



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

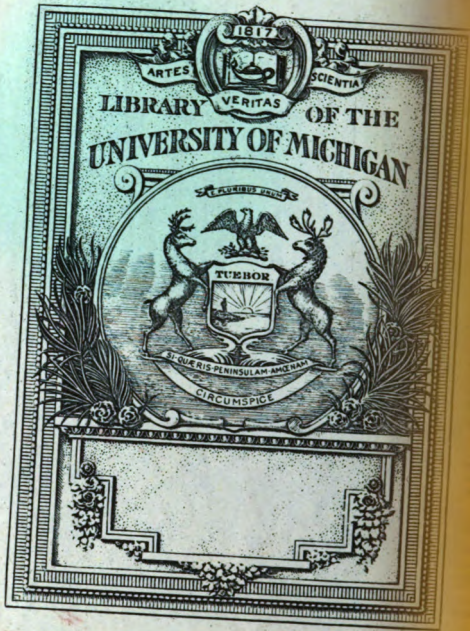
We also ask that you:

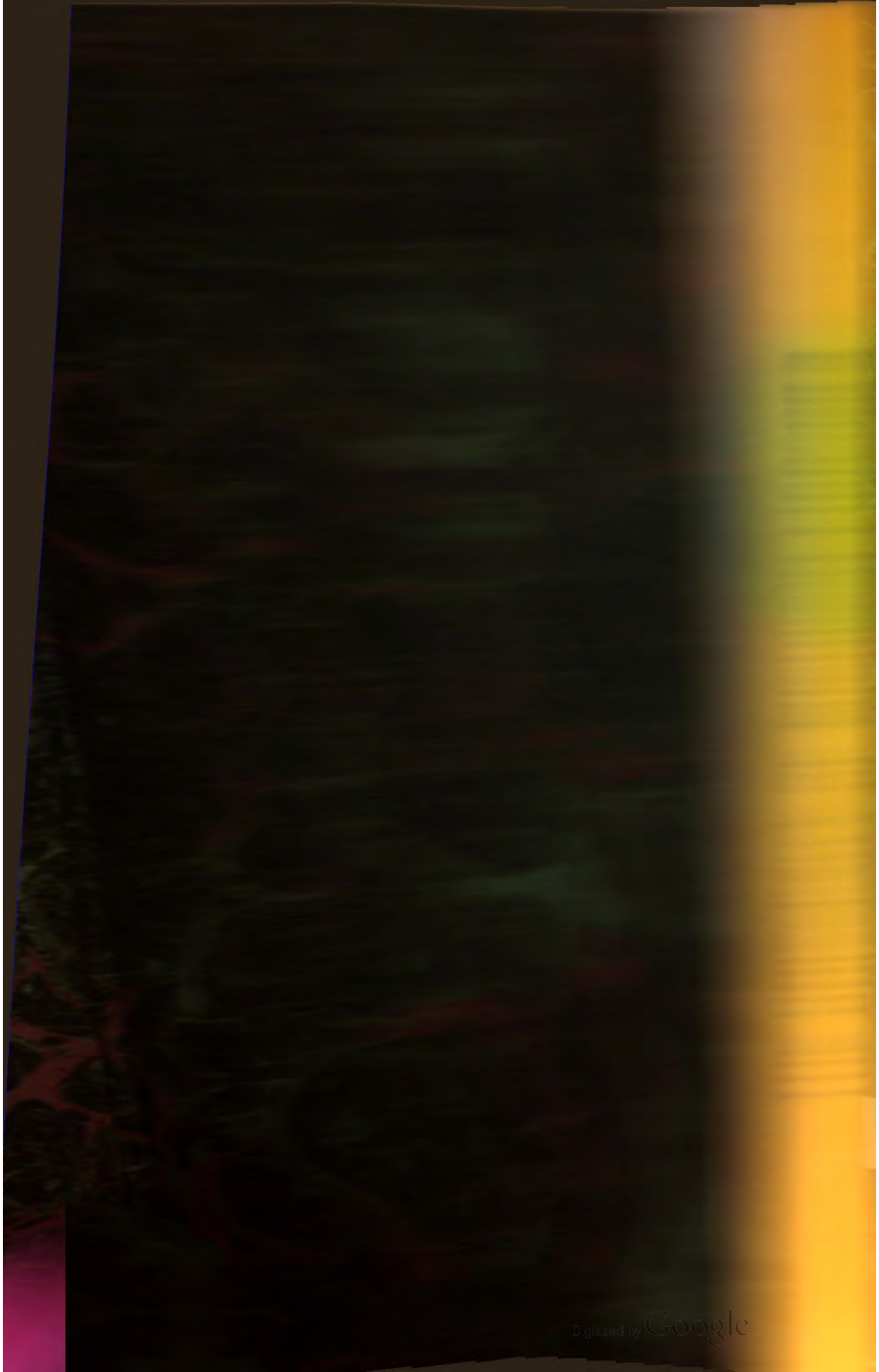
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

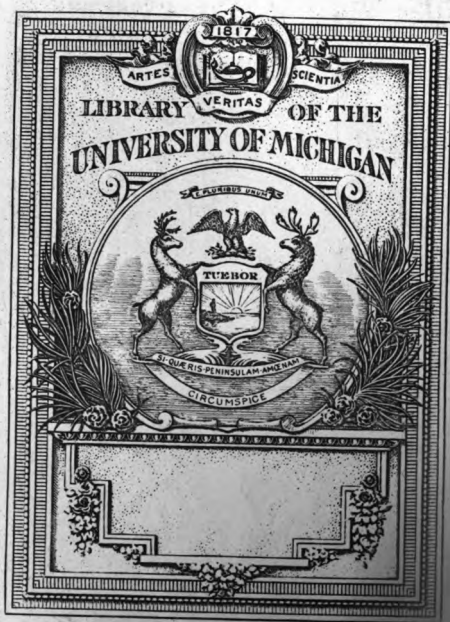
About Google Book Search

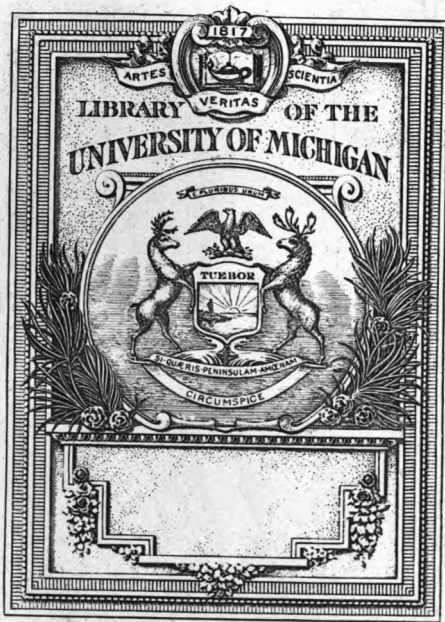
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

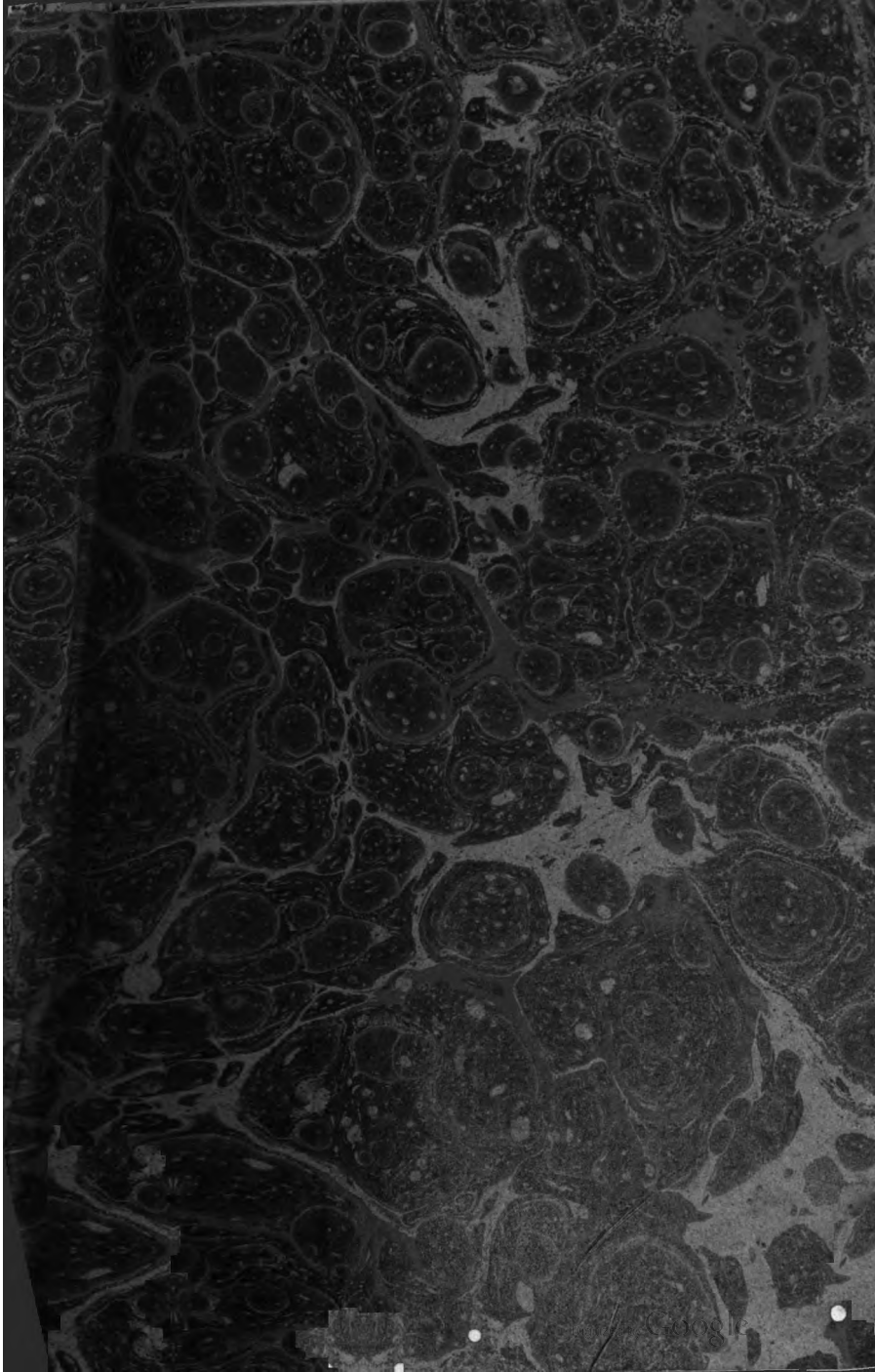












FORTY YEARS IN THE WORLD.

PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN-STREET.

Wallace, Robert Grenville.

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. III.

PARIS :

PRINTED FOR A. AND W. GALIGNANI,
18, RUE VIVIENNE.

1825.

828

W192 *fp*

V.3

665513-534

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

	Page
THE NABOB	1
“ CUDGEL THY BRAINS NO MORE ABOUT IT ”	39
PREACHING	63
THE NEWS-ROOM	83
THE GIFT	121
THE STAGE COACH	157
LIEUT. JOHN MALONY	175
LIEUT. JOHN MALONY (<i>continued</i>)	199
LIEUT. JOHN MALONY (<i>concluded</i>)	231
THE OYSTER	249
SPRE NA SKILLENAGH	265
MY PARLOUR	277
ON THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION	287
CONCLUSION	293

THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM 1776 TO 1876

BY

WILLIAM F. STANTON

AND

CHARLES A. BEAUMONT

EDITED BY

WILLIAM F. STANTON

AND

CHARLES A. BEAUMONT

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

WILLIAM F. STANTON

AND

CHARLES A. BEAUMONT

NEW YORK

1876

FORTY YEARS IN THE WORLD;

OR,

Sketches and Tales,

&c. &c.

N^o. I.

THE NABOB.

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never lov'd a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!

MOORE.

It was a joyful day in the townland of Mullinabrack, when the Nabob, as he is called, took possession of Mulgatawny Lodge. The country people, in Ireland, are apt to expect prodigious things from every 'Squire Newcome. To this sanguine disposition we may attribute the frequent disappointments

poor Paddy experiences ; for, as he looks for too much, he finds too little. Every body knows now what a Nabob is, or at least what he ought to be ; my description therefore of Mr. Wilford need not be tedious.

Anthony Wilford, esquire, designated in the following tale by his familiar appellation, “ The Nabob,” was a spruce little man of withered-up face and sallow complexion, who had spent five-and-twenty years of his life in Bengal and the Carnatic. He wore a snuff-coloured wig, a coat of the same shade, smallclothes and leggings of various colours ; waistcoats of fancy patterns ; and in his neck-linen he was quite a gentleman. He was equally particular, indeed, about every thing. Our houses were horrible ! absolutely unlive-in-able. He, therefore, built Mulgatawny Lodge, with a viranda running round it, and a terraced roof. That it might not be at all like other men’s houses, he made his kitchen in the garret, or at least as high up as the terrace would permit him to go. It was not till after a hunt through Gladwin’s Moonshee, and the Hindostanee Dictionary, that he struck on the distinguishing name of “ Mulgatawny” for his new lodge.

This you of course know is a favourite soup at Madras, made of fowl, and spiced till it is as hot as —O! Heaven! I cannot name it; but, should you be desirous of getting a good mouth-burning, you may for half a guinea be supplied with a bowl of it in Piccadilly. The Nabob said it was horrible, in Ireland. All his wealth could not procure a cook to make it sufficiently Asiatic for his palate. “It is horrible,” he would say, “It is really horrible, that you will not throw in enough of chillies.—Now—there—thus—ay—now it may do.” But I like not to describe character; I hate personality; let us, therefore, leave the Nabob to open, as the pages of a book, in the progress of our tale.

This old Indian had certainly amassed great wealth, some said one way and some another; but it little matters, in the eyes of the world, how a man acquires sovereign power; if he can sport the yellow effigies of our king, people enough will be found ready to take him by the hand. Our Nabob, after his return from the East, took up a position in London; but, finding himself nobody in such a crowd of nobs, he instructed his agent, Mr. Bernard M'Mahon, then practising as a solicitor in the

great city, to proceed to county Monaghan, inspect an estate there advertised for sale, and purchase it at the hammer, should it prove worth Irish money. Bernard M' Mahon, attorney-at-law, styling himself solicitor, and of course gentleman, having a strong inclination to return to the dear sod, fulfilled his commission to the letter; and, agreeably to his wishes, found himself invested as agent and receiver to the Nabob.

Soon after, the important personage himself crossed the channel to inspect his newly acquired property; and, finding every thing *so horrible*, he ordered the old house to be pulled down (his agent, with the materials, building a handsome residence for himself); turned the whole topsy turvy; threw the front into lawns, the rear into plantations, the wings into picturesque views, and, altogether, produced such astonishing changes and *improvements*—as any one may produce with money.

At last, Mulgatawny Lodge was pronounced fit for Indian reception, and the Nabob's family arrived at the neighbouring town in four carriages. Here they were met by the population of Mullinabrack, who, if they had been permitted, would have made

horses of themselves; but the Nabob, who, under all his ostentation, generally looked to expense, said it was *horrible*, and forced the Monaghan colts to content themselves with an Irish howl, expressive of their supreme delight on the occasion of this auspicious arrival.

In the front carriage were the Nabob and Nabobess, both peeping, and bowing to front and wings, as they passed the different groups of blue frieze-coated Paddies, and red-cloaked Shelahs, who stared at their prim faces, and gaped at the black servant man and maid who sat perched on the box. I do not like the title Nabobess; it is a foot too long; nor do I like *our lady Nabob*, though I need not state my objection; therefore, we shall call this stranger Mrs. Wilford. She was about fifty winters old; a few years younger than her husband, but in appearance older. In temper they were much alike; and time had given them the same cast of aspect, in proportion as habit had reconciled them to each other's peculiarities. Their youngest son, a boy about seven years of age, sat beside his mother, grinning at the wild Irish. In a carriage behind were four daughters, laughing, black-haired, black-

eyed, good-natured-looking girls ; and immediately after them, in two coaches, under the superintendance of the Nabob's two grown-up sons, were his antiquarian treasures, his Hindoo idols, his stuffed snakes, birds, and beasts, with a few living specimens, to form a museum adjoining the library of Mulgatawny Lodge. Outside of all the carriages were servants, black, yellow, and white, in rich liveries of sky-blue and gold.

It was a slow and long procession. The hills were covered with bonfires, the bells were ringing, the people were shouting, and of course labour stood still, as the Nabob's family approached Mulgatawny Lodge ; where, notwithstanding all his entreaties to the contrary, the horses were taken from the carriages, and the Nabob and his lady, their daughters, their sons, their servants, and their Indian curiosities, were drawn, by the strong-bodied tenants of the Mullinabrack estate, up the new-fashioned circumbendibus that now led to the lodge, instead of the former avenue of trees. The females, and more ancient, and more juvenile portions of the tenantry were arranged in a line along the flight of stone stairs, by which you pass to the portico, vestibule,

or whatever you please to call the handsome landing place before the hall door of Mulgatawny ; for the Nabob has now dropped the word "*Lodge*," as an unimpressive addition.

Well, the Nabob, and of course the Nabob's whole family, having been received by Mr. Bernard M'Mahon, attorney-at-law, and it follows, *gentleman*, with all the antiquated politeness for which he is so remarkable, entered their new habitation, with every desire to consider it a horrible place ; but at the same time, with no disposition to decline the well furnished table and sideboard, which Mr. M'Mahon had provided.

"Has my hookah arrived, Bernard?" asked the Nabob. "Yes, sir," replied the agent, "and Connaferam has a chillum ready." "Have the rascals any curry and rice for me?" "No, sir ; we must crave your pardon, I entirely forgot the curry stuff when in Dublin." "This is too bad, by ——, Bernard. It is horrible ! I shall not be able to exist here. Has the Madeira been obdared ?* Did you examine the saltpetre ? Give me a glass ! I am lost. Pah ! as hot as mull ought to be. What an infer-

* Cooled.

nal country this is! Horrible! horrible! horrible! Bernard.—Quihi*?—Saheeb! Will you cool that Madeira, you?—This is what I get by bringing you here.—We shall not be able to exist, Bernard.”

Thus the Nabob continued to ring a peal on his favourite expletives, till the ladies returned from changing their travelling dresses; when Mr. M‘Mahon found that the champagne he had furnished was so completely Irish, that it was undrinkable. The green hock glasses were Irish, and so short in the shank that it *was horrible!* The finger cups and coolers were as pale as Irish diamonds; they had no brilliancy in them. Because the wax candles in silver branches along the table were not covered with glass shades, it was horrible! At first it was horribly cold; and then, as the large fire and generous fare operated, it was horribly hot; and it was intolerable that there was no punko in the room. The Irish knew nothing of comfort. Then, the joints were all Irish—the fish and soup had been Irish—the mulgatawny was horrible—the patties were undone—the chandeliers were of Irish cut—the decanters revealed not the

* Who’s there?

sparkles of the wines, from their dull Irish hue—the fruits partook of the insipidity of our moist climate—the claret was like—I know not what—it was horrible. The Nabob's * chillum was not palatable—Pah! it was Irish. In short, every thing was horribly horrible; and the Nabob agreed with his lady only in this general particular, joined as he was by Miss Francesca, Miss Dorothea, Miss Wilhelmina, and Miss Jemima; their brothers George Mahommed, William Gopagee, and Charles Narrypunt (for they were all named after rich natives whose presents had created kindred affection, and a little more too!) chiming in most delightfully; and followed by Conneferam, the head Konsemah†, and Chinnema, the chief Ayah, or ladies' maid. In after dinner debate, it was decided that orders should be sent to Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay for all the manufactures of England and Europe.—Even West India sugars were horrible, unless they had imbibed an imaginary flavour from the salt of the Indian and Chinese seas. But enough! full enough of this! I have dwelt upon it so long, with

* Composed of tobacco and spices.

† A butler or head servant.

a good and useful intention. We are creatures of habit; and it is absurd to say that, after long absence from our native country, we can return to it with native feelings. Unconscious, however, that time and change have wrought a wonderful transformation in our minds, we torture our tempers with idle vituperations of disappointment and regret.

Behold the ocean, which has often been beautifully compared to human life; and learn from it what the state of that man must be, who returns to his native land after having been "climatized" in a strange region, and forced by the currents of custom and example into harmony with all around him. See yon blue liquid expanse, how tranquilly it slumbers and glitters in lovely ethereal robe, beneath the Sir Joshua Reynolds of nature, the glorious source of light!—Think how similar that picture is to youth in the cradle of his father-land—the school of his mother-tongue—the scene of remembered childish joys—that spot of all the world where every face is known;—where nothing surprises;—where the tear *is forgotten as soon as shed*, or falls like oil poured on stormy waves only to produce a sweeter calm than nature ever breathed with-

out contrast. Look again, how the breeze freshens—how naturally the waves swell—how beautifully white they curl, and sparkle, and die by melting into each other's joy. Now they fly before the gale—leap with the impulse of hearts inspired by the excitement of a chase—and seem as if dancing in air. O, how like the agitations of passion, desire, and fortune among our own native hills, where, like bounding goats, we skip from crag to crag, deeming every new elevation an increase of felicity;—having the power of eye * only to look up. But see! see! the storm howls; lightning glares; thunder crashes—O how the billows foam, and rave, and roar, and tumble one over another, like whales at blind man's buff. Still all is natural. The gay skiff of life can furl her sails, and with a jib run before them; or with her head bravely meet their spray breaking over her yard-arms. Man can do the same in the general or common storms of his native adversities; he is distracted by nothing new; astonished by nothing unexpected; he guides the helm, and fights his battle full of confidence, health, and hope.—Yes!

* The mountain goat can see only above him, and therefore, he cannot know the danger of climbing.

yes! O, turn thy sight! behold yon white speck—
it swells, like the oriental genius breaking from the
jar—peals in the thunder of a giant's voice—sweeps
in a black whirl, like the tphoon—takes ocean
aback—hurls a whole element pellmell upon it-
self—recoiling, and struggling, and foaming, and
boiling in suffocating gurgles for life. Mercy!
mercy! O, God! O, God! look down and pity
yon lone bark! Hark! her masts go with a crash,
louder than the hurricane. See! see! yon moun-
tain of slate under whose toppling destruction she
quakes. Tremendous! it breaks, and falls, like
Niagara, upon the brave but quivering ship. Her
boats—her booms—her gallant crew are swept from
the deck, and with a scream, loud and terrific,
drowned by the whistling and piping convulsion of
nature, hurled into the gaping abyss, to serve as
morsels for laughing sharks. She reels! she stag-
gers! she is dead drunk with briny libations. She
flies, like a crab, backwards! her stern meets a
giant blow. Heard you that groan? Down went
the gallant ship—down went six hundred souls.—
Not a sigh was heard; not a scream re-echoed as
their crashing bones smacked to the gulp of ocean's

monsters;—not a mark remains on the “unrail-roadable” sea, by which to set up a monument. But do you not feel, within, the cry of their misery—are you not ready to exclaim—

“O, I have suffered
 With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
 Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
 Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish’d.”

Yes, I know you do—I know you can picture what a scene it was to all on board: though the loud elements prevented you from hearing, the internal organ of sympathy tells you—

“At first one universal shriek there rush’d
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush’d,
 Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
 Of billows: but at intervals there gush’d,
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.”

This is the state of man when taken aback by the squalls and storms of change. Like the puling infant, he frets without the breast that produces his happy slumber.

I have thus endeavoured to illustrate—perhaps

caricature—the feelings of old Indians. Believe me, however, it was not my intention, in my rather tedious exordium, to ridicule my Nabob, who possesses too many redeeming qualities to excite my satirical vein. It is my anxious wish to place before gentlemen in India, the absurdity of attributing to things, that distaste, which they must inevitably feel for their native climate, and for all they experience some time after their return. Till new habits are acquired, or rather till original ones are roused from their graves, and cease to frighten by their ghastly aspects, they must bear chagrin, and struggle with the sore hyp of melancholy discontent. The cruelty of holding such a character as the Nabob, with his family, up to public scorn, is not in my nature. His daughters were sweet accomplished girls; his sons were brave gentlemen. He was, it is true, of the old school, and an eccentric little man into the bargain; but he loved Old England, Scotland, and Ireland, though he abused them; he was loyal to his king; his wealth profited the peasantry around him; he established schools; he fed the hungry, he helped to clothe the naked. I, therefore, reprobate the literary practice of making

all Nabobs appear ridiculous, on account of their oddities; and all attorneys rogues, on account of their profession. I shall paint my Nabob and his agent as they were, and not as such people are supposed to be. What if Mr. Wilford's song were only one note, like the cuckoo's, horrible, horrible! horrible!! might he not be respectable in his silence, and as useful as the bird to which I have alluded, which is supposed to preserve every thing on which her saliva falls; or, as deserving of notice as the owl, which is not the most agreeable companion, and yet treats us to many a choice fruit by watching our gardens?

Yes, the Nabob was an excellent man, and a curious one. He would refuse to lend a shilling, yet he would give a hundred pounds to relieve distress. His agent was also a benevolent, worthy man. Take the following instance in proof.

Instead of amusing Mr. Wilford with imaginary expectations of a rise in rent, and an increase in the value of the Mullinabrack estate, Mr. Bernard M'Mahon fairly stated that the lands were set at too high an acreable rent.—“Your estate, sir,” said he, “may be made valuable by loss.”—“That I do

not comprehend," replied the Nabob; "it is perfectly Irish to me." "Permit me then to elucidate the seeming paradox," answered the agent. "Terrible!" exclaimed the Nabob; "but I must listen—go on."

"In this wretched country, where scarcely a landlord understands his real interest, almost every farm is at a rack rent. Our population has increased so monstrously since the introduction of the potatoe, and the Roman Catholics have acquired so much property by the operation of acts of parliament and successful industry, that, during the war, when agricultural produce brought an artificial price, almost any rent was offered for land in the scramble for farms. When peace restored things to a natural state, you would conceive that common sense dictated the line of conduct to landlords—the reduction of rent to a marketable standard. Gentlemen had, by this time, however, got into a habit of expenditure commensurate with income. They had to pay an enormous price for their wines and other luxuries, now indeed become necessaries to your rank, and even to mine. Our landlords are nearly all absentees. Their agents were as usual pressed

for money; bills came upon them so fast that no mode of payment presented itself, but by forcing tenants to pay rent out of capital. This soon exhausted their means; their houses and stock went to ruin; they became languid and enervated under the influence of poverty and hopelessness; the provincial banks, unsupported by the agricultural interests, failed, and universal distress followed. Your predecessor was a needy, extravagant man; and though his agent reduced the rents a little, all the new leases are still too high for a wholesome profit to the farmer. You, sir, see, with the warm feelings of a benevolent heart, the squalid and sickly, half-naked inmates of our cabins!—Nothing can change this, but habits of industry generated by hope and fair reward. Our peasantry are charged with outrage and atrocity, as though they were naturally akin to that class of men who have sometimes practised as butchers, though blessed with rank and fortune, that their delight in blood might be satiated; yet no hearts can be more tender and humane than Irishmen's. How can they be quiet and happy who are starving? Are not robberies, murders, and other atrocities, the natural offspring of despairing want? You,

sir, have the power of banishing these horrors from your estate. Let the lands be set at calculated rents, leaving a fair reward for labour and capital. Then all your farm-houses will smile, your tenants will exhibit faces of joy, and you, sir, will receive, not a nominal income, but a real, well paid revenue."

During this speech the Nabob several times exclaimed, "Terrible, terrible!" but, at last, giving his hand to Bernard M'Mahon, with a tear standing in his eye, he said:—

"Bernard, make my tenants happy, if it should require all Mullinabrack to do so.—Terrible, terrible!—Providence has given me wealth only in trust for mankind!"

You may rest assured, gentle reader, that Catholic Emancipation alone will never tranquillize the miserable south of Ireland, and that Mr. M'Mahon has touched the right cause of the Rock system. As soon as British capital, and some extensive manufacture, shall have given habits of industry to the people, you will hear no more of Captain Rock in the south than you do in the north, where the linen trade offers proper reward for labour. To

say, however, that Catholic Emancipation would not produce some advantage, is quite another thing. It would completely destroy imaginary fabrics built with fancied grievances, as a breath demolishes houses of cards. It would be an act of justice; and the glorious principle of justice was never yet acted upon, without serving the cause of liberty and royalty. That which generates strength and confidence, must benefit the government and the country. I will go further, and beg, with firmness and humility, to say, that justice will never be complete till every church shall pay its own clergyman. Then will freedom of conscience and constitutional equity go hand in hand—then such an inconsistency as this will not exist on the tongue of British liberty:—"Sir, you may go to meeting, but you must pay for going to church." As well might she ask me, "Do you want a coat, sir?"—"No."—"But you must take one, nevertheless; at least you must pay me for cloth—which you do not want—which you will not wear—which you are permitted to decline as a regimental, or livery." The march of intellect is removing every thing prejudicial to the perfection of human nature, which is

the object of science, and time will give the tithe system its death-blow. Christianity is now so split into sects—into castes, tribes, and denominations—as to render a national established church a self-destroyer. America knows this; Hanover feels it. When the same liberal measure is accorded to the whole earth, a hymn of praise will rise to heaven; and perhaps the diversities of human whim may form one universal wreath, curling like smoke to the throne of omnipotence.

Thus have I been political, in the hope of being useful.—I now return to the Nabob.

He continued grumbling, and doing good, at Mulgatawny; cursing his native climate, and every thing in it, just in the same way, *terrible* excepted, as an acquaintance of mine did, who had lived thirty years in Newfoundland, and returned home to die pleasantly. This proves that old Indians are not the only exiles when at home. An Englishman *Siberiafied* would, I presume, be somewhat the same.

Meanwhile, all the aristocracy of County Monaghan, Armagh, Louth, Meath, Cavan, &c. had paid their respects to the Nabob and family, and

laughed at the word "terrible," which was used as a parental imitation by his accomplished daughters and sons. It was even mixed with Italian, French, Latin, and Greek; and sometimes it formed a characteristic discord at the harp and pianoforte.—Such is the force of example. You will naturally suppose, that so many fair creatures, who looked like the sisters of Fancy, following the brothers of Youth, led along by Time, were not unconscious of the rose-strings that Love flings over such a procession. Indeed, the Hindoo Cupid, as represented in Picart, might be painted over such a group, breathing what he could not scatter*. Miss Francesca, Miss Dorothea, Miss Wilhelmina, and even Miss Jemima, though only eleven years old, all felt, knew, and understood, that such a power had a local habitation and a name in the empire of the human heart. So did George Mahommed, and William Gopagee. As for Charles Narrypunt, he thought of nothing but poneys, pop-guns, and squibs. The brothers and sisters were nearly all fortunate and happy. Their father and mother

* His arms are pinioned with roses.

lived to see them well settled in life, and to kiss their living miniatures. I am sorry, therefore, that out of the whole group I can only find materials for one comedy, and, alas! a tragedy; too true not to swell my soul into the billows of emotion. I shall transpose theatrical arrangement, by giving farce first.

There lived in the neighbourhood of Mulgatawny a worthy youth, named Grenville Villars. No one knew who or what he was. He lodged at a farm-house on the Mullinabrack estate, for the purpose of drinking asses' milk, and enjoying country air. His appearance indicated slow recovery from serious indisposition; he was perfectly a gentleman in manner and education; he had abundance of ready money, and genteel clothes; but, as he was unknown, and entirely out of the aristocratic circle, he lived unnoticed and in obscurity. This youth had seen the lovely sisters, in their frequent rambles to benefit the inmates of cabins in their vicinity; and he admired the genuine benevolence of their natures, for they were not above carrying flannel dresses of their own making to the sick and needy around. Who can account

for the arrogance of love? This humble, unfriended youth felt most violently, at first sight, all the fury of its flames for Francesca.

Having called upon his invention in all possible modes to devise a plan of introduction to her notice, the only one he could avail himself of was that of entering Mulgatawny with a body of tailors, who were employed in fitting up the rooms with drapery, covering mattresses, and doing wonders, under the management of Mrs. Wilford and her daughters, who were as well versed in the mysteries of the needle as in those of the graces.

How and when our disguised knight of the thimble infused his silver thread of love into the eye of Francesca I know not: whether she discovered by his long and awkward stitches that he had not served an apprenticeship, or whether by his Italian, French, and Latin, she found that he was a gentleman, is not revealed in our materials; but we are informed, that she was induced, by his honeyed words, which the Lord Chancellor would call sugared poison, to listen to, countenance, correspond with, and give hopes unto the youth, of being to him all that lovely, angelic woman can be to man.

The lady conceived, from her father's external abruptness and pertinacity of manner, that his consent would never be given to a match so unequal; and, convinced that her lover was a young man of great respectability and some fortune, she half consented to meet his ardent entreaties of a trip to Scotland; but, having been educated in strict habits of respect for, and obedience to, her parents, when she had left their house, on the evening appointed, she felt such remorse and sorrow, that her mind gave way, and in distraction she assured her lover, that she would never be his without the consent of those to whom she was indebted for her being.

You know how loath a hot-blooded, high-minded young fellow is to resign beauty in possession. He entreated, raved, protested that no power on earth should now separate them—that he would fight the whole world, drink up the waters of the canal upon the *rivage* of which they were standing, eat a crocodile, achieve any impossibility, rather than allow her to return. Miss Francesca, however, sighed, pushed, struggled, argued, threatened to alarm all the fishes by her screams; and, at length, forced the youth to go to prayers; for, behold, he was on

his knees, with both his hands imploring, when her father cried out, "O terrible! terrible! terrible!" and her brothers, who had been at Eton school, swore that they would mill the tailor to thread, and fling him into the canal. "If you were a gentleman," said they, "we would shoot you; but as you are such stuff, we shall give you a banging that will do you some good." And so saying, they made at Grenville Villars with Belcher-like motions. He had, however, been at a higher college, and exhibited such science, that George Mahommed bit the dust, and William Gopagee was beaten for falling. "Terrible! terrible! terrible!" said the Nabob, "*thou thread, thou thimble, thou yard, thou flea, thou nit*, thus to brave me to my teeth—who are you? What are you doing here, Madam, with this scum? O terrible! terrible! terrible!"

"I am a gentleman, and no tailor," replied Grenville Villars; "I have won Francesca's love—she is mine, and shall be mine—my heart's blood is not half so dear to me; and resign her I will not but with life, for all the fathers and brothers on earth."

"O terrible! terrible! terrible!" said the Nabob; "but this is terribly terrible. And why did you

disguise this from me. O, my daughter ! Have I not told you often that it was your happiness I studied. If this stranger be the man he says—if he is the object of your heart, take his hand, you have my blessing, and fortune shall not be wanting : I value wealth but as it creates happiness.”

Down went the sobbing Francesca, and the exulting Grenville Villars, on their knees, to utter inexpressible thanks, and to feel indescribable gratitude and joy. In short, they were soon after married ; and Grenville Villars proved to be a most eligible match, being the only son of an old baronet with a thumping estate.

Well, brevity, you know, is the soul of wit ; so I skip over unimportant matter, to tell you, that the Nabob and his agent went on doing a vast deal of good in Ireland. Dorothea also married well ; and the two brothers were standing fair with Lord Kilbeggin's blooming daughters, when news arrived that Narrypunt had died in India, and left an immense property to his godson. It was found indispensably necessary that the Nabob, accompanied by his trusty and well-beloved agent and friend, Mr. Bernard M'Mahon, should go to London, for pur-

poses to themselves best known ; and in which, I conceive, the reader is not deeply concerned. Having taken an affectionate leave, therefore, of the inmates of Mulgatawny, they whirled to Dublin, passed over in the steam packet to Holyhead, and travelled in the Nabob's carriage and four to the metropolis ; where the accession of wealth could not secure this unfortunate man—yes, unfortunate ! from the bitterness of anguish ; for the following letter was handed to him soon after his arrival there, written by his excellent neighbour and friend, R—— T——, Esq. of G—— Park.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ Painful as the duty is I must fulfil it, though causing affliction to my dear friend. To relieve suspense, I have to communicate the mournful tidings of the sudden death of your dear child, Jemima. Now, I pray you, arm yourself with your usual firmness ; the particulars of the event require you should do so, and I have Mrs. Wilford's directions that they should be stated. It is a blessing that she has borne the shock with calm and Christian

resignation, and I again, my dear friend, entreat similar exertions on your part.

“ This morning, about eight o'clock, Mrs. W. left Jemima and Charles asleep in the same room ; in a few minutes after, she was alarmed by the report of a pistol, which it appears Charles had seized the moment he awoke. The direction he fired in was towards the bed in which his sister was asleep, and the ball lodged in the dear girl's head. Surgeon W—— was immediately summoned. The ball was extracted without any apparent suffering on her part, and the spirit fled from this earth to her Heavenly Father. I have arranged every thing for interment, which takes place at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning. Adieu, my dear friend—rely upon it that every attention shall be paid during your absence to our friends in Mulgatawny.—Wilhelmina and your sons are quite well, but overwhelmed with sorrow. Believe me,

“ Your very sincere friend,

“ R. T.”

Here, then, gentle reader, was another awful in-

stance of the insufficiency of wealth to constitute human security against misfortune. Freely would the Nabob have given all Narrypunt's riches, and his own too, if they could have recalled the departed spirit of his daughter. But to describe his grief and agony of suffering is beyond my humble powers: let him speak for himself. The following is a copy of his letter, in answer to the above communication.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ Your letter has completely unmanned me. I am too full for expression! True—it requires all the firmness of man to think of such a catastrophe.—Good God! My poor, kind-hearted, single-minded, kid-like Jemima! O, why did not some angel stop the ball? But I must not arraign.—Yes—yes—I must bear it—and thank God that all my children were not, like her, laid in the grave before I had shed a tear on the consciousness of unutterable calamity.

“ Tell Mrs. Wilford, if you please, that I am resigned—that I attribute no blame!—Such events have happened; our misfortune might have occurred had I been on the spot, though I always kept my

fire-arms high, and away from Charles, whose rash and wayward disposition often excited my apprehension. O, how frequently I told that boy never to touch pistol or gun, and now by disobedience he has steeped his parents in grief, and laid up for himself a store of anguish, that will gnaw his mind while memory shoots through his brain. This is, indeed, horrible!

“ If my presence could recall the departed spirit—if in my capacity of comforter I could effect any thing, I would fly instantly home! Good God! I was on the eve of proceeding to Yorkshire for a fortnight, to see my old friend Smyth. All my plans are overwhelmed. I can scarcely think of what I should do. I shall be at Mulgatawny by the time an answer to this letter could reach me—till then, farewell! Severe as the stroke has been, your sympathy and manner have made it less intolerable than it would have been, coming through a less warm medium. Pray believe me, my dear friend, with mournful compliments to you and yours,

“ Your sincerely attached

“ H. WILFORD.”

To his unfortunate lady he wrote thus:—

“ MY DEAR ANNE,

“ I have heard from Mr. T. of the dreadful occurrence. I can hardly hold my pen, from agitation and distraction. But we must strive to bear up under the sore affliction. I shall be home by Saturday. Make your mind easy. The mournful event might have happened had I been present, therefore I do not blame.—But it is horrible; and I am overwhelmed, as well on my own account as on yours, lest you should sink under the weight of sorrow. Consider, God has left us other children. How shall I ever be able to look at Charles again? Unhappy boy! he is to be pitied.—Good God! to kill his sister.—Well, such things will happen till carelessness and disobedience shall be banished from the world. I shall leave all here, and fly to you. Tell Wilhelmina and the boys not to be down-hearted, but to cheer you. Keep a good firm spirit; in this life we should be prepared for every thing. Death is not misery. Jemima died like a martyr without pain; and her lamb-like soul is perhaps smiling at our grief for her

exchange from a life of trial, sorrow, and tears, to an eternity of joy, rapture, and felicity. Farewell, my poor love—my old wife—my mother of eight children. I shall kiss away your grief, and all will yet go well. We have weathered terrible storms together, but such a catastrophe as this is the struggle. Get over it—you will be as dear to me as an old ship is to her captain, and looked upon with all the affection of remembered suffering,

“ Your attached husband,

“ H. WILFORD.”

I need not proceed much farther with the melancholy part of this story. We may learn from it, to be certain of nothing—to be prepared for every thing—and to be thankful for what is granted, seeing that we cannot call even a shadow our own.

It may be very useful, however, to follow our afflicted Nabob a little longer, to show the consolation he derived from friendship and religion under his mental suffering. Moreover, it may be of great utility to the unfortunate boy, whose rashness and disobedience caused the calamity, to have a written record as a memento for future reflection. I shall,

therefore, present you with another letter, which Mr. Wilford received on this occasion, and his answer :

“ MY DEAR WILFORD,

“ I heard of the unfortunate accident in your family this morning only, and I instantly proceeded to Mulgatawny, to see if I could be useful to Mrs. Wilford. Your friend Mr. T—— had left me nothing to do but to condole with, and console your wife and daughter.

“ My object in writing this is to endeavour to prevail on you not to leave London until you have completed your business there. Apply yourself to that business, and endeavour by doing so to prevent your mind from dwelling upon that which neither you nor I can now remedy. Leave your family to Mr. T—— and myself.

“ I am happy to say Mrs. Wilford and your daughter bear up as they ought to do. Your son has only the feelings of a child, and before he gets age time will blunt them. I wished to bring him home, but Mrs. Wilford would not agree to my doing so. As Mrs. W—— must now be under increased expenditure, I took the liberty of requesting she would draw on me if requisite.

“ Bear up like a man and a soldier under this blow—this is the time to show you are a man.— I think it not impossible but the accident may hereafter have a beneficial effect upon your son.

“ How much better that the accident should have happened to the child than to the father—be thankful to the Almighty.—Your daughter is an admirable young woman.

“ Your sincere friend,

D— M—.”

“ MY DEAR MAJOR,

“ The very kind and brotherly part you have taken in my calamity is a real alleviation; for in anguish whatever draws the mind from itself affords relief; and it was impossible for me to read your most friendly letter without admiring the spirit that breathed in every line.

“ True, the hour of trial is the practical period for exercised fortitude. I can bear up; because I am prepared not only to lose all in this world, but my own life in a moment. Death is not misery; he alone is happy who is no more; for how can contemplation be serene under the apprehensions that human frailty engenders? My poor girl died, as you

and I have often made up our minds to die—without pain, and flying on hope's wing.—But then it is terrible to think of the accident.—Unfortunate boy! thou art to be pitied—not she! Her angel spirit has gone to her Father above—but what must his reflection awaken, every time he beholds her in the mirror of memory!—True—you are perfectly philosophical in saying that the catastrophe may have a beneficial effect. We cannot think of the consequences of our own rashness and disobedience without humility and sorrow; but happy is he who sails by the experience of others, and not by the tide-marks on those rocks of passion which wrecked him before. I greatly fear the men I left in charge of my house placed the pistols in my boy's way. Oh! how often had I warned that rash child never to touch my fire-arms!—I have written to Mrs. Wilford in my best terms of consolation. I do not attribute blame. Such accidents have occurred; and our calamity might have happened had I been present.—I think Mrs. Wilford was right in declining your kind offer respecting my son. Your other proposal was equally in tone with the warm heart that suggested all your kind acts to me; but Mrs.

W—— can draw as much money as she pleases from my agent in Monaghan. If I could properly apply to business, I would follow your advice, and stay here till I completed all my plans ; but what cannot be done well is better suspended till I am myself again. I shall, however, place things in proper train, and if possible, leave this for Mulgatawny on Tuesday next by the Holyhead night coach.—I intended to go to Yorkshire, to see my old friend Smyth ; but my arrangements are overwhelmed ; and I must run before the storm as my best refuge. My presence at home will cheer my wife ; and that should be the main object of a husband.—I am glad my daughter has behaved so as to merit your approbation.—Pray believe me,

“ Your gratefully and warmly attached

“ H. WILFORD.”

It had long been the Nabob's practice in trouble to fly for comfort to the house of God.—There is not in the whole world more appearance of religion than in London. You may go to some place of worship almost every day and every night if you please, as well as on Sunday. The Sabbath day

is, as it should be, a day of rest ; no plea of necessity is admitted to authorize deviation ; the post-office is shut ; public business goes to prayers ; and you hear, from daylight to evening, one continued call to devotion from the steeples. The Nabob went to Bow church, the rector of which is a most venerable-looking, silver-headed man, seventy years old, and still in full possession of the talents and faculties which distinguished him in manhood's prime. The tone of his voice, the earnestness of his manner, the beauty of his style, the correctness of his action, and the excellence of his discourse, make the hearts burn that hear him. You would leave Bow church with an impression that you had heard an approved servant of God—you would even feel as though you had been communicating with the Deity. Monuments of the dead peep from every part of that beautiful edifice, the sacred neighbour of St. Paul's ; whose clock tells, in sullen and sublime voice, the march of passing hours, and thrills the hearer, during service, with its deep, dull, supernatural dole over the illustrious dead that sleep beneath the mighty dome, where their sculptured forms stand tangible in speaking marble. Your flesh creeps with the stealing tones of the finest organ that

art can produce, touched by a perfect master. O music! who can hear thee without melting like thyself into somewhat celestial! Such was the raptured state of our poor Nabob—softened by his proper grief to the temperature of woman. Judge, then, how comforting it was to his soul for him to be soothed by the reflections of such an able preacher on a text from the 86th Psalm, which contains so much consolation for mental distress.

“Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear me: for I am poor, and in misery. Comfort the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.”

It is needless to describe how the venerable man dwelt on the efficacy of prayer, and the tender mercy of God, who *tempers the wind to the shorn lamb*. The humbled hearer found that though his affliction was great, he ought to be thankful it was not more calamitous; and he returned to his pillow, convinced that it is the duty of mortality to be resigned to the dispensation of Providence, whose ways are beyond the plummet of man, and all pregnant with utility. In a word, he was in a temper of mind to say, on his knees, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!”

N^o. II.

“ CUDGEL THY BRAINS NO MORE
ABOUT IT.”

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms : mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence. Not bestow'd
In vain should such example be ; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

BYRON.

Not finding it easy to hit off an apposite title for this Number, I thought of the grave-maker's advice to his brother clown respecting the puzzling question,—“ Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter ?” and it flowed from my pen, without further consideration. Indeed, on reflection, it occurs to me that I could not have made a more happy reference than to the grave, on a sub-

ject which, in its practical effects, aims at extinguishing that selfishness, which so often produces animosity in families, engenders hatred where affection would naturally grow, and separates father and son, who, of all friends, have for each other the strongest attraction. How soon the fermentation of worldly desires would subside, were we, when under their influence, to consider that, like the rich man's soul, in the parable, ours may be called away, by the angel of death, at a moment's warning, even when we are congratulating them—"Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?"

With the price of my gems, which I so fortunately converted into money in Dublin, I made my family as comfortable as possible, and put my farm in productive condition. My calculations were all well founded. A man, who understands agriculture, can certainly provide for a large family much better in the country than in a town. Unforeseen circumstances, however, and changes in the order of

things, will often frustrate our best plans. The great distress, universally felt by the landed interest of Great Britain, commenced soon after my embarkation in farming. Many of the country banks failed; and such was the limited circulation of money, that although Providence rewarded my industry with abundant crops, I could not sell my produce so as to realize the cost of seed and labour.

I fondly hoped that every principle of justice and affection would rise up in my father's breast, and advocate my cause, as soon as passion should subside; but a year rolled away, and he took not any notice of my forlorn situation. It occurred to me, that every advance on my part, or any display of affection which I might evince for his person, would be maliciously transferred to his property by those who had created a new mind in him to my prejudice. The independent spirit, which I have long endeavoured to cherish, rose up in arms against concession. I had not returned, like a prodigal son; on the contrary, my father's invitation and promise of provision, under all circumstances, had induced me to make great sacrifices in complying with wishes, which I acknowledge were also my own.

I much fear too that a worse feeling prevented me for some time from seeking reconciliation ; as I could not help sleeping on angry thoughts respecting the disposition evinced by my stepmother to persecute me to the utmost of her power. Many of the illiberal remarks uttered by her respecting my family reached our ears, and generated ill-will. In the town where I had resided was a school of superior description for girls ; and it had been arranged, much to my satisfaction, that my two young sisters should reside with us, and finish their education there, with my children, as day scholars ; but this judicious plan was frustrated by the jealousy of my stepmother, who threw so many obstacles in the way of its accomplishment that it fell to the ground, after the day had been appointed for my sisters to come up, and when the intencion was known to all our acquaintances. This was one of the acts which produced the crisis I have mentioned.

To my surprise my sisters were not even sent as boarders to the school in question. I had the pleasure of seeing them, however, a short period after my removal, at church among the boarders of Mrs. —, who has an excellent seminary in the town

near which my farm was situated. I was naturally desirous of paying them every attention in my power, but I soon found that a direct order had been given by their mother, prohibiting even a single visit on their part. This was not, by any means, the worst feature of the transaction; for, in justification of herself, my stepmother had represented us in odious colours. All that she had said was communicated to our immediate neighbours; and, for a long time, the erroneous opinion it produced prevented those attentions which would have been paid to us as respectable strangers. In short, we had to endure our afflictions in solitude. When appearances are against us, the misjudging world is easily deceived: it was natural for those who knew the character of my father, to conclude that he would not neglect his son's family without just cause.

I at length felt it my duty to endeavour to remove animosity from his mind. Accordingly, I wrote to him in the strongest language of love and duty, apologising for any thing wrong in my conduct; and, without in the slightest degree arraigning his, I earnestly requested that we might some-

times meet, and that an intercourse of love might be kept up between our families. To my letter I received no answer ; but, a considerable time after, his brother attorneys invited me to a party where he was present ; and, as I considered the idea to have originated with my father, I accepted their attention with great pleasure. My father received me with a seeming return of affection ; but his inquiries concerning my family were cold and constrained. I saw that his mind was prejudiced. However, he accepted an invitation which I offered to the body, and they all dined with me at my house. In the course of the evening, my father's constraint seemed to vanish, and he once more paid my dear kind-hearted wife affectionate attention. Thus I considered that every cloud which blackened the horizon of my domestic enjoyments was on the point of being dispersed. When I had an opportunity of being alone with the dear old man, so much joy did my heart feel on this happy change in his behaviour, that I fell upon his neck, and kissing his forehead, expressed my gratitude in tears. Alas ! all my hopes were without foundation ; for, soon after, upon paying him a visit, I had the mortifica-

tion to discover a renewed distance of manner, and coldness of temper. This I ascribed to a stimulated revival of his prejudices. Indeed, when we began to converse upon the subject of our future intercourse, and on my expressing an anxious wish to see him often at my house, he forgot his mildness, and exclaimed, "I can never associate with that woman,"—meaning my affectionate and unoffending wife,—"who has deprived me of your society."

I was shocked at his remark, knowing that the charge which it embraced was without foundation in truth. Believing the injurious impression to have been forced upon my father's mind by gross misrepresentations, I warmly vindicated my wife, arguing strongly on the ground of its being the interest of herself and children, that harmony should exist between him and me. I informed him, how anxiously she had cautioned me against separating from him ; how deeply, when she found her advice unavailing, she had always deplored my rashness. I conjured him to pardon me for referring the cause of our quarrel to my stepmother ; observing, that it had not been my intention to allude to the sub-

ject, nor should I have revived the painful remembrance of the past, had he not made an allegation against my wife. I reminded him, too, of his own foreknowledge of the jealousy and ill will that existed in his family against mine; strengthening what I advanced by the remark, that had my wife been as inoffensive as the lamb in the fable, she would have been accused and convicted. He seemed to admit the possibility of error in the construction which he had put upon certain occurrences; and I left him in the belief that I had effected a favourable change in his heart.

Three years rolled past, and my distresses were increasing. My children were growing up; they required education, and the sound elasticity of my mind became relaxed in its tone. I had represented my circumstances to my father in vain; he pleaded the badness of the times, and the difficulty of getting in his rents; expended a thousand pounds in additions to his house, and left me to sink. In short, I began to see all things black around me, and to accuse man and Providence of injustice. Insanity, I believe, would have succeeded despair, for my melancholy seemed to be aggravated by a

combination of misfortunes, had I not been roused to hope by the able discourses of Dr. Malcom, an eloquent Presbyterian clergyman of Newry.

My father had altogether withdrawn his cheerful countenance from every thing belonging to me, and his example was followed by all his depending relations. Captain True, and Nannette, whose friendship I have described in "*Fifteen years in India*," were residing in some part of France. My sympathizing friend, Frank Stanley, upon his return to England, had married most happily, it is true, but, anxious to push on in the army, he had gone with his regiment to Gibraltar, where, it was reported, he had died of an inflammatory fever. I had no society but that of my own family; all comfort from without seemed at an end; and my domestic felicity was disturbed by my beloved wife sinking into a state of melancholy and ill health. Perhaps this rescued me, for my exertions to save her aroused the latent energies of my mind. I grieved no longer, I felt no more for myself, and I am confident, that in exchanging one sorrow for another, even of equal intensity, there is relief. The state of weakness, however, to which grief had

reduced my feelings, may be inferred from the simple circumstance of my bursting into tears one Sunday in church, when the first part of the twenty-second psalm was read—" My God, my God, look upon me ; why hast thou forsaken me, and art so far from my health, and from the words of my complaint ?"

I cannot reflect on my own weakness, in so far yielding to grief, without great self-correction ; nor can the state of my mind, I think, at sundry times during its aberration from pristine strength, be considered, without a corrective influence on others, labouring under mental and bodily depression. It seems to me, that materialism has the force of its doctrine in the obvious dependence which mind and body have on each other. When the mind yields to sorrow, it becomes insipidly sedentary, and all its faculties, but one, seem lost ; it rests with intense continuity on one point, and generates diseases by stagnation. So it is with the sympathizing body too ; it returns the tone of the overstimulated organ of thought, becomes vapid, and destroys itself by inactivity. Now, if brain and mind be the same, which appears to me highly pro-

bable, mental disorders, as well as bodily, may be more successfully treated by medicine than by ethics or theology. Indeed, the ingenious arguments of Lawrence on this curious question have not, in the slightest degree, unhinged my creed: his physiological work has been described by the highest law authority, as containing honeyed poison; but I speak to one point, and I certainly can conceive that organization may produce the superiority which man has over all other animals, without questioning the immortality of the human soul. Moreover, such light has been thrown on this doctrine, of late years, by anatomical research, that I am convinced great and unexpected improvements will originate in discovering how to fortify the body against attacks of the mind; how to protect the mind from being operated on by superaction in the organs of the body. Dryden was ridiculed in "*The Rehearsal*," for taking physic and exercise, when he wished to extract sterling treasure from thought. I consider such treatment a proof of his wisdom; for, by relieving and bracing the body, the mind also was relieved and braced, and thus the weeds that were choking the luxuriance of his ideas were

removed. In short, I am certain that if I had been copiously blooded, and well exercised, my mental eye would have seen its delusion, and my understanding would have detected its folly in conjuring up the phantom of despair, instead of the sweet visions of hope, which create exertion and mature fortitude.

Our depressions of spirit are often like *incubi*—freedom is effected merely by turning. The moment I was able to see things through a medium clearer than my own thoughts, which occurred the instant I escaped from self, I saw that my case was not desperate. I had faced some dangers before, and found that courage put all of them to flight ; it was, therefore, not without experience that I attacked my enemies. My wife, I believe, imbibed her disorder through attention to me, as the physician is sometimes seized by the plague in the lazaretto. If her diseased state had the power of communicating health to me, my recovery soon restored her to strength. We were now able to walk hand in hand together, and I had an ear open to her quotations from Scripture and poetry respecting resignation. But St. Paul can speak like an angel

on contentment, and Goldsmith writes delightfully—

“ Man wants *but* little here below ;”

yet, with all silent submission to divine injunction, and a wish from the bottom of my heart for wisdom to act in obedience to it, I shall say, in answer to the poet, that if he had had a weekly baker's bill to pay for seven children, he would perhaps have written,

“ Man wants *not* little here below ;”

for our necessities and wants are very numerous in an artificial state of society.

Feeling the truth of this observation, I redoubled my industry ; and, amongst my other pursuits, I arranged a plan for publishing “ Eye and Ear Sketches.” I certainly should have attempted book-making on my own account, but for the changes in my means and prospects, which I have now to relate.

The spirit of agriculture, which I excited in my neighbourhood, was doing much good to the poor around me. My heaps of manure, and the abundant crops which followed, stimulated many to

imitation; my fields of purple vetches produced others, my mode of saving flax-seed was admired, my succession-crop system was praised; and the liberality of my disposition to all was generally spoken of to my advantage. The consequence was, that as my character became known, my society was courted, and the solitude which my mind had found unhealthful, was changed by introduction to an agreeable circle of professing friends. From experience I can say, that, in solitude, I have not discovered those beauties which she has been arrayed in by fanciful writers; fanciful, I assume, because it is well known that authors who have been most eloquent in praise of solitude, were men of the world, and that those who have described the charms of an active life were warmed into their laudatory spirit by the closeness of their atmosphere in retirement. In support of what I allege, it will be sufficient to mention Mackenzie and Evelyn, whose writings prove that we admire most what we have not; a corroborative of Pope's celebrated line—

“ Man never is, but always to be blest.”

A very little time, too, cleared away my sorrow

respecting the supposed loss of my invaluable friend, Frank Stanley, whose death had been announced by mistake. In fact, he soon after returned to England, having quitted the army in consequence of coming into possession of the estate which his lady was entitled to on the death of the old squire. It was then that I experienced the warmth and constancy of Frank's heart, and the truth of that scriptural exposition, so honourable to human kind, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother,"—for the following is an extract from a letter which I received from him some time after his arrival.

"The feature, my dearest Charles, in this great accession of wealth, which delighteth my soul most deeply, is the power it gives me of being serviceable to you in this time of trial; for I shall, while memory holds, remember, that in the first uses of your prosperity, the purchase of a commission for me was contemplated. But what proves that I possess a treasure more precious than fine gold in my Sarah, is, that what I am about to propose to you, was a suggestion of her own. Now, I entreat and command thee, Charles, not by fastidiousness

or delicacy to disappoint our fondest hopes of having thee and thine for our most loved and loving neighbours. I have dwelt upon the luxurious idea with all the sensuality of an epicure, that we were doomed at last, by the fiat of destiny, to sit down together in rural retirement, and cherish life with that elixir, well-earned repose; indulge our humour for elegant observation and study, and, in friendly chit-chat, live over those busy scenes which we had witnessed in youth. I have seen my Sarah's countenance brighten with the pleasure of my hopes, when I told her my visions of imagination. Gratify us then, my dearest friend; fair exchange cancels every debt but obligation, and it is we, not you, that will be the obliged parties; for what are a few acres of superfluous domain, and the artificial combinations of stone and lime, to the felicity of our union for life? There is, Charles, all the difference of comparison that lies between time and eternity; for the things of this world we must leave behind us, but all the joys of remembered love, friendship, and benevolence, may be borne by our souls from this terrestrial garden, as honey is by bees to their hive, when we leave it for ever, and

remain as a sweet store for us, when flowers and seasons are no more. But I should hasten to the point.—

“ Know then, Charles, that on our estate there are two comfortable mansions, within sight of each other. I have made a full stop to tell thee, that one is the old family seat, from time immemorial; thou canst not conceive the antiquity it indicates, unless thou wert here to see the changes it hath undergone with the passing centuries, and mutations of manners, from the castellated turret, down to the modernized balcony. The other was built about a hundred winters ago, to accommodate the family of a younger brother, and it has been generally occupied by some branch of the family, till lately, when no ramification appeared unwithered but my Sarah, who, thank God, promises not an extinction of her valuable race. We occupy the old castle, or seat, or mansion, for really I know not what it should be called; and our hearts'-wish is to see you and Mary, with all your sprouts, in the other. It stands on a sweet lawn, and it has around it about fifty acres of decorated meadow; in whose shades poetic enthusiasm would not dis-

dain to inspire the muses. I inclose thee, Charles, a receipted gift of it in perpetuity; and, my dearest friend, assure thyself of this, that it is not in thy power to confer on us a greater favour than its acceptance, and thy longed-for presence in certain confirmation."

Ah! exclaimed I, upon perusing this letter, surely one of the greatest blessings in life is to have a real friend. May God make me thankful for this treasure!

It is one of the old saws of experience, that good or bad fortune seldom comes alone; and I am now about to confirm it by the relation of a most unexpected piece of news, that reached me by the same post which brought Frank's letter. Indeed I had received the two packets from the post-master's deputy, a tall, thin, pale-faced, inquisitive-looking blade, who, to my astonishment, demanded a most unconscionable sum, in discharge for them; and seemed to say, as he gave them out, "It is unusual for you, sir, to receive such as these; I wonder what may be their contents." Perhaps, thought I, thou hast had a peep at my secrets. However, seeing Frank's

hand on the superscription of one of them, I paid his demand, and retired to the news-room, where, in a corner, I devoured its contents; and so confused were my ideas on the occasion, that I for some time forgot my other packet. At length I opened it, and to my extreme surprise, found that it contained a letter from the house of agency which I had employed in Calcutta, enclosed to the firm in London, to whom I had been recommended. It was forwarded to me by the head of that concern, with a note congratulating me on my good fortune, and accompanied by some printed powers of attorney, which I was requested to execute and return "forthwith," so that I opened my foreign letter with no slight degree of curiosity and interest. It ran thus :—

"DEAR SIR,

"We are truly concerned to state, for your information, that our esteemed constituent, your old friend, Peter L——, esquire, has departed this life. But it is with pleasure we have to inform you, that he has bequeathed the mass of his considerable property to you. We have forwarded

an authenticated copy of his will, with all necessary documents, to our respected friends, Messrs —, of London, who will communicate with you on the subject. In the mean time, we shall act upon the general power of attorney, which you left with us, and consolidate his property. By his account, and the accompanying statement, it amounts to nearly one hundred thousand rupees, besides 3000*l.* now in the Three per cent. Reduced Annuities, which latter sum you may dispose of by power of attorney in London. The whole shall be remitted, in good bills, at the most favourable rate of exchange; and, with every good wish we remain,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Very truly,

“ Your assured and faithful

“ humble servants.”

This communication appeared to me so extraordinary, and its contents were of a nature so completely unexpected, that I felt, for some moments, as I have often felt after a dream. I had almost forgotten my old acquaintance, Peter —. It is true, he sometimes professed friendship for

me during our near neighbourhood in Calcutta, and I remember he often told my eldest daughter, then a sweet chatterbox, and a great favourite with him, that he would leave her all his wealth; yet I considered this merely an effervescence of his good heart in a warm hour, and the impression had left only a faint trace on my mind.

Peter L——, Esq. was one of those eccentric beings whose happiness consists in setting public opinion at defiance. Singularity elevates men, I have no doubt, in their own opinion; to treat all the fashions of our own times with contempt, is an assumption of possessing higher taste than our contemporaries, and he who thus claims unimitated superiority, makes up in self-complacency what he loses in censure and ridicule. In confirmation of this remark, I can say, that I never knew any one better pleased with self than my professing friend Peter. He wore his hair unpowdered, in a long queue, whilst every one about him exhibited the *crop à la mode*. His dress was of the cut in use a century ago, and his hat as broad-brimmed as a Quaker's. I have often indulged an innocent smile at his figure, yet I never fixed attention on his

countenance without respect; it was a face in which human kindness was seen peering over the shoulder of cynicism. Having resided long in different parts of India, he had a "climatized" complexion: his features were relaxed, yet his eye was full of spirit; it seemed on fire when a generous action was mentioned; it melted at a tale of woe; and the recital of a disappointment in love never failed to awaken his melancholy; for, though he was generally well pleased with himself, as I have said, and at certain times elevated in spirit almost beyond sanity of mind, he was occasionally afflicted with great depression. There was in his conduct a considerable portion of mystery: he pretended to hate mankind, yet he was continually relieving individual distress; he assured me, that in his life there was nothing extraordinary, yet his exclamations of sustained injury indicated familiarity with vicissitude; and, gazing on my little daughter's face, I have heard him, when turning away in agony, mutter, "Had she remained innocent, like thee!" All I could learn or surmise was, that he had been disappointed and cruelly treated in love; and that, in my child's

countenance, there was a certain something, which reminded him of a once adored object, and soothed, or charmed, whilst it wounded him. He had acquired his wealth by commercial pursuits; but for many a year he had led a most retired life, shunning society, despising appearance, accounted a miser, but in reality a most benevolent soul, and attached to scarcely an individual, till accident brought him acquainted with my little pet. My acquaintance was then courted by him, and in his oddities I took great delight. He used to drop in whenever he pleased; at times he almost became troublesome, yet I never could prevail on him to accept a special invitation. Since my return we had not exchanged a letter. This is all I know about my munificent friend, Peter L——, Esq. The circumstance of his making me his heir is another proof of the strange flights which riches take. Surely there was less folly in Mr. L.'s bequeathing me his wealth, than in Lord Kilmorey's leaving his estate to a stranger, because he bore the name of Needham.

Out of the news-room I hastened to the inn, and called for my horse, that I might, with all possible

speed, apprise those I loved of our astonishing fortune ; but, just as I reached my own door, another occurrence was communicated to me, which surprised me as much as the two I have related. Here I must pause, to express my wonder at the extraordinary conjunctions which sometimes impart to the common accidents of life all the visionary air of romance. Yet I am convinced, that almost every one, in the course of his existence, may recollect circumstances in his own history equally fortuitous, and perhaps as interestingly simultaneous.

N^o. III.

PREACHING.



At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.

GOLDSMITH.

I HAVE alluded to the salutary effects of Dr. Malcom's preaching on my mind, when sinking under misfortune. The irreligious may scoff at such ideas, but experience will discover that our only consolation in real trouble is to be found in the refuge of piety. When assured of the coldness of this world, is it not warming ourselves to turn to the benevolence of Heaven? He whose portion is present misery, may enrich himself by drawing on futurity. For this reason, I would not too severely censure—in some instances I could almost applaud

—even hypocrisy in Christianity. What chance has the practical atheist of improvement? *He* never goes near the house of God—the *hypocrite* does; and, therefore, is in the way of having his heart affected by some powerful appeal to his understanding.

In this point of view, I consider a good preacher as one of his Majesty's most valuable subjects. It is deeply to be regretted, however, that so few Dr. Malcoms ornament the pulpits of this religious land. It is not sufficient that a clergyman be a good and irreproachable character; he must be a talented, a gifted one, practically to benefit his country. It is not enough that he is able to write an unexceptionable sermon; he must possess the power of delivering it impressively, and with unction, or he may as well let the town-cryer read his labours. If we enter nine places of worship out of ten, we must be convinced that not one clergyman in nine ought ever to have been ordained. It is in vain that we are told not to go to church for the purpose of criticizing a sermon, but to humble ourselves, and examine our own hearts, if the preacher possess not the energy to arouse our attention, and

engage the ear to drink the music of his tones and sentences. How often have I experienced the strongest inclination to fix my whole soul on what I was hearing; when, in defiance of that inclination, the monotonous and stupid manner in which the preacher delivered his discourse has so wearied me, that my busy mind has flown for refuge to unsolicited fancies! Ay, they will tell you, it is the devil that puts these fancies into your head; but ask them, How it comes that you are never subjected to wandering thoughts, whilst a preacher of eminence is addressing you, more than when a celebrated actor is delineating life? Each takes complete possession of your senses; under the dominion of either, your ear and eye are not their own masters, more than your fancy and understanding.

How careful, then, should those men be, with whom it rests to sanction the claim of candidates for the clerical profession, not to allow one to pass who is not stamped by nature with the will, and the power, to enforce the doctrines of divine truth. Alas! this can never be while interest fills the church. Hence the coldness to all the duties of religion, which we too frequently behold.

But I am wandering from the objects of this sketch, which were briefly to describe Dr. Malcom's manner, and character; and to relate an affecting little story, connected with the happy influence of his preaching.

Under a splendid testimony to his worth and talent, Dr. Malcom now lies in the Presbyterian meeting-house-yard of Newry. To the congregation in that town he had been minister nearly twenty years, and every year he grew more and more in favour with God and man. Even and tranquil was the tenor of his course. His life, as a man, rarely exhibits a vicissitude; but, as a servant of God, he was a hero in the cause of his religion. In the interests of his fellow-creatures, his activity may be traced through every day of his existence. Here he was visiting the poor—there he was clothing the naked—you heard him in the pulpit to-day—to-morrow you saw him assuaging the bitterness of party, and healing the distractions of his country—in print, you will find him as an author and a poet—in the synod you would have seen him respected by those who were most deserving of respect. The terrors of disease were not

sufficient to restrain him in his duty ; he caught the typhus fever in one of his visitations, and died in the prime of life in the year 1823.

On the day of his funeral—the most numerously attended funeral I ever witnessed—there was not a dry eye in Newry : Protestants, Catholics, every sect and class, in long procession, were all in tears, testifying the universally acknowledged worth of the man, and the general sorrow which was felt for his irreparable loss.

In person Dr. Malcom was of small stature ; and, at first, his manner and address excited an unfavourable prejudice. Yet this, by the strong contrast afterwards effected, proved an advantage : before an hour had been passed in his company, your heart and esteem were in complete captivity. It was in the pulpit, however, that he triumphed completely over the minds of his hearers. His mode of achieving such triumphs was perfectly in the style of Buonaparte. Napoleon commenced his attacks by a sort of general skirmish. So did Dr. Malcom. He began by gently rousing attention. Then, Buonaparte pushed forward his lines, and seemed inclined to make a general charge ; but contented

himself with a fire of musketry, or a distant cannonade. This was exactly Malcom's plan. He advanced upon you so as to create general alarm, and poured in a fire, slight, yet brisk, till you became all alive to his discharges. Buonaparte's third aim was to make a tremendous and unexpected attack upon some particular point, and carry all before the thunder of his artillery. This, also, was Dr. Malcom's object. Towards the end of his discourse he seemed to swell into gigantic bulk with his subject, melted his hearer in sympathy, or fired him with hope and joy, at pleasure. Yet he never overstepped the modesty of nature. Like a fine painting, he was all in harmony; and whether you gazed upon his quivering lip, or marked his motionless air, the same vivid colouring of nature charmed the sense.

I hope and trust that the miscellaneous works of Dr. Malcom will be given to the public. He was long a contributor to the *Newry Magazine*; and several of his Hymns, published in the collection under his own name, are excellent. Some of his Sermons have been printed at the request and expense of his congregation; but we yet require a

sketch of his valuable life, his private opinions, his habits and motives to action. Such a man should live in our libraries, as well as in our affections. The work might benefit his numerous family; and I earnestly press some one of his intimate friends to undertake it; embellishing the book, if possible, with a portrait of this distinguished preacher.

Dr. Malcom, like all other human beings, had his weaknesses—amiable weaknesses they certainly were. It is impossible to possess great talent without knowing it, for talent is generated by confidence in our own powers, and it never could be located in a tangible habitation but for that proper vanity, or rather pride, which urges genius in the pursuit of fame. Dr. Malcom had his share of this, as the following little characteristic and innocent anecdote will show.

At a large dinner party, when the Doctor got cheerful, or rather elevated above his general key, which was at all times that of satisfaction and resignation, he was once descanting with warmth on the pleasure he should have felt in being at the head of the deputation who presented the congratulatory address to his Majesty in Dublin, from the synod of Ulster. “If I had been of goodly stature,”

said the Doctor, with obvious self-satisfaction, "I should certainly not have declined the office; but I apprehended that his Majesty might receive an unfavourable impression of us, should the address be delivered by me."—"You ought not to have declined it, Doctor, on that account," replied a gentleman opposite; "for his Majesty has a mind that measures man by the standard of Dr. Watts, and you would have been a colossus in his eye towards the end of your interview." The Doctor's visual orbs twinkled at this compliment; and though, I believe, he recollected the allusion, he asked the gentleman to explain, and heard that it respected some lines which Dr. Watts is said to have spoken extemporaneously, in reply to one who derided his diminutive person. "Oh! yes, now I recollect," said the Doctor, "it is reported to have happened in company; and little Watts, with all the dignity of conscious worth, got up, and extending his hand, spoke them.—Pray, do they occur to you just now?"

" ' Were I so tall to reach the pole,
 And grasp the ocean with a span,
 I would be measured by my soul—
 The mind's the standard of a man ;'"

replied his friend, and it appeared to give the doctor high satisfaction. It seemed as though the compliment conveyed in the allusion and anecdote went to the very marrow of this excellent man, for he was excited by it during the whole evening, and became the very soul of the company; sparkling, like a rare diamond, as his beauties were drawn out by wine and conversation. Indeed, I am convinced that great men are often like children; so open—so void of disguise—so credulous—so easily imposed upon, that their very souls may be read in their faces; and, in their weak moments, the little peculiarities of natural infirmity are discovered far more easily than in the guarded artificial minds of this world's stamp.

If the spirits of the dead can, as is supposed by many, look down from heaven, and feel an interest in sublunary things, the immortal part of Dr. Malcom must have experienced indescribable sensations of pleasure, from the honours which were paid to his memory by all who knew him. His praises were the theme of prose and verse in long succession. Mr. Stuart, the elegant author of "Memoirs of Armagh," who is also an inspired poet, made the

“Belfast News Letter,” of which he is the conductor, ring with eulogies on Dr. Malcom. The Rev. H. Boyd, well known as the translator of Dante, appeared as his panegyrist in the “Newry Telegraph,” followed by a host of Irish talent, as well in the north as in the south; for Dublin contributed her wreaths of bay to decorate his cold brow. Amongst the poetical effusions of the time, there was one in which the famous letter of Buonaparte to Madame Bruere, whose husband fell in the battle of the Nile, was poetized, as a consolation for the widow of the lamented Doctor; and as it may serve to console others under similar deprivation, I, with pleasure, insert the part to which I allude.

“ But, O thou mourning one, to whom 't was given
To know the worth that now resides in heaven;
Thy nameless grief with ease we can conceive,
When that is lost most loved we frenzied rave;
At first in solitude with tearless eye,
The mind and body shake, and seem to die;
The soul's amazing faculties are lost:
External taste and feeling quit their post,
The mental tyrant chains up kind relief,
And paints for inward sight all things with grief:
Our all seems gone—all—all we wished to save,
And hope presents no comfort but the grave.
We hate the world, upon whose smiling face
Nothing but apathy the heart can trace.

Yet when old Time has laid the waves asleep,
 Like Zephyr hov'ring o'er the troubled deep,
 We see all is not lost that glads the sight,
 The visual orb then feels external light—
 No more to love and tenderness like steel,
 We clasp our offspring, and the parent feel.—
 My counsel is, indulge at first thy tears,
 Then turn and form thy children's opening years—
 O! teach thy sons to emulate their sire,
 And to bright immortality aspire—
 The public loss thou thus wilt yet restore,
 In gold as heavy as the former ore.
 And when thou think'st of earthly things still dear,
 Or count'st those joys that life's sad prospect cheer,
 On this consoling truth thou may'st depend—
 That he who knew thy husband is thy friend."

I shall now proceed to relate a brief story, which proves the powerful effect of preaching on the human mind, and places the Rev. Dr. Malcom in another interesting point of view.

Charlotte is the daughter of a respectable man and a worthy woman, in a middle station of life. Their comfortable thatched house and well stocked farm-yard display all the fulness, contentment, and industry of a bee-hive. Charlotte grew up like one of the flowers of her own little garden, all life, innocence, and love. The lambkin that skipped on

the green was not more happy than she. To-morrow and its cares never occurred to Charlotte ; hope streamed upon her in such continued day that the rainbow of pleasure was never absent ; and in the avidity of youthful pursuit she entirely forgot how often it had escaped her grasp.

The reader will surmise, from this slight sketch of Charlotte, that her temperament was too sanguine for robust happiness.—True ; she was one of those dear girls so much alive to sensibility that the chance was ten to one against her sailing through life so steadily as to avoid the whirlpools of passion, and the quicksands of affection, which lie under the beautifully blue waves of existence. Well, she was now like the rose that often ornamented her white-robed bosom, full blown ; but far—very far indeed, from the ripeness which drops off the stalk. The tints of nature were all spread in full carnation on her transparent complexion. Her lips were brighter than the autumn berries that coralled her father's hedges. The snow on the blue mountain was not whiter than her neck and forehead. Her eyes were blue, and her hair was black ; sweet was

her voice as the song of love, and trippingly her tall round panting figure moved, like Fancy led by Time in the picture.

“ Her looks were like beams of the morning sun,
Forth-looking through the window of the east,
When first the fleecie cattle have begun
Upon the perled grass to make their feast.”

Such was Charlotte when her father introduced a young man, the son of an old friend residing in Dublin, to his family. William Barton displayed all the freedom of manners which a city education imparts. He talked to Charlotte of the charms of Dublin—of the theatres—the promenades—in short, of every thing; till the poor girl's head became quite light with gazing at fancy pictures. To say what is just of Mr. William, he was a very smart, handsome, dashing youth; and I really do not know any girl of Charlotte's age who could have avoided smiling, under the magic of his attention. Knowing, however, as much as I know, I can affirm that William Barton was a very close, worldly-dispositioned young fellow, who had made up his mind to play with the girls as anglers do with trouts, but not to throw himself, as he termed

it, away on a painted Venus of straw. He was as cunning as Fielding's Blifil, without his repelling manners. So old-fashioned were his reflections, that he determined never to let a servant brush his coat, but to perform that office himself; for, said he, "The knave scrubs the nap off it, so that it may become shabby, and fall soon to his lot."

The case of an artless, innocent, credulous, young creature, like Charlotte, thus exposed to the heartless, unprincipled, flattering addresses of a cold-blooded calculator like William, is truly a deplorable consideration. Yet I much fear that many a lovely girl sinks into a youthful grave, from misunderstanding the attentions of professing lovers. We see so many faces, in a few years changed from the colour of joy to the hue of despair, among the young females of our acquaintance—so many who die of consumptions, and pine away no one can tell why, or how; that I am convinced a broken heart is too often the disease. I never see a young girl looking pale and sickly, that I do not suspect some thoughtless young fellow of exciting hopes in her breast by his love speeches, and then leaving her to be moon-struck, whilst he amuses himself by

addressing another. It is the greatest cruelty a young man can be guilty of, to go far in winning affection which is restrained from confession till pressed warmly to give up a secret her eyes have revealed a hundred times. As the poor camel will continue to struggle, without uttering a groan, under a load which is beyond his strength, till he wastes away, and sinks in death; so the love-sick maiden must be mute under torture, never tell her tale of heart-burning, but, like Shakspeare's Patience, smile at grief. O! how I pity the young heart suffering under inexpressible passion; expecting every hour to hear the question uppermost in thought; disappointed, and trifled with, till the roses forsake her cheeks, the rubies her lips, and the diamonds her eyes; till her pining soul, acting as a corrosive on her body, destroys the fascination she possessed, the power on which she relied, and leaves the emaciated drooping lily to be plucked and embraced by death.

The reader anticipates that it was poor Charlotte's misfortune to feel the bitterness of doubtful love. William came often to see her; uninvited he would come down on the coach from Dublin,

take up a position at her father's for several days at a time, shoot and hunt over the farm, and of course make love with eye and tongue to Charlotte. William's father had opened his mind to Charlotte's, assuring his friend that nothing could afford him more heart-felt satisfaction than the prospect of a union between their families. As a lover, therefore, he was received by Charlotte's warm parents, entertained as their most valued guest, and permitted to converse freely with the object of his supposed visits.

It has been said—alas! what absurdity has not found a tongue?—that no girl should ever answer a question till she be asked; or, in plainer phrase, that she should never love till on the point of marriage. Would it were possible! But if it be natural for women to love as well as men—and who doubts it?—the poor girl can no more help letting her heart follow her eye, than I can prevent my sight from resting on beauty, or my palate from tasting what is put into my mouth. Although William had never offered marriage to Charlotte in words, he had given her to understand that it was his intention to do so; or at least, he had left her

imagination loaded, like the wings of a bee, with the honey of such belief. He had also told her that it was death to be absent from her ; and he had induced her to answer letters which he privately sent her, without communicating their contents to her parents. It is not my intention to charge Mr. Barton with any intention of seducing Charlotte ; he was too cautious and cold for that. What his unprincipled and unmeaning views were, I pretend not to surmise ; but this I know, that after dangling three years after the poor girl, he seemed to forget her ; and she had the misfortune to ascertain by her inquiries that he was courting another.

To describe her anguish is impossible. For a long time she dwelt, with intensity of thought, upon that single point, the falsehood of the world ; as though the villany of one had arraigned and convicted the whole. This is the delusion we fall into in grief ; we magnify exceptions into rules, and charge God and man with injustice for individual deviation. Charlotte's appearance soon indicated that something was wrong ; but she would not acknowledge that the pressure was mental. Her stomach took a diseased tone from her brain, and

spread a yellow hue over her lovely face. A white streak occasionally encompassed her mouth, as though the compression of her lips were painful; and an alarming paleness, on the centre of the cheek, too truly betokened suffering at the heart's inmost core. Poor girl! she would for hours gaze wistfully at the fire—then she would start—and sigh—and her head would feel as heavy as a stone. Her old father and mother, who were sensible and tender-hearted people, hung over their child with sorrowful looks, yet feared to utter their apprehensions. Alas! poor Charlotte! she was blooded, and dosed, and exercised. She lost her memory—sat chaunting mournful songs—seemed passively insensible to all that was done—gazed constantly at the fire—drew tears from the eyes of her friends by long-drawn sighs, and starts of apprehension—told them she knew she was going mad—and in short, the most intense anxiety was felt respecting her.—What can be more affecting than the sight of an Ophelia in real life? To see the spirit of a drooping resigned maniac, in the form of an angel, spreading terror over the looks which were a little before all life, love, and light—O God! O God! it is

terrible.—Keep me from ever beholding it again, my Father!

For a considerable time this state of her feelings continued. The slightest noise alarmed her, and filled the seat of thought with gloom and fear. Her mother at last discovered that she had received letters from William, and had written to him; and it was also found that the false-hearted rascal—for I must descend to call him so—was on the point of being married to a five hundred pounder in Capel-street. These circumstances convinced Charlotte's parents that her disease was of the mind; and in order to amuse her she was sent on a visit to Newry, where her mother, who accompanied her, went to hear the celebrated Dr. Malcom preach.

Charlotte, who was of a religious turn, was present on the occasion, though seemingly inattentive to passing events; but the very tone of the doctor's fine voice aroused and excited her, like music. As he proceeded she forgot herself; and, towards the latter part of his sermon, when the doctor addressed his young friends on their duties to God, to man, and to themselves, Charlotte became so affected that she bowed her head, and burst into a flood of

tears. This appears to have relieved her intellect ; as, upon returning home, she requested her mother to read a certain chapter of Job, to which Doctor Malcom had referred ; and from that day her convalescence commenced. In a few weeks Charlotte was perfectly restored to hope, joy, and friendship. She heard the marriage of Mr. William Barton announced ; and such was the strength of her mind, that she congratulated herself on escaping from a man who could treat a fond heart as he had treated hers.

And Charlotte is now a happy wife ; blessed with a husband in whose honour and principle she may repose ; and with every prospect of felicity here and hereafter. Let us never despond—but be ready to say, after every storm—“ All’s well that ends well.”

N^o. IV.

THE NEWS-ROOM.



It was but with that dawning morn
 That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn
 To drown his love in war's wild roar,
 Nor think of Ellen Douglas more ;
 But he who stems a stream with sand,
 And fetters flame with flaxen band,
 Has yet a harder task to prove—
 By firm resolve to conquer love !

SCOTT.

I AGREE with the poet in the praise he has bestowed on the welcome of an inn. Appear at one in the garb of a gentleman, and with the purse of a prodigal ; obsequious ceremony bows to you down to the ground, as my lord of the King's Arms, anticipating attention, removes your wants in the form of humble servility, and you see smiling invitation in the bright face of my lord's lady. But where, in this cold world, can you be more at

ease than in a news-room? Enter one in November, you are cheered with the curling blaze of Wigan; in the dog-days, you have an airy and spacious apartment, where your spleen may evaporate in denouncing heat. If inclined to know how the world is moving, you may abstract mind from your own centre, and travel to the poles. Should you be in a humour to indulge reflections on eye and ear views, there is generally, in a news-room, fertility without disappointment. In short, you may study character by fixing sight on the door, and judge of manner and feeling by what you hear.

It has been frequently observed, that a strong feature of every man's mind appears when he enters a room. This may be doubted, as dancing-masters have shaded the physiognomy of manner with sameness, so that we can no more distinguish a difference in systematized bows, than in the handwriting of boarding-school misses. Let a young lady, however, be quite at ease, and she forgets the curves of her writing-master in sweet contemplation of herself; so, when we enter a news-room, being quite unguarded, like Dante's cat, we drop the light of education, and show the cloven foot of nature;

therefore, phrenological properties may be looked for occasionally in penmanship, and generally with successful certainty at the door of a news-room.

When I see a man, on his entrance or exit, assume a self-sufficient air, crash the door behind him without feeling for its hinges, and dash in or out with the importance of somebody, I enter him in the tablet of my observation as a character willing to make a noise in the world, and anxious to be thought a person of consequence, of which there is doubt in his own mind. If, on the contrary, I see awkward hesitation in the address of a stranger at the door; if I observe that he is afraid to use a privilege which, at the same time, he knows belongs to him, I look that man as acting, not from a feeling of modesty, but from something in himself of which he is ashamed. Between these two extremes lie all the shades of character. You may detect vanity in turning at the door; pride, in a haughty condescending nod when entering; humility, in a noiseless approach; modesty, in an evident care not to disturb others; impudence, in a rattling careless manner; and the perfect gentleman in that

happy medium which at once commands your respect and approbation.

In like manner, character may be scanned by what you hear in a news-room. See that grave gentleman in black, how earnestly he pores on the page before him ! His lips move as he gulps down the political feast, and ever and anon you hear a smack : “ I perfectly agree with that ”—“ It meets my entire approbation ”—“ A most excellent plan, indeed ! ” with many other phrases of general complacency. What do you think of this approving reader ? I suspect, and afterwards find, him to be a neophyte of one of the great party organs, without an idea of his own ; he would think himself contaminated by reading the other side of the question. His noddle is completely crammed with prejudice ; which, like the cuckoo’s egg, dropped into any nest, produces what kicks out every thing but itself.

Next behold that sharp-faced, eagle-nosed, hawk-eyed, sprucely dressed personage, who slapped the door to with a bang that made the room bounce ; see how he furls his wrinkled brow over a page of

common sense ; and hear, with what a contemptuous yawn he sneers—" Downright stuff—nonsense—fudge !" The Lord keep me from such a critic as he would make ! He would act upon me as the sun does upon fire, I should be put out by his blaze ; but he would, in the same breath, do that which the sun does not, he would freeze the young buds of my green-house. In short, he is a man bursting with absolute opinion ; wise but in conceit, secretly thinking nothing out of himself worth thought.

To be brief, reflect upon the interruptions you hear in a news-room ; upon the follies you see in a news-room ; and on the variety that amuses both ear and eye in a news-room, and you cannot resist my advice to frequent one.

A news-room is now what an ordinary at an inn was four hundred years ago. All ranks mingle together round a table covered with political dishes. The Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* does not give a more faithful picture of manners in the age of Chaucer, than might be drawn from describing character as it appears in a modern reading-room. The nobleman and the grocer ; the priest and the

soldier ; the country gentleman and the town dandy ; the grave lawyer, sophisticated rustic, doctor, surgeon, apothecary, with all the high and low of a country town, are often seen together gaping for news.

To me, who spend much of my time in retirement, and speculate largely on what I observe in this curious world, the news-room of my neighbouring town—which, by the way, is called a coffee-room, though no such beverage is ever made in it—is of great importance. Herrick himself, who wrote charmingly on the charms of a country life, would, were he present, agree with me, that in *ne quid nimis* there is a great deal of good sense. One may be charmed to satiety. To keep up the tone of my mind, I fly, when tired of rural sameness, to the busy town, read human faces, and in the news-room contemplate character.

It is, in fact, all the world in miniature. The lives of those who frequent our news-room abound in variety of curious incident. What lessons of wisdom a lover of wisdom may pick up in such a place ! See that desponding, tall, thin, gentleman-like person, with the Literary Gazette before him.

He received a classical education, a liberal introduction into the world, married a lady with considerable fortune, and inherited from his father enough, and a little to spare. What makes him look so melancholy? His Hebrew and Greek he never converted into self-knowledge: independence made him proud; his wife was extravagant; he is now almost a beggar, surrounded by a numerous family; and his memory is worried and scotched with regrets. Instead of redeeming the past by exertion, he is paralyzing energy by useless chagrin. Now, look at his contrast:—mark that stout, happy-faced man, with the Liverpool Advertiser in his hand. He commenced life with nothing but one of the humblest handicrafts. Why is his countenance so cheerful? He is now worth upwards of seventy thousand pounds, and knows how to make such a use of it, as to be a valuable and respected member of society. What do these two instances teach? That it is better to leave a child treasure in sense than in gold, for wisdom makes its own rich mine, whilst folly extracts poverty from wealth.

Do you see that personage, with eyes riveted so closely to the Morning Chronicle, as though he

dreaded to look in the face of the world? He affords a proof that great wealth alone, even when spent lavishly, will not purchase respect. Now, look at his contrast. There he stands, graceful and easy, with the Courier in his hand. You know him at once to be a gentleman by his bearing; he oversteps not nature's modesty in any thing. His fortune is not large, but he does not spend it all for himself. He knows that riches may be freely used, yet misapplied. In short, he makes use of his moderate fortune so as to command the high commendation of rich and poor, and the secret approbation of his own benevolent heart.

There sits a proof that prejudice is even stronger than loyalty. See how he devours the John Bull, and shakes his head at violence: approving of it on his own side, condemning it on the opposite. He is a staunch Orangeman, although he knows that his king and the government of Ireland have set power against party; and he would carouse "the glorious memory" at—no improbable contingency—the expense of riot, murder, and rebellion. He subscribes to societies for converting Jews and Mahomedans; yet he does not extend Christian charity

to Roman Catholics. He talks of equality, glorious British liberty, and universal philanthropy ; yet he votes against extending the rights of the constitution which he praises, to his fellow-countrymen and brethren in Christianity.

Well ! dark as he is, the night of his mind is not more murky than his whom you see reading the Edinburgh Review. He professes that his religion is the purest and the best, yet he dreads proselytism. He believes and acknowledges, that by divine inspiration the Holy Scriptures were written, yet he says their perusal is improper and injurious ; as though God would write a book for the benefit of mankind that should not be read. He pays the Catholic rent, and supports his party, whilst he loudly condemns in others what he approves in himself. These men's conduct illustrates the apophthegm—" He can see the beam in his brother's eye, but not the mote in his own."

How many contrasts may be seen in a news-room, all pregnant with useful instruction ! To describe them in detail would be perhaps tedious ; for such characters are found in every concentration of society over the wide world : human pas-

sions and affections, human feelings and desires, being every where nearly the same. We have good husbands and bad ones; kind and austere fathers; men faithful in all the connexions of life; and others, unhallowed by the dereliction of every sacred and bounden duty, in our news-room.

I like to frequent it also, and look earnestly in every strange face, in the hope of discovering the faded features of some long-ago-known friend or acquaintance. There is nothing more pleasing to a man, who has bustled about a good while in the world, than unexpectedly to cross an old companion. It is a sort of resurrection from the dead; we meet a ghost of whom we are not afraid, knowing the mutation to be that of flesh and blood. How interesting it is to meet and trace these changes in another, which we do not perceive in ourselves. I scarcely know any thing more delightful than to live over the past, with another heart which has beaten, like our own, to the vicissitudes of life, and which now responds our feelings in the associations of kindred memory. It is enjoying time and fortune twice. This dear and rare satisfaction I experienced the other day, in our news-room; and

the pleasure of it I cannot enjoy without imparting.

I was amusing myself, with an eye to the door, and an ear open to what I should hear, when a face appeared in the glass, which reminded me of one I had often gazed on with pleasure some ten years ago. It was a fine weather-beaten, soldier-like countenance, full of expression and fire. Immediately the door opened, and a figure, corresponding in every respect to the image which the face had raised in my mind, entered the room. I started up and caught his eye. "Charles"—"Harry." A warm grasp gave a quick pulse to my heart, and for some moments I could not ask, "What fortunate chance has given thee to my sight, Harry?"

"The coach rattled me from Dublin to-day," answered he; "I came from London thither post-haste, and I am so far on my way to Scotland."

"We part not soon, Hal," said I: "A well-aired pair of sheets will receive you to-night at my retreat, and the best cheer shall be mustered to make you talkative."

You have now to sketch in imagination a com-

fortable parlour, a cheerful fire, decanters, and other after-dinner paraphernalia, enlivened by my friend's animated countenance, and my own beaming with curiosity to hear of the changes which time had produced in his *corps*, and my own old well-beloved regiment, since my retirement from the look-out post of personal observation. My "*ain dear lassie, and a' the wee flock,*" had left us to enjoy our glass, and "*Auld lang syne.*" There he sat on one side of the fire, whilst I filled space on the other, with our table-arm lolling familiarly; instead of that bolt-uprightness of posture, so indispensable an ingredient of stiff-necked intercourse.

What a difference is made by the flight of a few years, in any scene of human enjoyment! Leave a regiment for ten circles of our planet round the sun, and you will scarcely find a friend to greet you in it.

"Why did our worthy old Colonel sell out, Hal," asked I; "and what air does his benevolent breath warm at present?"

"He was anxious to realize something for his two daughters, in the event of death's cashiering

stroke, therefore disposed of his lieutenant-colonelcy ; and with a sigh, and the heart-drop of an old soldier, he said, ‘ Farewell the plumed troops, and the big war, and the neighing steed, and the shrill trump, and the spirit-stirring drum, and the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war ! Old long-known friends, farewell !’ We gave him a piece of plate with our hearts inscribed on it, and we all had crape in our looks, if not on our arms, the day he left us. But we ought surely to have rejoiced in what constituted his happiness. He is now in possession of the *otium* he had long in view ; just far enough from London to be out of its suffocating atmosphere, and sufficiently near to revivify in its variety occasionally.”

“ What became of M——, your celebrated duellist ? Why, he pinked one half of you before he left the *corps*.”

“ And shot Captain C—— dead on the spot. It was reported he died of apoplexy ; all was fair, and the parties brought him home in his palanquin, managing the business so adroitly that no inquiry ever took place. But M—— soon terminated his

own career. He quitted us by exchange into a regiment of dragoons, quarrelled with a brother officer at mess, drew his sword upon him, which the other instantly imitated, and, before the beholders could interfere, M ——'s head was without speculation—it was cut off as nicely as though the axe that beheaded Anne Bullen had done the deed. His executioner was tried by the civil power at Madras, but a jury acquitted him.”

You have the above merely as a specimen of our conversation. We soon ran through the old boys of the two regiments, and talked of ourselves, when I received the following brief narrative of Harry's delicate affair with Mrs. ——, which I am at liberty to make public; and from it may be deduced this truth, that a husband's folly often produces his own dishonour; as it is the part of wisdom, in praying to be kept out of temptation, to use proper exertion to prevent others from falling into it. Poor Hal's history of his infatuation describes feelingly and truly the frailty of human strength; that safety alone lies in flight from female fascination, and that friendship and honour are not such securities in love as domestic

happiness ought, in risking destruction, to accept.
I shall entitle his instructive story

THE FOLLY OF CONFIDENCE.

My readers will, I trust, perceive, that although I sketch from life, I am most anxious not in any degree to inflict personal pain. In my friend's narrative, I have suppressed the names of places and persons, and fixed the scene of action at a distance from where it occurred. It is my object and intention, that what is truly useful may be obvious, and easily extracted from these pages; but I am equally careful that no person shall have the power of pointing out individuals alluded to in this work, when there is any characteristic adduced involving delicacy of feeling. After this preface, I leave Hal to tell his own story.

“ There is in the west of England a country town, using the language of Butler, ‘ to those who dwell therein well known,’ near which stands the ancient seat of Arden Hall. To describe it would add but little to the interest of what I have to say. It is enough for my purpose to mention, that it is large and comfortable, tastefully decorated, situ-

ated in a most charming country, and surrounded by a domain, in which the perfection of art has endeavoured to give the utmost charm to the beauties of nature. This delightful retirement belonged to General Arden, whom, I believe, you never saw. When I joined the regiment, in which I displayed an Ensign's vanity, he commanded it; he patronised me; I was afterwards his aide-de-camp, the depository of his confidence, in short his acknowledged friend. And I really felt not only gratitude, but love, for a man who had so signally served a young soldier for himself alone; for I had neither great interest nor splendid connexion.

“ I sha'll pass over several years. The general returned to England, having realized the object of his wishes. He married, and domesticated at Arden Hall, the seat of his ancestors, whence he often wrote to me, describing the charms of his young wife, and the felicities of his union, in the language of rapture. At length my regiment returned from India, and—as junior Major, it was my lot—I had to face half-pay. General Arden was one of the first, on my arrival, to grasp my

hand, to press me to his friendly breast, and to insist on my making his house and table, for an indefinite time, my home.

“ In fact, I had no sooner arranged my affairs in London, than I found myself in his carriage, rattling off to Arden Hall. Whilst I was fully sensible of the hospitality and kindness of the General, I was deeply affected at the obvious changes for the worse in my excellent friend’s mind and body. His constitution was evidently breaking up, and his conversation indicated an intellectual puerility worse than childishness. He retained the impression of past pleasures, and had every wish to prolong enjoyment, but inclination alone remained. His head would nod like that of a Chinese mandarin in a toy-shop, over his second glass, and sound sleep would wrap sense in forgetfulness, whilst expatiating on the charms of his lady. O the depth of human folly ! He was a modern Candaules. Not contented with silent enjoyment, he committed treason against delicacy in the kingdom of secrecy ; he insulted the goddess of Hymen, to whom he had sacrificed, by revealing her mysteries.

“ What could I do? The want of one of my senses on such occasions would have been a blessing. If I had been deaf, I could not have been poisoned by sound through the medium of hearing. In short, before the plantations round Arden Hall appeared in sight, my imagination was filled with the image of my friend’s wife. I gazed in thought on coral lips, like rose-buds dipped in dew, revealing a double row of pearls, more precious to eye-homage than all the gems of ocean. A complexion transparent beyond all comparison—cheeks that paled the rose with envy—eyes, whose beam possessed more animation than the fire stolen by Prometheus—a figure more temptingly round and inexpressibly exquisite than has been given by art unto Venus—a bosom whiter than snow, and warmer than love, swelling and subsiding with soft sighs of deep feeling—a mind accomplished, and a taste matured—in a word, on an image of loveliness that man cannot behold and remain his own master.

“ If I had known myself, if I had known human frailty, I should have never looked upon the reality of my mental fascination. I was proud in con-

fidence, armed with friendship, as I thought with integrity invulnerable, and though by no means a Joseph in general, yet in this particular case, a very Joe.

“ At length we reached my friend’s hospitable mansion. You may conceive how cold I endeavoured to feel; but how many degrees above freezing did the mercury of my thermometer climb, when I saw Mrs. Arden, saw how far she surpassed the shadow of my imagining? Yet I thought myself perfectly secure from being pierced by any love-shaft, when I stood behind the shield of honour and friendship. Alas! for confidence—alas! for honour—and alas! for friendship. A lass will storm their entrenchments, and, like Joan of Arc, without witchcraft, enter the garrison of the human heart victorious. But I shall describe some of the personages I met at Arden Hall, where I took up a position, for they are entitled to brief notice, as well on their own account as for their connexion with my story.

“ Mrs. Arden’s mother and sister were on a visit at Arden Hall, when I arrived there with the General. The old lady had been the belle of her

day. At sixteen she made use of a ladder of ropes, and, from a second story, dropped into the arms of a merchant's clerk, who rattled her, as fast as post horses could make the wheels of a chaise circulate, to Greta, where one of Vulcan's descendants, a rare but effectual refuge for lovers, forged a chain which linked the young couple for better for worse. I did not behold, and therefore cannot describe the grief and rage of her father and mother, at seeing their only child the wife of a beggar. Yes, this was what he was called, though a youth of good family, a young man of talent, prepossessing manners, pleasing exterior, and substantially promising prospects in the field of commerce. Such was the obstinate passion of the old couple, that our young lovers were left in the full enjoyment of love in a cottage, till in the course of time, our happy husband rose to be partner in that firm whose books he had kept, and in no want of his father-in-law's fortune. Then a reconciliation took place; and, on the death of the old people, our merchant became possessed of what would have been of infinite use to him at his outset in life. Subsequently, however, a suit in chancery commenced between the

partners, in consequence of a quarrel, which broke up the firm, and, after a litigation of many years, Mrs. Arden's father died of a broken heart at the law's delay, leaving her mother, herself, and one sister the wreck of his fortune, which hardly afforded them the comforts of genteel existence. Mrs. Arden's beauty was therefore bartered for the General's possessions, by her mother, who, notwithstanding her own experience, considered the girl a fool that would think of marrying for love. Ambition and ostentation were now her passion and foible. One was the pope of her mind, and the other the mode of her idolatry. She had long opposed the wishes of her youngest daughter, who was deeply enamoured of a gallant young officer, but because he could not show a long rent-roll, a certain parliamentary introduction, and an imposing line of ancestry, she refused her consent, and promoted the object of Sir Harry L——, who aimed at seducing her married child, without subjecting himself to a prosecution for breach of promise to the young lady. In person, Mrs. Arden's mother was tall, and not ungraceful, but her countenance had a bloated appearance, though she had not passed

the age of six-and-forty, nor renounced the idea of marriage herself. She was pompous in language, extravagant in dress, and passionately fond of cards and dice.

“ Miss Fanny, her daughter, was really a pretty girl, and, without describing her features, you may conceive what she was, by comparing her to the most interesting charmer you know. However, she was below the standard of comparison with Mrs. Arden, although a family likeness might be traced. Sighing and crying had given a paleness to her cheek, that looked like melancholy; but as hope still cheered her in prospect, she wore not the gloom of despair; nor did she smile at grief. No; she met disappointment with courage and passion, determined, that since mamma would not give her the man of her choice by *fair* means, ingenuity should accomplish it by *some* means; and that by *no* means would she be forced to pronounce the little monosyllable that should make her the wife of Sir Harry L——, or of any other, except her own dear Edward.

“ Sir Harry L—— was a dashing young baronet, and the proprietor of a large estate near Arden

Hall. He was a silent member of parliament, but no man had more to say to the ladies ; considering himself a perfect master of killing glances, and melting expressions, he never thought but of himself and his own gratification. Many victims had already fallen to his artfulness, and heartlessly he left all of them in pursuit of new attraction. Mrs. Arden was by far the highest game he had ever chased. He saw her united to a man that might have been her father ; knew that love never forged such chains ; said he pitied her ; and laid his plan with consummate art, by approaches through the sister, for her destruction and his own gratification. He did not want courage, although a bit of a dandy : having distinguished himself in five or six bloodless affairs of honour, he considered himself a veteran in such campaigns ; looked big, spoke, and laughed with something very nearly like contempt for others, and made the amiable to every pretty woman, as though he dreaded neither repulse nor correction for impertinence.

“ I found Sir Harry almost an inmate of Arden Hall. He invited himself to dinner whenever he pleased ; lost his money to Mrs. Arden’s mother

at backgammon, with such a good grace, that he gilded her heart; made himself not inoffensive to the General; found that it was his wisest course to be cautious with me; knew that he was hateful to Fanny, yet worried her with barking love; and secretly watched his opportunity for making a favourable impression on Mrs. Arden. I disliked the man from the first, and on most occasions we shunned each other, without showing a pointed wish to do so. Of course I felt bound to be commonly courteous to any guest of my friend, and I could not reasonably complain of Sir Harry for not pressing his acquaintance on one who internally declined it.

“ Of the other visitors at Arden Hall, and the numerous circle of the General’s society, I feel it unnecessary to speak. They were, like associates in all other large circles, envious of each other; proud and haughty to their inferiors; ambitious to outshine one another, even to the injury of happiness and fortune; and, gratified at every exposure of character, railing against others for petty faults of which every one was guilty.

“ Weeks and months passed away in a perfect

whirl. The General required his nightcap five nights in the week, when Mrs. Arden, her mother, and sister were just commencing their *At homes*, or ordering the carriage. But his friend Hal was there to *chaperon* the ladies, and Sir Harry being forced to bend his stiff neck to Miss Fanny, Mrs. Arden nearly always fell under my protection. She seemed fully sensible of my attentions, and for a long time received them as those of a brother: most certainly I tendered my civilities in that sense alone, and though I felt, deeply felt, magic in her touch, yet I exerted every nerve to display indifference. No syllable passed my lips but such as conveyed profound respect, and, as far as I could command my eyes, they never testified my heart's emotion. Yet, in a very short time, I remarked a total alteration in Mrs. Arden's manner towards me. If I failed in any attention, she seemed hurt, and her colour rose; if we remained *tête-à-tête*, she left me to keep up the ball of conversation by myself, merely answering by monosyllables, whereas before, her share in entertaining was considerable. She often sighed, and sometimes I thought a blush suffused her cheeks, when no remark or incident

called forth emotion. Occasionally she appeared to show ill temper towards me, at others her manner was kinder than I desired, and the pressure of her arm aroused thoughts in me which I sedulously strove to suppress. I thought sometimes that she looked at me with tender languishment; the idea would vanish, and a flirtation with Sir Harry would possess me with a notion that he was her favourite. In fact, she went such lengths with familiarity, that scandal began to whisper, and nothing but Sir Harry's dangling after her sister kept rumour from bursting forth; for society at large concluded that a marriage was actually to take place, although Sir Harry had never put a question on the subject to poor Fanny. That was what she wanted, in order to get rid of him. Delicacy of course prevented her from showing airs of dislike to a man whom she could not pretend to say had serious views respecting her. This was deep management in the dandy. He touched the weak side of the mother, and made her believe that he must cure the heart he intended to secure of all former impressions before he ventured to make a proposal. Meanwhile he saw every thing taking the turn he

wished. He had wormed himself round the vanity of Mrs. Arden. She seemed to like his nonsense. He at length thought he had her in a combustible state. Like an engineer, he prepared every thing for an explosion that would effect his purpose, laid his train, and lighted his match: or, rather, like a patient angler, he sat immoveable, till he thought he had the trout on his hook.

“ How he attempted to set Mrs. Arden in a blaze I know not. Whether he fell upon his knees, took her by the lily hand, and looked killingly in her sweet face, I cannot say, for I never could persuade her to tell me; or whether he clasped her in his embrace, and told her he would confer a favour by loving her to all eternity, I can only surmise. I know, however, that he did produce a loud, a thundering explosion. Mrs. Arden was never seen in such a tempest—lightning flashed from her eye—her voice imitated Jove—‘ Unhand me, ruffian! is this your love for my sister?’ exclaimed she, flying from the apartment, and rushing into the library, where the General and I were discussing the fortune of war that had lost and won the battle of Waterloo. ‘ Had I com-

manded,' said the General, 'I would—I would—I would—I would—I would—I would,' and he forgot what he was going to say. 'Or,' said I, by way of suggestion, to keep up the play of his curiosity, 'had Grouchy come upon the left—'

“ The word ‘left,’ had just escaped from my lips, when Mrs. Arden rushed in like a beautiful Fury—her hair dishevelled, or rather disordered, and the tears flowing down her face, looking like melted sparkling diamonds as they fell on the rich carpet. The General hobbled off his arm-chair, and I started into wonder, upsetting a table covered with books, which stood before us. With open mouths, and uplifted hands, we stared at Mrs. Arden, who could not find utterance for passion, and whose hurried exclamations were for some time quite unintelligible. I shall not pretend to describe how such a beautiful creature made herself understood ; but as the General’s friend, the moment I heard how she had been insulted, I rushed into the room where Sir Harry had the impudence still to remain, hoping that Mrs. Arden would return in a favourable temper, to meet his renewed embrace ; and applying the worst epithet

with which a gentleman should soil his lips to the scoundrel, I kicked him out of the house, telling him that he should have instant satisfaction.

“ It would be a waste of time to describe minutely the particulars of our meeting. Sir Harry insisted that we should fire, each holding the end of a pocket handkerchief ; but Colonel Freemantle, his friend (I think he was merely his second) objected to it. We were placed eight paces from each other, facing outwards, and, at a given signal, we were to make a half turn, and fire. As I had struck the baronet, I determined upon reserving my fire, although I saw his eye was sanguinary. I assumed also a fierce demeanour, anxious that he should not be at ease with respect to his personal safety. The least I expected, at such bloody distance, was to be wounded. You may judge of my agreeable sensations, when Sir Harry’s pistol flashed in the pan. I fired in the air, and certainly considered the business at an end. I assure you I would rather hazard my life in a duel than kill my adversary. Sir Harry was not satisfied without an apology : instead of making one, I repeated the term of reproach I had before used in

speaking of his conduct. I felt bound to do so, because the seconds were of opinion that it should go no farther; and my serious anger was again roused by the bullying assumption of superiority in the baronet, who attributed my mild conduct in the field to fear. We were again placed in hostile array; and as I found that my antagonist was determined to take my life if he could, I made up my mind to wing him. You know I used to hit a shilling's breadth at eight yards, and a half crown's at ten, nineteen times out of twenty. We fired.—Sir Harry's ball entered my neck just above the back part of my cravat, and grooved it quite across, but so slightly, as merely to cause a great flow of blood. He fell on receiving my fire. I had taken the line of his hip-bone: the contents of my Manton struck about an inch above it, and, diverging, passed out near the small of his back. He thought it was all over with him, and he had the generosity to assure me, before he was carried off, that, die or live, he considered my conduct perfectly honourable. 'Fly not,' said he, squeezing my hand: 'if I die, no prosecution shall ever take place; if I live, the General may have a pop at me when he

pleases, without any apprehension for consequences. I only regret not having made him wear horns ; as for you, that blood satisfies me.'

" I knew very well that he could not have talked thus, if his wound had been mortal. Our surgeon, however, shook his head, and with a pompous display of technical exposition, assured us that dreadful inflammation and fever would ensue, and that he greatly feared alarming tetanus. ' My invaluable friend, Dr. Morrison,' said he, ' has, in his treatise on tetanus, both idiopathic and symptomatic, so learnedly and experimentally, in Démerara, profoundly and obviously pointed out a mode of procedure instructive to the medical profession, and useful in the preservation of life to mankind in general, that I am prepared to meet death in that form, in such a manner as will puzzle his approaches. Yet, under existing circumstances, as the knowing ones acutely say, I will not pledge myself absolutely to defeat such an antagonist.'

" The gallant old General had taken down his pistols, and written a challenge, when he heard that Sir Harry L—— had no brains at all ; for report

spread that I had shot him dead upon the spot. I was, therefore, received by my friend and his wife with all demonstration of joy at my narrow escape, and professed gratitude for the manner in which I had periled my person to punish the base insulter. The General seemed fonder of his beautiful bed-fellow than ever, for he attributed her virtue to his power over her mind, or to something else that flattered his dotage.

“Another most unexpected consequence arose from this affair. Miss Fanny’s mother was perfectly astonished at what had happened, and so completely humiliated at finding how short-sighted she had been, that at length she acceded to the prayers of both daughters, that Edward should be admitted, and acknowledged as the intended husband of the sweet and constant girl. In short, she was permitted to write to him according to the dictates of her own heart; but as her tender and modest words were not communicated to me, I cannot pretend to guess them. This I know, however, that soon after, a very gentleman-like young fellow made his appearance at Arden Hall, as

the lover of Fanny, and became her shadow till the marriage day.

“ What a ticklish time it is for a young pair to spend in each other’s company, from the hour a pretty girl has blushing dropped her head on her lover’s shoulder, and either silently or verbally said, ‘ Yes, I love you so dearly that I am eternally yours !’ But what an eternity nearly a month must have appeared to Edward and Fanny, whose disappointments had given the keenest edge to affection ! Their noses were continually meeting, as if drawn together by attraction : they were constantly watching each other’s eyes, and I have often detected them sitting, after dinner, Fanny’s hand locked in Edward’s under the table. Sweet moments of expectation ! but dangerous for frail human beings ! Edward and Fanny sat before us, the picture of happiness and hope. I generally took Mrs. Arden’s place, to carve for her, and had her beside me. What her thoughts were when the General’s cough came across the table, or a twinge of the gout made him purse up his lean face, and cry out, ‘ Oh !’ I must leave you to conceive. I

must own I began to pity the poor young creature, and, in continually escorting her, and accompanying Edward and Fanny in their love walks, I occasionally half fancied myself her husband, or believed that she wished I were; for she would lean upon me so movingly, and look with such dove's eyes in my face, that I sometimes wished myself a thousand miles away, and at others, that my friend was in his grave. God help me! such an encroachment had temptation made on my honourable feeling, that I at length contemplated that event as at no great distance, and reconciled the thought with friendship. What a traitor the heart is! I could not have supposed, twelve months before it entered my breast, that such disloyalty could ever dwell in mine.

“ I had often thought Mrs. Arden was playing with my feelings, in her flirtations with Sir Harry L——. I was assured of it by her conduct towards him, and her tenderness to me afterwards. At length all doubt on the subject was removed by Mrs. Arden and me opening our whole hearts to each other. How this took place I cannot describe :

it was produced in a soft moment, and appeared more like an effusion of tender friendship than of love. We pitied each other, and seemed perfectly to understand every thought as it arose in our opposite breasts: in fact, Mrs. Arden's mind was like my own, equally inclined to honour, equally subject to passion and frailty. What did we do? We agreed to love platonically. She preached to me about glorious conquest over self, and I fortified her strength by quoting my obligations to her husband, and describing that man as a rascal who could think of dishonouring such a friend.

“ It is probable we never should have come to such a dangerous understanding, but for the constant excitement we felt from Edward and Fanny. However, we saw them man and wife, and they started to spend the honey-moon in a cottage General Arden had at a neighbouring watering place. On that evening, Mrs. Arden's mother, and the General, retired early to rest, leaving us to sit up and kill time. What her thoughts were, I leave you to imagine. Mine were so agitated, that I

remained long silent. At length we began to lecture each other on morals—wonderful! we quoted Shakespeare,

‘ He that is robb’d not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he ’s not robb’d at all.’

“ I really know not how these lines came into her head or mine, but certain I am that we quoted them together, and convinced am I, that in a few minutes after, my friend’s dishonour and my disgrace would have been effected, notwithstanding all our resolution and confidence, if an accident had not prevented foul crime.

“ Judge of our astonishment, when crash went something in the hall ; the door came into the parlour with a bang, and on the table jumped what I verily believed at the time to be the devil ! He began to make the most horrible faces at Mrs. Arden and me that ever I beheld. I was absolutely petrified with fear. The candles seemed to burn blue, and the room to smell of brimstone. All this was the work of a moment ; for the object of my

terror had not made more than a dozen grins when he was seized by his chain, which had made an alarming noise in his approach, by the butler—and I found that my guilty conscience had magnified a moderately sized monkey into a huge devil! Poor Mrs. Arden had fainted. At length, we recovered her; and she was conveyed to bed. The butler had purchased Jacko that day in town, and secured him, as he thought; but our devil had found a way of liberating himself, and, attracted by the light, had come to us a most unwelcome visitor.

“When Mrs. Arden and I met next morning we looked very silly. ‘Fly,’ said she, ‘from this house and dishonour; never see me more whilst I am the wife of your friend; there is no safety but in flight.’ I obeyed her; feigning business of importance I came over to Dublin, where I had in reality something to do. That being settled, I am now for Scotland, where perhaps I may take up my quarters for some time.”

“Well done,” said I, “friend Hal.—I thank thee for thy interesting story.—But pray what became of Sir Harry L——? Did the doctor conquer death

in tetanus, or were 'existing circumstances' too many for his depth and skill?"

"Sir Harry," said my friend, "recovered without a lock-jaw, but he will halt for life, which he well deserves."

Nº. V.

THE GIFT.



Wear this for me ; one out of suits with fortune ;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

SHAKSPEARE.

“ So, Charles,” continued my friend Henry, after he had finished the foregoing story, “ thy time is at present occupied in preparing sketches for the amusement of the public ? I shall feel much pleasure in sending you a manuscript, which describes particulars in the lives of a few individuals ; and I have no doubt, from such parts of it as I have perused, that you will find it worthy of a place in your Port-Folio. How it fell into my hands, I need not relate. You are at liberty to make what use you please of the incidents, substituting feigned names for real ones.

“ My dear Hal,” answered I, “ you will infinitely oblige me by such a gift ; for you cannot do an

author a greater piece of service than to enable him to write without expending thought."

And so, fair lady, or gallant sir, I proceed to lay before you Harry's present.

LIONEL AND EMILY.

Ah, me ! for aught that I could ever read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth.

SHAKESPEARE.

Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
 From forest cave her shrieking young,
 And calm the lonely lioness :
 But soothe not—mock not my distress.

BYRON.

Lord Conamore appeared to me nearly sixty, when I became acquainted with him. He had long since forsaken the thorny paths of ambition, and secluded himself much from the great world, passing his time on an estate, most beautifully situated on the sea-shore, and surrounded by romantic mountain scenery. A high chain of hills rose, not with disagreeable abruptness, from Conamore Lodge, and sheltered it on the north. Immediately to the south was the blue ocean, whose summer waves ripped

over silver sand almost up to the lawn, passing the charming little town of Conamore, pleasantly situated on a point; before which were at all times to be seen a variety of vessels lying close to the quays. Along the sides of the mountains marks of labour were apparent, wheresoever the eye roved. White cottages were scattered with delightful profusion, fenced fields proclaimed that labour was brown with toil; in spring the busy plough was seen, in summer the green waving crop, and in autumn the yellow, rich and sweetly varied tints of nature seemed as though they were crowning industry with golden smiles. At all seasons his Lordship might be seen viewing the roads he had cut along the hills, or admiring the plantations his taste had produced.

In person he was tall, and in deportment lofty and commanding; short in his manner, passionate in his actions, distant in his intercourse at one time, and at another unceremoniously familiar: kind-hearted, yet haughty and overbearing; benevolent, yet constantly railing at beggary; ever doing good, and yet inflicting injury; in short, an eccentric being whom many thought perfectly happy, but in reality one whom I found to be not above the lot of hu-

manity. His Lordship was as remarkable for singularity in dress as in manner. He wore a brown plain wig with a long queue, a broad-brimmed white hat, a coat entirely different from the fashion of his own times, an embroidered waistcoat which sloped away down his thighs: in the fields his legs were cased in huge boots; but in the drawing-room he appeared with polished shoes, gold buckles, white silk stockings, and kerseymere smallclothes.

Of Lord Conamore's household establishment, I need only introduce the reader to his maiden sister, Lady Constantia, a prim sprig of nobility, with sufficient family pride, and a strong passion for elevated society; to her niece, Lady Emily Temple, Lord Conamore's only child, a most charming girl; and to his Lordship's prime minister in and about Conamore, Mr. Peter Prentice, who was, to describe him in a word, as great an oddity as his master.

It was customary with Lord Conamore, on Midsummer eve, to give his tenants a treat and a dance on the lawn, while the genteel society in the vicinity and the neighbouring town were sumptuously entertained in the Lodge, after patronizing the light fantastic toe, among the lower orders on the green.

One of these annual festivals was at hand, when I, then on a visit with a relation at Conamore, received a polite invitation, and my acquaintance with the characters whom I introduce commenced.

The breath of summer never perfumed a more lovely evening than that in which my friend and I sallied forth to partake of the hospitality of Conamore Lodge. The cuckoo and corncrake were loud in expressing their pleasure, and ten thousand warblers made the ambient air delightfully vocal; while the bright sandy beach along which we walked was covered with innumerable species of life, all enjoying the serenity of nature and the glorious departure of the brilliant sun, sporting and racing from their sand-built habitations, and with insect wonder gazing perhaps at our stately march. All the blue bright expanse of ocean lay like an undulating plain of glass, unruffled save by the dip of marine birds that hovered over it kissing their own images. All was quiet in elemental existence. Echo multiplied the charms of hearing, and sight was gratified by seeing many an interesting object inverted; for as we rounded the point, Conamore Lodge, the scenery near it, and numerous persons approaching,

all appeared in the water topsy-turvy. It is impossible to sketch and do justice to such an animated picture as my eye met in every direction. On one side boats were plying the oar to and from vessels whose blood-red flags floated in compliments of acknowledgment and courtesy to the Lord of the soil ; while on the other the chain of hills, melting into purple tints, as evening advanced, displayed streaks of rosy fire from the illuminated cottages, and the parties bearing torches down the mountain towards the place of general resort. At once Conamore Lodge began to blaze with variegated light, and the trees around seemed as though they were covered with the fire-fly tribe. Such were the brilliancy of the illumination, and the industry of Peter Prentice to make his handy work visible, that every thing appeared more vividly distinct than at noon day.

Barrels of ale and kegs of whisky were placed under the care of stewards, on a mound or platform of earth in the centre of the lawn, which was crowded with the population for five miles round. His Lordship was receiving the congratulations of the different parties as they arrived with banners

and music ; for every family or clan had its own distinguishing insignia. He marshalled the whole, assisted by the indefatigable Peter, who appeared in full glory. Each company as it arrived was placed in position, and formed part of a periphery at a considerable distance from the mound on which the good stuff was in tempting visibility. Young and old, male and female, were at length seated on the velvet grass ; then his Lordship, standing on the platform with a glass in his hand, and the best words he could command at the tip of his tongue, signified how delighted he was to see his old friends once more assembled on Midsummer eve, gave his usual toast "*Bis mille faltah*," which I need not inform you is Irish for a thousand welcomes, drank off the contents, and passed the signal to Peter for the fiddles to strike up.

Immediately many a blue-frieze-coated mountaineer, with neat leg, and abundant spirit, made his unsophisticated bow to the black-eyed girl of his heart, and Irish jigs and minuets were soon danced that afforded me the greatest amusement. Every one knows what a contrast Irish music presents to the lover of harmony. Our slow tunes are perfect

“ die-aways,” and our quick ones as complete “ rattle-me-rounds” as Scotch reels. The musician in one case must palpitate along his strings in trembling fear of awaking a harsh tone ; in the other he must move finger and bow as though life and fortune depended upon celerity. Honest Peter had primed the scrapers of silk and catgut, and they performed their parts with such melancholy and vivacity that all hearts were truly electrified, and feet kept as good time as drum-sticks.

Have you ever seen an Irish minuet ? Perhaps not. Then it may be thus briefly described. Conceive two amorous Paddies leading out fair Shelahs, and forming a small square by standing in the four angles. The music immediately throws them into a melancholy attitude, and they gaze at each other as though in a state of complete fascination, during the first part of the tune. Then the boys doff their beavers, make a melting bow half way to the ground, which is returned by the lasses’ best curtsy ; they swim and sail about with as much grace as possible for some time ; when the gentlemen put on their hats, the ladies change places, extending their hands, each to her partner, and after a few repetitions the

minuet terminates as it commenced, with a deep bow and a curtsy.

The jig then follows ; the junior couple having taken their seats. Shelah chooses her favourite tune: the fiddler plays as fast as he is able to bow, and Paddy and his partner jump as high as ever they can, and introduce as many changes of their feet and postures as Irish invention and humour suggest ; sometimes labouring opposite one another, then sideways, diagonally, angularly, and circuitously, changing places, and striving to excite admiration by dancing each other down, in which Shelah generally succeeds, and when Paddy knocks under, the jig is done.

Meanwhile, Lady Constantia, and the lovely Emily, had collected all the fashionables of Conamore around them, and some of the young bucks of the place had proposed quadrilles, and been accepted as partners.

“ Who is that young man,” inquired I of my friend, “ with whom Lady Emily is dancing ?” He was a tall, elegantly formed youth, with a countenance in which you could read his heart ; and I saw at a glance that his whole soul was the willing cap-

tive of his charming partner, who was too unlettered in the lore of love to disguise from a searching eye, that of all the world he was the object of her decided choice.

“That youth,” answered my friend, “is Lionel Seymour, the reputed son of Dr. Seymour, the famous physician and antiquary of Conamore; I say reputed son, because I have private reasons for believing that he is the child of another and a greater man. Be this as it may, while Lord Conamore and the doctor have been deep in argument, whether St. Patrick ever existed or not, Lionel has fairly won the affections of the richest heiress in Ireland. Every one has eyes to see it except her father and the doctor, who I believe have never suspected how the case stands. But you see dissatisfaction on the brow of Lady Constantia, who thinks her niece disgraced by dancing with a plebeian partner, and determines in her own mind that such a connexion must be cut. You see how she swings and languishes about with that long-faced, red-haired, frowning-eyed fortune hunter.”

“Who is he?” asked I: “Lady Emily refused his hand as her partner with marked disgust. I

saw dislike, nay, hatred flash from her eye; what has he done to incur her displeasure?"

"That is Sir Bagnall Moncey," replied my friend; "a baronet with a thumping estate, but so poor that he will be a ruined man, unless he accomplish his object in making the lovely Lady Emily his bride, which I earnestly hope he never may; for I know him to be a gamester, and a heartless seducer of innocence; in fact, a character most deservedly detested in private, but one which will always be praised in the world so long as the purse of a prodigal can extort adulation. He has worried poor Emily till she absolutely loathes him. However, as he is countenanced by Lady Constantia, he does not despair; *spiro spero* is his motto, and *nil desperandum* his maxim in all actions of his life."

A quadrille or two induced the ladies to make their escape from the danger of night air; and the tenantry of Conamore having been left under the care of Peter, who knew his lordship's wishes well, and made them as happy as he could, we took up our quarters in the Lodge, to enjoy the pleasures of a ball and supper.

The ball room presented a gay and animated

scene, when I entered it. All the fair ladies had thrown off the bonnets and shawls, in which they danced on the lawn, and now appeared in the trophies of air, earth, and water, hanging on the arms of the beaux of Conamore, enjoying the strains of a fine military band, and marking the cadence with equal harmony of movement in an elegant circular promenade. It is on such occasions as this, we admire splendour, and feel captivated by the allurements of wealth. Who can look upon the combinations of art and taste in a spacious, highly decorated apartment, brilliantly lighted, without being sensibly touched by the Protean power of gold? Is not all that is dreary in this world susceptible of being transfigured by the magic of gold? May we not create the brilliancy of day from wax in the darkest night; and in the depth of winter produce the genial atmosphere of summer? Such were my feelings and thoughts on casting my eyes around, and surveying a scene so much resembling the sweet visions of fairy land, that I almost forgot I was an inhabitant of a vile planet whose gross exhalations are every moment flying up to heaven, loaded with the atrocities of man.

Such scenes, however, are so common that description would prove tedious. It is enough to say that every thing which art could contribute to the happiness of the night was provided by liberality. The room was kept so delightfully cool by an artificial circulation of iced and perfumed summer air, that we had the breathing fragrance around us of a flower garden. If Lady Emily had been even a plain girl, such is the attraction of rank and fortune, she would have shined the goddess of the night; but when it is considered how lovely she was in reality, it will not excite wonder that she should have been an idol of adoration. Were you to pluck a rose moist with dew, just bursting into luxuriant life, and gaze upon its laughing tints and infant softness, you could scarcely picture to imagination, by comparison, the delicate carnation of Emily's cheek, and the ruby lustre of her small delicious-looking lips. You must remember all that painting has done for Hebe, all that love has conjured up in Venus, and all that fancy suggests for the girl you would call an angel—then you will have an idea of what Emily Temple was—all blooming with delicate health, animated by love, and cheered with fond

hope—for how could she doubt or despair when Lionel was by her side?

At length the folding doors of the supper room were thrown open, and we passed through triumphal arches of laurel, pillars wreathed with flowers, variegated Chinese taper-shades, costly vases, rich Ottomans on Turkey carpets, to enjoy what lordly hospitality and sumptuous elegance had prepared.

Need I say more than this—every thing was provided that Ireland could supply. We had the delicacies of India and America, in short, of the world, in tempting profusion. We felt no crowding, no pressing at side tables; saw not poverty peeping over the shoulder of ostentation: no, all was convenience, comfort, and ease. The ices were creamed and oranged to perfection; the wines were cool, rich in flavour, and as various as earth produces; the liqueurs were above all panegyric; the dessert alone was a feast for kings; and the ornaments of the table were such as to gratify mental as well as physical taste. Conversation circulated like the glass, and exhilaration beamed in every eye. The silver tongue of Emily was heard to move sweetly, and

many a strain of thoughts-breathing and words-burning followed in lively and melancholy song.

Meanwhile, young men were amusing fair ladies' ears, and aiming at hearts, with the fascination of eye and tongue. Many a serious look mothers were casting at daughters, to repress natural vivacity. Dr. Seymour was entertaining Lord Conamore with an account of the ruins of *Evan Macha*, sometimes called *Teagh na Heamhna*, or the palace of Eamania, interspersed with observations on the glorious exploits of the Knights of the Red Branch; and I was amused with the questions Captain —— asked my friend, next whom he sat. He belonged to the regiment stationed at Conamore, which *corps* had just arrived, so that he was a stranger to every one at the table, his brother officers excepted.

“Who is that gentleman in black, a little way from you on the right?” asked the Captain.

“That is my uncle, the reverend Charles ——,” replied my friend.

“Pray, who is that lady, opposite your uncle?” continued the captain.

“That's my mother,” was the answer. And thus to every inquiry, a near or distant relation appeared

in the reply, till at length the captain, on being answered, "That is my wife,"—laughingly said, "Upon my honour, I must beg your pardon and hold my tongue, for I believe you are related to every one here." Indeed such was nearly the case; and I left Lord Conamore's reflecting on the happiness of my friend, in passing his life amongst kindred, compared to Captain ——, who in every change of quarters has to make up new acquaintances as poor substitutes for old friends.

Morning was now peeping over eastern hills, robed in the purple of distance; the silver moon was veiling herself with the majesty of light; the stars were retiring pale, like the loveliness we had left, but not with exhaustion, when we bent our course homeward. The voice of revelry still echoed in the mountains, and glimmering torches were yet seen creeping up to hilly homes. I was much pleased with an entertainment which reminded me of hospitality in times long passed away; and as we moved along the glittering and peaceful shore I praised the patriotism of Lord Conamore, and sighed to think how happy wretched Ireland would be, if like him all her landlords lived among their

tenants, promoting industry, rewarding merit, and discountenancing crime.

“ Yes,” said my friend, “ his Lordship does a great deal of good to the peasantry around him. He is promoting education and happiness, reducing his rents to an equality with market rates, and enabling those under him to taste the rewards of useful industry. His whole life has been a course of public utility ; like a fine river, he has fertilized the country of his existence ; and his beneficent stream will be augmented by the tears of thousands when time shall number his days. When I was a boy Lord Conamore was in the meridian of his glory : his voice was heard in the senate, and his advice as a statesman swayed royalty ; but he married for love, and, too happy in the possession of earthly felicity, he left ambition’s toilsome road for useful private life. He was doomed, however, to know the instability of human bliss. Sudden and awful death deprived him of his love ; at once he saw his hopes all shipwrecked ; and, brooding over his loss, he thought till thinking crazed him. Some years after, he recovered the occasional use of his faculties, and applied his powers of mind to the

care of his daughter ; but he is periodically subject to fits of melancholy and excitement, during which strange actions mark the temper of his brain. All his acts, however, display the goodness of his heart and the benevolence of his character. For instance, he will sometimes break the windows of a tenant's cottage, seemingly in rage, and afterwards repair the damage much to the comfort and favourable appearance of the house. He will often tear the old coat off the shoulders of a beggarman, and abuse him as a vagabond, at the same time ordering Peter to put on a new one, who understands his master so well that each pocket has money in it. In short, all the odd things Lord Conamore and his man Peter do in this place would surprise you. Besides this estate, he has Aughnamullag Castle, and Bellagrawly Hall, in Ireland, with considerable property in England, which is very seldom visited, of late years, by him."

Just as my friend had ceased speaking, we heard a sweet, plaintive, melancholy, wild voice singing before us on the strand. "That is crazy Ellen," said my friend: "she is not a native of Conamore, but whenever Sir Bagnall Moncey comes hither, we

are sure to hear her songs. Her story is a sad one—let us avoid her, and I will tell it you. She is very troublesome at certain times ; particularly so at full moon ; and she has the reputation of second sight.—But hear how sweetly and wildly she sings.” We were not near enough to see poor Ellen’s figure distinctly, but we heard her silver voice melodiously warble forth the following words to a wild national air :—

SONG.

Like Young Love.

Like young love are placid waves,
 Sparkling, smiling, as they move ;
 Who can dream of rocks and graves,
 Beneath the stream of young love ?
 Peace my heart, like ocean blue,
 In a calm, I once could sleep ;
 Now my bosom knows, like you,
 All the dangers of the deep.

Bagnall swore my eyes were bright—
 Brighter than yon stars that shine ;
 Vowed I was his life and light,
 Called me heart-ease—names divine ;—
 Kissed the book to marry me—
 But men were always rovers !
 When sailors can believe the sea,
 Let maids confide in lovers !

By the time Ellen finished these words descriptive of her feelings, we had approached near enough to behold her graceful figure. She stood looking towards the sea, her white hands crossed on her bosom, dressed in a garb of mourning. It is true she was arrayed in plain stuff, but with female attention to neatness. There was a pleasing set-off in a white frill about her neck. Her long black hair flowed over her shoulders, and lent some wildness to her general appearance. I was anxiously advancing to address her, although my friend pulled me to the left to avoid her, and she seemed so absorbed in thought as entirely to disregard us. On the point of requesting him to move towards her, we heard a quick step approaching behind us. A sigh broke from Ellen, and she cried, in an under tone, without looking round—"It is he"—and passed towards the stranger with great quickness of pace. I instantly recognized in the person she was accosting young Lionel Seymour, and I stood attentively observing them. We were now almost close to each other. Ellen placed her white hands on the crown of her head, and running her

slender fingers through her hair that covered her face, parted it over her shoulders, and silently gazed upon us. Her eyes were wild, and she seemed to have been weeping; but her features displayed great beauty, though a death-like paleness overspread them.

“ Hear me, Lionel,” said she, “ and mark me well; I know thee better than thou knowest thyself. Great danger awaits thee. Be stout in heart—bold in purpose—and fear not.—The brave deserve and win the fair. Guard her, Lionel. She stands on a precipice; but shed not my life in thy struggle. Blood thou must spill—but O spare the guilty and the fallen—Farewell!” and she darted away. Stopping short, however, and looking over her shoulder, she continued—“ And you, young stranger,” addressing me, “ assist Lionel, be his friend—no more—adieu !” In a few moments Ellen was out of our sight—and we were standing in silent wonder.

My friend attached no importance to Ellen’s rhapsody, though I saw it had made a strong impression on Lionel’s mind; and indeed it harrowed up my own latent superstition. Lionel left us without

communicating what he felt, and we pursued our way home.

“ I was about to tell you poor Ellen’s melancholy story,” said my friend, “ when she told it briefly herself. She is the flower of the many victims whom Sir Bagnall Moncey, in his pursuit of pleasure, has deluded from virtue. Seduction in modern times is too common to excite much sympathy. We scarcely pity the wanton chambermaid, who freely barter her character for gold ; or the daughter of a vicious mother, who had schooled her child to benefit her family by obtaining a settlement from some neighbouring ’squire, in return for meeting licentious desires ; but it is very different when we behold respectability, education, and innocence brought down to ruin by artful villany. Our hearts bleed for such cases—and poor Ellen’s fate is one of the worst.

“ Ellen Hamilton is the daughter of a wealthy and respectable farmer, holding a large tract of land, on the estate of Sir Bagnall Moncey, and residing not far from Moncey Hall, the baronet’s paternal seat. She was educated carefully, and taught where to look for happiness—in marriage and the

practice of every duty prescribed by Christianity. Her brother, who is a highly useful Presbyterian clergyman, contributed to the cultivation of her mind, and her accomplishments were such as to render her a fit companion for any man. Sir Bagnall often saw her, when, like a young flower, she was expanding her beautiful form into all the richness and roundness of maturity. Resistance was vain; she captivated his fancy, and touched his heart. He made proposals of marriage to her father. It was of course thought an unequal match—but such things have happened. Sir Bagnall was received as an honourable man, and won by his attentions Ellen's whole love. The day was fixed—the happy marriage day; but Ellen's mother suddenly died; postponement of course ensued; and in the feverish, anxious, long delay of hope, Sir Bagnall accomplished poor Ellen's ruin, and left her and her father to seek reparation at law, which the old man has never done. Indeed, he soon after died, and left nearly all his property to Ellen. She haunts Sir Bagnall as a maniac; but I have reason to think she is not mad in reality; for he has endeavoured several times to get her confined in an asylum for

lunatics, without being able to establish facts of a nature strong enough to deprive her of liberty. She has certainly some private means of ascertaining all his plans and movements ; and some of her actions have assumed an appearance so apparently supernatural in its character, as to excite the notion of her holding communion with spirits of darkness.”

Lionel, as I observed, was powerfully struck with Ellen’s predictions, and alarmed for the safety of Emily, to whom he at once applied the hapless maniac’s ravings. He had obtained from the object of his love an avowal of mutual attachment ; and he determined upon immediately opening his mind to his father, and imploring his intercession with Lord Conamore. Dr. Seymour heard Lionel’s warm appeal without much emotion ; for he was then preparing to examine a tumulus that had been discovered in his neighbourhood, and his whole mind was engrossed with some ancient vessels found in it, which were considered by him a treasure of antiquity. He seemed to intimate that he foresaw no difficulty in accomplishing the proposed match ; for when Lionel stated his apprehensions that Lord Conamore would refuse his consent, the doctor

replied in a hurried manner, " I can satisfy all his objections ; leave the matter to me, and you will succeed."

To be brief with my story, a few days after he was assured of Lord Conamore's consent, and informed, to his great surprise, that instead of being the son of Dr. Seymour, the famous physician and antiquary of Conamore, he was the only child of Earl Balcarrick, and now in his own right Lord Glenmullen. His elevation to rank, however, was to be kept a profound secret until the arrival of his noble father ; but, in the meantime, he was received as the intended son-in-law of Lord Conamore, at Conamore Lodge, much to the chagrin of Lady Constantia, who was not in possession of the whole story, and greatly to the delight of Lady Emily, who never thought of rank and love together.

The circumstances which induced the Earl of Balcarrick to withhold from his son and heir the knowledge of his birth-rights were simply these. At an early period of his life, the Earl, then Lord Glenmullen, had formed an attachment, mutual in

its nature, for Harriet, the sister of Dr. Seymour, and had privately married her. Harriet died in giving birth to Lionel ; and as old Earl Balcarrick had set his heart upon his son's marriage with the Duke of Breakwater's daughter, Lionel was announced to the world as the son of Dr. Seymour, who was Lord Glenmullen's bosom friend, and entered into his family views of aggrandizement. During the old Earl's life it was thought advisable to preserve the secret. He had but recently exchanged care and ambition on earth for fellowship with worms, and oblivion in the grave. Lionel's noble father had married the Duke of Breakwater's daughter, in obedience to his parent ; the Countess was aware of her husband's former marriage, and having no children of her own, she was prepared to receive and acknowledge Lionel with maternal fondness.

Thus hope was graciously smiling on the prospects of my hero, when Lord Conamore, urged to the undertaking by Dr. Seymour, signified his intention to visit and explore an ancient and most curious sepulchral leacht, which the doctor, with

infinite labour, had discovered in the tumulus, to which I have before alluded. Lionel and Emma having been left at Conamore Lodge under the care of Lady Constantia, our antiquaries commenced their operations, assisted by numerous workmen. Tents were pitched near the tumulus for accommodation during the following night, as it was found impracticable to terminate their interesting researches in one day. Lord Conamore in the evening felt well pleased with the result. He had examined the leacht, and found it of an elliptic form: it consisted of three apartments, communicating with each other, composed of large stones upwards of ten feet in height, supporting incumbent slabs of enormous magnitude, as a roof. The doctor, in digging for the *cisde banha*, or death's-coffer, had found something resembling an ancient shield, which was considered by him an invaluable relic; for on its rust-eaten surface he perceived a device which led him to believe that it had belonged to Prince Ailech, of the Hi-Nial race, who was killed in the year 941.

A great part of the night passed away, with spectacles on antiquaries' noses, in conjectures re-

specting the presumed shield, which it was impossible to contradict or support. Peter — agreed with me, that it was very like an old pot-lid ; but he also joined his Lordship in thinking it might have been a target ; and he seemed to believe, with the doctor, that Prince Ailech had worn it on his arm on the day of his death, and that it had been buried with that renowned chief.

Next morning we resumed our task with increased spirit, and before noon had cleared out another apartment, about fourteen yards square, composed of immense stones, and having an urn in its centre, which contained a quantity of earth resembling turf mould. The doctor was considering the nature of this with all his faculties erect, and his Lordship's curiosity was in a state of great excitement, when we heard several voices eagerly inquiring for Lord Conamore. You may judge of our surprise immediately after, and of the distraction of this nobleman, when he was informed, that during the night, Conamore Lodge had been attacked by a band of armed men, who announced themselves as part of General Rock's liberating army, and his daughter carried away by their

ruffian leader. It was added, that Lionel had been stunned by a violent blow he received whilst defending Lady Emily, and that his life was in imminent danger. I shall not attempt any delineation of the horror with which this dreadful intelligence was received. We all hastened back to Conamore, where we found the news literally and substantially true.

Lady Constantia was the only person who could give us any thing like a connected account of the atrocity. She informed us that, late at night, while Emily and Lionel were amusing themselves with music, and she with her needle, suddenly the room was filled with armed men, who wore white long frocks, and whose faces were blackened. They must have been admitted by the treachery of the servants. "We screamed," said Lady Constantia, "at such a terrifying sight. Lionel endeavoured to defend us with all his power, but I soon saw him stretched lifeless on the floor. Emily was carried away by some of the villains, whilst others bound me, so that I was unable to move. The whole was the work of a few moments; accomplished as it were by magic."

Suspicion flashed across my mind, that Sir Bagnall Moncey was the General Rock of this foul invasion of right. I inquired for Lionel. He had received a blow from a club, or some heavy instrument, on the head. Such was its violence, that it had nearly deprived him of life. He lay, mad with pain and memory, unable to exert his faculties, or to compose himself to rest. Lord Conamore was nearly in as feeble a state from grief; totally unable to reason, or to pursue any rational mode of recovering his daughter. In this exigency, Dr. Seymour being fully occupied in attendance on Lionel, I was left entirely to my own resources. I endeavoured to discover the road the party had taken; but no trace of the robbers remained. I mounted my horse, and galloped to Moncey Hall. Here I was immediately admitted to the presence of Sir Bagnall, who was, when I arrived, deciding a bet of a thousand pounds, with Sir Alexander Gore. The Baronet expressed his astonishment at hearing such news, pledged his honour that he was entirely free from act or part in the abduction, and offered to assist me to the utmost; so that I left him, staggered in my suspicions. In short, after

three days of incessant fatigue and fruitless inquiry, I returned to Conamore.

By this time Lionel had recovered so far from the injury he had received, as to be able to mount his horse. He was convinced, he said, that Sir Bagnall Moncey had committed the atrocity of carrying off Lady Emily, for the purpose of terrifying her into marriage with him. Under this impression, and possessed of proper authority, we went in an armed body to make strict search for her person.

There is, at some distance from Moncey Hall, a romantic glen, down which a mountain torrent brawls fearfully after heavy rain. Sir Bagnall's grandfather had expended a considerable sum of money in building a small castle here, which afterwards went by the name of "Moncey's Folly," because there was nothing of utility connected with it. Neither was it a conspicuous ornament; for we should have passed it in our search, if crazy Ellen had not stood singing on a precipitous part of the glen immediately over it. We approached rapidly towards her. Her beautiful black hair

was floating as before described, but over white drapery ; for she had something like a winding sheet around her black dress. As we were moving up the steep hill, and getting round the glen towards her, we heard these words charmingly warbled by her melodious and melancholy voice :—

SONG.

O lay me in the grave !

You said you loved poor Ellen well ;
 Thy sweet words pleased me : O,
 I thought no bitterness could dwell
 In accents sugared so.
 But thou hast said farewell to me,
 And left me in despair,
 To think of oaths once sworn by thee,
 Now melted into air.

The buds thy kisses used to start
 My cheek nor lip now shows ;
 The rose-root withered in my heart,
 Beneath thy killing snows.—
 And still I feel thy icy blast ;
 In vain I shelter crave ;
 O hear this one request—my last—
 O lay me in the grave !

Just as she finished this mournful song, which I had not heard without deep emotion, we neared her; and Ellen, parting her hair as before, looked earnestly and wildly at us. "Lord Glenmullen," said she, pointing with one hand to the castle below her, "thy love is there; but blood will flow before thou gain her—go on to victory."

We dashed towards the castle, and at its entrance were met by Sir Bagnall Moncey and Sir Alexander Gore. Lionel instantly demanded the surrender of Lady Emily. "She is here," said he, "so neither hesitation nor evasion will serve you now."—"I pledge you my sacred honour," replied Sir Bagnall, "that I am not concerned in this affair, and that Lady Emily is not here."—"It is false, and you are a villain," was Lord Glenmullen's answer, which Sir Bagnall would have repelled with a blow, but for prompt interference. "Here are pistols," continued Lionel; "instantly take your ground."

Leaving our party, Lionel and I retired into the glen with Sir Bagnall Moncey and Sir Alexander Gore, where, distance having been measured, and the parties opposed in hostile attitude, the

signal of death was given. At once we heard the mutual report, and saw Ellen's winding-sheet enveloping Sir Bagnall's body. We found him stretched, as we thought, lifeless on the ground, with Ellen on his bosom. His ball had grazed Lord Glenmullen's body, but Lionel's had entered Sir Bagnall's chest, and passed through the lungs, producing a vast effusion of blood. It had evidently been the intention of poor Ellen to receive the shot in her own person, but she was a moment behind time, and now lay senseless from exhaustion and overwrought feeling.

Here my tale may end ; for I need not inform you that Lionel found his Emily. Their meeting must be left for the pencil of imagination to sketch. Sir Bagnall Moncey had used every means, but personal force, to make Emily his own ; and it is probable that, if uninterrupted, he would have accomplished his vile purposes in the course of a few days by the foulest means ; for almost every thing is possible to a man who acts on the motto—*nil desperandum*.

In like manner, I must leave to imagination the joy of Lord Conamore on recovering his daughter ;

the pride of Lady Constantia, on finding that her niece was to be a Countess ; the busy importance of Dr. Seymour, on having the life of Sir Harry Bagnall in his hands ; the rapture of Earl Balcarrick, on embracing such a son as Lionel, and such a daughter-in-law as Emily ; and last, although not least, the hop, step, and jump of Peter Prentice, as he moved about preparing for the wedding entertainment on the lawn to his friends of the mountain. As for the rapture of Lionel and Emily, when you have surmounted difficulties, and stand in the temple of Hymen, you will understand it.

On that blessed and beautiful summer day which made Emily Lionel's own, Conamore was a gay scene. Bells were ringing, guns were firing, flags were flying, labour stood still, and pleasure was on tip-toe. At night all the hills were in a blaze, and echo could not slumber. In short, Lionel and Emily were happy, and Lord Conamore is now a grandfather.

Be it also remembered, that under the care of Dr. Seymour, the famous physician and antiquary of Conamore, Sir Bagnall Moncey recovered

the use of his lungs, and rewarded the love of Ellen Hamilton, by making her the lady of Moncey Hall, where she is now an ornament of society, and a blessing to the poor.

N^o. VI.

THE STAGE COACH.

Now there is nothing gives a man such spirits,
Leavening his blood as Cayenné doth a curry,
As going at full speed—no matter where its
Direction be, so 'tis but in a hurry.

BYRON.

I HAVE long ceased to wonder at the seemingly idle crowd that collects around our stage coaches, as they come into a country town. It is a fine sight to see one of these leathern conveniences, as the Quakers call them, whirl along at eight miles an hour, the guard playing some favourite tune on his Kent-bugle, and every turn of the road revealing its nearer approach, loaded with passengers. There is so much of life and motion in the sight—so much to excite curiosity—to gratify speculation—so much that is congenial to human sympathy and feeling, that it would surprise me greatly if men passed on without taking an interest in the busy scene.

You may expect to see a very pretty face ; and who does not like to behold one ? You may chance to recognize among the passengers an old friend or acquaintance. You may derive amusement from guessing at the probable inducements which have set these strangers in motion ; and employ your fancy in conjuring up visions equally as unsubstantial but fully as entertaining as many a reality.

Thus I sometimes gaze, and smile at my own ideas as they pass through the wonderful organs of reflection. However, I was too well rewarded, the other day, by absolutely discovering a very dear old brother *Sub*, most unexpectedly, on the box seat, not to recommend looking at all passing stage coaches. We had been chess friends in the Deckan ; and that delightful game has, among its other fine properties, the power of attaching one mind to another. Good players are old acquaintances at the first game ; firm friends after a few checkmates, and never forget each other in life. But as keeping up correspondence at a distance is as inconsistent with half-pay arrangements as Captain Clutterbuck's horse discovered hay and oats to be, our faces remained among the treasures of memory

only. From that invaluable mine they were, however, drawn forth in a moment ; and the coach had no sooner stopped before the King's Arms of Newry, than our right hands were locked in the familiar recognition of *Auld Lang Syne*, and " Why, Jack, who expected to see thee here ?"—" Why, Charles, who expected to find thee here ?" fell from our tongues.

I found that my excellent checkmate, Jack Malony, late of his Majesty's —— regiment, was going to Belfast on some business, of little importance to my reader. He had started that morning from the Waterford Hotel, Dublin ; and how he got thither, with other particulars, in which curiosity may possibly feel an interest, shall perhaps appear in the sequel.

" We part not thus, dear Jack," said I : " let the Fair Trader proceed, and pocket thy remaining fare ; it is all business-like. But you will accompany me to my mountain cottage in this immediate neighbourhood. We shall have a pleasant resource, after you give me the history of your changes, since we last met, in the game of games ; and I need not say how happy it will make my Mary to see her husband's old friend."

Crack went the whip, and off started the Fair Trader, to the tune of "Patrick's day in the morning," while Jack and I, followed by his travelling trunk, directed our course towards my jaunting car, which conveyed us in Irish style, back to back, to the bottom of Constitution-hill. Here we dismounted; and having panted up into a purer atmosphere, you may conceive my good-natured lady extending her hand to Jack Malony. This being over, and dinner removed, you may as readily picture the scene. My dear Mary in the nursery, surrounded by many a pledge of love, and Jack Malony, with her husband, seated in unceremonious attitude near a comfortable fire, a decanter of good old port, a flask of right native malt, lump sugar, boiling water, lemon peel, and all other *et cætera* which the land of potatoes thinks essential to after-dinner enjoyment.

"So, Jack," said I, "you have been residing near Cork, in the heart of blood and murder. How did you escape? A man of your sensibility must have been deeply affected by the scenes of misery and atrocity which fell, no doubt, in three years of unexampled resistance to order, under your own observation."

“ I have seen enough,” replied Jack, “ to confirm my opinion that the case of our unfortunate country is deeply to be deplored by every man of sense ; yet what I have witnessed leads to the conclusion, that, of all parts of Europe, this Emerald Isle has within itself the largest portion of natural wealth, with all the elements of prosperity ; and that, when time and capital shall have evolved the advantages which munificent Providence has in store for us, as there is no land that deserves a better fate, from the generous dispositions of her sons and daughters, so there will not be in the world a more happy and flourishing people than the united children of Erin. How did I escape ? you ask.—Why, every one knew my misfortunes ; every one respected my father : he was a man of no party—loyal to his king—true to his country—commiserating the evils which he had no power to arrest. Every one knew that he had lost nearly all his property by the failure of the Fermoy bank, and that, when he was a man of fortune and a magistrate in the county, the poor peasantry found in him a benevolent friend, a kind considerate landlord, and a just and upright protector of the feeble against the strong. They were

ready to guard his dwelling with their lives against strangers ; amidst them his person was as sacred as though it had been shrouded with the cloud of divinity ; in every possible way they assisted him and his family ; and, viewing me as part-and-parcel of their revered old friend, I was secure.—Proud I am that I inherit my father's feelings ; and that, while truly loyal to the noble king who governs our great nation with love and mercy, I can disclaim all outcry against Catholics, and from the bottom of my soul wish they had equal rights.”

“ In that,” replied I, “ my heart joins with ardour. Since I have been capable of thinking, I have lamented that a body of our brothers in spirit and honour, who have fought for the glory of England in her most signal battles—who have bled in defence of the house of Hanover—who have been punished for their loyalty to the former kings of Britain—who have pined under political deprivations, and groaned under the inflictions of a long supported Orange system, like the Roman Catholics of Ireland, should still have to pray for an equal participation in the privileges of that constitution, which their efforts and purses have essentially contributed

to support and preserve through the mighty struggle which has placed the last twenty years so high, that posterity will gaze upon them till the accumulation of time shall be no more. However, as a military man, were you not subject to peculiar odium? As a Protestant, were you not liable to general hatred?"

"Believe me, there are no such feelings in the bosoms of Roman Catholics in general. A brave officer, or soldier, is sure of their respect and esteem; because they are brave and honourable men. Their hatred is solely directed against the land-jobbing and tithe system. They bear no ill-will to Protestants merely on account of their being Protestants, but because they are supposed to countenance party, and identify themselves with Orangemen. The principles of christianity, which are common to all our sects, reprobate such narrow views. Let any man look into the ritual of the Romish church, and he will be convinced that its religion breathes love, good will, charity, and mercy to all denominations of men. No such slander attaches to the character of Roman Catholics: it belongs alone to the bigot; and in what religion is this class not found? Lives there a Protestant

who has not experienced repeated acts of kindness from Catholics? Breathes there a Catholic who does not remember, that, when bigotry and power armed the son against his father, and rendered the old man incapable of an interest in property for the solace and security of age, Protestants were found whose integrity was incorruptible—who held estates in trust for Catholics—and proved to the world that man, when stamped with benevolence and justice by his Creator, will spurn the acts of power, if inconsistent with principles of natural right?”

“Bravo!” said I, “dear Jack—You would be an honoured advocate, and an eloquent defender of Catholic rights.—You would figure, I declare, with Counsellors O’Connell and Sheil, at the bar of the House of Commons, in opposing the bill, which will most assuredly be introduced to suppress the Catholic Association*.”

* This was written before the meeting of the present session of Parliament, in anticipation of what afterwards really happened. It subsequently made my heart leap with gladness to read a letter from the talented Mr. O’Connell, the last paragraph of which ran thus:—

“I perceive a kind and generous feeling amongst the Irish Members, who hitherto opposed us violently. Believe me that they are worthier and better men than our passions allowed us to think. I

“ Good! friend Charles,” replied Jack, “ I see you still love an innocent quiz. Without feeling any inclination to return your fire, I beg to say that I should not advocate the utility of the self-constituted Parliament, to which you allude. Such unions might be useful in a free state, if intellect were equally distributed amongst men; but as the few must invariably direct the many, history proves that the very worst consequences result from associations of this nature. Here we have one that taxes

see the beginning of better days—of mutual oblivion of the past—of mutual affection, and real and permanent conciliation for the future. I hope I may say—

‘ Erin, oh Erin, thy winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it
Shall blossom at last.’ ”

This is the language of good sense and firmness. Would that Mr. O’Connell had been always as self-knowing and discreet! The leaders of the Catholic Association ought to have been moderate, temperate, and patient; proving themselves good generals, who press prudently to victory; not rashly to probable defeat and destruction.

The Bill, introduced by Sir Francis Burdett, for the relief of the Roman Catholics—a Bill from which much was expected by themselves and their friends—having passed the House of Commons, was thrown out by the Peers, on the motion for its second reading, at the very time that this sheet was passing through the press. Under the circumstances of the case, perhaps it would be deemed injudicious were I to venture any comments on the subject.

the people, turns the priests into collectors of revenue, and the law officers of the courts of justice into public prosecutors—influences the jurors of the country by *ex-parte* statements, and inflammatory speeches—pronounces before trial—heaps up enormous sums for undefined purposes—beards the government—and touches the upsetting rock of sedition so closely, that escape is proclaimed victory, and shouted forth as an excitement to re-echoed applause. No; on the contrary I would vote for the suppression of such an association. As a firm friend to emancipation, I wish it; because I am convinced that it injures that cause—that it retards the march of public opinion—that it inflames prejudice, which was dying away under the wise discountenancing and extinguishing plan of the Marquis of Wellesley—and that in its practical effects it can lead only to self aggrandisement, to the advancement of individual ends, and finally to rebellion.— Besides I know that the Catholic Association is unpopular even amongst the peasantry of the south.”

“ And I am prepared to prove,” rejoined I, “ that it is looked upon with no very friendly eye by many .

of the poor contributors in the north. Permit me to tell you an anecdote, which of itself speaks volumes. As I went to Newry this morning, I overtook an old decrepit widow, whose poverty, irreproachable character, and near neighbourhood, have often introduced her to my particular notice.— ‘ Good morning, mother Juddy,’ said I ; ‘ you have your basket of eggs, I see, under your arm, and your six hanks of well spun yarn on your back. I hope you will have a good market, and return from the mines of Newry, with silver, if not gold, in your purse, and some tea, sugar, and tobacco in your pocket.’

“ ‘ Troth, your honour,’ replied my old Juddy, ‘ though the times are a wee bit* better than they war, yet a pure body can hardly keep abone starvation. What wi’ county cess, contributing to keep awa’ Rector Davis’s prosecution for tithe-rent, and so forth, the house is nearly down upon me ; and, to mend a’, here we hae the Priest upon us for arrears

* It is a fact that many Catholics in the North speak broad Scotch, or intermix many words with their English, from their constant intercourse with the descendants of the numerous colonies from Scotland that settled in and about Newry, and all over the North of Ireland, in the reign of James the First of England.

of Catholic what de ye ca' it?—devil break the neck o' them! Your honour will no tell on me, I ken. Here, I hae a stone of oats, which I am forced to sell, to pay off three months' arrears of this damnable tax, which will gang i'to the poke o' some greedy speechifier.—My yarn, Sir, is worth nathing now.—If I spin sixteen cuts i' the day and night, I can barely make twa pence—and war it no for the teen * hens, I wad no be able to buy seed praties.'

“ But, in short, I need not ampliate on Juddy's communication. She was full of wroth against the Catholic-rent committees; and even the sacred Priest of the parish came in for a share of her abuse. This is by no means the only instance in which I have heard this collection of money reprobated by those who pay it. In fact, I believe it is generally disliked by the poor, who have no interest in its objects, and look with suspicion on its appropriation.”

“ My experience,” answered Jack, “ supports your assumption. I know that many, a great many, Catholics regret that ever the association which goes by their name was instituted. They are sensible

• Three.

that it is not what Ireland wants. It is clear to any man of sound mind, that we require the suppression of all associations that generate party spirit, and, in their practical effect, monopolise the interests which belong to general society, and the subjects of Government *. When this is effected—when all are equally free—when every religion supports its own clergy—when industry finds a certain reward—when the wealth is extracted by capital from our mountains—and the hurry of labour is heard in our coal mines and cotton manufactories—then, and not till then, will the land of saints be united, prosperous, and happy. It is idle to say that emancipation would essentially benefit the poor of Ireland. They enjoy just as much scope as they would if no disqualifying acts of Parliament were on the records of the country. But opinion constitutes happiness. If a man thinks himself aggrieved, he is so; and by ruminating on a fiction, like a madman, he creates a reality, and perhaps cuts his throat, or blows out his brains, to

* It can hardly be necessary to remark, that, some time previously to the rejection of the Bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics, an Act had been passed for the suppression of the Catholic Association, and other illegally constituted societies.

amend his miserable case. You may laugh at my illustration; but such is human nature. Give the Catholics all they ask—you will then give them no more than they have a right to, as British-born subjects—and they can neither ask nor desire more than what Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Treaty of Limerick, and their birth entitle them to enjoy. Then give the man who is willing to work something to do, and reward for his labour; punish the idle, and the roguish, and you will have made Ireland what England is—the wonder of the world, and the study of philosophy.”

“Your view of things precisely corresponds with mine,” answered I: “it is impossible that men can be quiet and peaceable when starving. As well might we suppose that the expectation of summer would warm a naked wretch shivering in winter, as that hope of improvement would satisfy the cravings of nature. Speculation may attribute our national calamities to absenteeism, to bible societies, to want of education, to any one of the numerous causes which a fertile invention may supply; but good sense, and an enlarged view of political economy, will assure mental examination that what

we want is now in progress; and that is,—the introduction of British capital—a few salutary enactments of the legislature—and the continuation of such an invigorating, impartial government, as that which now places the name of Wellesley as high in the records of Irish history as it stands in the page of Hindostan's happiness.”

“Bravo, Charles! upon my word, Lord Wellesley has a flourishing panegyrist in you,” replied Malony. “However, as I conscientiously subscribe to what you say, I shall not insinuate that his Lordship has encouraged your approbation of his measures by making them contribute to your individual interest.”

“You would in that wrong both his Lordship and your friend. In fact, I have to complain of his Lordship's neglect of a letter of mine addressed to him, some years ago, when his smile would have removed a load of woe from my heart. The only answer I ever received was from his secretary, informing me that my letter had been submitted to his Lordship. But, perish the base thought of praise or censure, springing from wounded pride or selfish gratitude! I am now above his Lord-

ship's power to serve me, contributing to the enjoyment of a kind old father, whom I would not leave for all the honours that Lord-Lieutenants and Kings could shower upon me. No, I praise the Irish government because I believe, from the bottom of my soul, that it is raising my native land from sorrow to joy—from misery to felicity—and it shall have my praise no longer than I believe this to be true.

“ But, Jack,” added I, seeing that my friend paused, “ you have alluded to misfortunes of yourself and father. Surely you well know that I must feel deep interest in all that concerns you. Now, therefore, that we have done with politics—do pray favour me with some account of your proceedings since we parted. Tell me why you left the army, in which your prospects were so good, and what your views now are.”

“ Well, Charles, my old boy, still as curious as ever about private history and public affairs !” answered Jack ; “ I shall gratify thy desire—but we'll choose another time for it—your good lady's tea-table must now receive our devotion ; and, after I have given you a good drubbing at our old game,

you shall have a peep at my journal, by way of recompense for defeat."

"And have you really the conceit to think that you can checkmate me, after my bothering the Automaton at Liverpool? I tell thee, Jack, had it not been for one oversight, I should have been victorious. Well, come, I will show you how brightly the stars shine on this green mountain; and after we have convinced Mary that you are fonder of tea than either port or punch, for which I assure you she will pay you a well deserved compliment, I will attack you, though I would rather first look into your pocket companion."

But this will require another number.

N^o. VII.

LIEUT. JOHN MALONY.

Unequal task, a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine !
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate !
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget !

POPE.

OF all things I like to hear men tell their own stories. The third person should never be employed in biography, when the first can be made to speak ; for there are many little joints that actually contain the marrow of the narrative, which none but the first person can be acquainted with. I shall, therefore, speak for my friend Jack only when his journal is silent, leaving him, at all other times, to tell his own unvarnished tale.

It has been mentioned, that Mr. Malony was the son of a magistrate and a man of fortune. At an early age Jack's propensity for the army was gratified. I need not describe the natural exultation he felt upon seeing himself the first time in a handsome uniform of scarlet, blue, and gold. His regiment was then stationed in the lively town of Belfast. Jack had letters of introduction not only to his immediate commanding officer, but to many of the first families in the fashionable circle. With a very agreeable person, an easy air, a good horse to ride, and that delightful brogue which the higher orders in the South of Ireland pride themselves on, Jack was soon considered a lady-killer. He seemed insensible, however, to the charms of the fair. In fact, he had no heart to bestow. Emma Townley, a very beautiful young creature in his own neighbourhood, had from his earliest age received the homage of his eyes at church, and he never after was able to transfer his devotion to any other saint.

While he was dreaming of Emma and promotion, an order arrived for his *corps* to embark at Cork for the East Indies. What could Jack do? His father would not hear of marriage. Indeed, it

would have been quite absurd at the age of seventeen. He kissed poor Emma's hand, looked as though he loved her dearly, but his tongue told no tales: she saw the vessel that bore him off trembling and dying away in distance; she shed a few tears, repeated some lines of sentimental poetry, occupied herself with the amusements of the needle, and those charming accomplishments which enable the fair sex to kill time, and thought little more about young Malony. It was not so with Jack. Absence inflamed his love. He began to write most affecting letters to Emma and her mother; representing himself as feeling less from the burning rays of the Indian sun than from those glances which crossed the Atlantic, without being cooled, from the eyes of his charming young mistress. He said she haunted him in sleep: yet when he did not feel her influence, he could not rest; so that, according to his account, he was like the Irishman in the play, who sings—

“ No rest I can take, asleep or awake,
I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.”

Mothers feel for their daughters, and fathers for their sons, though not always in proper time. Mrs.

Townley began to wish that young Malony, now a lieutenant, would obtain leave of absence, and return. Emma began to feel a strong desire to see what alteration a hot climate had made in her lover's appearance; and old Mr. Malony kissed Emma's forehead, and hoped that he should live to see her his daughter-in-law; so that all things were tending in absence towards a consummation.

Meanwhile, Jack's regiment had been ordered from Bombay into the Deckan, where several active campaigns tied him fast to his duty; and, being blessed with excellent health, he could not quit his post, nor apply for leave of absence without disgrace. At length peace was proclaimed, and a furlough having been obtained, Jack returned home on the wings of love and hope. The remainder of his story I give in his own words.

ALL nature seemed gay before my pleased eye,
when the white sail expanded that was to waft me
to the haven of my hopes. O, how I blamed the
breeze when it did not blow; and chided the cur-

rents when they did not contribute to our progressive motion ! At last, we neared the white cliffs of England ; and, as fast as horses could gallop, I posted to my destination. Judge of the disappointment I had to endure ! A few days before my arrival the Fermoy Bank had closed, and involved not only my father, but Emma's mother in its ruin. It avails not to describe how we looked, or what we said. Misfortunes may sink us ; but, if we boldly bear up against them, like many a storm-beaten ship, we scarcely seem to feel their fury, and in a little time appear as gay and adventurous as though their rage had never put our fortitude to trial.

My father was so deeply concerned in the affairs of the bank, that he had accepted bills on account of the firm to a vast amount. His whole property, therefore, became liable, and in one day he lost not only the considerable sums he had in the funds of Fermoy, but his estate. In short, when his affairs were disentangled, he found that he had only a cottage, a few acres of land, and industry for his support. Mrs. Townley had lost all her ready money in the crash. She had hardly left remaining the means of support for herself and daughter.

Emma and I, therefore, though we loved each other most passionately, were so well advised, and indeed experienced in adversity and disappointment, that we did not presume, by our own selfish gratification, or the precipitate accomplishment of our ardently cherished hopes, to embitter the cup which our unfortunate parents were drinking to its dregs. Emma proved to me what an excellent wife she would make, by the performance of her duty as a good daughter. Yet I must own, with shame and sorrow, that although in my heart I praised her conduct, in the tumult of my blasted expectations I eagerly urged her to a private marriage. This wish she reasoned me out of: as often as her beauty forced me to return to the subject, her ready tear cooled my impatience; and her firm reliance on the wisdom of Providence to effect for us what would constitute our real happiness, kept the embers of hope alive in my breast.

Anxious not to return to India, I made reiterated applications to the Horse Guards for employment at home in any form; but it was in vain. I was politely answered, but my hopes were set completely at rest. My feelings were now as complicated and

as miserable as you can well conceive. It required something more than all the philosophy of chess to enable me to play my game so as to checkmate Fortune. At one time I had some intention of resigning the service ; but what folly that would have been, after seven years' exposure of my life both to climate and the enemy. It is true I was treated with much attention by the benevolent Commander-in-Chief of the Army, his Royal Highness the Duke of York ; my leave of absence was twice prolonged ; but at length the time approached when I must again bid adieu to love and all the associations dear to my heart ; for Emma's mother, above all things, opposed the idea of her daughter's going to the East, although I assured the old lady that she would be there carried on men's shoulders in a fine palankeen, gazed upon as an angel of light, and followed by a whole regiment of dragoons in hope of touching but the tip of her little finger. Mamma evidently wished that she were young enough herself to realize this picture ; but all my eloquence could not persuade her to part with my Emma.

Well, under these circumstances, judge of my joy when I received the news that our *corps* had

been ordered home to be disbanded ! I had given up all hope of effecting an exchange into a *corps* at home, which was impracticable without money ; I was merely desirous of preserving my half pay ; and the very contingency I aimed at occurred. Such was my ecstasy that I really snatched a kiss ; though Emma, my modest rogue, with her blushes like scarlet, kept me at a most respectful distance.

Thus I was sent to the right about, with four shillings a day to secure happiness, or rather to prevent starvation. What I could spare from keeping up the appearance of a gentleman was handed to my mother, who managed with a little to appear respectable ; and thus time rolled on for a considerable period. Having my hours at my own disposal, with not a single chess-player in our neighbourhood, to occupy my moments, I conceived the idea of turning the observations I had made in India to advantage. My industry is great. I soon produced a large quantity of manuscript, and offered to publish it by subscription. That, however, is one of the worst plans an author can adopt, unless he have friends, warm, active, and influential ; or unless there be somewhat in his history to sti-

mulate the ostentation of human nature. So very few honoured me with their names, or even condescended to answer my application, that I abandoned the scheme; remarking the coldness of men to all real acts of philanthropy, and receiving a lesson in the knowledge of mankind which I shall not soon forget. "Here," said I to myself, "are five hundred town and country 'squires and gentry, who rattle to plays and balls, figure at bible societies, throw away their money on cards, and purchase up any trash that may be recommended by an interested critic, and not twenty of them will give a few shillings to encourage friendless genius, struggling industry, and unfortunate talent." You must not infer that I regard myself as entitled to the character I have here drawn; but I assume that these gentlemen, by liberality on this occasion to a very moderate extent, might have drawn forth genius and talent from obscurity.

I shall pause here to recommend two things strongly to your most serious consideration: first, never place your money in a private bank when you can get public security; secondly, never expect much from the public, or from mankind, until

you have first served them. Look at history: what does it teach and show? Warriors bleeding, statesmen suffering, authors pining, and poets starving: then read on a few pages, or ramble through Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and you will find the mouldering remains, the unconscious dust of these unfortunates honoured with monuments, one hundredth part of the expense of which would have rendered them happy in life!

Finding that Ireland would not do, I imitated Paddy of Cork, who buttoned his coat behind, and turned my back on my country, while I looked upon her sweet face more in sorrow than in anger. In short, I did what I recommend every author to do. I applied to a publisher in London. The noble-spirited booksellers of that metropolis are the great and true patrons of literature; and though they gain largely when a work is successful, surely they have a right to the high profits of adventurous speculation. I received a favourable answer; and I assure you I never experienced more pleasure than when I was enabled to make my poor Emma a handsome present from the fruit of my labour.

To the house with which I first published I shall

ever feel most grateful, as the medium by which I was brought forward ; as also for their subsequent liberality, in meeting most generously certain arrangements with another house for my benefit. However, as you care little about this, I shall pass on. Let it suffice to say, that, some time after, I was called upon most unexpectedly to go over on manuscript business.

Accordingly, after four years' residence in the country, where almost constant solitude had been my portion, I secured the box seat, and reached Dublin without any thing very remarkable. It was there I observed the spirit which retirement imparts to life. When I had been last in this fine city, and long accustomed to the great world, I viewed every thing without much curiosity ; but now I found great interest in all, from the force with which it struck me. This is the effect of strong contrast. As I lay awake next morning, amused with the hum of commencing bustle, the noise of carts, and people flocking to market, my heart was much affected by the mournful cries of the chimney-sweepers, as they performed their morning patrol in search of employment. The

deep bass of the old sweeps, and the high piercing treble of the young ones, uttered as though they were under the affliction of cold and pain, brought to my mind most forcibly the picture of this unhappy class of men. "Good God!" thought I, "surely machinery might be substituted for human labour in this case with more effect than in many others. Then should we not have the melancholy sight of squalid, naked wretches, crawling about in the dawning of December like devils, or inhabitants of the regions of soot. Who can look upon their ghastly features, their red eyes, and their supplicating gestures, and reflect on the tender ages at which they are devoted to this abominable trade, without feeling a pang of sorrow!"

The feeling, however, vanished from my mind as I turned down Dame-street, in the course of the day, and saw the stream of fashion and business flowing in all directions. There is a sharpness of feature imparted to the human countenance by constant excitement, which strikes any one from the country with great force: its full effect was felt by me, and I derived great amusement from gazing at the keen-eyed people of the city as they passed.

From this gay scene of grandeur I passed to one of gloom and depression; for, wishing to show some civility and affection to a relation who had been confined in the Marshalsea for nearly two years, I walked up Thomas-street, turned down the narrow lane, at the bottom of which that prison-stands, and soon found myself stopped at its massy entrance by a shabby-looking turnkey, who seemed to say with his sharp stare—"Are you an attorney, that you dash forward with such independence?" "O!" said I, stopping, to be sure, when I was forced to do so, "perhaps you can tell me where the gentleman is I want to see?" "Not till you have told me what his name is," answered the gruff-looking fellow, with a sly look, and a laugh, as though he had been witty at my expense. Forward I went, as directed, and passing through the first yard, in which a great many prisoners, of different appearances, were sitting on forms, enjoying the same fine December day, which had brought the ladies into College-green like butterflies, I met my relation. His changed manner, dress, and whole display nearly brought a tear to my eye. He had been a gay young man, lived too

fast, endeavoured to appropriate some of his attached property; and as every act of knavery punishes itself, he had not only been confined for a long time, but it had sunk him in his own estimation; so that he exhibited the marks of neglect in his person, and of depression in his mind. His beard was unshaven, his voice was infirm, and in his whole deportment he was without hope or excitement. I pitied and cheered him as much as I could; but he soon turned to a better consolation than I had ventured to impart: this he found in comparing his case with others in prison far worse off than himself. As many of them, however, were much better circumstanced than he was, I saw it was only an effort of vanity to impress me with the best form of his case.

He pointed with his finger to several of the prisoners, who were amusing themselves in different ways, and gave me anecdotes of them, which were interesting enough to reward me for my brief visit. "That," said he, "is Captain H., who spent twenty-four thousand pounds, and now lives here on fifty *per annum*; smokes his segar; and swears he never was happier.—There, you see that old

gentleman with the cane, in the blue surtout? He is a colonel I——, who is worth twenty thousand pounds. He lives here that his family may enjoy it; for, were he to regain his liberty, which of course he has the power of doing, his honesty would subject them to the loss of fortune, and himself to starve.” How the colonel managed this I do not clearly understand; but it is certain that a system of fraud takes place under the present insolvent enactments, which cannot be prevented. “But who is that respectable-looking tall gentleman in black, now talking to the colonel?” asked I.—“That,” replied my relation, “is the Reverend G. G., the great extemporary Presbyterian preacher of the North, whose seduction of a young creature made so much noise, a short time ago, in the papers. He was sentenced to pay a large sum as damages; but, being either unable or unwilling, he resorted to the Insolvent Act; and, in consequence of some mismanagement, he has been punished with fifteen months’ imprisonment. We live in a wonderful world! I remember having heard that man, who has been disgraced as a clergyman, hold forth to a crowded congregation as though he felt the con-

fidence of a saint. His language was the most inspiring that you can conceive; and such was his spirited delineation of the attributes of God and man, that you would have thought it impossible for him not to feel his own sermons. Why, I remember he told us, ludicrous as it may seem, that at the last day the arms, legs, and members which had been lost in different parts of the world, would be seen flying through the air to join their bodies; lest any part of the flesh should escape the punishment that awaited sin, or lose the felicity which was laid up in store for the righteous. Yet this man fell—not like Adam Blair—no, he added all that is unmanly to vicious gratification, and sought to make the woman appear a strumpet and a liar, whose weakness and credulity had reposed upon his honour, and fallen a victim to his insinuating address and flowery language.”

Enough, however, of the Marshalsea of Dublin.

In the evening another contrast awaited me; for on passing the theatre I found that Miss Harvey and Mr. Phillips were to appear in the Barber of Seville; so in I went, and being early, occupied my favourite seat in the front row of the pit. It

is impossible to look upon Miss Harvey without emotion. Her youth, the beautiful oval of her countenance, her wild blue eyes, and jet black hair, the symmetry of her form, the sweetness of her voice, the luscious ripeness of her lips, the transparent whiteness of her teeth and forehead, with the charming curve of her graceful arm and taper fingers, all made me tremble with apprehension for her safety. Exposed as she is to the snares of a theatrical life, which has long been the minister to aristocratical cupidity, I could not enjoy the fascinating charm of her beauty without a feeling of alarm for her virtue, and lamenting that one so lovely and innocent as she appears should be placed in the way of temptation. Fair young creature, should thy beaming eye rest upon this page, take warning—triumph, like Miss O'Neil, over example, and gain the prize of honour !

The singularly impressive face of Mr. Phillips can never be forgotten. I know not whether it be natural or artificial ; but his extraordinary variety of gesture, and his long hooked nose, with the prodigious difference made in his aspect by furling or

unbending his eyebrows, all struck me as remarkable and original.

Talbot figured afterwards as *Morbleu*; but his day has gone by.—*Monsieur Tonson* is a piece that ought to be dropped in our theatricals. Its plot and manner are poor in the extreme: if it were not for the introduction of the watchmen's rattles it would scarcely be approved even by the vulgar. To excite surprise, however, is the readiest mode of gaining claps from the galleries. The language in both play and farce is low and mean in so many places, that I wonder the ladies endure it. Our manners are now too refined for such gross expressions as *Dr. Bartolo* uses; and the Frenchman must be a low specimen who would be found imitated in *Morbleu*.

The next day, being Sunday, I went at an early hour to *St. Mary's Church*. I always like to go early to every public place, especially to church: it evinces, at least, a sense of gentlemanly decorum; and, without interrupting a proper train of thought, it gives me the advantage of seeing all that is to be seen. The chancel was crowded with young people

whom a clergyman was examining and catechizing. I really thought and felt that this was a most delightful and useful mode of employing that otherwise idle interval which is announced by the ringing of a church bell. Just behind me were the boys and girls of two schools, arranged on seats opposite each other, and their young eyes enjoying the angel-like countenances before them ; for I observed that the little fellows could not turn their backs on the girls, but continued looking at them as though they had been under the influence of attraction. One of them was a very noisy blade, and he made almost a riot by his endeavours to keep the others silent. " Keep less noise—keep less noise," repeated he. " Why," said I, from the Barber of Seville, " ' You are the only noisy person here,' you little rogue !" which had the effect of quieting him. Soon after, a very handsome young clergyman, whose name, I believe, is Purdon, came into the passage between the two seats, and examined them in a manner which, in my humble estimation, did him great honour ; and while I heard him expound the influence of Christianity on the human heart, I could not avoid the conviction that, from his earnest and

highly impressive style, the sublime truths which he delivered would take deep root, and grow up in the minds of the young people whom he addressed.

It was my plan to go over in the steam-packet to Liverpool, not only to see that flourishing town, but to visit an old friend who had settled there, and who had pressed me most earnestly to call, should I ever cross the Channel. On Monday morning, therefore, I walked to Eden Quay, where the two Liverpool steam-packet offices are, and booked myself for the Mersey, to sail that evening.

After entering my name, I had wandered considerably below the Custom House, admiring the new buildings which have arisen there in the last few years. It was in the afternoon that I returned, and just as I was passing to Sackville-street, whom should I meet but my old friend Jem Davis. "Is it you," said I, "Jem? How rejoiced I am to see you." His friendly hand assured me that I was not mistaken. "Do you lead a city life?" said I: "You will be as kind to me as the mouse in the fable was to his country friend—you will show me how you live; for, knowing as I do, that your exchequer is a lieutenant's half-pay office, and that,

too, under seven years' standing, like myself, it surprises me to see the smart external which you present, and the ruddy costume of your cheek. Believe me, I marvel at thy goodly presence and gallant bearing!"

"Thou shalt judge for thyself," said Jem, assuming the same quizzical strain that I had sported. "Canst thou dine on a snack, twice or thrice a week, and practise the precept of Dr. Franklin, that 'a penny saved is twopence gained?'"—"Good," answered I, pursing up my mouth *à la mode de Briefwit*—"allons donc." So, taking my arm, Jem marched direct for the Anchor and Plough snack-house. We were shown up stairs to an airy, spacious, and well furnished room, in which, at different tables, sat several highly respectable-looking men, with trays of refreshments before them. Jem gave his orders to the waiter, and in a moment we were served with a very comfortable plate of cold roast beef, some warm potatoes, a slice of bread, mustard, vinegar, and a glass of porter. I really felt quite hungry after my walk, and made as respectable and sufficient a dinner as I have often done on a cold joint at my father's economical

board. "What have we to pay, waiter?" inquired Jem, with a significant look at me. "Tenpence, Sir, if you please," was the reply. "Tenpence a piece?" said I. No, it was for both snacks.

"Thus," said Jem, "I manage to live independently and comfortably on four shillings a day; and I would strongly recommend every half-pay subaltern to do the same. What I save from the gratification of my appetite not only conduces to my external appearance, but really preserves my health. My bed-room costs me only five shillings a week; my breakfast I can have for a trifle in my own apartment; my dinner averages about a shilling daily; so, you see, I have a fund remaining to meet mental recreation, and contribute to self-love."

"Bravo, Jem," answered I, grasping his hand; "well thou deservest thy character for prudence. He is the true gentleman who lives within his means; and that man only deserves the title of honourable who is just to others before he is liberal to himself. Yes, my friend, if all our brothers on half pay were to act the noble part which, to your credit, you play, his majesty's commission would not so often be the inmate of a jail, or the scorn of a petty

craving tradesman, whose wife and children, perhaps, are reduced to want by the credit which an officer's name created. Better, like the brave and proud Captain in Gil Blas, to live in a garret on onions, than to lose the cheering consciousness of upright independence by pampering extravagance with inconsistent luxuries."

The worthy James Davis and I parted soon after; and in the hope that these particulars may be useful to some of my readers, I have embodied them in this faithful narrative of real occurrences. Proud would it make me, and uprightly should I march to my grave, could any thing from my pen essentially serve the profession to which I belong; inspire the young soldier with principles of honour, with zeal for the service, with respect for himself, with every requisite that forms the perfect officer and the distinguished gentleman!

IN the evening my friend Malony embarked on board the Mersey for Liverpool; but the continuation of his journey demands another Number.

N^o. VIII.

LIEUT. JOHN MALONY.

(Continued.)

—◆—

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
 To see one's native land receding through
 The growing waters; it unmans one quite,
 Especially when life is rather new.

BYRON.

Six o'clock was the hour appointed for the Mersey to sail. True to the moment, I was on board. Previously I had admired her fine accommodations. She was a perfect picture. Her cabins are fitted up in the most tasteful and expensive manner—rich carpets—gold fringes—Ottoman couches—and mahogany furniture.

I took my station on the poop, or cabin deck, and gazed on the scene with interest. The gaslights of Dublin were spreading their clear blaze around, till, lost in the horizon, they twinkled like

little stars; and the dark blue vault of heaven was full of glory. A dense crowd of anxious people stood on the Custom-house quay, close to which the Mersey lay; cast into shade as they were by that noble building, we had to strain sight to distinguish individual outline. The boiler was roaring with impatience, and the great chimney sent up such a column of grey steam, and black smoke, as darkened that part of the horizon to which it was carried in a long visible stream by the wind. It was about seven o'clock, when the rapidly moving objects on shore told me that our engine was doing its duty. Away, in the deception of departure, they seemed to move, whilst it was I that left them behind. We had a strong blast in our teeth; but we cannot judge on board a steam-packet how the wind blows, unless we see the sails set, for she moves at such a rate, that the breeze must necessarily seem a-head, as she often outruns it.

We had about fifty cabin passengers. The steward, who is a very attentive Scotchman, assisted by several waiters, and a very pretty Scotch girl, as ladies' attendant, introduced tea and coffee before the packet sailed. I, who am a little curious, had

gone down to see the ladies. Some of them were really worth looking at; particularly an artillery officer's bride, for—by the excess of fondness they manifested towards each other, which the presence of strangers was not sufficient to restrain—I presume they were just married. Her white long fingers were locked in his Mars-like hand, as she lay reclined on a sofa; and, I suppose, every one that witnessed such luxuriance wished to be married. However, I thought of my own Emma, and said to myself, my sweet girl has more modesty and delicacy than to lie so. The tremulous peculiar motion given to a vessel by an engine soon affects landsmen. The cabin, which had been a scene of noisy laugh and conversation, suddenly became deserted. All the ladies retired to bed; and many of the gentlemen were leaning their heads over the side of the flying vessel; or, in broken accents, urging the attentions of the steward and his mates.

As I am never sea sick, I enjoyed the whole; below, I listened to the conversation; above, I marked the beauty of the scene, as the vessel marched on her white foaming track. The waving

column of smoke was trailing along the deep blue waves, and expanding into a mass of misty shadow, through which the lamps on each side of the Liffey formed a star-like long vista, in retiring perspective, till it ended in a far distant point. At length we left the light-houses behind us ; and I retired to my berth, strongly disposed to make myself as comfortable as possible.

My bed was No. 20 ; and just under me lay an American gentleman, I believe, who had held a noisy argument about the discovery of steam navigation ; claiming it as the peculiar right of the New World. However, some one contended that it had only been reduced to practice there ; and he quoted the Philosophical Transactions in support of his assumption ; that steam navigation had been tried, as an experiment, on the river Thames long before it was known in America. This I leave to be determined by the curious. I turned in my bed, thought myself quite snug, dreamed of my own Emma, and about one o'clock turned again ; when, to my utter surprise and confusion, my cot fell down, and the American gentleman began to groan most fearfully. " Good God, Sir,"

said I, "are you hurt? This confounded bed has given way, and I am so completely jammed in, that I can move neither hand nor foot."

"Steward! steward!" shouted he most boisterously, "fly—assist that fat gentleman, who is crushing me to annihilation, to extricate himself. He has me completely under him—O Lord! I cannot move."

At last I got out, to my very high satisfaction. When the American saw me, he expressed his great astonishment: "Why, Sir," said he, "you have the property of a cotton-screw. I really took you for a man of at least seventeen stone—and I am now ashamed to think that such a genteelly-shaped personage should have occasioned my stomach so much uneasiness." I scarcely knew whether to be angry or pleased with his joke; but as I had had the upper hand so long, I now knocked under, and suffered him to repose in peace. For the rest of the night I was obliged to lie on the floor; being unable, from the great motion given to the Mersey by a strong breeze, to occupy a sofa. However, I arose early, con-

vinced that patience is a virtue which, like small coin, is constantly required in life.

Upon going on deck next morning, I saw Captain Williams, the master of the *Mersey*, muffled in his cloak and fur cap. His fine seaman-like countenance, and weather-beaten complexion, told me that he had been all night at his post. He was gazing at the distant mountains of Wales, which purpled the horizon to the right; whilst, far a-head, bright morning was peeping over the blue round billows, sparkling, and playing, and curling towards us in white foam, as full of life and joy.

There is always something to be learned from free communication with men: I scarcely recollect an individual I have ever addressed who was not able, in some way, to enlarge my information; therefore, I would strongly recommend to travellers never to shroud themselves in silence and pride, but, looking upon their fellow men, however different in appearance and rank, as their brothers, either give or receive information by opening the portals of speech; for, in one case, they

benefit themselves, and in the other, they serve their country.

From the captain I learned that the Mersey's steam-engine is of ninety-horse power, and that it requires fourteen tons of coals per day: thence I conclude, that unless some unknown improvement take place in reducing the consumption of fuel, the application of steam can never be general in long voyages. Even in one to America, a common vessel could carry only her complement of coals.

About ten o'clock the coast of Cheshire rose to view. As we neared Liverpool, the sea was covered with vessels, all getting out with a fair wind, having been detained in dock for several weeks by westerly breezes and strong gales. The sight was grand beyond my power of description. More than two hundred vessels passed us in half an hour, with all their sails set, like beautiful water-birds dancing on the bright waves. Far a-head we saw a steam-packet, like a volcano, vomiting smoke and blaze, and dashing at a prodigious rate towards us, whilst we were foaming and roaring forward against wind and tide, the crews of the different ships that passed close to us cheering, as we glanced away

from each other, leaving no trace behind of our ever having embellished the spot. The sea to the eastward was glittering in all the beauty of reflected light ; whilst under the dense column of smoke which left us, it was a dark purple. By the strong wind, the column of smoke was dashed down upon the water, and there spreading, darkened the horizon, and painted the ships which had passed it in fine shadow, portraying on one side all the beauty of a night scene, while on the other we had the glorious colours of brilliant day. I gazed on all this with deep interest, and thought what a wonder we should have appeared, a few years ago, to the fleet that passed us. Familiarity, however, soon reconciles man to any thing ; and the novelty of steam and gas will soon pass off like every other nine days' wonder.

On getting under the coast of Cheshire, near the Black-rock, I was struck with its wild, bleak, and barren aspect ; for it is literally a heap of sand-hills, with two or three isolated houses, which impart to it a character of romance and desolation. Upon entering the Mersey, however, the fine coast of Lancashire, presenting numerous towns, spires,

windmills, and villages to the eye, rewarded me with all the heightening effect of contrast ; and the town of Liverpool, the second London of England, stood before me—eight hundred ships rising over the bright high brick wall that runs between the river and her numerous docks.

No sooner had the Mersey dropped anchor, the tide not permitting her to near one of the quays, than our deck was crowded, and my hands filled with tavern-cards, and coach-office proclamations. “ Sir, our inn is the best in England.”—“ Sir, you will receive the most respectful attention if you honour our house.”—“ Our coach starts for London, Sir, at one—eight miles an hour—here, Sir, is a time-bill—twenty-six hours to the Bull and Mouth Inn, Bull and Mouth Street, close to St. Paul’s.”—“ Our’s, Sir, to the Three Cups Inn, Aldersgate Street—a word in your ear, Sir, we have not had a break-down for six years.”—“ I am a licensed porter, Sir,” said a smart fellow, holding up the brass badge on his arm ; “ your luggage shall be carefully carried to any part of the town.”

All this, and twenty times as much, assailed my ear, in uncouth sounds, my hearing being unac-

customed to the distinct delivery and marked accent of this part of England. At length I got into a boat. On landing, a decent young man accosted me. "Is your name Malony, Sir?" "Yes, how did you know me?" "By my master's description, Sir—we have been waiting here since seven o'clock, in expectation of your arrival." Saying so, he handed me a very kind note from my friend J——, whose porter, having taken my trunk from the privileged carrier, was sustaining the weight of his displeasure; for he averred, that no man in Liverpool had a right to such a burden unless he wore the badge. However, upon my dropping into his hand some reward for his trouble, he darted away in search of other employment.

My friend's wife, whom I had never before seen, received me at the door with such frankness and cordiality, taking my hand like an old acquaintance, that I was ready to kiss her with a brother's affection; convinced, at a glance, that she was the woman in the world to make him I had known for many a year perfectly happy. He had gone to the quay in the hope of seeing me; and I had

scarcely returned his kind and excellent lady thanks for her friendly reception, when I saw his well-known face peering over my shoulder, and felt the grasp of his warm hand.

Well, we dined, played chess and whist, talked over old times, looked at all the docks, visited the Exchange, admired Nelson's monument, viewed the town from St. James's-walk, inspected a great chain-cable manufactory, and so forth. In short, for two days I felt and enjoyed the hospitality and plenty of an English merchant's house and circle; felt no head-ache, though I was forced to drink deep of choice wines; praised, as I shall ever praise, a dear old lady, who, at seventy years of age, is the life and soul of society—proving that goodness is ever cheerful, and that declining years may be happy when health is carefully hoarded, and memory has only the common regrets of humanity to sadden the visions of hope. I must not forget my friend's brother-in-law, and also his partner, who both paid me the greatest attention; nor shall I soon cease to remember the busy scene I witnessed on the Exchange, and in the Reading-room, or great hall, where the murmur of voices was like the hoarse roar of a surf, or the deafening noise of

some mighty engine. Such is the effect of accumulation: the loudest thunder is composed of portions of sound, as the largest mountains consist of grains of sand, and the widest oceans of drops of water.

Any one coming from Dublin to Liverpool is forcibly struck with the different aspect of things. The brick buildings in this part of England have a peculiar effect: the business-like face which every thing wears as you enter the town—the great improvement which you see going on—the huge stones you meet on carriages—the steam-engines you behold every where at work, the immense ranges of stores that attract your notice—the new buildings that every where seem rising as by magic—and the noble teams of horses, and fine waggons, which you pass, convince you of the astonishing extent to which the commerce and prosperity of this modern town are advancing. Such is the rapidity with which new houses are erected here, as well as in London, that a man will lay his foundation, and open his shop, or store, in the same week. I felt alarmed, however, on looking at the slight walls of these modern edifices; only one brick in thickness, yet rising to the height of

three stories.—“ Good God!” thought I, “ it would frighten me to lean against such a pile, or bend over a window to look into the street.” I believe that, if the world could be placed on the point of an exactly perpendicular needle, with its precise centre in perfect equilibrium, there it would stand poised to all eternity ; yet, as a possibility in theory may fail in practice, I must continue to doubt the stability of those slight edifices, notwithstanding all the scientific phrases about equal pressure, and mutual support. In short, I fully expect to hear of some furious storm committing as great a devastation on life and property in this country, as in the regions of hurricanes. Therefore, gallant sir, or fair lady, I strongly urge you to build a new house with stone and lime, and to repair an old one with at least two bricks and mortar : nor am I subject, being a half-pay officer, and an author, to the charge against the mason in the fable.

At ten o'clock precisely the Sovereign was to start from the Saracen's Head ; an inn, the proprietor of which is said to be worth one hundred thousand pounds. I was there with my friend in proper time ; and having secured my favourite seat on the

box, I took possession of it with some pleasure, bade as affectionate an adieu to the worthy Mr. J—— as I had done to his lady, and away Harry Dingle, the brave coachy, started; the guard playing “ My love she’s but a lassie yet,” which produced a sigh in memory of my sweet Emma, and created wonder that the English should have every thing of their own but music.

So long as I can see, and the rain does not absolutely pour, I shall prefer the outside of a coach to its inner apartment. Who that has curiosity would travel two hundred miles through a fine country without seeing as much of it as possible, and hearing all that local knowledge can say about it? I looked at Harry with some interest and expectation. He is really a fine specimen of the English breed; like the horses he drove he appeared full of mettle and generosity; and, as his countrymen generally do, he displayed a strong robust person, evidently well fed, positively well clothed, and a highly intelligent countenance, strongly marked with good solid sense, and the lustre of ale and sunshine.

“ You will have to stop at the Three Swans,”

said a respectable looking woman who sat behind me. "Which of the Swans?" asked Harry. "I really don't know," replied she, "whether it be the *Swane* with one neck, the *Swane* with two, or the *Swane* with three necks; but when we get there, I'll tell thee; and thou shalt have a drink of *yule* for thy *trouble*."

"No trouble," replied Harry, "but too early for me to drink: that won't do at the Saracen's Head, Sir," said he to me—and this spoke a volume respecting Harry's character, and the minute attention of his employers to good name, and regularity of conduct.

Soon after passing the Three Swans, more commonly called the Old Swans, about three-and-a-half miles from Liverpool, you see the fine domains of Lord S—— and the Earl of D——, whose animated support of cock-fighting and horse-racing lend to the names of Molyneux and Stanley peculiar lustre. The present Earl of D—— is more than seventy years of age; but he hunts like his son; keeps above two thousand game cocks, and one hundred racers; accepts challenges from all parts of England, and adventures vast sums on a main, or a

gallop. His son is said to have incurred his lordship's sore displeasure by an exercise of wit about his cocks. The anecdote is thus told:—

It happened on a particular occasion that his lordship's horses ran so well, having carried away all the stakes at Newmarket, that the Earl rewarded his trainer in a most munificent style, as the success was attributed to his most scientific management. Nearly about the same period, however, all his cocks, upon whose mettle a mighty sum was pending, took to their heels, in the most unaccountable manner, and ran as fast as the French did from the battle of Waterloo. The young Lord could not contain himself on the occasion, but while the Earl was yet smarting under defeat, observed, before a large circle,—“ Why, father, Jack,” meaning his lordship's head groom, “ must have trained your cocks as well as your horses; for d——n me but they made equally fine play; and he ought to be rewarded according to his great merit in creating wind and speed.”

At Rainhill, eleven miles from Liverpool, Mr. Brotherton, the proprietor of the Saracen's Head, has a country house, on a scale of magnificence

with his reputed wealth. When I saw his grandeur, and thought of his fortune, I asked myself—why is this man an innkeeper? He may wish to make more money; for avarice is insatiable: he may be unable to live without employment: he may wish to serve the interests of his country. However, I drop *mays*, leaving the solution of what puzzles me to a wiser or more competent head.—About sixty-six coaches leave Liverpool every day; and it is said that one half of them belong to the Saracen's Head establishment.

From Weston, where the coal mines commence, to the great glass-works of Warrington, you see and hear the face and voice of activity and labour. The Bridgewater canal is seen occasionally, like a silver road, embellishing the flat country around, and winding gracefully according to its level. On crossing the Mersey you enter Cheshire. The river is navigable up to the city; and when we crossed it, several flats, with red sails, and deeply loaded hulls, were gliding down its fine current. Soon after, you pass the Earl of Stamford's domain; and, not far from a place called London Bridge, you see the Earl of Stafford's. But I need not be

particular, for every mile presents smiling villages, wealthy farmhouses, prosperous towns, or noble seats, and ancient mansions. At Northwich the great salt-works commence, the smoke of whose large chimneys darkens the air. This is thirty miles from Liverpool. So small is the value of salt-rock at this place, that I saw men with baskets picking up manure on the road, which was considered far more valuable than the lumps of salt which the carters had dropped. Salt, some time ago, before the duty was struck off, sold here for sixteen *shillings* per bushel ; it now fetches only seven *pence*.

Not far from Northwich you pass B—— Hall, of whose wealthy proprietor, Mr. F., the people say—“ He would skin a flint for a halfpenny, and spoil a knife worth sixpence.” This sufficiently marks his character. An anecdote, however, which I believe to be true, yet more clearly indicates his turn of mind.

Mr. F. is particularly fond of rabbits, and he breeds them in thousands. When his tenants pay their rents well, and 'squire and honour him to full satisfaction, he makes the good dame of each farmhouse an annual present of a pair of his favourites.

It happened, once upon a time, that a certain yeoman's wife, who paid the 'Squire yearly five hundred marks, or guineas, in gold, longed exceedingly for a rabbit. The long-eared, four-footed, hairy, innocent creature, presented itself in such tempting visions to the rich farmer's wife, that, like Eve of old, she must taste it at all risks. Her husband, perhaps, dreaded a new variety of the human race in his family, with rough surface and long ears; for as soon as his wife's longing became violent, he posted to the Hall, told his honour's steward of the dangerous state in which his wife was on account of his being unable to procure a rabbit for her; and at last, after much circumlocution, he urged his request, that he, the steward, would prefer his petition to the 'Squire, which, if granted, should never be forgotten. The aristocratical proprietor of the Hall readily granted the prayer, and the good dame, in due time, produced an increase of stock, of the right old genuine biped breed. However, when the rabbit-killing season came on, Mr. F., in giving directions to his steward regarding the annual present of his favourites, said—"Mind

you send only one to Dame H——, for you know she has had the other.”

At Middlewich, six miles from Northwich, I was much gratified by an act of kind and polite attention in a gentleman. I had dropped my umbrella, I know not how far behind, but it was handed to me by the stranger to whom my allusion is made, who picked it up and galloped after us. Such courtesy is truly characteristic.

As we passed down the street of Sandbach, which has a remarkable old church, and a large silk manufactory, and exhibits several curious houses of oak, built perhaps four hundred years ago, my dear Emma came again to recollection; for, as it was market day, a very pleasing band, belonging to some exhibition I believe, were playing “My love she’s but a lassie yet,” very sweetly. We stopped a few minutes at the inn door, during which time a son of Bacchus came staggering up; and, squaring himself at another, who was sober, but evidently a tippler, hugged him about the neck, and said—“But I do love thee in my heart; if I don’t I’m dom’d.—Wilt thou fight?” “No.”

“ Art thou an Englishman ?” . “ No—a Dane ; and you know the Danes once licked you, and all England. Come, bind up both thy hands and I’ll lather thee too.” Off we set ; and I heard no more of this characteristic dialogue.

After passing this town, the road runs for a considerable way along the Bridgewater Canal. This navigation communicates with London, and pays on each share of 100*l.* seventy-five *per cent. per annum.* The boats used on it are very long and narrow ; they are towed along by one horse, and carry from ten to twenty tons. You first go for some miles along this canal, then you cross it, and at Lawton, about 46 miles from Liverpool, you drive under it. Soon after, the Kinnersley coal works commence ; and on entering Staffordshire, you see nothing but blazing manufactories of china, pottery-ware, and minerals ; the smoke ascending in dense bodies, the earth spouting up flames, the whole country one continued town, till you get to Henley. There you are astonished to find that that large place is only the centre of the district. To feel the grandeur, however, and to view the wealth of this part of England, you must stand on Golden

Hill, or Mow-Cop, on a fine day, and embrace the scene around.

“O, England ! thou cradle of right liberty,
How my heart leaps with gladness thy glory to see ;
If thy own gallant Bess from the sky could look down,
She would barter bright heaven for Albion’s crown !”

Such was the blasphemous rhapsody that crossed my brain when I witnessed the wealth, prosperity, and happiness that now characterize England. You see contentment beaming in every eye ; industry successful ; the voice of gladness and the sound of merriment cheer your passage through every smiling village and town. In short, without exaggeration, England is the finest country in the world ; for art has made nature subservient to enjoyment, and overcome the elements. What may you not have in England for money ? You may be hot or cold just as you please ; and if your enjoyment consist in love or wine, your lady may be fairer than Venus, and the luxuries of the whole earth may be spread on your table.

Towards evening the weather changed, and heavy rain began to make me very uncomfortable, notwithstanding the excellent dinner I had enjoyed ;

so, as night approached, I got inside, having reserved to myself that necessary power. The coach accommodates four inside passengers, but there was only one lady, whom I had heard the coachman call Miss: she had not dined with us, having a basket of refreshments with her; therefore, I knew not whether the lady were a young spinster or an old maid; or whether nature had showered roses and lilies upon her sweet face with a niggardly or profuse hand. Upon stopping at Uttoxeter, however, to change coach, I was asked if I would take tea. Now I have ever been exceedingly fond of this beverage, not only on account of its refreshing qualities, but because it introduced me so often to the dear ladies.—“With much pleasure,” said I, and a door was opened for me by a curtsying damsel. Here I found the lady passenger; and our faces met in the full glare of two large candles. I made my bow, and left it to Miss to be distant or familiar, just as she liked the cut of my phiz. But young madam got up, without saying a word, and retired, as I thought, up stairs, with an intention of returning. For this I waited a considerable time in vain. At length I began to suspect that I

had been guilty of unintentional rudeness in going abruptly into the room ; so I left it without the tea which I had expected.

I had seen enough of my unknown companion to convince me that she was sufficiently attractive. Indeed, I had beheld and admired her before ; for, while standing at the Saracen's Head, when the coach was getting ready, I saw three young ladies, wrapped in large tartan cloaks, whose heads were made comfortable by grey beaver bonnets, and drab-coloured feathers. They were evidently sisters ; and under their bonnets I saw three as pretty faces, my own Emma's excepted, as I would wish to look upon. Their appearance was genteel and modest, with a retiring bright black eye, which induced one to follow, as it stole away seemingly from observation. I had seen two of these girls bid adieu to the third ; and in my unknown companion I found her who had before attracted my attention.

Our conversation had been, previously to this recognition, monosyllabic ; for she seemed to decline communication with a stranger ; and, viewing her unprotected and delicate situation as a peculiar safeguard, I had not pressed myself in the least on

her notice. However, when we again started, I told her that I was very angry with myself for my abrupt intrusion on her tea-table ; and I expressed my fear and regret that I had deprived her of so necessary a refreshment. She gave me to understand that I had not done so ; and added, very graciously, that I was not the cause of her quitting the room ; so I concluded she had taken tea up stairs, and we both resumed our silence.

The night, although a wet one, was not so dark as to prevent me from seeing the young lady's face in shade. This partial invisibility gave the charm of a veil to her beauty ; and I could not, for the life of me, help looking rather too often at her fine pale face, which, like a mirror, threw back every twinkling star that kissed it through the windows. — From what I have said, you will perceive that we sat exactly opposite to each other, our feet sometimes mixing, in those changes of position which fatigue and restlessness occasioned. I felt the extreme awkwardness of my situation ; and I caught the fair lady looking repeatedly at me ; no doubt agitated by similar cogitations. The coach was of course dashing away at the rate of eight miles

an hour, and making a great noise. As the night advanced, the young creature became sorely fatigued, sleepy, and restless; changed her position every moment; and of course I said all in the power of gentle language to cheer her. I made up my boat-cloak in the form of a bolster, and advised her to lie down on the seat, and take her rest with perfect confidence and safety. She did so; and leaning my head against the angle of the coach, with my arm in the sling, I fell into a sweet doze. How long I slept I know not, but my first consciousness was, that my ankle was receiving a gentle and repeated pat.—“What can this be?” thought I, and cautiously opening my eyes, I saw the fair lady again sitting up, and looking at me with fixed attention. A suspicion instantly crossed my brain, that it was her foot I had felt; and it also appeared to me, that the nice little pat could not have been altogether accidental.—“She may be no better than some other pretty girls,” thought I; “she may think me a very dull companion.—If she be really as innocent as she looks, and of as respectable a family as her external appearance and manner indicate, why was she permitted to risk

this exposure?"—A few more looks on my part did away suspicion ; and I concluded that I must have erred in supposing the lady to pat my ankle on purpose.

On awaking from asleep in a coach one feels very cold ; and I soon found that the lady was shivering and uncomfortable.—To relieve her as much as possible, I advised her to permit me to put my large military cloak round her, to which she assented, with thanks, in a melancholy and extremely sweet voice.—I was almost fascinated ; and I regret to say I was on the point of telling her, as I folded the cloak about her bosom, that every thing put round a young lady's neck ought to be clasped. In short, I had my arms in the very first position of advance towards warming her with an innocent pressure, which, God knows, might have been carried too far, or resented with scorn ; but, just at the moment, I really thought my Emma's sorrowful face was looking through the window. Such was the illusion, that I fell back on the seat in shame and silence.

I have no belief in supernatural agencies. Imagination is fully sufficient to create visions, and to

paint pictures on waking thought, as well as on sleeping thoughtlessness. The air-drawn dagger of Macbeth, and the ghosts of Richard, rose by the same magic touch of fancy.—That I am not singular in my delusion of sight, the following anecdote attests :—

Captain Montresor was as daring a horseman, and as brave an officer as ever hunted a tiger, faced a wild boar, chased a fox in mimic war, or met an enemy on a field of battle. He was famous for having cleared the most astonishing obstacles in his ardent pursuit of an object ; and it was said that Montresor would go over the devil's back, rather than stop to look on the other side. Yet on one occasion he proved that he had some reflection. The dogs were in full cry—the chase had excited all the energies of the sportsmen—every hunter seemed to be as regardless of life as his rider—Montresor, as usual, led the charge—a prodigious stone ditch rose before him. No one ever suspected that he would stop. But he did stop.—A mad brother officer, Major Campbell, who wished to be as far before Montresor in horsemanship as he was in rank, made towards the leap with fury, but his

horse, of noble mettle, touched the awfully broad parapet, tumbled forward, and fell on the unfortunate Major, who expired as though he had been struck on the breast by a cannon-ball.

“And was it fear that prevented you from the attempt?” asked a friend, afterwards, in conversing with Montresor.

“I saw my wife and five children on the other side, who would have been crushed to death”—was his deliberate reply.

The fair stranger received all the attention from me that a gentleman should pay to an unprotected lady. I offered to render her every service in my power on her arrival in London. This she politely declined, assuring me that her uncle would be at the coach-office to escort her home.—I regret that I am not able to embellish these pages with her story. We parted.

Next morning I re-occupied my seat on the box, saw Queen Eleanor's monument—Horton Hall—passed through the fine counties of Buckingham and Bedford—and admired the beauty of Woburn Abbey and Church.—Here the Duke of Bedford, who honours the name of Russell, carries on his

extensive agricultural projects. Here I saw farming in its perfection; and, full of respect and admiration for all I beheld, we rattled past Hadley Highstone, where Edward the IVth fought the Earl of Warwick, and entered London about five o'clock, instead of twelve, making a difference of five hours between promise and performance, of doing 204 miles in twenty-six.

I SHALL open a new Number for the sequel. One observation I have, however, first to make.—It appears by my friend Malony's journal, that coals are sold at the Kitcrew collieries, in Staffordshire, for seven shillings a ton; in Dublin for thirty; in London for forty-eight. Is it not a great grievance to the inhabitants of the capital of England, that they should pay more for coals, which might be sent up by the canal, than we do in Ireland for those brought from Wigan?

I also find that strangers are charged reasonable prices for refreshment on the road between Liverpool and London, which is not the case on some

other lines.—Malony did not experience an instance of imposition, except at Redburn, about 27 miles from London. It was of course his intention to dine on his arrival in town ; but when the coach stopped at the inn, where there is a halt of twenty-five minutes, the passengers were asked to snack.—Malony alone accepted the invitation, naturally expecting that the charge would be trifling for a warm potatoe and some cold beef. But he was called upon to pay two shillings. Now this being within sixpence of the price charged for a comfortable warm dinner in the same inn, he very properly resisted the imposition, which combines deceit and fraud with barefaced unreasonableness ; and it ought to be held up to public reprobation.—It is true, that several dishes of cold meat and fowl were laid out on the table, and that a very comfortable dinner might be made on such good cheer and a warm potatoe. The mode, however, is not in character with the fair and open honesty of a blunt Englishman, who never yet considered a lunch so near the importance of a dinner ; nor, perhaps, did any Englishwoman before rate them so

much alike. A gentleman, to whom my friend spoke afterwards on the subject, remarked very properly,—“ Sir, on getting near London, you must expect the roguery of the world; and, indeed, individual villany any where is no criterion of national character; for where is rascality not to be found?”

Nº. IX.

LIEUT. MALONY.

(*Continued.*)

————— Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters,—there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night ;
A guardian angel, o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasure, and his cares dividing !

ROGERS.

I CAN assure my brother half-pay Subs, that they may live in London on four shillings per day, which may be a useful piece of information to many a gentleman who, like myself, has only that sum ; and who, if he live at an hotel, or even in private lodgings, will find three times as much hardly sufficient.—You must not live at the west-end of the town, where every thing is one-third dearer than in the city—no, lodge at No. 7, St. Martin's-le-

Grand *, at the foot of Bull and Mouth-street, near St. Paul's.—There you will get a comfortable bedroom for a shilling a-night—a clean well-warmed coffee-room up stairs, to amuse yourself in over the newspapers during the day—your breakfast for eightpence, and a sufficient dinner for one shilling and fourpence, without any charge for servants. This suitable place for gentlemen of small means is entitled “The City of London Coffee and Refreshment-rooms.” There are some other houses on the same scale ; but here you will not only be well-used as long as you can pay, but meet with others, like yourself, who have wisdom to be independent, by living within their income.

* In order to make the above observation as generally useful as possible, I beg leave to mention, that Mr. Thomas Nesbit, the proprietor of the coffee and refreshment rooms alluded to, has it in contemplation to extend his plan for the accommodation of respectable classes of society who may, either from limited circumstances or duty to large families, make economy an object on coming to London. His terms for ladies and gentlemen are as follow :

	<i>s. d.</i>
A comfortable single-bedded room - - -	1 0
A regular breakfast, consisting of either tea or coffee, with toast, roll, or muffins - - -	0 10

The gentleman publisher, at whose desire I travelled, was not in town on my arrival; but two days after, I saw him, and received a most favourable impression of his spirit and generosity. Amongst other instances of polite and kind attention, he honoured me with an invitation for the next day to dinner.

IRREGULAR BREAKFAST.		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
A large breakfast cup of either tea or coffee	- -	0	2
A round of toast	- - - -	0	3
A roll or muffin	- - - -	0	2
Dinner off a joint, with vegetables and bread	-	1	2

OPTIONAL DINNERS.			
For a rump steak	- - - -	1	0
For a mutton chop	- - - -	0	5
For a lamb chop	- - - -	0	6
For a pork chop	- - - -	0	6
Sausage or kidney	- - - -	0	3
Vegetables	- - - -	0	1
Bread, or cheese, or butter	- - - -	0	1
Salad	- - - -	0	2
Ox tail soup, with bread	- - - -	0	9
Mutton broth, with ditto	- - - -	0	6
Pea soup, with ditto	- - - -	0	5
Gravy soup, with ditto	- - - -	0	7

N. B. There is no demand made by servants, but as the attendants receive no wages, it is expected that 5*d.* per diem will not be deemed too heavy a remuneration for their services. Porter, ale, beer, wine, &c. are sent up as ordered, from an adjoining tavern.— Nearly all the papers, and some of the periodicals, are taken in.

Meanwhile, Sunday having intervened, I had attended divine service at St. Paul's, and wondered that so few were inclined to worship God in the most magnificent cathedral in Britain. I may say there was no congregation; and the choir and clergyman, feeling no excitement, hurried over the service with obvious inattention and neglect. I presume it is on account of the coldness produced by the vast extent of the edifice, that it is almost deserted in winter. Thus magnificence may be carried to a useless extent. St. Paul's is out of proportion to human nature; in it I looked upon myself as a pigmy. It is a curious fact, that the sublime in art makes man feel little, while that in nature elevates us, and raises the mind to the great Architect of heaven and earth. The use that St. Paul's is to the living, then, seems only to be, the inspiring influence which its monuments have on the rising generation. His heart must be a cold one that does not beat warm before the trophies of well-earned fame, and utter a wish for such a perpetuation as the ornaments of that fabric have secured. It would be too common-place, however, to say much more on this well-thrashed subject.

At half-past five next day, I was as punctual to the time as a man not much accustomed for some years to great society is, but it was six before the company all arrived. Eleven of us, all gentlemen, sat down to a sumptuous table, which in four courses exhibited the variety of the season, and the taste of our host. We had rich soup and fish—excellent mutton, fowl, tongue, and patties—pies, tarts, jellies—grapes, oranges, apples, &c.—champagne, hock, sherry, madeira, port, and claret, so capital in every respect that you might drink till you were drowned, and feel no pang in dying. Then the conversation was of course all about books, philosophy, and divinity; love and poetry to be sure came in for a share, and Moore, though absent, was made to contribute to harmony. We had three reverend gentlemen, whose faces indicated that abstraction which literature impresses on the aspect of her votaries; and several names, I believe, who have contributed to enlighten the age; besides a rattling young Templar, who, to my great satisfaction, left me not an opening to get in a word; so that I enjoyed that unmarked taciturnity for which I am reproachable, till familiarity wears

it away, in large parties. The way to please some is to let them talk themselves into good humour, and in the course of the evening, my learned friend called me a *devilish good fellow*, which must have been on account of my silence.

Several toasts were given, all highly honourable to the head and heart of our justly-esteemed president and croupier. At length I was aroused to a thought respecting myself, by hearing the warm-souled publisher introduce a panegyric on Ireland, coupled with so humble an individual as I consider Jack Malony.

“ My friends,” said he, in a far more elegant and animated strain than I can reach, without a bottle of sparkling champagne to brighten my intellect as it had done his—“ you have honoured me this evening by drinking several bumper toasts. I call upon you again to fill up to the brim, and join me in pledging a gentleman present, who belongs to a sister country, the Emerald Isle, whose natural beauty, and great fertility of talent and genius, have long commanded our most affectionate admiration, and unqualified esteem. Be it perpetual!—I shall not trespass further upon you, by a faint attempt

to impart the heart-felt regard I feel for that country. Permit me to propose the health of Captain Malony, and to wish that the happiness and prosperity of Ireland may have progressive increase."

If I had been struck blind, I could not have been more surprised by darkness, than my ear was by these sounds. I had never contemplated such a circumstance as being thus noticed, and called upon to display my powers of speech. Surprise for a moment seemed to annihilate my faculties. In the rapidity of thought, how I blamed myself for not foreseeing this event, and having a few flowers of oratory planted in my memory to meet the occasion! Yet I must say somewhat. Indeed, to gain time, I had muttered a sentence about Ireland only requiring the capital of England to make her truly what our president had wished; but the young Templar upset me by asking—"What, would you have all our capital?" and pushing out his mouth to a formidable extent towards me, by way of negative. "Hear Captain Malony!" said the croupier, in an accent that induced me to put him down for a Scotchman, which I had suspected

before. This absolutely forced me to begin; so, filling my glass, I rose, and bowing with respect, which I deeply felt, I said:—

“ Mr. President, and gentlemen! I am deeply penetrated with gratitude by the honour you have done me in drinking my health; and more particularly so, by the flattering manner in which you have eulogized my native land. Permit me to return, from the bottom of my heart, sincere thanks to you all, and to drink the health of each and every one; wishing long continued glory to Old England, and that the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock may for ever be united, happy, and free.”

This poor return was most kindly clapped, and I sat down, rejoiced that I had not made a dead stop in the middle of my speech, and seemed as though without an idea; which temporary suspension of memory and thought is often seen and felt, when superaction produces the same effect as repletion, and steals away the brains. If I had been cool and collected, what a fine flourishing speech I might have made! I could have commenced with an apology about my being unaccustomed to public speaking—informed the party how

I had been taken by surprise at the most unexpected honour conferred on an individual so humble, by gentlemen so distinguished—regretted my not being prepared to thank them in language sufficiently energetic—begged them to receive the offering of my heart, instead of the overflowings of my tongue—entered largely into the political state of Ireland—accounted for the same—reprobated party spirit—condemned the proceedings of the Catholic Association—displayed my own liberality as an advocate for emancipation—quoted Adam Smith on the Wealth of Nations—enriched my speech with extracts from Paley—astonished them by my acquaintance with the poets—surprised them with illustrations from Virgil, Horace, and Homer, and confounded them by my zeal as a patriot ;—ending, of course, with a long peroration, amplification, refutation, confutation, recapitulation, and all the other *ations* to eternalization ; these and so forth being modestly expressed. O Lord ! O Lord ! what opportunities we miss in this life !—“ There is a tide,” &c. Shakspeare, hem !

In short, I spent a most delightfully exhilarating

evening, which, till the last sand of time, I shall remember. My heart will always retain the odour of it—

“ Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled :
 You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.”

Need I say that I returned to No. 7, St. Martin's-le-Grand, praying that the public might discover something in my literary efforts to induce them to buy up the work with an avidity unprecedented in the purchase of any other production, to repay the liberality of our worthy president, who, while he benefits himself by the labours of others, has generosity enough thus to treat them? May he be, like Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, without ever feeling what it is to want a powerful friend!

My friend Malony here drops his journal, where I expected it to proceed with an account of all he saw in the great city; but the fact is, while he remained there, he was so closely employed in writing and revising his manuscript, that he had

no opportunities of using his eyes on foreign objects. I conclude that he pocketed a handsome reward for his labour, and returned home with London presents to his dear Emma; for I find the following remarks on record:—

“ I have taken my seat. To-morrow I shall leave this wonderful city. Yet I return home under considerable dejection. I had fondly hoped that the prize money due to the Deckan army would shortly be paid. This, if as expected, a subaltern's share should be one thousand pounds, with what I have already, would enable me to purchase a cottage, stock a small farm, and sit down in rural retirement with my own sweet girl, contented and happy. But, alas! after eight years' delay, there seems now no more chance than ever of speedily participating in the advantages of the large captures which we made, under circumstances of peculiar hardship and suffering. Is it not cruel to treat men thus, who risk their lives at a moment's notice for the interests of their country? Great blame must attach somewhere. His majesty's gracious bounty to the army is defeated. Many

a gallant fellow, who was nearly roasted in pursuit of Bajee Row, has sunk into a grave of sorrow and poverty, whose remnant of existence would have been cheered, if the prize property taken at Poonah and elsewhere had been shared on the spot. What has been done with the money? Surely, in common justice, it ought to have been invested, and legal interest added to the principal. Oh, honour! thou art sported with every where. Noble-minded officers, when they become prize agents, forget the interest of those by whom they were elected, and benefit themselves."

The worthy Jack (I like to call an old friend by his mess name) staid only the next day with Mary and me. He was going to Belfast for the purpose of communicating with a commercial house there, which had discovered a balance of some hundreds of pounds due to his father, in an old account, from erroneous summing. Such things will sometimes occur in extensive concerns. It had also been ascertained, that the assets of the Fermoy Bank were not so utterly unequal to the demands against it as at first supposed. There would be,

it was calculated, a moderate provision left for Mr. Malony, senior. Under these circumstances, my friend's looks were bright, and his hopes, like a glass of almost dead champagne, revived by a crum, were sparkling, and evincing the latent vivacity by which they were still animated:

“ Be ever mindful of thy changing state,
How quick and various are the terms of fate !—”

is a maxim which ought to be imprinted on every understanding. We see every year some signal instance of the capriciousness of fortune. Now, a poor man elevated by unexpected wealth; now, a rich one doomed, like Job, to taste the bitterness of adversity. What I have to relate, therefore, respecting the sudden good fortune of my friend Malony need create no surprise. Such things have happened; they will occur as long as fortune's smiles are courted. Jack himself communicated his happiness to me, in the following brief letter, soon after he had been married to Emma; and as it is characteristic of the man, I give it *verbatim et literatim*.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ On my arrival in Belfast, I received news that surprised and overjoyed me. When I was in London, I purchased the half of a lottery ticket for Emma ; and as I am not accustomed to indulge hopes in such unequal chance adventures, I never gave my mind uneasiness about it, nor did I awaken my Emma’s expectation, by presenting what I anticipated would end as usual in disappointment. The ticket I made over to my dear girl, and having sealed and directed it under cover to her mother, I requested that it should not be opened but in my presence, or after my death. Upon my return home, Emma was all curiosity to know the contents of the mysterious packet ; but I opposed her wish, and determined upon awaiting the drawing of the lottery. It is not easy to describe what I felt on seeing our number a prize of thirty thousand pounds ! I did not wait to look over accounts, but hurried back to my father’s on the wings of despatch.

“ To you I need not explain the tumult of my feelings. Emma is now really my own ; and we

require your presence here forthwith, to partake of the joy which is, I declare it, too much for my philosophy. In the hope of seeing thee soon, my dear Charles,

“ I remain

“ Thine, whilst I am

“ JOHN MALONY.”

Little need be added. The coach soon rattled me to the vicinity of Cork ; and I had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing Jack as happy as love and wealth can make a man. Emma is really a good, a sweet, and a charming bride ; and I am confident that felicity will be her portion with my worthy friend, whose character may be summed up, and estimated, from a few lines he wrote on receiving the compliments of the New-year, from an older and longer known friend than I am.

“ The medicine of life is a faithful friend.”

“ When in the mirror of my brain
I gaze on all the past ;
And see my sighs the crystal stain,
And view my face aghast !

“ Amidst the ravages of time,
While pains of memory blend,
To cheer the heart in every clime,
Thou still art left, my friend !

“ My dearest Smyth ! dear since the hour
I knew or hope or fear ;
Still, whilst I own thy soothing power
My New Year's day to cheer ;

“ Should I, unmindful of each charm
That hope and reason lend,
With impious discontent alarm
The bosom of my friend ?

“ No ! duly, night and morn, my knee
With gratitude shall bend,
In thanks to Him who gave to me,
Life's medicine—a friend.”

Jack, deeming an elegant competency all that is requisite for happiness, has made up his mind to trouble the public with no more of his trifles ; but he is most anxious that his forthcoming work may reward the excellent and worthy gentleman who treated him with such consideration in the character of a poor author in London. It is true, Jack will not be able, like the literary planets of Paternoster Row, and Ave Maria Lane, to shine with the lustre of sparkling champagne, but in an

humble glass of good old port, or over a tumbler of right genuine malt, he will often pledge the companions of his publisher's festive board, and think of the generosity of Old England, and the glory of Great Britain.

In the brief and true story now brought to a close, you may see illustrated these truths, that industry and talent will overcome most difficulties ; and that a reliance on the wisdom of Providence, if it do not always experience realization, at least creates patience, sustains fortitude, and cheers us with hope ; and hope often, like prophecy, accomplishes her own predictions.

N^o. X.

THE OYSTER.



If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;
And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

SHAKSPEARE.

I HAVE informed you that my children, like their father, are fond of tales and wild stories ; when a guest, therefore, takes up a position with me for a day or two, as my friend Malony did, he is called upon for a story as well as a song. “ O ! pray, Mr. Malony, do, if you please, sir, tell us an Indian one,” said my boy ; “ we like them best.” “ And do, Mr. Malony,” said one of my girls, “ have the goodness, if you please, to recollect one in which Indra and Indranee make a figure. They are such wonderful imaginations, with their elephants, tigers, bush-crowned heads, and peacocks, that I

should never be tired hearing papa tell the tales current in India, about what they have performed in dreams, prophecies, and miracles."

"Well," answered Malony, "you shall be gratified if I can task my memory with effect. Now, listen! I am going to tell you a story I often heard in Travancore, called 'The Oyster.'"

"O dear!" exclaimed all, "what in the world can any one say about such a stupid fish! Why it scarcely ever opens its mouth; and sees nothing of the coral wonders in the submarine world around its cottage of pearl."

"My friend," said Malony, with a sigh, "you should check this luxuriant growth of fancy in your children. Have you forgotten what Sir Walter Scott has charmingly said, in Rokeby?"

'Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains,
Winning from reason's hand the reins!
Pity and woe! for such a mind
Is oft contemplative and kind.'

"True, my dear fellow," answered I, "it forms part of my plan in education to curb fancy. But are there greater spendthrifts than the sons of misers? I endeavour to familiarize my children to wonders of fiction, that they may not be taken by surprise

when left without a guide. They can talk of ghosts and monsters ; of dreams and visions ; of promises in sleep and disappointments in life, without terror, because habit has reconciled them to invisible fabrics, and air-drawn gigantic forms. I can assure you that my little ones retire to a lone room, and fear nothing in the dark. They laugh at the idea of apprehension excited by darkness ; whilst in some families that I know, where a story is never told, except in disobedience of strict orders, in the nursery and the kitchen, the children start at their own shadows, and turn pale even at noon day. The fact is, a superstitious feeling universally pervades mankind. Who can think of invisibility with untouched nerves ? When in London, how did you feel, when St. Paul's in sullen, deep moan, tolled the hour of midnight ? If alone, writing, did not something steal through you as though the wanderers of air were passing, and causing your flesh to creep ? Did you drop your pen—smile at your folly—take it up again, like me—try to think, but retire for safety to your pillow ? We cannot help it.—I like, therefore, to make fancy a servant instead of a mistress ; and to accustom my little ones to look upon

her daggers, and castles, and spectres, with as little concern as soldiers do upon the destructive instruments of war. Besides, what is the human mind but a vision? What is the soul but a breathless ghost? It is continually presenting forms to our bodily faculties, beyond their comprehension; suggesting notions which we can neither catch, nor reduce into tangibility. Can you, in writing, equal conception? Can you paint what your soul adumbrates? No. This peculiarity of our nature has been beautifully noticed by Rogers, in his poem of Human Life. How often I have felt the truth of his remark (the thought, though not new, has seldom been so well expressed) when looking over my own composition! I find it poor, and spiritless, compared with its original image in my brain.

‘ Do what he will, he cannot realize
 Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies;
 Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
 The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind.’

“ But, you are going to give us the story of the Oyster.”—

“ There lived in one of the beautiful valleys of Travancore,” commenced my friend Malony, “ a respectable man named Chunda Gopal, who pos-

essed a small estate in pepper plantations, cocoa-nut groves, and plantain gardens. His house was delightfully situated on a fine river; and in it you would have been charmed to see his affectionate wife Luxana and her children, looking like flowers in a greenhouse, or pictures in gilt frames. It is impossible for me, if I had a thousand tongues, to exaggerate their happiness. They were all the world to each other. Their pepper brought in plenty of money—their fields yielded them nourishing crops of rice—their fruit trees were productive to superabundance—and their tempers were sweet and contented. Every morning was spent in superintending the operations of their vegetable gold mines; and in the evening you beheld them seated in the vine bowers with their children, or dancing and singing under the trees on the green; or amusing themselves with hearing stories respecting the achievements of the Hindoo gods, and the innumerable heroes of romance who figure in Indian tales. In short, their children were as good as they were handsome; and you are not more happy among yourselves than they were in every respect.

“ But no one in this uncertain world is sure of

the continuance of fortune's breeze till to-morrow. It will be well, therefore, if you make up your minds to meet every thing that *can* happen, as an event that *may* happen; and this, believe me, is very needful in a state, where we have reason not only to fear the loss of somewhat every moment, but of our own life, the instant Providence may deem it good to stop our breath. It pleased that bountiful source of all we enjoy to shut up the flood-gates of heaven in most parts of India for two years in succession. You may easily conceive what misery this produced in a country where scarcely any kind of grain will grow without frequent and careful irrigation. Severe scarcity soon made its appearance, and all the horrors of want assailed the poor. The fine river on which the house of Chunda Gopal stood became quite dry; his pepper vines drooped and withered under the sun; all his cocoa-nut trees pined with thirst, and yielded not a single fruit; nor would his plantains produce a banana. His rice-fields were equally barren. Indeed he had soon to send out for every thing his large family required; and, long before the famine ceased, he saw himself and those he loved reduced to the sore necessity of selling their

furniture, their gold ornaments, and every moveable they had, to purchase bread. As all the necessaries of life were brought from Bengal, and some other provinces which had not been deprived of the usual monsoon, the price charged for rice was so enormous that it required vast funds to support a family. The roads were strewed with dead bodies, and wretches sinking from starvation; and Chunda Gopal had the melancholy prospect of seeing himself, as he advanced in life, not only deprived of every moveable, but forced to put up one part of his estate after another to auction, till he began to fear that the whole would not outlast the famine; for, at such a melancholy time, of course very little would be given for land.

“During this mournful period, the good and kind-hearted Luxana felt all the emotions of sorrow that can possess the breast of a fond wife and a happy mother. She prayed to all the gods—she shed floods of tears—she made vows of pilgrimages, and offerings—and most earnestly implored favour from Brahma. When in deep distress, to whom can we fly for succour with hope, but to God? Even if we receive no direct assistance, the act of

entreating it is salutary, because we should not ask a power to help us without believing he had the ability to do so; and, therefore, hope being necessarily generated by prayer, something is always gained by it.

“ It happened that Luxana retired late to rest one night, after fervent devotion, and a pouring out of her grief in secret, for fear of increasing the sorrow of her husband. She had implored Indra to instruct her in a dream how she should act to relieve the dear objects of her solicitude. ‘ Great power,’ said she, ‘ if thou wilt accept the sacrifice of myself to secure the safety of those I love, make but a sign to thy servant, and I shall instantly become ashes.’ With this heroic resolution she laid herself down, kissed her sleeping husband, and sank into the embraces of sleep.

“ But her soul, that astonishing never-dying lamp, never-slumbering somewhat, continued to pour its light on her internal orbs of sight. She seemed all faculty; ear, eye, smell, taste, feeling, were as busy as they had been during the day. ‘ I am wide awake,’ thought she. ‘ Yes—I am in the temple of Indra. I see his benign aspect beaming. He is all

fire.'—Seated on his huge recumbent elephant, with two attendants fanning him, and numerous peacocks sporting in the fruit-tree which grew out of his head, the god appeared to Luxana. His wife, Indranee, on a huge tiger, fanned by four choury, or yak * tail bearers, with her child on her knee, sat near him. They were resplendent as the rainbow. She saw through them as though she had been looking at sunbeams. Indranee waved her hand. Luxana prostrated herself. The gods shook their heads; and golden mangoes fell from the trees. The peacocks in their branches screamed, and spread their celestial plumage in all the gorgeous pageantry of pride. Luxana gathered up the mangoes; and Indra and Indranee smiled and nodded their assent. Soon after, a large ape came forward, from among the branches over Indra's head. It was Hunnymaun. Luxana was not sure, it might be the monkey son of the God; for he has one, who is a kind good-natured creature. But she saw him twist his long tail round a branch, and let himself down on Indra's † mighty shoulders, where he perched

. * The huge-tailed cow of Thibet.

† See a representation of this wonderful Hindoo idol, in Capt. Seely's Elora, page 241.

most respectfully ; and applying his mouth to the idol's ear, he asked : ' Shall I answer Luxana, O mighty father ?' She felt no fear ; for when we are ready to die, what can have terror ? But a thrill passed through her frame, when she heard these words in a deep sullen tone, like the voice of St. Paul's—' It is my will.'

“ ‘ Look at this oyster,’ said Hunnymaun ; holding one up in his great paw, which appeared all light, except a black spot in the centre of the shell, surrounded by an orange rim ; ‘ Go to the next auction, and buy the heap in which you shall see this.’

“ The whole vanished into darkness, the deep black hue of which startled Luxana to consciousness that what she had seen was a dream ; but her astonishment next morning was inexpressible, when she discovered her sauri* full of fine ripe mangoes. She of course imparted her dream to her husband, and showed him the beautiful golden fruit, of which they had not eaten for many a day.

“ You must know that there is, between the Island of Ceylon and the Peninsula of Hindostan, a

* The piece of cloth which forms the general female dress.

very valuable pearl fishery, in which some of the most valuable ornaments of diadems have been found. You will be able to conceive what a prize one of these must be, when I tell you that the pearl which caps the crown of England was pledged to the Dutch, by Charles the Second, for 18,000*l*. Its real value cannot be estimated till there shall be a market of such ; at present there are very few in the whole world like it. Julius Cæsar gave Servilia a Ceylon pearl worth 48,457*l*.; and Cleopatra's Ceylon pearl ear-rings were valued at 161,458*l*.

“ This fishery is farmed out by the government. It yields a very large item of revenue. Sometimes, in a hundred oysters, one will not be found that has a pearl ; so that, as it is such a lottery, they are made up into heaps, or lots, and sold by auction to the highest bidder. Superstition is blended with every thing in India. The divers think that the Brahmans, or idols, can save them from being devoured by ground sharks ; and the purchasers believe that, by making offerings and prayers to the temples, they will get repaid in pearls, purchased with their fortunate lots. Such a place as the oyster auction market you never saw. To describe

it is impossible. There are as deep speculators—as ardent a thirst for profit—as mad a risk of certainty on chance—as haggard-looking faces—as great a degree of bustle—as much noise and seeming confusion—and as much distraction, disappointment, and anguish in this trade, as you will behold on the Stock Exchange in London, if ever you stare into the private room, as I have done, with amazement. At the pearl auction you would hear fifty voices at once cry *this!*—a hundred roar *that!* You would see sharp, lean-faced, hollow-eyed, pale, shrivelled-up Hindoos, like roguish looking stock-brokers, running about, seemingly wild with anxiety, and not only at war with the world but at daggers-drawing with themselves. Such is the torture arising from the spirit of gaming, when it once takes possession of the human heart! The flames kindle there, and spread over the whole man, till he appears one fearful volume of perturbation; crackling and fretting, and wasting him, till at length he becomes a vapour of smoke, and deposits the grain of dust into which all his gold has changed under that great alkahest—that more certain destroyer than fire—Time.

“ We easily believe what we wish ; and readily think ourselves favoured by the gods, because we are inclined to credit the flattery that we deserve special marks of protection and grace. Chunda Gopal, therefore, eagerly drank the tale of his Luxana’s vision—ate a mangoe with uncommon satisfaction—expressed his conviction, that somewhat of extraordinary good was about to happen to them ; he felt so full of life, of hope, of joy, that he knew there was meaning in his wife’s dream. How could the mangoes come into his apartment ? No Brahman had been there. It was clear that they had been shaken out of Indranee’s head, and gathered by Luxana in her sleep ! Indra was smiling on his family. He would not now have to sell his beautiful daughters for dancing-girls, or his sons for slaves. No ; he would part with his last cocoa-nut grove—go to the oyster auction, and purchase that lot in which Luxana should see the one with a black spot surrounded by an orange rim.

“ Well, we need not describe the journey of Chunda Gopal and Luxana, with all their children,

to Condatchy Bay*. I shall leave you to conceive how they journeyed along, with their little ones riding on bullocks, or carried by father and mother. It is sufficient for me to state, that they arrived at the pearl auction mart in perfect safety ; and that Luxana of course saw there, in a heap, the very oyster that Indra, or rather Hunnymaun, had shown her, which Chunda Gopal bought, after bidding up to his last rupee against a Brahman, who seemed to know that it was worth a Jew's eye.

“ When the black-spotted, orange-rimmed oyster was opened, to be sure, out dropped one of the largest, purest, roundest pearls that had ever been seen. It was a gem of light. You could see through it as Luxana saw the transparency of Indra's air-fabricated form. A shout of astonishment was raised. Wonder stood gaping on every face. Thousands of thousands were instantly offered for the pearl ; but the agent, or pearl merchant of the king of Candy bought it for two lacks of rupees, or about 25,000*l.* of our money. Chunda

* For an account of this fishery *vide* Wallace's *Memoirs of India*, page 338.

Gopal and Luxana travelled back to their home, mounted on a pair of elephants in shining howdahs. Their sons all became great men, and their daughters were happy. At length they died, full of years ; and I tell you this latter particular, because the philosophers say that no one is blessed till dead.— Thus ends the story of The Oyster.

“ You must know that it is only one of a hundred, which are made up to excite an avidity for gambling in auction speculations at the fishery.— You will of course, therefore, give it credit only so far as it amuses.”

Nº. XI.

SPRÈ NA SKILLENAGH*.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie :
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily :
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SHAKSPEARE.

“ Now, my fine fellow,” said Malony to my son, with more brogue than he naturally had, and with a playful approach to vulgar life, “ I have told you my story ; will you be pleased to *be after* returning me the favour, which your honour knows is nothing *at all at all* in Ireland but right justice. You are not without the “ good people” here, I suppose, any more than we in the South.—Pray, have you seen any fairies, benshees, brownies, changelings,

* Or the Leather purse, or Shilling fortune; *vide* FAIRY LEGENDS, page 175

crookbacks, shefros, cluricaunes, phookas, witches, or ghosts ?”

“ Sir,” answered my boy, assuming an air of importance, and drawing himself up to a respectable height, “ we do not believe in old-women-tales of that description. I have never expected to see a fairy, and, therefore, none rose to my imagination ; but the common people think they are in every glen and Danish fort about us. The big thorn you were looking at to-day in our Paddy’s garden—and it takes up a good part of his potatoe bed—he will not root up for fear of disturbing the red-capped gentry under it. But I will tell you what fun I had with our Barney the other night.”

“ Well, I am all ear for your adventure and Barney’s behaviour,” said Malony.

“ I had been spending the day at Fathom,” replied my boy, “ and Barney brought Bess (his pony) for me in the evening. We had had a pleasant match at bagatelle, and it was rather late when we separated. On coming up the hill, just near the gravel hole, the moon being obscured by a cloud, Barney catches me by the leg, and says, trembling in every bone—‘ Master, dear, for the

love of God, go round by the school ; I see the little man who works so much mischief ; he will do for us in less than no time.’—I must confess I felt very cold from head to foot for a moment.—‘ Where Barney,’ said I, ‘ is he ? I can see nothing.’—‘ O murder !’ said Barney, ‘ and won’t you believe a body ?—Look under that whin on the bank.’ So saying, Barney got behind Bess’s tail. My mind was relieved immediately, for I saw that Barney had been frightened by a dinner-stone, off which one of the road-men had been eating his potatoes. The skins were upon it in a heap like a cap, and two or three spills of thick buttermilk had given it an appearance which Barney’s fancy worked into the shape of the little man. I convinced Barney of his error ; but if I had been cowed, and gone round, why Barney would have sworn all his life that he had seen the little man.”

“ Well,” said Malony, “ you hear lots of fairy tales in your neighbourhood. Though you do not believe them, you may amuse yourself with hearing them sometimes. Be good enough, therefore, to relate one of those you have been told, in return for *The Oyster*, to which I treated you.”

“What shall I tell?” asked he, appealing to his sisters, one after another: “Would you like to hear how Sally M‘Cauvre got back her own child, which the fairies had taken away, by attempting to burn off the nose, with a pair of red-hot tongs, of the crooked, ricketty, yowling, squalling thing that had been left with her?”

“Oh! that’s too common,” answered Malony.

“You have heard of Calla O‘Bir, who lives in a cave on the top of Slievegubion? She that always hid Redmond O‘Hanlon from the king’s soldiers, when he was hunted past Carrickasticken?”

“Oh! yes—I know all about her.—She was chased in the form of a white hare to the bottom of the mountain, where she changed into an old woman, and the dogs would have torn her to pieces if Redmond had not prevented them. Sure, the people yet show you the pad she makes from her cave to the lough for water every night, as she dares not go in the day-time; for her appearance is so monstrous that it would frighten man and beast to death.—O give us something else!”

“I have a great mind to tell you how Mick Magiveragin and Molly Magiveragin, his wife,

and Kitty Magiveragin, and Juddy Magiveragin, and Shelah Magiveragin, and all the twelve sons and daughters of Mick and Molly, fell into luck, and grew rich by a snatch that Molly made at a Cluricaune's Sprè na Skillenagh, about fifty years ago, at the back of the nut wood, under the old thorn near Big Rock."

"That will do excellently well," said Malony; "the Cluricaune can be very good when he pleases, but he must be forced to show where his money is buried; and the people say that he always works mischief to those who have not courage to hold him fast, and squeeze him till he does good. He has his Sprè na Skillenagh, or his little leathern purse with only one shilling in it, constantly about him; but though every body knows it would be a fortune to get it, scarcely any one has resolution enough to rob such a wild-looking fellow."

"About fifty years ago," said my boy, commencing his tale, "there lived among the rocks a very merry, but remarkably poor man, called Mick Magiveragin. He had only a small one-roomed cabin, built of dry stone, and thatched with potatoe stalks, for himself and his wife Molly, and twelve

children, a little pig, a drake, two ducks, a cock, and three hens. You may say they were warm enough without turf. At first Molly and Mick were very happy. She used to sing at her wheel so that the whole country heard her; and every night, after his day's labour, Mick would dance heel and toe, and cover the buckle on a trencher to her piping. But it was no joke to get potatoes for fourteen mouths, besides the pig that paid the rent, and the ducks and hens which bought herrings, and buttermilk, and salt.—Molly began to cry and fret when she was hungry, and Mick got lazy as his case became hopeless.

“Near Mick's cabin, there grew an old black-thorn, round which the whole court of king Oberon and queen Mab, it was said, assembled to dance and drink tea every fine summer evening. I suppose Periwiggin, Periwinkle, Puck, Hobgoblin, Tomalin, and Tom Thumb, stood round the king or emperor of the Fairies; whilst Hop, Mop, Drop, Pip, Trip, Skip, Fib, Tib, Tick, Pink, Pin, Quick, Gill, Jin, Tit, Wap, Win, and Nit, as maids of honour, in little red bonnets and silver shoes, attended the empress. Well, I declare, 'tis a pity

that we cannot believe such things ; for I should like dearly to see them all dancing under the bell of a lady-finger, or fairy-cap *. There were a thousand reports round the country about this haunted place. Some had heard sweet music there ; others had seen strange sights. A little man with a blue coat, red cap, and brown stockings, had been seen under it with a spade ; and every one believed that his money was hidden there in a crock, but no body would venture to dig round it for fear of hurting the fairies, who were sleeping under the roots of the thorn.

“ Mick and Molly, however, had brave hearts ; and when the latter saw that her husband would not work for bread, she put him up to digging for money. They were obliged, however, to go very privately to work : about eleven o'clock at night Molly posted herself on Big Rock, near the tree, to watch lest any one should pass that way from a dance or wake and see Mick digging for the crock of money. Mick was a very Paddy jewel ; he neither feared man, nor the son of man, nor man's man, he often said ; and he also believed that he

* *Digitalis purpurea.*

would not turn his back on the old black boy, even after seeing his cloven foot. So he threw off his ragged coat, just as though it could make any difference, and fell to as he would clear a turf-hole, dashing the mould up all round, and looking with both his eyes for the crock.

“He had not gone on till he drew sweat, when he heard just beside him a gruff voice, asking, ‘Mick Magiveragin, what are you doing?’—An Irishman is not apt to let go such a good weapon as a spade when he is assaulted; Mick raised it up as a guard, and looked round him, filled with wonder and some apprehension.—‘Is it what I’m doing you want to know?’ said Mick, in rather a weak voice.—‘That was what I asked,’ replied the invisible.—‘Come out of your shell, wherever you are,’ said Magiveragin, who was recovering his courage, and making a few flourishing turns about himself with his spade to keep off the enemy.—‘Here I am,’ said the voice. ‘Where?’ asked Mick: ‘Here’—‘Where?’—‘Here’—‘Where?’ were the echoes for some time round the thorn, till Mick was as wet as though he had been soaked in Grinan Lough for a month. Molly heard some-

thing very extraordinary, like two men running, one asking, 'Where?' and the other answering—'Here;' so she left the rock, and bounding forward like a she-goat, without making a breath of noise, she saw Mick running like a madman round the tree, and the little red cap, blue coat, and brown stocking, skipping over it as though he had wings; 'though,' said she, "sorra a one there was on the Cluricaune's shoulders.'

"Molly was, as I said, a very bold woman, and she well knew that her only chance was to catch the little man, and squeeze him bravely; so, just as he made the next clean leap over the tree, which was higher than Mick's cabin, she opened her arms, and the Cluricaune, never dreaming that Molly had left the rock, fell directly into the snare, and he was taken just like a rat in a snap-trap.—'O I have him—O I have him, Mick,' shouted Molly—'Catch him by the head and legs, while I search his pockets for the Sprè na Skillenagh.—That's it—that's it, Mick, hold fast,—I have it.'—'Give me your crock, you imp of darkness!' said Mick, 'that I could not till now set a single eye on; or,

by the father of the Magiveragins, I'll make a corpse of you!"—Just at that instant Mick and Molly heard a tremendous roar, as though the sea in a storm had been behind them; they both turned their heads back, and saw a great wave like a mountain, just ready to break upon them. So they thought only of flight, and let go the Cluricaune. But no wave came near them; it was a shadow raised by the little man, who by this time had recovered from his fright in falling into Molly's paws, that were not more tender to him than pussy's would be to a fat mouse.

" 'Go home, and good luck to you,' said the Cluricaune; 'you deserve what you have got; you will never want a shilling for life; but I shall take care never to be caught by you, Molly Magiveragin, you devil you, again. You have nipped my sides to pieces, and left the marks of your nails in my back. Leave a little goose-grease for me on the black stone; it will cure me; I wish you no harm, Mick Magiveragin, and Molly Magiveragin, for what you have done to me; the

brave deserve to be rewarded. Good night, Molly ;
Good night, Mick.'

" ' Good night, and a merry night, and a joyful night go with you, whoever you are,' said Mick, drawing his breath, and wiping the sweat off his face. ' And what have we got by all this, Molly?' demanded Mick, ' I do not see any thing he has left.' ' Here it is in my breast, jewel,' answered Molly, ' and there,' added she, ' is a shilling, and another, and another, and another, and another. You are a made man, Mick. I tell you, man alive, you are a made man—my own Mick Magiveragin.'

" Home they returned, left the goose-grease on the black stone to be sure ; and, as the story goes, always found a shilling in the Sprè na Skillenagh. I need not tell you how Mick bought land, and built houses ; how Kitty Magiveragin, and Juddy Magiveragin, and Shelah Magiveragin, made great matches, and got a large portion of shillings ; and how the sons of Mick and Molly became great linen merchants."

" Thank you ! thank you !" said Malony : " that

is a good story, and it has a useful moral. From it we may learn, that when man and wife bravely struggle together, and help each other, they not only deserve to be, but are generally successful.

N^o. XII.

MY PARLOUR.



More fuel—frost is in the air,
I feel its nipping influence here ;
And close the shutters too—the snow
Looks cheerless on the fields below,
And cheerlessly the leafless trees
Toss their dark branches in the breeze.

O happy, on a night like this
The man who knows domestic bliss !
Good humour there, and gay good will,
And each still pleased in pleasing still ;
And dimpled cheek and swimming eye
That speaks of soft and sober joy.

NEELE.

IN the bustle of the world a man experiences constant irritation. The elegant Cowper, therefore, naturally and beautifully apostrophizes domestic happiness as the only bliss of paradise that has survived the Fall: it is impossible, indeed, in the existing state of general society, ever to feel

the pure delight which pervades his bosom, whom smiles of love welcome home. There are moments, however, when this obvious truth flashes with peculiar force on the understanding ; for it is our nature to look with indifference on what we possess, while nothing rouses apprehension or awakens sensibility. To my memory, the dearest hours of life are those which I have spent in my own parlour, surrounded by my family, when the snow drift has pattered against the windows. Thought would then expatiate upon the comforts of my happy lot, and the pictures which fancy drew of sufferings, but mentally felt, stamped the real value upon every thing tangible: The bright fire, clean hearth, neatly-arranged utensils, carpeted floor, curtained shutters, well-secured door, cheerful candles, shining furniture, were pronounced admirable gifts of invention. According to Dr. Smith, no individual exists in a civilized state, who does not depend upon thousands of his fellow creatures for the comforts he enjoys. I would at such times reflect on the co-operation it required in distant parts to surround me with so many advantages, and every extension of view had a tendency to

excite gratitude to God and man. My little ones, upon such occasions, easily divined the ecstatic feelings of my heart, by the expression of my countenance; for children are excellent physiognomists, and the lively rogues would climb my knees to have a nearer view of what pleased their sight. Then, too, their angel faces seemed to beam with heavenly lustre, and their silver tongues touter tones as sweet as the feigned music of the spheres; while their mother and the elder ones looked on, laughing approbation, or mingling the easy flow of unpremeditated remark with the thoughtless prattle of unformed sense, which is rendered fascinatingly interesting by the care that imagination takes to body forth forms, seen but in part by the optics of childhood.

All this is lost to the man whose habits require late dinners, and a free circulation of the bottle. If he join his family tea-table, his brain is too much heated to enjoy the exhilarating warmth with which the steam of that delicate liquor fills the parlour; and he is more inclined to doze away the effects of overaction, than to feel the charms of simplicity. Yet this is the sweetest hour to me.

While "the cups that cheer, but not inebriate," go round, how various are the topics that female loquacity suggests! It is then that my taciturnity catches the spirit by which it is surrounded, and I find a rambling disposition of speech that knows no bounds but the horizon of my knowledge. There is something exquisite beyond description in the ease and security of such moments. They are halcyons of life, like the green spots noticed with thrilling sensibility by Moore. Not a shadow of that dark sublimity which runs through the effusions of Lord Byron, nor a scintillation of that luscious fire which pervades the lyric compositions of his great contemporary and friend—no, all is purity, like the tear wafted by the Peri to the gate of paradise, which found admission into eternal day, when the red drop from the heart expiring in liberty's cause, and the burning sigh breathed by unhappy love, were refused. Ha! and how many things, too, carelessly displaying frequency of use, would awaken recollections, and revive slumbering associations? A favourite book turned down at a delightfully instructive page, and a piece of music, whose well-arranged parts

gave nameless expressions to words so holy, that love merged in piety, would perhaps lie on the table, or stand on the piano-forte, courting agreeable reference, or challenging the rosy fingers of youth to stray over the ivory keys. At such times, too, how interesting to follow the light subjects that present themselves to the embrace of fancy! How many charming hours of recreation and improvement are spent in discussing, by way of tea-table talk, the merits of new novels and plays—in living over old standard works, and conjecturing the probable opinions of posterity, on the subject of our contemporary popular productions. The romances by the author of *Waverley* are of course often introduced. Who can study many of their characters without feeling an increased love for virtue? Who can read the vicissitudes described in them without being strengthened against the incubus of fortune, whose sharpest inflections, like the unpleasant pressure alluded to in sleep, have power over us only during the short dream of life? Who can peruse the fate of the lovely Amy Robsart, without detesting the villany of particular men? And who can follow the for-

tunes of Jeanie Deans, without the conviction that a firm reliance on the wisdom of Providence, and obedience to the divine laws, promulgated in the Holy Scriptures, are the most certain means of securing that portion of happiness which is intended for human creatures, under a state of trial for eternal bliss ?

It is in such social solitude as our own parlour furnishes, that the human mind acquires that elasticity which is necessary to great exertions and undertakings. I have never, therefore, been surprised on reading that heroes, statesmen, and poets, after the fatigues of hard-fought battles, political contests, and invocations of the muses, found their bliss in retirement from the busy world, and were seen playing with their children in all the frivolous gambols of puerility. The answer of Agesilaus is well known ; and Buonaparte, when emperor, is said to have asserted, that he never experienced such moments of perfect felicity, as those spent in running matches from one end of the room to the other with young Napoleon. It is in my own parlour, too, that I can enjoy the luxury of a free press, and enter into the sensations of the poet, who so

beautifully described the coming in of the post, and the display of the world at a distance. How I exult with Paley over a newspaper, and agree with him that the pleasure derived by a country gentleman from the perusal of the debates in Parliament, and the different opinions on all subjects which daily agitate and sharpen intellect, is worth all he pays in support of a government, under whose mild administration he enjoys such a feast of reason. In my own parlour how delightfully I enter into the debates, and see all the orators in gaping order, strenuously advocating their own particular opinions. I can also in my comfortable parlour fancy myself seated in old Drury or Covent Garden, and enjoy the excellence that commands the clap of the audience. Every passage, too, that excites my own risibility, or calls forth a sigh for suffering humanity, is rendered doubly diverting or affecting by the interest taken in my sensations; for in all happy families there is a strong sympathy of feeling, produced either by Providence, or by the gradual formation of similar habits to ensure harmony. The wisdom, therefore, of God in making us imitative creatures, is apparent in this—and it has a strong

tendency to impress parents with the importance of pushing forward the perfections of their own nature, that the moral and religious rules of their lives may be such as their hearts tell them are profitable and desirable for the present and future happiness of the beings upon whom they have bestowed a gift, which in a great measure may be a blessing or a curse, according to the influence of parental care in education. It has been justly remarked, that education is more than second nature ; and, as Addison truly says, when it works upon a noble mind, it draws out virtues and perfections that never could appear without such help, any more than the ornamental spot and vein of a fine statue, without the skill of the artist to discover and produce the latent beauties. Mason, in his Treatise on Self-knowledge, places the proper government of thought in an important point of view, and compares the disorder and torments of the mind, under an insurrection of the passions, to a city in flames, or to the mutiny of a drunken ship's crew, who have murdered their captain and are butchering one another. What care, therefore, should be taken to prepare the understanding for the arduous task of restraining the

tumultuous subjects of the internal kingdom. I might refer to the admirable works of Bacon, Locke, and Watts, to show the vast importance of early impression and example in qualifying the young for the duties of life; and, indeed, it is in my own parlour that I endeavour to enforce those axioms and maxims on the opening minds of my children, which I trust will conduct them safely and innocently through the turbulent voyage of life, and remain as records in the all-seeing Eye, when I have to appear, trembling with apprehension, before the mercy seat.

N^o. XIII.

ON THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

It is the land which slavery's yoke
Degrades not by its tyrant thrall ;—
Where Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton—woke
Music that cannot pall :
It is the insulated ground
Where mightiest minds have eye been reared ;
For every liberal art renowned ;
By every bond endeared.

CLARKE.

THE invaluable liberty which we possess is caused :—1st, By the impossibility under which the leaders or men in power are placed, of invading and transferring to themselves any branch of the governing executive authority. 2d, By the anxious care, consequently, with which these men continue to watch the exercise of that authority. 3d, By the easy preservation of the solidity, and indivisibility of the power of the crown, from the division of the great men of the state into two assemblies, whose

interests clash, and lead them to oppose each other's incroachments. 4th, By the facility and safety to itself with which the Crown can execute the laws, or deprive any subject of office, howsoever overgrown. 5th, By the independence conferred on the Judges, and the open manner of all judicial proceedings. 7th, By trial by Jury. 8th, By Habeas Corpus. 9th, By liberty of the Press. 10th, By the judicial and censorial powers being vested in the people. 11th, By the liberty of the subject being unbounded, except by the laws; all his actions being presumed lawful till that law is pointed out which stops him. Hence the ease and certainty with which some brush so near the law in their tangents from the circle of natural and civil equity. Hence the operations of those law quibbles, and trifling circumstances by which an offender is enabled to slip aside and escape, though ever so narrowly, the breach of the law, let the intrinsic guilt of his conduct be ever so openly admitted. 12th, From the narrow circumscription of the exertions of Government, which can do nothing without law to show the ground on which it stands, it is shut out of that unbounded space unoccupied by any law, in

order to have its motions confined to that spot which express and previously-declared provisions have chalked out. For by Magna Charta, the sovereign bound himself neither to go, nor send upon the subject, otherwise than by Trial of Peers, and the law of the land—"Nec super eum ibimus, nec super eum mittemus nisi per legale iudicium parium vel per legem terræ." And this is the most characteristic circumstance in the British constitution. 13th, By the complete subjection of the military to the ordinary courts of law.

Montesquieu, speaking of the English constitution, says,—“Have not Rome, Lacedemon, and Carthage perished? It will perish when the legislative power shall have become more corrupt than the executive.” But it is different from all others, and cannot be judged by analogy. In the ancient governments, all liberty and power were accumulated as it were on one point, so as to leave, every where else, only slavery and misery, consequently only seeds of division and secret animosity. In England the political rights of the people are inseparably connected with the right of property, which, like the blood of the body, circulates to

every part, and no one can enslave them without attacking every individual at once in his most permanent and best-understood interest. Hence the people have the power of granting to the crown its necessary supplies—and they are too keen-sighted now to allow the king to become independent, either by foreign possession or accumulated riches. All the political passions of mankind, it may be seen, are satisfied and provided for in the English Government; and whether we look at the monarchical, or the aristocratical, or the democratical part of it, we find every jarring interest settled. Total liberty or total equality is chimerical; but civil liberty is ensured to us, by appointing a chief with privileges raising him above envy, but binding him to grant all possible liberty: by appointing great men, and fixing the limits of their clearly ascertained course: by appointing representatives, who are, from their small number and ability, able to cope with those opposed, and forced to do so from self interest, having the people, like a threatening drawn weapon, ready to destroy, in case of neglect, fraud, or deceit. Thus is a government formed capable of incalculable combinations and resources. Thus do the

people become interested spectators of those playing for them the noble game of liberty. Thus have we avoided a Tarpeian Rock, and Council of Ten, state prisons, and secret informers. Can any true comparison be made between this Government and any other of which we know? Thus the temple of liberty is placed by De Lolme in Britain. That Goddess, whose shadow and likeness only were seen by Cicero and the ancients, and who, nearly to all the rest of the world, may still be called the unknown goddess, is sheltered within a citadel of ever-during British oak.

Madame De Stael, speaking of England, in the preface to her " *Allemagne*," says—" *On l'a vue, comme un chevalier armé pour la defense de l'ordre social, preserver l'Europe pendant dix années de l'anarchie, et pendant dix autres du despotism. Son heureuse constitution fut, au commencement de la Revolution, le but des esperances et des efforts des Francais.*" And De Lolme thus again finely eulogizes the British constitution:—

" When the world shall have been again laid waste by conquerors, England will still continue to show mankind not only the principle that ought to

unite them, but, what is of no less importance, the form under which they ought to be united. And the Philosopher, when he considers the constant fate of civil societies amongst men, and observes the numerous and powerful causes which seem as it were unavoidably to conduct them all to a state of incurable political slavery, takes comfort in seeing that liberty has at length disclosed her secret to mankind, and secured an asylum to herself."

N^o. XIV.

CONCLUSION.



Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and Nature meant for mere mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
 But health consists with temperance alone ;
 And peace, O Virtue ! peace is all thy own.

POPE.

You remember I marched off in double quick time from the news-room to the inn, ordered my horse, and posted home, to communicate to my wife the wonderful turn our affairs had taken, the liberal offer of my invaluable friend, and the unexpected munificence of the singular Peter L——, Esq. As I rode along, the virtues of my inestimable Peter mounted higher and higher in the scale of my thoughts. Worthy creature ! dear old soul ! super-excellent man ! were some of the terms I applied, in mental exclamations, to him, as I re-

flected on his exceeding goodness of heart in distinguishing me and my family from all others, as worthy of inheriting his fortune.—“ Ah,” ejaculated I, “ admirable Peter ! thou shalt have an eternal monument in my memory.” Thus you may perceive how easy it is for you, by leaving all you have in the world to a stranger, to be considered a most benevolent soul, worthy of gratitude down to the last sand of time. I should not remind you, however, of the bitter recollections such conduct will excite amongst your immediate relations ; the way to please whom, according to the Economist, is—“ Go to India—stay there twenty years—work hard—get money—save it—come home—bring with you a store of wealth, and a diseased liver—visit your friends—make a will—provide for them all—then die.”

Just as I approached my own door, I was overtaken by a horseman, who had evidently used both whip and spur in a good long ride. On his nearing me, I discovered the horse to be a well-known animal belonging to my father, and in the man I recognized his old whimsical servant, Paddy Murtoch, as good a process-server and assistant bailiff as

ever kissed the book to secure a decree from his lordship, the barrister, for body or goods.

“Ha ! Paddy”—said I—“how are you, Paddy ? What wind, man, has blown you so far north ?”

“Och ! master,” exclaimed Pat, with a nasal twang, furling at once his large black eyebrows, which gave a totally different expression to his face, from the down-look he usually wore—“is’t your young honour’s self—if I knew your reverence till I looked at you, bad luck to me, Paddy Murtoch.’

“Well, Paddy,” continued I, “now you see I am my own self—what brought you hither with all the haste of a sheriff’s officer ? I hope my father is well. Any thing extraordinary ?”

“Troth, I can’t say that there is—people die every day. Devil a bit of a river will run away with your eyes, master,”—and he screwed as much pleasure and congratulation into his face as he could, so that I was prepared to hear news of a smiling nature—“But here it is, all in black and white,” continued Paddy, fumbling in his pocket, and at length delivering me the following note from my father.

“Dear Charles,—My wife died suddenly yes-

terday.—I should be glad to see you here immediately.—Your affectionate father,—J. C. T.”

If my house, that stood in substance tangible before my sight, had melted into invisibility, I should not have been more astounded. Had I been told that my father was no more, I should have been less surprised. In short, such an event as my stepmother's death I had never contemplated. Of all women she appeared to me most likely to live the longest. It was impossible to look at her and to think of the grave.—No—her looks indicated full health, vigour of mind and body, and she had all that attachment about her to the interests of this world which at once gave assurance that she had no notion of quitting it. In fact, she demonstrated by her actions that it was her intention to outlive my father many a year.

The moment I had read the above note, I put it into my poor Mary's hand, who had come to the door to meet me, with that countenance of pleasure, which, in a good wife, says, without a tongue, “Welcome home, my dearie,”—and while she was glancing her eye over its contents, I cast mine on the comical phiz of Paddy. One side of his face

was drawn up, with Irish humour strongly characterized on it, whilst on the other cheek his eye and mouth, by an expressive depression, painted a melancholy gloom like satirical sorrow.

“ Oh !” exclaimed my wife, on returning me the note, “ I must go with you—it is our duty.”

Paddy turned to her his joyful half look, which said in very plain language—“ no unpleasant duty, faith !”—I would have knocked the fellow down for his impertinence, had he not instantly wheeled round his other cheek with this apology—“ Yes, I know you feel for your father’s loss.”

“ Good God !” said I, “ Paddy, how did this mournful event happen ? Was my father at home ? Tell me all about it, man.”

“ The master,” answered Paddy, “ was at Armagh. The mistress returned home yesterday morning from seeing your sister’s children. She calls me—‘ Paddy,’ says she, ‘ There’s no luck about the house now—the calves are all dying—the cows give no milk—little Robert has broken his leg—and that dog,’ pointing to old Snap, ‘ is going mad—catch him, Paddy,’ says she, ‘ this minute, and hang him up.’ ‘ Och !’ says I, ‘ mis-

tress jewel, but sure you won't kill old Snap?"—
'But I will,' says she, laying hold of him by the neck; 'get me a rope directly.' You know, your honour, whatever she said must be done.—So, 'very well, mistress,' says I, 'and away to the stable for a halter went myself; but before the crier could say, 'O yes, O yes, O yes,' I heard the mistress shout out, 'murder!'—no it was, 'God save me!' and thump she came on the hard street. All the girls and all the boys came flocking round her—lifted her up, and we carried her in and put her to bed—but she never spoke one word. Three doctors were sent for, but not a drop of blood would come; and before the master could get home in a coach from Armagh, the mistress was as dead as a door-nail. All the doctors say she died of plexy, that is, for want of breath."

During this narration, Paddy's face alternately expressed joy and pretended sorrow. He obviously considered that he was giving me pleasing news; and when I indicated the disgust I felt at his hypocritical countenance, he continually changed its expression, but with a leer of incredulity as though he knew that it could not wound my heart deeply.

I certainly could not shed a tear on the occasion. A degree of melancholy, however, stole over my mind as I reflected upon the uncertainty of human life, and the vanity of terrestrial things. Such an event, so awfully sudden, and so dreadful in its visitation on my poor father, affected my heart; and it had such an effect in sobering the high spirits which my late accumulation of good fortune had excited, that we journeyed to my father's without my imparting to my wife and daughter the circumstance of our great increase of wealth.

On entering the house my sisters burst into a fresh paroxysm of sorrow: I thought the poor girls would have sobbed their lives away; and my wife and daughter joined them, for pity produced an effect upon them similar to sorrow, and really I sympathized most sincerely in their grief. It is impossible to behold young females deprived of the tender care of a mother, at a period when her watchful eye is of incalculable value, without deep emotion. I turned away and wept, as I thought of their case, and of the agitation of their innocent breasts: any overflow of sorrow on my part would have been attributed to affectation, and I therefore

concealed what I felt, which was not grief on account of the dead mother, but a mournful tribute paid by my heart, knowing the irreparable loss a child sustains in such a deprivation, to motherless children and to weeping sisters.

It was in the dusk of the evening that we arrived at my father's. The candles were lighted, and a stream of neighbours was flowing from and towards the house of mourning : the whole scene displayed vivid contrasts of joy and sorrow. Here were my sisters weeping and sobbing : there were unconcerned spectators laughing and chatting as cheerfully as though a marriage, instead of a funeral, had been in prospect. In one part of the house were sad-faced relations, whose hearts felt no real sorrow ; in another, lively wake-attenders, whose tongues rattled forth merrily the gaiety of their spirits. My father, we found, had shut himself up in his library, unable, from the force of his feelings, to look upon the scene of mingled woe and merriment. I expected that he would be absorbed in grief ; but his sorrow was of a manly kind ; he received us with firmness, and I was consoled to see that he knew how to bear the load which could

not be thrown off his own shoulders. So long as we live, the usual routine of life must go forward. Grief occupies only a part of thought. My sisters were relieved for a while from thinking intensely on their immediate concerns by attention to us. Eating and drinking are occupations too important to be neglected. The servants were soon busied in spreading a table, and we were seen refreshing ourselves as heartily, after snuffing the mountain air for several miles, as though no person had lain without feelings of hunger and thirst in the house.

After this I visited the room in which the corpse was laid out, and stood for a considerable time contemplating the placid state of that countenance which so lately had been agitated with all the passions, desires, affections, and cares of busy existence. The same indescribable character remained in the face that had always excited emotions of apprehension in my breast. But I could now gaze on the bloodless features without a feeling of resentment. Death presents to us a picture so helpless, full of interest, still and mournful, that we look upon it without any terror in its first stage. I shall not attempt any description of the train of

thought into which I fell, whilst viewing the pulseless remains of her whom I had justly considered as my greatest enemy : with a deep sigh I turned an invocation to Heaven to forgive her, and me, if in aught I had injured her ; and, with a light conscience, I became an amused spectator of what was passing.

The room in which I stood was a small apartment. On one side was the death-bed ; on the other were assembled about twenty old women, seated on forms, one above the other, rising as in a theatre, who, during the whole night, sang Methodist hymns. There were also a few old men among them, whose deep bass voices gave a good roundness to the shrill female pipe. This vocal band was regulated and controlled by the parish-clerk, school-master, and singing-master of the place, who exercised considerable authority, and expressed himself in loud censure, when, as was too frequently the case, discord reigned. He had his book, from which he read two lines at each musical interval : these having been sung, a general pause ensued, till he gave out another stave ; and so he continued exercising his lungs, in a fine round big voice, nasally

expelled, like a street ballad-singer, in which it was the glory of every old woman to imitate him. These nightingales were occasionally cheered with pipes and tobacco, and frequent rounds of tea and coffee.

In the next room, which was a large parlour, sat a multitude of neighbouring farmers, their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, eating fruit, drinking tea, telling stories, making love, and talking scandal; occasionally amused with the music in the adjoining apartment, but more frequently with themselves, and the hoarse laughs which coarse wit excited. On leaving this parlour, you enter a hall, connecting the two wings of my father's house; in the centre of which hall, the street door is placed, and out of the hall you go down a passage opposite the street door, to the kitchen, and servants' rooms. The hall and all these apartments were filled with the lower orders, drinking whiskey, of which they were allowed two glasses each during the night, with a supper of fried bacon and eggs. The noise and uproar here were deafening. In a small room off the kitchen passage sat several old women, Roman Catholics;

demonstrating their sorrow by singing in loud strains the praises of the deceased, in the Irish language, or well known howl. The burden of their song was a string of such questions as these—
“ Oh! darling and jewel, what made you die? Arrah now, what made you leave us behind? Had you not, great lady, cows numberless; sheep, pigs, horses, turkeys, geese, hens, and ducks to cheer you with abundance; yellow wheat, green corn, extensive fields of potatoes, beautiful meadows, fine plantations, and every thing to glad your good heart? Oh! why did you die till your sweet daughter were married; Oh! why leave your kind husband to mourn; and oh! why have you left our hearts bleeding with sorrow? Come back, O come! will you not come, and relieve us once more? From your door did a beggar ever go away empty? Did not the bag fill with meal, and the pitcher with milk, from your charitable white hand?”

On entering the hall again from the kitchen, and turning to the left, you go into a large parlour in the other wing of the house. This

room was filled with the gentry of the neighbourhood, or every person who had wealth and respectability to entitle him to rank as one of the aristocracy. The ladies were served by the gentlemen with wine and cakes, after tea and coffee; and about one o'clock a supper table was covered, and a comfortable repast spread for the whole company, whose sedateness of manner and assumed sadness of deportment formed a striking contrast to the revelry and folly of the noisy scene before sketched. Beyond this parlour my father secluded himself in his library, or office, where he sat musing upon the sudden occurrence which in a few hours had disarranged his hopes and prospects, and filled his peaceful mansion with riot, sorrow, and seeming grief; affording a curious observer, such as I account myself, an opportunity of witnessing a display of country manners, nearly the same as we read of in history, two hundred years ago. All the sleeping rooms, situated up stairs, were prepared for the ladies to retire into occasionally, and enjoy the refreshment of slumber; but, during the whole night, carriages were coming

and going, so that it was altogether a scene of bustle not easily described.

At two o'clock on the following day, the population for five miles round assembled to accompany the deceased to her long home. The crowd was prodigious. All the rooms in the house were thronged with friends and acquaintances; the lawn was covered with a deep mass of the peasantry; and horsemen, gigs, jaunting-cars, and carriages lined the avenues and roads as far as the eye could reach. Except from the waving black plumes of the hearse, which, outside of the house, told the tale of death, it might have been supposed a congregation of joy; so little general interest does the death of an individual, remarkable only in a private point of view, excite. Every one had something to laugh at and talk about, foreign from the cause of assembling. Many had come, not out of respect to the lady's memory, but for the purpose of enjoying the sight and the treat usual on such occasions. Adherence to this good old custom makes a funeral appear like a feast. Kegs of whiskey were distributed among the

crowd outside ; and some of the frieze-coated lovers of a drop had changed their places to deceive the dram-servers so often, that they were fitter for their beds than for a procession. Inside the house, large joints of meat covered the tables, with choice wines, and every thing to gratify appetite.

At length the deceased was placed in her coffin, carried by her nearest relatives to the hearse, borne to the church, where her life was eulogized as free from reproach, and all that was mortal of her committed to the silent and gloomy mansion of the dead. Over her grave I breathed a sigh of pity and forgiveness, but I could not shed a tear. A big one had rolled from my eye when I heard the agonizing shriek of my sisters, as their mother's body left my father's door. I have often observed, however, that children's grief soon subsides. The young heart is too light to sink and remain long under the pressure of sorrow. Upon our return to my father's, we found him and his daughters calm and resigned, prepared to join us at dinner, and able to enjoy the miscellaneous conversation of the table.

It is a curious experiment to examine any family, or little circle of society, closely. What hidden springs we discover moving every breast! How many suspicions we detect destroying happiness! We have to lament instead of to rejoice, over every grouped picture of humanity. Where shall we find that charity which suffers long and is kind? We see so much in practice contrary to what Christianity is in theory, that we are convinced the beautiful morality of our blessed religion is a fine portrait of what we should be, yet one which no group of human beings has ever yet been. My father was not sufficiently softened by his loss to forgive those whom he considered his enemies. He deeply resented the meanness of a neighbour, with whom he had had a deadly quarrel, for presuming to come to the funeral, and thought more of punishing him for his attention, than of the kindness that forgiveth wrongs. Instead of praising my wife for coming to condole with him, he blamed her, and attributed her motive to self interest. Well, he was condemned himself by others as thoughtlessly; for my stepmother's brothers, be-

cause my father did not assist in paying marks of affection to his wife's remains, privately said he felt none, and otherwise scandalized him. Indeed, two of his daughters expressed the same feeling, because he smiled over his glass after dinner on the day of their mother's funeral. Yet one of these very sorrowful girls convinced me, the same night, that she thought and grieved more sometimes for the postponement of her marriage, than for her mother's decease; and the other, by her strictures on the light conduct of Captain ——'s very pretty and accomplished daughters, led me to conclude that her grief had not entirely absorbed her envy. I must not, however, forget the beam in my own eye. I thought my brother-in-law's looks were jet black, when I took the place at dinner opposite my father, which would have been occupied by him, had I been absent, and which indeed he offered to take in my presence. In short, I thought that he wished me in my step-mother's place.

Next morning I bade my father and his family adieu, and returned with my wife and daughter to our own peaceful home; having been desired by

the dear old gentleman to announce the melancholy event in the newspaper, and to say on the subject whatever I deemed proper. Strange, that it should have fallen on me to eulogize one from whom I had, for four years, received not only total neglect, but inhuman injury ! who cared so little about me and six children, that we were left by her to starve and endure all the demoralizing effects of want and wretched poverty. Yet, equally strange it is, that my stepmother, in her other relations of life, was entitled to just and great praise. She was an affectionate mother to her own children, and so excellent a wife, that she ruled her husband, while she appeared to be his handmaid. As a neighbour she was beloved, for in disposition she was ever ready to serve and oblige ; as a relative she was kind to her needy kindred ; as a friend she was firm and faithful ; and as a mistress, obedience alone secured her liberal treatment, and drew forth all the benevolence of her heart. She had supported a character free from imputation, and sustained the repute of a loyal wife during her husband's ten years' absence in America. Yet such is the deceitfulness of the human heart, that while in all other

points of view she deserved praise, in what respected the child of the man she loved, by a former wife, she merited censure. I leave you to account for this, and proceed in conclusion.

Again seated in my comfortable little parlour, refreshed by good cheer after the fatigue of our journey, with one of my chubby little dears on each knee, their mother, and our four other children near me, round a cheerful fire, you cannot picture, amongst the monarchs of this world, a man with sensations more delightful than mine. What do I say? Amongst the monarchs! No—the cares and troubles of pomp and state were not inmates of my breast; and though every man is a king in his own house, yet my enjoyment was unconnected with power. Harmony and love gave a charm to my home which is indescribable. Past sufferings and surmounted difficulties gave the highest zest to the cheerful view I took of my present condition. In prospective all was clear and serene: indeed, in neither of the three tenses could I perceive aught that constituted a rational ground of uneasiness. — “I have,” thought I now, “enough and a little to spare, with experience to know its value,

and judgment, well schooled in adversity, not to misapply it. May God fill my heart with gratitude and humility!"

In this temper of mind I imparted to my wife the news of our accession to the wealth of Peter L——, Esq. I was hurt, however, upon finding that she was better pleased with the power this increase would give her of outshining our aristocratical neighbours, who had treated us with some haughtiness, than with the real comforts bestowed on a large family by competence; and I took occasion to destroy pride and vanity, which I clearly saw would quickly spring up in her mind, if left flourishing in the hot-bed of prosperity.

"My dear," said I, "we have often, in the hour of affliction, prayed earnestly to God for wisdom rather than riches. Now, then, having wealth, let us honour the liberality of Heaven by showing that we know how to use it with moderation. Our fortune, though largely sufficient for comfort and happiness, falls far short of the means which many have with whom we associate. No man is rich but by comparison; for he who spends more than his income, whatever it may be, is in

reality poor, and a debtor. Let us, therefore, not bring upon ourselves the fate of the frog in the fable, by bursting happiness we possess, in foolish imitation of vain fashion, to the size of which we can never swell. You see it is the rock upon which all our acquaintances wreck themselves. Mrs. Jones, whose husband has only three hundred a year, must imitate the suppers of Mrs. Crozier, whose income is full fifteen hundred. The consequence is as clear as a result in *The Rule of Three Direct*—as three is to one, so is fifteen to five. Think of this, and act according to the rationality it prescribes. No, my love, we will do what is consistent with our circumstances, regardless of the nonsensical sneer of the world. Let us live far within our means, that we may have the power of expanding our hearts with the luxury of doing some good; and that when we go naked out of this cold world, we may be warmed with recollecting the shivering creatures we clothed from our superfluity, and the starving fellow men we cheered from the economy of our table. In short, let us, as far as we can, set an example of

moderation and usefulness, and quit every charm of this transitory scene without regret, and with the approbation of our own hearts.

Indeed, my short sermon had the desired effect. We agreed to keep our good fortune a profound secret. And this was an object I had greatly at heart ; for, though it is the way of the world to sanction the belief that we are richer than we are, I have always considered it advantageous to be thought poorer. In the one case, you ever fall short of expectation, and incur a charge of disappointment ; in the other, you have the power of surprising by liberality, and of warming hearts into gratitude by exceeding their hopes. You also prove the sincerity of your friends, and the charity of your enemies. Have you a daughter ? Let her be thought poor, and no fortune-hunter will court her beauty. She will become the property of some honest heart, and you will have the means of rewarding disinterested affection, and of making mutual love bloom in the sun-beams of plenty.

Moreover, and in addition to what I have urged

in favour of the resolution we formed of concealing our changed circumstances from the circle of our acquaintances, I had another reason, which pressed itself upon my understanding. My father's behaviour to me had sunk deeply into my heart. He had not performed his written promise, of making some provision for my family, under any circumstances that could occur; but, instead of providing for our wants, he had turned his back upon us, left us to the miserable subsistence of half-pay, and, had it not been for the seasonable relief derived from my wife's jewels, ornaments which I had never calculated upon as disposable property, I might have begged, or been hanged for robbery. Did my conduct warrant such treatment? I had merely declined one offer he made me, and removed my family from a system of persecution and insult. Even if my undutiful and disobedient courses had authorized his desertion of me, still my children and my wife, to whom he had promised assistance, should have been objects of his care—and even had my poor wife offended him, her conduct would not have vindicated his

justice. Our heavenly Father does not, when we disobey and grieve him, withdraw from us those blessings which he bestows upon his other children. Neither should our earthly parent desert any of his offspring for alleged crime. By such desertion he withholds from them their right ; and surely the retention of a debt which is justly due is the infliction of an injury. Earthly fathers, however, too often, instead of making it their glory to imitate the justice and mercy of Omnipotence, arm themselves with vindictiveness, and inhumanly destroy their children. Moreover, my father owed me a settlement on agreement. In consequence of his letters I renounced my profession, expended the money I had been long amassing, in transporting my family fifteen thousand miles, to his door ; and yet he left me to provide for them as well as I could, at a time when expense was indispensably necessary for education. I could not forget all this ; and I determined, now that I was independent, upon proving whether he conceived me entitled to reparation, or not. “ He is now,” thought I, “ free from the influence of an interested woman ;

if he follow the dictates of a good heart, he will do me justice. At all events, if misfortune assail his old age, I shall require no sweeter vengeance than to be his prop of support—the safe staff upon which his tottering existence may repose whilst in this life.”

I shall only add further, that two years have elapsed since the funeral, yet he has never entered my humble door, though I have solicited the pleasure of his company at another christening. May other fathers take my counsel not to imitate him! And may all sons be warned by me, never to give their parents cause of offence*.

Thus I close my selection from the papers of my friend Charles Thoughtless. Should my labours amuse or interest so as to experience public support, it shall be my study to find a new series of Oriental and Irish Sketches and Tales, to give

* In justice to the father of our hero, it is right to say that since the above was written, a perfect reconciliation has taken place.

prolonged existence to "FORTY YEARS IN THE WORLD."

Sincerely and anxiously do I hope and trust for a favourable reception, confiding that it is impossible to peruse the life of my friend Charles without being strengthened in many good resolutions, and convinced that whatever Heaven wills is right and best. "Sweet are the uses of adversity:" had it not been for the trials Charles experienced in his turbulent journey through this world, it is likely that his accession to wealth might only have augmented his misery. Instead of that calm, happy voyage which is now nearing him daily to eternity, he would be tossed on the billows of vanity and fashion, involved in gulfs of extravagance, the master of neither his time nor his fortune.

And now I have only one observation to make before I write *finis*.

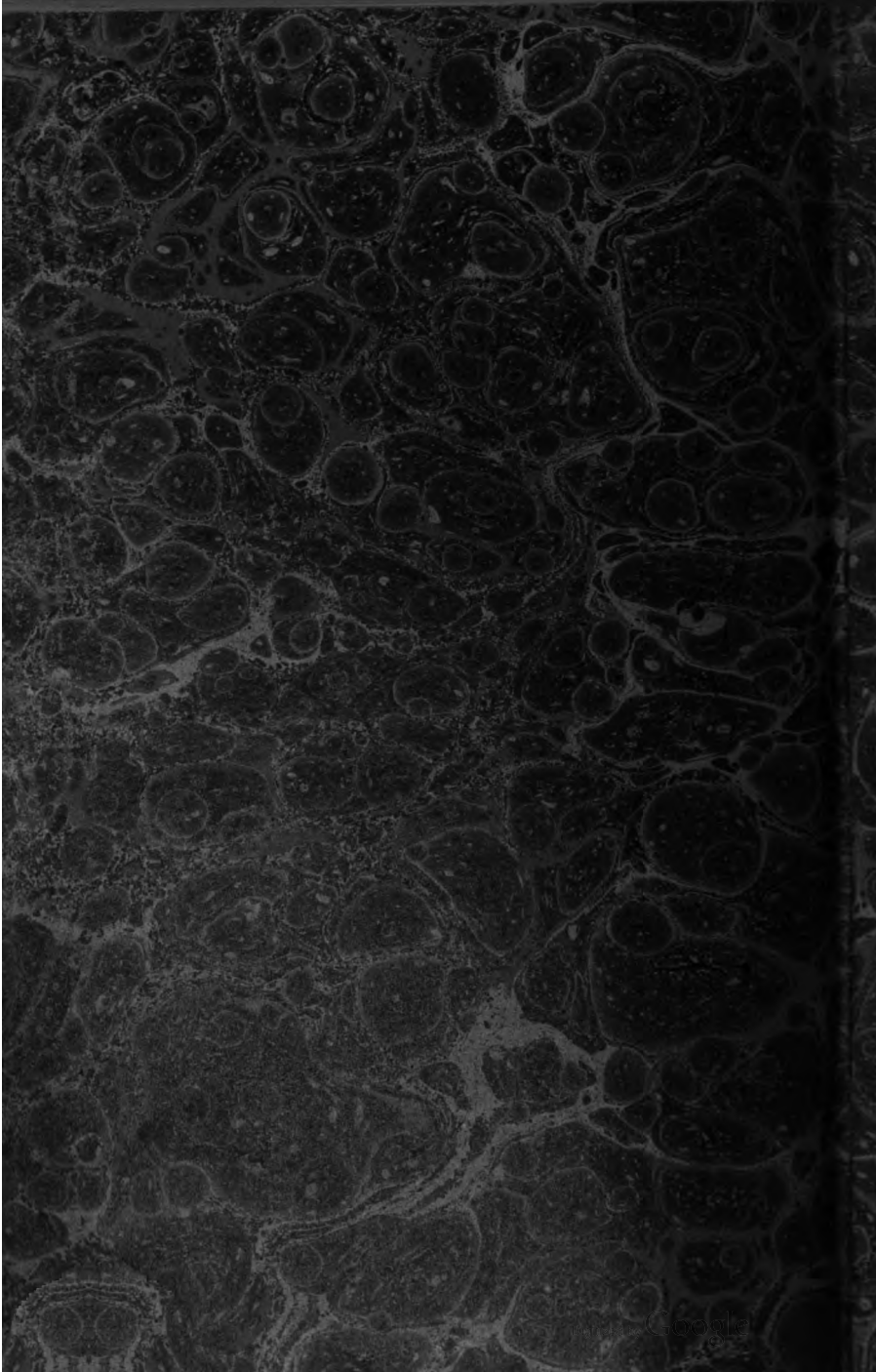
If the vicissitudes of human life, here truly delineated from actual occurrence, should prove serviceable to any of the rising generation, I have not laboured in vain. I have attempted to incul-

cate, that it is the interest of man to be virtuous ; that the Christian religion is the only means of securing happiness here and hereafter ; and that we live under a political constitution which ensures to the subject as much practical liberty as can be enjoyed without danger. I therefore say, “ Farewell, kind reader,” with the deep expression of my gratitude, and every good wish for your felicity.

FINIS.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or title, centered on the page.

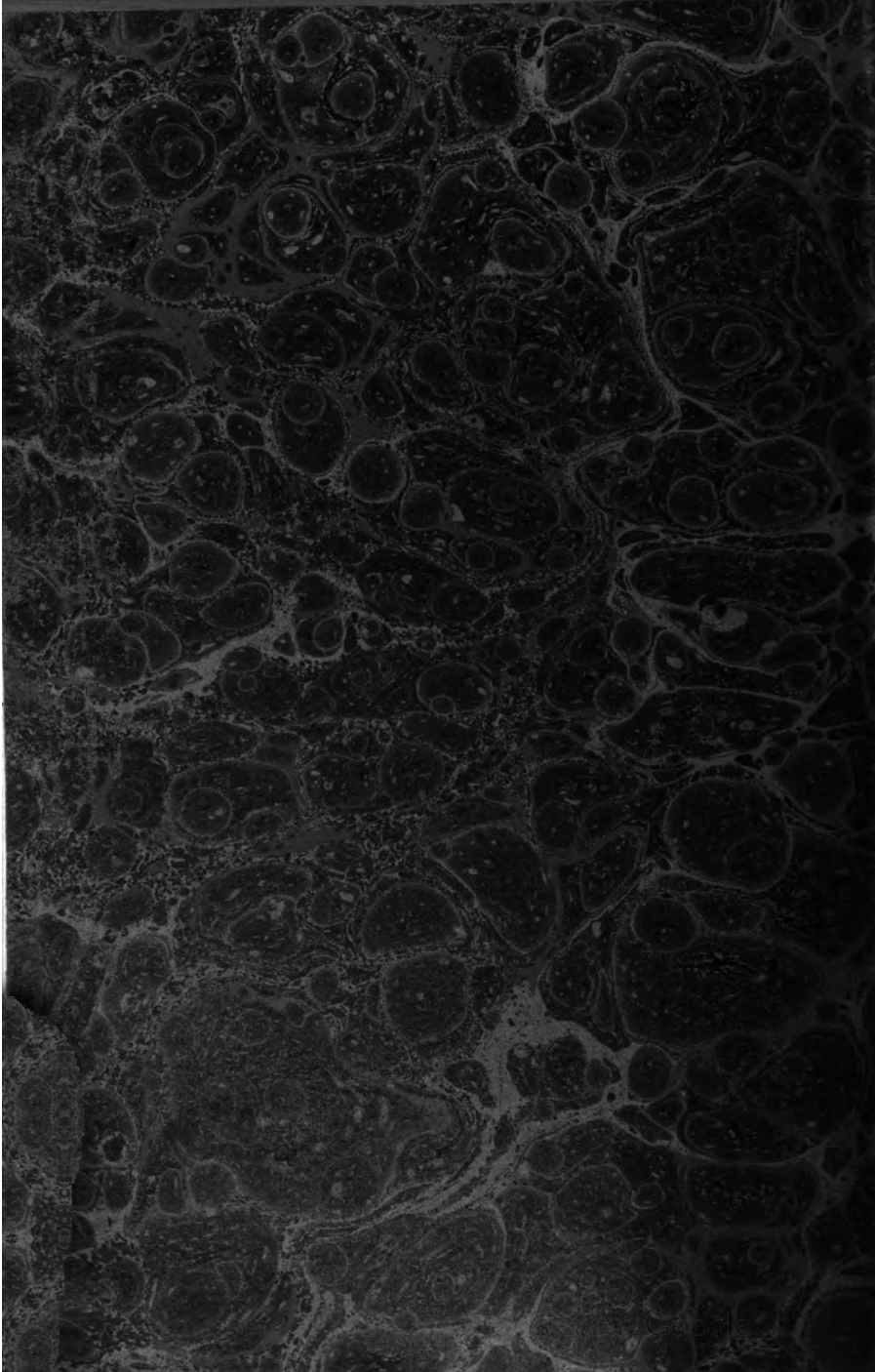


UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 01139 9733

A 398817 DUPL



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 01139 9733

A 398817 DUPL

