she, or any of you, come to the surface, and struggle for life, why I shall cut off your noses; for certainly you must be very dangerous

people." This mode of trial the patell had learned from a British civilian, who had opened his eyes to many of the superstitions of his country.

I need not tire the reader with more of this. We had trials for robbery; the punishment for which is in general restitution and fine. There were cases of seduction and *crim. con.*, in all which the wives and daughters were put to death, if the fathers and husbands pleased, and the paramours banished, fined, or confined. Some of the female witnesses could not appear in public on account of custom, jealousy of husband, or usage of tribe. These were sworn behind a purdah, or in a close palankeen; and I often amused myself in guessing what sort of a lady the invisible might be from the sweetness, or harshness, shrillness, or softness of her voice. There is a secret charm in imagination when roused by what is unseen. The reader has experienced my feelings if ever he attended divine service in the Bethesda Chapel in Dublin. The penitent female singers sit at a distance behind a green curtain, and ravish your ears like nightingales. Their voices are actually dangerous to repose. She who says "Amen"—has a pipe

like a round, mellow, octave flute. It is tremulous with emotion, but you trace manner in it, and feel convinced that the invisible bird is not inclined to be a nun. So I thought, and felt often when I heard the love-tones from the close palkee and thin purdah. "That lady would have no objection to be looking about her," said I to myself.

We had a few trials for murder in the course of twenty years; but this crime is not frequent in India. Private poisoning is said to be often one of the atrocities which characterize the state of Indian society; but this dark crime can seldom be dragged into open day. The sentence on a conviction for murder is—"The accused is guilty: he shall pay the price of blood." It is then left to the raja, and the friends of the deceased, to commute the punishment for a sum of money, if the parties can agree. When a Brahman is the victim, commutation is not allowed: the murderer is then trampled to death by an elephant, or hung up in an iron cage to starve, &c. Beheading is also common in the upper provinces. The condemned is not laid on a block, as with us: his exe-

cutioner approaches him, where he stands, strikes, and follows up his blows, like a murderer, till his victim falls. Sir John Malcolm describes an execution of this kind which took place in the presence of the cruel and infamous Tulsa Bhye, a princess who was as great a disgrace to her sex as Alia Bhye was an honour *

The mode of swearing a Chinese at a panjait, or in our supreme court, used to amuse me much. He was brought in, fantastically dressed, with his long black queue dangling down to his heels: a plate was placed on his head, which he held with both his hands; and upon repeating—"You shall tell all you know, and not tell any thing you do not know, on pain of your soul being shattered so," he dashes the plate against the ground with all his force.

* The account is too shocking for general perusal; but should curiosity prompt, it may be found in Sir JOHN MALCOLM'S *Memoir of Central India*, under the head of Holkar's Court and Family.

N^o. III.

MOOTEE MOOTA AND HATTIMA.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
 When two that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
 With heart never changing and brow never cold,
 Love on through all ills, and love on till they die !
 One hour of a passion, so sacred, is worth
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;
 And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

MOORE.

INFANTICIDE is now but little known in India. By the exertions of Governor Duncan and Colonel Walker, its progress was arrested in Kattywar and Cutch; and so salutary has been the effect of exposing the atrocious barbarity of putting innocent creatures to death, merely to gratify the false pride of foolish men, and to perpetuate a horrible custom, that, amongst the Raj-

poots, we now scarcely ever hear of this abominable practice. No Rajpoot ever chooses a wife in his own tribe: these people consider one another in the same light as family relations, too near a-kin to marry. This usage, which, in its practical effect, renders it difficult for parents to provide well for their daughters, induced some tribes to put them all to death; for it is considered a great disgrace, either to have an unmarried daughter in a family, or to permit one to make an unequal match.

Another most deplorable consequence of this custom was, the purchase and sale of females. Men who could not obtain wives in their own tribe, and sometimes found it difficult to form proper connexions in another, preferred the easy mode of gratifying their desires by expending sums of money for female slaves; who were generally, indeed always, chosen for their beauty. This branch of trade has long been carried on by men called Brinjarries, who are privileged grain-carriers, found in all parts of the country. They purchase young females, entice many away, and often kidnap others, for the purpose of selling

them to the amorous Rajpoots. There are instances on record of a few fortunate girls, thus sold, who, like Joseph, became great in slavery; for it sometimes happens that when a prince, or head-man, finds himself entangled in the snares of artful beauty, he elevates the object of his affection to the highest rank and power; obliging his relatives to receive her as their superior, and to wave all considerations respecting her origin. In general, however, these girls are considered as mere ministers to pleasure, and are trained up in all the arts of gratifying sensuality.

There are many interesting stories told in India, the incidents of which are founded on these usages. I venture to give the subjoined free translation of one, which I trust will afford amusement. That such an event happened, I have no doubt; for few of the popular tales in the East, perhaps not one, are the offspring of mere invention. It is usual to involve every thing in fable and superstition, as well as to clothe it in fanciful language; but there is always some foundation, some popular belief, some oral testimony required to give currency to Hindoostanee

tales. I have, in this instance, cleared my story as much as possible from the rubbish, and given it a dress more suitable to European taste; but the principal incidents, and representations of manner, are faithfully preserved. Before I commence, however, let me offer an observation on the inhuman practice of kidnapping female children in India.

I have said that the practice of infanticide has been checked, and I most cordially rejoice to add, that suttee, or the sacrifice of wives with their husbands, has also been arrested, by the regulations of the Marquess of Hastings. It is impossible that a humane man should not be eager and zealous to prevent an unfortunate woman from burning herself; and as no one can do so now, without permission from British authority, and the inspection of a magistrate, no pretences will be found wanting to save life, without alarming the prejudices of the natives. In time, it may be hoped, suttee will be as little heard of as infanticide. Why, then, should not steps be taken to abolish slavery in India, and to prevent abduction? Can any thing be more dreadful than the situation of

a fond husband, whose wife is torn from his sight, and carried he knows not whither? Nothing, except it be that of an affectionate wife, who has been abducted from a loving husband; for it is, I believe, a justly received notion, that women's feelings are more sensible than men's. Think, too, of that dreadful, that indescribable sensation, which a father would experience on the invisible death of a darling daughter! Reflect upon what a mother must endure, who has lost the child from her breast; not by the natural stroke of fate, but by villanous treachery. Surely, some regulation or enactment ought to be passed to prevent the harrowing mischief of a traffic in females!

It happened that there lived, in the province of Malabar, a young man of the Teerettee tribe, named Mootee Moota. He was not only respected for his good qualities, by his immediate neighbours, but the odour of his character perfumed the whole coast, from Cape Comorin to Malabar Point, and from the lofty heads of the Ghauts to the blue ocean that kisses the lovely region which they overlook, in all the majesty of gigantic pre-eminence.

In person Mootee Moota was equal to Krishna. He had a smiling face, a keen black eye, a Grecian nose, and teeth white as Ceylon pearls. His skin was bright as amber, and shining with health and careful ablution. The lock of hair which hung from the crown of his head was platted with taste, and drawn round to the left ear. He was a man of good sense, sweet temper, and such excellent judgment, that, in cases of emergency, the oldest person in the country sought his advice. All things appeared to prosper under his care. His cottage peeped from amongst a grove of bananas; the pepper vine was seen creeping all around his lovely and peaceful dwelling; and the lofty jack, with the cool banyan, rose over all, like a fine canopy, to exclude the oppressive glare of light, the burning rays of a meridian sun. He had herds of buffaloes, flocks of goats, fine rice fields, plantations of betel, forests of cocoa-nuts, and gardens of arrow-root, tobacco, and spice. The chief ornament, however, of his Indian cottage was his young, blooming, and lovely wife. It was to please her that he platted his forelock, and kept his head shaved so neatly. For her sake the

glittering oil, scented with uttur of roses, gave glossy softness to his body; always naked to the waist. O, how he danced before her! O, how he loved to see her bright eye following him! But I need say no more: Hattima was the light of his eyes, the idol of his devotion, the life of his heart, and the hope of his soul.

How shall I describe her? Hattima was, like many of her tribe, almost a Circassian in complexion and feature. Her bright black hair was drawn back around her shining forehead, and gracefully braided with flowers. No diamonds, after the most careful polish, ever outsparkled her eyes. A little blood might be seen mantling in her cheek; but her lips—O they were as ripe as two cherries; and her teeth like burnished ivory. She was as soft and sweet as one of her own plantains. Her little hand and taper fingers, her small foot, and delicate ankles, ornamented with bracelets and rings, were never surpassed in the imagination of a statuary. No one could look upon her form with indifference. All that Milton said of Eve was true of Hattima:

“ Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love ! ”

Then her dress was so becoming. A white muslin robe folded round her slender waist, and falling in graceful folds to her ankle, served as a beautiful drapery to her figure. Across her bosom a thin piece of white muslin was carelessly passed over one shoulder, and under the other arm ; being made fast, after coming round the back, to the petticoat. This displayed the beautiful texture of a considerable portion of her body, and its glossy softness, without exposing more than delicacy could justify. The swelling beauties of her bust were left to imagination ; but all who saw her face would draw a mental picture fine as nature ever produced, of what was concealed. Such was Hattima, according to my feeble sketch. All gentleness and goodness, she knew that she was adored by Mootee Moota, and he was the object of her gratitude and adoration. O with what pleasure did she breathe the perfume of the betel-nut, according to the custom of Hindoo ladies, on her lover ! he never deeming any

aromatic half so sweet as Hattima's fragrant kiss. She prepared the finest rice for her Mootee Moota's repasts ; her soft hand mixed the ingredients for his curry and mulgatawny ; the jib, and sugared morsels he loved were all doubly delicious from Hattima's hand ; and his cocoa-nut hoppers* were refreshing, after the pressure of her dear little fingers. In short, they were supremely happy. All the monsoon, or rainy season, was spent by these fond doves in love, song, and dance : for Hattima was a perfect nightingale. The woods were charmed by the sweetness of her voice ; not a monkey would chatter on the jack-trees while she was singing ; no peacock would scream ; no green parrots would prate ; the squirrels stood still ; the birds of richest plumage ceased to hop about admiring themselves ; and the snakes and lizards, charmed by her music, approached too near.

Yes—and they were happy, too, in a pledge of love. Long will the people talk of the looks which Mootee Moota cast on his Hattima, as she nursed her bright angel-like infant ; how he

*. Cakes made of rice and cocoa-nut milk.

watched the opening sense of the embryo-man—saw the little rogue smile—and shouted, “O! Hattima, he knows me now!” Then he would play with his own image, and guess at all he thought, and all he wished to say. Ye, who are parents! have you not known this fascinating period, when the imbecility of infancy is invested by affectionate conjecture with ten thousand nameless charms?

Would that my tale permitted me to dwell on this scene of perfect felicity! I dislike to harrow my own feelings, or those of others, with descriptions of sad reverses; but my duty is positive; I must proceed, not on the wing of fancy—no, it must be with the pencil of nature. But I have had the mercy to prepare the reader for what is to happen. He naturally anticipates that Hattima was seized, and carried off by the Brinjarries. It was so. They had observed her exceeding beauty; and, commissioned by Futteh Amul Sing, the young prince of Oujain, to bring him a Teerettee female, of whose charms he had heard, they stole upon Hattima, one day as she was taking a solitary walk, in a cocca-nut grove,

at some distance from her cottage; muffled her mouth, so that she could not utter a single cry; placed her in a close palankeen, and hurried her over the Ghauts.

To attempt a description of the grief and madness of poor Mootee Moota is beyond my powers—it must be left to imagination. Suppose him lying on the ground in an agony of sorrow—calling on death, in vain, to end his miserable existence—tearing the lock of black hair from his graceful head—beating his breast—wringing his hands—and looking on the blue ocean, swelled by his tears, with anger, because it did not overwhelm him. But he felt for his helpless son, and lived to protect him. No trace could he find of Hattima; her light foot had not left a single mark in the sands of Malabar; yet she still appeared before his mental eye, and he could not believe her lost. His feelings were a mass of confusion and insanity. Where could he turn himself? Had Hattima sunk into the earth? He never suspected her of faithlessness.—No: she was really, what Cæsar wished his wife to be, so pure that suspicion could not touch her. All the sur-

rounding country was explored by the unfortunate and most unhappy husband. He saw his wife in dreams ; he rushed to clasp her ; his arms closed on air, and his cries awakened the echoes of the Ghauts. But I am forced to leave him, and fellow poor Hattima.

With anguish which no language can paint, she found herself carried away ; every step added a new link to her overwhelming woe. Her mouth was so completely gagged that she could not speak, while her heart was bursting her bosom, and her tears were deluging the palankeen. Nature sinks under superaction into repose ; and poor Hattima, like an infant exhausted by crying, at last fell into profound forgetfulness. What could she do ? She might have starved herself ; but would that have mended her case, or restored her to Mootee Moota and her babe ? When dying with hunger, she ate ; and when burning with thirst, she drank. Thus, supporting nature, upbraiding her abductors, and endeavouring in vain to interest strangers in her deplorable case, she arrived at the palace of Futtch Amul Singh, in the ancient city of Oujain.

It will be supposed, perhaps, that she was immediately taken to Futteh Amul Singh, who was all impatience to see the stranger. No such thing. Hattima was placed in the seraglio, where this noble prince had twelve hundred beauties; to bathe, dress, anoint her person; decorate her ears, nose, fingers, arms, toes, and ankles with pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and gold; to learn how to dance, to sing, to play on instruments of music, to champoe* with delicacy, and to heighten the power which she possessed of pleasing by all the allurements of art. Until this education should be finished, Hattima could not have the honour of being introduced to his Royal Highness Futteh Amul Singh.

Poor Hattima! she thought it was quite useless for her to attempt such beautifully graceful movements as the other ladies performed. How they spread out their draperies like peacocks' tails, and whirled round and round on one foot—then how they retired and advanced—how they beat time—and how they moved their bodies!

* To rub the prince's body with her hands.

She never had seen dancing before in high style. The dancing-girls of Malabar were not at all like these court-bred fair ones. Well, at last Hattima took off her little golden slippers, and tried how she could pat the rich carpet with her delicate foot. At each turn the large mirrors around revealed her beautiful form. Was there ever a woman without a little vanity? or, rather, was there ever a very pretty one, who did not know it? Hattima, in short, became the best dancer among the twelve hundred ladies.

In like manner she learned to play on the camalon.* Hattima not only learned to play on this fine instrument, but she became a proficient on

* This is an instrument which the curious may see at the India-House, in Leadenhall-street. It consists of a set of barrels, about a foot and a half in length, placed in a frame, covered with gold, and standing on their ends. Over the barrels are ten or twelve plates of steel, poised so as to sound sweetly and loudly; the barrels being of different lengths, produce treble and bass. The camalon is, in fact, an instrument, in appearance, as grand as a piano-forte, and about the same height. The lady who performs sits on a velvet stool, and with two muffled hammers plays any tune she pleases, by striking the steel plates, in the same manner as the glasses of a harmonicon are struck. In front of this superb instrument there is generally a golden image of Ganessa, the elephant-snouted god of wisdom, with many other curious ornaments.

the Indian guitar and tambourine ; and, notwithstanding the distraction which grief had produced, she retained her beauty in full bloom. All this may perhaps be thought consistent with Pope's character of the female sex ; but I do not believe, with that great poet, that "*every* woman is at heart a rake ;" nor that "*every* woman would be queen for life." In short, I must free my favourite Hattima from the glance of suspicion, that she had forgotten her own Mootee Moota.

The change in Hattima's manner, from excessive grief to seeming cheerful passive obedience, was caused by communications from a gooru, or priest of her religion, who had been sent to comfort her, as it was apprehended she would sink under her affliction. We are so generally accustomed to have the characters of the clergy of all countries drawn in an unfavourable point of view, that I am refreshed with the idea of being able to do justice to a worthy man of the order ; for such, to the full extent of the word, was Gooru Chittamun Doss. He was an aged man, of venerable aspect and signal piety ; his time was given up to his duty, and all his leisure was devoted to

the perusal of the sacred records of Brahma; he had a great part of the voluminous vedas and purannas by heart. Belonging to a sect that marry, his soul had been softened by all the ecstasy of parental joy; and when Hattima told her sad story in all the sublimity of simple narrative, he turned away and wept bitterly. I think I perceive a smile, and hear the reader exclaim: “ Mr. Author, none of your fancy-pictures. Pooh! tears, indeed, from a brahman! Have you forgotten the accounts we have of their lingums and secret proceedings? Pah! pah! Mr. Author, do not now be drawing an Indian long-bow, or hurling at us a magical Mahratta spear.”—“ But, fair lady, or most gallant sir, pause, if you please. Pray reflect that brahmans are men. The Almighty Creator has given us sensations of pity, mercy, and love, which no system, set up by the devil, can completely subvert. There are good, kind hearts and souls among the brahmans, as well as amongst our own clergy. Was there ever yet a set of men completely bad or good?”

Chittamun Doss, when he could command his tongue, putting his white beard aside, and laying

his hand on the sacred brahmanical string of beads, which he wore round his neck, said, "My daughter, be of good cheer. The great God is looking down with a smiling face on your sorrow; his right arm will uphold you; in the breath of his presence you smell sweet. Your case is a cruel one: but look around you—here are numbers who have been dragged away from their families; you see no traces of grief on their blooming cheeks. Dance, song, love, and music employ their rosy hours. They have bartered virtue for pleasure, and the Creator has recorded that they have failed in performing their pooja.* In the next life you will see them flying about as bats. As for you, if you preserve your faith and truth, you will be the companion of a peacock: your plumage will shine more richly than, than all the splendour which now surrounds you; and in time you will be taken into the bosom of Brahma, there to repose in unutterable bliss for ever. But hear me. In this world we must oppose wickedness by cunning. Follow my plan, and you will

* Pooja is performed in a thousand ways, sometimes by torturing the body.

do well. Feign an interest in all you see, dress that beautiful face in smiles, and trust to the God who gave you charms for preservation. Thus you will live for your own Mootee Moota, to whom a comforting angel has been sent; and you may yet be blessed with his embraces in this world. Now, farewell, my poor daughter; think of what I have said; send for me frequently, and be of good cheer."

From Gooru Chittamun Doss, Hattima received much curious information respecting Raja Futteh Amul Singh, and his twelve hundred dancing-girls. This being a piece of private history, I think myself fortunate in having such a morsel for the reader's digestion.

Futteh Amul Singh was a Rajpoot prince, with pretensions to family rank of twelve thousand years before Adam was born. The encroachments of the Moguls had, however, reduced him to comparative poverty, though he had still more wealth than he could expend in his restrained state of power. As he had no political consequence, he consoled himself with the stupifying excess of debauchery and liquid opium, till his

bodily and mental energy was completely dead. In short, he had become imbecile, and almost helpless, at an age when other men luxuriate in the excess of animal life. His twelve hundred ladies were to him nothing but visions; he saw selections of their beauty dancing around him, like fairies in a dream; his dose was all the excitement he could feel from their soft touch—his pleasure, when it mounted to ecstasy, was the profoundness of sleep. To hear the horn of his nose sound in full deep harmony, was the signal of retreat for his charming dancing-girls: he could be aroused from constant torpor only by the pouring of prodigious doses of opium down his throat. In short, he was never visible to the people; his whole affairs were managed by Gooru Chittamun Doss. According to usage, a large revenue was raised on the charms of the dancing-girls or slaves; they were sent over the country in companies, as actresses, story-tellers, ballad-singers, musicians, and dancers, to raise money by affording amusement, and to sell their favours to such as could buy them; being accompanied by governors who gave them only a certain share of

the profits to purchase rich dresses, jewels, and nourishing food. Other parties of them were constantly employed in contributing to the pleasure and amusement of the nobility and gentry of the west end of Oujain. Were I in possession of their memoirs, I could shew that the aristocracy of India are not less conspicuous for purity of morals than our own; but let it pass. It shall never be said that my pen dropped any thing which my eye should be ashamed to view, or my tongue scorn to avow. Let the curtain of silence, therefore, fall over scenes of pollution and vice.

At length Hattima was thought qualified to be introduced to Futteh Amul Singh. The physicians had pronounced, as in the case of David, that nothing but extraordinary beauty could reanimate the king; therefore, on every new charmer all eyes were fixed as on a recently discovered planet, which might influence the whole mundane system. Hattima was accordingly led from the seraglio through long vistas, supported by magnificent pillars, and illuminated by huge globular and square Chinese lanterns or chandeliers; exhibiting transparencies, in the most bril-

liant and varied colours, of landscapes, gardens, palaces, men, women, and the whole of animated nature. As she passed along, tripping, with a mixture of hope and fear, on carpets of velvet, carved models in ivory, silver, and gold, of wonderful works in art and nature, met her sight, standing on crystal tables or marble pedestals. The gilded statues of the Hindoo gods were also to be seen, like living monsters, leaning against the walls; some with elephants' faces, others with twenty heads, and as many arms as Briareus: here stood Suraya, the god of the sun, drawn in his chariot by winged horses; there Boodah sat, cross-legged, contemplating the divine perfections; and every where Jain figures, and mythological representations of heaven's combats with the giants: the incarnations of the deities were also represented.

Thus, after passing through numerous suites of apartments, she came to the great state-chamber or amphitheatre, in which his Royal Highness Futteh Amul Singh was dosing under a canopy of shining materials, on a velvet throne or couch, or rather a low bed, which sparkled with

precious stones. Ten thousand wax tapers, under glass shades, spread day around at midnight. His dress and bloated countenance fell upon her in a glare, from which she turned, and strove to find some dark spot for rest; but all was a heaven of bright colours, joy, and life. Bands of music were playing, jets of water were cooling the air, a thousand green plants and bright flowers were shining in the distant lights, and perfumes were flying on the wings of artificial breezes through the splendidly-gorgeous apartments.

O for the pen of the immortal Moore, in *Lalla Rookh*, to give an idea how Hattima danced, sang, and played! Well might she be called "*The Light of the Harem!*" How shall I describe her dress? O, she was a being that the eye could not look upon without melting! You forgot the jewels that blazed about her; you heard not the sweet tones of her zone of silver bells, nor of the golden cymbals that played round her ankles; no, you only sought to live in her fascinating face. The glazed eye of Futteh Amul Singh brightened, as Hattima skimmed round the

room like a heavenly vision. Amul's head rose from its recumbent posture to rest on his hand: and now her sweet voice accompanies the guitar. The cup-holder is offering the liquid opium to arouse his master to the dim enjoyment of the sight.

“ Starting, he dash'd away the cup,
Which all the time of this sweet air
His hand had held, untasted, up,
As if 'twere fix'd by magic there.

“ Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

“ As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then !”

All this Futteh Amul Singh saw, before he dropped again into seeming forgetfulness. But the vision had taken root in his memory; and, on receiving every rousing dose, his orders were dispatched for Hattima, whose dance and song produced the heaven of sleep which he courted.

Hattima soon became his greatest and only favourite. He appeared to exist without opium in

her presence, till the gracefulness of her motion and the melody of her voice threw him on the bed of rosy slumber; and this was all the gratification he had the power of deriving from the beautiful Hattima. I scarcely need say, that this faithful and affectionate wife never, for a moment, forgot her poor Mootee Moota, her sweet peaceful cottage, and the dear pledge of love she had left as its best ornament. Dearer to her heart were the humble mats on which she had lain and sat with Mootee Moota, than all the Cashmere shawl-carpets, and beds of velvet and gold, suspended from the lofty ceilings, on which she now sat or reposed. Sweeter was the water, or the simple juice of the cocoa-nut, than the costly sherbets she now drank; her own plantains rose to her memory, instead of feeling her taste gratified with the high-flavoured mangusteens, or sugared sweetmeats, presented on golden trays. But why need I enlarge?

Enough has been said to prove that Mootee Moota and Hattima were formed for each other; and that, according to my charming motto, if there be an Elysium on earth, they had been

blessed in it. Through the instrumentality of Gooru Chittamun Doss, Hattima communicated with her husband, and sent him money, for the purpose of enabling him to visit Oujain in the capacity of a wealthy merchant. Upon his arrival there, and in his first interview with Chittamun Doss, the brahman perceived with astonishment, the strong likeness which he bore to Raja Futteh Amul Singh, before debauch and opium had bloated his body and paralyzed his mind. They were of the same age, equal stature; their tone of voice was exactly alike; in fact, they were just what is often seen in twins, and so seldom in the surprising variety of the human kingdom.

My materials do not furnish me with the manner in which Chittamun Doss schooled Mootee Moota to act the part of Raja Futteh Amul Singh; nor do I know whether the said brahman were actuated by a pure desire of ensuring the happiness of these two lovers, or by a secret aim at the preservation of his own power. He might have been convinced of the wisdom of Mootee Moota; and that, by raising him to the throne in disguise, he should not only ensure the

happiness of the state, but set at rest a disputed title, which might deluge the country in blood, as the direct line would expire in the raja's person. How he was influenced I pretend not to guess; neither can I solve the doubt, whether the raja died a natural death. This only my authority states, that a report was spread among the people, that the magical stranger was effecting the perfect cure of his royal highness. In due time Mootee Moota was exhibited to the congregated multitude, much in the same way as the Hindoos show their gods, under the veil of "darkness visible," with the beautiful Hattima as his chosen queen; and the brightness of her eyes shed such a light around her, that Chittamun Doss trembled, lest some difference might be discovered between the late raja and his present majesty. However, it all passed off well; and we are to conclude, that Mootee Moota and his dear Hattima, like our Job, were happier in the latter end than in the beginning.

It appears, upon a second reference to my materials, that Futteh Amul Singh died by the absolute waste of life, under repeated doses of liquid

opium; and that there is not the slightest surmise of any charge against Chittamun Doss respecting his death. That Mootee Moota had to practise a system of gross deceit, for the purpose of accomplishing good ends, I must admit; but that such a plan should ever be pursued by an honourable man, I deny. He was forced, by the peculiarity of his situation, into acts which his own good sense condemned; and this is the best apology I can make for Mootee Moota and the fair Hattima. It is natural to suppose that they were pleased with the grandeur to which fortune had raised them; indeed, my authority does not say that they once thought of the Malabar cottage, in which they had spent the happy days of their first loves.

It might be supposed, from reading, that Hindoos are divided into four great castes, from which they never can emerge—that no revolution can raise a man from a low station to a high one; but this would be erroneous. Wealth is the medium of power in India, as well as in this country. Nearly every thing may be effected by money that human means can accomplish; and

it has been well said, I believe by Major Wilford, in "The Asiatic Researches," that if rich and powerful Europeans thought proper to turn Hindoos, they would soon find brahmans to officiate as their priests. Wonderful revolutions take place in the fortunes of men and women in India. Scindeah rose from a low station and caste; so did Holkar; and dancing-girls, who are nearly always slaves, have often been elevated to thrones by the magic power of beauty; for that and great talent level all before them.

To conclude, Mootee Moota and his Hattima had seven sons and three daughters: they named the first Hattima, the second Goolaba, the third Lalla Phooljamma; and in all the land were no women so fair as the daughters of the reputed Raja Futteh Amul Singh; nor any Rajpoots more brave than the seven sons of Mootee Moota and Hattima, to whom their father gave inheritance among their supposed brethren. After this they lived a long life, and saw their children's children, even to the fourth generation. So Mootee Moota and Hattima died, being old and full of days.

It is my intention that youth of both sexes should learn, from this tale, to love one another with truth, honour, and constancy; and, when Hymen has once united their hands, to force their treacherous hearts to be true and loyal to each other, as well in the rainy season of this world as in its sunshine. For there is an eye above looking down, watchful in secret, and ever ready to reward openly the zealous performance of duty: and so, fair creature, or gallant sir, good night! May you be as happy as Mootee Moota or Hattima, without such a trial of fortitude as these fond doves experienced!

No. IV.

THE PASSAGE HOME.



“ And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope !
Oh ! she awak'd such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope
For all its dearest, fondest schemes !”

MOORE.

THE manner in which my friend Thoughtless discovered that his father had returned from America to his native land, has been related in “ Fifteen Years in India.” Charles was then in a declining state of health from long residence in India ; he had a family to support, and only the prospects of a subaltern to cheer him. His joy may therefore be conceived, when he received those letters from his father, which induced him to return home, on the assurance that certain independence awaited his arrival. However, I

shall no longer detain the reader from his own words :

“ With what fond delight I dwelt upon the prospect before me, when circumstances permitted me to quit the field-force, preparatory to my return home ! The object I had long been aiming at seemed, to my ‘ mind’s eye,’ arrayed like a bride ; and I, the happy groom, felt my countenance lighted up with hope and joy. In this state I reached the Presidency of Bombay, and engaged a passage for myself and family on board the free trader, *Victory*, commanded by Captain Braithwaite of Whitby.

“ The white sail soon trembled, and she cut the waves. We dried the tears that had said ‘ Fare-thee-well ’ to many a familiar face, the waving handkerchiefs on the beach streamed no longer to the eye, and we turned to a more contracted scene for pleasure and amusement.

“ Our society on board was not large : it consisted of the captain and his two mates, a lady-passenger and her infant, a brother officer of my own, belonging to another *corps*, and my wife and children. Captain Braithwaite was a stout

Englishmen, with a seafaring frankness of manner and an openness of address, that at once gained confidence and esteem. His countenance presented a fine specimen of the ancient Briton; and no one could look upon it without saying, 'there are bravery and generosity.'

"Mr. Terry, his first officer, was a rough son of Neptune, with a heart and countenance overflowing with good-nature; but take him one inch out of his profession, and he was a child that had every thing to learn.

"The second-mate, Mr. Hawkesley, was a jolly, fine, portly fellow, who could play a game at draughts, and tell a good story with excellent effect. He had nearly lost the use of his right leg and thigh, from having been crushed by a water-cask that broke from its stays in a squall, during the passage out; but this lamentable accident had not subdued his spirit. Full of life, laugh, and music, he hopped from stem to stern, and seemed to regret his loss only when he thought of the shock it would give his mother, to see him limping up to her door. I have seen him wipe his eye when

reflection turned to the girl of his heart, and apprehension asked hope—‘What will she think of me now?’ But a flush of satisfaction would cross his manly face, when answered by his wishes—‘Though I had not a leg to stand on, yet my constant Nan would love the old trunk.’

“Our lady-passenger had just arrived in India with her husband, Major H——, who was obliged to join his regiment in the field, and leave her, the exulting but sorrowful mother of an only child. The climate had disagreed with her; and the physicians, to save her life, had recommended her immediate return to Europe. My brother officer was going home on sick certificate. He had the advantage of a good person, with an unmeaning countenance and a vacant head.

“We had scarcely cleared the land, when one of the most tremendous squalls arose that I ever witnessed. It was in the dead of night. I was aroused from a sound sleep, by the war of elements and the cries of the crew. The vessel had been taken aback with all her sails set. When I mounted the companion-ladder, they were

flapping furiously, the sheets having been all let go. The tempest was howling fearfully, and whistling through the shrouds—the sea was foaming in mountainous billows—the ship was flying, stern foremost, before the hurricane—the thunder was roaring in repeated peals just over our heads—the lightning was striking the deck in repeated flashes; now shedding a lurid blaze, and then leaving all in pitchy darkness—and the captain, with a speaking-trumpet, was cursing the sailors for not obeying orders they could not hear. ‘We are lost,’ said he, ‘unless you furl those top-sails—are you all washed overboard there, I say? Down with the helm,’ shouted he; ‘now she comes round—there the Victory goes before the wind!’—and he gave my hand a convulsive grasp of joy and triumph.

“Torrents of rain now fell, and the chasing billows rolled over the stern. We were flying with bare poles; but the fury of nature soon subsided into a calm: the sailors drank an extra allowance of rum, and laughed at past dangers.

“ Having crossed the line without being becalmed, we fell into the south-east trade, which carried us briskly towards the African coast. Meanwhile, Mrs. H.’s poor little infant sickened : indeed, the surgeon had predicted to me that the child would not live. The complaint of the little innocent was spasms in the bowels, and the lingering pain it endured was distressing, not only to its affectionate mother, but to every one on board ; for it continued to cry out for help till nature became exhausted, and at last it sank into the arms of death with a feeble sigh. The afflicted parent wished much to have the body preserved for interment on shore ; but this was overruled, and it was committed to the deep with all proper ceremony. When I saw the blue waves curling in circles as they closed over the rapidly sinking coffin, I mentally exclaimed—

“ ‘ Fare-thee-well ! like a pearl thou wilt lie beneath the tropic’s dark waters, till dived for by angels. Brief has been thy span of painful existence. No more the tear shall trickle down thy distorted face. Thy mother may weep ; but

her sorrow is *thy* gain. Disappointment has no arrow to wound thee; fear is not an inmate of thy bosom; hope has no false smile to allure thee forward to fictitious joys: thou shalt never know the cares of ambitious toil: the frowns of a despising world are unknown to thee; neither coquetry in love, nor perfidy in friendship, will ever deprive thy eyes of repose; disease thou shalt struggle with no more; wealth and poverty are alike strangers to thy heart; passion and desire never approached thee. Farewell! happy art thou!

“The coast of Africa, near Cape Lagulas, rises proudly over the ocean, mounting to the horizon in successive ridges. • We made land to the north of that projection, and for fourteen days laboured to weather it in vain. During that time we experienced three tempests of awful magnitude from the westward, and narrowly escaped being driven on shore in a calm, which was even more dangerous than the hurricane: for the billows had swelled to such mountains, that the Victory rolled among them at the mercy of Providence, while a swell in-shore carried her towards breakers

dashing in foamy explosions against tremendous rocks. ‘In an hour,’ said Captain B—— to me, with perfect command of countenance, ‘we shall be in atoms among those rocks, if the Almighty does not interfere. ‘But see,’ continued he, ‘yon forked lightning—how it breaks in waves down the dark mountains! I now have hope.’ He had scarcely finished speaking, when a cross-sea began to strike the vessel, and the blue storm was seen skimming along the surface of the deep from the shore, and turning the waves head-over-heels, with their white tops foaming towards us. We were soon carried out to sea, and, in a long tack, weathered Cape Lagulas.

“At daylight next morning the high romantic scenery of the southern cape of Africa presented itself to our view; the sun rose in splendour, and lent ten thousand tints to the tall impending rocks along whose sides we sailed; and whose tops nature had formed into innumerable fantastic shapes. As we rounded the Cape of Good Hope, Table Bay opened upon us. Cape Town soon rose to view, situated in a sort of glen imme-

diately under the celebrated Table Mountain. Our anchor brought the Victory up before the fort.

“ Scarcely had we secured her in that dangerous situation, when volumes of clouds appeared rolling over the sublime ridge above the town, upon which they fell like masses of feathers. The flying elements above seemed to proclaim dreadful commotion. All this was the precursor of an African gale, that soon began to blow with fury. Many of the vessels in Table Bay slipped their cables and put out to sea. We let go all our anchors, yet drove before the storm, which was not, however, of long duration ; and all the ships, in the course of the day, regained their stations under the blue sky of summer ; for it was now December.

“ Next morning we all went on shore. Cape Town is a very regular and flourishing place, ornamented with agreeably shady walks and pleasing parades. The streets were broad and well paved, the houses neatly built in the Dutch style, which is one of more comfort than shew, and the shops well stocked with great variety.

Pretty women peeped from every window. We were well entertained at a Dutch tavern ; visited the curiosities, amidst clouds of dust ; bought everlasting flowers, ostrich feathers, insects, and birds ; and returned on board the same evening. In that procedure, however, we were so near finding graves in Table Bay, that I can never think of it without shuddering.

“ It was dark when we put off from shore in the Victory’s boat, and Capt. B—— steered it ; but not being acquainted with the shoals, he ran over the rocks and stove in part of the bottom. To return was more dangerous than to push forward for the ship ; and the boat filled with water so fast, that when we got alongside she was just sinking. The trepidation and alarm of Mrs. H—— exceeded any thing I ever witnessed. She held one of my hands closely pressed in her’s during our danger ; and if the boat had gone down, I am convinced it would have been a death-grasp. My own feelings upon the occasion were most painful. All my children, except one, were with us, and I had little hope that we should ever reach the vessel. To increase our alarm, the sea,

as we got out from the shore, rolled in large waves, and the boat heeled so that every moment we apprehended she would upset. However, on getting alongside the ship, ropes were passed under the boat's bow and stern, and we were all taken safely on board.

“In a few days we pursued our voyage, wafted forward by a fine steady breeze; and, in twelve revolutions of the earth, we passed St. Helena. Several ships of war were cruising off that island, and its high cliffs rose with romantic grandeur above the blue surrounding ocean. I leaned over the Victory's side in solemn contemplation of the prison of a man whose gigantic genius the world could scarcely satisfy as a theatre, and where he was doomed to find that narrow cell, common to the emperor and the slave, whose humble precincts ought to moderate the pride of the one and elevate the hope of the other. ‘Ah!’ thought I, ‘how bitter the sensations of that illustrious exile must be, when he reflects on the mass of human happiness he had it in his power to bestow! What must be Napoleon's agony, when memory tells him how he sported with the liberties of a

nation that almost adored him, and, for the gratification of ambitious desires, sacrificed the solid glory of being accounted the benefactor of the human race !’

“The same steady breeze carried us in six days more past Ascension, which rises like the cinder of some volcanic mass. In four days more we crossed the Line, and were soon carried into the north-east trade. Here we were for some time surrounded by shoals of dolphins and benitos, as far as the eye could reach, while the horizon glittered with flights of flying-fish. The north-east trade extends to about 25° north latitude, and renders stationary a mass of weeds wafted from the Gulf of Florida. We soon passed through these green spots, which in some places had the appearance of little islands, and scudded before a fine breeze past the western isles, where we experienced another storm in which we had to lie to for several hours. The sea was so tremendous that it sometimes broke over us in awful cataracts ; and, even when the wind moderated, the fury of the ocean was such that, in wearing, the Victory reeled and recoiled like a drunken man. The

sea stood over her like a hanging mountain of slate, one break of which must have whelmed us in the deep. Even when we got before the wind, the monstrous billows, as though enraged at our escape, dashed in sheets over our stern, and tore away a great part of the bulwark. We soon, however, got inside the Lizard Point, ran up the Channel, and received a pilot from Dover on the 22d of February, having made a passage of about fifteen thousand miles in four months and eleven days.

“A succession of pleasing emotions arose in my mind on beholding the long-looked for British shore. Gratified hope exulted, and anticipated pleasures, now seemingly within my grasp, sported before imagination; past difficulties and dangers flitted, like visions in a dream, through the sphere of memory, contributing to the illusion of prospect by contrast with retrospection. In short, when I reflect upon my feelings on this occasion, I am convinced, that human enjoyment consists in forming the present out of the past and future; for the moment on the wing is so transitory, that there is no time to think of the

sensations which it realizes. There is a reaction, too, in whatever is actually accomplished, near akin to pain, which is certainly caused by the power that fancy has of representing things in prospective more affecting than they prove when approached.

“ The coast of England appears to great advantage near Dover. The high cliffs of Kent form romantic objects in the horizon, and the levels of Sussex present a fine contrast ; while the blue French coast on the other side, and the multitude of vessels always to be seen in this narrow part of the Channel, assure the beholder that all the space around is teeming with life and interest. How anxiously did we all now look for a favouring breeze to carry us into the Downs ! A calm, however, tantalized our wishes, as night approached. The pilot recommended us to trust no longer to fortune : ‘ My cutter,’ said he, ‘ will lay you high and dry in Dover before dark ; you will find excellent cheer at the Union tavern, kept by my friend, Mrs. Jell ; and by to-morrow’s coach you may be in London ; when, perhaps, by the ship, you may not pass Graves-

end this fortnight. Moreover,' added he, 'a much smaller matter will pass your shawls and crapes here than above.'

"His advice was followed. We soon bade adieu to the Victory, which I really left with regret; and a tear fell on Captain Braithwaite's hand as I pressed it to my heart in gratitude for his unremitting kindness to me and my family. 'May we soon meet in London!' said I; and the cutter pulled away towards the shore. The current down the Channel, however, was so strong that night overtook us, and we spent it far less pleasantly than we should have done on board the ship.

"Next morning the sun rose in splendour, and a gentle breeze carried us under the stupendous bulwarks below the harbour of Dover, into which we entered through a majestic gap in the cliffs, whose height and grandeur strike the unaccustomed eye with astonishment. There is something so sublime, too, in the old castle, that my memory recurs to it with awe. These gigantic cliffs stand towering above the sea, which seems, at some distant period, to have burst for itself a

passage into the German Ocean, between Calais and the English coast.*

“ We were soon on shore, and comfortably accommodated by Mrs. Jell, whose kindness and attention heartily welcomed us to England, and impressed us warmly in her favour. It must be admitted, however, that any one accustomed to the open virandas and bazars of Indian towns, and to the light dresses of Asiatics, beholds the closed doors and windows of English houses, the retired closeness of the shops, and the muffled appearance of every one in winter, with dissatisfaction. Instead of the pleasure I expected to fill my breast, on beholding objects once familiar, a melancholy sensation stole over my mind. Such is the effect of habit; it obliterates early impressions, and makes a new creature of man.

“ I was, moreover, chagrined at the seizure of my trunks, which were carried by the revenue-officer’s order to the custom-house, whither I was desired to follow with my keys, to witness their examination. However, while full of apprehen-

* Pennant and some other writers have entertained this idea, and reasoned upon it with much plausibility and force.

sion respecting some Indian presents which I had brought with me for relations, I was accosted by a gentleman-like person, who gave me to understand, that if I followed his advice and conformed to usage, every difficulty would be surmounted. He certainly had the necessary influence. I started for London next day.

“The road from Dover to the metropolis crosses a fine rich country; it seems a continued street of seventy-two miles, through Canterbury, Rochester, Chatham, and their dependent villages, diversified by gardens and parks. Every thing was new to my children. I was amused each moment with ‘O, papa, look at this!’ and ‘O, mamma, look at that!’ But what pleased me most was the surprise of my little girl, who, seeing the effect of a heavy shower of snow for the first time, exclaimed in rapture—‘O, papa, do look at the trees covered with beautiful white flowers.’

“We entered the suburbs of London late in the evening, and the city soon appeared to our right and left, opening into long vistas studded with stars. The prospect was indescribably charming as we passed every new street. The prodigious

display of wealth in the magnificently-lighted shops dazzled the eyes of my wife and little ones, and indeed filled my own with wonder. My children clapped their hands, and strove to express their admiration, notwithstanding the rattle of the coach along the pavement. ‘Will this never end?’ thought I, as the carriage rattled along for many a mile: ‘this amazing city by far exceeds the accounts I have read of it, though I pronounced many of them exaggerations.’ At length the coachman pulled up at the New Black Bear, in Piccadilly; and, next morning, I procured comfortable lodgings at the west end of the town.

N^o. V.

L O N D O N .



A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
 Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
 In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
 Of masts ; a wilderness of steeples peeping
 On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy ;
 A huge dun cupola, like a foolscap-crown
 On a fool's head—and there is London town !

BYRON.

“ SEATED in a snug room, well curtained and secured from the biting blast, with a blazing fire, a pair of mould candles, a smoking veal-cutlet, and a bottle of generous wine, my eye rested with delight on the bright faces of my wife and children.

“ ‘ Come, my dear,’ said I, ‘ take a glass on occasion of our safe arrival in the land of com-

fort. You see this climate admits of any degree of artificial heat; when did you ever feel in India a more genial temperature than the atmosphere of this room at present? Does not this prove the advantage cold countries have over hot ones? A house may be heated here to any degree of comfort; but in latitudes where we breathe a fluid warmer than our blood, no inventions can prevent gradual relaxation; and every exposure to the open air, instead of acting as a cold bath on the frame of man, wastes it. Are you not convinced that a larger portion of happiness may be enjoyed here than in India?

“ ‘Certainly,’ answered she, ‘riches in this country have the power of conferring more enjoyment than in India. But, behold the shivering creatures in the streets, here! Think of the starving inmates of a cabin, naked, huddling together round their expiring spark, and say whether their comforts would not be greater in India? The shade of some eternally-verdant grove would screen them from the rays of the sun; little fire and clothing would be required; and what is essential to the support of life might

be had for a trifle. This is the rich man's paradise, I freely allow; but, I think, on reflection, you will agree with me, that it is the farthest thing in nature from heaven for a beggar.'

"I was arranging my organs of speech for reply, but some melancholy considerations absolutely tied my tongue, as it occurred to me, that the mode of living which I contemplated as essential to comfort was one that required means which I might not have at command; for my father, in his letters, though profuse in general promises, had not proposed any specific allowance; and delicacy on my part, or rather sanguine reliance on his affection for an only son, had prevented me from entering into any particulars. 'Ah!' thought I, 'London is a fine place for a nabob, but it does not answer for an old Indian with a large family, whose life has been spent in that profession where so much gold glitters on the person, and so little chinks in the purse.'

"With the intention of settling my affairs in this great city, therefore, as soon as possible, I inquired my way to Craig's-court, and, upon entering the office of Messrs. Greenwood, Cox and

Co., perceived the truth of what has been repeatedly observed, that a plain outside often covers what is worthy of our admiration. The fine systematic arrangements of this great office, in which nearly all the agency business of the British army is transacted, surprised me. ‘How extensive are these various departments!’ thought I, in traversing the windings; ‘and how admirably the checks are arranged to prevent mistakes and frauds! What punctuality and expedition in the payments, and yet how continuous the motion at the door, like the constant flow and ebb of the tide!’

“My business was soon settled to my wishes; and having ascertained that the colonel of my regiment was in town, I pushed for his hotel to report my arrival, and present a letter of introduction from my commanding officer. The general received me with much politeness, and giving me the card of a very dear brother-officer, old Major ——, said, ‘he is to dine with me to-morrow, will you favour us with your company?’ — ‘You do me honour,’ answered I. The major was in his lodgings, in Baker-street, when I

arrived, in excellent health, and he soon explained to me his mode of living in London. 'I have,' said he, 'this room, and the benefit of society here. The lady of the house is reduced in her circumstances; she lets lodgings, and keeps an ordinary. In the course of the evening I generally drop in and see life in one of the theatres, and occasionally sup at an oyster-house. In summer I take a trip to Paris, and in autumn to Dublin, so that my scene is diversified; and, though now an old bachelor, I make the most of life.'

“My warm-hearted old friend kept me to dinner; and having quaffed our bottle of port, he took my arm, and we beheld what was, to my understanding, a real feast—Kean in Shylock. The animation and pleasure that beam in the countenances of beauty at a theatre, communicate their radiance even to the melancholy heart, and I felt in the gay scene an oblivion of my own proper care. It must be on this account, that places of public amusement are recommended by the faculty for invalids: whilst under the magic influence of the general expression of happiness, each forgets that he has any thing to regret.

“Our dinner-party, next day, consisted of a number above Lord Chesterfield’s idea of social enjoyment, yet all was harmony. ‘Charming ladies! agreeable men!’ ejaculated I, as my steps returned homeward. ‘If there be a paradise upon earth, its inhabitants are such as these. How simple, yet elegant; how frank, yet discreet; how homely, and yet how delicate! This is truly polished life. If the sphere of fashion were like this, who could bear to live out of it?’ But, in fact, all these were a select few; and to selection only is the praise I have given applicable in all the walks of life; for every where the crowd is vulgar.

“I had called, in the morning, at the Horse-Guards, and left my name on the military secretary’s list. The next day was the appointed time for our interview. I was ushered into a large room, where I and many others were not kept long in suspense; for a voice, in the passage, loudly pronounced the rank and name of the first officer on the list; upon whose returning, the next was called, and so on in regular succession, without any regard to persons. ‘This is the way to

win the human heart,' said I to myself. 'Strict impartiality and justice are jewels of inestimable worth, and where can they find a more congenial residence than at the head-quarters of the army?'—My name was at length called; and I entered a small room in which Sir Henry Torrens was standing at a high desk covered with memorials and letters. He appeared to me tall and slender, with a fine countenance of a pensive cast, and pale with studious application to business. I bowed, certainly with great respect, and heard the cheering words, 'I am happy to see you.' A favourable answer soon caused a smile of gratitude to mantle on my cheek, which was accepted most fascinatingly; and I made room for my successor. 'Ah!' thought I, 'this is the way to do business.'

"A few days more were spent in viewing the various curiosities of London. At length the coach drove down the Haymarket, and, with my family, I soon after rattled over Hounslow Heath.

N^o. VI.

THE RETURN.



Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land!
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
 From wand'ring on a foreign strand!

SCOTT.

“It was evening when we left London, and in the grey of next morning the pavement of Oxford rattled beneath us. The walls of the colleges looked grim, and a sigh escaped me while I thought of the numerous aspirants after fame, whose eyes were now resting from speculation. ‘Happy youths!’ thought I, ‘the ample page of science is opened to your view. A shining horizon is before you. Like gay ships preparing for a voyage, in a safe harbour, you rest upon the

anchor of hope, unmindful of the rocks, quicksands, and storms of life.'

" We slept the next night at Shrewsbury, and the recollection of the circumstances under which I had passed through that city, about twenty years before, was pregnant with a train of thought deeply interesting. I was then a friendless adventurer ; now, blessed with rank and a bright prospect.

" The following day revealed to us the gigantic Snowdon. Man feels elevated amidst such grandeur as the scenery of Wales presents. It is awful to pass under projecting precipices, and to roll along the brink of destruction ; but there is a sublimity in doing so that enlarges the soul.

" All was bustle at the Head, the packet from Dublin having just arrived. Among the passengers who stalked into the hotel, a military face struck me as one I had seen. It was only the strong likeness of a brother. ' I am,' said he, ' on my way to London, to push for a company, my horse being tired of half-pay. James is in Dublin ; he will be rejoiced to see you.'

" We passed over in the packet at the rate of a

mail-coach, and entered the beautiful bay of Dublin in seven hours. The blue mountains of Wicklow formed fine shade and lights in the distance, diversified as we neared them by ancient castles and smiling villages. Nor is the charming distant effect of Dublin diminished in its beauty upon entering the city; for magnificent buildings, noble streets, numbers of stately ships, elegant bridges, spacious squares, and the appearance of great wealth, at once proclaim a metropolis second only to London itself.

“ But whilst my heart exulted at this external, and I felt the throb of realized hope in once more treading the *terra firma* of ‘ *my own, my native land,*’ my soul drooped under melancholy in passing on to the northern suburbs where my father’s establishment was situated; for there was ‘ *TO BE LET,*’ on so many houses in every street, that an evident decline in prosperity was proclaimed. There appeared, moreover, in many things, a shabby and dirty air, indicating poverty, and a want of the spirit which is every where seen in London.

“ A cut of excellent mutton, and a few glasses of good wine, restored my spirits, and I spent the evening in the parlour of my father’s office most cheerfully ; a train of exultation having crossed my mind, at the triumph over difficulties which had obstructed my progress in life here at its outset. Before my head pressed its pillow, sobered thought offered a prayer of gratitude to that Providence to whom I owed protection and prosperity.

“ The next day I found my old acquaintance, Captain ——, at noon, over his breakfast. ‘ Dublin hours, James !’ said I, after the ceremonies of recognition. ‘ Ah !’ answered he, rubbing his forehead, ‘ I am here surrounded by my friends, and up every night at some party, for the eve of St. Patrick is a gay season here. Our’s is the land of hospitality. Allow me to introduce you at his Excellency’s levee to-morrow ; and I can ensure you a card for the castle ball and supper.’ — ‘ Good,’ replied I, ‘ it will be a feast to see vice-regal society.’ — ‘ Be not too sanguine in anticipation,’ answered he ; ‘ you saw a more splendid

display in Calcutta, for my Lord Talbot by no means keeps up such state as the Marquess of Hastings.’

“ Under the wing of this warm-hearted fellow campaigner, I had an opportunity of seeing at once the first circle in Dublin. Good company, however, is every where nearly alike. We were received by the noble Earl with those dignified manners for which he is conspicuous, and his Excellency’s levee was much more splendid than I had reason to expect. The dignitaries of the church, judges, lawyers, physicians, and military officers of the metropolis formed a grand spectacle; and the display of beauty and dress at the ball, was at once characterized by elegance and simplicity.

“ Notwithstanding all this, my situation was by no means without the lot of human nature—an alloy of unhappiness; for the respective letters which I had written to my father, since my arrival in Britain, remained unanswered; and although I had learned, with the greatest pleasure, that he had left his office in Dublin for the country, only a short time before my arrival, I dreaded

some recent accident from his silence. A letter, at length, informed me, that my communications had remained at the post-town during the whole of his absence at the assizes. This accounted satisfactorily for the circumstance which had so naturally alarmed my apprehension. As my father could not meet me in Dublin, as he had intended, on account of an engagement which required his personal attention for a few days, I determined to surprise him and his family with a visit, and accordingly took a place for myself in the coach which was to start for ——— next morning. We reached that agreeable little town at two o'clock, and taking a chaise there, I arrived in the evening at ——— Lodge, my father's country seat.

“ ‘ You are my sister,’ said I, clasping a pretty little girl, whom I found in the hall. ‘ Is our father at home ?’— ‘ Charles !’ exclaimed a venerable looking man, opening the parlour door, and I was folded in an embrace which uttered silently what is indescribable. For several moments we gazed upon each other's tears. The parlour-door opened ; the old man feared interruption, and drawing me towards him, as though he wished to

have the whole to himself, said, 'Come!' and we retired to his library. 'Now, we are alone,' continued he; and another embrace pronounced what his tongue could not—'Welcome to this bosom, my long lost son!'

" 'Where is he?' demanded a female voice; and I received the embrace of my step-mother, with—'I am most happy to see you, Charles;' which conveyed to my understanding that the tongue can easily say '*welcome*,' when the heart does not tie it.

" Time flowed on that evening imperceptibly, in the abundant stream of question and answer, as fast as the tongue could course after thought. My father had built —— Lodge on the site of his father-in-law's house; for that old gentleman, as well as the honoured grandmother, whose little pet I had been, was now no more. My eldest sister was married, and resided at no great distance. Hearing of my arrival, she joined us in the course of the evening, with her uncle's wife, at whose wedding I had been just before I left home. The freshness of matured beauty yet smiled on her aspect, for she had been married young; and, for

many years after maturity, time seems to make but little alteration. My sister sat after tea, fondling her black-eyed infant, and her countenance sparkled with the vivacity of youth, happiness, and love. My three other sisters, all born after my father's return from America, sat round me gazing with affectionate earnestness on my war-worn face. When I looked upon the whole I felt quite bewildered, for my mind continually recurred to things as I had left them; and distance is such a deceiver that I could not recognize the changes which so many rolling years had effected. In short, nothing can shew the confusion of my mind more clearly than a ridiculous circumstance which occurred that night. This was occasioned by my taking Mrs. ——, my sister, the young mother, for Mrs. ——, her aunt, who had so much resembled her twenty years before.

“ ‘ You look very young to be the mother of ten children,’ said I.

“ ‘ I the mother of ten children !’ answered she, suppressing her inclination to burst at the idea. However, she received it as a compliment, when I explained that, having dandled her in my arms—

it only seemed a moment ago—I had unthinkingly mistaken her for the likeness of her aunt, as she appeared to me before I left home, for she was then very beautiful.

“ I found, upon inquiry, that nearly all my early connexions were broken. The playmates of my childhood were scattered or dead. In short, I remained with my father and mother after the young eyes of my sisters were locked by repose, talking over individual history, till the shadow of sleep fell upon my sight from the old man’s closing eye, when I begged permission to retire, and my pillow was pressed, under sensations of pain instead of pleasure.

“ ‘ Alas !’ thought I, ‘ thus it always is with my hopes ; realization comes ever so far short of what I expected, that I continually taste disappointment, when, in my heart, I think the cup of happiness at my lips. So true it is—

“ ‘ Were I to mount the flying wind,
And search the wide creation round,
There’s nothing here to fill the mind ;
On earth no solid joy is found.’

“ I had returned to my dearest and nearest rela-

tions, crowned with success and filled with the pleasures of hope, and yet my feelings were an alternation of joy and melancholy. When I recurred to the past, I beheld many of my most delightful associations broken; friends who had become dear to my soul were now buried in distance and absence, whilst, in the resurrection which made up my loss, I found so much to regret and fear, that really I was no object of envy.

“The next day being Sunday, we made our appearance in the country church of ——, where I had to stand the gaze of the fat round clergyman and his boorish-looking congregation. I saw with some pleasure (for I had still too much vanity), that my father’s family made the most fashionable appearance: my sisters had paid much attention to their persons on occasion of their brother’s arrival; and some little articles of Indian finery, which I had presented, were sported with exultation. I rode a handsome young horse, whilst a dashing jaunting-car conveyed the rest of the family. If we had not much wit, we had abundance of laughter, and,

what is too much characteristic of the country, a little scandal; for I soon learned that our parson's wife was too fine a lady to live in this retired spot with her husband, who had thus been left in the comforts of solitude. He had quarrelled with his bishop, and not being allowed the privilege of keeping a curate, his residence could not be compromised; but it was insinuated that madam had so little of Christian meekness in her composition, that his reverence was not sorry at her expenditure of his tithes in Dublin. Like Sir Charles Grandison, he thought loss of money better than the society of a termagant.

“On Monday I returned to my family; and a few days after escorted them to the town of ——, within ten miles of my father's, where he resided one-half of his time, for the transaction of professional business. In that agreeable place I soon after took and furnished a house, in the hope of being settled for life.”

N^o. VII.

MY FATHER'S TRAVELS.



“ Good heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting-day,
 That call'd them from their native walks away ;
 When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
 Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last ;
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main ;
 And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.”

GOLDSMITH.

“ My anxiety to hear my father's observations on his own trials in life, was gratified on our journey from his house to the post-town, where I took coach for Dublin. Thither, a distance of ten miles, through a mountainous country, we travelled in his gig; and, with all the fondness of age for past adventure, he described his feelings: an abridgment of which I shall here offer in his own words :

“ ‘Your mother,’ said he, ‘was my heart’s idol; and when she was torn from me in the bloom of life, I looked upon the world with disgust, and accused Providence of injustice.

“ ‘At the moment in which we are struck by misfortune, we cannot reason. Like the victim of insanity, our faculties can exercise their functions only on what increases disease. Could we see the sun of comfort rising on the horizon of time, we should no more be tortured by grief than the madman by the delusion of imagination, if enjoying the light of understanding. It was long, however, before old Time, who heals the wounds he gives, restored my inward sight to the power of contemplating mental objects in the colours of happiness.

“ ‘In the interim, my affairs had been left to drift about at the mercy of chance; so that when I seized the helm, my exertions could not prevent our wreck. You were too young to feel the storm then howling around us with relentless fury. At the billows you smiled, and laughed amidst dangers which sorely tried my fortitude; but you sometimes induced me to envy the happy

thoughtlessness of childhood; and at others to forget my own sorrows, while I deplored your misfortunes in prospect.

“ ‘ If a man in my circumstances, as they were at that time, could follow the dictates of a sound judgment, he would endeavour to retrieve, by an economical mode of living, his shattered affairs, and every thing he saved would be so much doubly gained; but as a sinking man catches at a straw, so does an embarrassed one seek assistance from appearance, which is equally weak: in keeping up what he deems necessary to his credit, he acts like a guilty person, and goes so far beyond truth that he leads to his own detection. An embarrassed attorney has no chance in his profession; for nearly all our success in extending practice depends on public opinion, confidence, and credulity. I was fully aware of this, and, in my endeavours to convince others that I was flourishing, I contributed materially to my own decay. After a variety of struggles, in which, like many other unfortunate men, I sought to drown care in the wine-cup, I saw the necessity of quitting for a time my native land.

“ ‘The tone of my feelings on the occasion was raised to the highest pitch of agony, by the reflection that, for years, I must not only sink in the estimation of my friends, but leave those behind me whom I tenderly loved, dependent upon my relations for subsistence. To an honourable mind, an inability to discharge just debts is attended with much pain; because, in proportion as we value our self-respect we scorn to commit any act which has the effect of lowering us in the good opinion of others. I consoled myself, however, with the sanguine hope that I should soon return, with a capital acquired in America by my professional exertions. Unfortunately for me, although I possessed some experience of mankind, I did not know the numerous obstacles that in every country oppose the progress of an adventurer, who has only talent and merit for his friends. From the advantages which a law officer has in the security of his person, I was able, in a great measure, to keep my embarrassments from being known to the public; but as my practice fell off, and as suits were commenced against me for debt, my brother-attorneys, and

the respective officers in the courts of Dublin, soon shewed how ready the world is to forsake a sinking man. Instead of the invitations I had been accustomed to receive, in term-time, to excellent claret parties, I now recognized cold looks or distant nods; and I can say this, from my own experience, that the contempt which an honourable mind feels for such ephemeral friends is not sufficient to fortify the heart against the disappointment of pride; for, in our prosperity, we are flattered by the attentions of our friends and acquaintances; and, instead of attributing them to selfish views, we compliment our own merit for sacrifices offered only to our fortune.

“ ‘ I had taken my passage on board an American brig, lying at Warrenpoint, ready for sea, and bestowed a parting embrace on my wife and daughter, before I called to bid adieu to my mother and you. There is a tenderness imparted to human feeling by the offices of maternal love, which clings round the heart till the last hour of existence. This weakness, or I should rather say natural beauty of our constitution, dissolved my soul in a flood of grief upon seeing the dear old

lady who had hushed me ten thousand times to repose on her bosom, weeping bitterly for the departure of the child of her youth and strength; for I was her eldest, and, as the full force of early affections had fallen upon me, I often thought that memory made me appear more precious in her eye than her other children. But it was in taking leave of you that my heart experienced the sorest pang; for the tears I shed upon your cheek, seemed to my 'mind's eye' to call forth the angel-spirit of your mother, who hovered over us with looks of sorrow and love. Let me be brief, however, in sketching sensations which it is impossible to describe, but which have convinced me that man can never love madly but once, and that he never can forget the pang that restored him to sanity, by the loss of the object which crazed his brain. It is said that Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age; but misfortune and disappointment may, in some cases, so completely dispose of the heart, that the reverse of what is scriptural becomes natural.

“‘Scarcely any thing that occurred remains

impressed upon my remembrance, till I saw the sublime and beautiful scenery around Carlingford Bay fading away in the distant horizon. Every object my eye rested upon, till the last dim purple of my native land withdrew, seemed like some lingering friend that my wishes strained to near, while the white sail and steady breeze carried us quickly away. I then turned my observations to the busy scene around me, and the agitation of all on board might well be compared to the tumultuous waves which curled against the vessel's side. We had about two hundred emigrants as passengers, nearly all of the lower orders; and for their accommodation the whole deck was set out in berths, so that each family had hardly sufficient room to lie down. Those who had left their country, accompanied by their wives and children, seemed to be disturbed only by their hopes and fears; but many, like myself, the links of whose affections had been broken, cast looks of sorrowful regret behind, while prospect was darkened by apprehensions.

“ ‘The captain was a humane and considerate man. Many of his improvident passengers had

expended their little sea-stock a considerable time before the termination of the voyage ; but, as he had foreseen their want of calculation, he supplied their necessary wants at a reasonable rate. We landed at New York exactly thirty days after our departure from Ireland ; and so many interesting objects present themselves to observation on our first arrival in a strange country, that, for some time, I forgot my own affairs in admiring the busy and enterprising aspect of things in the new world.

“ ‘ New York is situated on an island, fifteen miles in length by one in breadth ; and its natural advantages are so numerous, that it combines health with beauty, and much that is truly useful with what is extremely agreeable, being cooled by refreshing breezes in summer, though, in winter, the air is more temperate than in other places under the same parallel. The harbour of New York is safe and commodious, and the communication with the main, by bridges, is highly creditable to public spirit. It was in the noble streets of this rising city, however, that I beheld the full effect of that energy and enterprize which are

communicated to the subjects of a free government in its youthful state. The voice of labour every where resounded; the clamour of exertion stifled the stroke of many a hammer; and the numerous unfinished fabrics that met my eye, at once proclaimed a rapid increase of prosperity and of population.

“ ‘ The province or state of New York comprizes a fine tract of country, about 44,000 square miles in extent. It is intersected by ridges of mountains. Beyond the Alleghany range the country is quite level; but on the New York side it is broken into hills with sweet valleys. The soil is rich, and produces fine crops of wheat, hemp, Indian corn, &c.; while the lofty hills are crowned with all the varieties of oak; amongst which is that species called white oak, so tough, that it can be twisted like whalebone.

“ ‘ A British subject, on his first landing in America, is inclined to fancy that he is not in a foreign country. He beholds around him kindred or national features, and hears his mother-tongue spoken freely. Soon, however, he becomes convinced that seeming likeness may con-

ceal great difference. The Americans have, in fact, received a new character from the institutions of their country, and are no longer the same as their British ancestors. Indeed, I feel certain, that, in a few centuries, there will even be a visible difference in their bodily conformation. At present, there is a general character of frame which belongs to the native American, in nearly all the climates I have traversed. Nine out of ten have long limbs, lank bodies, and relaxed figures, with an inclination to loll, when a Briton would sit or stand erect. An indolence of disposition seems also to be gaining ground on both sexes; and, as far as my observation goes, I think the British strength of body and mind declines, on being transplanted to the other side of the Atlantic. I am convinced that this is the case, to an obvious degree, in the interior; for in travelling over the continent, through Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Kentucky, to Louisiana, I observed that the fire of our complexion had been entirely displaced or quenched by a sallowness of aspect and an unvigorous eye, that seemed rather to withdraw from the exercise of curiosity, than

to court information. The inquiring mind and active disposition, generally recognized in every rank of British life, are far less apparent in America.

“ ‘ It has been frequently observed, and I believe it is generally true, that all the ungenerous traits in the American character may be attributed to slavery, which, in several of the States, is even yet permitted by law; while all that we admire, of peculiar worth, is derived from their glorious freedom and equality. There never was a more glaring picture of human inconsistency, produced by base selfishness, than we behold in the history of America. Here, while all the ennobling energies of the soul were called forth by struggles for freedom, that blessing, which was valued by the strong more dearly than life, was refused to the weak; and slaves were scourged, while drawing Liberty in her triumphal car.

“ ‘ The United States are composed of eighteen provinces, each governed by its own peculiar institutions, but united for purposes of mutual support. These States are bounded on the east by the Atlantic; on the north, by Canada and the

Lakes; on the south, by the Gulf of Mexico and Florida; and on the west, by the Mississippi. From north to south their extent is about 1,000 miles; and from east to west, 1,300. The population, when I left the country, was estimated at 6,000,000; but, by Humboldt's late calculation, it is now double that number. Yet it is not much more than two hundred years since the first settlement was effected in the country, by a British colony. Though Washington is the capital, it does not, in regard to size, nearly equal New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Charlestown, or Baltimore. The various manufactures of Great Britain are imitated there; but America, compared with the mother-country, is, in many respects, in an infant state. We must acknowledge, however, that we are indebted to that country for the practical use of steam-vessels. The English language, from the pen of Washington Irvine, is acknowledged, by some of our best writers, to equal their most happy efforts; though, generally speaking, the literature of America is not remarkable for its correctness, its beauty, or its power. Should England ever be dispossessed of empire over the

ocean, it will be by the overwhelming numbers of ships which the United States can launch. No country in the world is more amply supplied with timber, cables, sail-cloth, cordage, and gunpowder than America.

“ ‘ Had I belonged to the labouring classes of Ireland, I should have fallen into immediate employment, and good wages, on my arrival at New York; but, as an attorney, it was not so easy to obtain a high salary or respectable practice. After much disappointment and delay, I was induced to set out for Philadelphia, in the hope of being more fortunate there, through the good offices of an acquaintance. That city is ninety miles distant from New York; and, as the stage-coach passes through Trenton, I had an opportunity of seeing the singular wooden bridge which is laid across the Delaware. The carriage-way is constructed beneath the arches, and supported by heavy iron chains let down from the top of the bridge.

“ ‘ Philadelphia is a beautiful city: some of its streets are one hundred feet wide. The houses are faced with white marble, which abounds in

this part of the United States; many of the public buildings are fine structures; and the prison is, perhaps, not surpassed in the world. From its admirable discipline, many of the prisoners are actually reclaimed from vice by industry. They return to the world valuable members of society, and even learn useful trades in its extensive yards. Philadelphia, founded by the celebrated William Penn, was one of the first cities in America to abolish slavery. It arose rapidly on the broad basis of wisdom and justice; for although Penn received a grant of the province from Charles the First, he, instead of dispossessing the Indians, assembled their chiefs under a great tree, still standing near the city, and purchased the whole at the price which they set upon it.

“At Philadelphia I remained some time, doing business for the attorney-general of the State; and in our vacations I visited Albany and Boston, without effecting an improvement in my condition. These are very flourishing towns: the latter is remarkable for being the birth-place of the celebrated Dr. Franklin, whose curious and instructive history ought to be studied

by every man who is desirous of making his way through life by industry, application, and economy.

“ My brother Hugh, who had gone to America before your removal from Dublin to the country, was at this time in the state of Kentucky; and, having a strong desire to see him, I travelled to Lexington, a journey of about one thousand miles. The greater part of the extensive regions through which we passed were in a state of nature, covered with thick woods, very thinly inhabited by Indian hunters. No idea can be entertained of the desolate situation of a settler from Europe, who undertakes to sit down in a forest of the New World. Were the inconveniences known, very few indeed would emigrate, to encounter difficulties which have broken the hearts of numbers. In the first place, a log-house is to be built; then some ground is to be cleared for producing the necessaries of life; and when a surplus is raised, the market is at such a distance, that to transport what is necessary to exchange for wearing-apparel and luxuries, is attended by the severest labour. In such a situation, a man

has to be his own tailor, shoemaker, and hatter. The skins of wild beasts often cover him, both night and day. Without any other society than that of his own family, he falls into a gloomy melancholy, and becomes as barbarous as the Indians around him.

“During our journey we had frequent opportunities of seeing these natives; for they were all at peace with the white population, and came to purchase spirits, tobacco, and ornaments from the merchants in whose company I travelled; in exchange for which, they gave skins of various descriptions, and sometimes dollars. The Indians whom I saw seemed to have made advances in civilization. Some patches of ground were cultivated by their women, and by men who were habited like women; for it is customary among them to doom such as appear of a cowardly nature to perform female offices for life. The hunters and warriors were all fine-looking, well-made men, nearly naked, having only a cloth round their loins, and a skin of some wild beast over their shoulders. Some of them had rifles; but in general their arms were bows, arrows, and

hatchets. Their colour is that of bright copper, and their countenances are strong and open, but generally much disfigured by tattooing.

“ ‘ We travelled much in the way of an Indian camp, slept in skins, often under the trees; but, when the nights were cold, we pitched small tents. A blaze of the long grass had the effect of frightening away snakes from our vicinity; and the fire-fly was so large, luminous, and numerous, bespangling every tree with stars, that we seldom required a candle. The little humming-bird flitted about us; our opportunities for contemplating all the curiosities of American natural history were incessant; and, wondering at all I beheld, we at length reached Lexington, where, to my extreme chagrin, I learned that Hugh had gone some time before to Louisiana. Thither I went, spent a few months with him pleasantly, and floated down the rivers Missouri and Mississippi to New Orleans.

“ ‘ New Orleans is the capital of the state of Louisiana, and stands on the western side of the Mississippi, one hundred and five miles from its mouth. When I was there, the population con-

sisted of about ten thousand souls ; it now amounts to fifty thousand. Upwards of a thousand flat-bottomed boats arrive annually from the upper country, bringing its productions ; and there are above twenty steam-vessels now navigating the Mississippi, and the Ohio, which flows into it.

“ ‘ Finding my recommendations at New Orleans unproductive, I travelled by land to Frankfort, a journey of six hundred miles. It is the seat of government in the Kentucky state ; and here I procured two good situations for accumulating dollars, namely, enrolling clerk of the House of Representatives, and clerk of the Federal Court of the state. These offices I held until the year 1805, when I found myself possessed of a sum sufficient to pay off my debts in Ireland, and leave something to begin the world anew ; so I packed up, and, in the spring of 1806, arrived at the city of Washington ; obtained my certificate from Mr. Merry, our consul, as a British subject ; travelled thence to New York, and, in twenty-eight days, embraced my wife and your sister.

“ ‘ I had not heard of your departure ; my feel-

ings, therefore, when the afflicting tidings reached my ear, may be conceived but cannot be described. Providence, however, seems to have converted what I deplored into exquisite sensations of joy ; for in my grief for your loss may be discovered those seeds of happiness matured by your return, the harvest of which has made my old days seem young.

“ ‘ Soon after my arrival I called all my creditors together, and paid them with interest to the last farthing ; an act of justice which restored me to self-respect, and re-established my character for honour and integrity. Since that period I have been most prosperous : all I wanted to crown my joy was you, my only son, which God has granted ; and to his holy name be ascribed praise, for our preservation through numerous dangers by sea and land.’

N^o. VIII.

DUBLIN.

“ We may roam through this world like a child at a feast,
 Who but sips of a sweet and then flies to the rest ;
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
 We may order our wings and be off to the west ;
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
 Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
 We never need leave our own green isle,
 For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.”

MOORE.

“ THE morning after my arrival in my native city, I marched down Capel Street with exultation in my countenance. Before me stood the Royal Exchange, which, seen in the long perspective over Essex Bridge, gave a fine finish to a magnificent and busy scene ; and I felt something like delight in my own identification with such taste as is displayed in the public edifices of Dublin. On turning down Dame Street, my eye glanced

forward, with equal pride, to the fine front of Trinity College. ‘Ah!’ thought I, on passing the statue of King William, ‘here, in old times, the fat priors of St. John performed their revels; here the nine worthies fretted their hour on the stage; one of whom was no less a personage than the Lord Mayor: and surely such innocent amusements were better than the destructive displays of party spirit which now so often disgrace this hallowed spot.’

“When I stood in the fine portico of our Parliament House, a sigh rose from the bottom of my soul, with, ‘To what base uses may we not return!’ My mind, however, soon roved away from political speculation to the constant succession of earnest faces that passed the college front; for, at this great cross of communication with all parts of the city, the flood of life, business, and pleasure which flows past an observer, resembles more the dreams of fantasy than the reality of actual life. The graceful daughters of Erin were tripping elastically buoyant, with complexions pure as the softest shade of rose-leaf on the bosom of a lily, while their bright wild eyes—O, what shall I com-

pare *them* to?—surpassed the brilliancy of Golconda's diamonds. Many a young wooer of Minerva, in fanciful cap and gown, preferred the light of their glances to Homer and Virgil, and, whilst gazing on their fascination, forgot all the beauties of science. There were also military bucks—dandies numerous, laced to suffocation, and stiff-necked beyond sufferance—would-be gentlemen, let loose from behind the counter—attorneys' clerks—strutting players—briefless barristers—grave parsons—formal lawyers—fat aldermen—and grotesque cits, all bustling and shoving through life.

“ There are no Gothic structures in Dublin worthy of comparison with Westminster Abbey. To the crowd, Christ Church is attractive only on account of its fine choir; but it had to me peculiar interest; for I love to linger among the traces of departed souls: human beings, who once bustled in the world, and of whom now nothing is known but that they lived and died, seem to rise from their memorials to my mind's eye, and I feel a sweetness in the melancholy of my reflections. Here I gazed at Strongbow's martial figure, and

the remnant of poor Eva, whose monument was broken by the fall of the roof in 1562. 'Thou art an emblem of thy country,' thought I; 'it is, like thee, shattered by the pressure of what protected it; almost destroyed by the folly of men who would not repair and modernize it in time.'

"In St. Patrick's Cathedral, I stood long near the plain slab and excellent bust that commemorate Swift. The command of his frail memorial should be written on every heart—'*Abi, viator, et imitare, si poteris strenuum (pro virili) libertatis vindicatorem.*' Near him is a tablet to Stella; but I saw no record of the other unfortunate lady: memory, nevertheless, raised her image, and I mentally exclaimed, 'Sweet creatures, thus your countenances drooped under disappointment—you were living ghosts, pale as your melancholy; and you faded away like lovely flowers. It was easy to break your sensitive hearts; but to think of it leads to madness; and perhaps the frightful remembrance placed the object of your admiration in that asylum for insanity which his charity had erected.'

"It is hard to say whether the monument dedi-

cated here, to the memory of John Ball, Esquire, be more honourable to him than to the gentlemen of the Irish bar by whom it was raised—‘ To perpetuate the benefit of his example, by encouraging unostentatious worth and unpatronized genius to pursue his path and acquire his celebrity.’—‘ Ah ! ’ thought I, again, ‘ hard is the task, and severe the struggle, but glorious the reward, to have the unanimous approbation of our compeers whilst living, and the tribute of a heartfelt sigh when no more ! O, happy immortal ! I cannot, I would not, rob thee by envying thy fate.’

“ There is not certainly, in London, any *coup d’œil* more magnificent than that from Carlisle Bridge. I saw nothing there to equal it, nor have I ever seen, elsewhere, so fine a prospect as I beheld from the top of Nelson’s Pillar, in Sackville Street.

“ But I always feel more interest in contemplating men than things ; and I had an opportunity of self-gratification in a long look at human faces, whose natural variety was heightened by the

sharpening touch of legal study. On the first day of term I saw the twelve judges, in their robes, and all the wigs of Dublin, surrounded by all the attorneys of Ireland, in the great hall of the Four Courts. A lawyer, like a soldier, has a certain something in his air, manner, and aspect, by which I know him : he is professionalized. The judges, having received the usual congratulations, passed into their respective courts ; and, as the crowd thinned, I was enabled to form a circle. Many of the briefless counsellors were paying attention to attorneys, from whom they expected fees ; others, who considered themselves established in public favour, wore a haughty and self-confident look. Many a desponding phiz I saw, with a huge bag of books under his arm ; for the young barristers think it an honour to carry a good burden of law into court, although not much troubled, for some years, by actual references. I was amused by more than one learned gentleman seizing another by the gown, retiring into a recess, and talking, with most violent gesticulation, for a few minutes, on some seemingly private subject, but unseem-

ingly with a clear view to public effect. On the seats, round the hall, were disconsolate suitors, black with apprehension and fear.

“ The sight of a court of justice is enough to inspire one with grave thoughts. A slumber hangs, in general, over the judges, and they appear like pictures at a distance. Every thing serious, however, was dispelled from my mind by the faces of our Irish judges. Never were the risible muscles of man more strongly tempted to burst all bounds of decorum, than mine were at sight of the comical faces ranged on some of the benches of the Four Courts. Nor was I long under the slightest restraint, for the court became convulsed at the tart observations and keen inuendoes of the judges. Yet, while many a ha! ha! ha! paid them in the coin expected, not a muscle of their own quizzical faces moved; nor could I have surmised any internal commotion, had not a slight curl of the lips and a scintillation of their eyes assured me that punsters enjoy their own jokes quite as much as those who hear them.

“ I heard the eloquence of the Irish bar; I saw it flow in a living stream. Serjeant Joy spoke with

emphasis; Serjeant Burton answered with gesture; Counsellor G—— travelled from the point; but Mr. Scriven kept him to recollection. The honey of Mr. Pannefather's tongue fell, like manna, in a plentiful shower; Mr. O'Connel argued enthusiastically. At length Counsellor S—— started up, whose warmth of manner indicated the heat of his temper, and levelling a look at their lordships, rolled his eyes terrifically, flourished his arms, made the court resound with the drum of his feet, and foamed forth a burst of legal contradiction. 'Ah!' exclaimed I, mentally, 'here M'Arthy found his original for Weathercock, in his law fit.' In eloquence, like all other fine things, there is only a line between the sublime and the ridiculous. Whenever we o'erstep thy modesty, O Nature! we make the foolish laugh, and the judicious grieve. With this application of Shakespeare's wise saw, I left court; reflecting, that Providence never yet made a man to be laughed at; while human folly, by creating affectation, arms grinning satire, and points the sting of malice.

N^o. IX.

SCENES OF BOYHOOD.



“ Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to his mother’s breast,
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind’s roar
 But bind him to his native mountains more.”

GOLDSMITH.

“ IT has been asserted by a philosopher, that friends cannot meet, after long absence, without feeling mutual pain ! There is, I fear, much truth in this melancholy declaration ; for our passions, affections, and sensations being in a state of continual change, sympathy must be broken when our ear becomes unused to a well-known voice, when our eye ceases, for a length of time, to behold an object of love, and when the understanding is left to pursue its own march

after knowledge and amusement. That invaluable communication which we can hold with the absent by letters, does not reconcile our eye to the ravages of time. Blindness and absence resemble each other. He who returns to his friend after a twenty winters' absence, gazes with the same feeling of wonder as a man couched for visual opacity, after an equal period spent in external darkness.

“ Such reflections, however, never occurred to me, whilst I stood with outstretched neck, and anxious look for the coach, which conveyed to my longing embrace the friend of my earliest adventure, the man of men whom I had chosen and placed in my heart's core: pleasure and pain, suffering and hardship, congeniality of mind, aye, even contrast of disposition, had linked our souls together. Like Euryalus and Nisus, we had breathed into each other's bosom a sigh for fame, and risked our mortality for glory. It was our fate to be separated. I had not seen him for many a rolling year. He followed fortune to the West, whilst I pursued her in the burning East. She was, notwithstanding all that

has been said of her capriciousness, favourable to both; and we at length sat down in our native lands, England and Ireland, to trim our own gardens, and make ploughshares of rusty swords.

“This conquest, which Providence had permitted us to gain over great difficulties, was enhanced, in my estimation, by an interesting circumstance: I had felt all the truth of Dr. Young’s pathetic lines:—

“ ‘ When Heav’n would man’s obedience prove,
 And earth’s enchantment end,
 It takes the most effectual means,
 And robs him of a friend ;’

for mine had been publicly numbered with the dead, and I had poured out my pensive sorrows to the moon, over his imagined grave; yea, I had invoked his beloved shade to

“ Look down and see deep sorrow, grief, and pain,
 Wring my sad heart, again—again—again—
 For, ah ! thy loss can never be supplied,
 Thou friend in danger and in peril tried !
 Thou man of men, who, from my heart of heart,
 Didst never—never—never once depart !
 With thee I cross’d rough seas and burning sands,
 Hardships endur’d, saw foes in countless bands ;
 The naked Niar and fierce Poligar,
 With Travancore’s hard marches and red war.

Within Seringa's walls long, long we lay,
 Whilst jungle fever swept our friends away :
 In peace our flutes and books, with thee, sweet, mild,
 Bewitching Poetry ! dull hours beguil'd.
 We wept together o'er sad Hamlet's page,
 Or laugh'd and strutted on Patan's neat stage.
 Think not I flatter : hope I aught from thee,
 Who now no heart-warm feeling hast for me ?
 The worms that on thy rotting body prey,
 Can shed no light on life's dark-rising day.
 Dost hear ? since my dear soul—my bosom knew,
 And could the windings of man's mind pursue,
 Thee choice elected—with her own fond stamp
 She seal'd, whose wax was warmed at Friendship's lamp."

" Our meeting was like that of the fondest lovers: it is a subject for imagination, but it baffles all description. I certainly felt the thrill of exquisite pleasure ; but it was followed by a sensation of pain : the roundness and vivacity of youth were replaced on my friend's countenance by the sternness of manhood and the indentation of thought. These changes I knew were natural, and yet they fell upon my sight like strange things. Soon, however, we felt that '*auld lang syne*' dwelt in our breasts ; and the changes of our clay were forgotten in the similitude of our minds.

" We spent a charming fortnight together, in

walk and chat, at Dundalk. We sat in one of the broken windows of Burns's Folly, and enjoyed the beauties of the sublimely tender summer panorama that lies round that romantic spot. Who can behold, without emotion, the blue glittering waves of Dundalk Bay, and the smiling plains of Louth, plumaged, like the peacock, with many a green shade; proudly skirted with mountains, which, to a fanciful mind, seem to raise their heads as though they were emulating each other to overlook and enjoy the charms of nature? Alas! the hours of those days are, to recollection, moments! They rise in the horizon of memory as the light of a smile; but, like the perfumed earth, which the Persian poet, Sadi, describes as impregnated with the virtue of roses that once grew on it, my mind will retain the fragrance of those flowery moments till the last pulse of time.

“Many of our conversations were to me deeply interesting; and I give the following *tête-à-tête*, in the hope that it will be amusing to you. We were talking over our feelings on returning to the scenes of boyhood, and I quoted the beautiful,

but hackneyed lines at the head of this paper, in support of the generally received opinion, that a charm lies in the spot of our birth, which attracts us during life with magnetic power.

“ ‘ Goldsmith,’ observed my friend, ‘ in his admirable *Vicar of Wakefield*, criticises with point and talent that hackneyed line of Pope,

“ ‘ An honest man’s the noblest work of God,’

and makes Burchell prove that Pope was wrong in his assumption. I am, therefore, following a good example, Charles, when I hazard the opinion that Goldsmith’s philosophy was erroneous, as to the doctrine he holds forth in the passage you have quoted.’

“ ‘ Well, Frank,’ said I, ‘ my countryman, I well know, is a great favourite of thine, and I shall, with due gravity and patience, hear you arraign his maxims.’

“ ‘ Perhaps,’ said my friend, ‘ we differ more in words than in matter. My idea is, that what Goldsmith attributes to locality, is referrible to association. What power would the ‘ *Ranz des Vaches*’ have over a Swiss peasant in exile, if he

merely recollected the scenery of his childhood? The harp of thought must be struck, and its chords be finely swept by the affections of humanity, before those master-tones are produced that jewel our eyes with tears. The shed raised by the mountain to the storm of heaven, surrounded by loud torrents and the whirlwind's roar; the drifting snows of the North, and the burning heat of the Line, are frightful in themselves, and man clings to them only because he is unable to find the associations arising from kindred and connexions in any other place.'

“ ‘ My own experience, dear Frank,’ I replied, ‘ supports your hypothesis. I was, when a boy, removed from Dublin to the neighbourhood of Newry, and memory has always recurred to the spot of my subsequent sports with more affection than to that of my birth.’

“ ‘ Now, my dear Charles, you have placed your finger on the very stop that will produce the desired sound,’ replied my friend; ‘ describe the feelings with which you reviewed the scenes of your childhood, and it will at once appear whether the charm which drew you back resided in the face of

still Nature, or in the animated groups that once gave life to the picture.'

“ ‘ I must acknowledge,’ said I, ‘ that I experienced great disappointment in revisiting the scenes of my juvenile recollection, after an absence of nearly twenty years. Yet it must be owned, Frank, that, as in disappointment in general, I had to blame myself ; for I had indulged expectation too anxiously ; and, if wiser, I should have foreseen many things which did not occur to me till they were introduced by surprise. But I am to describe feelings ; I shall take it for granted, therefore, that you will draw the obvious deductions from my remarks, and moralize on them, as we proceed, with your usual felicity.’

“ The school of Maghanahaly, which had made me acquainted with the vestibule of the temple of useful letters, was the first familiar object I approached. It stood, little altered by the years that had rolled by ; but my old master had passed away. I tied my nag to the gate, and entered the scene of many a joy and sorrow. The desks were occupied by strange faces. I was greeted by the *Domine* as a visitor prompted to call by

curiosity. ‘There are but few of my scholars here to-day, Sir,’ said he, by way of apology for the poor appearance of the house. ‘Ah!’ exclaimed I, ‘there was my seat!’—‘Then you were once a pupil here, Sir?’ said he. ‘Many a day,’ answered I; and, with a sigh to find so little sympathy where I expected so much, I bade him adieu, after some inquiries, which produced more pain than pleasure.’

“ ‘You did not find much to interest you, Charles, in the walls, desks, and forms? There is nature in your picture; and I shall not detain you by attempting to elucidate what is sufficiently transparent.’

“ ‘Every spot my eye rested on, was now as the face of an old acquaintance; but how different from the vivid colouring in which it had appeared to memory! At a distance, all these familiar objects were seemingly loved for themselves alone.’

“ ‘Then, Charles,’ said Frank, ‘you felt exactly as I did.’—‘Ah!’ thought I, under similar circumstances, ‘it is the living part of landscape that lends pleasure and sympathy to the dead; when I was cheered and surrounded here

by the companions of my boyhood, these scenes had charms.'

“ ‘ It afforded me frequent amusement, however,’ continued I, ‘ to reflect on the deceptions that memory practices on the understanding when judgment has not power to correct her exaggeration. The ponds on which I had slid were treasured up in recollection, as having length and breadth which they had not; the distances between places were not by any means like what I supposed. Neither were the houses nearly so large, nor the gardens half so fine, as I had pictured them far away. ‘ Can this be the Deanery of Loughgilly?’ said I; ‘ Why I thought it was a palace.’ The villages and towns also appeared far smaller to inspection than to memory. The manners of the country-people, I found, were rude; their appearance was uncouth, and their information narrow, compared with the impressions existing on recollection. How do you account for all this, Frank?’

“ ‘ The deception, or apparent change in men and things, Charles,’ answered my friend, ‘ was in yourself a real transformation. You had be-

come a new creature, like the butterfly, by throwing off your caterpillar covering. To speak without metaphor—when boys, we could compare things only by a standard in our own minds.—*Sic parvis componere magna solebam.* Unlike Tityrus—who, having seen imperial Rome, returned to his native Mantua, and justly compared the one to a cypress and the other to a shrub—when your mind grew in absence, instead of supposing that your native co-existences were stationary, affection drew them ideally along with that expansion which you were receiving from the great world, and the country of your love was painted with the colours of your wishes. In short, impressions remained upon your memory as they were received; and, therefore, the mile which your young feet had felt a long walk, seemed, in the confusion of recollection, as a labour performed, and therefore remembered with all the exaggeration of enthusiasm.’

“ ‘ I derived some pleasure,’ resumed I, ‘ from a few of the visits I paid unexpectedly to the neighbours; but news of my arrival soon spread, and they came in crowds to see and congratulate

me upon my good fortune. Most of my school-fellows had grown quite out of my recollection; nearly all the old people had paid the debt of nature; the middle-aged were those only whose faces I remembered; and as I continually recurred to things as they had been when I left home, quite a boy, and found them now so different, all the past appeared to me like a dream, and the present seemed, like the mirage of the desert, to mock my expectation. I soon found that I was an object of envy to those who had started with me in the race of life. ‘Ah!’ thought I, ‘had they passed through the difficulties I have, not one of them would covet my lot.’ Perhaps, indeed, each of these humble individuals has the advantage in solid happiness. Surrounded by friends and all the associations of youth, with sensations proper to their capacities and vocations, they feel not, and consequently do not know, the desires and wants which are now tenants for life in my breast.’

“ ‘ True, Charles; I am persuaded that he is the happy man in this world, whose march is a regular progression from the cradle to the grave;

whose connexions are never abruptly broken; whose ideas continue suited to his condition; and who struggles forward, animated by a constant hope of bettering his condition, without any of those squalls which take the flowing sails aback, or those storms which wreck the adventurer. But go on, dear Charles: I long to hear of your visit to Kitty, whom you always called the rosebud of your early hope.'

“ ‘It was,’ I observed, ‘the most interesting call I made in the scenes of boyhood. She was happily married, and lived at some distance from her father’s. I knocked at her door, most unexpectedly, and she opened it herself. She was in full possession of a mother’s beauty, but looked more like a lily than a rose, when her first glance recognized my war-worn face. Recollections, long forgotten, seemed in a moment to cross the seat of thought—surprise glistened in her eye, but she doubted the idea that awaked it. I had merely made a common-place inquiry, without alighting:—‘How many children have you, fair lady?’ asked I; for the chubby little dears

came flocking about her.—‘O! so many,’ answered she, laughing, as though she could venture to be familiar with me, ‘that I can hardly reckon them.’—‘You remember me, then?’ I hesitatingly said.—‘I think I can guess,’ replied she. Let fancy’s pencil paint all the rest. ‘Fare-thee-well!’ mentally, exclaimed I, as I slowly left her door: ‘may happiness be thy portion here and hereafter! Fate had in store for each of us a different lot from that, perhaps, which once occupied our attention.’

“ ‘ And that expression, Charles, cost you a heavy sigh, and a trickling tear; and you need not be ashamed of it; for it is impossible for a generous heart to say farewell for ever! to her who was once beloved, with a sentiment less warm than that of tender friendship.’

“ ‘ But, Frank, what must have been your feelings, on returning home, to find the girl of your heart wreathing the woodbines you had planted over the bower in which she had blushed to you an acknowledgment of love? Do, Frank, describe, if thou canst, what were thy feelings on

experiencing the reality of Burns's beautiful description of 'The Soldier's Return:—

“ ‘ Sae wistfully she gazed on me,’ &c.

“ ‘ Or,’ said Frank, ‘ like the fine picture which Montgomery has drawn of ‘ Javan’s Return to Zillah.’ Certainly, all Javan’s anxious bosom-thoughts were mine. I cannot pourtray the tumult of agitation which I felt. You know our story; it is romantic enough for a tale. She was rich—I was poor and friendless. She loved me for myself, but she only blushed love; and I never dared to breathe my passion. Her ambitious mother suspected our growing affection; she banished me: when I gained rank and a name she smiled upon me, and acknowledged her orphan relation. You must imagine all the rest; but you cannot conceive the happiness I enjoy, when gazing on that sweet face which so long pined in singleness for my sake.’

“ ‘ Well, Frank, you deserve all the love that angelic woman can bestow on man. I shall never forget the look you bestowed on me when I mentioned her name, whilst we rested our

wearily near the top of the Poodicherrum pass. The wide ocean that rolled between you was lashing the coast of Malabar, far away in the distance. Your body was a prisoner, bound by the shackles of duty and honour; but your thoughts were bounding over seas and mountains, to the object of young affection.'

“Of what a mingled yarn is the web of life composed! That which at one time yields us pleasure, at another produces pain. Thus it is in love and friendship—and so it often is in parental and filial relations. Frank and I often regret our not being neighbours; yet our correspondence is full of the ‘joy of grief.’ O! it is a pleasing thing to be fondly remembered and deeply regretted! Who would not wish to have such a tribute as the following, which I received with pride from my friend Frank, on occasion of writing ‘Forget-me-not,’ in the margin of the Newry Telegraph, which I occasionally send him?—

“ ‘ Can I forget thee? not while life remains
To warm the fluid in my azure veins—
Forget the dear companion of my youth,
Whose acts were kindness, and whose words were truth ;

Whose well-tried friendship time nor place could move ;
Who always lov'd me with a brother's love !—
Never ! while faithful mem'ry holds her reign
O'er all that's treasur'd in my feeble brain ;
While God one beam of reason's light imparts,
I'll hold thee firmly in ' my heart of hearts ;'
And when in prayer, each night, I bend my knee,
I will petition Heaven to favour thee,
And hope that thou wilt sometimes think of me.' ”

N^o. X.

THE ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.



“ Here are two equal ways of gaining—
By hind’ring justice, or maintaining.”

BUTLER.

“ MY father had expressed a wish that I should devote myself to his profession, and I felt anxious to do so; believing that it would be in my power to contribute to the comfort of his old age. I, therefore, accompanied him to the different towns in which he had offices, where, on market-days, he attended for the purpose of being near his clients. Every thing was so new to me, that I occasionally experienced great amusement from the succession of variety which characterizes an attorney’s office.

“ When the quarter-sessions of the peace approached, our office was crowded to suffocation

with all descriptions of persons pressing forward with eager solicitude. What a contrast their anxious and distorted countenances presented to the quiet, business-like aspect of my father, who considered this as his harvest. A good lawyer makes but little difference between forming tangents for the designing to shoot away from the sphere of equity, and forcing the scoundrel before the tribunal of justice, so that he receives the reward of his legal advice.

“ ‘Alas!’ I exclaimed, ‘what is familiar to us does not excite our emotion. Were my father to behold the horrors of war, his feelings would be roused; and he might, perhaps, experience, as I do now, an alternation of pity and disgust.’

“ ‘Will your honour,’ said a well-fed-looking, termagant-faced woman, after waiting till her patience was quite exhausted, ‘hear me now, I say, sir?’

“ ‘State your business,’ answered my father.

“ I shall not endeavour to amuse you by describing her vulgar garrulity. The sum of her complaint was, that Mr. Waddle, her master, had pushed her down stairs, because she had abused

her mistress for not giving her lump-sugar, instead of brown, with her tea.

“ ‘ I called,’ said a long sharp-faced pawnbroker, stretching over the desk, ‘ to settle this bill you have sent me for the judgment ; will you take that ? ’ and he turned his hand, from which a ten-pound note peeped.

“ ‘ No,’ said my father ; ‘ but you may have it taxed if you please ; the charges are very moderate.’

“ ‘ Why,’ answered the pledge-taker, ‘ you have charged for attendances and services here which astonish me ; surely there must be some mistake ; look over the whole again, I beg of you.’

“ ‘ All is right, you may depend, Mr. Martin,’ said the other ; ‘ I took the items from the tax-master’s office ; let it be submitted the fourth day in term : whom do you appoint ? ’

“ ‘ Confound me if I understand it,’ replied the pawnbroker ; ‘ but I shall take good care before I go to law again ; ’ and he marched down stairs in a pet.

“ ‘ Ah ! Dr. —, I am happy to see you,’ said my father, soon after ; while I placed a chair for a

reverend-looking old gentleman, who hobbled into the office.

“ This father of religion had three good church-livings in County Louth; on one of which there was no church, and his parishioners had been advised to resist the payment of tithes on the ground that he had no duties to perform, for they were all Roman Catholics. In consequence of this, he had entered an action against them in chancery, which had already cost him about £2,000. The contortions which his countenance underwent, when my father explained the necessity of further advances, were truly grotesque. ‘ Confound Counsellor Moore ! ’ added he, as he limped down stairs, ‘ he put them up to it all.’

“ Our next client was a noble lord, who had involved himself by assignments to the sons of a frail fair one, to whom he was understood to be indebted; but, tiring of a troublesome connexion, he ousted them by taking forcible possession, for which they had brought an action.

“ His lordship had scarcely taken his departure when a young country squire, who was agent for another nobleman, entered, with all the conse-

quence which generally attends ignorant pride. He had taken a whim to make a sheep-walk of a mountain facing his romantic abode. All the tenants, along its side, were served with ejectments in the depth of winter, and dispossessed forthwith. One unfortunate woman died in the pangs of childbirth at the end of her own cabin. An old man, who begged in vain for permission to remain in his house till his daughter recovered from typhus fever, had the roof of his cabin cut down over the heads of his sick family. For this outrage he had brought an action, and received a decree for £ 300 damages ; but the defendant had appealed, in the hope of defeating the award by a law quibble. When I heard this, and understood that the rich man had no chance of success in the superior courts, I rejoiced in the protection of our glorious laws. I was thrown, however, into profound melancholy upon learning that perhaps not a shilling would be left of the damages to reward the poor man for his trouble ; so much would be consumed in costs between attorney and client, and in the innumerable extra expenses which a needy man incurs in a lawsuit. In short, I came

to the conclusion that a poor man should seldom attempt to obtain civil satisfaction for oppression from the rich; for he stands like the lamb in the fable.—‘*Facile est opprimere innocentum,*’ is generally translated, in the language of experience, ‘The weakest goes to the wall.’

“This was all public business, and there is no breach of confidence in sketching it for general amusement and reflection. There never was, I believe, a more honourable attorney than my father; and on several occasions, when I had an opportunity of witnessing his disinterestedness, integrity, zeal for his clients, and indignation at their villany, I felt proud of being his son; but Sterne’s beautiful remark to Corporal Trim, ‘Thou didst very right as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man,’ is not less applicable to the law than the army. If obedience be the first duty of a soldier, certainly that of a lawyer is to go as far for his client as the law will permit. But strict law is often great injustice, and military command is sometimes great tyranny. In both professions the heart of man is apt to forget the sympathies of his nature.

“There was, however, closet business, which I knew nothing of, except what I could guess from appearances, or learn afterwards in open court. The weeping wife sometimes came to demand the security of law against the barbarity of her husband; the blushing young female was sometimes seen in our office, anxious to explain what modesty would not permit her to avow; fathers were sometimes seen to take refuge behind the shield of justice from their sons and daughters, and sons from their fathers. I clearly perceived that selfishness in full operation destroys all the charities.

“I was sometimes so much affected with the external marks of these private griefs, that my curiosity hunted after information which pained my heart; for it often happens, that a case of a very simple and uninteresting nature to an attorney is quite a tragedy to the parties concerned. Let the following brief description speak for itself:

“ J E S S Y ———.

“Miss ——, the daughter of a respectable farmer belonging to the Presbyterian congregation of ——, came to our office with her father, respecting an action then pending against a neighbour,

in her own walk of life, for breach of promise of marriage, and seduction. She had been educated with considerable care, and her appearance evinced a mind of much sensibility. Her blue eyes, which had once sparkled with hope and life, were now dim and seemingly dead to pleasure—a hollow, death-like gloom surrounded them. Her face, which discovered the features of exquisite beauty, was now tinged with a sallow hue, instead of the roses and lilies which her once gay and innocent heart produced in that sweet garden—all animation had fled, and the deep melancholy look of despair, seated in her countenance, communicated awful tidings to the eye of observation. Her person was perfect symmetry, and so delicate in texture, or rather so much weakened by grief, that her bonnet had to be taken off in the office to prevent her fainting, which exposed some of the finest auburn hair in the world, altogether neglected, but bearing the marks of once having been the object of care.

“ Her father was an aged venerable-looking man, supported under a load of sorrow by the hand of religion. This lent a stern character of fortitude to all he said and looked. He told the tale for his youngest of twelve children. She had been

the little darling of his declining years, and her faltering tongue, and tears, refused utterance to the tortures of her heart. The simple circumstances I thus gathered from the circumlocution of old age.

“Jessy had been the favourite of her lover in childhood, and a tender intimacy subsisted between them, when reason taught her how to use the veil of modesty. He, however, allured by fortune, married another, and the hopes which young imagination had cherished, though nipped by the frost of disappointment, flourished again with the spring of youth, and promised delicious fruit. Another assiduous wooer had presented himself, and Jessy, considering her first affection in its grave, was beginning to lend her willing ear to the delightful voice of love, when the typhus fever deprived her not only of her new sweetheart, but of the guardianship of a careful mother. The same dreadful disease left her youthful friend a widower, and in the course of time, being a neighbour, frequently dropping in, attentions were renewed on his part, which formed the resurrection of her hopes. In time he made

a formal proposal in presence of her sister, and repeated promises afterwards, which completely assured her fond heart of having a protector for life, in the man she had secretly adored.

“It was necessary, however, not to hurry into the married state till the dead had been mourned for a long period; and in that interval, pregnant with the fate of this unhappy girl, a moment of passionate weakness left her, the victim of affection, at the mercy of a villain's generosity.

“Poor Jessy soon found that she should be a mother; and, falling on her knees before her seducer, she implored his pity to redeem her from being the cause of steeping her aged father's couch in tears. All she said reminds me of her namesake, whose case is immortalized by the feeling Shenstone. She thought more of her lover than she did of herself—poor, fond, credulous creature!—

“ ‘ Thus for your sake I shun each human eye ;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu ;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.’

“ But he had not even the pity of Shenstone's

Henry. In the face of the congregation to which he belonged, he swore that the child poor Jessy bore was not his. The oath was not believed: and the clergyman, whose doctrines he had neglected to follow, wept while he deplored to me his want of success in changing his heart. He was expelled from that religious society, and the distracted father brought the action in question, as well to receive damages for an irreparable injury, as to redeem his child's otherwise spotless name from aspersion.

“When the record came down to be tried, the case was clear; but Jessy's evidence was necessary, and she was led into court, half dead with fear and shame. She was but as the ghost of what she had been; and her silent look, the tone of her sweet voice when she at length broke silence and predicted her own death, calling in agony upon her seducer to look up to heaven and witness the wreck he had made on earth, impressed me with an idea that she already belonged to the kingdom of spirits. A coldness spread over my whole frame. Her pale lip trembled. I looked upon the man that I might know another like him.

The judge wiped his eyes, and sighed over the depravity of human nature. A universal silence expressed the loudest commiseration, and heartfelt pity accompanied the pale creature as she retired from the crowded seat of justice. The jury awarded five hundred pounds damages; for it was proved that Mr. — had a valuable property. No defence was made, as the defendant's attorney was a man of honour, and absolutely refused to be instrumental in any attempt to injure the reputation of Miss —. Previously to the trial, however, all his property had been conveyed away; and his bail having surrendered him, he took up his residence in the Marshalsea, together with his wife, for he had forsaken his Jessy on account of another. There he was condemned to remain for three years, under the statute of frauds.

“Some time after, I often rode past poor Jessy's place of residence, in the hope of seeing her. Alas! this unfortunate creature's mind became deranged: by constantly dwelling on her grief, the seat of thought burst, from its own fulness. Her insanity was a pensive, deep melancholy.

She was never heard to utter any complaint; but the exclamation 'My God!' was so continually heard to fall from her silver tongue, that it was evident her mind was incessantly occupied by the horrors of retrospection. I have seen her pluck a beautiful flower, in a lovely garden which she had delighted to trim in the days of her happiness; look at it wistfully (then I thought she was comparing what she had been to it), place it in her breast affectionately (then I shed a tear—for, 'poor dear,' said I, 'thus you ought to have been cherished by love');—dash it from her, with the mournful cry of 'My God!'—'Ah!'—said I mentally, 'so you were served: first admired—then plucked—and cast away when you expected to be placed in the bosom of truth.'

"It scarcely need be added, that Jessy, like the flower she had thrown away, withered rapidly, and mingled with the dust whence her beautiful form had sprung. She now lies in the west corner of the meeting-house-yard of —, and many a sigh of regret is heaved over her green grave."

N^o. XI.

CIVIL-BILL PRACTICE.



“ There is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established :
 ’Twill be recorded for a precedent ;
 And many an error, by the same example,
 Will rush into the state : it cannot be.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ IN the centre of a flourishing town, forty miles from Dublin, stands a handsome structure, called the Court-House. I was seated to advantage in it on the opening of the quarter-sessions of the peace. In a gallery running round the house was a large congregation of the lower orders : the men were dressed in blue frieze great-coats, and the women in red cloaks. Marks of strong interest and anxiety animated their countenances, which were all of the ancient Hibernian cast. The lower part of the house was crowded with

the same description of spectators, while the grand-jury-boxes and bench seats were filled with the more respectable classes, in whose countenances might be traced the lines of the sister-kingdoms. In the centre, immediately under the bench, the attorneys sat round a table.

“The presiding-barrister, or chairman, was a tall, thin, gentlemanly-looking man, with a pensive aspect, inclined, I thought, to melancholy; and his vision seemed defective, more from intense study than from any natural weakness of sight. His wig was of a full square cut, and his gown truly orthodox. His clerk of the peace was a man well-stricken in years, with a keen satirical cast of features, that impressed the beholder with a conviction of his shrewdness and talent. The attorneys were all distinguished by a sharpness of eye, and peculiar expression of face.—‘O, yes!’ resounded; the court was opened, and the grand-jury sworn. This body was composed from the shop-keepers of the town, and the farmers in the vicinity; yet each person was styled Esquire. ‘Ah!’ thought I, ‘what a prostitution of title!’ The compliment, how-

ever, is returned, for these gentlemen and the attorneys call the barrister 'My Lord!'

"His *Lordship* shortly addressed the *Esquires*:—
'Gentlemen,' said he, 'it is quite unnecessary for me, on this occasion, to occupy your valuable time by making any observations for your guidance, as I am fully confident that your experience and ability are quite equal to the business which is to be laid before you.'

"The grand jurors withdrew, and the trial of civil-causes immediately commenced.

"When there is no defence, a decree is obtained against the body or goods of the defendant, upon the plaintiff's attorney proving the service of the process and the debt. The oldest practitioner at the bar had the privilege of taking the lead; and he began with tithe due on promissory notes. Having sworn the proctor, and arrested the attention of the clerk of the peace, he went on:—'My Lord, in No. 1, Bryan Rourke proves process and case; and I claim your lordship's decree for seven shillings and nine-pence. Thus he proceeded through two hundred and ninety-seven numbers, for sums con-

siderably less, in most instances, than the cost of the suit, which, on an average, would amount to twelve shillings; for, besides the attorney's fee of five shillings, and the expense of a stamp,* the barrister is to be paid for his signature, and the clerk of the peace, and the sub-sheriff, and the crier, and the bailiff, and the auctioneer. 'Ah!' exclaimed I to myself, 'this is a deplorable state of things.'

"The spectators remained in gloomy silence during the passing of these decrees, which were, in fact, little better than death-warrants to many of their acquaintances: An indignant groan, or a sympathetic sigh, was the only expression that indicated feeling; but this seeming external apathy was merely a slumber; and it would have been as erroneous to take it for a demonstration of internal tranquillity, as to suppose that Vesuvius had ceased to vomit fire, because it was not enveloped in smoke. No sooner did an attorney start up, giving a consequential smack upon hearing the phrase, 'my lord, I claim your lordship's decree,' as much as to say, there are two words to

* This has been since abolished.

that, than a loud buzz of approbation sounded sonorously through the hall of justice. ‘I have a legal objection to start to the filling up of that process, my lord,’ said he, very pompously, drawing himself up and darting a fierce look at his adversary, and then at the barrister; ‘which, in my opinion, but with all deference to your lordship, will vitiate the proceedings. There is no *assumpsit* laid here,’ continued he, handing the copy of the process up to the barrister, ‘which, I think your lordship will allow, is fatal.’—‘You are correct in point of law,’ said the judge, shaking his wig. ‘I claim your lordship’s *dismiss*,’ rejoined the attorney.—‘Let it be nilled,’ replied his adversary.—‘You shall not nill my fee out of my pocket,’ said the other, with a grin of self-approbation, and a look round for the laugh that followed.—‘Och, you’re a right one; long life to you!’ shouted many a voice.—‘O, will you keep silence ‘there!’ exclaimed the barrister.—‘Silence!’ shouted the crier.—‘Silence!’ repeated the bailiffs; but the roar continued.

“The true spirit of litigation was conspicuous during the whole sessions. Although the assis-

tant-barrister's court was intended to be the seat of summary justice, yet every stratagem that legal ingenuity could devise was resorted to by the profession, to prevent issues from being tried on their merits. If an action were brought in trover that ought to have been laid on the case, or in assumpsit instead of trover, *dismisses* were granted. The slightest mistake in filling the process, such as omitting the addition to any of the parties, mistaking the venue, or making the least difference between the original and copy, forced the plaintiff to recommence the suit, and kept him in *statuo quo* for the three following months.

“ At first I was surprised that the multitude could not see through the artifices of their legal advisers, and that the loudest applauses were invariably given to him who made the nearest approaches to knavery; but I soon discovered that there prevailed such a strong spirit of litigation among the lower orders of my countrymen, in this part of Ireland, that their good sense was sunk under a vain opinion that victory, in the field of law, raised them in the eyes of their

neighbours. This state of things is one of the deplorable effects of ignorance; and the demoralizing principles which are thus disseminated among the rising generation, retard improvement, and sap the foundations of integrity and truth. It was melancholy to observe the practical consequences: nearly in every case there was cross-swearing; that is to say, what was black with the plaintiff, was white with the defendant; so that perjury must have tainted one side of the evidence. Indeed the barrister seemed to be impressed with a thorough conviction, that an oath was of no weight in the balance.

“Thus the day passed. Numerous were the instances of opposition to the laws, and of the detestation in which the payment of tithes was held; but in this part of the country there was no room for the display of much party-spirit, the inhabitants being chiefly of one sect in religion. The barrister had the merit of being quick in the despatch of business. He came into court early, and retired late; so that suitors were not detained long in bringing their cases to issue. When evening approached, the court closed; and

the barrister having been invited by the clerk of the peace to honour the bar with his company at dinner at the King's Arms, they adjourned thither, where good wine and excellent cheer soon recruited the exhaustion of spirits arising from the fatigues of the day; and I had the pleasure of finding, that they who in court battle with each other, can be friends over the wine-cup, and laugh heartily at the folly of their clients.

“ When the sessions closed in the county to which I have alluded, we proceeded to the next. The learned gentleman here was upwards of eighty years of age, yet in the full possession of all his faculties. His appearance was so venerable, and his manners were so prepossessing, that he engaged confidence and affection at first sight. Indeed he required neither wig nor gown to give him the appearance of a judge, for his own silver hair fully supplied the want of the one, and his grave and manly form needed not the pretences of the other. The town in which the sessions were held is, from locality, equal to any in Ireland; but it has the character of being under the influence of party-spirit, which has

prevented its merchants from pushing their advantages to full extent. This want of public energy is visible in the mean appearance of its courts of justice; while many of the edifices and streets, which have arisen from individual speculation, are at once an honour to its genius, and a reproach to its want of union.

“Age is slow in movement, and the barrister did not make his appearance on the bench till one o’clock. The grand jurors were men of respectability, and the appearance of the spectators was of a mixed character. Many of them wore the blue friezes of the mountains, and bore the strongly-marked features of aboriginality, while, perhaps, the majority were dressed in English broad-cloth.

“The court having been duly opened, the barrister proceeded to address the grand jury. He lamented that the calendar exhibited an increase of crown business, chiefly cases of atrocious assault and battery, arising out of the inveterate party spirit by which this unhappy country had been long distracted, to the destruction of its native energies. ‘Never, Gentlemen,’ said

he, with deep pathos, ‘ can civilization, or the general interest of society advance, till this baleful counteracting cause is rooted out of the land. One party invariably produces another. Be it your endeavour, gentlemen, therefore, to carry from this house to your homes a disposition to discountenance the malevolence of prejudice, from whatsoever quarter it may arise, as far as in your power lies, and to disseminate principles of mutual love and forbearance, cheerful obedience to the laws, loyalty to the King, and zealous support of our glorious constitution. But while I have thus expressed my decided disapprobation of party-spirit in general, my chief object is to open the eyes of those deluded men who have lately associated under the name of ribbon-men, to prevent the administration of justice, and to awe power into submission, by acts of violence and blood on the properties and persons of their peaceable neighbours. Infatuated men! to suppose for a moment that a few unarmed peasants, without any means but such as are suggested by criminal hopes, could overcome a government which has for twenty years withstood the united

efforts of Europe! As well might ye expect to move that rolling sun, whose light now cheers us, from his sphere, as to dislocate the beautiful order against which your insane efforts are directed. The arm of the law is too strong for all its enemies, and its appalling grasp will most assuredly overtake those who dare to set it at defiance. O, then, hear my warning voice, and carry with you my earnest admonition, as you value your lives, your homes, your wives, and your children, to withdraw yourselves from all illegal combinations against the course of justice. Bear with you, from this house, a desire to improve your conditions by the exercise of habits of industry, temperance, and frugality. Teach your children the beauty of simple truth, the sound policy of honesty, and to make the standard of their own conscience, by which they would wish to be treated by others, the measure of their conduct to all the world. And now, gentlemen, you have an arduous duty before you, to the discharge of which I commit you, in full confidence that the public good, and impartial justice, will be the aims of your deliberation.'

“It would be tedious and uninteresting to attempt a description of the civil-bill practice under this amiable barrister, who seemed to make it the study of his declining years to administer justice in the spirit of equality. In his endeavours he was often frustrated by the legal quibbles of petty attorneys, who quoted authorities to prove that an S with a tail was not the same as one without a flourish. His lordship, however, peremptorily refused to grant a *dismiss* on this account; and, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, ‘Well, really, the ingenuity of an attorney exceeds the conception of man!’

“It is foreign from my object to describe the low wit that runs through court proceedings in Ireland: the spectators were in a roar of laughter during the greatest part of these melancholy displays of depravity.

“There were one hundred and twenty-nine cases of assault, arising out of party quarrels in the neighbouring fairs and markets, between Orangemen and Catholics. To describe such scenes of ill-blood, prejudice, and perjury, would serve no good purpose. Both parties were wrong, and all

were enemies to their own essential interests, while they thought their violence was serving their cause. In short, I returned to my humble home, from civil-bill practice, with a most disgusting satiety of the heartlessness which the profession of an attorney has a tendency to produce, and of the wretched state of the peasantry of Ireland.

N^o. XII.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.

“ The love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man’s sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear !”

MOORE.

“ I HAVE often thought I never was quite so happy as when I accompanied my family from Dublin to the lodgings prepared for us by my father. When the coach stopped, he was at its door, and I in his arms in a moment. Then he handed my wife and little ones out so affectionately, and conducted them to the drawing-room ! My poor dear afterwards told me, that he stopped at coming to the door, and looked at her earnestly, as though he wished for something. She

suspected that it was a kiss, but being very modest and timid, she hesitated; and, 'I declare,' said she, 'I was glad when he took it.' My stepmother and sisters were inside to receive them: the meeting had all the appearance of affection and felicity.

"In the course of the evening we were all seated round a cheerful fire, that sparkled like our countenances. My five children were intermixed with my three sisters, and really formed a group, upon which the pencil of an artist would have rested, whilst his delighted eye surveyed the charming whole. My eldest being a daughter, was just beginning to display considerable beauty; my father gazed upon her yellow hair and blue eyes with delight; whilst I dwelt with equal pleasure on the raven locks and dark eyes of my eldest sister present (for Mrs. —— had not been able to leave her own home); and my eye could have rested for ever on her open alabaster forehead, in which I traced the strong likeness of my grandmother. I had only one little boy, named after my father: the chubby rogue soon became such a favourite with grand-papa, that he took posses-

sion of his knee, as though he knew that he was welcome. Indeed, the old man seemed so delighted with the little chatterbox, that nothing less would serve him than to eye the child in the costume of nature; he asked his wife if ever she had seen such a fine fellow? ‘There’s a pair of limbs for you!’ said he. In short, he traced his own likeness in every feature: but my stepmother seemed unable to discover it, and I perceived that she wore, at the time, the same heavy brow and scowling look which used to frighten me when a boy.

“ Her words, however, were guarded and kind. We seemed at length to have reached the summit of happiness. ‘After all my troubles,’ thought I, ‘here I am in the natural society of my own dear and near relations.’ What added to the joy of the party too, was, that my sister discovered my violin case, and producing it, insinuated that she knew well how to dance, and that dancing was her delight. I presented the fiddle to my father; and soon the nimble feet of our children kept as good time as the bow in the hand of the musician. We were too happy. My father, after a

few tunes, handed me the instrument, for he longed to hear me play; and when I touched off ‘My ain kind Dearie,’ an air he was always fond of, I saw a tear glisten in his eye, which he brushed off, with some phrase about music’s power; but I knew that his emotion was caused by perceiving that his taste and manner were inherited.

“We prolonged our enjoyment in each other’s company till a very late hour; and I retired to repose in perfect confidence that nothing could ever shake the affection of such a father. My wife told me that he could not keep his eyes off me; but she discovered something in my stepmother’s looks that roused her fears, and she appeared afraid to speak her thoughts on the subject. It was this excitement of my own apprehensions, perhaps, which produced the troubled dreams that visited me on that night. What a contrast they displayed to the happiness of my waking thoughts! I felt as though I were journeying over some unknown wild. Snow was falling on me in a heavy shower; at length it swelled into fearfully deep masses, and I waded through it with labour, danger, and difficulty. I saw the wreaths closing upon me,

and I felt as though all hope had been lost. I uttered a short prayer to that God who had promised never to leave nor forsake me; I thought all the snow thawed away; the green of the prospect rose on my sight with unusual freshness and beauty; and I awoke, frightened and cheered. I slept again. I was at sea in a shattered boat; the waves were white around me, and dashing over my head in foam. I heard the winds howl, and the thunder roar. My case seemed hopeless; I felt as though I had been sinking, and called upon God, in whose mercy and love I had ever found refuge. A ship arose to my view, and I was taken on board, just as I awoke, trembling, but rejoiced to find it was a dream.

“ Till morning entered my chamber I lay musing. I endeavoured to tranquillize the perturbation; which unsolicited ideas roused in my mind, but I could not. It occurred to me that I had expended a large sum in coming home; that I had far from an independence remaining; and that, in the confidence I reposed upon my father's promises, if there should be disappointment, I might have greater difficulties before me than I

had yet experienced; for my family had never known want, and I should certainly consider it as the dregs of bitterness to see them experience deprivation. These suggestions, however, my understanding told me were the mere visions of heated fancy. I blamed the wine-cup for them, in which my father and I had pledged each other too frequently at supper. ‘He has promised,’ said I, ‘to make a provision for me, under all circumstances; and he will never forget his written word, nor forsake me.’

“Upon meeting my father at breakfast, all my apprehensions vanished; for in his benevolent and grave aspect I clearly saw, as I thought, resolution and wisdom. Our fine presents had also made a favourable impression on my stepmother: her brow was unclouded, and she met us with welcome smiles. We were soon introduced to a circle of respectable friends in town; and my family were invited to spend some time at my father’s house in the country. Every thing wore the most promising aspect. My stepmother shewed the fine things we had brought her and her children from India, with pride and pleasure;

and my father was unwilling that I should be a day out of his presence. He took me with him every where he visited, and gloried, he said, in having a son who had merit enough to gain a victory, like himself, over many a hard gust of fortune.

“I had made him fully acquainted with my circumstances ; and without suggesting any thing, I fully expected that he would propose a suitable provision for my family. My children required education : he had introduced me to a circle where I unavoidably incurred expense much beyond my means ; I thought he would have instantly reflected upon the great sacrifices I had made in coming home ; that my little remaining fund was decreasing daily ; and that, without his assistance, I should soon have nothing but a subaltern’s half-pay. In return, however, for the *exposé* of my affairs, I was warned against communicating any promises that had been made me by my father to my stepmother ; and I learned that his not answering my letters from London and Dublin, was occasioned by his directing the post-master not to deliver any foreign ones, ex-

cept into his own hand: ‘for,’ said he, ‘in consequence of some unguarded expressions in one of your letters, my wife got it into her head that you and your family were coming to live in the house with us, and really, although we have been a very happy couple, I thought we should have separated about it.’ He, moreover, made some very sensible remarks respecting the prejudices of stepmothers against children of a former marriage, and told me that he would, according to conscience, do strict justice to all his family.

“I replied, that I well knew it was quite natural for stepmothers to prefer the interest of their own children; but, as mine had not a son, I entertained strong hope that, by assiduous attention, I should overcome her prejudice, and that she would herself see the advantage and comfort of having me as a support in old age. I assured my father that I was most willing to devote myself to his wishes; and that, as he had a desire I should embrace his profession, I was ready to convert my sword into a pen. ‘This I can do,’ added I, ‘without forfeiting my half-pay; for in conse-

quence of long service, and chronic affection of the liver, I shall not be forced to return to a hot climate; and an exchange I can easily effect.'

“It is enough to say, that we came to an understanding; and that I made arrangements to change my red coat for a black one. The life of an attorney is not altogether unlike that of a military man. They have each hard duty to perform. Great correctness is indispensably necessary in both cases. Each enjoys great variety, and, with constant change of persons and things, good living and polished society, I at once fell into the spirit of it. To-day we were at Dundalk, to-morrow at Ardee; this week at Newry, the next in Armagh; then at Markethill, and Newtownhamilton, with a trip four times a year to Dublin, for nearly a month in each term; so that time did not hang heavily on my hands.

“Meanwhile, my family had spent a fortnight with my stepmother, and that insuperable jealousy and dislike of me and mine began plainly to appear. My eldest sister's little boy, nearly of the same age as my son, was on a long visit with grand-mamma; and it was visible what

pains the old lady took to procure for her favourite the first place in my father's affection. 'Where is grand-father's leg, Robert?' she would frequently ask the child, who was taught how to push forth one of his little limbs. This was only one of a thousand catch-likes which the old lady had armed her darling with to win the heart of her husband. I smiled at all this; it was natural enough to prefer her daughter's children to mine, I thought. But I had no idea of the power which a wife has over the will of her lord and master by seeming obedience and subserviency. As soon as I discovered her plan of proceeding, I saw the danger of my situation. Her object was to weaken the affection of my father for my children, by representing my wife and them as destitute of love for him. She loaded me with marks of friendship and favour. All her daughters, as though they had been inspired by her plan, united in its execution. A thousand opportunities were found of magnifying omissions on our part into premeditated offences; and on one occasion my eldest daughter was accused of hating the whole family of her grandfather, because she

wished anxiously to return home to us before the term of a visit, which she was paying, had expired.

“ Thus, from trifles like the above, real insults and injuries were offered to us; and it became impossible to bear them. In proportion as my father’s affections were withdrawn, his attentions ceased, till at last he became a stranger to my house. I entered into calm and affectionate conversations with him on the subject; but my efforts were unavailing; and in a moment of irritation and rashness, I determined to decline his offers and withdraw from such annoyance.

“ This was a step I shall regret during my whole life: it proves that when we act rashly we never act wisely. Had I reflected, I should have come to the resolution of bearing every thing with patience and resignation, rather than appear in the sight of my father wanting in obedience, duty, and fortitude. Alas! even the man who approaches nearest to perfection has weak moments. I ought never to have doubted the love and justice of my father; but I did doubt them; and he left me, perhaps justly, to suffer the consequences of my own folly.

“ I had, however, made my intentions known to him, and solicited the continuance of his care and provision. In my communication I informed him that I had taken a small farm, in a retired spot, about ten miles distant from Dundalk, where I hoped to be able, by economy and industry, to provide for my family. Most unfortunately he thought I was deserting him; and, alas! I imagined that he was deserting me, and breaking the promise he had made of providing for me, under all circumstances; as he refused to make me any further annual allowance. When I look into my own heart, I greatly fear I was much to blame in the course I took; but had I remained, the continual heart-burnings arising from family discord, would have embittered the old man’s life more than my absence. Indeed my eldest sister viewed me, I fear, as one risen from the dead to deprive her children of fortune; and she told me, without ceremony, perhaps without thought of the wound she inflicted, that she was not obliged to her father for altering her portion when he heard of my being alive: ‘ he promised me a thousand pounds,’ said she, ‘ and paid my husband with one-half of it.’

“ ‘O, selfishness!’ thought I, ‘how incompatible thou art with charity and love! This dear sister of mine, to whom I was ready to give my heart, would be glad I were in my grave! I shall not struggle with any of you,’ I exclaimed mentally, ‘about riches; be mine, peace of heart and retirement from the world.’

“Adversity is a sore trial of strength; and great disappointment breaks many a brave spirit. I was at once deprived of comforts which had become to me necessaries of life. It is true that a man who has experienced vicissitudes is not easily dejected; yet when I saw objects dear to my affection involved in my misfortunes, I felt excruciating anguish. There is a buoyancy in the female mind which often supports man in the hour of trouble. My wife said to me, one day, ‘take these pearls, dear, which the fortune of war threw in your way; we have been told they are valuable, as well as these turquoises and mochas, which we brought home to decorate our girls; do, pray, go to Dublin with them, and see if they will produce a fund for our present exigencies.’

“ I accordingly placed myself on the top of the

Free Trader, and we set off, at nine miles an hour, after the Newry Fly, which had started just before us. This light coach had been set up by a company in Belfast, in opposition to the establishment of Newry, in consequence of a refusal on the part of the latter to reduce the fare. There was a grand trial, therefore, not only of the strength and bottom of their horses, the excellence of their carriages, and the accuracy of time; but, as it is usual in such cases for the longest purse to carry the day, a dead set was made by each against the capital of the other. This was not the worst feature of the struggle for supremacy and monopoly; for every day there was a race at the risk of the passengers' necks. The drivers were, however, such experienced whips, that no accident had yet occurred to impeach their reputation, or to injure the fortune of their employers. Travelling, between Belfast and Dublin, some fifty years ago, was both expensive and tedious. A gentleman then going up to the metropolis, prepared for a journey of three days' duration; and as the same time would be occupied in returning, he took a formal leave of his

family, and his poor lady wept as though she were never to see her dear again. Now, it is, 'I shall put on two shirts this morning, my love, as I am going to Dublin;' and with a careless 'good-bye!' he whisks off, transacts his business in the evening eighty Irish miles from home, and returns next day to dinner, without claiming a kiss as the reward of his rapid motions. As to expense, why the fare was a mere trifle; for the Free Trader having offered privately, if report may be credited, to take passengers on their own terms, the Newry Fly volunteered to give a breakfast coming down, in Drogheda, and something warm going up at Balruddery. Not a word of this country scandal, however, do I think worthy of credit, for I could not obtain any remission of the established usage, in my favour, from the clerk of the coach, who assured me, upon paying three-half-pence a mile for the conveyance of myself and trunk, that there was not cheaper travelling any where 'at all, at all.'

"The coachman was of refined Irish breed, muscular and bony, with a face like fire and a voice like thunder. He soon gave me to understand,

that his antagonist, the driver of the Fly, was an Englishman; and he swore by the "*Living Father*," that he knew no more about taking the whip-hand, or shaving the paint from an off-wheel, than any spalpeen at the tail of a dung-car. 'But I,' said he, 'know his paces, and if I don't tip him the go-by one of these days, botheration to me;' and he gave that significant nod, and made that expressive screw of the mouth, which men are apt to exhibit when in earnest. Our coach was well filled, inside and outside; for it was term-time, and the attorneys and their clients were hastening up to the courts of law; but we soon rattled through the beautiful village of Castlebellingham, crossed the Boyne Water, and gained sight of the Fly not far from the Man-of-war. 'Old Ireland for ever!' shouted our coachman; and giving his horses a crack on their right and left flanks, the spirited creatures went off at full gallop. The ladies screamed, and the gentlemen vociferated in vain; for the coachman had given an impetus to his vehicle which he could no longer control. Like lightning we blazed along; and many a shock threatened to precipitate us from our giddy seats.

“ The dismay of the other coachman, at seeing his rival dashing after him in apparent triumph, must have been great. I suppose it was something akin to what an old fox feels at hearing the yelp of death behind him. However, with equal cunning, he resorted to the expedient of blocking up the road. Thanks to modern improvement, two coaches can now pass on nearly all the Irish highways; yet such was the judicious position chosen by the son of Albion, that the Hibernian was puzzled; and he would have pulled up, if that had been at all possible. The horses, on the contrary, measuring the distance with their attentive eyes, and seeing that the object was practicable, rushed forward like a brave storming party to the breach, animated by hope, thirsting for victory, and thoughtless of death. In a moment the fore-wheel of the Free Trader grazed the hind one of the Newry Fly, and I was pitched into the air.

“ As, when a lofty ship reels on her beams beneath the lash of a mighty billow, those on her deck are swept away by the overwhelming surge into the foaming deep; so were we tossed by the shock of a complete upset, twenty-two yards over

a high ditch into a newly ploughed field. I was stunned, and nearly buried in that of which Adam was formed. In the grave which my body had delved for itself I must have lain a considerable time, for when I extricated myself I saw the horses again on their legs, and the coach upright. The passengers were cleaning away the blood and dirt with which they were covered, assisted by those of the other coach which stood at some distance. An old fat lady lay in the ditch in syncope, while two young ones were chafing her temples and pouring cordials down her throat. However, notwithstanding our imminent danger, only a few slight cuts and bruises were received; for the ploughed field befriended us who were on the outside, and the cushions protected those within. I found that I had the perfect use of my limbs and senses; and as the horses were in precisely the same state, they were again set in motion, and I alighted without further mischance at Gossen's, a few minutes after the Fly had entered the yard of that tavern.

“Rapid motion is an excellent whetter of appetite. This is proved by the inclination a man

feels for a cut of mutton after a noble hunt, or a brilliant cavalry pursuit in real warfare. I accordingly walked down Capel Street with the aspect of a man who had something urgent in view, and entered the Struggler, where the waiter, comprehending at a glance that I might be worth obliging, handed me the bill of fare with a low cringe, which spoke the hearty welcome of an inn, and I seated myself in a box near the fire, at a table covered with a napkin and decorated with a plate, knife, fork, salt, and mustard. This tavern being on a scale suited to the circumstances of poor gentlemen, is very appropriately and tastefully styled **THE STRUGGLER**. The table linen here is not of damask, nor are the forks of silver; no wax candles shed a perfumed light, nor do gorgeous liveries draw from the purse of each guest what would cheer a small family; but a hungry man may have a plate of hot roast mutton in a trice, with *et cætera*, and half a pint of wine, or a couple of tumblers of native, for a sum less than half the daily possible expenditure of a half-pay subaltern. I sat here during the rest of the evening, moralizing on the expression of the variety of strange

faces that entered, and enjoying the tones of an Irish harp, thrummed by a blind bard, whose execution extorted reward from the guests and attracted custom to the house. The trembling vibrations of my national instrument, however, and the melancholy pathos of Irish music, fell upon my ear not to soothe but to inflame the sadness of my soul. The gloominess of my own heart caused me to trace sorrow and disappointment in every countenance, and at length I became consoled by imagining that my lot was not so deplorable as that of many others. ‘Ah,’ thought I, ‘these are all strugglers in the voyage of life. Why then should I be too much depressed by what is so common to humanity? The worst stroke of fortune may be cured by patience, fortitude, and enterprize.’

“The next morning I carried my pearls and precious stones to a jeweller, from whom I had purchased some small articles of plate on my return home. As my appearance was fashionable, and my address commanding, Mr. G—— suspected that I was not a man of straw, and therefore received me with an excess of politeness. Willing to avail myself of

this seeming, I apprized him that I had brought a string of pearls, which had fallen to my lot in the way of booty in India, to him, with the intention of having them formed into a necklace and bracelets, and of ascertaining his opinion as to their proper value. He counted them. ‘There are one hundred and seventy-four here,’ said he.—‘Exactly,’ answered I.—‘These are, sir,’ continued he, ‘good-sized round pearls, but on account of a slight tinge some of them have from age—like this one you see—they would not sell here so high as if all were transparent, like this.’—‘And what do you think is the average value of them?’ said I.—‘Why really, sir,’ answered he, ‘the time was when these pearls would have fetched three guineas a piece, but at present I think they would not sell for more than one-half their value.’—‘I am much obliged to you, Mr. G——,’ said I, ‘for your opinion; and as the money just now would be of more service to me than the pearls, I shall let you have them on the terms of your own valuation.’—I never beheld such a momentary change in a man’s countenance. It fell at once, and forgetting all his assumed respect in the cool manner of dis-

trust and suspicion, he abruptly demanded, ‘ Why, do you want to sell the pearls ? ’—‘ I do,’ answered I, with suppressed indignation.—‘ O,’ said he, ‘ that alters the case ; I would not give twenty pounds for them, as they might lie on my hands for years ; but if you choose to leave them with me on commission, I shall do my best ; if not, I would recommend you to try Mr. West, and Mr. Twicross.’ To these gentlemen I directed my steps, under a depression of hope, yet at the same time exulting at the discovery that I really possessed something valuable in the wreck of my affairs, and smiling at the ridiculous figure which Mr. G—— had cut before me. Many a man, however, wishes to sell without being able to find a fair purchaser ; and that was my case, for I applied to nearly every jeweller in the city, not one of whom would give me half the estimated value of my pearls. As for the other precious stones, I could not get nearly the sum I had paid for them in India. ‘ Ah ! ’ exclaimed I, mentally, as homeward I bent my course, fatigued with disappointment, ‘ selling and buying are cloaked in mystery, like many other things which appear simple to superficial observa-

tion. These men will not buy but with a certainty of doubling their money, and they calculate more on the vanity and folly of the public for their own prices, than on the intrinsic value of what is exposed for sale.'

“ ‘ Dear Frank,’ said I, grasping a hand that was thrust into mine on Ormond Quay, ‘ what wind blew you hither, in the name of wonder? I thought you were enjoying the romantic prospect from Edinburgh Castle.’

“ ‘ You have not received my letter, then,’ said he; ‘ I wrote to you the day before yesterday, explaining the sad view before me, and the dreadful manner in which we have been harassed lately.’

“ ‘ My presence here,’ replied I, ‘ tells you that the repetition will not have the staleness of a twice-told tale.’

“ ‘ You know,’ said he, ‘ how our *corps* has been tossed about since we returned from India. I was constantly marching during the whole of the late radical insanity, and truly in the whole of my long service I never experienced such severe duty. We had just settled in the capital of Scot-

land, after quieting the infatuated mob of Glasgow, and contemplated the happiness of remaining in quarters during the winter, with our families, who joined from Hull, when the route reached us to march for Carlisle, and we continued moving in different directions, under various hopes, till we got to Liverpool, where, to our surprise, transports were ready to convey us hither. The passage was the most dreadful that can be conceived, and we were all but lost. Some of the vessels have not yet arrived, and serious fears are entertained for their safety. On my own account, you know, I would not complain; but the bitterness of my feelings has exceeded description on account of my wife, who is near her *accouchement*, and whose life was for several days in imminent danger. We fondly hoped, however, that rest awaited us here; but what do you think?’

“ ‘ I know not,’ said I, ‘ my ideas are in a state of confusion with wonder at what you have told me.’

“ ‘ A route,’ continued he, ‘ awaited us here, to march forthwith to Cork, where vessels are in readiness to transport us to Gibraltar. Now, I think

you will agree with me, that the exigencies of the service scarcely required this precipitancy.'

“ ‘ I am astonished,’ said I, ‘ at what I have heard ; and what do you intend to do ?’

“ ‘ The army is no place,’ said he, ‘ for a man with a large family, and I have long determined to retire from it. Indeed, I only awaited a favourable opportunity. This has completely deranged my plans, and I greatly fear I shall be forced to accompany the *corps* ; but it will merely be for the purpose of handing over my department to a successor, and returning to peace and retirement, which my declining health now requires. Would to God I had a confidential person to go out in my place ; for the idea of leaving my family at this season, and in the precarious state of my wife’s health, distracts me.’

“ ‘ I am your man,’ said I ; ‘ though my health is not such as to induce me to face the climate in India, yet I think I might venture to any part of Europe ; and certainly the circumstances of my children demand great sacrifices.’

“ ‘ Well,’ said he, ‘ we shall send in the application forthwith ; but I have little hope, for our

colonel is a Scotchman; and you never knew one of his country that had not some one of his clan to serve: depend upon it there will be a successor found for me the moment I signify my intention of resigning, without the smallest regard to my recommendation.'

" I sighed, and acknowledged the justice of his remark. In short it ended just as he predicted.

" ' But come,' continued Frank, ' I have a cutlet for dinner, and a bottle of port; perhaps the last we may ever drink together. We march tomorrow, and I must go with the head-quarters, therefore let us be ourselves to-night.'

" ' With all my heart,' said I, quickening my step, ' I long to see Mrs. ——.'

" ' Ah,' answered he, ' the moment she recovered from the shock of hearing our destination, we got into the Holyhead packet, and I saw her off in the coach, that she might be under her mother's care when the critical hour should arrive, instead of being tossed with me in the Bay of Biscay. It was upon my return I wrote to you.'

" The short time we passed together was sorrowfully sweet; for there is always pleasure in

meeting an old friend, and pain in the idea of parting so soon; but in our unexpected conjunction each heart was so steeped in its own sadness and disappointment, that it could not impart the sympathy of consolation. 'Farewell,' said Frank, as he took his place in the coach; 'something tells me we shall never meet again in this world.' 'Dismiss the melancholy thought,' said I, 'there are bright days in store for us both, and we shall yet enjoy the sunshine together.' The horn sounded, and the coach vanished from my sight.

"My thoughts now reverted to my own gloomy affairs. 'There is no more hope for me here,' mentally ejaculated I, 'so my best plan is to return the way I came.' At this moment I cast my eyes on a window, and saw in large letters, 'The highest value given here for pledges.' I stopped mechanically, and found that I was opposite to a celebrated pawnbroker's. 'Here let me try my fortune,' said I, 'the experiment can do no harm.' I entered a shop, in which were exposed for sale various forfeited articles, and having signified my wish to have a private interview with the head of

the house, I was shewn down a long passage, where several shivering creatures were purchasing and selling old clothes, along which there was a row of booths, in each of which stood a miserly-looking wretch, with neither warmth nor life in his freezing aspect. The room into which I was ushered was small and dark, but gorgeously furnished. It was a place that smelt of rascality, and every thing said—‘ I spring from tears.’—After some time a fellow entered dressed in black, at whose suspicious and lowering aspect I started. I recovered, however, on hearing the word *business*, and stated the purport of my visit. ‘ Well,’ said the scoundrelly-looking skinflint, ‘ I’ll give you an answer directly ;’ and away he marched with my pearls, poising them on his three fingers, as though it had been to ascertain their weight, and leaving me in doubt and perplexity. He was not long absent, however ; for, entering by another door in a wainscot which I had not perceived, he placed the string in my hands, and with a stare of cold indifference, said, ‘ Twelve pounds—there’s the ready.’ I did not deign a reply, but gaining the passage, felt some security

when I saw faces like my own in the street, in whose physiognomy I could trace some heart.

“ One other expedient still presented the shadow of what I sought, and my sanguine nature followed it. The excellent house in London to which I had been consigned by my agent of Bombay, had introduced me to a merchant in Dublin, by a letter of credit for the balance in their hands. He was a Quaker; but to my surprise, he wore the dress of the world, spoke in the usual phrase, and his house and equipage were in a style of magnificence that commanded admiration. The only difference I observed between him and other men was a fixed benevolence of feature, a brief mode of expression, and great kindness of manner. When I had closed my account with him, he had expressed great regard for the house that had recommended me to him; and in making some abrupt inquiries into my prospects, he expressed an earnest wish to serve me. I therefore determined upon applying to him in my embarrassing predicament. He received me feelingly, heard my statement attentively, and when he had examined the pearls and

stones with care, said, ‘ They are certainly valuable, if I can place you in safe hands. You ought to have come to me in the first instance;—you might have sold them for half their price, for you gentlemen of the army know nothing of the knavery every day practised by villany on unsuspecting confidence. I shall give you a note to my friend Mr. Abraham, a Jew.’

“ ‘ A Jew,’ exclaimed I, with evident surprise; ‘ you amaze me !’

“ ‘ Oh,’ said he, ‘ the Jews are a persecuted people, but believe me some of them are superior Christians in practice to many who go by that name.’

“ Upon knocking at Mr. Abraham’s door, I was shewn into a neat drawing-room, in which real comfort seemed to be attended to more than appearance. The outside of the house was not prepossessing; and I remarked that the windows were strongly barred, and the street-door secured by rattling chains and large bolts. Mr. Abraham soon entered. There was nothing very extraordinary in his dress or person, except that he was bending under the weight of years, and had an

acutely-turned countenance, quite of the Jewish cast, with piercingly-bright small eyes; he wore neither beard nor whiskers, and his hair was a silver sable. With the assistance of a pair of gold-mounted spectacles he read his friend's note, looked at me with earnest scrutiny, and drawing a chair near the table, said, 'Please to let me look at de gems.' I laid the whole parcel down before him, for they were in the crown of my hat. He turned them over and over with uncommon care, poised the pearls on his finger, and weighed some of them with a small balance he had in the room. 'Vill you trust tese gems wit me till tomorrow, at noon?' said he, at length. There was something in his look and manner that created such confidence, I unhesitatingly assented, and withdrew, accompanied by Mr. Abraham to the door, who did not utter another word.

"I was of course alive to my appointment; and at noon next day, upon knocking at Mr. Abraham's door, I found him in the drawing-room with another Jew, whom he called Isaac, whose appearance was very remarkable, for he wore a black curled beard, with a curious frock

that reminded me of the Armenian dress in India. The same keenness of look met my glance, and there was in his eye an expression which produced attention and respect. ‘Dere is no market here for your gems,’ said Mr. Abraham; ‘but my friend Isaac will send dem to Russia; dat is, if you agree to take vat we conceive dey are wort.’—‘And what may that be?’ eagerly inquired I.—‘Seven hundred and fifty,’ replied he: I will give you a check on de bank for dat sum, but not one shilling more.’—‘Thou hast a conscience, noble-minded man!’ said I, while grateful surprise was visible in my face, ‘and I honour your integrity—keep them, and give me the order.’ It was instantly signed, and I delivered it into the hands of my super-excellent Quaker. ‘Ah!’ thought I, ‘this world is a strange scene of inconsistency. Here have I found Fortune where I never expected to court her smile, and, most assuredly, where I should not have believed she resided.’

“It may be conceived with what pleasure I returned home. If the father of a large family have his cares and sorrows increased in propor-

tion to his sphere of participation, he is rewarded by a commensurate development of his feelings in prosperity and joy. Such was my case; for every addition which my good fortune in Dublin enabled me to make to the happiness of my wife and children, swelled the sum of my own.

“A sinking man appreciates relief. I was aware of the importance of capital in farming; but I also knew that I was far from being independent. The farm I had taken was at a smart rent; my calculations might prove to have been made on wrong principles; I had to purchase stock, and a variety of utensils; the house required repairs; and I had to meet unforeseen contingencies. In short, my prospect was an uncertain and gloomy one, and my relief but a temporary safety.

N^o. XIII.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

“ O, friendly to the best pursuits of man,
 Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
 Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd !
 Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets ;
 Though many boast thy favours, and affect
 To understand, and choose thee for their own.”

COWPER.

“ To imagine that a town is a proper place for a half-pay officer, with a large family, is a miserable error. He has to pay there, for the empty walls of a house, the rent of a small farm, which would supply his children with the wholesome food of the dairy, garden, and poultry-yard ; while the productions of his fields, at a neighbouring market, might be exchanged for those luxuries now become necessaries of life to his rank in the general mass of society. Here

he may have the use of a horse, and conveyance for his family. His retired situation protects him from the obtrusion of unmeaning visits. Pure air, and the innate beauty of ever-changing nature, cheer his spirits, and bestow upon his children the most valuable gift—a sound constitution.

“The mind soon conforms to the circumstances around it. Man, in a short time, finds pleasure and conversation where he least expected them; for to contemplation all things have tongues; and rational retirement has this peculiar advantage, that it turns the eye of the soul in upon itself, and opens to thought a society in the enlargement of intellect. When I look upon the endless variety of flowers and trees, consider their exceeding beauty, and the sweet simple serenity that characterizes the operations of their lives, I cannot confine my imagination within the bounds of a mere naturalist. No; I indulge with Darwin, in his loves of the plants, and enjoy many an agreeable association of fancy.

“But it is that sort of country life which has been praised and described by Cowley, that a

rational mind desires. The social solitude of Zimmerman comes near it: there is no resemblance between what I commend and that which Alexander Selkirk pathetically apostrophizes:—

“ ‘O, solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.’ ”

Dear to my bosom is the unexpected drop-in of a friend or neighbour—sweet, to be in the world or out of it in a few minutes’ walk or ride—delightful, to be so much alone, that reflection has time to awaken the thoughts of Heaven, which too often slumber when left to themselves in the Eden of human wishes.

“ Our wives and daughters, left also to their own resources, spend their leisure-time in the useful and amusing operations of the needle; and really I exult in every room of my comfortable dwelling, to see the elegant productions of their taste. Indeed, I think my own dear never looks so interesting as when dressed in the simple garb of her own making; and certainly her eye always sparkles with peculiar lustre when I praise

her jelly or home-made wine ; for she has a little ambition in her temper of mind, which is gratified, I perceive, as effectually in this useful way, as though she shined at an assembly in all the expensive splendour of the butterfly.

“ The mornings in the country may be delightfully occupied in teaching our little ones. Music may charm the ear, and drawing please the eye ; while intellect expands over the page of history, and the classical productions of England, France, and Italy open new worlds of thought to the mind. The useful operations of arithmetic may exercise ingenuity ; and I have myself derived such pleasure and advantage from reading some of the Latin authors, that I would recommend Virgil to be put into the hands of young girls, to strengthen their minds with the philosophy of the *Æneid*. Taste has changed since the barbarous time when the Emperor Theophilus rejected Acacia as a wife, on account of her being an acute companion. Men now look for mind, as well as beauty and fortune, in woman. This is well understood by our mistresses of boarding-schools. But, alas ! human weakness is prone to

fall into extremes. To my mind, a piece of embroidery, or elegant fancy-work, is as beautiful as a painting on velvet or paper. I, therefore, value the needle, as the native Americans did when the Spaniards introduced it amongst them, and received a massy bar of gold for every tiny bit of steel. How many moments are passed agreeably by that lady who can amuse thought by directing attention to its use !

“ Both man and woman were placed by their Creator in a garden, perhaps to instruct posterity that rural life is the natural state for human nature. Certainly, under the benign influence of rational retirement in the country, all the peaceful and amiable dispositions of the soul have full exercise. There is a constant and beautiful vicissitude in all the seasons in our climate: ever varying length of day and night; spring melting away into summer; then autumn blending with the white livery of winter. All these have their peculiar charms.

“ It is therefore in the country, under these natural influences, that the lover of wisdom finds the object of his search, the sweetener of life's cup—

contentment. There he may have constant exercise for his faculties, and learn that the delicious repose, in which Mr. Hume has made happiness to consist, is fictitious. From the cradle to the grave we have active duties to perform; chance cannot throw us into a situation where we shall not find room for the enlargement of our mind. The philosophy of Plato, who set a happy immortality up as the prize to be gained by arduous labour, in acquiring wisdom and virtue during the whole period of life, was more suitable to our nature than those speculations of Zeno and Epicurus, who placed enjoyment in freedom from perturbations of mind, and security from all the varieties of pain. Dr. Paley is most assuredly right in saying, that happiness does not consist in the pleasures of sense, nor in an exemption from evils which are without, nor in greatness, nor an elevated situation. No; happiness is to be found only in the exercise of the social affections, in the activity of the bodily and mental faculties, in a prudent constitution of habits, and in health and cheerfulness.

“ Innumerable are the ways in which a country

gentleman, on even a small income, may benefit the poor around him. His advice may serve some, and his interference advantage others. By countenance and recommendation he may essentially forward the views of his neighbours, cheer the drooping spirit, and repress the injustice of encroachment, without either incurring expense disproportioned to his means, or spending time which he might convert into emolument. Some of the sweetest recollections, therefore, of a country gentleman * will arise from the performance of these little duties. They gain at least a curtsey, and the compliment of the hat, from every peasant and his wife; and even these are grateful to the human heart.

“ In the exercise of such soothing benevolence, time will glide away smoothly, and resignation will slope the descent to the grave, decorating the gloomy portals with the allurements of hope.”

* Nos. XII. and XIV. are illustrative of this.

N^o. XIV.

BLIND OWEN.



“ Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown.”

BURNS.

“ BLIND Owen was in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and his wife had nearly attained the same fulness of days. From the time of their marriage, about fifty years ago, they had resided on a small farm of two acres, and their neighbours spoke of their great industry and irreproachable character with respect and admiration,

“ Of a large family, one daughter alone remained as a staff to support her tottering parents, and the produce of her wheel had been their subsistence during a long period; for her father had

been blind about eleven years, and her mother was crazy. Though Owen was deprived of sight, Providence made his heart glad. With the lark, he sang and whistled at summer dawn, and his fife was heard warbling among the rocks after the cuckoo. Hard times, however, had driven him nearly to despair. His cow had been sold to make up arrears of rent, and his fife was pawned in Newry for two tenpennies that went to pay county cess. His crop of potatoes was not in the ground in June for want of seed. He sang not, neither did he whistle. He had not a shirt—his brogues were no security against stones—his whole dress was in tatters. Yet old blind Owen did not beg. ‘I could bear all,’ said he, with tears trickling down his cheeks, ‘but for poor Mary’s sake: yet she never complains; but on a Sunday morning, when she stands at the door and sees the girls, with their red cloaks and shawls, passing to prayers, she sobs outright; and well I know it is because she cannot go, for the creature has only a blue bed-gown.’

“These particulars the old man detailed one day to me as I met him hobbling to the bog with a

creel for turf; and there were such sorrow, sincerity, and worth painted on his withered countenance that a tear started to my own eye whilst I surveyed him and heard the affecting accents of his melodious voice. He went on to fill his creel, and I hastened home to get a shirt, with which I returned; and slipping behind him, as he came from the bog, I placed it in his creel, and followed him to witness his behaviour. He did not discover the shirt until he came to a stile, after passing my house; for there he was forced to place the creel on the steps, from off his back, and turn round to mount and lift it over: then he felt my present. His astonishment was great. He left his creel on the stile, and taking the shirt, sat down by the road side, and ascertained what it really was, by carefully handling the sleeves, &c. Then getting up, he struck the ground two or three times with a stick he had in his hand, as in perplexity; but at last he wheeled round, and marched back to my house, where he stood leaning against my gate for some time. One of my little daughters went out, and said to him—

“ ‘ Well, Owen, what do you stand there for? Why don't you come in ?’

“ ‘ O, miss,’ said he, ‘ as I was passing, one of the shirts drying on the hedge, I believe, fell into my creel, and I returned with it here sore afraid and wondering.’

“ ‘ I put it into your creel, Owen,’ said I; ‘ wear it; and I shall endeavour, with the blessing of God, to raise up friends to relieve your distress, and put in your crop of potatoes.’

“ ‘ My prayers are heard,’ said he; ‘ the Almighty has raised your honour up to be my preservation in this hour of need. I fell upon my knees this morning, and uttered the bitterness of my heart.’

“ I lost no time in making his case known to the public, through the medium of the Newry Telegraph; and a very handsome subscription was the immediate consequence. This was not only sufficient for his present wants to purchase articles of wearing apparel, to put in his crop of potatoes, but also to buy a pig to grunt at his door and eat his potatoe skins, and a cow to con-

vert daisies into milk and butter. It moreover supplied him with a stock of oatmeal and flax; so that his fife was again heard warbling merrily the gratitude of his heart."

N^o. XV.

GRINAN SCHOOL.

“ ’Tis education forms the common mind ;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclin’d.”

POPE.

“ IT is a melancholy sight when children are seen running about seemingly neglected as to education. I used often to meet fine chubby little fellows in my neighbourhood, as merry as grigs, with bare feet and heads ; they would take their top-lock in the right hand, and make a bow half-way to the ground. ‘ Arra,’ I would ask, ‘ and who taught you to make that fashionable bow ?’—‘ Och, it was Mr. Turley, sure your honour,’ was generally my answer.

“ I found that Mr. Turley had been educated for a schoolmaster, and had kept a school in Grinan during prosperous times. Indeed, he still

endeavoured to labour in an unprofitable vineyard; for the petty farmers around him were so much reduced in their circumstances in 1822, that, generally speaking, they were quite unable to pay his demand of three-pence a week for their children's instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. As there was no charity school nearer the townland of Grinan than two miles, the boys and girls were growing up in ignorance, and poor Turley exhibited in his external appearance a sad picture of agricultural distress.

“ Whilst I was deploring this melancholy state of things in my neighbourhood, I had the happiness to become acquainted with Mrs. Livingston, of Greenwood Park, who is the Lady Bountiful of Grainan rocks. It had long been her intention to establish a school in the townland, on the Lancasterian plan. I most willingly offered my services to carry her benevolent views into effect. We formed a committee of ladies to conduct our school; and, on my applying to the Kildare-street Society, a considerable grant was made to us, for the purpose of building and furnishing a school-house.

“To the active co-operation of Mr. Thompson, of Greenwood Park, the Grinan School owes much. We had many obstacles to overcome in its establishment; but it is now in a most flourishing state, attended by about one hundred and twenty scholars. Mr. Turley is the happy *Domine*. He is a natural curiosity. Forced to go on crutches, from having been born with an impotent leg and thigh, in stature he appears very diminutive, and his countenance out of proportion to his bodily size. However, it is full of intelligence and fire; and his mind appears to have received from nature all the balance due to his person. He has a strong uncultivated poetic imagination. Fully sensible of the importance of his vocation, he considers himself a king in the school, and governs with all the pride of power. Under him the children improve rapidly; for he loves letters; and, by teaching, he is every day learning; having a very useful collection of books, as a lending library, furnished by the Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor of Ireland, at his disposal.

“When I saw the Grinan School finished, I

cannot describe the satisfaction I felt. The benevolent aspect of the good Mrs. Livingston seemed to smile as an air-drawn picture; and I exclaimed—

“ Blest be her days in honour and repose,
At whose suggestion these young walls arose ;
May angels guard that friend of human kind,
Who long will live the theme of many a grateful mind.”

N^o. XVI.

MY NEIGHBOURHOOD.



“ It’s no in books, it’s no in lere,
To make us truly blest :
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be well, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.”

BURNS.

“ THE tract of country around me is mountainous ; yet every spot which human labour can reclaim is in tillage. The peasants are generally Roman Catholics ; their cabins are built of stone, cemented with clay and thatched with straw, rushes, or potatoe-stalks. The poorest sort consist of a single apartment, and the next class of two rooms, in one of which is the loom that has produced an improvement in comfort : the best are built of stone and lime, well thatched

or slated, and neatly whitewashed: these comprise a kitchen, parlour, and bed-rooms, with a range of office-houses proportioned to the stock. Many of the last description are comfortable dwellings, occupied by the farmers, who are nearly all engaged in the linen trade, and have a green for half-bleaching the cloth, near their houses.

“ This branch of the linen trade rewards industry. Those employed in it are called barrack-men: they travel much through England, where they find a good market for their manufactures; by degrees they acquire a taste for comfort and cleanliness, and an evident improvement soon appears in and about their houses. It is, therefore, clear that, even in this mountainous region, the linen trade is diffusing comfort.

“ It is incredible how numerous the young people are. Many of the families consist of eleven children; and I have reason to believe that, in a square mile of this rock, which a century ago was considered uninhabitable, there is not now an acre for each person. The potatoe is their chief food: it is used three times a-day by the poor, with

scarcely any thing but salt, to render it palatable. A basket of potatoes is placed on a stool, or little table, in the middle of the cabin, and the whole family draw round it, and eat with their fingers. Even this mode of life has charms; and I am persuaded that a man who has enough in this way, and who has never known better, may be contented and happy.

“ Very few of the poor weavers or spinners, in the course of their lives, better their conditions much; for they all marry early, and soon find their exertions equal only to meet the absolute necessities of a house-full of children. At present the most industrious weaver of common linen cloth can, with difficulty, earn a shilling *per diem*; and the remuneration for spinning is so trifling, that sixteen hours spent at the wheel yield little more than a penny. It has been attempted to introduce two-hand wheels, by which it was supposed that females could spin twice the quantity of yarn produced in the old way; but the new plan answers only for coarse yarn, which is not nearly so profitable as fine. However, when there are four or five wheels in a family, the amount of

their industry is considerable ; and when we consider that, but for this mode of occupying time, the females would be idle, we may safely attribute the superiority of Ulster over other parts of Ireland, both morally and politically, to the influence which the linen manufacture has upon the habits and comforts of the peasantry.

“ Many of the young girls pride themselves exceedingly upon being excellent spinsters ; and I suppose there does not more joy flutter round the heart of a fashionable beauty on being complimented as the *belle* of an assembly, than is felt by the young hope of a cabin who carries away the palm from a camp or spinning match. Such is the truth of Dr. Paley’s observation, with respect to the equal distribution of happiness through all classes of mankind.

“ I have remarked that very fine spinning is not considered profitable, and it is very little practised in this part of Ulster ; but many of the industrious females in other parts of our province have done wonders, in producing cambric thread with the finger.* From a pound-and-a-half of

* *Vide Stuart’s Memoirs of Armagh.*

flax, which costs about two shillings, yarn has been spun of so fine a description as to sell for £5. 2s. 4½*d.* Sixty-four hanks have been produced out of one pound avoirdupoise of flax, by splitting the fibre with a needle; but it was a fortnight's work to spin one hank. A young girl, however, named Catherine Woods, has produced yarn so fine, that there would be seven hundred hanks to the pound of flax, which would make a thread 2,521,440 yards in length.

“ A strong and earnest desire is manifested by these mountaineers to benefit by the spread of education: they send their children regularly to school; and it is inconceivable what a thirst for knowledge the lending library of the Grinan School, which, as I have before intimated, is a donation from the Kildare-street Society, in Dublin, is exciting in this neglected quarter. Indeed, they appear to be quite sensible of the benevolent intentions of those societies, now labouring, with success, to promote the instruction of the poor.”

N^o. XVII.

FAMILY WORSHIP.



" Upon my conduct as a whole decide,—
 Such trifling errors let my virtues hide ;
 Fail I at meeting?—am I sleepy there ?
 My purse refuse I with the priest to share ?
 Do I deny the poor a helping hand ?
 Or stop the wicked woman in the Strand ?
 Or drink at club beyond a certain pitch ?
 Which are your charges?—conscience, tell me which ? "

CRABBE.

" I HAVE often said that religion appears most beautiful in a domestic garb. When I enter a house dedicated to the great Creator of the wonders around me; when I see there assembled a worshipping congregation; when I behold the state and ceremony of the church, and hear the voice of a professional disciple of the Author of Christianity deliver an elaborate sermon, I am too often more inclined to admire the structure, to

gratify sight with the variety of strange faces, and to criticize the matter addressed to me, than to turn the eye of my soul in upon my heart, and apply the doctrines expounded to my own case and disposition. But in joining the morning or evening sacrifice of a domestic and familiar circle, the frailty of my nature is not subjected to the same temptations. Far be it from me to detract from the merit of public meetings, in honour of the Almighty and in propitiation of heaven: we strengthen each other in good intention by frequenting the house of God; it is impossible for an individual to remain unmoved amidst such agitation as the lofty and divine sentiments of Christianity sometimes causes in an assembly of the people; and any one so aroused must depart humanized, improved, and softened. No; I only seek to place my subject in that point of view which I think it well deserves.

“ You will, I think, agree with me, that it is a lovely sight, and a highly edifying one, to behold the father of a large family, surrounded by those who depend on his wisdom and care, invoking the assistance and blessing of Providence. A valued

neighbour of mine, a Presbyterian gentleman, is daily in this estimable practice; and it is my intention to sketch the group around him on one of these occasions; for I am now on such a familiar footing, that I am not excluded from his private devotions.

“ Before I proceed, however, I shall venture to say a few brief words on the utility of regular family worship, and to express my sincere regret at the conviction that it is not so general as it is important and laudable.

“ When we consider that families are frequently contaminated by the introduction of vice and the indulgence of desire, is not every parent ready to exclaim with the psalmist?

“ ‘ Now to my tent, O God, be near,
And make thy servant wise;
And let me suffer nothing there,
That shall offend thy eyes.’

“ Surely a wise father can take no better method of preserving the purity of his wife and children than by daily reminding them of their duty to God and man, and of their frailty and liability to sin. Should any breach of harmony occur in his house,

how can he heal it more permanently than by noticing it in his prayer, and soliciting every one to lay an humble head on the pillow of repose, with a heart at peace, and full of charity and love? If a rash expression have dropped from his own lips during the day, has he not a desirable opportunity of acknowledging his weakness, and doing away its effect in the prayer of evening? If misfortune have visited his dwelling, can he not arm his family with fortitude to bear the will of Providence, by an invocation to the Almighty? In short, I know of no earthly aid, by which the governor of a family can so effectually repress disobedience, quiet mental perturbations, convey admonition, deplore sin, and convey instruction, as in prayer. He may animate his domestic seminary with the light of hope, when threatened with the darkness of despair; so that if, to our eternal salvation, family worship were unnecessary, a prudent man would pronounce it indispensably requisite to our happiness and safety on earth.

“ Deeming it inexpedient, by any other arguments, to enforce what I recommend strongly to every parent and master—family worship morn-

ing and evening—I proceed to execute my intended sketch.

“ Having dropped in, the other evening, to tea, at my worthy neighbour’s, we spent our time very agreeably till nearly nine o’clock, when the little ones’ eyes began to desire that refresher of nature—sleep. Mrs. and Mrs. —, after entertaining me with a few pleasing airs on the pianoforte, which instrument I found their eldest daughter was mistress of, the card-table was introduced; and we played a rubber at whist, whilst all the young folks enjoyed a round game. I mention this, not at all as an instance that his family were fond of cards, but as it shows that he was too good and too wise a man to despise any thing that contributes to innocent amusement. In fact, he has told me that he never felt more delight than in looking at merry and happy faces; and he often spends his evenings in playing on the violin, while his wife and daughters, and sons, and their young friends, move the fantastic toe in sprightly dance. About nine, as I said, the cards were removed; and his eldest daughter, producing the Bible, read the fifth chapter of St. Matthew’s gospel; whilst,

immediately after, her brother was called upon to give a hymn from Malcom's collection. The sweet girl, who had delighted me with the manner of delivering the inimitable words of our Saviour, then turned to her pianoforte, and, giving the first part of the tune in prelude, her father read two lines at a time; and the whole family joined, in a very affecting manner, in singing it. Both the music and the words pleased and moved me. The author of the hymn is, perhaps, little known beyond the sphere of his own ministry; but I transcribe three stanzas of it, which, I think, should never be forgotten:—

“ ‘ I ask not wealth, nor pomp, nor power,
Nor the vain pleasures of an hour :
My soul aspires to nobler things
Than all the pride and state of kings.

“ ‘ I seek for blessings more divine
Than corn, or oil, or richest wine :
If these be sent, I'll praise thy name ;
Withheld, I'll still thy grace proclaim.

“ ‘ One thing I ask—O wilt thou hear,
And grant my soul a gift so dear?—
Wisdom descending from above,
The sweetest token of my love.’

“ While singing these fine words, with some other verses of the hymn, I gazed on the charming group with pleasure unmingled. The nurse had brought in a sweet infant, and Mrs. — kept it, during family worship, in her bosom; as though to inspire it with the earliest impressions of piety. In her countenance were strongly painted maternal tenderness and resignation. Her husband sat beside her, with a joyful eye, as though he were pleased with the sight of an angel; whilst on his open, but strongly marked brow, sat all the charities. The fair musician, who had reached the maturity of virgin beauty, seemed filled with the harmony which her rosy fingers awakened; and I saw her blue bright eyes jewelled with sparkling lustre, as the words and tones touched the chords of sensibility. Around her were five brothers and sisters, with yellow hair and soft azure-beaming eyes, all like a flight of steps, and chubby and ruddy with clear-complexioned health. The youngest pair were such merry rogues, that nothing restrained them from a breach of decorum, and from interrupting harmony, but a look now and then from their mother; for I saw that one was very

much inclined to help her sister to play, and the other, a fine stout little fellow, to fall fast asleep.

“When the divine strain had closed, Mr. ——— arose; and the young people having reverently bent each knee in silent adoration, I heard these aspirations from his deep voice.

“ ‘Almighty Father! we bless and praise thee! Thy hand hath conducted us to the conclusion of another day; and we most humbly implore thee to forgive the sins which we may have committed. O! guard us during this night from every danger, and enable us in health and strength to assemble, on the morrow, to offer up to thee, thou Giver of all good gifts, the humble sacrifice of our prayers! We beseech thee, our heavenly Father, to look down upon us in mercy and pity; to grant us all things that may be needful for us; to withhold whatsoever may be injurious; and to incline our hearts to be contented under all thy wise dispensations. O! grant us clean hearts; give us that wisdom that cometh from above; incline us to cultivate those dispositions that may promote harmony and love in

this family; and teach us to do unto each other, and to all our fellow-creatures, as we would that every one should do unto us. Almighty Father! we beseech thee to bless the children of this family, and to make them grow up in thy laws. O! inspire them with a love of truth; teach their tongues to despise deceit, and their hearts not to covet vain things. All we ask and pray for, most gracious God! is not for our own sakes, but in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, in whose more perfect form we pray for every blessing.'—'Our Father,' &c.

“ ‘ May the blessing of God Almighty remain with us now, henceforward, and for evermore! Amen.’

“ Upon this, the young people retired to repose; and, after some pleasing and cheerful conversation, I bade my good neighbours ‘ adieu!’ for the night.”

No. XVIII.

P R A Y I N G .



“ Thereto, when needed, she could weep and pray,
 And when her listed, she could fawne and flatter;
 Now smiling smoothly, like to sommer’s day;
 Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;
 Yet were her words but wynd, and all her tears but water.”

SPENSER.

“ ‘ AH ! ’ to myself I thought, as I returned home, ‘ there are strong indications of the happy effects of rational religious education in my neighbour’s family. How free from ostentation his wife is ! There is unadulterated simplicity in her whole house ; pride and vanity are repressed ; self-respect is encouraged ; and it is evident in the father’s management of those committed to his care, that he has received the gift of wisdom, which I heard him so earnestly solicit.’ Indeed,

to wish for wisdom is not far from having it; for the prayer implies that we are aware of our want of it: thence we may infer, that he who forwards a petition so pregnant with self-knowledge and humility, has nearly removed the rubbish from that mine, the produce of which Solomon thought more precious than fine gold.

“ Religious families are all self-knowing. Reflection is generated by fixing thought on futurity, and withdrawing affection from a transitory world. A tree is known by its fruit; and we always find the sincere Christian conspicuous for good works. It is impossible to imitate the character of our Saviour, without making a progress in virtue. He was an obedient and affectionate son; a mild and merciful master; a tender and constant friend, too noble to be selfish; and so disinterested, that he sought nothing for himself, but gave his life as a ransom, even for his enemies.

“ It is on account of the practical effects of religion, that I prefer its hypocritical semblance to its mockery. The seeming Christian endeavours to preserve consistency between his pro-

fessions and his actions. If he support a character void of offence, he is a harmless member of society; and if he practise the active virtues of religion, he benefits his fellow-men, and renders political service to his king and country. But a bold scoffer professes to be a libertine. Is it not natural to expect that he will endeavour to be as consistent as the hypocrite? What may we look for, then, in consequence? Why, the seduction of his friend's wife or daughter; the ruin of every thing that gratifies passion; and the destruction of what opposes it. True, he takes assumed refuge behind the shield of spurious honour; and, if he have taken away the life of a companion, he says, 'I risked my own in doing so.' But what was his merit? He perhaps deprived society of a useful member: if he had lost his own worthless life, would any one have regretted the stake he hazarded? A truly honourable mind would never descend to the degradation of a gamester, who seeks to win my gold with gilded brass. No! prime honour is a heaven-born substitute for religion. In moral effect, I see little difference. The religious man fears to do a mean action; an

honourable one scorns it: he who fears God obeys his conscience; and he who honours himself dreads what will not dare to be probed by reflection.

“These considerations prevent me from ridiculing my religious neighbour, the good Earl of ——, at one of whose family-lectures I had the honour of being present, some time ago.

“He had invited a large company on the occasion, and his lordship assumed all the formal exterior of a Methodist preacher. In person he is tall and robust, with a heavy cast of features, deep black hair, a cranium perhaps not well expanded, and eye-brows projecting rather too far beyond the line of judgment. His lordship certainly belongs to the class of susceptibility and acquired talent. He has an expression of deep melancholy in his face, and much religious fervour in his looks and manners. His actions fully correspond with the professions he makes of zeal as a servant of God. His lordship has done good to a surprising extent: he has established schools; promoted industry and order; circulated moral tracts; aided the Bible Society; con-

tributed towards the conversion of Jews and Mahomedans; and clothed the naked, and fed the hungry.

“ We were ushered into a spacious hall, fitted up as a chapel: it is furnished with handsome seats, and a pair of elegant reading-desks, at one of which the noble Earl sat, with a pile of books before him; at the other his lovely Countess, whose bright sparkling eye is more like a living commentary on Pope’s celebrated satire on her sex, than the devotional, uplifted orb of St. Cecilia, in her admirable picture. I do not make this remark in detraction from the merit of the Countess of ——, whose amiability, and loveliness of character are universally acknowledged. No; it is because I love to see an eye of pleasure in the most pleasing part of creation; and I do not think that innocent spirit has any occasion to put on a mask. Who should be more cheerful than a Christian? When we had all taken our seats, our noble instructor read a short passage from the New Testament, and explained it by a long commentary, with, as I thought, great attention to emphasis and gesture. Such a

practice, I think, must be highly useful to his lordship, in preparing him for his annual display of eloquence in the great assembly of the nation. It was a lecture, however, I must say, that inclined me to be rather hypercritical, and, towards its lengthy conclusion, to be too niddy-noddy for refined society. After this, we had some fine singing by the girls of a charity school, patronized by the Countess; and then such a long prayer, that I really feared it would reach to the day of judgment.

“ The topics of this prayer were so numerous, that I shall not attempt any description. I shall merely inform the reader, in case of his being fond of imitation, that eleven of its paragraphs, or invocations, were about Jews and Gentiles; five respecting the spread of the Scriptures in Asia and Africa; seven of such a spiritual nature, that I could not comprehend their meaning or bearing; a great many others, which I thought out of time and place; and not one respecting ourselves. His lordship seemed fully sensible of the state of sin and misery in which others were sinking; but he clearly felt no apprehension

about himself, whilst he prayed loudly and heartily for the return of prodigal sons who had never known their father.

“ I had not, at this time, witnessed the rational family worship of my good neighbour, Mr. —; but I have, since I knew him, often thought his brief simplicity more in accordance with sincerity than the flourishing language of the noble and religious Earl. He who can read the secrets of the human heart, knows what *is* from what *seems*; and to His omniscience I leave a decision to which I am incompetent. I merely state, that in both cases the result was beneficial to society; and I hope that, if judgment erred, the record will be blotted out of the book above by the tears of charity; for, in the course of the evening which I spent at Earl —’s mansion, I saw a table spread on the lawn for the refreshment of one hundred and twenty poor orphan girls, who appeared in decent and comfortable garbs, and whose manner and deportment reflected honour on the beautiful Countess of —, higher, in my estimation, than her title and fortune.

“ The Earl and Countess waited on their *protégées* with all the attention of humble servants. This was, no doubt, in imitation of their Master, who washed his disciples’ feet ; but I confess that I love not ostentatious humility. The religion of the heart I dearly admire, and deeply regret, in my own case (which I hope may not be your’s, gentle reader), a great want of its benign influence.

N^o XIX.

ROGUERY AND HONESTY.

—◆—

“ O, wretched fool,
Thou liv’st to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.”

“ Ay, Sir, to be honest, as this world goes,
Is to be one pick’d out of ten thousand.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ AT no great distance from my place of residence there is a handsome country-seat, now in a state of perfect repair. Some time ago it exhibited a melancholy picture of poverty: the roof of the dwelling-house was, in several places, pervious to the weather, the slates having been blown off; the walls had been injured by the hand of time and accident; the windows were unglazed, the doors broken, and the whole dis-

played a shabby and neglected external. Now, the garden is in high order; the hedges are neatly trimmed; the roofs of the house and offices repaired; the walls whitewashed; and the whole aspect is smiling, clean, and comfortable. Through the well-glazed, painted, and curtained windows I now behold inquiring faces, when I ride past. A short year ago it was a scene of desolation: if a peeping inmate met my eye, it was with a scowl that apprehended I might be a bailiff. In its dilapidated state, it was occupied by the person who built it; in its present improved condition, it is the property of a man who purchased it at auction. The name of the original proprietor, who inherited the farm from a long line of ancestors, has passed away; and as there is useful instruction in describing the causes of this mutation, I shall relate very briefly the history of these men, and subjoin a few remarks on the subject.

“Jack —— is the son of a middling farmer. His father gave him a knowledge of the linen business, and left him a well-stocked farm, a small capital, a thatched house, and an unblemished character.

He prospered as a barrack-man, or a half-bleacher of coarse linen cloth, which was manufactured under his own eye, as he attended the different markets around him, and bought yarn for the purpose. With a cargo of it he often went to England, and, being intelligent, he soon increased his capital. He had received a tolerable commercial education; and in the sight of his neighbours he was considered, in a few years after he had become his own manager, a flourishing young man. He was also fortunate in forming a valuable connexion; for he married a respectable person's daughter, with whom he received £500.

“ Prosperity has as much of the devil in it as adversity. Had Jack —— preserved his humility and honest industry, he might now be a respected and respectable character; but ambition laid hold of him, and pioneered an open road to his heart for temptation; he became discontented in the house his father had been satisfied with; razed it from its foundation, and built a mansion, which cost four times his wife's fortune. Appearance is credit: every one thought Jack's wealth inex-

haustible, because he could sink so much ; but he supplied its place by taking up money at interest. When he became familiar with the use of other men's property, he began to account it his own. His mind gradually became obtuse to perceptions of right ; he commenced a course of dishonesty, it is affirmed, by defrauding his insurers. Boxes of stone, instead of linen, were shipped for England on board a brig, purchased for the purpose : she was lost with so much address, that although suspicion attached to the affair, no proof of intention could be adduced, and Jack had enough of rogue's brass—effrontery—to laugh at surmise and whisper. Some time after this, he took advantage of an informality in protesting a bill drawn by himself, sustained an action, and gained £1,000. To mention all that is alleged against Jack would be tedious. I shall only say, that he was charged with a fraud upon the revenue, which amounted to smuggling ; and that he was accused of entering into a co-partnership, that, by the failure of his partner, he might become bankrupt with apparent preservation of character. His neighbours assert, on strong demonstration of proof,

that he took their farms over their heads, and ruined them by his rapacious avidity.

“ A day of retribution, however, was approaching. One of his creditors, who had a mortgage on his principal property, indignant at Jack’s obvious intentions of availing himself of a law quibble, foreclosed, and carried a suit against him in equity. Even after the decree was obtained, its holder offered to stop execution, if Jack would pay him his principal and interest, without costs; but as his wife, in case of surviving him, had a claim on this property for her marriage-settlement, he thought no purchaser would take it with this incumbrance. It was, therefore, put up to auction; and Mr. Barney —, one of Jack’s neighbours, bought it for one-third of its value. It is reported, and circumstances have since rendered it highly probable, that, notwithstanding Jack’s external appearance of poverty, he had cash enough remaining to discharge the mortgage.

“ Barney — is the son of a poor, honest man, who gave him, for fortune, the trade of a shoemaker. He had a good head on a strong

pair of shoulders; and having acquired some capital by hard work, he knew well how to increase it. At the different markets and fairs which he attended, to sell his goods, he observed that nearly all shoemakers were inclined to take less in the afternoon than in the morning for their shoes. He accordingly went round at an hour, near the close of the market, and bought up, from the needy, what he knew he could sell to advantage on a future day. A wise man knows it is not his interest, if he have the power, to impose on others; he instinctively practises honesty as his best policy. This was Barney's character. Whilst he benefited himself, he did not injure his brethren in trade; for he gave them a fair price, and enabled them, by meeting a ready market for their manufacture, to go home with raw material, and pursue their industry.

“In this way Barney ‘progressed,’ at his outset in life. As his wealth increased, he applied his money judiciously to tanning; established a harness manufactory; made several valuable purchases for his children, amongst which is Jack's excellent house and farm; where one of his sons

resides, with a prolific wife, in affluent circumstances. Barney is now as old a man as Jack : his character is unimpeached for integrity and benevolence ; and in his appearance I can see that he is at peace with the world and himself. Indeed, sobriety, temper, industry, and honesty stamp our bodily conformation in a manner not misunderstood by the observing. On his cheek there is the natural rouge of health ; in his manner, a tranquil self-satisfaction ; in his whole aspect, contentment ; and in his look, gesture, and air, confidence, composure, and firmness. On the contrary, Jack, when I saw him last, was emaciated and sickly ; for, though never addicted to intemperance, disappointment had broken up his constitution. When I spoke to him, he appeared embarrassed, but at the same time impudently familiar. He wore dissatisfaction on his brow ; complaint hung on his tongue ; and in his eye were apprehension and doubt. I have, in rural retirement, felt all the luxury of an old coat ; but he wore one, then, in a town, from necessity, not choice ; his whole dress being very shabby, and his person in a neglected state. I have heard

since, that he has taken to his bed, where he lies cursing others, instead of blaming himself.

“Such, reader, is a living sketch of Roguery and Honesty in their practical effects ! The man who trusts to his industry and fair-dealing is generally successful. He may be compared to a wise and honourable friend of mine, who said, he never gamed because he could not afford to lose. The rogue may be likened to a gamester, who hazards all at a throw : if he lose, he is ruined ; if he win, he carries off an equivalent of loss along with seeming gain, in the reflection that he has ruined another, or at least endeavoured to do so ; for evil intention punishes itself even in failure ; and it is not often that honesty is ruined by roguery, as industry repairs the injuries which credulity sustains. A wise man, therefore, will never be a rogue : the wisdom of a rogue is but cunning ; and the justice of Providence is vindicated by arming the scoundrel with folly to render his villany less dangerous.”

N^o. XX.

STORY-TELLING.



“ Behold, our infancies in tales delight,
That bolt, like hedgehog-quills, the hair upright.
The handsome bar-maids stare, as mute as fishes;
And sallow waiters, frighten’d, drop their dishes ! ”

PETER PINDAR.

“ I HAVE always been delighted with the sweet credulity of children. How pleased I am to sit surrounded by my own, and a party of their young friends, telling stories, on a winter’s night, with a lump of Kendal coal blazing before us, lending at once light and warmth; leaving, at the same time, a shadowy back-ground for imagination to fill with dark outlines. Two of my little rogues will at such times creep up on my knees, which they call their horses, and listen with devouring appetite to an entertaining tale. Indeed, I am quite an infant

in this respect myself; and, therefore, my most welcome drop-in guest is an old bachelor, who has travelled a great deal; either picked up or invented a number of childish or laughable stories, and acquired a manner of telling them so truly pathetic or comic, that he can do what he pleases with the tear and smile of his hearers.

“ This pleasing gentleman is of small square stature, and possesses a face which he can convert into as many varieties of portrait as the famous Monsieur Alexandre or the facetious Mr. Mathews. By throwing back his head, he exhibits a chin that would honour a bearded goat; by drawing in his mouth, he shews a perfect pair of nut-crackers; when he purses it out, he is a most excellent Brief-wit; in short, he can be an old man, an old woman, or a ghost, at pleasure. He is not very fond of our Irish after-dinner beverage; and, therefore, we wheel the table and glasses away, as a signal for mother and all her flock to ornament the sofa and chairs round the spirit-cheering fire, or, as it has been called, the centre of attraction. ‘ Now we shall have a story,’ one of my boys or girls will say. Then the little ones clap hands, leave

off play, and one of them, 'put up to it' by the rest, runs to my friend, Mr. Beaumont, creeps up his knee, and, looking wistfully in his face, entreats, 'O now, dear Mr. Beaumont, do pray please to tell us a story.' So he takes the rogue up, and kissing her, replies, 'Come then, listen now, and ask no questions. Be a good mouse, sit still, and let your sisters and brothers hear my story.—

“ ‘ There was an old man who wore a false nose,
And he took it off every night with his clothes.
In battle right bravely he lost his right leg,
But the dish-turner made him one out of a peg ;
With which he could march so well that, to you,
It seem'd as though nature had still left him two.’

“ ‘ O, but that is not the ‘Green Castle,’ Mr. Beaumont.’—‘ O, do pray tell us the ‘Green Castle,’ if you please,’ added every voice.—‘ Why I told you the ‘Green Castle’ only the other night; surely you wish to hear something new, like the rest of the world? Now, open your ears, and shut your mouth,’ said Mr. Beaumont, giving the child another kiss:—

“ ‘ There was a crow sat on a stone ;
He flew away, and there was none.
There was an ape sat on a tree,
When he fell down, down fell he.

There was a maid ate an apple,
 When she ate two, she ate a couple.
 There was a fleet went to Spain,
 When it return'd, it came again.'

“ ‘ O, but that’s not the ‘ Green Castle,’ Mr. Beaumont; do pray tell the ‘ Green Castle,’ if you please,’ persisted the child.—‘ Well, now, listen very quietly, and let my chin alone, mousey, and you shall hear what you shall hear.—

“ ‘ Said Doodle to Noodle, I’ll make a speech;
 Said Noodle to Doodle, that’s above your reach.
 Said Noodle to Doodle, I’ll make two;
 Said Doodle to Noodle, doodle, doodle, do.’

“ ‘ O, but that’s not the ‘ Green Castle,’ now, Mr. Beaumont; you are funning.—Do pray let us have the ‘ Green Castle.’ ‘ Well, since nothing else will serve, now for a second edition of the ‘ Green Castle,’ said Mr. Beaumont. The butler and all the servant maids were now peeping in, anxious to hear the story, which they are permitted to do, as we are all fond of innocent tales.

“ THE GREEN CASTLE.

“ Once upon a time when things were divine, and peacocks as common as turkeys, there lived

an old lady, I will not tell you where. She was not like old ladies in general : this was a mighty good old lady. She was very kind to the poor, although she was not passing rich : her ear was ever open to the tale of sorrow ; and nothing gave her more delight than to see little girls and boys merry and happy ; so that, if you had known her, you would have loved her half as well, or at least a quarter as well, as grand-mamma.

“ That you may know her again, her name was Mrs. Fearon. She had been a widow for several years ; and, at the time when I take up her story, she resided in a very pretty cottage on the road side. Her only daughter was then about fourteen years of age ; and I can assure you that every one thought her as beautiful and as sweet as one of the monthly roses she was constantly seen training round the lattices of her mother’s door. Margaret—for that was the name of this dear girl—had only one brother, called Edward : he was about two years older than his sister, and they were constant companions. You would see Edward climbing up the cottage wall, and nailing little pieces of scarlet on the rose-tendrils to which Margaret could not

reach. One was the shadow of the other. If you saw Edward, you might depend that his sister was not far off. Indeed, they loved each other most dearly; and their mother's affection was so equally divided, that she could not tell which had the greater share of her heart.

“ Poor good old lady, they were her delight, and her only pets. She cared nothing about cats, nor lap-dogs, nor Canary birds; all her thoughts were about her dear Edward and Margaret. I told you she was not rich: indeed, I might have said she was poor; for it was with some difficulty she paid the expenses of a genteel education for her two children. Well was she repaid for the care she had bestowed upon their minds. They were so obedient, so affectionate, so dutiful, so anxious to anticipate the slightest wishes of their beloved parent, that every one said the blessing of God would certainly fly from above on the wings of light, and rest upon their heads. But as these blooming creatures grew up towards maturity, the pleasure which their mother had felt became tinged with regret at not seeing a favourable prospect opening to establish them in life. It was

full time for Edward to commence some profession; and as Margâret had no fortune, her mother knew very well that the chances were against her in this world. The good old lady, therefore, often shed tears at the idea of sending Edward away, and of thus breaking the chain which had constituted the joy of her life for many years.

“Edward, like most other boys at his age, was galloping on Hope’s hobby after the rainbow of his wishes; confident that he could at any time catch the glittering sun-beams of expectation. As soon, therefore, as he became acquainted with the anxieties of his mother, he earnestly solicited her to let him go and push his fortune; assuring her, that he would soon return from London with money for Margaret, and a pair of gold-mounted spectacles for his mother. Now this was a present most honourable to Edward’s heart and taste; for every child should strive to be eyes to both father and mother.

“Well, after a great deal of hesitation, and sobbing, and crying, the good old Mrs. Fearon gave her consent. Margaret got Edward’s linen ready; made a nice carpet bag for her dear bro-

ther, with a beautiful rose on each side of it in the needle-work of her own fair hand; and so Edward wept on his mother and sister's necks—kissed their burning cheeks, their foreheads, and their lips—and departed, with a stick for his support, a little dog, called Dash, for his companion, and not much money in his purse. I must let you conceive the grief that the good old lady and the tender-hearted Margaret experienced when they no longer saw Edward but as it were in a dream, floating on their memory, like the sweet silver sounds of music in sleep.

“ But I must introduce you to Edward's friend, Dash; and happy should we all be in this world if we could find such affection and fidelity in profession. Dash, it is true, could not speak; but then he knew every expression of Edward's face, and you would see the wish, the half-formed wish of his master reflected in his watchful eye, and a command, before it was uttered, executed. He had learned so many tricks, that I cannot tell you all he could do. In short, the dog of Montargis, whom you have seen pulling the bell and carrying the lantern, was not a more sensible and

knowing barker. Then, how Dash loved Edward, and how Edward loved Dash, it is impossible for me to tell you; for, indeed, Dash slept at the foot of Edward's bed, and ate at the table with him. In fact, he was to him as a brother. If Edward said, 'Stay here now, Dash, till I come back, and let nobody touch my books and drawing, but mother and Margaret'—he would stand like a sentry on his post for half a day; and when his master returned, he would howl, wag his tail, look up so lovingly in his face, and ask, by silence, 'Are you pleased, dear master, with what I have done?'

“It was very, very early on a summer morning when Edward and Dash commenced their journey. The bright morning star had just gone down, and the rising god of day was beginning to reveal the distinct outlines of things which had before been dimly seen. There was somewhat of magic in the charming breath of morning as it waved on Edward's face. Although his heart felt the bitterness of separation from those he dearly loved, yet he became exhilarated by the life, light, and bloom he saw about him, and the hope, love, and

youth which cheered him within. He had said his prayers, and received his mother's blessing. He had promised to return to his home in a year and a day, if alive. With this resolution, and animated by an ardent spirit, he pushed on at peace with God and man. Dash trudged behind him with some importance in his air, for his tail was curled over his back; and he evidently, by his watchful eye to right and left, considered himself as a rear-guard to his master.

“About twelve o'clock our two travellers approached a considerable town. A fine broad road led to it, with a handsome foot-path, skirted by fragrant hedges of white hawthorn, under whose breathing sweetness the cowslip and violet were peeping most charmingly. On this foot-path stood, or rather bent forward, an old tall blind man, holding a white dog by a long string with one hand, whilst in the other was extended his hat for charity: it was market-day, and this was his usual station for collecting the revenue by which he subsisted. He had a most entreating cast of countenance, and talent was strongly marked on his aspect. His dress was very com-

fortable. He wore a blue frock, or surtout, with only a few patches; and his head, which displayed a profusion of venerable grey hair, was covered on the crown with a scarlet night-cap. Every one who passed, stopped to hear the eloquent appeals he made, and gave him something. It was quite an undertaking to think of passing him with a shut purse; for every one admitted, that, if he had been blessed with sight and properly educated, he would have been a very Pitt in persuasion. His unsophisticated tongue declared him of Ireland; and I know, but Edward was ignorant of this, that blind Peter had travelled over the three kingdoms, with his dress quilted full of golden guineas, and that he had several hundred pounds in different savings' banks. When Edward was nearing him, which Peter knew by his acute ear, as well as by the howl of his dog, he said, in a loud, round, affecting tone—

“ ‘ As you expect at the last day to meet with mercy—as you expect to be favoured in your undertaking—as you look for prosperity in this life, and consolation in death, pity the afflicted! Och, Sirs, but it is a poor thing under heaven's

light to be blind—to see in darkness—to feel the sweet sun-beams, and smell the fragrant flowers, but never to be permitted to feast external sight on their charms! Poor and low I am. Och! pity my case—extend your charity—and may He who quenched my visual orbs, and bade them be like night, give you the riches of this world in the green castle of the earth.’

“ ‘ There,’ said Edward, in a tone of voice sweet and melting as an octave flute, ‘ is something, blind man, for your prayers, and I have need of them; so pray hard for me; and tell me, if you know, where this green castle is to be found; for I am going in search of the riches of this world.’

“ The old man stared—if the blind may be said to stare—as though he had been anxious to catch a sight of the credulous, innocent speaker. At last he opened his lips; and, showering down blessings in the same pompous strain as his solicitation, he concluded, ‘ My son, the green castle is before you—follow your nose, and enquire when you see a man slipshod.’—‘ Thank you—thank you,’ said Edward, in a believing, and grateful manner, to him who had played off his joke, and

who was now laughing in his sleeve. Dash had, with friendly salutation, laid his social snout on Peter's leader; and perhaps their conversation, were Burns alive to immortalize it, would give you great satisfaction. All I can say, is, that they yelped a most friendly good-bye to each other for such new acquaintances: and Edward, followed by his trusty 'twa-eared companion,' proceeded through the town, after proper refec-tion.

“ Edward's eyes were now as watchful as Dash's. He was careful to look at every one, lest he should miss the Mr. Slipshod, who was to direct him to the Green Castle; but he looked in vain during the whole day. It was now getting towards evening: the glorious sun was leaving the horizon, a wonder for the curious eye, when Edward saw, to his inexpressible satisfaction, a man with his shoes in the expected state. He was, in fact, a witty sort of a labourer,—a merry fellow, who worked in a neighbouring manufactory, where he had so often to take off his shoes, that he had fallen into the habit of wearing them as slippers. This worthy was now going home to his young wife, and

whistling as he went, like Dryden's fool of nature, for want of thought; just in a humour, too, for fun and frolic. You may, therefore, judge how he gaped, when Edward ran limping up to him—for the poor lad's feet were sore after such a long journey,—and said, 'I am informed you know where the Green Castle is; and you will essentially serve me by directing me to it.'

“ ‘I knows the road right well, measter,’ answered the arch blade; ‘but thee must try me a race, ’fore I tell thee a word on’t.—Wilt start?’

“ Off they set; and poor Edward, though sorely fagged, exerted his brave spirit, and fairly got a-head of the slippered clown, who had too much regard for his stockings to disencumber himself of what impeded his running powers. ‘Stop, stop,’ at last shouted he, ‘and let us pull up these sliding shoes.’—‘No, no,’ answered Edward, keeping resolutely before him, ‘I have won fairly; and you are bound, as a man, to the bargain.’ An English boor has a good notion of natural justice: he, therefore, said, with a horse-laugh at the silly youth—‘Go on a bit, then turn to thy left; go on a bit, then turn to thy right;

then straight forward, for a mile; and then to the left, and then to the right; and then to the right, and then to the left; and then straight forward, and then to the right up a hill, and thee wilt be at the Green Castle. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

“ Poor Edward, who did not hear the laugh, nor suspect that there was such a disposition in this grinning planet, went on, determined upon following the direction, which he had carefully treasured up in his retentive memory. Well, poor fellow, he persevered, and continued winding and turning, till the grey shades of night were spreading their murky robe over the green woods and lawns that now rose to his view. The cuckoo’s evening note was hushed; the cornrake was hoarsely greeting night with her song; there was a humming buzz amongst the rejoicing insect tribes; and the prating rooks were settling their daily account in noisy debate, when Edward stopped, patted the head of poor Dash, and dropped a despairing tear on his upraised snout, as the affectionately-faithful creature cast a commiserating look in his face. ‘ Well, Dash, the grass must be our bed, and our curtains the sky for to-

night, I believe,' said Edward, 'instead of the canopied Green Castle: no fair damsel of fairy tale or imagination will look over the battlements with regret, when we shake off the dew on the morrow.'

" I have long thought that dogs, though they cannot speak, understand our language. Dash bears me out in this; for he instantly wagged his tail, howled, changed his place to that of an advanced-guard, and looking wistfully back at his master, as though he would say, 'Follow me,' marched forward, turned to the right, and began to ascend a hill. On gaining the summit, Edward saw the shadowy outline of waving woods, and all the grandeur of a nobleman's rural abode. Soon after, he passed the wicket of a gorgeously-arched entrance, and saw the moon, now just peeping over the trees, painting herself in silver on a fine artificial piece of water, that seemed alive with ten thousand shadows. This he crossed over a romantic bridge, Dash still taking the lead; and soon after approached the front of a Green Castle, upon which the moonlight was now sitting in a sweet smile. It was, in short, an ivy-covered

abbey, now the beautifully Gothic seat of Lord Mountwilliam. It was one of those happy occurrences, which must take place in all concatenations of incident, that the young lord and his sister, his only sister, Lady Matilda, should have been at this moment returning from an evening stroll, harmonized by the extreme beauty of all they had seen, and become romantically soft by the delightful conversation into which they had slid.

“ Dash made directly for the noble pair, who, seeing a gentle and beautiful creature wagging his tail before them, stopped to admire and caress him. ‘ Poor fellow !’ said Lady Matilda ; ‘ Poor fellow !’ added Lord Mountwilliam. ‘ Oh, George,’ said the young lady, ‘ he must have come a great way ; he seems half dead with fatigue.’ Just then she started, and placed herself behind her brother ; for Dash had caught her shawl, and with it in his mouth he was pulling her towards Edward, who was standing in the shade, doubtful whether to reveal himself to the vision he saw before him or not. ‘ He does not intend me harm, George,’ said Matilda ; ‘ there is meaning in this.’—‘ He is

pulling me, too,' said his lordship: 'this is very strange.'

"At last the dog succeeded in drawing their attention to Edward, who was standing in no very pleasant posture, leaning on his stick, with his sister's rose-bespangled bag on his shoulder.— 'And pray, young man,' said Lord Mountwilliam, 'how did you pass the Lodge; what may be your business in the Park at this late hour?'

"'I am come hither,' replied Edward, in a melancholy, sweet, and innocent manner, 'in search of the riches of this world, which a blind man assured me this morning, under an invocation to God, I should find in the Green Castle. My dog conducted me through the open wicket, and I presume this is the Castle to which I have been directed. If I am wrong, fair creature, pray put me right; and if you are the happy owner, Sir, of all I dimly see, pray instruct me how I am to address you, and solicit your favourable notice of a friendless youth, who has a beloved mother and a darling sister depending on his success.'

"The fair Matilda and the brave young lord were equally surprised and amused by this speech,

so much in tone with the romantic grandeur around them, and so much in harmony with the very subject upon which they had been conversing; for his lordship had been entertaining his sister with some of those tales in which poverty has been metamorphosed into the seeming of wealth, by the magic of sleep and imagination. Indeed, their hearts had melted within them by an allusion to Romeo and Juliet. They were, in short, prepared by a train of thought, a joyful kind of grief, a strong contrast of feeling, to fly into the opposite extreme of levity and innocent mirth. Their looks testified their satisfaction; and the gay young nobleman whispered,—‘Why, Matilda, this is really an adventure. Behold your knight. Let me see how you can act the Queen of the Green Castle.’ Then addressing himself very flourishingly to Edward, he said—

“‘I am the steward of Golden Hill, and this lady is the fair young Queen of the Green Castle. I perfectly comprehend your honour; her majesty entreats you to enter; and, after you and your valuable friend have recovered from the fatigue of your arduous journey to the Moon

Island, you shall know the happy fate that awaits you, and receive the riches of this world.'

“ Edward dropped on one knee, placed his hand on his heart, and looked all that an exceedingly-handsome youth can look at an angelic maid. The moon silvered his glowing countenance; his auburn locks were flowing in curls as he uncovered his manly head; and Matilda unconsciously asked, ‘Did you ever behold such grace and majesty, George?’ Dash set up a sweet howl of thanks; and, seizing the bag which Edward had dropped, marched with it in his mouth directly towards the front entrance of the abbey. Bells rang, servants in splendid liveries appeared—folding-doors were thrown open—wax-lights dazzled sight—and, through long vistas of statues, pictures, and wonders, Edward was conducted to a magnificent apartment. Here he was attended by the steward, who assured him that the queen had ordered every possible thing to be done which could contribute to his comfort. A table was covered with choice wines, tempting joints, charming patties, and cooling fruits. Footmen officiously wiped Dash down with dimity

towels; and, seated on a soft Turkey hearth-rug, he saw, with delight, a dish before him on a velvet footstool as a table, that no country'squire would think beneath his notice. After this, beautiful maids attended to wash Edward's feet; and, having taken some white wine whey, he was conducted up a grand flight of stairs, through a glittering library, to a bed-room fit for a king, where every thing shined to such a degree, and seemed so delicately rich, that he was half afraid to touch the bed and furniture, which exceeded all his ideas of earthly grandeur; and he began to be so bewildered in his mind and recollection, that he thought it possible he might be in the moon.

“He was now robed in a splendid night-gown and silk cap; glittering slippers ornamented his feet; four wax-lights illuminated the room; and he and Dash were left to reflection and repose. The bed was so high and stately, that Edward had to mount its side by a flight of silver steps. Dash, therefore, could not take up his usual position at Edward's feet; but he was a dog of such wonderful genius, that he seemed to know every thing that was provided for his accommo-

dation; and the servants having pointed to a low couch covered with velvet cushions, he took possession of it, and fell asleep, after a few yelps of good-night to his dear master. Edward, before he retired to his bed, knelt over Dash, patted his head, and returned thanks to that invisible Providence who inspires brute-animals with such instinct and sagacity, for the signal mark of favour which he conceived Heaven had vouchsafed him at his outset. So much, however, was he excited by the wonders that had met his eyes and entered his ears, that it was long before sleep popped his senses with the liquid opiate of oblivion.

“ Indeed, his mental faculties remained in full activity when his bodily frailties had sunk into refreshing and invigorating sleep. The vision of Matilda floated in air over his closed eyes. He saw her, through the transparency of imagination, in all the exaggerated loveliness of young fancy: the moon-beams were still animating her expressive and beautifully-clear face, which seemed so well lighted up by the brilliant diamonds of her eyes, that Edward thought the sun had risen;

and he started up to look at the fine dial which clicked over the dressing-table. He thought several times that sweet and distant music was stealing upon him as it floats on water; his mother and sister pressed him with kisses; he saw the Graces with long strings of roses dancing around Margaret, and braiding up her hair with blue-bells, daisies, and polyanthus; but he was vexed to see the steward of the Queen of the Green Castle take her hand with too much familiarity for a man in his supposed situation. The balmy breath of morning cheered Edward with an hour's forgetfulness and renovating oblivion; and about nine o'clock he sprang out of bed, quite refreshed and blooming after his exercise, like young Apollo from a hunt, upon hearing the enchanting music just at his room-door. He was afraid to open it; but at last he ventured, and discovered that it was a clock, a magnificent piece of mechanism, so constructed as to play several fine tunes, whenever you please. The servant had set it for nine, the hour at which Lord Mountwilliam wished Edward to rise.

“ The young nobleman and Edward were about the same size; and his lordship, still in his assumed character as steward, or major-domo, to the Queen of the Green Castle, placed before Edward one of his rich blue military frocks, fringed with the finest materials, and every other thing suitable thereto; so that our adventurer looked at himself, after the operations of three or four valets, with no small complacency. Indeed, Edward had half as much vanity as credulity; but so noble and generous were his dispositions, that he always forgot himself when another was present. When, therefore, he was led through grand suits of apartments to the ancient chapel of the monastery, which was now fitted up in superb style with a throne, and all the pomp of regalia, he trembled, and almost ceased to exist. The rich draperies, painted windows, lofty roof, gothic pillars, monuments of the dead, throne, canopy, and the two rows of guards in scarlet, blue, and gold, with maces and battle-axes—all met his eye at once, and he felt it impossible to rest upon any one particular. As for the Queen of the Green Castle, she was obscured by the halo

of light which her beauty and dazzling dress, bespangled with ten thousand lustres, cast around her. O! how Edward wished for the eye of an eagle, to look upon the sun of his hopes! In refulgent darkness he passed the guards; and at length his sight, partially habituated to the intensity of day, rested upon it, and saw obscurely the heavenly vision, crowned and jewelled, that sat before him. He had advanced with a firm step and undaunted air, led by the hand of my Lord Mountwilliam, who now dropped upon his knees, imitated by his *protégé*, and, bending his head, spoke thus:—

“ ‘ Most potent Queen of the Green Castle! I approach your majesty with all humility and duty, to introduce this adventurous knight, who hath travelled on the wings of magic from the west to our Island of the Moon, in search of the riches of this world, which he hath been assured by a blind man, under an invocation to God, he should find in the Green Castle of the Earth. May your majesty live for ever!’ A flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums gave a fine finish to this set speech.

“ ‘ Rise, Sir Knight,’ said her majesty, extending her sceptre over the amazed youth; ‘and explain the motives which have urged thee to undertake a journey of ten thousand miles for the riches of the world!’ The trumpets flourished a fine point of war.

“ ‘ Beautiful princess,’ replied Edward, ‘ I am utterly unable to say whether all I see and hear be not a dream. If I am awake, therefore, O goddess (for thou art surely not of earthly frame), pardon thè confusion of my senses. Brief must be my story—my tongue is unable to express the emotions of my full heart. Yesterday morning this dog and I left the cottage of my mother: my lips yet feel warm with the kisses received from my dear parent and darling sister. To provide a pair of gold-mounted spectacles for my mother, and a marriage portion for my sister, I have undertaken this journey. But it seemeth to me impossible that I can have passed over ten thousand miles in a day. I have certainly heard of such wonders on our globe; and far be it from me to suppose that your celestial lips could breathe exaggeration. My mother is poor and old; yet

she thinks not of herself, but her children. To prove my gratitude and affection, I have come hither—how, I know not; its issue rests with your majesty; and I implore your gracious consideration.’—Another flourish of kettle-drums and warlike music.

“ ‘Retire, Sir Knight,’ concluded the queen, ‘and await our will and pleasure.’

“Dash, who had stood near Edward, earnestly looking at all he saw, with a splendid gold collar, which Lord Mountwilliam had caused to be put on him, now joined the military flourish with a loud howl expressive of gratitude. The steward and Edward, again kneeling, bowed low; the guards faced outwards; the music pealed, and the whole pageant dispersed.

“I am extremely sorry that no ghost, hobgoblin, fairy, or spirit of darkness, figures in this tale; and that I must relate the remainder of it in a brief and simple manner.

“Lord Mountwilliam was now the remaining stem of a noble family. He possessed all the fine qualities which are so often hereditary, and which vindicate the utility of rank more effectually than

ten thousand volumes. Just rising into maturity, he felt all the glow of generosity that characterizes youth. His was the heart to feel, the hand to help, and the brain to plan as his pulse suggested. No two cherries were more alike in flavour, than Lady Matilda and her brother in mind. You would have found in her (and who would not have feasted on such tempting fruit?) somewhat of magic richness, not to be traced in him; but no epicure could have hesitated to pronounce them of the same tree and branch. The shade of a leaf, you know, makes a difference in mellowness. There was also a strong kindred likeness; I do not mean in feature alone; but in the image of their souls, shining through the reflection of their aspects.

“ Edward’s fine natural advantages, combined with the simplicity and primeval guilelessness of his character, charmed the noble lord, and made such an impression on the romantic soul of Lady Matilda, that she was afraid to look into the mirror of her heart. The brother and sister having made inquiries respecting Edward’s family, found so much to interest them, that they no longer amused themselves with Edward’s credulity;

but, assuring him of their intention to forward his views in life, determined upon paying Mrs. Fearon an unexpected visit, accompanied by her son.

“ What the good old lady thought, when she saw a splendid carriage, with rich liveries, and six prancing horses, shining with silver, scarlet, and gold, draw up at her door, I shall leave you to conceive ; and what she and Margaret felt at seeing Edward leap out, embrace them in rapture, and present the angelic Matilda, and the noble Mountwilliam, I cannot attempt to describe. But I suppose you would like to see the satisfied and felicitous expression of Mrs. Fearon’s face, as she put on the beautiful gold-mounted spectacles, and looked with wonder at the yellow glittering collar, which ornamented the sleeky Dash. And who can paint the joy of an honest dog, when he returns to a beloved home ! See how Dash expresses, in eloquent silence, his joy ! O ! how he runs in and out of every room, smelling each well-known object, as though to ascertain whether it have lost any of its former perfume. O ! does not the noble-minded dog, the friend of man, the faithful, firmly-attached bond-servant of his master, unlike the

false ones of this world, in poverty, trial, and death, feel all that the exile experiences—all that love realizes—all that Moore has with magic melody expressed:—

“ ‘ Oh ! could'st thou but know
 With what a deep devotedness of woe
 I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again,
 Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain ;
 And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
 Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away !’

“ It is impossible for truly excellent persons to associate much with each other, and not feel the growth of attachment. The more Lord Mountwilliam saw of the beautiful Margaret, the less able was he to bear her absence from his sight. She at length became the eyes of his soul ; he could see only through her ; and, in a happy moment, he told her that he had known her before he saw her, and loved her before he had known her. This paradox is above the comprehension of any one but such a lover as Edward ; its truth was, however, fully felt by Margaret. The meaning of it is, that they loved so dearly as to find a concentration of all their day and night dreams in each other. ‘ O !’ said his lordship, ‘ I felt my

heart glow when my eye rested on the roses you had worked on your brother's bag. I knew at the time, I felt it deeply in my heart, that we were destined for each other's felicity.' Such delusion there is in the magic of retrospection, before hope has consummated its own disappointment! Well, they, happy pair! soon understood each other.

“But it was not so with Lady Matilda and Edward. He, simple youth, considering the vast distance between the Queen of the Green Castle, and the poor knight, who had wandered to the Island of the Moon in search of the riches of this world, never conceived the hope of aspiring to the possession of her adored hand. O! how he wished that he were a glove; then he would encircle her dear little white palm in his pressure. Indeed, knowing what a degradation it would be for the daughter of a noble lord to ally herself to poverty and an humble name, he made up his mind rather to die than breathe the flame which was consuming him. Her happiness was all he thought of. Such a refining principle there is in true love; as Spenser finely writes—

“ ‘ Such is the power of that sweet passion,
 That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
 And the refined mind doth newly fashion
 Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
 In his high thought, that would itself excel,
 Which he beholding still with constant sight,
 Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light.’ ”

“ But the fair Matilda, equally refined into forgetfulness of all sordid baseness, was perfectly inclined to exclaim, in the beautiful imagery of Shakspeare :—

“ ‘ O, gentle Protheus, love’s a mighty lord ;
 And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
 There is no woe to his correction,
 Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth !
 Now, no discourse, except it be of love ;
 Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep
 Upon the very naked name of love.’ ”

“ Love, like murder, will out. I need not tell you how it happened. What signify the when and the where ? It did burst forth, and ended in a sacrifice on Hymen’s altar—a double sacrifice ; for the same day that Lord Mountwilliam married the beauteous Margaret, her brother Edward was united to the Queen of the Green Castle. Mrs. Fearon had on her gold-mounted spectacles.

Dash sported his glittering collar, wagged his tail, and howled for joy. Blind Peter was also there, with his white dog, red night-cap, stick, and sur-tout. Nay, Mr. Slipshod, who had contributed so much, was also present; and, in short, since Paddy's wedding, there has not been so much laughing, good eating, drinking, and dancing.— So they are all happy; and thus ends the Green Castle.”

N^o. XXI.

PREJUDICE

CONCERNING SUPERIORITY OF BLOOD FROM ANCIENT
DESCENT—ITS ORIGIN, &c.



When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman ?

“CICERO, in his Offices, gives the first claim on duty to our country, next to parents, then to children, relations, and friends. ‘But,’ he says, ‘there are some things so flagitious, that a wise man would not perform them, even to save his country from ruin.’ He proves, however, that man can never be called upon to perform any duty contrary to virtue; because every thing that is vicious unjust or deceitful is unprofitable; and that even to doubt upon the subject is criminal. To be true to ourselves, therefore, we should do that only which is profitable to our-

selves; for the practice of every thing connected with virtue is profitable. It is advantageous to be prudent, just, temperate, brave, patient, liberal, generous, and magnanimous; preferring the public good, and the happiness of others, to our own base enjoyment of ease, indolence, sloth, appetite, passions, desires, and pursuit of wealth, unconnected with the wish of having it merely to extend our power of doing good. All the virtues exalt and ennoble us in the empire of thought within our own breasts; and, in proportion as they operate internally, they fix the attention of men: for every one loves what is beautiful; and virtue, being the most beautiful object to the human eye, raises her possessor to fame and glory, on earth as well as in heaven. Such is the origin of real distinction and rank; and from this principle springs the vulgar reverence for the ancient blood that flows in the veins of the nobility of this land. I have heard my turf-makers, up to their middle in mud, talking with rapture about the effects of blood from ancestry. ‘No man, nor the son of man, nor man’s man,’ says one, ‘in all Ireland, England, Scotland, or

Wales, can back a horse with 'Squire H——, of Narrow-Water.'—'Och! botheration to me if I know,' said another; 'but, bad luck to me, but I tink Mr. C—— his match. O, Jasus! man dear, if you saw them altegether t'other day after the pack, flying all over the ditches just like the mail on the clane road.'—'I hae seen it, mun,' said a third; 'but fine a bit o' Mr. C—— can crack a whip wi' the 'Squire.'—'How should he?' said a fourth; 'he has not the blood in his veins.' The descendant of the Scotchman entered into an argument, and explained that all men, having come from Adam, must necessarily have the same sort of blood in their veins. The original Irishmen made faces at him all the time; and, with his 'grape,' one of them nearly covered him with mud and water, but coincided with the descendant of an Englishman, that some horses, and dogs, and cocks, had superior blood; and that, therefore, one man had better blood than another. The fourteen turf-makers were divided in opinion, and almost came to blows in the pit where they were splashing in dirt; but there was a large majority in favour of Mr. H——, and

it was decided that his ancient and noble blood enabled him to beat his whipper-in, after the hounds, in leaping over stone-walls and ditches, at the risk of breaking his neck."

N^o. XXII.

AN IRISH MURDER!



Murder will out!

“ A FEW days ago, a very interesting-looking girl, the inmate of a pretty white-washed cabin near the town of Newry, was seen weeping, and heard lamenting, in the most bitter manner. She ran in a distracted state across some fields which intervene between her dwelling and the main road. Her fine black hair streamed in neglected luxuriance: the wind swept through its confused mazes; and such wildness was lent to her countenance by the dishevelled state of her tresses, that every beholder stood electrified with wonder.

“ I have gazed on that girl’s mild dark eyes with pleasure; I viewed them at this time with terror: they were suffused with tears, and through

the diamond-like drops that gushed from them, the glances of a fury flashed upon the sight. Her voice is really a sweet one; and I have sometimes thought there was music in its silver tones—but we may be still the same, and yet how different! It was now the hoarse scream of rage. ‘O dear! och hone! oh, gentlemen!’ cried she, ‘do come, come all of yez, and see the murder at our house.’

“ I leaped over a ditch without looking on the other side, which I certainly should not have done, had the black-eyed girl not made me forget the old adage. Two sailors, who were accidentally passing, felt the same emotion of alarm as I, and made the same rash experiment. ‘—— my eyes, Jack,’ roared one of them, ‘but I’m overboard.’—‘Here, Tom,’ said Jack, ‘is a rope’s-end for you;’ and he handed his comrade from the depth to which he had tumbled.

“ We all followed poor Mary, who was sobbing before us,—‘Oh the murder! the murder at our house!’ By this time, a great crowd had collected on the old Warrenpoint road, before her door. There she stood for some time, wringing

her hands, and addressing every one she knew. ‘O dear,’ said she, ‘what will we do! We can’t live here. Och dear, dear! we’ll all be kilt out and out!’—‘What is the matter?’ looked every one. ‘What is the matter, in the name of wonder?’ said I. ‘O, look at the murder—all of yez look at the murder!’ cried Mary. ‘Och hone,’ continued she, fixing her eyes on the dead body of a hen; ‘misfortunate *cratur!* but you were sorely taken at a short!’ and her tears flowed, and her grief appeared to surpass itself.

“It was, in fact, all about a HEN! The crowd dispersed in a burst of laughter, and the two jolly tars went off, making the air ring. ‘Well, shiver my topsails,’ said Tom to Jack, ‘but she must have been a *game* hen.’—‘Aye, aye,’ said Jack, ‘she laid two eggs a-day.’ Now, how this hen came by her death remains to be told.

“It has been often observed, that near neighbours disagree. I am surprised that so many philosophers should wonder at it, seeing that it is more likely they should fall out than distant ones. Mary’s father is an honest labourer, and the slayer of her hen is the daughter of a reputable

carman, who lives just beside him of the spade. He of the whip was carting, and he of the spade was delving away to increase and multiply, what has been termed by a sapient one in Parliament, the cause of our national misery, when this hen-slaughter was perpetrated. The carman's daughter bought her comforts with duck-eggs, whilst Mary preferred hen's. Who can think of young ducks without green peas? She whose father keeps a horse, had bought some of Clark's best hotspurs, and raked them into a nice bed in her garden, with all the smoothness and taste of a female hand. Now, your hen is a sore enemy to peas. By nature a scraper, Mary's egg-layer scraped away till she deranged the whole economy of Kitty's bed. Kitty blustered, and threatened, and scolded; and at last, with a stone, she took that from poor chucky which she could not give. The grief and rage of Mary have been described. Kitty protested solemnly that the stone struck the hen accidentally, having been thrown merely to frighten her away; but Mary would not listen to any apology. The body of the hen was regularly waked, and the howl raised over its grave by

Mary's sisters, Rosy, Cicily, and Ann. All Mary's friends espoused her quarrel, and vengeance was deeply and secretly sworn. They, in the first place, attacked the carman's cat, which they found trespassing on the labourer's garden; secondly, they killed Kitty's drake; and thirdly, Kitty's ducklings and their mother (not a lame duck) were found by Mary at her father's stream, and seized to be put in pound. Kitty, supported by her friends, rescued the ducklings from durance vile, for which Mary tore her face and hair with her nails.

“ Such scolding and clawing have not been heard and seen for many a day as followed. In short, one of the female combatants stripped off her gown, and, wonderful to relate, offered to fight *à-la-mode de Belcher*.

“ The direful consequence was, that the mother of Mary, and the pretty black-eyed Mary herself, and her sisters Cicily, Rosy, and Ann, were apprehended and brought to trial the other day, when many of the foregoing circumstances came out, to the no small amusement of a crowded court. Your lawyers are fond of a joke, and they

did not allow the present occasion to pass. The attorney for the prosecution had heard that Mary was very fond of her pipe. Pah! she did not wish this to be known; and when the gentleman of quibbles asked her where her pipe was, she answered, with a laconic sneer, ‘In my throat, Sir.’ Now, your lawyers, fond as they are of fun, do not like witty answers. Like a snail, which, if you let it alone, will march on gaily with horns exalted, but touch it, and the animal shrinks back into itself; so it is with your wig-and-gown men: a clodhopper’s answers often silence their town-bred loquacity. Well, though he failed in making Mary smoke, he was true to his profession, and at her again. Knowing that she had scratched Kitty’s face, he desired her to show her nails. ‘I must first go up street, Sir,’ said she, and buy a pen’orth.’ In short, to conclude, old Mary, and young Mary, and Rosy, and Cicily, and Ann were fined and confined.

“And now, like a good preacher, I shall end with some practical advice. And, firstly, my fair countrywomen, O! pray avoid passion, and curb rage. Anger changes the face of an angel to that

of a fury. ‘O’erstep not the modesty of nature,’ and we must love you. Secondly, my kind neighbours, recollect that—‘quarrel not about trifles’ is a good maxim, but ‘quarrel not at all’ is a better. ‘Charity suffereth long, and is kind.’ Thirdly, may the expense, trouble, and loss of time, which the death of Mary’s hen cost both parties, be a warning to all, that our greatest misfortunes originate generally in trifles. O, remember that it is easier to extinguish a spark than to quench a blaze! And, lastly and finally, may it be long in this happy part of unhappy Ireland, before we have to record a more heinous murder than that of Mary’s hen!”

The first part of the history of the
 world is the history of the
 creation of the world and the
 life of the first man, Adam.
 The second part is the history of
 the world from the time of
 the fall of Adam to the
 birth of Jesus Christ.
 The third part is the history of
 the world from the birth of
 Jesus Christ to the present
 time.

N^o. XXIII.

THE ALARM.



Whiskey, at ev'ry pause, the feast did crown ;
 Now, by the Powers ! the fun was never slack ;
 The *O's* and *Macs* were frisky as the clown ;
 For, still the burden (growing now a hack)
 Was, Hubbaboo, dear joys ! and Didderoo ! and Whack !

COLMAN.

“ EVERY one has heard of the agitated state of the public mind in Ireland for some time past. The year 1825 was expected to be ushered in, and to be rendered memorable, by revolutions in art and nature. According to Pastorini's prophecies, the Roman Catholics are to accomplish all their objects in this year ; and, as one of those objects is maintained by the Orange Societies to be a general massacre of Protestants, the weak and credulous of that class have been on the tiptoe of

expectation. The public are in possession of the documents published by the Roman Catholics of Carlingford on this interesting subject; and I feel that it is unnecessary for me to do more than allude to them in confirmation of what I assert. It does not signify how absurd opinion may be: if it be reiterated and bandied about, it grows, gains strength, and, like a nut-shell hurled down a mountain of snow, by rolling becomes formidable, and at length destroys every thing it meets. I shall venture to illustrate the present irritability of Irish feeling by an anecdote, the public part of which has made a considerable noise in the newspapers, but the secret cause of all the alarm which was created on the occasion was known only to a select few. I relate the facts with the more satisfaction, as they supply me with incidents for one of those little stories, with which I have endeavoured to interest the reader.

“ Who has not heard of the hospitality of the land of potatoes? Who does not believe that our Emerald Isle is as well entitled to be called the Land of Whiskey? It happened, on one of the fine evenings in the heart-opening month of Janu-

ary, in the present year, that a large dinner-party was given near Rostrevor, a beautiful bathing-place in the north of Ireland. I shall leave the reader to imagine all the fine things that were eaten and said at table, and all the delicate wines that were quaffed, till the sparkling-eyed ladies took their departure; having left the sons of St. Patrick to enjoy their whiskey and their cigars. Neither need I describe how the punch operated; for you know that strong hot drink ascends from the mouth to the brain, and begets a cloud of most fanciful associations. Whiskey and song circled or squared the festive board so long, that many of the guests, instead of feeling able to confront the ladies at tea and cards, took what is commonly called French leave, and moved homewards, tottering to their gigs, jaunting-cars, horses, and carriages, or using that excellent nag, well known as Shanks's mare, just as the case might be.

“ A group of those merry pedestrians, staggering and singing ‘ Paddy Carey,’ homewards, upon nearing the splendid mansion of ‘ Squire M‘G——, a magistrate, famous for his anti-

Catholic proceedings, devised a plan for passing a joke upon his worship. The suggestion, dropping from the mouth of some happy wit, was, like many of those fortuitous fancies which have changed, in their effects, the course of things, instantaneously adopted. ‘Come,’ said somebody, ‘let us have a bit of fun with his worship. Let us blacken our faces with a plaster of mother mud, show ourselves to his honour’s man, and give a sly hint that all the Protestants are to be minced and skivered this blessed night.’

“No sooner said than done. Every burning phiz, blazing with right old malt of twenty years’ growth, was instantly cooled from a January puddle, and made to look grim and horrible. Not contented with this, every warm son of the sod stripped off his shirt, and, having put it over his dress, and armed himself with a monstrous club from the hedges, the whole party appeared like a desperate gang of Captain Rock’s regular army.

“‘Now form to the front,’ said the commander, ‘and look as big and determined as possible.’—‘We are swelled pretty well already,’

answered some one in the ranks; ‘do you wish us to burst?’—‘March,’ said he, whose head was strong enough to hold the reins of government, and to exact willing obedience, to one of his queer-looking soldiers; ‘march to the lodge at the gate, knock up the ’Squire’s factotum, inquire the way to Warrenpoint, bring him out, so that he may have a peep at us, and hint that we are death’s messengers.’

“This order was accurately executed. The consequence was that the fellow, half asleep, opened the door, answered the question, and, seeing a frightful body of what he immediately took to be Captain Rock’s own men, ran with all his might to the ’Squire, and, with open mouth divulged, not only the whole of what he saw and heard, but every thing he felt, thought, and believed. The doors were instantly barricadoed, the windows examined, the fire-arms oiled, and a good look-out was kept from the top of the house. In a little time, however, terror and trepidation subsided; and as it was well ascertained that the Rockites had moved on Warrenpoint, every eye was directed thither; and each instant was ex-

pected to produce the thunder of an attack on the Yeomanry, and the explosion of the town by nothing less than a gunpowder-plot. Zeal, at last, overcame fear. Perhaps his worship had taken his bottle of port; perhaps he had taken his three tumblers of native; perhaps he thought it would add a glorious laurel-wreath to his already circled brow, if he saved the good and loyal people of Warrenpoint from slaughter. You may guess at all the other possible "perhapses" and "ifs," as well as I can; but the fact is, that Mr. M'G—— mounted one of his best hunters, and, taking a private road, galloped at a most furious rate seven miles and upwards, to Narrow-water, where he made a noise which brought a worthy, but equally credulous brother magistrate, down in his night-gown, without slippers. Their two heads having been laid together, it was determined to call out the Yeomanry and Constabulary Force to scour the vicinity, to break up the roads, and, if possible, to prevent the attack. The drums beat to arms, the signal-guns were fired, the Yeomen came running with fixed bayonets, followed by barking-dogs, to the place of

rendezvous. Lights were seen flitting from window to window in the town, and rising like stars from the ships in the harbour: a confused noise was heard like the breaking of a surf, occasioned by the agitated murmur of disturbed people; and ‘What is the matter?’—‘What the devil can this be about?’—‘What, in the name of wonder, Heaven, and ’Squire Hall! can this mean?’ were questions everywhere put, and unanswered.

“The two magistrates, mounted on foaming chargers, preceded by a strong guard of loaded muskets, and followed by the most respectable force that could be assembled, were now seen patrolling the town and suburbs. Parties were detached, ambuscades were laid, manœuvres were performed, drams were served out, and the devil’s payment was promised, in leaden coin, to the Rockites, as soon as they approached. ‘There they are, by G—d!’ exclaimed one of a patrol that had ventured into the skirts of the town. Immediately the whole serjeant’s party trailed arms, and performed that scientific movement which has sometimes gained so much applause,

called 'the retreat.' Whether this were manœuvred according to the art of war, I know not; but if report be in aught to be believed, it was done by the art of legerdemain; for, as though a conjuror had said '*presto*,' not a soldier was in the region of visibility, who had stood a moment before, clearly revealed to the optic nerve of a well-known disciple of Bacchus or lover of whiskey, who now came hiccuping forward. This most unfortunate man had been taken, or mistaken, for the body of Rockites, from the circumstance of his having on a white 'bang-up,' which looked, at a distance, not very unlike a dirty shirt.

“Serjeant Kite, who commanded the patrol, having retired on a strong reinforcement, rallied his men, and drew them up in rear of the unbroken column; so that they soon recovered from their panic, and ventured to look over the shoulders of those in their front; each blaming his right and left-hand man, and asking—‘What the devil did you see to make you run away in double-quick?’ In short, they marched with stout hearts over the ground of retreat; and, at length,

shouting, 'Who comes there?' made the unfortunate man, whom I have already mentioned, in the white 'bang-up,' stand at point of bayonet.

" 'And why,' said Anthony Bedford (for this was his name) pouring forth a volley of oaths, which I shall leave to fancy, 'do you stop me on the king's highway?'

" 'What are you doing out of your bed at such an hour of the night?' asked the serjeant.

" 'What are you doing out of your bed, you —— fool?' answered Anthony. 'Who authorized you to ask the king's subjects such questions?'

" 'I have been ordered by the magistrates,' said the serjeant, 'to take up all stragglers and night walkers, so come along to the main guard.'

" 'Take me at your peril,' said Bedford, who had been once a good lawyer; 'an action will lie for false imprisonment. But come, I'll go with you to Mr. H——. Let him commit me if he dare. This part of Ireland, thank God, is not subject to the Insurrection Act. I am not breaking the peace. How dare you then, Sir, offer to assault me? Do you know who I am?'

" By this time the serjeant had discovered that

it was the well known Anthony Bedford. He ordered his men off in another direction, leaving Anthony to curse and fume home as he pleased. The alarm did not subside for some days; it was even represented in glowing colours in the Newry Telegraph, and copied into all the English papers. Mr. Ross, a magistrate of Rostrevor, ridiculed the folly of alarming a whole community on such slight grounds, vindicated the Roman Catholics, and received the thanks of the priest and his whole parish, for endeavouring to remove slander from them.

“ I shall now leave the two magistrates and the yeomen to go to bed, and sleep off their fatigue and agitation, while I relate some particulars in the life of Anthony Bedford, which might, if attended to, be productive of practical good; for as no stronger proof of wisdom can be given than to learn to live by example instead of experience, so no more useful form of instruction can be devised, than to hold up misfortunes caused by misconduct, as beacons.

“ The father of Anthony Bedford was a man of wealth; and, in the estimation of the world, a

man of worth. He paid his just debts, contributed to the charitable institutions of the place, gave dinners to his friends, and resented injuries with spirit. But he was, if I may be allowed the term, a practical atheist. It is true he believed in the existence of a God; but he never inquired about the truth of revealed religion; took it for granted that, if he never committed any heinous sin he should go to heaven, and so went on without ever attending worship, or paying the least regard to the religious education of his children.

“Such was the father of Anthony. He left him an independence in his profession as a barrister, with a small but respectable fortune, and an extensive connection; but he permitted him to acquire habits of idleness, debauchery, and licentiousness. On Sunday, instead of seeing his son go to church, he would teach him to play at cards; and at night, instead of hearing his children say their prayers, he gloried in their heedless and fearful disrespect towards that merciful Being who closes and opens the eyes of mortals, and pictures death most wonderfully in sleep.

“Anthony was a handsome dashing young

fellow, rode a fine horse, and wanted only a red coat to be irresistible among the ladies. This he put on in the year 1798, as a volunteer; and, whether by the brilliancy of its colours, or the vivacity of his eloquence, I shall not stop to enquire, he gained the hand and fortune of the toast of the day, the beautiful, the good, the rich, the all-accomplished Arabella Atkinson.

“ I need not describe the happiness he did enjoy, and the felicity he might have enjoyed with this lady. By her fortune and his own he was placed in that very sphere of life to which a wise man aspires. Fortune had given him, what she is said never to give, just enough. He had an elegant sufficiency, a lucrative profession, a town and country house, a carriage, and every thing that man deems essentially conducive to substantial comfort. Yet it all proved to him a dream. In what other manner could it appear to the wretched man whom I have described as swearing and blaspheming at the yeomen, as staggering home at midnight in an old white ragged ‘bang-up coat,’ his face swelled with intoxication, his nose red, his lips parched, his voice harsh, little of

the manner of a gentleman remaining, and scarcely a pillow to lay his head upon; no affectionate wife to cheer and welcome him; no prattling children to press around him; not a friend in the world to acknowledge him for an intimate; and only a craving publican landlord to care whether he died or lived till to-morrow!

“ Well, I think I hear you ask—‘ And what became of poor Arabella? Had they any children?—Did he waste her property?—Does the unfortunate lady still live; or did she die, like many a lovely flower, broken-hearted, torn from the root that nourished her, and left to languish and wither by cold neglect?’

“ Would I could tell you that Arabella is as happy as she deserves! But, no. Woman’s bliss, or misery, is dove-tailed so intimately with marriage, that you cannot separate her after wedlock. She ceases to exist as an individual while her husband lives. If he is good, kind, and sensible, she flourishes like a choice plant in the hot-house of his favour; otherwise, her hopes are shipwrecked; she is left on a barren coast, exposed to the hard gusts of unmerciful elements; her soul

tortured by remembrances of the past; and her only comfort in the tear-drop of despair, which serves as a mirror to reflect her beauty, and cheer her with ‘the joy of grief.’

“ I am incapable of entering into the history of Arabella’s woes. She supports a large family on a very small income; and performs every duty of a mother in an exemplary manner. Her husband spent all her fortune; but most luckily her mother had a little independence, which his folly could not get possession of; and with it, the old lady has a heart all goodness, so that her unfortunate daughter and grand-children are not in absolute want. They have been forced, however, by the persecution of Bedford, to remove to a distant part of the country; for his conduct in many instances, when intoxicated, amounted to insanity, and the life of poor Arabella was often in imminent danger from his excesses.

“ Were we not to see so many instances of the inveterate nature of evil habits, we should never believe that drunkenness, a vice which had grown on Bedford by imperceptible degrees, could in its practical effects so far besot him, and rob him of

rationality. He could not have been ignorant of his advantages in life. No doubt a man of his education knew well the duties he had to perform, to be entitled to rank amongst good and useful men. Yet every thing, sense, reason, fortune, gave way before habit, and lost themselves in the gulf of intemperance. Let us, then, be careful of the beginning, for we know not, when we once begin to indulge, where indulgence may end.

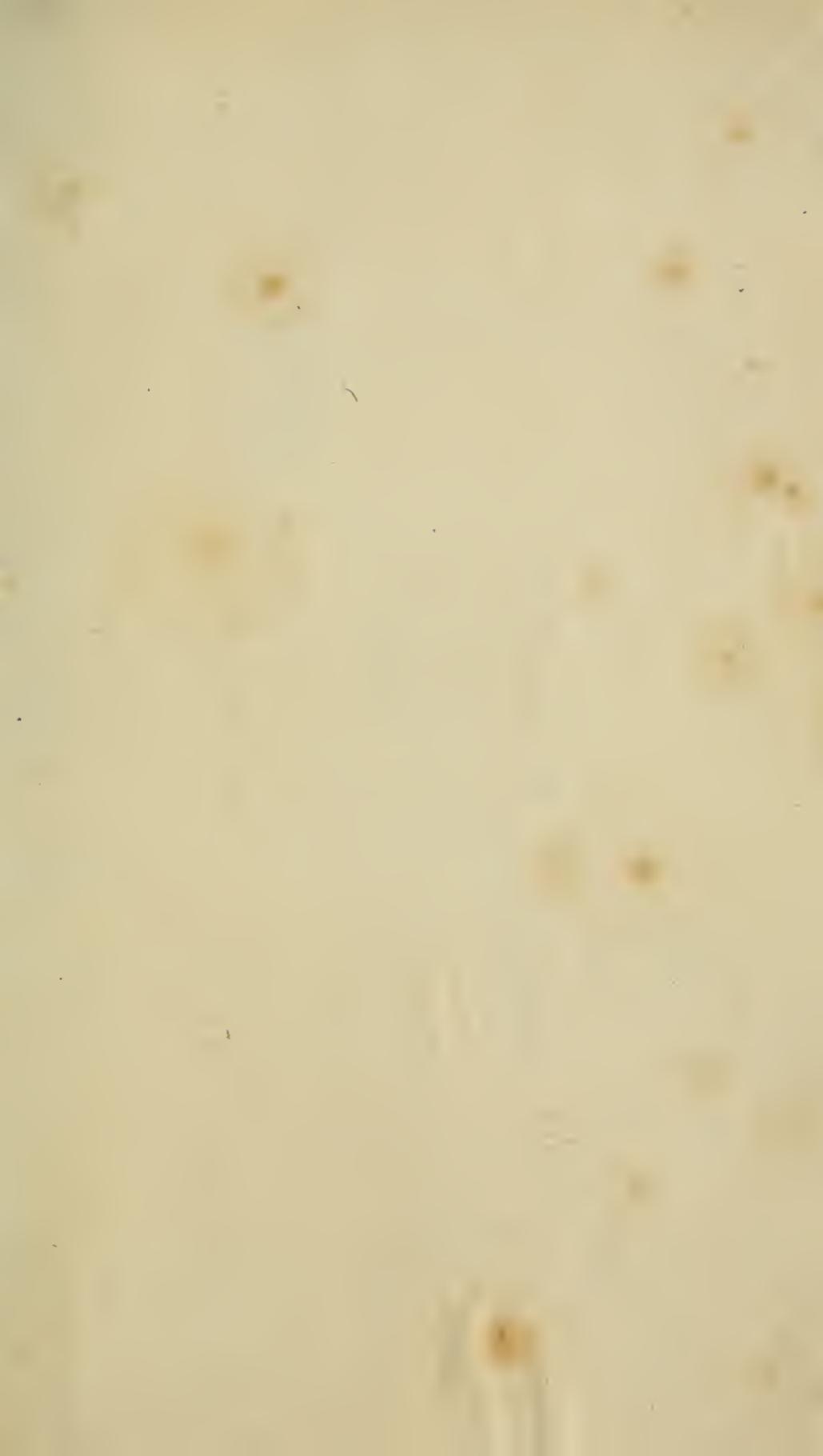
“ I sometimes see poor Arabella. She still retains the traces of much beauty ; and when looking on her fine soft features, and melting blue eye, I have often wondered that Bedford could not have sheltered himself behind them, as behind a shield, invincible against temptation. There is at all times an air of deep dejection on Arabella’s countenance, imparting to every look peculiar expression : you cannot see a smile of her’s without being sensible that grief is its attendant ; yet such sweetness and resignation appear, as induce the conviction, that, even in this world, the good are never forsaken by Providence, nor left in absolute misery.

But how different are my sensations when I

behold Anthony Bedford! There is a devil in his eye, from which I turn away disgusted—a coarseness of mind upon which I cannot look. I see his hands trembling—his features emaciated or swollen—his frame worn away—his memory quite dead—the pulse of his associations torpid—his person dirty—his dress disordered—his language offensive to decency—his look a stare—his whole appearance frightful. Then I ask myself, what can induce a man to put an enemy into his mouth, which not only, in the phrase of Shakespeare, robs him of his brains, but takes away from him every thing that makes life respectable, and character estimable?

“ If you are a parent, I leave it for your consideration whether Anthony Bedford would not have been happier, had he been left pennyless by his father, with habits of sobriety, virtue, and religion; in the practice of which earthly and eternal felicity is alone to be found.”

END OF VOL. II.



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