

FIRESIDE AMUSEMENT,
FROM THE
Juvenile Library, Bartholomew Close.



HISTORY OF LEONORA HERVEY.
Morad and Abima,
OBIDAH AND THE HERMIT.
AND
THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER

With a handsome Engraved Frontispiece.

LONDON:

Printed and Published by Knevett, Arliss,
and Baker, 87, Bartholomew-close,
West Smithfield.

Price Fourpence.

BOOKS recently published by J. ARLISS.

Price Two Shillings.

COTTAGE TALES; OR, RUSTIC SCENERY.
PIOUS MEMOIRS; WITH FINE PORTRAITS
CHOICE FRAGMENTS: WITH FINE CUTS.
A CONCISE NATURAL HISTORY, IN VERSE.
LIVES OF GREAT AND EMINENT MEN.
BRIEF MEMOIRS OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

Price One Shilling.

EMILY AND ANNETTE: WITH RUSTIC CUTS
THE SINGULAR ADVENTURES OF A HEN.
THE PARENTS' PRESENT: WITH FINE CUTS
THE AMUSEMENTS OF LONDON: WITH CUTS
THE CRIES OF LONDON: WITH COL. PLATES
POPULAR CHARACTERS: WITH PORTRAITS
THE MASQUERADE; OR, MERRY PARTY.
NATURAL HISTORY, IN RHYME—BIRDS.
DITTO—QUADRUPEDS.

Price Sixpence.

NURSERY GUIDE; OR, FIRST BOOK.
THE PRETTY PRIMER: OR, CHILD'S BOOK.
MAY-DAY; OR, THE NEW WREATH.
THE CONTENTED COTTAGER: WITH CUTS.
WATTS'S DIVINE SONGS, FOR CHILDREN.
THE TEMPLE OF FANCY; OR RIDDLE BOOK.

This book forms part of
The Osborne Collection of Children's Books
presented to the Toronto Public Libraries by
Edgar Osborne
in memory of his wife
MABEL OSBORNE

3713 / 048 631 774



LEONORA HERVEY

Drawn by Brooke

Engraved by Edwards,

Published June 2, 1810, by John Arliss, 87 Bartholemew Close London.

LEONORA HERVEY.

MORAD AND ABIMA.

OBIDAH AND THE HERMIT.

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.



LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY J. ARLISS, BARTHOLOMEW-
CLOSE, WEST SMITHFIELD.

LEONORA HERVEY.

" Oh! how near allied to sorrow,

" Are our transports most sincere !

" E'en delight is forc'd to borrow

" Feeling's rich expressive tear !"

LOUISA and Leonora Hervey were sisters, who from their earliest years had discovered the fondest attachment to each other. In their natural characters there was, nevertheless, a marked difference. Louisa was all vivacity and sprightliness, while Leonora was more remarkable for a kind of pensive delicacy. Louisa was much more prone than her sister to that harmless loquacity which has been considered by taciturn philosophers as, in some degree, characteristic of her sex. Both were good, both truly amiable, and the hearts of both tender and susceptible;—though Nature had so formed that of Leonora, that the impressions made on it were less easily obliterated. Notwithstanding this diversity of character, however, they had the tenderest affection for each other. In every amusement, and in every more serious occupation, they were inseparable; and the

LEONORA HERVEY.

wish of the one, however slightly intimated, was the invariable rule of conduct to the other.

During their more early years, it seemed to the gentle Leonora that her heart was full, that the tender affection she felt within her, without the exercise of which she could not live, was bestowed on its natural and proper object, and her happiness complete. But in the course of time her breast felt a new sensation. A youth, possessed of many amiable qualities and accomplishments, the son of a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood, gazed on and admired her beauty, learned and loved her virtue; with timid delicacy, but honest ardour, avowed his passion; read in her eyes the acceptance of his love, pressed her beating bosom to his enamoured heart, and won the affections of her soul.

Leonora now entered, as it were, into a new mode of existence. The happiness she derived from the love she bore her sister was doubled, and somewhat more; for, in this new affection, she felt a delicious but indescribable sentiment, which exalted it above the other, though it did not diminish, nor indeed interfere, with that other; and two delightful passions at once occupied her heart, by each of which it seemed to be completely filled at the same time.

But as eternal suns and cloudless skies are not to be expected in this world, the happi-

LEONORA HERVEY.

ness Leonora now enjoyed would have far exceeded the lot of the race of mortals, had it met with no interruption. Mr. Mortimer, the father of her lover, had an estate in the West Indies, the management of which had been so conducted as to render it necessary that he should either make a voyage thither himself, or send some person in whose abilities and integrity he could repose implicit confidence. His state of health rendered it very unadvisable for him to attempt to go himself; and he thought he could not fix on a more proper person to be his agent on this occasion than his son, whose interest it was no less than his duty, to guard the property of his father, which was one day to become his own, from fraud and embezzlement. Young Henry acquiesced in the propriety of his father's opinion, and, in compliance with his wish, embarked for the island in which his estates were situated, having first taken an affectionate farewell of his dear Leonora, and vowed eternal love.

This separation produced in the heart of Leonora another new sensation. A kind of tender melancholy pervaded her soul: she sighed she knew not why, and wept without being able to assign to herself any sufficient cause. She sought to be alone; and felt, for the first time, though she was loth to confess it, even to herself, that her love for Henry Mortimer had impaired and super-

LEONORA HERVEY.

seded her affection for her sister Louisa. At the end of six months, Leonora received a letter from her lover, expressive of the tenderest affection and most undiminished constancy. This letter she preserved as her richest treasure, read it over from time to time, and, while reading the ardent assurances of sincere love with which it abounded, felt herself completely happy. Six months more elapsed before she heard again of Mr. Mortimer, and then she heard of him in a different manner. A gentleman, who had a few days before arrived from the West Indies, chanced to dine at her father's; and, as he came last from the island where Mr. Mortimer's estate lay, the conversation, at length, turned on him and his affairs.

"Young Mr. Mortimer," said the stranger, "is, truly, an accomplished young gentleman. He has much real worth, great spirit, and an excellent understanding, improved by the most liberal cultivation. His father's affairs were in a very embarrassed and perplexed state when he arrived, but he will effectually retrieve them."

All this was delightful music to the fond ear of Leonora. "Yes," thought she, "all this is true, and he is mine."—But the gentleman proceeded.

"Mr. Mortimer will, I make no doubt, soon move in a very superior sphere to that of his father. The business in which he

LEONORA HERVEY.

has been engaged required that he should make application to the governor of the island, who has conceived a very particular esteem for him; and what is, perhaps, more to the purpose, his daughter appears to have conceived a still greater esteem. She will have an immense fortune, and it was generally understood they were soon to be married; I would venture to affirm the wedding must have taken place before this time.

Alas, Leonora! what were thy feelings at this moment! A dizziness seized her; she rose from her seat, and staggered, as well as she could, into the garden. She sat down, and her gentle, innocent, and lately happy heart was rent with a pang of which before she could have formed no conception.

Her sister, who well knew how much her delicate feelings must have been shocked at such intelligence, so abruptly and unexpectedly communicated, soon followed her, and endeavoured to soothe and comfort her; representing how very possible it was that the whole story should be either a fiction or a mistake. But in this she had but very indifferent success, Leonora conceiving the state of anxious doubt and suspense in which she was to be still worse than that of despair.

Nearly two months more passed, and nothing was heard of Mr. Mortimer. Leonora's melancholy increased every day; and she was now on the point of relinquishing

LEONORA HERVEY.

every hope. At length, she one day thus addressed her sister :—

“ Dearest Louisa :—you know well with what tender friendship and esteem I have always regarded you : in my infant years you were my inseparable companion, and I know that our attachment was mutual. At present every thing I formerly enjoyed fades before me ; and not only affords me no pleasure, but becomes insupportable to me. You will lose me ; but, if I go, neither doubt my esteem and affection for you ; nor, above every thing, imagine that I have been capable of rashly terminating my present being, however heavy a burden it may be to me. Of this be firmly persuaded that I shall not be guilty. Yet may you, possibly, never see me more.”

Louisa was not a little alarmed, as may be supposed, at this discourse. She began to fear that her sister had indulged her melancholy till it had actually begun to affect her reason. She endeavoured, by every means in her power, to afford her amusement, and turn her thoughts from the object on which they were so constantly fixed ; but she could neither divert her from her purpose, nor prevent her from carrying it into execution.

One morning, when the family, as usual, met, Leonora was missing. She was, at first, supposed to be gone on one of those melancholy rambles, in which it was known she would sometimes indulge ; but night

LEONORA HERVEY.

came, and she did not return. The next day every search was made for her, but without success. Her sister was distressed and wretched, and her father almost frantic. The only consolation they could find, consisted in the solemn and express declaration she had, more than once, made to her sister, that she could never attempt her own life; but such a declaration was not to be relied on implicitly. They examined what she had left that was known to belong to her, and found that she had taken a few things, though not many. Advertisements, worded with decent obscurity, but sufficiently intelligible to her, were inserted in different papers, inviting her to return, or send some account of herself to her disconsolate friends, but all without success.

Several months elapsed, but no discovery was made. A letter was, however, received from Mr. Mortimer, directed to Leonora, which her father thought himself authorised, in the present circumstances, to open. It contained the warmest declarations of constant affection; and mentioned, that, as the ship which brought it was expected to sail only a few days before another in which Mr. Mortimer proposed to return to England, he might, very possibly, reach his native country as soon as the advice he had now sent of his return.

While the family were considering in what manner to continue their inquiries, it hap-

LEONORA HERVEY.

pened that Leonora's father had met with a person who incidentally related a very singular occurrence, which had taken place in a manufacturing town, about thirty miles distant. A young lady had taken a small house, in which she lived, attended by an old woman, whom she supported, together with herself, by some work the old woman had obtained for her, and which she brought and carried, without seeing any person; for she never came out of the house, nor was any one but the old woman, who was wonderfully faithful to her melancholy caprice, permitted to enter it. Who she was, or whence she came, was utterly unknown to all the inhabitants of the place; but she had lived thus above four months.

No sooner had Mr. Hervey heard this extraordinary story, but he very naturally conjectured he had discovered the place of his daughter's retreat. He and Louisa accordingly directly set off; but the great difficulty was to find access to this fair recluse, without using a kind of violence they were very unwilling to employ. It was a fine moonlight evening when they arrived; and Louisa, having made application in vain to the old lady for admittance, standing directly before the door, the house being at some distance from any other, and no person near, began to sing a verse of Goldsmith's beautiful ballad of "Edwin and Angelina," which they had frequently sung together in their earliest years:—

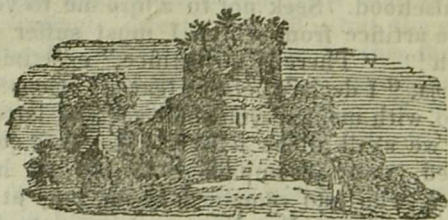
LEONORA HERVEY.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My fair one, turn to view
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and you."

Leonora, hearing her sister's voice, came out into a kind of a balcony before the house. "I perceive," said she, "I am discovered; but my resolution is not to be changed. The remainder of my days shall be passed in melancholy solitude. But why should you chuse that verse to sing? you do not well to tantalize the unhappy!" "Because," said Louisa, "you are unhappy only in imagination. We have received a letter from your Henry, which evinces his constancy to you. He will soon return to England. All the reports which have so distressed you, I am convinced, must originate in mistake or vile falsehood." "Oh!" said Leonora, "it is you, I fear, who are guilty of falsehood. Seek not to allure me to you by an artifice from which I must suffer so much!" "There is no artifice," exclaimed Louisa, "I declare before Heaven. Consent to go with me, and you shall see the letter, and we shall all be happy." Leonora consented, and accompanied Louisa to her father, who had remained at an inn, at a short distance. But how great was not only her surprise, but even that of Louisa, to find that her beloved Henry Mortimer, who had arrived at Mr. Hervey's just after they had set out, learned the history of his dear Leo-

LEONORA HERVEY.

nora, and followed them to the inn. The story may here close: the exquisite sensations of Leonora, fainting in the arms of her lover; of her lover, thus convinced of her tender affection and fidelity; of the father, restored to his daughter; of the sister, witnessing the delicious scene; can be conceived by few, described by none.



MORAD AND ABIMA.

IBRAHIM the Second reigned over the empire of Persia, the lustre of whose virtues was resplendent as the burning luminary of the Heavens, and the mildness of his reign inoffensive as the nocturnal reflector of its beams.

Nezam, the beglerbeg of Curdistan, attended his royal master in the city of Is-pahan. His sword had formerly supported him in his pretensions to the throne, and his counsels now guided him in the paths of justice, and rendered him beloved and revered by his subjects, while his name was held in respect by the most powerful nations of the east.

Abima, the daughter of Nezam, was beautiful as the damsels of Paradise; her skin rivalled the whiteness of the snow on the mountains of Kirvan; her eyes were bright as the morning star; and her tresses vied, in colour and glossiness, with the fleeces of Astracan. When she smiled, the dimples of the Houri adorned her cheek; and when she spoke, her voice was like the music in the gardens of eternal delight, and her breath as fragrant as the breeze which gathers perfumes in the vallies of Arabia.

MORAD AND ABIMA.

But the gentle Abima had a heart susceptible of love; and while Nezam, to secure to his daughter wealth, grandeur, and rank, had engaged her hand to the rich and powerful Abubekar, she, secretly, plighted her faith to the brave, the generous, the youthful Morad.

Nor was Nezam unsuspicious of his daughter's engagements. He knew and honoured the virtues of Morad, but his possessions were unequal to the extensive domains of Abubekar, whose camels were counted by thousands, and whose flocks and herds were as innumerable as the sands on the sea-shore.

Yet not the diamonds of the royal turban, or the rubies which glittered in the throne of Ibrahim, could have purchased the chaste affections of the faithful Abima. The heart which she had surrendered to Morad was incapable of change: nor did she hesitate to comply with his intreaties to bind herself by those indissoluble ties which transfer the right of the parent to a protector of another name; and, influenced by a passion as pure as the light which issues from the third heaven, she abandoned the splendid mansion of Nezam, and fled to the humble dwelling of Morad.

No sooner was the flight of Abima discovered by her ambitious father, than he pursued her to the habitation of Morad; and, with the authority of a parent, and all

MORAD AND ABIMA.

the pride of offended dignity, demanded, at his hands, the treasure which he suspected to be in his possession.

But the happy, the enraptured Morad, though gentle as the doves of Circassia, and humble as the Faquir who traverses the approaches of the sacred temple of Mecca, in the defence of his love was as fierce as the lion of Mount Caucasus, and of his honour, as the tiger which haunts the banks of the Ganges. Equally above deceit and fear, he avowed the possession of his adored, his faithful Abima; and his intentions to retain the glorious prize in his hands at the risk of what he esteemed far less valuable than life, which, without her, would cease to be the object of his care.

Enraged at the bold determination of the intrepid Morad, the father of the fair fugitive retired to the house of the enamoured Abubekar; and, having communicated the intelligence so fatal to his hopes, they proceeded together to the Divan, and waited, with impatience, the appearance of the sovereign of Persia.

No sooner did the trumpets proclaim the approach of the monarch, than the trembling Nezam, having thrice prostrated himself before the throne, and thrice invoked the prophet he adored to render his sovereign propitious to his prayer, thus laid before him the source of his griefs, and demanded redress for injuries which he represented as

MORAD AND ABIMA.

unequalled.—“ Father of thy people ! light of the sun ! friend of Ali ! prince of the faithful ! governor of the world ! at whose frown all the nations of the earth tremble ! at whose smile the three known quarters of the terrestrial globe rejoice ! thou who asseratest the rights of all true believers, and punishest those who offend, without regard to power or condition ! if the sword of Nezam has ever been drawn in thy defence ; if this arm has ever been extended successfully over thine enemies ; if thou hast ever profited by his counsels, or his friendly suggestions have shielded thee from impending danger ; attend to my complaints, and afford to the wretched Nezam that justice for which the meanest of thy subjects have never sued in vain !

“ Morad, the perfidious Morad, has invaded the mansions of happiness and peace ; he has ravished from me the delight of my eye, the comfort of my age ; he has covered my head with disgrace, and filled my eyes with sorrow. O Abima, Abima ! lost, deluded Abima ! ”

Passion had now overwhelmed the disappointed Nezam, and stopped the utterance of words, when Ibrahim, adorned with all the dignity of sovereignty, and all the graces of conscious virtue, arose from his throne, and thus addressed his agitated suppliant :—

“ Nezam ! if thy complaint be as unfounded as thy suspicions of Ibrahim, thou

MORAD AND ABIMA.

seekest not justice but partial favour, which thou shalt never receive at the hands of the humble vice-regent of Heaven, who has armed his servant with authority for purposes in which friendship has no interest, nor favour the smallest share. But if thou hast, indeed, received injury from Morad; if he has defrauded thee of thy paternal rights, and possesses, without thy consent, the child of thy bosom; were he as dear to my heart as Mirza, the heir of my throne, justice should tear him from my affections, and the sentence of my lips decree him to make restitution."

Abubekar now approached the throne; and having confirmed the charge of Nezam, and claimed the interest of an affianced husband in Abima, the officers of justice were dispatched to bring the delinquent into the royal presence, and to conduct thither, also, the partner of his heart, the fair object of contention, the gentle Abima.

In a very few minutes a general murmur, which ran through the assembly, announced the entrance of the faithful lovers. Morad, with a manly and modest air, led the trembling and weeping Abima to the foot of the throne; and the charge of Nezam, and the claim of Abubekar, having been stated to him, the monarch of Persia called on him for a defence, and admonished him to beware how he trespassed the bounds of truth, or attempted any excuse founded in the

MORAD AND ABIMA.

slightest imposition. But the virtuous Morad needed no such caution. He scorned to purchase even happiness at the price of dishonour, and, though he held his Abima dearer than his life, yet he would much rather abandon both, than retain them at the expense of falsehood. He acknowledged and he gloried in his love; he confessed his having prevailed on the fair Abima to prefer him to her more wealthy lover; and he justified her choice by a fair and candid comparison between his own age, person, and qualifications, and those of the rejected Abubekar. These declarations of Morad amounted rather to a confession than an extenuation of his guilt; and Ibrahim, though his heart acknowledged the truth and felt the force of his excuses, found himself compelled to render the justice he had promised to Nezam, and to condemn the unfortunate Morad to the severest of all punishments, that of parting with his adored Abima! but, like a gracious judge, he tempered the rigid letter of the law with the mildest interpositions of humanity; and, while he pronounced the following sentence, the soft tear of Pity reflected more lustre on his cheek than was shed by all the diamonds that glistened in his crown:—"Morad, thy condemnation proceeds from thy own mouth! thou hast taken the daughter of Nezam without the consent of her father, and the contracted wife of Abubekar without his permission.

MORAD AND ABIMA.

Restore, then, to the parent his child, and to the lover his mistress; and, to console thee for thy loss, Ibrahim will advance thy fortunes, and raise thee to such dignities and honours, that the chiefs of the empire shall court thy alliance, and thou shalt chuse a representative for the fair Abima among the choicest beauties of Ispahan."

"Father of the faithful!" replied the unfortunate Morad, "thy servant bows down in humble and submissive gratitude before the just and gracious minister of Heaven! the favours thy goodness would extend to the meanest of thy subjects, bestow on some more fortunate object. The wretched Morad murmurs not at any decree,—but, he has lost his Abima; the world has no charms for him, and he will court death as a relief from pain, and seek it as the only shelter from his sorrows." Morad having pronounced these words, quitted the hand of Abima; and, while every heart melted at his distress, bowed in silence to the throne, and prepared to quit the assembly. At this instant Abubekar made his way through the crowd which surrounded the weeping fair, and having seized the hand which had just been grasped by her more favoured lover, he besought the monarch to acknowledge his claim to Abima before Morad should be suffered to depart. This request having been complied with, he thus addressed the disconsolate lover:—

"Morad, thou hast reason to complain

MORAD AND ABIMA.

that the wealth of Abubekar has proved a bar to thy happiness, but the gracious Being, who distributes prosperity and adversity, frames also the minds of his creatures, and endows them with faculties to enjoy, and patience to endure. On me the Almighty Power has lavished, in abundance, the bounties of his hand; and he has, also, blessed me with desires to enjoy; but he has tempered my enjoyments with prudence to controul my passions, and he has restrained my inclinations, by reason, within the bounds of temperance and moderation. Thinkest thou, Morad, that my enjoyments consist in gratifications, purchased at the expense of misery to my fellow creatures? or, that the soft sensations which move the mind of the magnanimous Ibrahim are strangers to the breast of the less distinguished Abubekar?—thinkest thou that, while the fountains of his humanity flows with oil to pour into the wounds of affliction, the sources of Abubekar's pity are dried up, and his heart steeled against the noble feelings of humanity? At my hands, deserving Morad, accept the choicest of earthly blessings, a beautiful and virtuous wife. May Ali, the friend of our prophet, crown thy union with unfading felicity; and Ibrahim, his lieutenant, dispense to thee and the fair and faithful Abima the full measure of thy deserts in power, riches, and honour.

—this address the discourse being over—
"Morad, then hast reason to complain

OBIDAH AND THE HERMIT.

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of Paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travel-

OBIDAH AND THE HERMIT.

ling, but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road; and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. The uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold of every new object, and give way to every sensation

OBIDAH AND THE HERMIT.

that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature.

OBIDAH AND THE HERMIT.

He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and rage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into sudden rage by wintry show'rs,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah

OBIDAH AND THE HERMIT.

then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

“Son,” said the hermit, “let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes, of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the

OBIDAH AND THE HERMIT.

happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

“Profound in all the nominal
And real ways beyond them all.”

BUTLER.

MY rambles and frequent conversations with the peasantry in the neighbourhood of L— house, have obtained me a degree of rustic notoriety; to which I stand indebted for a visit from Mr. Thady O’Conolan, a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood, and a personage not only esteemed by his rural disciples, but looked up to by his less intelligent neighbours as a prodigy of learning, erudition, and genius. He introduced himself by saying, “He had heard I was fond of Irish composition, and that he had waited on me to mention that he had some of the Poems of Ossian, which were much at my service. The Irish,” he said, with a brogue that beggars all description, “is the finest and loftiest tongue in the world; the English can never come near it, and the Greek, alone, is worthy of being compared to it.” He then, with great enthusiasm, repeated the description of Fion’s shield in Irish, and Homer’s description of that of Achilles, giving (with great exultation) the preference

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

to the former ; as he did to Ossian's account of his father's hounds, over the days of Ovid : and then, with the utmost gravity, declared his intention of translating the Eneid, and some of Terence's plays into Irish. "The latter," he continued, "I will teach to my scholars, who may play it yet upon one of the great London stages to admiration."

When I complimented him on the extent of his erudition, and expressed my astonishment at his having acquired it in so remote a situation, he replied, "Young lady, I went far and near for it, as many a poor scholar did before me ; for I could construe Homer before I ever put on shoe or stocking, aye, or a hat either, which to be sure I never did till I was twenty years of age." He then, at my request, gave me a sketch of peripatetic studies. "When he was a young man," he said, "there were but few schools in Connaught, and those few but bad ; and that it was not unusual for eight or ten boys, "who had the love of learning strong upon them," to set off, bare-footed and bare-headed, to Munster, where the best schools were then held ; that they commenced their philosophic pilgrimage poor and friendless ; but that they begged their way, and that the name of poor scholar procured them everywhere friends and subsistence ; that having heard much of the celebrity of a schoolmaster in the county of Clare, he and

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

his adventurous companions directed their steps towards his seminary; but," added Thady, "it being a grazing country, and of course no hospitality to be found there (meaning that it was thinly inhabited), we could not get a spot to shelter our heads in the neighbourhood of the school; so being a tight set of Connaught boys, able and strong, we carried off the school-master one fine night, and never stopt till we landed him on the other side of the Shannon, when a priest gave us a chapel-house, and so we got learning and hospitality to boot, and the schoolmaster made a great fortune in time, all Connaught flocking to him, and now here I am at the head of a fine seminary myself." He then informed me that he had fifty pupils; that the head class were in Homer, and that they did not pay for their tuition, as they assisted him to teach the rest; that all the boys of the name of O'Conolan were also taught gratis, and the rest paid according to the means of their parents, from one shilling to four a quarter: he added, "That he had then five female élèves, to whom," said he, "I am teaching philosophy, the humanities, and mathematics, to give them a genteel idea of becoming tutoresses in gentlemen's families." After some further conversation, Mr. Thady O'Conolan departed, but not without a promise of our visiting his academy the following day.

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

The lyceum of this Connaught sage is a miserable cabin on the side of a very desolate wood. The sound of our horse's feet brought a number of his young disciples to the door, clad in a drapery, light and frugal as Philosophy herself could dictate; for neither the Greek sandal, the Roman perones, nor the Irish brogue, secured their naked feet from the damp earthen floor of the academy. The next moment, Thady himself appeared in all the majesty of pedagogue power. His air, dress, and manner, were all admirable, and left the lingo of O'Sullivan and of O'Keefe far behind; his low, clumsy figure, clerical tonsure, rubicund face; his wrapping coat, according to the old Irish costume, fastened with a skewer, the sleeves unoccupied, and the collar of his shirt thrown open; combined with the Greek and Latin quotations, his rich brogue and affected dignity, to render him a finished character. Having reprimanded his pupils for their want of good manners, he welcomed us with a look and air that seemed to convince us, as well as them, that their dereliction from decorum proceeded not from any deficiency of precept or example on the part of their master. He then apologized for the absence of his first class, who, he said, he intended should have construed Homer for us; but that they had gone to cut turf for a poor distressed family in the neighbourhood, and that, for that day, the

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

Trojan plains were resigned for the bog. "It was but the other day," said he, "they built up that cabin yonder for a poor old widow, and I gave them a holiday for it, and my blessing into the bargain."

The interior of Thady's cabin perfectly corresponded with its external aspect. It was divided into two apartments, which boasted no other furniture than an old deal table covered with copybooks and slates, and a few boards placed on stones, which served as seats to the young students, some of whom were poring over "the Seven wise Masters of Greece;" others vainly held a Corderly, while their eyes were fixed on the visitors: and three tall fellows were endeavouring to read, all at the same time, out of an old tattered volume of Virgil. "There," said Thady, pointing to the inward room, "there is my *sanctum sanctorum*: there I teach Homer, philosophy, and the mathematics;" and taking down an old book, which had sympathized in the destiny of that of Virgil, he exclaimed, "This is the only Homer I have; and though seven boys read out of it daily, it never causes a moment's dispute: whereas, if I had two young gentlemen studying in it, my Homer would be a bone of contention to them from morning till night." Indeed Thady endeavoured continually to impress us with an idea of the subordination and civilized manners of his scholars, and we saw nothing that in

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

the least degree contradicted his assertions. He assured us, that the labourer who earned but sixpence a-day, would sooner live upon potatoes and salt, than refuse a little learning to his child. "I have," said he, "about twenty boys, who have come from distant parts to me, who begged their way, and who are now maintained among the poor of the neighbourhood, who, far from considering them a burthen, were so eager to have them, that, to avoid jealousy, I was obliged to have lots drawn for them; the boys, indeed, are grateful, and make the best return they can, by working early and late for their patrons, when not engaged with me." Having procured a holiday for his pupils, we now took leave of Thady; and if, to be a schoolmaster, it is requisite to be "more or less than man," as Le Sage declares, Thady certainly conceived himself to be the former, as he detailed the merits of his seminary, and the classic progress of his disciples.

BOOKS recently published by J. ARLISS.

NEW PAMPHLETS, Price 6d.

ZELUCCO; THE SICILIAN HYPOCRITE.
WOODVILLE; OR, THE BEGGAR-GIRL.
MANFRED AND EUDORA.
THE CONVENT OF ST. USURLA.
EDWARD EVELYN: FROM DR. MOORE.
DUNLEITH ABBEY; A ROMANCE.
THE LIFE OF ALFRED THE GREAT.
MALOUKA; OR, THE PIOUS MUSSULMAN.
JACQUELINA: BY A CLERGYMAN.
THE CASTLE DE ALBANI.
THE MYSTERIOUS NOVICE.
RAYLAND HALL; AN AFFECTING STORY
THE SAILOR'S SATURDAY NIGHT.
THE BALLAD SINGERS.
COTTAGE WARBLER.
SONGS FOR THE NEW YEAR.
LITTLE WARBLER; OR, BRITISH SONGSTER.
JACK TAR; OR, BRITISH SAILOR.
THEATRICAL SONGS, FOR THE NEW YEAR.

New Publications every Week.

The best Assortment of Childrens' Sixpenny, Fourpenny, Threepenny, Twopenny, Penny, and Halfpenny Books Published, well printed, and neatly done up in coloured paper.

BOOKS handsomely printed and just published,
by Knevett, Arliss, and Baker.

AT THE
Juvenile Library, Bartholomew-close.

Price 1s. 6d.

Original Poems, for Infant Minds;
2 vols. neatly half-bound.

The Beauties of Hervey; with a
neat engraving and vignette title.

The Man of Feeling, by Mackenzie,
with a frontispiece and vignette title, extra
boards, new edition

Lord Chesterfield's Advice to his
Son, on Men and Manners, handsome front-
ispiece and vignette title, extra boards, new
edition.

Economy of Human Life; with a
neat engraved frontispiece and vignette title.

Amusing Tatler: containing enter-
taining and pathetic stories for youth; with
four beautiful copper-plate engravings.

The School: containing Instructive
Tales and Narratives from Works of Merit.

Winter Evenings by our own Fire-
side; or, Pathetic, Moral, and Amusing
Stories and Fragments: choicely culled from
the Newest Works: with four beautiful cop-
per-plates.