

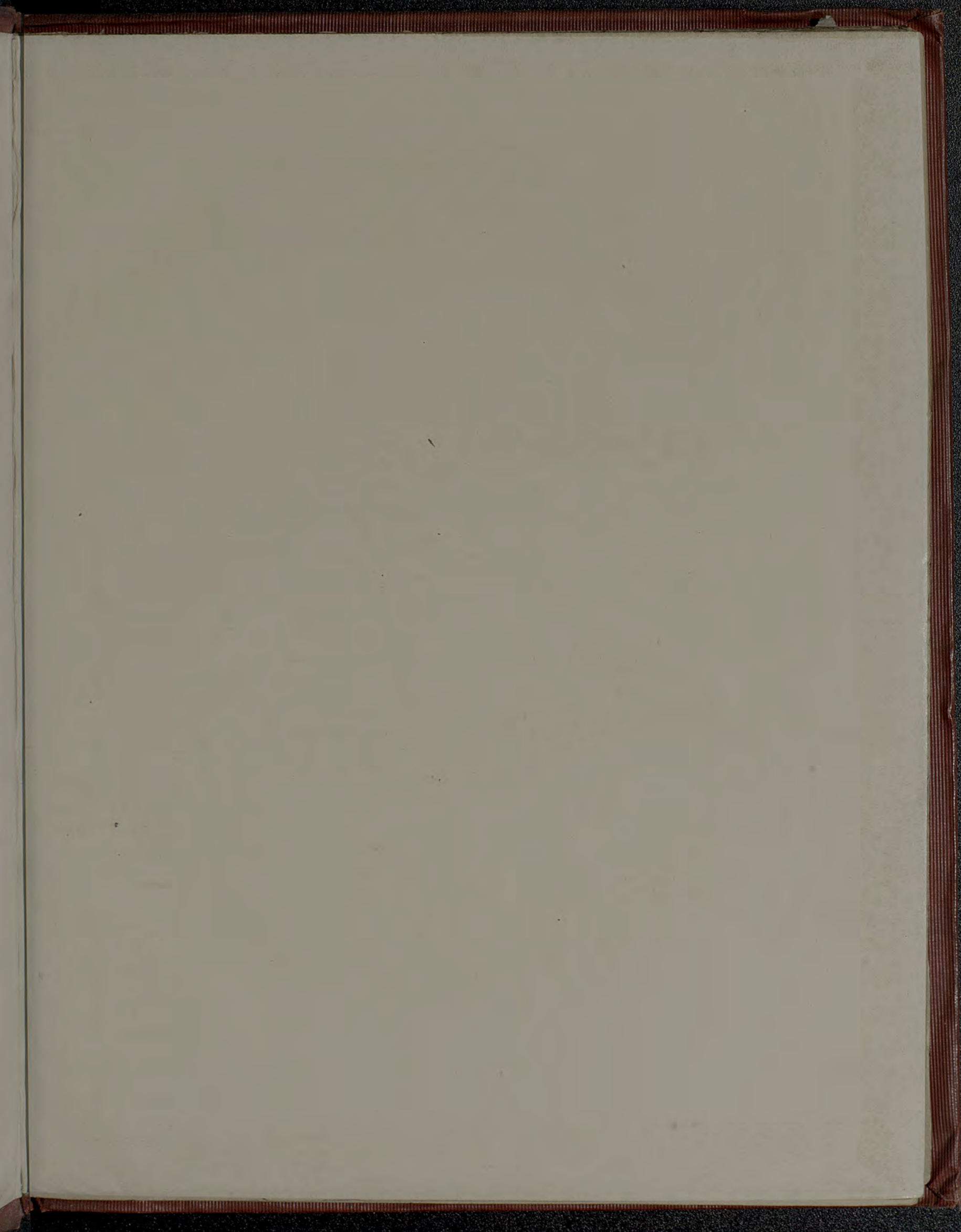


R/-

SB (TBC)
HOMUNCULUS
JOHN ...
1849



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John Bull and his Wonderful
Lamp.



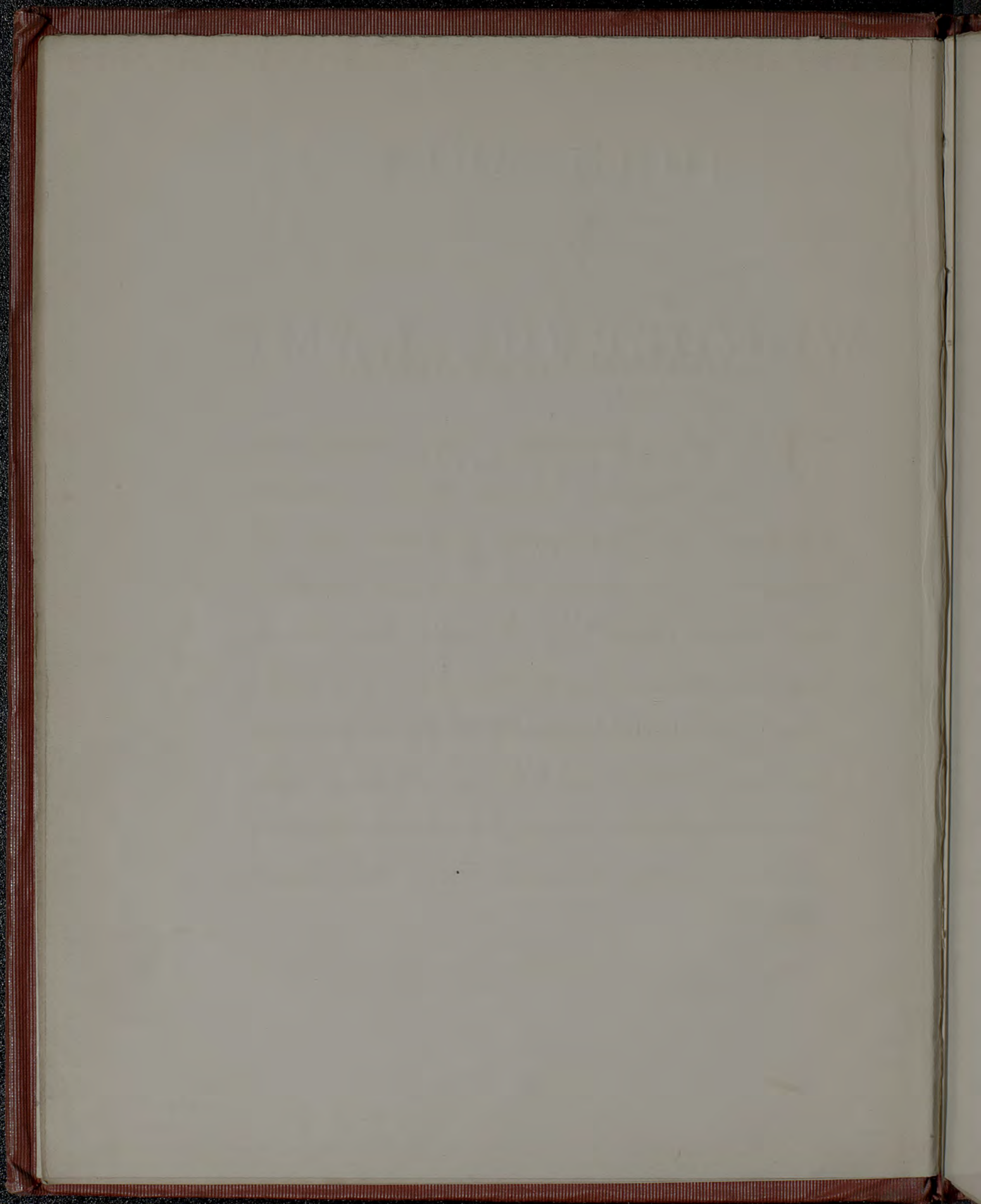
JOHN BULL
AND HIS
WONDERFUL LAMP.

A New Reading of An Old Tale.

BY
HOMUNCULUS.

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS DESIGNED
BY THE AUTHOR.

LONDON :
JOHN PETHERAM, 94, HIGH HOLBORN.
1849.



Homunculus to the Reader.

“JOHN BULL’S WONDERFUL LAMP,” though designed to amuse “Little People” at merrie Christmas, has that within it which may also furnish “a right pleasant and profitable diversion” for “Great People” of all ranks, who, in this English version of an Eastern Tale, will find a curious and faithful account of the perilous adventures *John Bull* was led into, and the grievous trials he underwent through a wicked Magician, *Cô-Ab-Deen*, his pretended friend the *Cotton-Spinner*.

If this first joint effort of his pen and pencil

John Bull and his Wonderful Lamp.

THERE lived in a remote, and indeed isolated quarter of the Globe, a Family called *England*, of sober habits and honest reputation, that by persevering industry, and great thrift, had contrived for a long time to gain their living, and to secure the respect of all their Neighbours.

The family was large, for the good woman *England* had married three times, and a numerous issue was the fruit of each marriage. The children by her first husband, worthy *John England*, were certainly the finest and the best. The marriage with *Sandy Scot*, her second husband, a quiet decent man, was not so productive; the "bairns," however, were well behaved and docile enough, though much too fond of cakes.

'Twas her union with *Patrick Ireland*, her third and last spouse, which proved so unlucky, and had reduced *Dame England's* circumstances so low. For *Patrick*, or "*Paddy*," as he was more often called, was always drinking and fighting, and spent every farthing she earned by her hard industry. How the good woman, at her time of life, could have been so foolish as to form such a union, was the surprise of every one, who knew them both; for *Paddy's* habits of indolence, and his improvident character, were a common subject of talk among all the neighbours. He had, moreover, a large family of his own by a former marriage with *Peggy Celt*, nearly all of whom followed their father's bad example; were both idle and dirty; would never be taught any thing; and, instead of learning some useful trade, or helping their mother, (for she behaved to them all as if she were their own mother, and not as step-mothers commonly do), they were always wrangling together, or playing with the pig. They caused poor *Dame England* much sorrow and vexation, more than all her other children together; were a constant drag upon her in every way, crippled her exertions, and drained her resources: they not only kept her con-

Wonderful Lamp.

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tinually poor, and prevented her laying by something for her old age, but they behaved so ungratefully, and with such a total want of duty and affection, as nearly broke the poor woman's heart, and made her repent the day that she ever set eyes on *Patrick Ireland*, or had ever joined her lot to his.

Her favourite child was the eldest boy, *John*, by her first husband, who, from his love of roast beef, and because he roared out rather lustily when he fancied himself "put upon," (which, poor boy, he very often was), had acquired the name of "*John Bull*;" and by this name he was well known amongst all the neighbours. His affectionate regard for his old mother, and his sober, steady conduct, compensated, as she used to say, for much of the affliction occasioned by the sad conduct of *Paddy's* children; which, indeed, presented a striking contrast to that of *John Bull*, in every possible way.

Dame England herself, (for she usually went by the name of her first husband), though now in years, and from the cares of a large family, and the many troubles she had gone through, rather care-worn, yet retained outlines of great beauty;—Roman features could still be traced in her countenance; and, though irregular in figure, her

appearance on the whole was decidedly pleasing, if not positively beautiful.

Be this as it may, both her former husbands were fondly attached to her, and it was only as she advanced in years, and formed this last unhappy connexion, that she found out what it was to have a quarrelsome and faithless partner who was insensible to her charms, was always wandering away from home, and suffered himself to be continually seduced from his constant help-mate. It would hardly be imagined, that the trivial circumstance of the *Dame's* neighbours usually calling her by her first husband's name, rankled in *Paddy's* mind, and provoked much ill feeling towards her; for he hated the name of her first husband, and always fancied that she gave him a preference; besides, he thought it rather lessened his consequence; and though he had not the proper pride to maintain even his own children, much more contribute to *Dame England's* support, yet he had the vanity to wish that people should look up to him as the head of the family; and was positively affronted that *John Bull* did not adopt his name. Not that he was destitute of good qualities, but they unfortunately took a wrong turn, and were pro-

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ductive of mischief instead of benefit, which some learned men greatly ascribed to a particular vegetable *Paddy* was fond of, and which they said was of the same "genus" as the "deadly-nightshade." For example, he was not without generosity, though he had little to give, and would pay to treat a friend or acquaintance with whisky, when his wife and children had no dinner to eat. He was a light-hearted fellow even when in trouble, but here again this buoyancy of spirits seemed but to enable him the better to endure a burden, and not to take any steps to help himself or to get rid of it. He had, however, a winning tongue, and was a great favourite with all the ladies, which may in some measure account for the success of his courtship to *Dame England*.

As nearly all the family were at home, and as *Patrick* and his children did little or nothing to get their own living, but more or less depended on the good *Dame* for support; and as the linen she spun, and the little wares of one kind or other she made for sale (for she was a woman of great ingenuity), were exposed to a keen competition with those of her neighbours, in a market neither certain nor gainful, it will be readily believed, that it

was often a hard struggle for this excellent woman to provide a comfortable subsistence for all the family. Indeed, it was only by getting up early and working hard till dark, that she succeeded in doing so, and had not her well-earned reputation for strict integrity secured her credit with a great many persons, she would have been still unable “to make both ends meet.”

This uprightness of character was hereditary in her family, and had fortunately descended to her son, *John Bull*. It was, in truth, nearly all his poor mother could leave him—his sole inheritance, beyond an old family clock, and a brass-bound folio Bible, in which the births, deaths, and marriages of all the family were carefully entered. Upon this Holy Book both *John* and his mother set a great store, and she never failed, night and morning, to read a chapter from it aloud to the children; to which regular practice *John Bull's* own good principles and moral conduct might be mainly ascribed.

The occasional distress of the family was in some measure owing to the generous character of *John Bull's* forefathers, and to inexperience in their stewards and servants, which constantly led them into unnecessary expense, by

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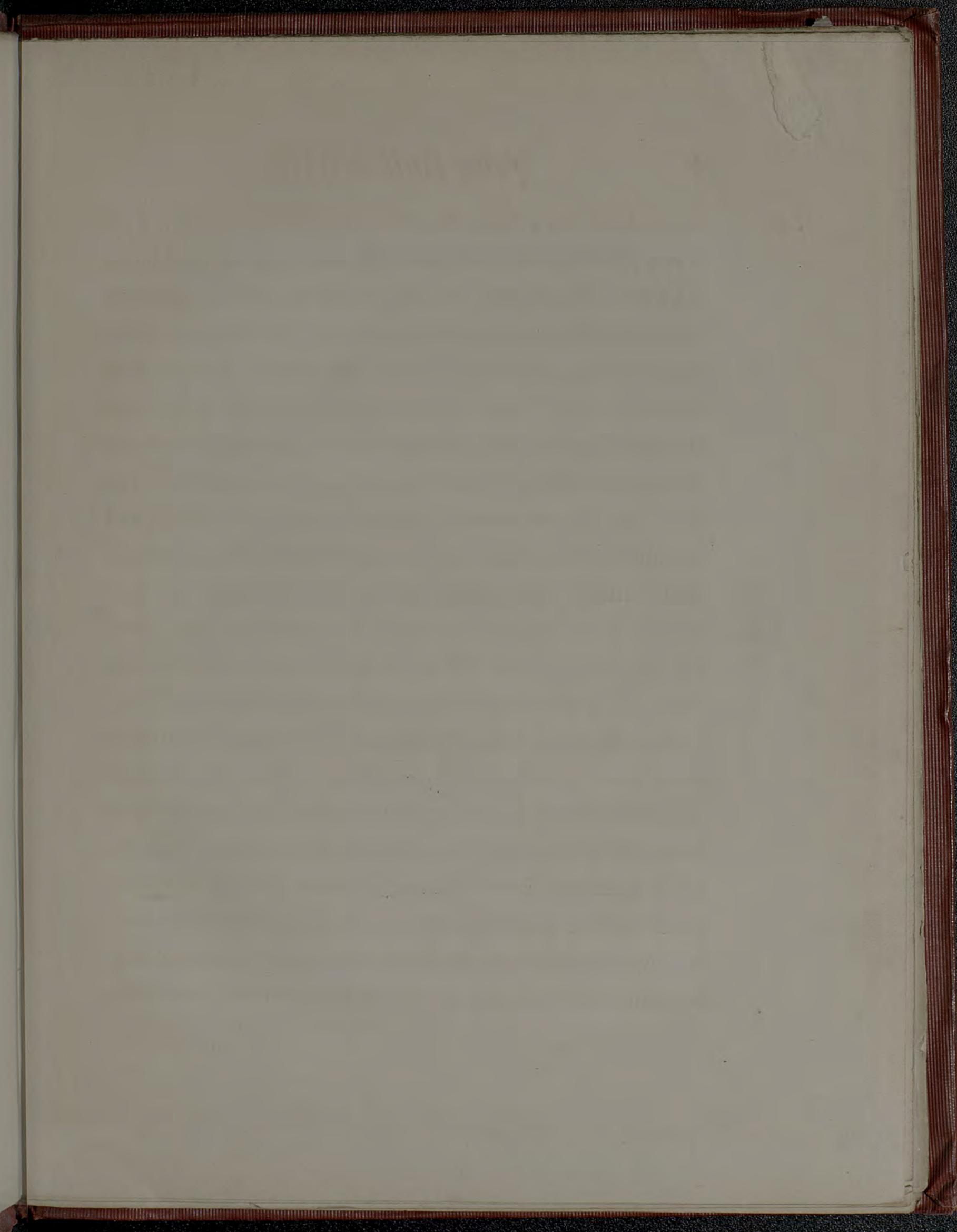
which means the family property, that had once been considerable, was completely dissipated, and, in addition, a heavy debt was entailed upon their descendants. This debt, and the bad conduct of *Paddy* and his children, was poor *Dame England's* "cross" in this world. To pay the interest punctually as it became due was a constant subject of difficulty and trouble to her, and every possible shift was resorted to, consistent with honesty, by this hard-working and industrious creature to maintain her credit, and discharge with regularity all her debts.

It was on one of these occasions, shortly before the half year's interest became due, that she and her son *John Bull* were counting out the money, which she had hid away for safety from *Paddy* and his children in an old woollen stocking, that a loud knocking was heard at the door, a very unusual thing at so late an hour, for it was past ten o'clock, and all the children were fast asleep in bed. *Paddy* as usual was out amusing himself, so *John* hurried down to see who it was, while his mother hastily put the money back into the stocking, and placed it in the usual hiding-place, fearing it might be thieves.

When *John Bull* opened the door, he was not a little

surprised to see a pale, thin, but showily-dressed man, with a fine gilt chain over his waistcoat, and rings on his fingers, who in a friendly tone of voice asked to see his mother on business of importance; and his wonder increased when this smart-looking gentleman, staring him hard in the face, thus addressed him, "Ah! my dear boy, you don't know me, though I cannot help recognizing in you the son of my departed brother, of happy memory. For I must tell you that I am *Cô-Ab-Deen* the *cotton-spinner*, or *Cô-Abdin*, as I am more often called, and am just returned from foreign lands, after a long voyage, when hearing that my dear relative *John England* was dead, I longed to see his widow and children, to learn if I could render them any assistance, or be the means of advancing their position in life.

John Bull was quite confused at the moment, for he had never heard his mother speak of any uncle. But though naturally blunt in his manners, and rather shy, he was by no means ill-behaved; so he asked the gentleman to walk in, and immediately called his mother down stairs, who apologized for their humble dwelling, and begged him to be seated. After repeating to the *Dame* the story of his relationship he again told them that he was *Cô-Abdin* the *Cotton-Spin-*





By H. J. & W. L. G. 1841

Wonderful Lamp.

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ner, or rather that he had been one, and had long watched with the greatest interest the honourable exertions of *Dame England* and her son to gain their bread and maintain her numerous children. And that on this account, to say nothing of the natural affection for his own kith and kin, he had determined to show them how they might make a rapid fortune, as a just reward of their praiseworthy conduct.

As an earnest of his good will, he sent *John Bull* out with money to buy provisions for a supper, while he sat and talked to his mother of what he would do for her son *John Bull*, if she would only consent to follow his advice.

The refreshments being brought, the pretended uncle sat down to the repast, with an easy assurance, between *John Bull* and *Dame England*, and charmed them both with his sprightly conversation, and with the pleasant stories he could tell so well; nor was *John Bull* a little proud of the prospect the *Cotton-Spinner* held out to him, of becoming so quickly a rich man, of paying off the family debt, of raising *Dame England*, his beloved parent, to wealth and grandeur, and for ever relieving her from all her embarrassments. After taking out of his pocket various

sweetmeats and sugary things for the *Dame's* other children, a bottle of prime whiskey as a present for *Paddy*, and telling several more marvellous tales, which mightily tickled *John Bull's* fancy, the *Cotton-Spinner* went to bed; for he made himself perfectly at home, and invited himself to stay the night.

John Bull and his mother sat up late, talking over the wonderful events of the day; and though poor *Dame England* had experienced many a bitter example in her time of the cunning of mankind and wickedness of the world, and at her age was naturally inclined to suspect imposition, yet, after turning over in her mind the proposal of the *Cotton-Spinner* in every possible way, she was at a loss to discover any motives he could have for deceiving her, as he could not even know of her little hoard in the stocking. The only thing which appeared rather strange to the good woman was, that her newly found brother-in-law constantly kept his hat on, even in the house, which he excused on account of a cold in his head, but for which he had other reasons, as will be seen by and by. This, however, was a trifling matter, and made no impression at the time on her mind. Moreover, *Cô-Abdin* spoke so

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plainly, promised so fairly, and so positively, that she thought it would be wrong to stand in the way of her children's advancement. When therefore the next morning, after breakfast, the *Cotton-Spinner* renewed his proposals for providing handsomely for *John Bull* in future, the good woman promised to make up her mind before nightfall.

Upon this, the *Cotton-Spinner* took *John* with him to a Jew clothesman in the city, where he counselled him strongly to change his habits; which, though not new, were well suited to his calling as a tiller of the soil, by which he gained his chief subsistence, and to put on some new and showy looking ones in their stead; which were, nevertheless, both flimsy and rotten, as all made from the yarns the *Cotton-Spinner* spun were found to be.

Poor *John* however was delighted enough, and readily consented to put on his new habits, though he had the good sense to put up his old ones in a small bundle, in case he should be obliged to resume them at any future time.

The kind promises and flattering speeches of *Cô-Abdin* made a great impression on *John's* mind, and he made rapid progress towards securing his confidence and esteem.

Indeed, by one means or other, for the *Cotton-Spinner* was fertile in expedients, and not over nice or scrupulous in his ways, he had, before their return from the city to dinner, quite won the heart of this simple-minded fellow, and safely secured him in his artful toils.

Nor was he less successful with the other members of *Dame England's* family. It was really wonderful to see what a powerful effect his plain way of speaking had upon *Dame England* herself, who passed in the world for a sensible person, and one that could not so easily be taken in. The idea of bettering the condition of her children, and of getting rid of a debt which at times pressed so heavily upon her rather scanty means, operated, no doubt, very powerfully on her mind, and at length determined her, though not without regret, to accept the proposals of the wily *Cotton-Spinner*, to which *Patrick*, her husband, offered no opposition; but, on the contrary, he was rather glad to get rid of *John Bull*, and was highly delighted with their guest *Cô-Abdin*, and more still with the prospect of being enabled to secure a fortune, without trouble, and to live like a gentleman without doing anything, as soon as *John Bull* returned.

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After a substantial dinner, for in all his undertakings *John Bull* contrived, somehow or other, to mix up good eating and drinking, particularly of ale and roast beef, the *Cotton-Spinner* and *John* prepared to set out upon their intended journey. *John*, who loved his mother dearly, and was deeply grateful for her tender care of him from early childhood, for the habits of industry she had taught him, and the virtuous principles she had instilled with such pains into his mind, took an affectionate and tearful farewell of the poor old woman, who was herself disconsolate enough at her son's departure. Indeed, it was almost humorous to see a big, lubberly fellow, like *John Bull*, hugging his mother and shedding tears in the presence of the *Cotton-Spinner*; who, though he appeared to sympathize with their regret at parting, and affected all the while the most friendly interest, could, in fact, scarcely suppress his secret exultation at the successful working of his plan, which a close observer might certainly have detected.

John soon packed up his things, and went to take leave of his friends and neighbours, who were very loath to see him depart from his old home, viewing with suspicion the

promises of the *Cotton-Spinner*, and auguring badly of the result; for, though artless, simple-minded men, as all agricultural people naturally are, they had a just antipathy to new-fangled schemes for getting suddenly rich, deeming it wiser and safer to follow in the footsteps of their forefathers than to hazard experiments, or to catch at the advice of new acquaintance.

John, however, was sanguine and resolute; with big expectations and buoyant hopes, he left the "native protection" which had reared him up in health and vigour, to follow the fortunes of *Cô-Abdin*, the *cotton-spinner*.

The journey which *John Bull* and *Cô-Abdin* undertook was agreeable enough at first from its novelty, always charming to youth; and, though dashed now and then with a tinge of regret at quitting haunts and habits long familiar, the winning manners of the *Cotton-Spinner*, the marvellous stories he told (for he was never at a loss in this respect), and his brilliant and glowing descriptions of the good fortune which would attend him, if he only followed his prudent counsels, beguiled the tedium of the way, and raised the most extravagant expectations of wealth and grandeur in the sanguine mind of worthy *John*.

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By degrees, however, as they advanced upon their travels, and as the distance from all *John's* friends and advisers became greater, the language and manner of the *Cotton-Spinner* visibly altered; and after they had been some time on their journey, and when it was quite impossible for *John* to return, or to get out of the clutches of his artful conductor, he threw off all disguise, and, to poor *John's* horror and consternation, he then discovered his pretended friend, *Cô-Abdin*, the *cotton-spinner*, to be a wily *magician*, who had deluded them all by his specious promises, and decoyed him away from his happy home merely to serve his own purposes of self-interest and advancement.

It was, however, too late to repine; and so he resigned himself to the guidance of the *Magician* with the best countenance he could, secretly resolving in his own mind to effect his escape on the first opportunity.

At the close of a long and fatiguing day's journey, they halted at a spot only remarkable for its dreary situation, and the gloom which surrounded it on every side. This the *Magician* told him was the end of their journey; that they had now arrived in the *Land of Free Trade*, which

he had described as the most enchanting of countries, rich and fertile, where peace and plenty ever abounded; a land, indeed, where want and disease were never seen; where a moment's unhappiness was never known.

But, like all of the other representations of *Cô-Abdin*, this land of promise turned out the very reverse of his glowing descriptions, with the exception of one solitary and leafless trunk, not a tree nor a shrub, nor even a blade of grass was to be seen far or near. The whole face of the country was barren and rocky, and wholly destitute of all vegetation; the very atmosphere was thick and heavy, from the black smoke which issued forth from numerous tall chimneys visible in the distance. The people had a care-worn and sickly appearance, looked pale and haggard, of stunted growth, and half-famished, more like ghosts than human beings. A more desolate land, or a more squalid and wretched population, it would be hardly possible for the imagination to conceive. Poor *John Bull* lay down to rest with a sorrowful heart, and a mind filled with anxious forebodings of approaching danger.

When the first symptoms of dawn appeared, *Cô-Abdin* roused *John Bull* from his sleep, and, in a surly tone,

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ordered him quickly to prepare a fire, which some dry sticks from the withered boughs of the solitary tree enabled him to do, the *Magician* having a light,—always carrying combustible materials about with him on his person. On its blazing up, the *Magician* took some curious scrolls of paper from his girdle, and appeared for a time deep in calculation, every now and then pronouncing with a loud voice some extraordinary, and, to *John*, very unintelligible phrases, in which the only words that, from their frequent repetition, he could catch the sound of, were, *Tariff* and *Statistics*. He next threw some dust into *John Bull's* eyes, which for a time completely blinded him, and what he did during this interval must be left to conjecture. He then commenced making violent gestures, of apparent anger and ferocity, which not a little alarmed *John*, and which were probably assumed for this express purpose, or might perhaps have been necessary to work out the spell, throwing at the same time some of the magic dust into the middle of the fire, when loud peals of thunder rent the air. The ground all about them shook like in an earthquake, with a rumbling

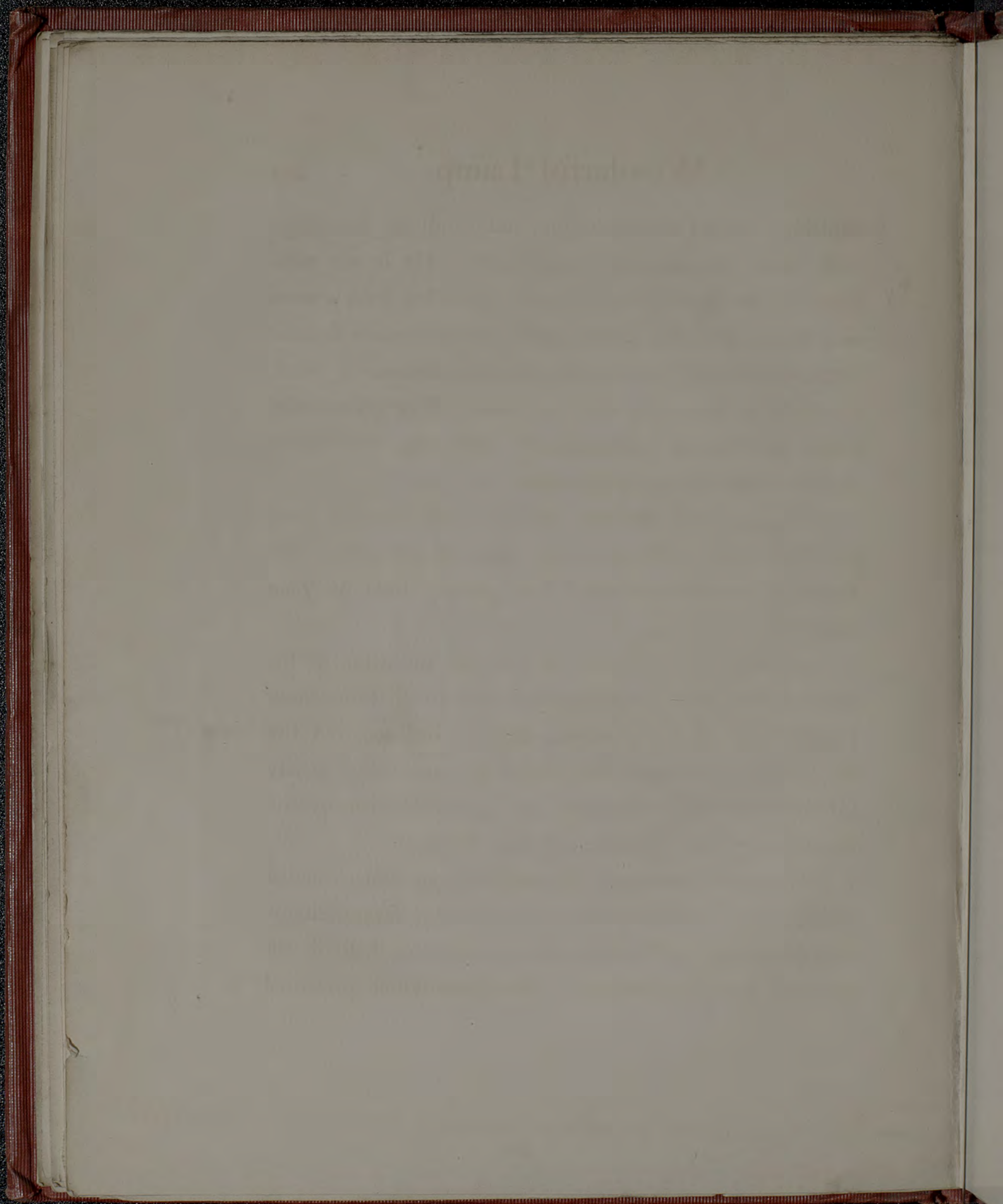
noise, and clouds of smoke ascended from the flames, which rendered them for a time invisible to each other.

As the smoke dispersed, an opening in the ground disclosed to view a massive stone, about half a yard square, laid horizontally, with a large iron ring fixed in the centre, to raise it up by. The *Magician's* countenance now glowed with satisfaction at this successful result of his magic operations. He ordered *John* to pull up the stone, which, after some persuasion, mixed with threats and imprecations, for the once bland *Cotton-Spinner* could now use harsh language enough, *John* with fear and trembling reluctantly obeyed; and, having removed the stone, saw that it had concealed a narrow entrance to a flight of steps.

This, said the *Magician*, is the entrance to a cave filled with treasures of every kind, but there is one concealed here that I cannot remove without your assistance, which is the unfailing source of boundless wealth, and which will make us both incomparably richer than all the kings and princes in the world. This inimitable "talisman" was invented after years of study, and patient research, by an ancestor of yours, the wisest man his country ever produced, though from some prejudice or other I cannot



Bay & Son's gift to the Queen.



Wonderful Lamp.

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explain, a mortal enemy to me, and to all my fraternity, with whom he constantly waged war. He it was who placed it for security in this cave, protected by a charm that should never be broken until one of his own descendants,—*John Bull*,—should help a *Cotton-Spinner* to break the spell, by removing from its place “**The Wonderful Lamp of Native Protection**,” which has burned for centuries with unceasing splendour.

For this it was that the *Magician* had decoyed away poor *John*; for, with all his art, he could not disturb the *Lamp of Protection* without first getting hold of *John Bull's* aid.

Little knowing how essential this wise invention of his ancestor was to his own welfare, and to that of *Dame England* and all her children, after he had received the *Magician's* careful instructions what he was to do,—partly led on by a vague curiosity, and partly by fear of the *Magician's* power, he descended into the cave.

The more he advanced, the more regular and extended its proportions became; and, after traversing several chambers filled with gold and silver, he came to a hall of vast size, and dazzling splendour. The scene which presented

itself was of the most indescribable beauty; the hall was surrounded by extensive gardens, where fountains played from chrystal basins, birds were warbling the sweetest notes, perched on trees of all imaginable foliage, bending down with the most tempting fruits, like pearls and emeralds.

In the centre of this hall, on a magnificent pedestal of pure diamonds, stood a Lamp, of solid construction, but plain exterior, from whose pure and steady light there went forth rays of such intense brilliancy, that you might have fancied it the light of a meridian sun; and it illuminated the hall on every side, as far as it was possible for the eye to reach.

The Lamp was guarded by a majestic lion, but he showed no disposition to attack poor *John*, but, on the contrary, crouched down before him in a suppliant form, and made him understand by his submissive posture that he might safely approach the *Wonderful Lamp*, which, after he conquered his fear of the majestic animal, he reverently did, and read upon the Lamp the following inscription:—

Wonderful Lamp.

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This is the Lamp of Native Protection
— whosoever possesses it will be rich
beyond desire, for he commands the
Genius of the Wonderful Lamp.

Following the instructions he had received from the *Magician*, he blew out the light, put the Lamp in the folds of his vest, and was retracing his way to the mouth of the cavern, where *Cô-Abdin* stood waiting his arrival with the utmost impatience, when, careless of the repeated injunctions of the *Magician* to touch nothing but the Lamp, he was silly enough to pluck some of the sparkling fruits, so irresistibly tempting did they appear from their brilliant colours, when instantly the whole cave shook to its very centre; the massive stone with the iron ring fell into its place over the mouth of the cavern with a loud crash, and thus left poor *John* in total darkness, entombed alive.

He could hear for a time the loud voice of the *Magician*, uttering the most fearful imprecations at being thus so unexpectedly balked of his intentions.

John passed the first twelve hours of his sudden im-

prisonment in groping about for some outlet to escape by, but without success; and at the end of the second day, exhausted through hunger, and overcome with fatigue, he had given up all hope of escape, and only thought of his approaching death; when, rousing himself for a last effort, he renewed his attempts in different directions, and after some time of anxious research discovered a glimmering light in the distance, which he had just strength enough remaining to reach when he found it, to his inexpressible joy, an opening in the rock sufficiently large for him to squeeze himself through. He fell down upon his knees to thank God for his miraculous escape from a terrible death; and, having performed this pious duty, on looking about him was agreeably surprised to find himself close to the outskirts of his native city, at no very great distance from his own home. He hurried on as fast as his enfeebled condition would permit, and reached his mother's house just as she and the children were sitting down to dinner. Right glad *Dame England* was to see her dear son *John* again, for she had long given him up for lost. Having satisfied his hunger by a hearty meal, and repeatedly embraced his mother and the children, he said, "Mother, I

cannot help complaining of you in some measure for abandoning me so easily to the guidance of a man who had evidently a design to effect my ruin. I know you believed that he was a true friend, as indeed we all did; and what other thoughts could we entertain of a man who spoke so fairly, and made such advantageous proffers of assistance. That *Patrick* should have been deceived I am not at all surprised at, for he is so easily deluded and led away. But I cannot help thinking that you, mother, from your age and experience, might have been more upon your guard than to allow yourself to be imposed upon so easily, and be unable to see through the shallow artifices of this wicked enchanter; for I must in truth assure you, mother, that he is nothing else; he is a callous, hard-hearted wretch, and only did what he did to accomplish my ruin, and to serve his own selfish purposes. You shall judge for yourself when you have heard all that passed, from the time when, deluded by the *Cotton-Spinner's* fair speeches, I left your protection, till he came to the execution of his wicked design."

John then told the *Dame* the story of his adventures, and she heard him with so much patience as not to inter-

rupt him in this surprising and wonderful relation, notwithstanding it could be no small grief to a mother who loved her son so tenderly; yet in the most moving part, which discovered the perfidy of the pretended *Cotton-Spinner*, she could not help shewing, by marks of the greatest indignation, how much she detested him; and when *John Bull* had finished his story, *Dame England* burst out into a thousand reproaches against that cruel and wily deceiver. She called him perfidious traitor, barbarian, forcerer, the enemy and destroyer of mankind. She said a great deal more about the *Cotton-Spinner's* treachery, and would no doubt have continued for some hours longer, so great was her rage at the deception he had practised, but that by this time it had grown quite dark, and all the children were crying out for supper. This made the poor *Dame* recollect that *John Bull's* hearty meal had completely cleared her larder of provisions. So she said to her son, "I must go out and sell a little cotton which I have spun, that I may be able to buy some bread and meat for our supper." *John*, however, who now hated the very name of cotton, or anything that brought the *Cotton-Spinner* to his recollection, as indeed well he might, bethought himself of

the Wonderful Lamp. "Mother," said he, "keep your cotton against another time; though I hope we may be able to do without it, and heartily wish there had been no cotton or Cotton-Spinners in the world, for I should never then have been played such a trick, and bring me a light, that I may try the effect of the Wonderful Lamp." His mother soon fetched a light, and *John* having placed the Lamp on the table set a light to it; when to their great astonishment, and to the greater fear of poor *Dame England*, the walls of the room suddenly opened, and the Genius of the Lamp appeared before them. "*What are your commands? I serve the Wonderful Lamp of Native Protection, and am ready to obey thee and all who possess the Wonderful Lamp.*" *John* plucked up courage to ask for a good supper and plenty of good ale for himself and the *Dame's* family. The Genius vanished, but quickly re-appeared with every substantial viand, not omitting that of which *John* was so fond, plenty of roast beef, and with eight massive silver tankards filled with brown ale.

The sight of so much good cheer soon recovered them from their fright and alarm at the sudden apparition of the Genius of the Lamp; all fell to with vigorous appetites,

and made a jovial repast. *John Bull* was in high spirits, and poor *Dame England* was quite overcome with mingled feelings of joy and wonder. Before retiring for the night, they read, as usual, a chapter out of the old Bible, when *John* went to his bed, taking care to carry the precious Lamp with him, firmly resolved never to lose sight of so invaluable a prize.

It may be well supposed that *Dame England* and her family no longer lived in humble obscurity, or suffered any of their former troubles.

The wealth and prosperity the Lamp of Protection conferred upon *John Bull* soon raised them all to the most enviable position, and it created no little surprise among their old neighbours, when they saw their altered condition in life, for which they were quite at a loss to account. It was particularly galling to his nearest neighbour, one *French*, a wine-grower, who had always been jealous of the *England* family, from the greater respect shown to *John Bull*, and on account of the superior credit he and *Dame England* enjoyed. Having in vain tried to discover the secret of *John Bull's* prosperity, and stung with envy at his superior condition, this wicked neighbour was ready to do *John Bull* any mischief he could.

The *Magician*, who had already heard of *John Bull's* prosperity, and who knew very well it was owing to the influence of the Lamp of Protection, which, to his great chagrin, had escaped his hands, had been pondering how he might get it out of *John Bull's* possession. He was well aware of neighbour *French's* bad feeling towards *John Bull*, and thought he might turn it to his own account; for he made no scruple of enlisting the bad passions of men in his service, or of making a tool or dupe of any body, if it would only promote his own purpose. So, disguising himself as a wine and spirit merchant, he went to *French's* house, and offered to buy a large quantity of wine, that he might have the opportunity to speak ill of *John Bull*, and insinuate that he owed his great wealth to coining false money. He said this in the hope that *French* would repeat the story, and that *John Bull* might by this means get into trouble, and so afford him a favourable chance for getting hold of the Lamp. *French*, who was delighted to hear *John Bull* abused, greedily listened to all the pretended Spirit Merchant's abuse, resolving to make the most of the story to *John Bull's* prejudice. Everything turned out as the *Magician* had foreseen. *French* went out

among the neighbours and spread the report that *John Bull* was a coiner of base money, and owed all his wealth to this and other mal-practices. This wicked report came to the ears of a gossiping Cadi, who told it again to the Grand Vizier, who ordered *John Bull* to be brought before him. *John* himself felt no apprehension, as he knew that he was perfectly innocent of the charge, and could readily clear himself from the malicious imputations of his old neighbours the *French* family.

His mother, however, who had more experience of courts and ministers, was not so easy in her mind, for she knew very well that innocence alone is not always sufficient to ensure justice in this world. So when her son was gone to bed, she secretly put a light to the Wonderful Lamp, and when the Genius appeared, desired he would furnish her with some costly presents, fit for the Cadi and Grand Vizier. The Genius having foreseen the object of her summons, placed a small casket in the good lady's hands, which he said must not be opened till in the presence of the Vizier, but that she might rest assured the contents would secure her son's acquittal. This assurance in some degree restored the confidence of *Dame England*;

Wonderful Lamp.

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and the next morning she accompanied her son to the Vizier's palace in pretty good heart.

On being ushered into the presence of the Grand Vizier, *John Bull* made his obeisance, and told his story in a plain way, of how he and his mother, by hard industry and fair dealing, had first got on in the world, and how he had since acquired the chief part of his wealth by a fortunate discovery of hidden treasures in the bowels of the earth; alluding to the various mines of coal and iron, which, by the aid of the Genius of the Wonderful Lamp, he now possessed, and which brought him in a large revenue. But carefully avoided saying a word about the great discovery of the Wonderful Lamp of Native Protection, the chief source of all his riches, fearing that the Vizier might take it from him.

After hearing his defence, the Vizier looked at *John* with a frowning countenance, and with an air of incredulity said, "These worthy people, the *Frenches*, have clearly spoken truth; so much affluence and such great wealth can never have been attained by mere industry and good conduct. You are, no doubt, a coiner of false money, and a wicked and hardened impostor to boot; and, as a

just punishment for such flagrant crimes, I must order you to be bow-strung in the public square.

Just at this critical moment, *Dame England* stepped forward with the casket the Genius had given her, and humbly begged the Vizier's permission to present his Highness with a little tribute of her profound respect for his superior wisdom and great goodness; at the same time beseeching his Highness to take pity upon her son's youth.

The Vizier, being used to these appeals, and not expecting any present of value, paid little heed to the good woman's petition. But when he opened the casket and pulled out some precious stones, of greater size and more value than all the jewels in his treasury, or even that of the Sultan, one diamond alone being of no less value than five thousand pieces of gold, the Vizier's eyes glistened with delight, and he had some difficulty in suppressing his emotions, affecting, however, an indifference which he did not feel, for he was, in fact, almost wild with delight. He addressed the *Dame* in a benignant tone of voice. "I see," said he, "my good woman, that you are a person of sense and discrimination; your respect for the law and for

Wonderful Lamp.

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your rulers is most praiseworthy ; and, in consideration of your son's youth, and its being his first offence, I shall, for your sake, remit the sentence. *John* and his Mother made their obeisances, and returned home ; she not a little elated at the success of her wise precautions, and *John* truly grateful for this fresh instance of his mother's foresight and affection, which had foiled the machinations of the wicked *Magician*, and saved him from an ignominious and terrible death.

Years rolled on, and the prosperity of *Dame England* continued to increase, until her family became the most flourishing and powerful of all the families in the world ; leaving all foreigners lost in amazement at their extraordinary rise and advancement in life.

Dame England positively appeared to grow younger and better looking, instead of more ugly and wrinkled, as age advanced ; all which effects she and *John Bull* justly attributed to the wonderful influence of the *Lamp of Protection* ; nor were they oblivious of their religious duties, and gratitude to God for such great blessings, but still diligently read the old Family Bible, and were remarkable for works of charity and benevolence.

Nor was *John Bull* forgetful of his step-father, *Patrick Ireland*, or his half-brothers and sisters, who were now grown up, but had changed very little from their early character. Indeed, it was almost a misfortune for themselves that *John Bull* had the means and inclination to assist them so much, for it confirmed them in their habits of indolence and dependence, and *Paddy* and his sons passed nearly all their time in drinking and merry-making, and were always asking *John Bull* for money, which he never had the heart to refuse.

Some notion may be formed of his liberality and their indiscretion, when the sum is mentioned which he gave in one year, which was no less than *eight million pieces of gold*. But this could not last, for the Genius of the *Lamp* declared that all the gold in *Golconda* would not be sufficient to supply the demands of *Paddy* and his children at such a rate; and that they really must do something to support themselves, as no Genius, however powerful, could continue long such lavish supplies. *John Bull* was therefore compelled to remonstrate, which caused at once an ill feeling against him, and he and *Paddy* were on bad terms for a long time afterwards.

Wonderful Lamp.

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In spite of the cost which *Paddy* and his children constantly were, *John Bull* found the means of living in comfort, and though he cared little for grandeur or outside show, all foreigners who visited him, were struck with astonishment at his splendid hospitality. His possessions extended to all quarters of the globe. His ships were the most numerous, and bore the richest cargoes of any nation. He was, indeed, the Prince of Merchants, and his territories became the emporium of commerce for the whole world. He gave liberal encouragement to men of learning and ingenuity of all countries. He was a noble patron of the fine arts, and paid perhaps rather extravagantly for dancers and singers, which was his great passion, or he fancied it so, which is the same thing. The consequence was, as will readily be thought, that all the painters and singers of repute were anxious to serve him, and to gain *John Bull's* good will and protection.

Dame England and her son were now courted by all their old neighbours; even the French family smothered their resentment, and only tried how they could turn *John Bull's* good fortune to their own advantage. Princes and Viziers thronged to his house; Sultans themselves, from

all countries, paid him visits, and did not disdain to partake of his hospitality.

The *Sultan of Hanover* frequently paid him visits, and invited *John Bull* to dine at his palace. The friendship of this Sultan increased so much, and his opinion of *John Bull's* worth and integrity became at length so high, that he consented to *John's* allying his fortunes to his only daughter, the fair Princess, "*Maihmoul Dúnya Vittória*,"* who was as virtuous and amiable as she was beautiful and accomplished. Such were the effects of the Lamp of Protection, to procure by degrees, to those who possessed it, perfections agreeable to the rank which the right use of it inevitably advanced them to.

This alliance was a most fortunate thing for *John Bull*, as well as for *Dame England* and all her children. For *John* himself being of an easy temper, and it must be confessed of a rather careless disposition, required some kind and considerate person to rule over his affairs, and prevent his being the subject of constant imposition. The

* "*Triumphant Hope of the World*," for *Maihmoul* or *Mehmoul Dúnya*, means "Hope of the World," in the Eastern tongue.

event was celebrated with the greatest pomp and ceremony; by feasts and entertainments of every kind; and, what was far better, amidst universal rejoicings of all the people, who loved this Princess for her many virtues, and were delighted to have her for their mistress and ruler.

Dame England had on no occasion looked so gay, and it must be said for the credit of all her children, not excepting even *Patrick Ireland's*, who were difficult enough to please, that not one of her numerous family but heartily rejoiced on this auspicious occasion. *Paddy* himself drunk more whisky than ever; and, if the truth must be told, he was scarcely sober a day for months together, and the barber-surgeons had enough to do to plaster up the broken heads which *Paddy* and his sons inflicted for fun in flourishing about their favourite shillaghs.

With the assistance of the Genius of the Wonderful Lamp, *John Bull* built a palace for the Princess, of vast dimensions, and fitted it up with suitable splendour. The site of the palace was granted by the Sultan, being near to his own; a piece of ground where had formerly stood

the old palace of the Sultan's vizier, *Bóking-Khan*. The position of the palace was its only defect, being both low and damp; but this was not the fault of *John Bull*, who only complied with the Sultan's wishes. *John Bull* being naturally of a generous heart, developed more and more every day his princely character. He engaged a numerous and splendid retinue for his beloved Princess; her household was arranged on the most grand and sumptuous scale; her guards were the finest in the whole world, and were commanded by the greatest general of the age,—the famous warrior *Wel-Ef-Lee*, or The Invincible, for he had conquered in a hundred battles, and was as wise in council as he was great in the field. The other Nāibs, such as Grand Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, and all the great officers, were selected from the first nobles of the land. *John Bull* spared no expense to make his adored Princess happy, and thought nothing too good or too expensive which could contribute in the least to her ease and comfort: and she, on her part, made every return in her power for his devoted love and attention, by her constant solicitude for his comfort and happiness, and her affectionate regard for *Dame England* and her children.

Now, to regulate the various departments of the household, to superintend the expenses, and to watch over the numerous officers and servants, *John Bull*, for his chief steward or Vizier, made choice of a man of great reputation for his sagacity and knowledge, one *In-Bad-Odournow*, or *Inbaddo-Doornow*, for the Persian names are difficult to render into plain English, surnamed *El Peel*, from his passion "*for turning*," for which art he had a remarkable taste and ingenuity, who, though of humble origin,—for his father was a cotton-spinner, which if *John Bull* had thought of, he would never have employed him, so strong did his prejudice to cotton-spinners still remain,—was well to do in the world, and his selection was approved of by the amiable *Maihmoul Dûnya*, for she never thwarted any one of *John Bull's* inclinations, indeed so great was her attachment, that she was blind to many of his little foibles, and delighted to humour his most trifling requests. *El Peel*, or *Inbaddo-Dournow*, as we shall indiscriminately call him, therefore received his "caftan" or dress of honour, and immediately entered upon the performance of his duties. As it was, however, nearly impossible that any one man could be always at his post, or continue

without some relaxation to discharge such arduous duties, an arrangement was made, with *El Peel's* consent, for one *Rouffoul-Al-Haffard* to take his place in *El Peel's* absence. According to the common usage of the country, *Rouffoul* had received the surname of *Al-Haffard*, or "*the Tinker*," from his extraordinary desire to patch and alter every thing in his reach at any cost or hazard. Both *Inbaddo-Dournow* and *Rouffoul* were old servants in the family of the Princess, where they had risen by degrees from inferior places to their now exalted position of Wuzeers, or Viziers, by long service. And though some persons may feel astonished at such men being raised to this high eminence from low situations, where, at the commencement of their career, and even at later periods, they had both been used to wait on parties, their astonishment will cease when they are informed that in this country all the great officers, even to the "*Chief Mufti*," and head of the "*Khadees*, or *Cadis*," were selected from men of humble origin, who, many of them, had done the same thing to secure their living, namely, *waited on parties*.

To return to the account of the two Viziers. They were hard-working fellows, and had been, for servants,

tolerably faithful. They had never purloined any thing belonging to their master, and were not more insolent than it was usual for upper servants to be. They, of course, made the most of their perquisites, and quarrelled with one another now and then, as all servants will, but they soon made it up, and bore no malice; and they had a convenient understanding for mutual accommodation, that "when one of them went out the other came in," and so *John Bull's* work was done somehow or other, for one of the two was always at his post.

Their greatest failing was a fondness for change. Their inordinate love of every thing new, no matter how inferior to the old, and though *El Peel* would never admit this like *Al-Hassard*, who rather boasted of it than otherwise, yet he somehow or other constantly changed, and in the end chimed in with *Al-Hassard*. This, as we shall see, was the fatal cause of one of *John Bull's* greatest misfortunes.

For a long series of years he and the fair Princess enjoyed uninterrupted happiness, and *Dame England's* children were all handsomely provided for, not a murmur of discontent or symptom of discomfort was to be heard

or seen, since the alliance of *John Bull* with the lovely Princess *Maihmoul Dúnya Vittoria*, all of which blessings the reader must know were chiefly owing to the marvellous influence of the Lamp of Protection.

Unfortunately, as he advanced in years, *John Bull* fell in to the habit of "napping," and since his good fortune had been firmly established, this failing lamentably increased.

During these sleepy fits, *El Peel* and *Al-Hassard* had it all their own way.

Cô-Abdin, the Magician, was aware of this, and was constantly watching a favourable opportunity to get hold of the Lamp. But though he had tried many artful expedients, for he was a tricky old fellow, he had never yet succeeded in effecting his object. He now hit upon this curious device. Knowing by his geomantic art, that *John Bull* kept the Lamp of Protection in a room in the palace, of which either *El Peel* or *Roussoul* always had the key, and speculating on their before-mentioned "foible," viz. an insane love of every thing new, he fancied he might readily enough persuade them to exchange the old Lamp of Native Protection, of which neither of them

Wonderful Lamp.

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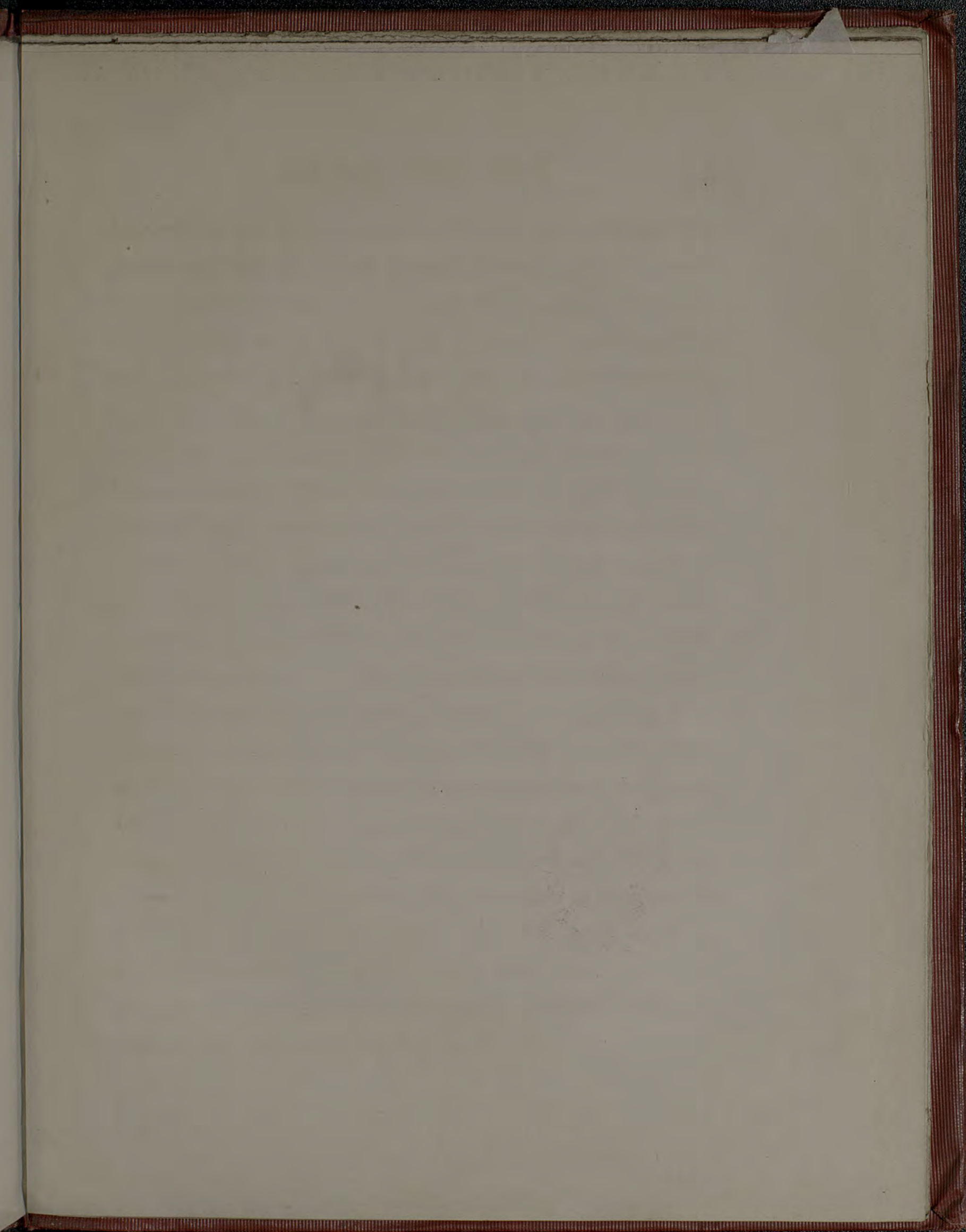
knew the wonderful qualities or its inestimable value to their poor master, for a more showy-looking one, of no intrinsic value whatever.

At all events, he determined to try the experiment, and, with this design, constructed a gaudy-looking Lamp, or rather it might be called Magic Lantern,—for it was just the sort of thing to please young children, or any person of frivolous mind, and having given it the name of *Free Trade*, just then very popular,—for every thing, even to a Lamp, had some fine sounding name in these times, if it had no other merit, the more unintelligible the better, as it pleased the people, he assumed the disguise of a seller of lamps, and slyly waiting until *El Peel* was in his office, and *John Bull* was taking a nap, who could else have detected his old enemy, he went through the street just under the window of *John Bull's* palace, and, to the great amazement of the people in the street, cried out very loud, “New Lights for Old! New Lights for Old! Now’s your time, pick and choose; who’ll exchange Old Lights for New?”

Roussoull Al-Hassard, whose term of service was not yet come, was lounging out of the hall window, which made

the Magician cry out still louder, "*New Lights for Old Ones.*" Now, nothing tickled *Rouffoull's* fancy so much as "*New Lights,*"—he was for ever running after them, and he determined not to let slip such a favourable opportunity for indulging his propensity; he sincerely regretted that it was not his turn of service, as *El Peel* had the key, and he could not get at the Old Lamp without him. He reckoned however on securing *El Peel's* concurrence, and beckoned the pretended Lampfeller to him. He called *El Peel*, and began by pointing out what a capital thing it would be to exchange his master's old fashioned Lamp of Native Protection for such a magnificent one as that of Free Trade, which the Lampfeller held up to their admiring gaze, and talked a great deal of how delighted *Dame England* and all her children would be. *El Peel* immediately objected, as he always did at first,—said he could think of no such thing as changing that, or any thing else, his master set a store by, while he was asleep, and refused to change at all, point blank.

Al-Haffard, however, knew his man, and plied him again and again with fresh reasons, if reasons they might be called, which, though they were all flimsy enough, served his purpose just as well, for *El Peel*, after refusing





I don't know how many times, as firm as a rock, suddenly changed his mind, and started off to fetch the Lamp, while *Roussoull Al-Hassard* rubbed his hands with glee, and positively danced about the hall for joy like a teetotum. The disguised Magician was no less pleased to see how well he had baited his trap. As soon as *El Peel* came back with the Old Lamp in his hand, the Magician saw in a moment that it could be no other than the Wonderful Lamp of Native Protection, though he affected to say it was good for nothing, and ran down its good qualities, calling it old-fashioned, and heavy, and totally unfit for modern use, quite a disgrace to so generous a Prince as *John Bull*, his master, while he lauded to the skies the superior merits of his own trumpery Lamp, which he knew well enough was not worth a sequin. In fact, he used all the artifices which petty chapmen and common pedlars employ to depreciate the value of the sellers' goods, and to puff the excellence and value of their own. After some higgling,—for both *El Peel* and *Roussoull* had a great deal of the higgler about them,—and plenty of abuse on both sides, the bargain was struck; *El Peel* handed over his master's Lamp and received in exchange the Lamp of *Free Trade*.

The Magician could scarcely control himself for joy, and it was with no small difficulty he concealed his elation at the rapid, and almost unexpected success of his scheme, or indeed avoid laughing outright in *El Peel's* face, at having cheated so simply a sagacious Vizier.

He, however, quickly made off, knowing very well that when *John Bull* awoke, and found out the scurvy trick he had played him, that he was sure to be roughly handled by him, and especially by *Paddy* and his sons, who were now grown up, and flourished a "shillelagh" as well as their father, and broke a man's head for mere fun.

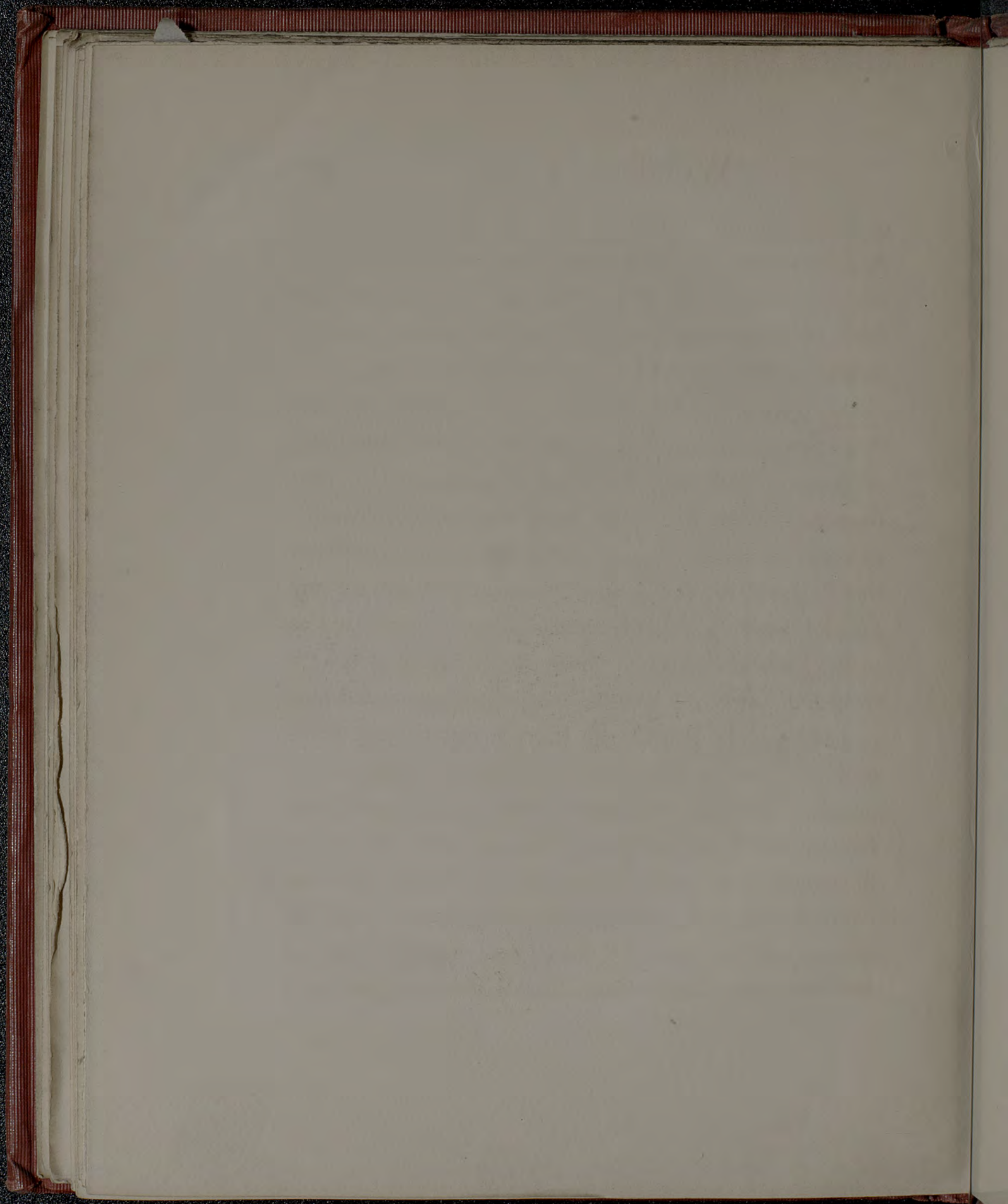
He no longer cried out "*new lights for old ones*," for his end was answered, and so he the more easily got rid of the rabble and children who had thronged around him, and whom he made use of as the best means in the outset, to draw *El Peel* and *Roussoull's* attention to his trumpery lamps. The effect of the plot so cunningly managed and skilfully carried out, was very soon discovered, long indeed before *John Bull* was quite awake, for a total and rapid change took place in all his circumstances, his treasury became exhausted, his credit diminished, and his people discontented, his prosperity was in fact fast declining. *Dame*

England and her children soon discovered this, for they were not so well off, and felt very uneasy at their prospect for the future. So suspecting the cause, the *Dame* roused her son *John* and told him her suspicions; he immediately summoned his Viziers, *El Peel* and *Roussoull*, before him, and inquired what they had done, and especially if they had been playing any tricks with the Lamp of Protection, under *El Peel's* care at the time. They confessed what they had done, *El Peel* looking downcast and sheepish enough, and when he saw the mingled rage and consternation of his generous master he regretted exceedingly what he had done, and would have given all he had in the world never to have been guilty of so silly a thing; but as for *Roussoull* he still boasted of the bargain they had made, and pointed in triumph to the gaudy Lamp of Free Trade, till *John Bull* became so exasperated that had it not been for the fair Princess he would have certainly kicked him down stairs: Wretched men! said *John Bull*—you have undone your master for ever—you have ruined all my prospects; my wealth and power were singly indebted to the admirable virtues of that very lamp which you have ignorantly given up to a pretended feller of “New Lights”

for one of his trashy lamps, but who is I have no doubt in reality *Cô-Abdin* the magician, who has twice before sought my destruction, to get possession of this priceless lamp; first as a *Cotton-Spinner*, who spun indeed as cunning a web of fraud and deceit as the mind of man could well frame, and by his chicanery then, I nearly lost my life; a second time he renewed his attempts, but in vain, and by your weakness and failure of duty alone, has he at length accomplished his base design.

El Peel, though a cold-hearted man, was sorely grieved at this severe rebuke of so kind a master, but was somewhat nettled at the attack on *cotton-spinners*, for as his father had been one, he had a leaning to all *cotton-spinners*; even *Roussoull*, though a most flippant little fellow, now felt somewhat abashed at the part he had taken in this disastrous affair, and the bitter reproaches of all *Dame England's* children, in which even the mild and amiable Princess *Maihmoul Dúnya Vittoria* could not help joining, not a little added to the discomfiture of both. As poverty now stared *John Bull* in the face, and with very dismal stare too, *El Peel* was not sorry to be dismissed, which he was at once, without any warning





or even a month's wages, to shew the bad opinion *John Bull* entertained of him; nor would he have regretted it at all, but that he was first deprived of his "Caftan," or drefs of honour, and reduced to his original humble position; this annoyed him very much to appear in the clothes which he had formerly worn when he waited on parties, and to be difmiffed amidft the groans and hiffes of the people—this he was obliged to endure; and he was moreover told by *John Bull*, never to apply to him for a character, as he had fo betrayed the trust repofed in him that he could not confcientioufly recommend him for any fituation where the flighteft confidence was neceffary: as to *Rouffoull*, who was alfo fummoned before him, though *John Bull* knew very well the part he had taken, and how he had urged *El Peel* on, and believed him to be a weak-minded frivolous little fellow, ftill not to inconvenience his dear Princefs *Maihmoul Dúnya*, who had already fufficient ill fortune to grieve her, but who nevertheless thought more of *Dame England* and her children, than fhe did of herfelf—he gave him a fevere reprimand—deprived him alfo of his robe of honour, and reduced him to a humble position, but retained in his fervice till he could

get better suited, not that he liked or trusted him, but just at the moment he could get no other servant, as is often the case in the best families.

John Bull had, in the first outbreak of his rage and indignation, dashed the Lamp of *Free Trade* to fragments. But as ebullitions of fury, and "breaking lamps," could not mend a bad fortune, though become a common method in this country of indicating a person's extreme poverty, as soon as his indignation had somewhat subsided and given place to calm reflection, he resolved to summon his most trustworthy friends, and go in quest of the Wonderful Lamp; and he solemnly vowed, that if it ever should be his good fortune to see it restored, he would never again be caught napping, or ever place the Lamp of Protection within reach of such men as *El Peel* and *Roussoul*, or indeed of any Lamp the most worthless in his house; for he had now found out, though, as it generally happens, when rather too late, that *El Peel* had a habit of constantly trimming them, whether they really wanted it or not, and very awkwardly too; and as for *Roussoul àl-Hassard*, he would be trying to alter their fashion altogether; so that what with the trimming of the one and

the tampering of the other, it was no wonder to any one if they left *John Bull* sometimes in complete darkness.

To recover again the Wonderful Lamp was not quite so easy a thing; for *Cô-Abdin*, highly elated with his sudden success, had gone on a tour of the principal cities of the world, to glorify himself and his fraternity, and to enjoy the fruits of his fraud and treachery. As one of the first results of his success was to get from *John Bull* seventy-eight thousand pieces of gold, he no longer went about as a *Cotton-Spinner*, or in any low disguise, but affected the condition of a great personage. He was accompanied in his tour by some of the inferior Magicians, *Bro-ad-Brim*, *Mak-al-Gregoor* and others, and engaged one Porter to carry his bag of tricks and statistics. He made a point of announcing his arrival in any city by blowing a trumpet, and by paying some of the criers to bawl out through the principal streets what a great man had arrived there. By this, and other petty tricks, he got a crowd of idlers and silly people together, when he talked a great deal of his own performances (leaving out, of course, any mention of the scurvy trick he had played *John Bull*), and tried to make as many dupes as he could.

He had been last heard of at a banquet in Italy, making fine speeches after dinner.

John Bull, however, offered five hundred pounds reward for his apprehension; a common method, though rather expensive, for getting hold of notorious criminals, and advertised his person in the *Hua-El-Cry*. By which means he soon ascertained the place he was staying at, though no one ventured to lay their hands upon him, as he by his artful practices had thrown dust in the eyes of the people and secured their goodwill, and any attempt of the kind would have been attended with danger.

Among the old friends *John Bull* called to his assistance were *El-Stan-Lee*, the Naib *Ben-Tiek*, and a learned Effendi *Kifra-El-Lee*, or the "Brilliant Orator," and who was of the greatest use in exposing *Cô-Abdin's* true character, and in persuading the people to help *John Bull* to recover his lost treasure; while the Naib *Ben-Tiek*, who generously accompanied him in his broken fortunes, on the apparently hopeless and forlorn expedition to recover the Lamp of Native Protection, was a man of such courage, energy, and zeal, that he would spend days and nights, to

Wonderful Lamp.

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the loss of health, in hunting out fraud and exposing jobbers, of whatsoever denomination or degree they might be. The services of two such men as these were invaluable, they were a host in themselves; though many other virtuous and excellent men disinterestedly joined with hearty zeal in the pursuit of *Cô-Abdin* and the Lamp of Protection.

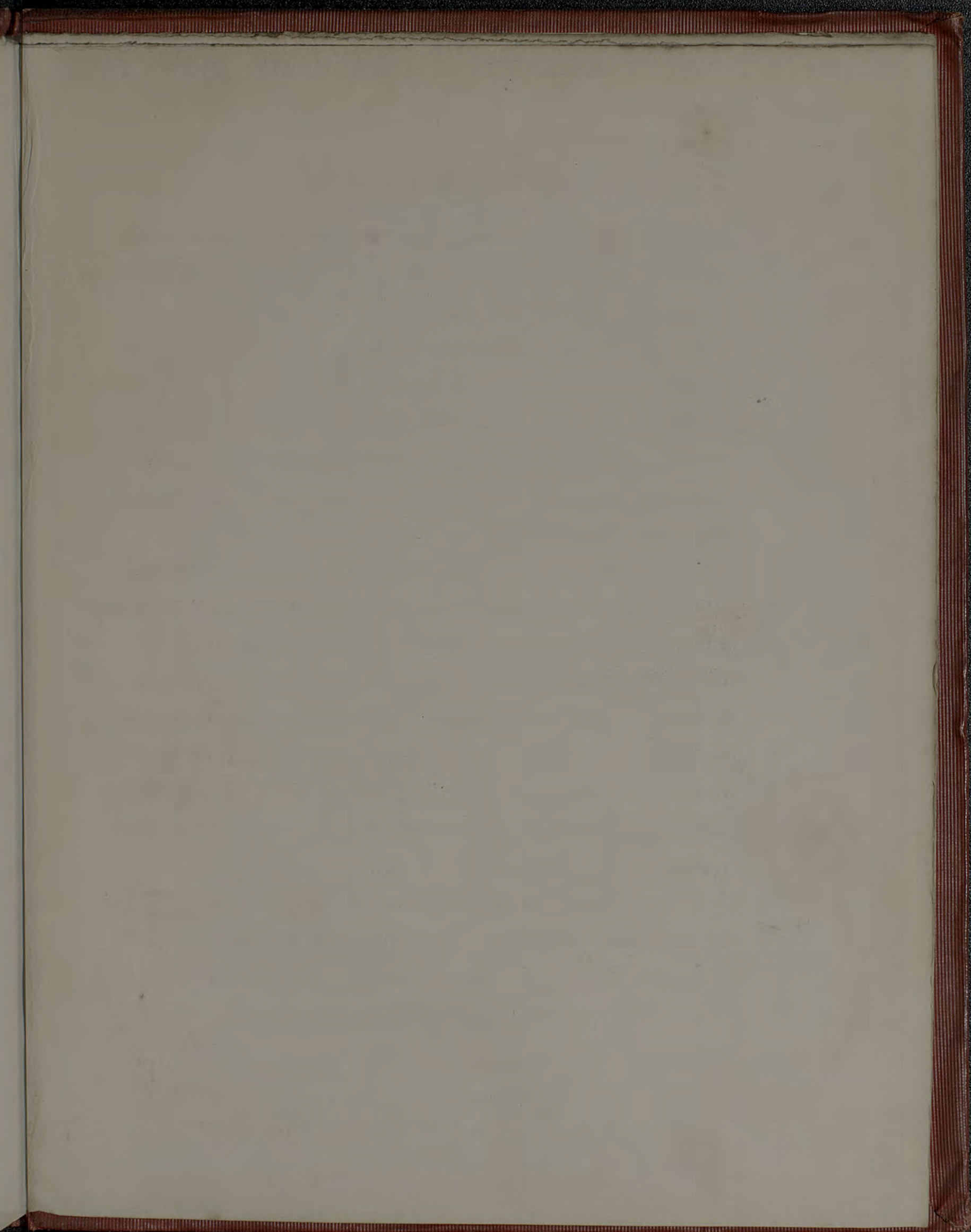
Knowing his power over the people, they had wisely refrained from attacking *Cô-Abdin* until they obtained a formidable weapon expressly for the purpose, called, in plain English, "*Public Opinion*," which discharged with tremendous force an overwhelming shower of missiles of one kind or other with the greatest rapidity. It required some dexterity to manage it, as it was upon the *revolving* principle; first it acted on one side and then on the other, but, when once brought properly to bear on any object, rarely failed of bringing it down. Armed with this weapon, and having received the blessing of *Dame England*, who devoutly prayed for her son's success, and a kind salute from the fair Princess *Maihmoul Dûnya*, who remained at home to succour the distressed and alleviate the suffering

now become so prevalent, *John Bull* and his heroic band of devoted adherents started off in pursuit of the *Magician* and the Lamp of Protection.

It ought to be remarked, that *Patrick Ireland* and all his sons, who were most indignant, and cried out the loudest, when, from the change of *John Bull's* circumstances, they could not get their accustomed help, did just nothing to aid *John Bull*, but flourished their shille-laghs and vowed vengeance.

To give an account of all the events that happened, and to describe all the dangers and hair-breadth escapes these gallant fellows exposed themselves to, while tracking out the wily *Magician*, who dodged about in the most provoking manner, would fill a large volume. It is sufficient to say that, by dint of perseverance and the skilful use of the weapon described, *John Bull* recovered the Wonderful Lamp of Native Protection, to the great joy of all the party.

The restoration of the Wonderful Lamp was celebrated by rejoicings all over the kingdom for a hundred and one days and nights; illuminations were made in the capital and all the great cities; the poor were fed, and money





Wonderful Lamp.

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distributed all around; never were such splendid doings known before; and *Dame England* declared she had never witnessed anything like it in her time, and she had seen certainly as much as most of fêtes and jubilees, and that it was the proudest day of her whole life.

Indeed, the good *Dame* herself had more reasons than one for being glad to see the Lamp of Protection once again; for, led away by her ingenious talent for inventions, she had spent a great deal of money in making a curious kind of machine, which left the "winged Pegasus" far behind. It flew, in fact, without wings, at a speed greater than the fleetest horse. Such was the desire of all the people under *John Bull's* care to have one of *Dame England's* inventions, by which they could travel from one quarter of the world to the other in a tenth part of the ordinary time, that it cost his mother two hundred million pieces of gold to gratify every one of the claimants; this, of course, added to the failure of crops, *Paddy's* demands, and other causes, had not left a single piece of gold in the once well filled treasury.

El Peel and *Roussoul* (for *Roussoul* had now also been discharged, to make way for a better servant) were the only

two men in the whole dominions who could not take part in the universal joy. So unpopular were they with the people, that they did not dare show their faces; and so heartily ashamed of themselves were they, that they were glad for a time to slink off into obscurity.

They were both out of place for many years, and though they often begged *John Bull* to take them into his employ again, and promised faithfully to behave better, on this point, he remained inexorable. But, through the intercession of the amiable Princess, he allowed them each a small pension, to be paid quarterly. *Roussoul-âl-Hassard* returned to his old calling, of "waiting upon parties," and "doing little jobs now and then for a wealthy Jew in the city," and by this means just kept his head above water. *El Peel* took to "turning again," but gained very little by the trade. They were often seen lounging about the palace of *John Bull*, and still lived in hopes that he would relent. As for *Cô-Abdin*, he fell into discredit even with his own fraternity, amongst whom there were great divisions. He in vain tried to recover his lost influence, for no one would now listen to his stories. He saw it was hopeless to think of again getting hold of the Lamp of

Protection, and turned his thoughts to other schemes. When last heard of, he was busy in making gilt counters, to try and get hold of *John Bull's* gold pieces in their place; for the better success of which purpose he and his Magicians formed a new league.

Patrick Ireland and his sons did nothing at all to help *John Bull* in the recovery of his inestimable Lamp of Native Protection, but on the contrary had caused the fair Princess *Maihmoul Dúnya* a great deal of uneasiness during his absence; and, painful to relate, notwithstanding all *John Bull's* great generosity, but for the care and protection of the old warrior *Wel-Ef-Lee*, and others, would in his moments of excitement have done her some injury; for unfortunately *Patrick* and his sons had joined a noisy reckless set of whisky-drinking fellows called Liberty-Boys, at the head of whom was one of the Magicians, *O-Kon-Neel*, whose object was to create disorder, and foment the hatred to *John Bull*, by which means the Magicians hoped they might prevent *John Bull* getting back his Lamp, and deter him from pursuing their brother, *Cô-Abdin*. Yet *John Bull* generously forgave them, and the very first thing he did, after presenting all his devoted friends to the fair

Princess, to receive her thanks for their faithful assistance, was to summon the Genius of the Wonderful Lamp, to ask his counsel how to reclaim *Patrick* and his sons. The good Genius gave him the best advice: Nothing, said he, will alter the habits of Ireland, till you discontinue giving him such lavish assistance. From this cause, principally, he has suffered his lands to lie waste, and his children to grow up idle and dirty. You must insist, as a first step, on his reclaiming his waste lands, and draining his bogs, of which he has more than four million acres; that he give up drinking, and go to the bath. If you promise him a million pieces of gold as a reward, if he consents to do as you request him, then you will find him set to work, and soon change from his present character. But if you give him the money first, he will do nothing, but go and drink, and make merry till it is all spent, and will then come begging again. *John Bull* acted at once upon this most admirable advice, and though Ireland's children grumbled very much at first, called *John Bull* a shabby fellow, a "proper son" of "old England," which they meant as a term of reproach, they at last came in to his

proposition, set to work to drain the bogs, reclaim the waste land, and in a few years they all became quite altered characters, and to the great joy of *Dame England* and *John Bull*, *Patrick* now treated the old *Dame*, his kind helpmate, with respect and regard. Both *Patrick* and his sons gave up drinking whisky, unless when any friend came in perhaps, and never now took a drop too much except upon the Anniversary-Day of the Recovery of the Lamp of Native Protection, for which some excuse must be made, as he meant to shew his respect for *John Bull*, and besides this, knew that it was through the Genius of the Lamp he was to get his million pieces of gold. This *John Bull* eventually gave him with right good will; and as he among other things left off playing with the dirty pig, or letting it into the house as he formerly did, and went like a Christian once a week to the bath, the fair Princess became at last quite fond of him, and he often came to the palace to tell her some of his humorous stories at Christmas time.

John Bull himself, good *Dame England*, and all her children, prospered now as well as ever they had done, and

John Bull's love for the amiable Princess *Maihmoul Dúnya Vittoria* was increased ten-fold by the resignation she had displayed during their severe though temporary privations. He faithfully kept his solemn vow, and never suffered the Lamp of Protection out of his sight any more. The consequence was the *Magician* despaired of obtaining it by any artifice or trick, and contemplated trying to get it by force; for which purpose he sent emissaries in disguise to persuade *John Bull* to dismiss his guards and reduce his retinue, in order that he and his fraternity of *Magicians* might the more easily attack him; he shamefully calumniated the fine old warrior *Wel-Esf-Lee*, that his safe advice might not be followed; but it was to no purpose,—*John Bull* had now grown wiser, he saw through *Cô-Abdin's* artful schemes, and turned a deaf ear to all these insidious propositions, keeping fast hold of the Lamp of Protection. The consequence was his former affluence and prosperity returned, he and his beloved Princess, the beautiful *Maihmoul Dúnya Vittoria*, lived in greater splendour than ever, and all *Dame England's* children partook of *John Bull's* bounty. *John Bull* did not forget to assemble his family

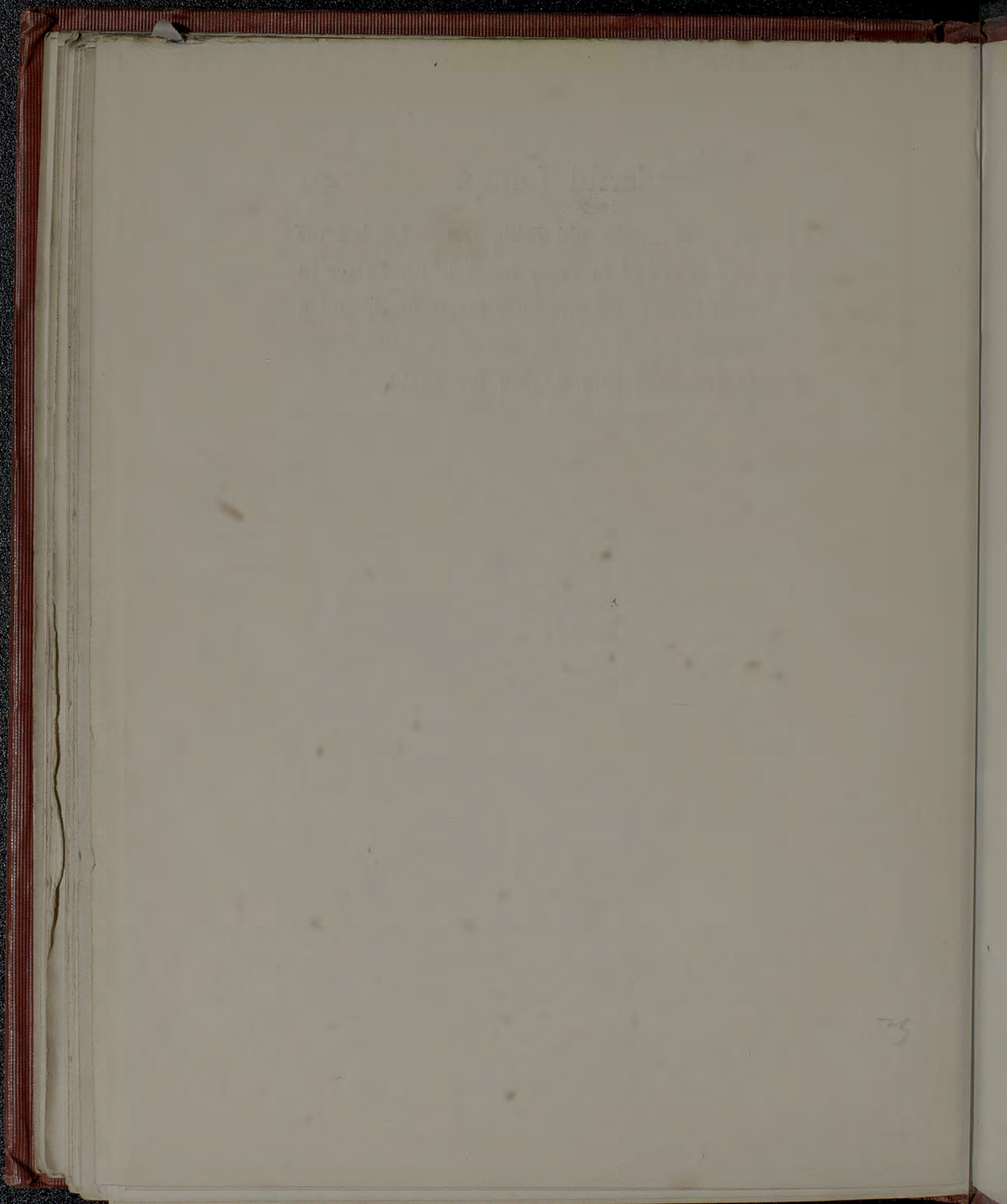
Wonderful Lamp.

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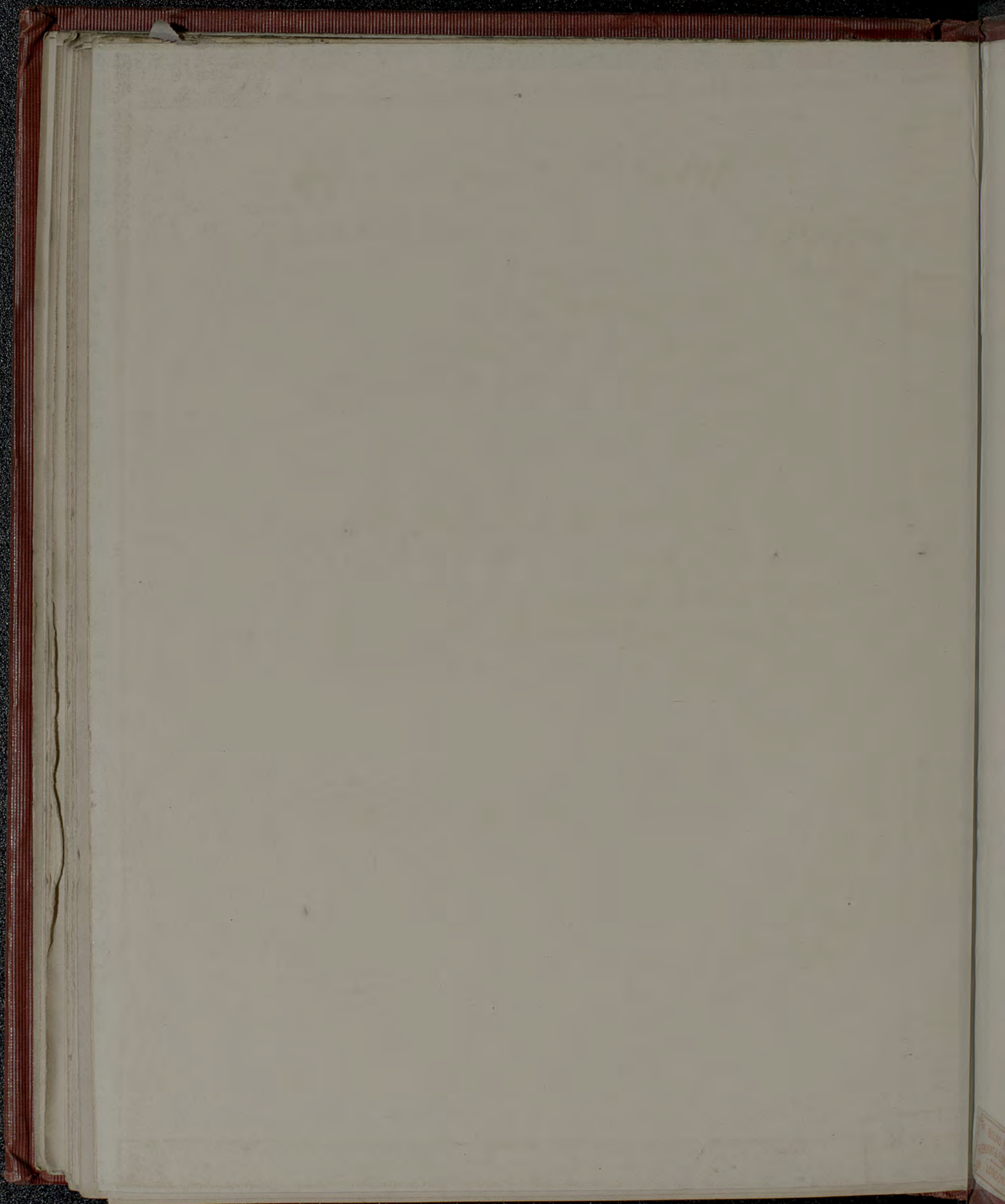
and read a chapter from the old Bible as usual,—left off napping, and had inscribed in every room in his Palace in large gold letters by way of memento for himself, and a warning for his descendants,

Never exchange Old Lights for New.

THE END.



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