THE PEDLARS.

An irksome drudgery seems it, to plod on
Thro' dusty ways, in storm, from door to door,
An humble merchant, bent beneath his load!
Yet do such travellers find their own delight;
And their hard service gains merited respect.

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THE PEDLARS.

SCENE, *a fine morning in May. The high road leading through a rich and fertile country. A few cabins here and there alongside the inmates of which apparently are not yet stirring, the doors being still closed, and no one in sight..*

DIALOGUE I.

THE DEPARTURE FROM HOME.

Darby Brady, and his son Pat.

Darby. Here is a fine morning, Pat, for beginning our journey. See how beautifully the sun is rising from behind Maxe's hill.

Pat. And, father, listen to the lark, how sweetly he sings, though he is so high up now that we can hardly see him.

Darby. Is that box sitting easy on your back?—I wish you would let me carry it for a while at least.

Pat. Do you think I would let you carry the pedlar's box, and I, a strong, strapping boy, walk swaggering by your side? Why, father, I should be ready to drop with shame at sight of every body that met us.

Darby. But it is too early now to expect any body to meet us; the little wooden clock struck four just as we closed the door coming out. Give me the box for a while, and you will be better able to carry it when the day rises, for you will find it heavy enough then.

Pat. Do not ask it, Father, I could not bear to see you bending under such a load, if no one ever met us to make remarks on it.—Many a long year you have travelled with this box on your back, alone and in hardship, from cold and heat, through lonesome roads and dangerous places, and all to support and school us, so that it is high time for you to take your rest, and settle down for the remainder of your life upon your little bit of land with my poor mother;—often her heart ached for you, when she thought you were growing too feeble for such journeys. With your consent, therefore, I will take my turn with the pack. I am nineteen, you know, and strong and hearty, and when you take me among your customers, and the people know I am your son, I expect they will not be backward to deal with me for your sake. It is well known what honest goods you kept, and that

you asked but the one price, so that I have only to follow your example, and with the Divine blessing I shall succeed.

Darby. Keep to that, Pat, and do not be affronted when you are offered the half of what you ask; for some people have a notion that it is the way to deal with pedlars, and it was a pity that any one ever gave them reason to think so. I am glad you took a liking to follow my old business, for Tom and I can manage the land well enough, and your mother and Kitty are very clever within doors, and make the most of every thing about the farm. I earned all I have in the world by that little box; I have a love for it, and I hope it will do well for you; and, under the Divine blessing, as you said, I have no doubt but you will thrive—that is, provided you keep sober and steady, and strive to live in the fear of *GOD*.

Pat. If I do not thrive, it will be my own fault, for you and my mother taught me what was right, and gave me good advice, and, what was a great deal better, set me a good example.—Ah, father, I have lost the sight of our little place now—my poor mother, Kitty, Tom, and the children, and my cordial good neighbours, it will be a long time till I see you again.

Darby Brady, the elder of the two travellers, to whom the reader has been introduced in the preceding dialogue, was one of those itinerant merchants known by the name of pedlars. He was born of very poor, but honest parents, who having committed the fault of an early and precipitate marriage, had entailed poverty on themselves for life. They were soon sensible of the imprudence of the step they had taken, and, as their family increased, became more and more convinced of it. They never, however, upbraided each other, though they secretly regretted not having waited till their joint earnings were sufficient for beginning the world with some prospect of independence. Independent, however, they were, for they kept clear of debt, resolving never to encroach upon the earnings of any other person; and this gained them respect and confidence. The privations and hardships which they endured, were borne patiently, yet they were hard to bear. Piety, and mutual affection sweetened the cup, which, without these ingredients, would have been a bitter one. They lost their first three children ere they had reached the age of twelve, and before Darby's birth were childless. We may well suppose, therefore, how thankful they were to Providence, for permitting them again to taste the love and joy of a parent, and the delight with which they gazed on their boy. They had

nothing of this world's goods to give him, but were anxious to enrich his mind with what was of more value even than learning, which it seemed out of their power to procure for him. They were themselves untaught, and could they have afforded to send him to one of those hedge schools, where the poor then received instruction, they had objections to the associates to whom it might introduce him, nor could they, even unlettered as they were, approve of that mode of teaching. Darby accompanied his father to the field, and was employed in tasks suited to his strength, increasing in vigour of mind and body, by his father's instructions and example; but every book was a sealed book to him. How kind is Providence in watching over us—how merciful to our wants! The activity and intelligence of the child attracted the attention of a young man, who was steward to a neighbouring gentleman; he respected the father's diligence and honesty, and finding that the boy had received no literary instruction, kindly offered to pay two-pence per week for his schooling, provided he was sent to the village school every evening—a proposal which was gratefully received. Little Darby was always punctual in his attendance; and as his mind had been previously cultivated for receiving the seeds of learning, the school-master who had the task of teaching him, found it a

pleasant one. Spelling and reading were soon acquired, and he learned writing and arithmetic so quickly, that after two years instruction, his friend the steward cast about in his mind how he might further serve him. He had a sister, whose husband was a shopkeeper in the adjoining town, and to him he recommended the lad as an apprentice, feeling assured that he was competent for the place, and would acquit himself in it with integrity as well as punctuality. Such unexpected good fortune called forth the most grateful acknowledgments from Darby and his parents; but when the former learned that he was to board in the house of his intended master, filial affection rose superior to other feelings, and he modestly inquired whether he might be admitted as a day apprentice, and receive a small salary—he had imbibed from his parents those habits of calculation which they found so essential; and he calculated on the mutual comfort of thus avoiding a total separation from them, as well as on the addition which his salary would bring to their slender means of living. His friends perceived his motive for this inquiry, and granted his request to diet and lodge with his parents, allowing him wages, and knowing that the conduct and conversation of his father and mother would tend to strengthen his mind, and encourage him to act uprightly. Strict punctuality in the hours of attendance was

required of him; and this he never failed in during the term of his apprenticeship, serving his master with fidelity, and leaving him with the best of characters. It was about this time the Almighty's will that he should lose both his parents. It may be said to have been his first affliction; but it was so overpowering, that his friends, fearful of the effects of grief on his health, recommended him change of scene, and active occupation, as the best means, next to religion, of diverting his melancholy. According to their advice, Darby sold the cabin and its furniture, purchased a box, furnished with such articles as were most in demand, and promised a ready sale, and became a travelling pedlar. He had already acquired that knowledge of the value of goods, which, combined with the advice of his friends enabled him to lay them in on the best terms; his profits were moderate, he was at a word in his dealings; and avoided wasting his own time or the time of others in higgling. Honesty, industry, and frugality were the qualities he practised, and the result, under Providence, was his success. In time he extended his journeys to very remote parts of Ireland, bearing every where such a character for integrity, that his wares were always preferred, and his customers depended more upon his judgment than their own, to chuse what would suit them. To give an idea of his character in

one sentence:—he made no difference amongst his customers; the simplicity of a child, or the ignorance of an ideot might have been trusted to make a purchase from him, and the result has been mentioned—he had as much business as he could undertake—and he prospered; proving to every one who prefers the slippery paths of fraud and over-reaching, that, even in things belonging to this life,

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

A higher motive, however, influenced Darby's conduct, more than any good which the prosperity of this world could afford. He looked beyond this to another state of being, and to that place of rest and peace, whereinto nothing impure can enter. He looked to the ease of his own mind. The trials which fall out in the ordering of Providence, he could endure patiently; but he would have found the reproofs of his conscience hard to bear, if he had incurred them. A few simple lines, which he often repeated to himself, and taught his children to repeat, deserve to be recorded, for the reader's instruction:

A conscience clear is like a wall of brass,
That doth not shake with ev'ry shot that hits,
Ev'n so thereby our lives we quiet pass,
When guilty minds are rack'd with fearful fits;

Then keep thee pure, and soil thee not with sin,
For after guilt thine inward griefs begin.

This circumspection, founded as it was, upon religion, strengthened him, not only to resist greater temptations, but also to withstand the starts of temper which are too often awakened by an intercourse with the world, and with our own families; and though at this period of his life the Divine blessing had given him the mastery over himself, it must be confessed, that at his first setting out in life he was frequently ruffled, and sometimes angry (though it never lasted,) at the little crosses which occur to every one, and which it is our duty to bear patiently. This dominion over angry and resentful feelings was attended with another good effect, it taught him to bear with the infirmities of others, and enabled him to walk before his children with the straight steps of an exemplary man. But had he felt exultation arise in his mind at the success of those endeavours, and thus lost the sheet-anchor of humility, in spite of outward appearances, he might have been a cast-away. This was not his case; he looked upon himself as an unprofitable servant, and depending on no merits of his own, threw himself upon the mercies of his Creator and his Judge.

Seldom have you met with a happier family than Darby Brady's; interrupted, however,

when he left them, to undertake those long journeys which caused them anxiety; but when he returned, and the smile of the husband and father shone again upon his dwelling, every cloud seemed dispersed, and he delighted to discover and commend any little improvement which had been made in his absence; the least work of the smallest child was not passed by unnoticed. This made them delight in keeping every thing in order, and in doing their best to please him who was so willing to be pleased. Cheerful himself, and encouraging cheerfulness in others, he said it was a sin and a shame for people to behave as if they were thrusting pins into each other, by the indulgence of ill-humour; that we should consider how short a time this life will last, how full of troubles which we could not avert, and how much it became us to shun every thing which would increase their number. Good humour, said Darby, contributes to our happiness; and he loved to see a smile on every face; he disliked, however, loud laughter, which, he said, was no proof of good-temper or happiness, for he had known those who seemed all spirits, and full of jokes at some times, at others sink into dejection or peevishness, ready enough to hang up their fiddles at home: a saying applied to those who are not so pleasant in their own families

as elsewhere. He disliked to hear of a *wild* young man, and was afraid the term *wicked* might soon be applied to those thoughtless fellows, who, disregarding order and decency, soon begin to glory in their shame. With such he would not allow his children to keep company. He dreaded the effect of loose conversation on young minds, and strove to prevent their hearing improper words, or reading idle books, and by making *home* the centre of comfort, to attract them there in preference to other places, without letting them or his neighbours suppose that he looked upon himself and his family as if they were better than other people. And because he and his were never known to tattle, or pry into what did not concern them, but were always ready to do a good turn, kind to the young, and respectful to the old, they were generally beloved and esteemed. Though Darby was a man of strict sincerity, he did not believe that sincerity authorised rudeness, and was sorry to see worthy persons so mistaken as to pride themselves on their bluntness, as if it was an appendage of honesty. Darby was humble and kind-hearted, and of course courteous; and as every virtue brings its own reward, the virtue of courtesy, was one cause of his success in business, and its influence was felt in his family. When the children heard their parents adding, "If you

please," to their commands, and thanking them for what they had done, it required no effort in them to practise the same in their intercourse with each other, or with strangers, with those above, or with those below them. Courtesy is a flower which we frequently observe springing up in our Irish soil, even in places which we should suppose uncultivated.

Ye courtesies of life, all hail!
Whether along the peaceful vale,
Where the thatch'd cot alone is seen
The humble mansion of the green,
Or in the city's crowded way,
Man, mortal man is doom'd to stray;
You give to joy an added charm,
And wo of half its pang disarm;
For much in ev'ry state we owe
To what kind courtesies bestow—
To that benign engaging art
Which decorates the human heart—
And free from jealousies and strife,
Gilds all the charities of life;
Which gives to ev'ry act a grace,
And adds a smile to ev'ry face,
For goodness' self we better see
When dress'd by gentle courtesy.

At the period of our history, exercise and temperance, the best preservatives of health,

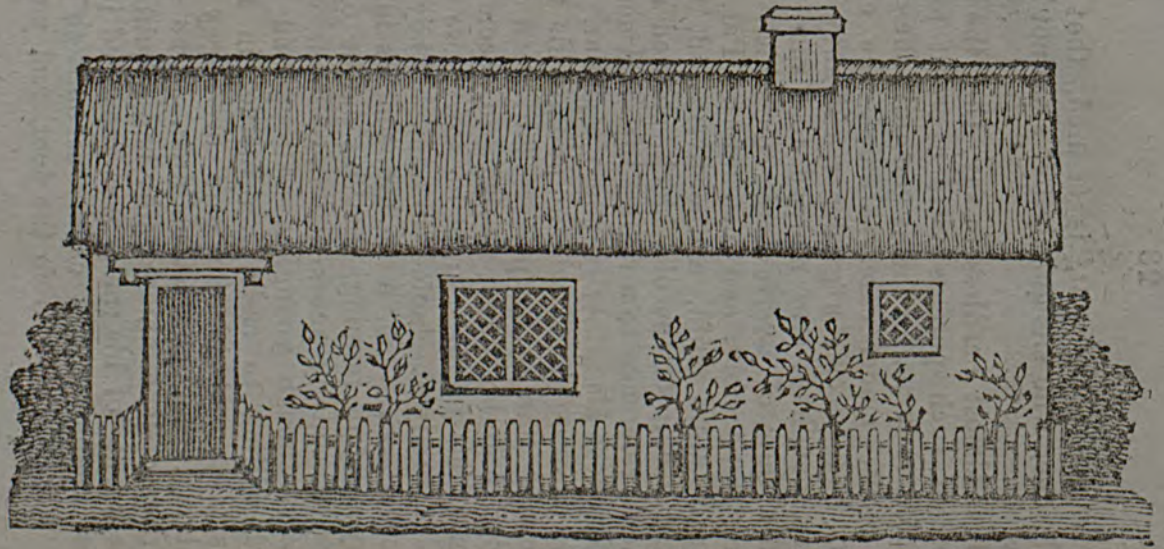
had resisted the attacks of time on Darby's frame, yet he felt the weight of advancing years, and though hale and green, he knew that the inevitable hour of dissolution could not be far distant. His feelings were humbly pious, and therefore the contemplation of the awful event did not disturb—it rather increased the serenity of his mind. He sate amid his family, pouring forth the overflowings of a grateful heart, recalling past events to his memory, or reciting them to others for their instruction or entertainment. He told his children the mistakes which he had made, as freely as he related his success, desirous that they should avail themselves of his experience. At such times a gloom always overspread the faces that surrounded him. They loved his conversation on every subject but that of his final separation from them by death, and to that they could not calmly listen. Indeed it is an interesting little anecdote, that one of his children wakened crying one night, (after her father had talked long and seriously upon death), because she had dreamed her father was an hundred years old, and was about to leave his family.

Darby's wife, Betty, was worthy of such a husband, and went hand in hand with him in the management of their children and their affairs, looking up to him for advice, and acknowledging his superiority of understanding,

improved as it was by more knowledge of the world than she had opportunity of acquiring. She was very judicious in the education of her children; indulgent in every thing proper for them; but if they attempted to go one step farther, her *No*, was the wall of brass which they well knew they could not shake. The example of one child was never held up to another; for Betty said, this was sowing the seeds of pride and jealousy; and she insisted on it, that children were naturally disposed to love one another if they were let to follow the impulse of instinct. The first child is to be sure a darling, but when another comes, it is usual to say, "O your nose is out of joint," and then the nonsensical expression is explained to the little creature, that it must not expect to be loved so well as before. No wonder, then, if dislike is awakened towards the stranger, who is introduced as coming to engross the parental affections: though, without this interference, the young, tender heart, would lean towards the new comer with the kindest affection. How inconsiderate is such conduct—the passions encouraged which should be eradicated, like the first weeds that appear in a garden; and the mischief often permitted to grow to such a height, that the child, roaring with passion, is soothed by a reward, as though for its ill-temper; and, to enhance

the value of the gift, is assured, that the little one, who sits quietly by, shall not have any.

It is almost needless to say, that the children of such parents were a credit and a comfort to them, for this is generally the effect of pious, tender care. James, the eldest son, had become a gardener. Nancy, the eldest daughter, was married to a man who had a farm of twelve acres, on which they lived respectably, and in comfort. Pat. was Darby's third child, a fine lively lad, who, being a chip of the old block, shewed a decided preference to a roving life, and accordingly chose his father's trade of a pedlar. His parents were not afraid to indulge his taste, knowing him to be possessed of good principles, and his father resolving to accompany him in his journies, until he saw those principles firmly implanted in him. They had another son, Tom, a quiet, ingenious lad, so very fond of farming, that his course of life seemed equally marked out. Their sister, Kitty, though young, was strong and able, and willing to assist her mother in house business, and in the care of Peggy and Johnny, the youngest children. The small portion of land which Darby had acquired by the profits of his trade, was managed in the best manner. His cabin was built so as to have a little fall from the door, and you did



DARBY BRADY'S COTTAGE.

not step *down* into it. The floors were even, and well swept; the windows opened, and were kept well glazed and bright; the rooms were ceiled with hurdles; and a little dairy looked into the garden, through a lattice, bordered with woodbine; it was frequently white-washed within and without, and thorough air admitted through every room. The furniture was in good order; every utensil in its proper place, cleaned, and put by immediately after using. The trees, which sheltered the cabin, had been planted by Darby's own hand; they were now of a fine size, and very beautiful. A little court was before the door, surrounded by a privet hedge, and a pyracantha, (given him by James) mixed with the monthly rose, spread over most of the front of the cottage. There were small, but convenient out-houses, for turf, potatoes, &c. a pigsty, with a hen-house over it; a cow-house, and a stable for their old horse. This animal, though nearly twenty years of age, performed most of the work of the farm—he had belonged to Darby all his life, and therefore was all his life well treated—never over-worked, always well fed and well cleaned; and there was not a happier horse than he was in the country; for as his age increased, his master's care for him increased also; and as he never had known what cruelty was, he never was to know it. The glory of Darby's little children was the gar-

den; it was securely fenced, and well cropped; a pear tree, four apple trees, and plenty of small fruit enriched it. All were safe from the hands of the little gardeners, till permission was granted by the parents to gather them: yet the children were never debarred from the privilege, so highly prized, of working in the garden; and their delight and constant care extirpated the weeds as they sprung up. They were allowed a little spot for flowers, and their brothers formed a pleasant arbour for them in the front of it. Such was the dwelling of Darby Brady, where nothing offensive to the eye was to be seen outside of the house, and nothing to wound the ear was to be heard within.

One of Darby's nearest neighbours was Martin Doran, an honest, sober, industrious man, who struggled to support his family by his day labour. He was a widower—but his mother lived with him. His eldest daughter, Rose, was now a young woman, and her sister, Sally, three years younger; the rest of his children were unable to help him.

Rose was not what is called a pretty girl, though it was pleasant to look on her benevolent countenance, her sweet smile, her smooth and open forehead, with her clear, intelligent, yet rather thoughtful brow. Well might Rose be thoughtful, for much care devolved upon her; her grandmother taught her to keep the cabin,

and she followed her directions, but the younger children claimed her constant attention.

Rose accomplished a great deal by her regularity, diligence and patience, she timed her business, was never unemployed, nor ever in a hurry. Her good humour guarded against, or overcame difficulties—she was too fully occupied at home to leave it often, yet at the sick-bed of a friend or neighbour she was sure to be found. Observing the neatness of Darby Brady's cottage, Rose had a laudable ambition to vie with it as far as was in her power. Her father was a rough man, he was not convinced that decency was economical, and when Rose had taken great pains to remove the dung heap out of sight, he was so much displeased with her for interfering, that she was obliged to confine her exertions to the inside of the cabin, though her grandmother blamed her exactness as unnecessary, and rather discouraged Sally, who was her favourite, from following her sister's example. Sally was willing enough to avoid trouble, and coaxed her grandmother to give her leave to be more often abroad than Rose could approve of. Rose herself was of a cheerful temper at home or abroad, but she hated romping or flirting, and avoided the company of those who practised either. It grieved, as well as disgusted her to see young girls lessen their respectability by joining in noisy, rude sports; for even if no young men

were of the party, the delicacy and reserve which should guard the female character, were endangered by such conduct. What sensible worthy man could attach himself to the woman who shows herself fond of admiration? And how often are those vain, giddy creatures made the sport and derision, and sometimes the prey of those who amuse themselves at their expense. Where there was any danger of her pretty, young, artless sister being introduced amongst girls who were either romps or flirts, she firmly withstood it; and though Sally pouted and fretted, and complained to her grandmother, it was all one, Rose would not yield. "The power of gentleness," it is said "is irresistible," and it was by this power that Rose prevailed, and convinced her grandmother and sister, at length, that she was in the right, and that it was neither ill-nature nor envy that actuated her.

Rose had those petty trials to encounter, which are sometimes borne less patiently than heavier afflictions; she had to bear being found fault with when she was conscious of not deserving it. but she made allowances for the infirmities of age, which tended to increase peevishness in her grandmother, and for the starts of passion to which her father was at times subject—they were her parents—they were kind and affectionate to her, and it was her duty to bear with them. But as she was taught by

their example to be honest, sober and frugal, she was also warned by it to repress in herself those dispositions which diminished their comforts, and had these lines been written expressly for her, they could not have more fully expressed the line of conduct which it was her duty to preserve :—

Labour for peace, choose to contend with none,
Let reason with sweet calmness keep the throne,
Treading fierce wrath and lawless passion down,
The grace of meekness is a woman's crown.

Our young Pat Brady was deeply enamoured of this good girl, and that love, which has a more solid basis than the frail foundation of personal beauty, is likely to defy the attacks of time or absence ; it was with a heavy heart the lover left behind him the object of his affection, but knowing that it was only by good conduct and industry he must hope to obtain such a prize, he moved on, cherishing his good intentions and resolutions, his father sympathising with his feelings, and desirous to strengthen his prudent determination not to enter upon a matrimonial life till industry should put it in his power to support the wife of his choice.

DIALOGUE II.

THE SECRET.

Scene the public Road.

Darby and Pat journeying along—the latter carrying the box.

Darby. You made a long stay at Martin Doran's last night Pat, although you knew we were to be early on the road.

Pat. I did, father, and I could not help it.

Darby. You may as well tell me in plain English,, that you did not know how to leave Rose Doran.

Pat. You are right, father: you know I never denied my regard for her to you, though I keep it to myself, as much as possible.

Darby. If you expect to be united to that good girl, you must strive to deserve her by being honest, diligent and sober, you cannot ask her in marriage till you have earned something, and got a decent place for her, it is better therefore you should be away for a while, because people are so apt to talk, and such remarking is very disagreeable to a young woman.

Pat. I know that, and always took care not

to be seen walking with Rose from the chapel, or from market; indeed so anxious have I been to hide my liking for her, that several thought I was not as mannerly as I ought to be to such a girl: little they knew my heart, or that it was to avoid showing too much regard, that I showed so little.

Darby. It is hard to do quite right in such matters. But it is likely Rose understood your meaning,

Pat. I was thinking, father, when we were last together to ask her promise, and to give her mine in return; but I would not do it unknown to you.

Darby. You know, Pat, I love my children, and would do any thing, or consent to any thing that I thought was for their good—but I cannot consent to your making any promise, or asking for any, till you make the solemn promise of marriage. If Rose Doran is the girl I take her to be, and if she has the regard for you that I think she has, she will keep steady and reserved, and mind her business, and be true and loyal to you as I am not afraid but you will be to her.

Pat. Oh! to the last beat of my heart! But, father, a better young man than me, and one better able to maintain her, may come in the meantime, and take her entirely from your poor Pat, and what is to become of him then?

Darby. And if a better match offered for

her, and she was willing to accept of it, why should you wish to prevent it? surely you should wish well to the girl you love.

Pat. Father, are you in earnest? Do you think I ought to give her up to another, and break my heart or lose my senses?

Darby. If she desired it herself—if she was willing to give you up, and thought she was doing better for herself, I believe my good boy, you would have too much sense and spirit to stand in the way of her bettering her condition, or to regret one who showed so little real affection. And if it did so happen, never fear, but after some fretting you would get over it, for the honest heart knows where to turn for comfort.

Pat. The thought of such a thing frightens me. Still I think a promise would have made me easy.

Darby. If honour and love will not bind, what signifies a promise. I know you would not keep her to it, if she was bound by nothing better. But never fear—put away those thoughts—lay by your earnings, and let Rose lay by hers, till you have something of your own to begin upon. Depend upon it when young people are so afraid of losing one another that they marry without proper consideration, they often fulfil the saying, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure."

Pat. How can any one repent that marries for love?

Darby. Aye, aye, that is the rock many a young and inexperienced lover splits upon.—But if they have a right love, the one will be sorry to bring the other into hardship, besides in a cold cabin love is apt to cool, for when children come, and there is little to cover them and little to feed them, and sickness comes on, they must be very good humoured, if they keep from fretting and finding fault. It may seem cold hearted to tell you to wait patiently, but believe me, they will love and respect one another the more, both before they marry, and after, if they are careful and saving for one another's sakes.

DIALOGUE III.

Pat.—Darby.

THE KILDARE JOURNEY.

Pat. Why is that great steep between Kildare and Rathangan, called the Red-hills?

Darby. From the colour of the soil; very likely there is a copper-mine in that hill. But I never cross it without thinking of what I saw there once, —a gentleman and his wife, were

riding that way, when a woman jumped over the ditch by the road, and begged most earnestly that they would let her walk between their horses, to be sure they did and pitied her greatly, for she was in a terrible fright, and pointed out to them a man in the field on the other side of the road, half naked, and running with all his might, saying if he got to her he would certainly kill her.

Pat. Father, were you not afraid of him too?

Darby. I was afraid of him, and kept between the horses, as well as the woman. The madman turned another way, and when we got to the top of the hill, the woman said there was no farther danger, and she thanked the gentleman and lady, telling them to go on, she said the poor creature was not always so bad, being mostly quiet, though he was terribly furious at times.

Pat. Ah! may be he was provoked, for I have seen people divert themselves by teazing those who were deprived of their reason, instead of feeling compassion towards them, and being thankful to the Almighty that they were not afflicted in the same way, and I thought it was wicked and cruel of them to do so.

Darby. So it was, Pat, and that shows what a good thing it is to have asylums for such poor lunatics, where they may be properly treated—indeed I have heard many instances of their

recovery, when good-natured, sensible people have had the care of them; besides if they never come to themselves, they are prevented from doing mischief, and may be from growing worse.

Pat. I think no bodily disorder is so distressing as the loss of reason, and yet we often see madmen very merry, and as if they were quite happy.

Darby. It is we when those creatures can amuse themselves with their fancies; but what comfort is that to those who belong to them, and who have lost all the pleasure they used to enjoy in their society. There is a kind of madness, however, still more distressing—I mean that which shows itself in melancholy and despondency—I have seen such, and I assure you it made my heart sick within me to see them.

Pat. I wonder what is the cause of madness?

Darby. There are a great many more causes than I am able to mention. It is often brought on by sickness, weakening the nerves, oftener by intemperance, and sometimes by pride and vanity. It is a curious fact, however, that prosperity is known to have more effect in unsettling the mind, than adversity. When the great fire of London occurred, which destroyed the greater part of that fine city in 1666—among

the thousands who saw themselves in a moment reduced from affluence to beggary, but very few if any are said to have become deranged by their reverse; whereas, I have often heard of persons suddenly and unexpectedly enriched, or perhaps saved from some great danger, what they thought inevitable—who in a moment lost their senses, and never recovered them during the remainder of their lives. We should endeavour therefore always to keep the mind in a calm and even state, for this is the best guard, humanly speaking, against such a dreadful affliction: we cannot gain this of ourselves, but there is One, able and willing to help, who knoweth our frame, and pitieth us as a father pitieth his children. And my boy, it is our duty to be tender one to another, not irritating those who are easily vexed, for anger is a short lived madness, and he who awakens it, as well as he who gives way to it, is guilty of a great sin, "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

Pat. Is not madness sometimes caused by terror or sudden alarm.

Darby. I never shall forget the painful story of the young man, whom his companions frightened out of his senses, one of them coming into his room wrapt in a white sheet, while the other, being under his bed at the same time, pushed it up,—you remember the verse that was made about it, I should like to hear it.

Pat. I remember them well.

HENRY.

Poor idiot, on thy graceful form,
Thy shining locks and polished brow,
We gaze with pity and regret:
Oh what an early wreck art thou.

The mind that once inspired that form,
Beamed brightly in his sparkling eye,
While on his couch to seek repose,
Heedless of ill young Henry lies.

Soft slumbers steal o'er every sense—
Alas how quickly did they fly!
He wakes, he sees a hideous form,
With horrid glare approaching nigh.

In vain he seeks his eyes to veil,
His couch unwonted movements heave;
Now terror has the triumph gain'd,
Malignant powers, your victim leave.

Oh! these are no malignant powers,
Young Henry's blithe associates they,
With thoughtless and unfeeling hearts,
Who rashly planned this cruel play.

The morning comes—o'er nature's face
She spreads her cheerful, rosy light,
The morning comes—but Henry's soul
Is wrapped in shades of deepest night!

The vacant look, the idiot laugh,
Proclaim the cureless mischief done,
The opening buds of promise crushed,
And reason banished from her throne.

Yet mem'ry breaking through the cloud,
Will oft the dreadful scene restore,
"They come" he screams—the vision flies,
And hapless Henry feels no more.

Darby. For any thing I know, poor Henry is still living: I was told that he was quite harmless and gentle, and seldom violent, except now and then about the middle of the night, the time that he was frightened, when he will seem to be in great distress, and shriek out, "Oh! they are coming, they are coming!"

Pat. Could those who used him so cruelly ever forgive themselves? I saw a girl once who pretended to be a ghost to frighten her fellow servant. But how could she believe there was such a thing as a ghost?

Darby. It is great nonsense, for when the poor body is laid in the earth, the spirit will not come back to the world. Believe me they who encourage these notions of spirits, witches, and fairies, are either silly, or else wicked people, who make use of these fears to carry on their schemes. My father used to tell of a gentleman's steward, a worthy, honest man, whose practice it was to walk over his master's land

at night, to detect trespasses. Those dishonest people who were disappointed of imposing on the gentleman, thought they would hinder the steward from taking his nightly walks, and one of them, wrapping a white sheet about him stalked after him. The steward was frightened sure enough, but went on doing his duty, though from time to time looking over his shoulder, he said, "Lord have mercy on me, a spirit!" repeating this whenever he looked behind him. The fellow enjoyed the honest man's alarm, till at last, looking back again, he cried out, "Lord have mercy on me!—*two spirits,*" for being bewildered with his fear, he took the shadow of the man for another ghost. On hearing this, down dropt the sheet, and the deceiver, whose guilty conscience made him think that a spirit was pursuing him, ran home with such violence that he took a fever and was near dying of it. Things appear so differently by the uncertain light, even of a moonshining night; that mistakes may be made, if people are not stout enough to examine the cause of strange appearances. I heard of a young woman who on wakening in the night, thought she saw a woman sitting on a chair in the room, quite still, except that her head moved; there was no one near her, and she wondered greatly what this could mean, and striving against fear, she got out of bed, went up to the figure, and took hold of it. It was her own clothes that she

herself had thrown on the back of an old fashioned chair, with knobs, on one of which she had hung her cap, and the glances of the moon upon it, made it seem to move. You may think she had a good night's rest after this.

Pat. Now, father, let me repeat another verse, if it will not tire you, about a Banshee.

Darby. I like sensible verses, it diverts the road to hear them, and though I don't admire the name, I think you would not take the trouble of learning what was not good for something.

Pat.

Each one, by sleep and toil oppressed,
Had sunk in soft repose,
Save Joan, who sat behind the rest,
To mend her Sunday hose.

A trifling rent full well she knew
To greater still would tend;
Besides she held the maxim true,
"They're always good that mend"

On saving bent, no anarchy,
Prevailed throughout the plan;
Frugality and industry
With her went hand in hand.

But weary of her darning bout,
She laid aside her thread,

And quickly put the candle out,
  And straight retired to bed.

The moonshine pale had formed the room
  A variegated scene;
With part bedight in sable gloom,
  And part in silvery sheen.

The scene impressed an awful dread
  That moment on her mind;
And fairy fancy filled her head
  With phantoms undefined.

When lo! amid this reverie—
  In sable stole arrayed,
With haggard face, the fell Banshee
  Presents her rueful shade.

The lunar-beam her visage shows,
  (A bordered cap within,)
A furrowed cheek, a front rugose,
  A painted nose and chin.

But whether it was cloak or plaid,
  That from the shoulder fell;
Or only something veil'd in shade,
  It posed her much to tell.

Appalled she stood, in direful fright,
  And viewed the elfish form—
Such vision oft at dead of night
  Is thought to mount the storm,

And while rude Boreas pours around,
His frost diffusing breath
Is heard, in hollow dismal sound,
To chaunt the dirge of death.

So she, in expectation drear,
Beneath the horrid scowl,
From breath to breath awaits to hear
The death-portending howl!

Yet lamentations ominous
The vision uttered none,
But silent as her wheel it was,
When spinning task is done.

O! what is courage? say ye wise
Who diligently scan,
And critically analyze,
The curious mind of man.

Or fear? that often binds the brave,
With chains unfelt before;
Who calmly erst have ploughed the wave,
Amid the battle roar.

Be mine the humble task to tell,
Indisputable facts,
How Goody's courage rose and fell.
And how at last she acts.

Awhile she waits, in fitful mood,
With passion-tortured breast;
Excited now by fortitude,
Anon, by fear deprest.

Till, urged by frenzy wild, at length
By mad emotions forced,
Collected in her mighty strength,
Resolved to know the worst.

Determined not to bear suspense,
Nor stand like stupid stock;
She forward darts with violence,
And grasps—her flaxen rock!

The sense of touch corrects the sight,
The truth they both reveal,
And show her that the awful sprite
Is but her spinning-wheel!

DIALOGUE IV.

Pat.—Darby.

IMPRUDENCE.

Pat. Here is a fine good looking farm-house, if it was in decent order, but from the appearance of the place I am afraid the owner of it is going back in the world.

Darby. For all that, the mistress of this house was drest as fine as hands and pins could make her, when the landlord and landlady went

there to take the farm off her husband's hands. It was no wonder that the real lady, who was dressed plain herself, should remark the silk stockings on the tenant's wife.

Pat. No wonder she would when she was losing by them; and I believe the quality do not like to see middling people dressing above their station.

Darby. I believe sensible persons whether their condition be high or low, like to see every one clothed in a manner becoming their rank in life. There were two women who held farms in my neighbourhood some years ago, and went over to England to see their landlord, a great lord. One of them was an orderly notable woman,—she put on her best things to be sure, and was neat and clean, but quite plain in her dress. The other thought she could not be grand enough to go before such a lord and lady, and so decked herself out with as much finery as she could come at, thinking little enough I suppose of her comrade, but it was her comrade that was taken notice of by the lord and lady—the lady showed herdairy to her, and was quite friendly with her, while the fine-drest woman was paid little attention to, except in the way of business: and I hope she was the better for that lesson.

Pat. How eager some are to be remarkable! To be sure money goes a great way in gaining respect.

Darby. Money, without the knowledge how to make the proper use of it, often makes those ridiculous that come into the possession of what they have not earned themselves, either by the head or the hand.

Pat. What is money without learning? It may well be said, "Learning is better than houses and land."

Darby. And yet, depending on learning only, may make persons as ridiculous as priding themselves upon their money. Learning is a valuable cargo, but humility and good sense must be the ballast to make the vessel steady. Many a time have I thought of two young men whom I knew when I began business. They belonged to a boarding-school, which I frequented for several years, for my penknives pleased the master and his boys. Christopher, the head usher, was greatly looked up to, for he had risen to that station by his cleverness; he had received his education at the school with little or no expense to his parents, who were struggling people. They were delighted with his advancement, but thought it due to his talents: he thought so too, and was puffed up with pride. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Christopher found the truth of this—he disregarded the advice of his friends, he kept company with wild young men, and he learned to drink too freely. Of course

he was dismissed from his employment. This humbled him, and he resolved to be more careful. He went to Dublin, opened a day-school, married a respectable woman, and, being a good scholar was likely to get on very well in the world: but the vile habit of drunkenness got the better of his good resolutions. He lost his school, and then set up a low ale house, which he had not kept long, till in a drunken riot he killed a man. When he found what he had done, he fled immediately, and escaped the pursuit of justice by getting off to America, where he was glad to support himself as a day-labourer, tormented always by the stings of an upbraiding conscience. His poor wife, who at his desire had handed him the sword which he made use of, was committed to Newgate as a party concerned in the murder, and there she died before her trial came on.

In the same school was another lad named Thomas, who got his education there much in the same way that Christopher did, and was as clever as he; but what was better, he was modest, humble, steady and civil. He paid great attention to his improvement, and being quick at learning, became a fine scholar. Though he looked up to Christopher as to one much above him, and who had almost as much authority as the master, he did not desire to be his companion, for he did not like the company he kept, and would not endanger himself among them.—

Thomas was too good-natured to be glad when Christopher lost his situation in the school, but he was overcome with joy, surprise and gratitude when the master called him up to take the place of head-usher at the dining table, gave him the charge of the boys, and made him one of his family, where he was much regarded and respected, for he fulfilled his duties faithfully, and the scholars loved and feared him. After some years he married a relation of one of the best families in the country, and removed to a distance, carrying with him the good wishes of his friends and neighbours, and of the young people who had been under his care. He succeeded also, very well in business, and when I *last* heard of him, he was one of the most respectable characters in that part of the country where he lived.

DIALOGUE V.

Pat.—Darby.

DREAMS.

Pat. Father, I dreamed a pleasant dream last night, for I thought I had found a pot of gold under the flag at our door.

Darby. Make that dream come out by your own honest endeavourings, that is the gold that will do you good.

Pat. Many a story I have heard of people finding some of the money which was hid up and down in the troublesome times. I think it would be very lucky if we could hit upon some.

Darby. Put such dreams and such thoughts out of your head—the little that is earned hardly and honestly, brings more comfort with it, than a great deal got by the wheel of fortune, as they call it. When I was young there was a labouring man who really found a pot of money; it contained more than he knew what to do with. He left off work, and he got plenty of company to help him to spend it. When he was treating them at a public house, and the waiter was going to draw the cork of a bottle, "never mind it," says he, "knock off the neck, don't you think I can afford to pay for it." And his wife was as bad; for I was told that when she went to see her daughter, who was lying-in, she almost killed the woman with liquor and such things.

Pat. Did they make no better use of the money than that?

Darby. I believe not, for I saw the man after all was spent and gone, carrying water about on a cart; and I heard that was the way he got his bread then.

Pat. Poor man! that was enough to break his heart.

Darby. No sign of a broken heart about him—he was as merry as if nothing extraordinary, good or bad, had ever happened to him: a thoughtless creature you may think, or else his family might have been made up, when so much money was thrown in his way. I am persuaded that a quarter of it, provided he had earned it, would have done him good.

Pat. Well, some have the luck to get on so well in the world, that money seems to flow upon them; like Peter Fegan, you know, he married a poor girl, but she was brought up to industry by her mother; and it was surprising how they prospered with a few cows, for Jenny knew how to manage well; and I suppose they are now above the world.

Darby. Ah! Pat, is that all you know about them? Any fool, they say, can make money, but it is a wise man that can keep it, or knows how to spend it. They were doing so well that they thought proper to enlarge their business, got more cows, and instead of saving their money to answer the calls which more business would bring, they set up to be genteel and buy fine furniture, and the fruit of their launching out into extravagance is, that Peter is now in jail for debt.

Pat. I am sorry to hear it, and I am sure,

father, so are you, though you speak as if you thought they deserved it.

Darby. I am sorry for their misfortune, though I am provoked at their not being satisfied with what they could compass, and for not taking care to live within their means—an imprudence which always brings on poverty, and yet people are not warned by it as much as they ought.

Pat. Surely, father, you always encouraged people to love decency and comfort.

Darby. I hope I shall be always of the same mind, but I never thought that those who squandered their earnings on fine furniture, or fine clothes, or fine eating, were comfortable. Such people are apt to run into debt, and then I defy them to be comfortable. Oh! what a load it is on a man's mind to owe money, and how it breaks down his spirit! But when we know that the bread we eat is our own honest earning, and are not afraid nor ashamed to look any man in the face; we have then a good heart, and if we are in ever so little a way, we feel comfortable, and can take pleasure in having every thing about us neat and snug. But we must work for that. Remember the fable of the husbandman, who, when he was dying, told his sons that he possessed a treasure, which was hid in his field about a foot below the surface. He died, and as he had not mentioned the particular spot where the treasure lay, his

sons diligently dug up the whole of the field. They found no money, but the advantage which the ground received from such good working, paid them well by the plentiful crop which it produced, and they learned by that to depend upon industry and not upon chance to make their fortune, understanding also what their father meant by his advice.

Pat always found his good resolutions strengthened by the prudent advice of his father, whose pleasant discourse was calculated also, to dispel the passing clouds which came athwart his mind. Soon after they overtook a woman whom they would have taken for a common beggar, had not Darby recognized her to be of that class of people who impose upon the easy credulity of the ignorant, by promising to tell who will be their true love, who pretend to see crosses or prosperity in the lines of the palm; and often find coaches and six, houses, gardens and fish ponds in the bottom of tea-cups. How many have had cause bitterly to regret the folly which has induced them, not only to give money to those strollers, but sometimes to introduce them into their master's houses. The good, the wise, and the learned do not pretend to the foreknowledge which these idle vagrants would

have it thought they possess, while their dupes wonder at the miraculous art by which they divine characters and circumstances to which they are apparently strangers, little suspecting the cunning arts by which they discover every thing necessary for their purposes. Let us shun this fault, Pat; a restless disposition is one consequence of yielding to the temptation of desiring to pry into futurity, the knowledge of which would not be withheld from us if it contributed to our virtue or happiness.

For woes on woes that anxious wretch pursue,
And on his mind ten thousand errors crowd,
Who dares, with eye distrustful, stretch his view
Where GOD has spread his providential cloud.

And that "providential cloud" is one of the many mercies bestowed upon us. All that is permitted to us to know of the future is, that we are appointed once to die, and that after death cometh the judgment. We must endeavour, therefore, to live in constant preparation to meet that judgment, if we hope to obtain the state of happiness which is promised to the good and faithful servant. This is a knowledge which does not tend to oppress the mind with slavish fear, — this is a hope which cheers the traveller through life.

The fortune-teller, who was next to the younger of the pedlars, as they passed addressed

herself to him, desiring to look at the palm of his hand, offering to tell him whether his sweetheart was true. This address fluttered Pat a little, but a moment's reflection settled his mind again, for how could she know the heart of his Rose, and what information could be obtained upon such a subject, or indeed upon any other from the palm of his hand: he did not permit her therefore to examine it, but walked on, and when his father turned his eye upon the woman, she quailed before its rebuke. He trusted not to his eye to rebuke her, but spoke sharply to her on her way of life, and strove to make her sensible of its sinfulness.—The presumption of the pretence to look into futurity—the impositions practised on the unwary, were crimes of which it behoved her to repent in time. She muttered something about her poverty, but he stopped her short, poverty, he said, was no excuse for wickedness, there were many honest means of getting bread, and she need not be at a loss for a livelihood if she rightly exercised the talent which she now so shamefully misapplied. The fortune-teller did not want to prolong her stay near so shrewd an observer, and the Pedlars proceeded on their way, resuming, without interruption, their conversation, which now turned upon that desire to peep into futurity which appears in things considered harmless or only silly. This desire is very different from the care to provide

for future wants by honest exertions, and it tends to prevent those exertions by encouraging a dependence on luck and chance, and occupying ourselves with observing signs and tokens. The winding sheet and wedding ring in the candle, the stranger swimming in the tea-cup, the itching of the palm in giving or receiving money, the death-bell, the death-watch, and numberless others, like little prickles strewed in our paths, should be trampled upon to prevent their teazing us, and to hinder such folly from gaining ground. Chance or artifice may impose upon the weak and credulous, and cause them to adopt some course of which they shall bitterly repent, or terrify them so that they may receive a shock from which they shall never recover; for conscious that their motive is not justifiable, in attempting to discover what no human means can disclose, it is not surprising that an anxious horror should attend the adventure; and Darby, recollecting a case of this kind, told it to his son. The daughter of a farmer went out on Hallow-eve night to sow hemp-seed. She was to scatter it, she was told, as she walked round the house, and to look occasionally behind her for the figure of her future husband. The family heard her shriek dreadfully, and the sound of her feet informed them with what violence and speed she was hastening home. They ran to the door, and opened it just as she reached it; she fell in all along

upon the floor—they raised her—she was dead, and her face quite black by the stagnation of the blood. The glances of the moon, the waving of a bush, in the excited state of her spirits she had doubtless mistaken for a figure; and fear had overpowered her, weak as she was at the time.

DIALOGUE VI.

Farmer, Darby, Pat.

HOSPITALITY.

Farmer. And is that my own old gossip Darby Brady? I thought it was you when I saw you from the far side of this big field, though it is so long since we met. This must be one of your sons, for he looks like a branch of the old tree. Perhaps it is the little fellow—Pat I think, was his name—whom his mother was nursing the last time I was at your place.

Darby. He is Pat indeed, and glad enough I am to let him see his father's old friend, and to see yourself looking so well. I hope your good woman, and the children, are in good health.

Farmer. You shall soon see whether they are or not—that's my house with the trees

about it, beyond the next field. Ah! Darby, I see you stop to look at me, almost ready to say, "Are you in earnest, and can such a house as that belong to one who began the world some twenty years ago, with nothing but a strong pair of arms and a willing heart?"

Darby. You are worthy, Tom, of a better house than even that; but I am now an old man, and have seen so many ruined by building, and shewing off at first, that I am easily frightened. But your old friend means no offence.

Farmer. I'm sure you don't, nor do I take any. Your remarks are quite right, and shew your discreetion. It is nearly twenty years since I took this farm; it is good land; I have a good landlord, and a long lease; I had saved a little money, and my mind was bent on Ellen Cleary. I did not know or care about her fortune, because I was satisfied she was a right good girl, well brought up, and knew all about a farm, and I loved her dearly. When I got settled, therefore, on my farm, I asked her parents' consent, which they gave freely, and a pretty little fortune beside. I would not remove her from her father's comfortable place till I had a house fit to receive her in; and after consulting wiser people than myself, I ventured to build a decent house of lime and stone, two stories high, and well slated. I built my out-houses, however, first, fenced my fields, laid in my stock, and plant-

ed my potatoes. I had then better heart to begin at the dwelling-house. At first I finished two rooms, which served us for a while very well, and every year I strove to do a little more, that is if the year was good; but if my harvest had not answered well, the house got no farther finishing that time; for I took especial care not to go beyond my ability, or to run in debt, though what I did, I strove to do well. It was several years before I got my little place complete, but now it is to my mind, and I hope you will like it better when you enter it. You and Pat must stop with me, and make my house your home while you remain in this part of the country. I long to talk to you about old times and old neighbours, and to shew you what I have done here; but above all, to bring you acquainted with my wife and children. The four youngest are in bed by this time, but I have two boys and a girl that will be happy to see your son, and make the place agreeable to him.

Darby. I am rejoiced to see you so comfortable, and above the world, which I reckon every man to be who is industrious, and out of debt. You went the right way to work, Tom, in procuring the means before you incurred the expense, and I would that your good example were more generally followed.

Ellen Costello. These are friends of yours, Tom, and they are welcome to me.

Farmer. Yes, my old friend and gossip, Darby Brady, and his son.

Ellen. Welcome ten times over! I often wished to see you, Sir, for my Tom loves you like a brother. Here Jem, Tim, and Mary, take care of this young man, and make him comfortable; he looks as if he was tired.

Pat. I thank you kindly, Ma'am.

Darby. (looking about) Aye, Tom, the inside is even better than the outside. Your pleasant-looking wife, and fine boys and girl growing up, and helping you, I warrant.

Farmer. The boys are, indeed, a great help to me, and the girl the same to her mother, in taking care of the younger children; but though we make them useful at home, we never let them want for learning. It was no hinderance to other business when they were fit for it; and now both they themselves, and we find great advantage from it. My boys are ready clerks, and they all read well, and love reading. There is no scarcity of suitable books now for young people; thanks to those who take such pains to collect them.

Darby. I trust your children are too well acquainted with their duty, and too much obliged to you, not to do all in their power to repay your love and care. It is a poor sight for a man, after toiling hard, and denying himself many a thing he might want, in order to rear his family, looking forward to their help-

ing him, and keeping him easy when age comes upon him—it is a poor sight, I say, to see the children, when they grow up, squandering what their father earned hardly, and bringing grief and poverty upon his old age.

Farmer. When that happens, it is really a sorrowful case; but believe me, it is fifty to one but the parents are, at the bottom, in the fault themselves, by not making the children obedient to them, and keeping them employed, and teaching them to be contented with the condition in which Providence has placed them. Let every parent keep himself and his family in their own place---let him not desire to rise out of it, unless his merit be the cause of raising him to one that is higher; and never fear, if he takes care of his children, and gains their esteem and love, but they will follow his example.

DIALOGUE VII.

Pat. Farmer. Darby.

THE HARVEST-HOME.

Pat. Father, it would do your heart good to see the harvest men at dinner, and the young people of the family waiting upon them

so cheerfully, running to get whatever they want; seemingly not at all tired with preparing dinner for so many.

Farmer. Often I ask the young women whom I call in to assist my wife, do they think they will be so pleasant in their own cabins, and so ready to wait on their husbands when the poor men come in tired after working hard all day, to maintain them and their children. I have seen girls light and active in their master's house, grudging no trouble to attend the labourers at a harvest home, and yet when a young man has chosen a wife from among them, and very resonably expects the same cheerful activity and comfort in his own house, he has found neither; his dinner cold; his place untidy, and his wife stiff and ill-tempered at his reasonable complaint, instead of asking his pardon, and promising to do better for the time to come.

Pat. Well, but a man should not expect too much, nor think his wife bound to wait on him.

Farmer. His wife is bound to make him comfortable in the cabin which he is labouring to keep over her head; and what waiting is there upon one poor man, except to prepare his meals, and afterwards sit down pleasantly beside him, to take share of them. I must now go and set the people to work. My woman would keep you company, but she's busy too, and we do not want to behave to you as if you were strangers.

Farmer and Mrs. Costello go out.

Darby. Pat.

Darby. There is a useful lesson for you, Pat. You see how honest industry thrives. When Tom began the world he had nothing; he is now a substantial farmer.

Pat. There are some people that have good luck on their side, and I suppose our friend is one of them; whilst others whom I have heard of, fail in every thing they undertake.

Darby. That is a great mistake, and would go to check all exertion, as soon as ever our plans were found unsuccessful. I have known many to fail in their early undertakings, who have at last succeeded; and they have acknowledged, that the cause of their early disappointment was their own want of prudence, or their inexperience.

Pat. I can believe that; for surely if I had not the advantage of your knowledge and experience in this my first journey, I could not hope to succeed, although I trust there would be no want of honesty or exertion on my part.

Darby. You may see, also, in the instance of my gossip, that besides honesty, and intelligence, activity is necessary to success in life. If he had the custom of employing others to

look after his business, depend upon it he would be a different kind of man from what he is at present. He left us now to go to his labourers, and amongst them he will remain till the day's work is over; for, as he told me last night, he never saw a pair of eyes equal to his own for looking after his farm.

Pat. That reminds me of a story I read in a little book, which shews the same thing.

Darby. Tell it to me, Pat. I love to see that you profit by what you read.

Pat. A young man came into possession of a farm by his father's death, which had brought in two hundred pounds a year to the old man, who, I suppose, was such another as your gossip. The son, however, was a different kind of person; he bought a tight hack; never missed a hunt; kept a couple of sporting dogs, and, in short, set himself up for an idle gentleman.

Darby. In the mean time, I suppose his farm was neglected.

Pat. It was, indeed, and for the best of all reasons—he never looked after it himself, but gave the management of it to a steward; and the consequence may be guessed: in two years he was glad to underlet the half of it; and what do you think happened, in ten years after; his tenant was able to buy not only the landlord's interest in the land which he had taken, but to take the other half on advantageous

terms; but the moral is to come yet, father—How comes it, says the squire to his tenant, that I could not live upon the whole farm, whilst you have been saving money, though you had but the half of it, and paid a smart rent for it? Sir, said the farmer, two words made all the difference, you said *Go*, and I said *Come*. What's the meaning of that? said the landlord. *You* took your pleasure, and employed others about your business; but *I* rose betimes—was always on foot, and saw my business done myself.

Darby. I thank you, Pat, for your story, which shews the advantage of looking after one's own affairs. There are three short maxims on this subject, which it would be well for every one to remember: 1. Never do that by another, which you can and ought to do yourself. 2. Delay not till to-morrow, that which you can and ought to do to-day. 3. Neglect not small things. These three rules, short as they are, would have made many a one wealthy and happy, who is now poor and miserable.

Pat. I dont doubt but it was attention to these rules which has made Mr. Costello so prosperous. I had heard so often, that a farmer's house and a farmer's garden cannot be expected to be neat, that I was not surprized, though sorry, whenever I saw dirty yards before the doors, the dirt brought into the

houses, and the large gardens overrun with weeds, but I thought there was no help for it.

Darby. Now you may see, that dirt and disorder do not always accompany a hurry of business; but rather are a hindrance to its getting on.

Pat. I admire the pretty little lane leading to the house, so neat and so shady, and all so tidy and clean before the door; every thing is complete, there are scrapers to clean the shoes on, and mats inside the door, and hooks to hang the children's hats on, just as high as that each can reach to his own, even the least of them; those that are old enough have little plantations of trees and quicks, which they are expected to rear, and keep neat and clean; indeed, if they did not, they would be taken from them: they make money of them, as James told me, and each of them has already put a little into the Savings Bank. What a pretty parlour Mrs. Costello has, and her bed-rooms so snug and comfortable, and all so clean.

Darby. Don't forget her dairy, that is a pattern to all farmer's wives, the smell of it is so fresh and so sweet, for she lets nothing into it but what belongs to the dairy; and this accounts for her butter always bringing the highest price.

Pat. The secret of all this regularity is found in one short sentence, there is a place

for every thing, and my gossip expects to find every thing in its place, which in the end is a great saving of trouble. Then the bacon, though it is out of sight, is kept as neatly as if it was before the door. Look how well cropped the garden is, and also plenty of fruit, and though there are not a great many flowers to set it off, it is so free from weeds, and the walks so even and smooth, that it is a pleasure to go into it. And his beautiful hedges, I hope he will tell us how he manages to have such good fences.

Darby. But we must not forget our walk farther into the country, where Mr. Costello has recommended us to his neighbours. In the evening, I dare say he will tell you every thing you want to know. I have promised to stay here for three days; we must then proceed on our route; but, returning, we will pay our friends another visit.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Darby. Farmer. Pat.

NEAT FENCES.

Time, Evening. The family seated before the door.

Darby. My boy has been admiring your hedges, and wondering how they are kept so whole and close.

Farmer. I need not tell him how necessary it is to have fields and gardens well fenced. It was one of the first things I did when I got my farm. I asked the advice of several skilful people, and acted accordingly. Some of the fields had hedges, but very bad and open ones. I cut them down sloping, and close to the bottom, and smoothed the cut with an adze, particularly round the edges, and this encouraged young shoots to spring up.

Pat. But, Sir, how did you do when the hedge was old, and full of gaps?

Farmer. I dug away the earth at the back of it, down to the bottom of the hedge; planting young quicks will not do, though transplanting old ones may succeed very well. But if the thorns on each side of the openings in the hedge are long enough to meet, it is best to strip them of all little branches, then nick them about half through, laying them

along the ditch, and confining them by sticks with a crook at the end, firmly driven in, this is what is called plashing, which soon makes a fine young hedge spring up; but no covering of sods, clay, or scouring, should be laid over it.

Pat. Now about the new hedges.

Farmer. I shall tell you that too, my boy, for you may happen to be a farmer before you die; and at all events, knowledge is a light load to carry. I was advised not to make my bank very thick, but a little sloped. When the bank is formed of the scouring of the drain, it should be raised gradually, and left to harden, but the quicks must always be planted in; they should be cut short, and dibbled in so as to stand straight up, and then the rain will get at the roots. Attention must also be given to the pruning of them for three or four years, confining every one to a single stem, and weeding them carefully. This care and exactness seems troublesome and tedious, but it saves more trouble and time afterwards, than one can have a notion of.

Pat. How do you prevent cattle from eating young quicks.

Farmer. I keep the ditch well scoured.

Darby. And yet I perceive in some of your fields, where the hedges are well grown, you have no gripe at all.

Farmer, Because when my fence is grown

to a proper height and thickness, and as secure as a ten feet wall, I throw stones in the gripes, and then cover them with earth, so that I have all the advantage of a drain, and none of the land is lost, for even the bank will afford some grass.

Pat. That is a beautiful hedge between your orchard and garden.

Farmer. It is made of willow plants, two years old, put out in winter. They are planted in two rows, not facing each other, but diamond-wise, and the tops fastened with packthread and sallows.

Darby. I thought that holly hedges grew so slowly that few liked to rear them, and yet I see you have several of that kind.

Farmer. They do not grow so slowly as people think. The berries are buried like haws The plants are put out in April or May, and make an excellent fence; and what can look more beautiful in winter?

Pat. Your hedges are so nicely clipped, and narrow at top, like a coped wall, and the trees grow through them so handsomely, that one could not be tired admiring them. You have different kinds of trees.

Farmer. Some answer in one soil, and some in another. Ash grows best in dry ground; Alder in a moist place, and the timber is good. English elms are fine trees, but they take root so near the surface, that they are apt to be blown down

by a high wind, so I graft them on stocks of Scotch elms, which, I hope, will prevent that. Larch is a handsome and profitable tree, but they, and the rest of the fir tribe, should be planted thick, to shelter one another while they are young. Sycamore is a fine wood for turners. I love the beech, and the lime, and the horse chestnut, with its spikes of flowers. The oak indeed is long growing, but my grandchildren may see it in perfection. That spot near the river, planted with oziers, has brought me a good deal of money from coopers and basket makers.

Darby. You observe, Pat, what a great advantage there is in good fences. I have often seen great care and cleverness in manuring and improving land; and potatoes planted in a complete manner, and yet, for want of a good fence, strange cattle get in, and destroy more than they consume—time as well as substance is lost by the trespass; and, worst of all, ill blood is raised between neighbours, when cattle are impounded. All this, however, may be prevented by good close fences, and proper gates, besides the improvement they are to the appearance of the country.

DIALOGUE IX.

Pat, Farmer, Darby.

A COTTAGE AS IT SHOULD BE.

Pat. Father, you must come and look at a *cottage*, I cannot call it a *cabin*, on Mr, Costello's land. I think England would not be ashamed of such a place. It looks so neat, with monthly roses, and creeping plants trained over the front of the house, and two neat sash windows looking into a little flower garden, which is enclosed from the road up to the door. I made bold to walk in, and found the earthen floor quite even, as hard as a stone, and a little raised above the outside level, the dresser painted, and the vessels bright and shining; neat furniture, a good comfortable bed in the room; at the other end of the kitchen was another bed-chamber, with a window in it, so that they could have a thorough air, whenever they wished to ventilate the place. There was a small gate from the road side, and a larger one beside it, sufficiently wide for a cart, which led to a cow house, dairy, and fowl house; all the buildings were of lime and stone, and neatly thatched, except the pig-house, which was arched over.

Farmer. Yes, Pat, and the most surprising part is yet to be told—all this a labouring

man did himself, with the help of a handy neighbour. He had worked in a garden, and had a liking for flowers. He and his wife take delight in keeping the place in order; and though the woman has several little children to mind, she does not make that an excuse for neglect or untidiness.

Darby. It is not then your own place only, Tom, but the cabins about you, which deserve praise for being so remarkably clean and comfortable

Pat. When shall we see such habits prevailing through the country—when will the poor man learn to love windows which can let in air and light—gardens carefully fenced and cropped—young trees growing up—no dunghills at the doors—no pools—the pig in her little stye—the pleasant sound of the wheel within the house, and the women and children tidy and well taught;—tell me, Mr. Costello, how have you been able to do so much?

Farmer. As I have a good deal of land, I must employ labourers, and I make it a condition with them and their families, that they keep themselves and their little places decent. It serves both them and me that they should respect themselves, and not be satisfied to live in dirt.

Pat. It was easy for them to agree to such conditions.

Farmer. Not so easy as you think—you

who never were used to any thing but decency, have no notion of the dirty, dismal cabins some of these very people had. I laid it down, therefore, when they offered to work for me, that they must agree to my proposals if they expected employment. I convinced them also, though with some difficulty, that it would be for their advantage to receive their wages at the beginning of the week. Wednesday is the market day, and thus they can lay in what they want, and are preserved from the temptation of spending their money on Sunday. The next step I made, was to obtain their consent to leave part of their earnings with me, to pay, by degrees, for things wanting in the cabin. Some of them, for example, had no bedsteads; I, therefore, got several cheap ones made, and when the money left in my hands was sufficient, I gave them, of course, at cost price: and so with other conveniencies. The furniture once procured, I found it less difficult to persuade them to lodge a little trifle weekly in the Savings' Bank, and to send their children to school.

These expenses looked big to them at first, and they murmured much, but when they found that I would give them work on no other terms, they were satisfied to try, and the trial pleased them, and showed them not only that I had their comfort in view, but also taught them how much they could accomplish

by management. To be sure I had at first to think and plan for them as if they were children.

Darby. How could you, who have so much business of your own, give up your time to them?

Farmer. You know my business lies in the fields, and not within the house, hence it takes but little time, and little trouble just to look into a cabin as I pass; while I am out also with my men, it costs me no trouble to give them a word of advice in a friendly way; and though I am not a rich man, or a gentleman, they take what I say to them in good part, and what is better, they mind it. There is no one but can do some good, be it little or much, in his neighbourhood; besides, that it is our duty to help those who are under our care, in the best way we can.

Darby. Your wife is, no doubt, a good help to you, Mr. Costello, in all your plans.

Farmer. None better, Darby. She sets them an example, and for that reason her advice has more weight with them. She put the women in the way of spinning for themselves, and for her, and the yarn they did not want, she got sold in Dublin. As I persuaded the men, she induced the women to leave part of the spinning money in her hands, with which she bought blankets, and by getting a quantity together they came cheap. When

a woman had earned the price, she got the blanket, and many other things the same way, till at last they came to look like another sort of people. It required a great deal of firmness, as I have already said; but when they found it their interest to keep in constant work, they did as we advised. I put them in the way of fencing their gardens, and when they had them secure, they could grow a variety of vegetables, which before they never thought of; beans, for instance, planted in ridges, like potatoes, come in early, and when boiled, and mashed up with pepper, salt, milk and butter, or sweet lard, and a little oat-meal or bere-meal (my wife will tell you) makes an excellent dish, and saves them from digging the new potatoes too soon. Most of them have their little plots of sallows for their baskets and hurdles, and some are very handy at such things, and earn money by them at after hours, or on wet days, when no out business can be done; besides they are not tempted to burn them, as they lay in their turf in the proper season.

Darby. I see the consequence of all this. The man comes home to a comfortable house, and the woman seeing him take delight in his own place, is encouraged to make it pleasing to him.

Pat. Heaven bless your good heart, and Heaven has blessed you, if it was only in the

pleasure of seeing so many made happy by your means. I hope that good examples spread as well as bad ones, and that several who do not work for you, are taking pattern by your people.

Darby. I suppose your workmen are all remarkably sober men; you would not give work to one that was not so; but indeed, what with the bedsteads, the Savings' Banks, and children's schooling, you leave little for them to drink.

Farmer. When I can, I make the children earn their schooling, by setting them to gather dung and weeds in the pasture ground. They have little baskets to put them in, and then empty them into small heaps. I pay them for the quantity they collect, and if any is over their schooling, you might see the little creatures run with it to my mistress, to keep for them till it comes to ten pence, to put into the bank; following the example their fathers and mothers have set them. And this little gathering will in time get them a pair of shoes, or a hat, or a Sunday frock, or a little jacket; some have earned a big coat; some of the girls a cloak, to wear in rain, or cold weather; and their mothers take care that those outside clothes shall not be thrown about, but when not in wear, shall be folded smooth, and put into the chest, which forms part of the furniture in every cabin: so that the children

are taught to be careful of what they have earned.

Darby. Now there is a little girl, I suppose with her mother's cloak thrown over her head this warm day, and the tail trailing in the dust; I am sure she don't belong to your workmen.

Farmer. She does not, and yet her parents ought to be as well off as any of them, but they live in a miserable way. Now that is an instance of their waste.

Pat. Why don't you advise them, Sir?

Farmer. Except I could make them take my advice, there would be no use in giving it; it only makes it be thought less about; and I have no authority over them. They see how snug my labourers are; and as example goes before precept, perhaps that will have some good effect at last. We could not afford to make presents, and would not if we could, because it is best to make people earn what they get; and it does them more good. There are kind-hearted people amongst the rich, who every year give the poor in their neighbourhood clothes aad blankets, and in too many instances I have known the worst consequences. They depend upon this aid, and just wear what they get, perhaps without putting in a stitch when it would be wanted, till they are in rags at the end of the year.

Darby. This is the reason why our coun-

trymen are called lazy and ungrateful;—they don't know the value of what they do not earn; and after a while they look upon what is given to them as a right, shewing no improvement, and disappointing the worthy persons who intended to help them. But men in your way, who have such an opportunity of seeing what the poor want, and of knowing their ways, can serve them effectually, by teaching them how to do for themselves. If the rich are then inclined to help them, they know the value of such help, and are thankful for it.

DIALOGUE X.

Pat.—Farmer.—Darby.

NEAT FARMING.

Pat. I never saw fields so free from weeds as your's Mr. Costello.

Farmer. When I came on my farm, I was pestered with them, especially with the thistles which had been left every year till the crop was ripe, and cut down with it, or else the corn was trampled down before the corn was cut, in cutting the weeds with a reaping hook. It caused therefore not only trouble, delay and expense

to separate the weeds from the corn, but, what was worse, the roots remained, and the seeds having flown abroad, they produced the same evil, or rather, in an increased degree the following year.

Darby. You have got rid of them now however.

Farmer. When the ground was soft, I got them pulled up with wooden tongs. Those that were too deep for that, I cut when they were about a foot high, with a broad chisel, one inch and a half under the surface, which killed the root, and thus got rid of them at last, taking care to keep them out of the ground ever after.

Pat. Your horses also look very well.

Farmer. So best for myself; I watch well that they are not over worked or abused, for I have often known cattle destroyed by letting giddy or ill-natured boys have the command of them, perhaps goading them with a nail stuck in a stick, when a whip would answer the purpose of driving them on.

Pat. I am sure you would not have the whip used often.

Farmer. Coaxing is better, and we have a bundle of hay on the headlands, for our plough horses to take a mouthful when they come to it, and it encourages them.

Pat. I believe Mrs. Costello takes great pleasure in her garden.

Farmer. She does indeed, but she has not

much time to think of curious flowers, though she admires them; the children about the place, however, think nothing can be finer than the few she has, and come begging some from her to plant in their gardens, at home. She likes to encourage this fancy, for she says it may be a means of keeping them innocent, and making them industrious, so she goes to look at their gardens, and if they are free from weeds, and the walks are clean and regular, she gives them share of her flowers with pleasure; but if the garden be dirty, not a flower or flower-seed do they get till they put it to rights.

Darby. That is the way to make a pretty garden for every cabin, and to keep children off the road.

Farmer. We save our own seeds, and that makes our gardens less expensive to us.

Pat. I thought our weather was too damp to save the seeds properly.

Farmer. You know we have dry weather sometimes, and enough of it, if we take care, to save all the seeds we want. I was told that nine hundred weight of red clover seed has been saved on two acres of land, and that you know pays very well.

Darby. I have been admiring your hay of last year. It appears so sweet and fresh, like new hay, and of such a beautiful colour, how comes it that it is so different from that of other people?

Farmer. I make it into lapcocks, which I think is the surest and best way of managing hay; for, let the weather be wet or dry it is safe; and as there is a hole left through the cock, the air dries it, so that the hay is making day and night.

Darby. How are the lapcocks made?

Farmer. While the grass is green they are made small, and if there is not time the day it is cut, it may lie one night on the sward.—Next morning I shake it out, and turn it with a rake, which is better than a pitchfork, because it takes the whole up from the ground. In the afternoon I make it into lap-cocks after this manner: I gather as much as will make one, and shake the upper part, then take it in my arms, and with my left hand hold it close to the breast, turning in one end underneath with the right arm, and then as I lay it down on the raked ground, turning the other end in, like a lady's muff. This makes it high in the middle, and the rain falls off. It may stand for several days in this situation, till it is sufficiently dry to prevent its heating, for there is little use in turning the hay. Several couples may be thus employed in the field. One person raking the grass off the ground, and the other making it into lap-cocks. A longer or shorter time however, is given to the grass to

fit it for cocks, according to the weather, and the nature of the ground. When it is dry enough for tramp-cocks, I carry it into plots, putting as much in a plot as will make a large cock, and shaking it well to give it the advantage of sun and wind. I have the meadow well raked, and the rakings carried to the plot; then turn the whole, beginning at the lee-side of the field, and when that is done I begin to make the cocks.

Pat. I hear that in England they draw their hay into the haggard, about the time we make it into tramp-cocks.

Farmer. If that could be safely done here it would save us a great deal of labour, but our climate is too moist, and the grass is too full of juice to let us follow the same plan. However we are apt to let the tramp cocks stand too long in the field, which wastes the hay on the outside and bottom of the cock.—It is a great mistake too, to let the meadows stand very long before they are cut—the hay is the worse, and the after-grass greatly hurt by it, which is a sore loss to the farmer.

Pat. You spoke of preventing hay from heating. I have heard that hay was sweeter for being a little heated, and that cattle liked it better.

Farmer. That is another mistake, for heating is the beginning of rotting, which you know cannot be wholesome; besides this sometimes

also causes heat in the stomach of a beast, and makes it thirsty.

Pat. I believe you cut your orchard grass for soil.

Farmer. It would be too damp for hay, and difficult to make among the trees, and I find it pays me better in *soil.* There is one thing I am very particular about, and which I think it right to mention to you, I never set rakes or pitchforks or any thing of that kind against hay-cocks. It is as you know a common practice for those who are making up the cocks to slide down the sides when the work is over—and many accidents have thus occurred.

After having rested a few days with his gossip, Darby and his son left this hospitable abode, a promise being first exacted from them, that they would repeat the visit on their return.—They turned their faces to the county Wicklow, and were delighted with its beauties, though these were not new to Darby—he had often admired them, when he walked alone through the enchanting vales, now skirted by hills covered with wood, and now by rocks shining with copper ore: he had traced the course of its rivers falling down the steeps, or uniting together and gently gliding along, while the numerous seats of the gentry around, added

to the beauties of nature. As he beheld these smiling scenes, his pleasure revived, but it was much increased by the effect they had on his son, who, after gazing around him with the silence of rapturous astonishment, burst out singing.—

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet, &c.

The day was far advanced ere the two travellers thought of stopping. Darby had been anxious if possible to get on to his usual resting place—but the road they had followed, and which had been but recently made, led them out of their line, and it therefore became necessary to look for some place where they could find a bed and some food—a matter, as it appeared, of some difficulty, for the cabins which were scattered by the road side did not promise the cleanliness they sought for—after walking however, a few miles further, and just as the sun was setting they discovered a poor house of entertainment, into which the father and son entered and called for such refreshments as it afforded.

While they were at their meal, Darby's notice was attracted by a miserable looking man who sat in the chimney corner, and seemed unwilling to meet his eye. The thought that he had seen this person before, floated through Darby's mind. He approached and accosted him with kindness. "I know you," said the

man; "Your face is only changed by years, "perhaps hardship, but not by sin, sickness, "or sorrow. I should know Darby Brady any "where; but it is no wonder I seem a stranger "to you, though you once had a regard for "Tom Kelly." Darby, at this name, was greatly moved, and begged to have the satisfaction of assisting an old friend. "Are you "comfortable in this place?" he enquired. "You seem to be very ill; I can get a car, "and take you to the next town, where you "can have some one to look after you till you "are better. "Better I never shall be," said the poor invalid, "and if you knew but all, "I do not deserve your good-nature, for if I "had taken your advice, and followed your "example, I should be a different man to-day "from what I am;—the people of this house "take all the care they can of me, and share "the little they have with me—they are my "cousins—I give them trouble, and that dis-"tresses me, but they were not willing to "let me leave them when I was able, and "now I cannot. I have not long to live, "however, so that they will soon be re-"leased from the burden." Here he turned upon Darby his sunken eyes, which were dimmed by the approach of death, and a dreadful cough shook his feeble frame.

Pat looked upon the poor man with sorrowful surprise; he had never before seen any one

in such a state—he came forward, desirous to assist him, but not knowing in what manner. "Young man," said the sick person, "You "can do nothing for me, but may be I can "be of service to you. I perceive you are "the son of my true friend—and for his "sake, for yours, and my own, I am willing "to tell you what has brought me into this "condition, into which I should not have fal- "len, had I been guided by him; my own "mind will be a little relieved if I can do "any good, for I have done a great deal of "harm. I lived near your father, my parents "were pretty well in the world for working "people; they put me to school, and my mo- "ther was careful to have me well dressed, "for I was the only son, and had the name "of a pretty boy; I was something vain of "this, and this vanity increased with my years "of course;—your father perceived it, and, I "remember, once advised my mother, when she "was going to buy from him some article of "clothing for me, to chuse that which would be "strong and serviceable, instead of making "me dress above my condition. She answered "him too sharply, poor woman—told him she "was able and willing to pay for what she "wanted, and would get it elsewhere. Your "father, also, on another occasion, advised me "to help my father in cultivating the spot of "land and garden; and as my parents were

" not inclined to put me to a trade, he re-
" commended me to work labouring work for
" hire, for which I had plenty of time, and
" might thus be enabled to lay by something,
" beside helping them when they wanted it.
" He spoke so kindly and sensibly, that I
" was disposed to take his advice, till a gen-
" tleman's servant came across me, and per-
" suaded me to go to Dublin, and hire for a
" house servant. My father preferred that I
" should stay at home, and your father also
" strongly advised me against leaving the
" country, where, if my gains might appear
" smaller, they would be more constant. He
" laid before me the dangers which young
" persons are exposed to in great towns;
" but when he saw my mother and myself
" so much bent upon a Dublin service,
" he cautioned me to go into none but a sober
" family, to be diligent in my business, and
" spend my leisure in reading good books;
" to be faithful to my master; and above all,
" to seek for strength and wisdom from that
" Heavenly Father, who looks down with
" compassion upon us his children. I soon
" after left home for Dublin, where a kind
" friend procured me a place, where he
" expected I would be kindly treated, and
" sheltered from bad example. He was
" not disappointed; the family were worthy
" persons—but I was ungrateful and un-

" wise enough to leave them, for higher
" wages, and more liberty, in a grander house.
" From that time I did little good. My com-
" rades invited me with them to places where
" no sober people were ever seen. I felt, at
" first, remorse at yielding to their tempta-
" tions, but I did not withstand them; I
" plunged deeper and deeper into sin and
" shame. Out of my wages, I had been able
" for some years to help my sisters, after the
" death of my father and mother; but my
" extravagance at length prevented my doing
" so. At last I was hired to a place near
" some friends who had been kind to me
" when I was a lad, and when I wanted any
" thing in their shop, for the house, or for
" myself, I always dealt with them, never be-
" lieving I could be so wicked as to impose
" upon their good-nature—but oh! how the
" commission of one sin leads to another—
" my master died—the family was broken up;
" and as I was leaving the country, the Evil
" One tempted me to go to this shop, and take
" up goods in the name of one of the family,
" which they unsuspectingly gave me, depend-
" ing on my honesty; but if they had known
" how low my mind was sunk by my loose
" manner of living, they would not have
" trusted me. What was badly got was
" badly spent—I had lost the last good prin-
" ciples, which had remained with me till

" now, for I was ungrateful and dishonest. I " soon repented, indeed, and intended to re- " pay my friends what I had wronged them of, " for my conscience stung me; but I could not " get a place, nor, if I had, could my health " allow me to keep it. In the depth of dis- " tress, and ashamed of myself, I wandered " to these mountains—poor and pennyless as " I was, I found friends here—and in this " lonely spot my past life appears before me, " while the reflection on my mis-spent time is " harder to bear than my bodily pains, though " they are sinking me to the grave. Young " man, (concluded he, addressing Pat) do not " shed tears over me, I am not worthy of them; " but take warning by me, and pray that I may " be forgiven; and yet it is not the prayers of " others will do, no more than the food they " eat will sustain us;—we must labour for " our own daily bread."

Darby prevailed upon the people of the house to accept a small sum of money for the use of their dying guest, and taking an affectionate leave of him, departed, with his son, on whose mind he perceived that this interview had made a deep impression; nor did he fail to improve the opportunity, by solemnly urging him never to relax the caution so necessary to all, but especially to youth, in the choice of situation, and company.

The melancholy sight which Darby and his son had just witnessed, did not make them insensible to the wonders and the beauties of nature, which alternately met their eyes, and soothed their spirits. The smiling aspect of this beautiful country was often contrasted with scenes of savage wildness. The village of Delgany shewed how much the wildest scenes can be improved by cultivation. They gazed with astonishment on that pass called the Scalp, where the road runs, as it were, through the bowels of huge rocks, which seem to have been rent asunder by some violent convulsion. The great rock at Wicklow, rising straight up from the sea, called the Black Castle: a Castle having been formerly built on the top of it, the ruins of which are still to be seen. Contrasted with this gloomy object, was the delightful strand called the Murrough, extending into a fine grassy plain. They passed close to the waterfall of Poulafouca, formed by the river Liffey pouring over rocks of a great height, and admired, and much frequented by travellers; one side cultivated, with walks winding among the trees, while the other rises in rugged and perpendicular rocks.

What most interested the travellers in the remainder of their journey, will be best related in their own words, when they returned to

their friend Costello, who, with his family received them with a cordial welcome.

DIALOGUE XI.

Farmer Costello, Darby, Pat.

WICKLOW AND WEXFORD.

Farmer. Well, my good friends, I hope you have had a prosperous and pleasant journey in the counties of Wicklow and Wexford.

Darby. Yes: my boy was so pleased with the beautiful places which he saw, that it was with difficulty I could get him away from them.

Farmer. Come, Pat, tell us what you saw, for you know a farmer has not time to go far from his own ground, and I long to hear of those fine places. I hope you saw the Seven Churches.

Pat. That I did, and I would not be without seeing them for a great deal. The place is surrounded by mountains so high and so bleak, that they throw a darkness on all below them: and so silent is the place, that you would suppose no one lived there. It was a city where learning was encouraged, when most of Europe was ignorant—and now it is nothing but ruins. According to the name, there appear

the remains of seven churches, one of them called a cathedral, and some curious carvings. Part of a stone cross is here, and the marks of a street about ten feet wide, paved with large stones laid edge-ways. The river Glenfaddon runs through the valley, and is crossed by stepping-stones, as, I suppose, was the case always, for in those times even the wealthy were without the comforts which civilization brings along with it. The Danes are said to have destroyed this place in 1214.

Farmer. Are there not lakes there, and a place called St. Kevin's bed?

Pat. The lakes are farther up in the valley, one of them is very small, and is divided from the other by a rich meadow, in the middle of a rocky soil. Over the upper lake is the hole in the rocks which tradition calls St. Kevin's bed—a hard bed I thought, and dangerous to get at, had it been of down— for I several times was near falling into the lake below.

Farmer. I suppose you saw a great many other places, may be, till your eyes were satisfied with seeing.

Pat. I saw so many places, that I have not yet been able to separate them distinctly in my mind. I cannot, therefore, relate them regularly, but I will mention them just as they occur to me.

Farmer. Now suppose yourself on the top of Lugnagailla.

Pat. And there I was sure enough. I climbed the mountain, till I was so tired, I could hardly breathe, and I sat down, and looked through the little spy-glass that your Jemmy lent me, and what should I see, but the ships sailing on the sea of Arklow. When I was a little rested, I went up to the top, from whence, on the other side, there was a precipice quite straight to the plain, as if it was cut down the whole height of the mountain, 2000 feet. I looked at the barrack far below, and heard voices, but I could see no one object distinctly with the naked eye; at last I discerned, by the assistance of my spy-glass, soldiers walking about, who seemed not more than an inch high. What a sight was spread under me, and around me on every side, like a map. It never became me to spend much time reading, yet I was always fond of it, and I remember being so struck with the notion of Burns, the Scotch ploughman, that it came full into my mind, whilst I was there, and I said to myself.

"The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste,
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,
The village glittering in the noontide beam."

For there was the county Kildare, that borders on the county Wicklow, with the gentle-

men's mansions, and farm-houses; and the village of Ballitore under the Nine-tree-hill. At another side were the beautiful vallies of the county Wicklow, and beyond them the sea: to the left was Mount Leinster and Blackstairs. The Queen's County hills with mists flying over them, and the morning sun shining bright on their tops: I even saw Croughan-hill in the King's County; and to the right I could see the mountains of Mourne in the county of Down, and province of Ulster, at a great distance to the North. Near me, the county Wicklow mountains, with their dark, round tops, like the waves of the sea, bounded by Kippure and Sugar-loaf: on the top of Lugnaguilla there was not a sound to break the stillness; and even when I shouted there was no echo to answer my voice: I never thought silence so awful before, though silence is always an awful thing.

Farmer. Did no one cross the mountain all that time.

Pat. Whilst I was there, a game-keeper who was shooting grouse came up to me, and amused me very much by what he said on looking through the telescope, "I wanted to go to Hacketstown to buy a great coat this long while, and here it is, as if it was close with us."

Farmer. I am told that not only copper and lead mines are found there, but that gold also

has been got in the county Wicklow mountains.

Pat. I heard from several, and I suppose that many made their fortunes by them.

Farmer. I rather believe not: for my own part, I have always thought it better to make it out of the fruits of the earth, than out of its hard metals, because it is more certain, and people are not tempted to lay out so much; for without great layings out they cannot expect any success in things of this kind. Now the farmer can generally guess at the produce of his crops: he turns the ground with his plough, dresses it, sows his seed, and when he has performed his best he leaves the rest to kind Providence, "which giveth both the former and the latter, rain in his season, and reserveth unto us," says Scripture, "the appointed weeks of the harvest."

DIALOGUE XII.

Darby.- Pat.—Farmer.

WEXFORD.

Darby. I was glad to see the county Wexford again, I like that country and the people: though the land is not rich, yet in general the cabins are a great deal more comfortable than

in many places where the land is better; because the people are industrious. They bring lime a great way from the Queen's county, and county Carlow, to manure the land, and it pays the expense very soon.

Pat. I wonder they dont burn lime for themselves.

Darby. They have but few limestone quarries, and where those quarries are, lime does not improve the land as much as in places where it is not found: so you see, Providence intended that we should depend on one another for help.

Farmer. I have often heard of the baronies of Forth and Bargie. Had you an opportunity of observing them?

Darby. The people of those baronies are remarkably industrious and cleanly; and so honest, that in some places their doors are often left unbolted at night. The farms are small, yet the farmers are comfortable. One man, of whom I heard, began the world by working labouring work for three shillings a week; he then got one acre of land, now he holds fifteen, has built a house, and pays ten guineas yearly rent, keeps two horses, two cows, and two pigs, and gave forty guineas to each of his daughters when they were married. I was not at his place, but I believe all that was told me.

Farmer. That is a strong proof of the blessing that attends on industry.

Darby. Many more such instances are told in Wexford.—I met a man named Cullen, who, though he began the world without a shilling, now pays three pounds an acre, for 30 acres; and he told me that the land was well worth that rent—he was at first a labourer, but industry and good conduct, encouraged by a kind and observant landlord, have led to his present comfortable condition.

Pat. Yes, father, and Mr. Harpur who gave us a night's lodging so kindly, told me that his rent upon 38 acres, comes to £95 a year,—£2 : 10s. an acre; and yet, high as the land is let, he pays his rent punctually, and has £100 in the savings-bank.

Farmer. I cannot doubt it; though I was never so successful, but I know the truth of the old saying, "the hand of the diligent maketh rich."

DIALOGUE, XIII.

Farmer.—Darby.—Pat.

WEXFORD.

Farmer. You were at Wexford, I suppose.

Darby. Yes, and a fine town it is, and I saw a great deal of good doing there. They have several fine schools for the poor, and one in the jail for the prisoners, where grown up men have learned to read. There is a house too, for poor crazy people, and another where beggars are employed and fed, and all those places are kept very clean. You know Wexford is a sea-port, and there is a fine wooden bridge over an arm of the sea. Big-Erin, or little Ireland, is an island in the northern part of Wexford harbour. It contains about 15 acres, two small farm houses, and the ruins of two churches. There is another island of 40 acres, with four families on it. The coast, I believe, is not a safe one, a ridge of stones, most part under water, stretching from one of the high rocky islands called the Saltees, towards the shore.

Farmer. Is there no light-house thereabouts.

Darby. There is, the tower of Hook. We went to the top of it, by a stair case in the wall, which went round the inside. On the ground floor the light-house keepers had their cow, and lived themselves in the floor over it, I thought it one of the most frightful places I ever saw; the shore was rocky—not high rocks, but flat, and deep clefts in them, partly filled with water, into which if a man fell, and had no one near him with a cord to let down to him, he might be lost, though one might step over some of them. Nothing but good

Providence could protect a stranger, if he got among those dangerous places by himself of a dark night. Near this is the fort of Duncannon, built on a rock within the harbour, with a fine smooth strand.

Pat. The country is greatly to my mind, it is remarkable for its waterfalls deep woody glens, and steep hills. The town of Enniscorthy is built on one of them, at the foot of which runs the Slaney in all its beauty. But of all things I wondered why the venerable old town should be called New Ross, especially when I saw the date 1617, on one of the houses which had belonged to the Duke of Ormond, and was also told that the town has been called New Ross these two hundred years at least; and that before those times it was called Rosse-ponte, from a wooden bridge by which the river was crossed, and that several of the poles which supported it remained in the water long after it had fallen down.

Darby. There is a fine wooden bridge there now.

Farmer. And pray where is Old Ross, or is there such a place,

Pat. There is such a place a few miles from New Ross, but I did not go there.

Farmer. That is the way of the world, Darby, old things go out of fashion, and the rising sun is admired.

Pat. Well, the sun of Ross, (I'll leave out the word *New*,) has risen long ago, and I hope none of us ever will see it set, and that it will always continue the charitable place it is, with its contrivances to help the poor, and to make them help themselves. There is a very pretty place called The Walks, near the town; fields all planted round with double rows of Elms, and a walk between them.

Farmer. What river runs through Ross?

Darby. The Nore and the Barrow unite near Ross, and the Suir joins them a few miles lower down, and all run into the sea near Duncannon fort.

DIALOGUE, XIV.

Darby.—Pat.—Farmer.

THE BANNOW SCHOOL.

Darby. I know, Pat, you are longing all this while to tell Mr. Costello about Bannow. I would not hinder you from having the pleasure of mentioning what has given you so much satisfaction.

Pat. I thank you, father, for that, for to be sure I love to have the first telling of a good thing; not but that you know a good deal

better than I do, how to describe that beautiful place.

Farmer. I shall be glad to hear it from both of you; but the name Bannow seems new to me, or else I never heard any thing remarkable about it.

Pat. Bannow is a proof what Ireland is capable of, and what a good landlord can do: it is true, such a man as the landlord of this place is seldom to be found; so sensible, and considerate, and so well informed upon what is best to be done, and when to do it; not tired of doing good, but taking the greatest pleasure from seeing his tenants, and the poor people about him thriving. When such examples spread from one to another, Ireland will be at length like a garden, and Irish people industrious and happy.

Farmer. May that day soon arrive; but I should like to hear the particulars.

Pat. Bannow is in the barony of Bargie, in the county of Wexford. It was only in 1816 that the landlord of the place came to live on his estate: a happy day it was for the poor people who were no better than other poor creatures, and inclined enough to be idle. But this gentleman soon put them in the way of industry: at first he used to assist in fitting up their cabins, to show them how it ought to be done, and to encourage them, but now he sees it is

better to leave it to the tenants themselves to improve their places at their own expense, and ready and willing they are to do so. The cabins are well thatched; the ridge and chimneys whitened; the house, its little offices, and court-yard dashed and whitewashed; the gates, doors, and window-frames almost all painted; woodbine against the walls, and a little grass-plot, flower-beds, and gravelled walks before some of them: the pig-stye and dung-heap out of sight. I saw there a cottage belonging to a mason, with its court-yard and flower-garden, and Chinese rails, painted green, and a pump from which ran a pipe under ground, bringing the water to a stone trough at a distance, in order that the garden might not be dirtied by being made a passage.

Darby. And there are other cabins, nearly, if not quite as nice as this. No wonder that the tenants are loth to leave their bits of land; for one poor man who holds five acres, at one guinea and a half an acre, and but two middle aged lives in his lease, refused £60 for his interest in it; and another with the same kind of lease, who pays one guinea an acre for twenty acres, refused £150 for his interest in his farm. Now I think it was more from attachment to their neighbours, and love for the places which they had taken such pains with, than the real value of the land, that they refused parting with it.

Farmer. Five acres was a very small farm to make any thing by.

Darby. There are smaller than even that, and the people that hold them live comfortably and lay by money. Would you think that the peasantry of this parish have almost £2000 in the Waterford Bank?

Farmer. I suppose their rents are very low.

Darby. No indeed—They are fair rents, and are paid punctually, and with satisfaction. One gale always cleared off before another becomes due. The late settings are from a guinea and a half to three guineas an acre, The course of agriculture is as follows:—

1st. drilled potatoes. 2nd. barley.
3rd. Clovers 4th. wheat, or oats.

I hope the income of the good landlord is increased, as well as that of his tenants, and that he may always gain, and not lose by his goodness.

Farmer. Such a landlord as he is, is not likely to lose; a blessing attends his care of the people whom Providence has put under his charge, and when the tenant thrives the landlord thrives too. You said the county Wexford is not a rich soil; what do they manure their land with at Bannow?

Darby. They dress the grass land with equal parts of sea-sand and sea-weed, well mixed, and frequently turned; and for tillage

they put to that a third of stable, or farm yard manure.

Farmer. A fine rich compost! that must make them able to pay a good rent.

Darby. Distraining for rent is not known there, and for five years the parish pound has been seldom, if ever opened. There is only one beggar in the parish, a poor, blind man; he lives in a nice cottage too.

Farmer. They are an honest people, I am sure.

Darby. Aye indeed—except to guard against strangers, there is no need of locks or bars in Bannow. After a shipwreck, which happened not long ago, a farmer, walking alone on the sea-shore, found what they call a rouleau of dollars, the honest man knew he had no right to it, and entirely of his own accord he went to the agent of the estate and gave it up to him.

Farmer. That was done like an honest man.

Darby. I was pleased to see such wonderful fine roads, and I asked a great deal about them, because I thought any information of the kind would be useful to you. They are made of the coarse gravel of the sea-shore, and covered with a finer kind, 26 feet wide without gripes, and but a little fall of six inches from the middle to the sides. They are like fine gravel walks, the sides being grass, which

looks very neat and pretty, and is often mowed near the landlord's house, and the grass used for soiling his working cattle. The cross roads to the sea are made the same way, and the landlord is very particular that pigs and other beasts should not be suffered to trespass on them.

Farmer. What a great saving in horses it must be to have such roads for travelling on, or for farm work, and well worth a good sum of money to have the road made properly.

Darby, Very few roads cost so little in making; there was no jobbing, for they are under the care of the landlord, and he has saved a great deal of money to the county, by his fine management, both in this respect, and other matters. A dispensary has been there for three years, and nearly a thousand sick people relieved every year, and they have built a fever-hospital, which has been of great benefit under the divine blessing.

Pat. But, Sir, it would do your heart good to see the agricultural school as it is called. The landlord gave a farm of forty acres for it. It was poor, worn out land, but it was the only spot out of lease which the good gentleman had, and he charges no rent for it. Now the minister of the parish was such another worthy person as the landlord, and they thought of a school to have boys taught such things as would fit them for managing a farm, or to be stewards or

gardeners. The school began in 1821, there are now about thirty boys there: they have two masters; one teaches reading, writing, and arithmetic, land-surveying, and I believe every thing which is useful for them to know in this line: the other master is a Scotch farmer, who shews them how to plough, sow, and reap, and all such matters, and they seem to enjoy their business, and work with good will, looking healthy and comfortable, well clothed and well fed, and they attend to their school learning four hours a day.

Farmer. I am glad to hear there is such a school. What is the cost of sending a boy there, and what age should he be?

Pat. They take them for five years, at any age, and a fee of thirty guineas is paid with each. He is to bring two suits of clothes, one for Sundays, and one for working days, with linen, shoes, and stockings: from that time they are taught, maintained, and clothed, without farther expense to their friends; their work on the farm, to be sure, helps to pay for them, but there was a great deal of cost and trouble in bringing the land into heart, draining it, and enclosing the fields—all is doing well, the fields are improved and the boys improved. The worthy minister gives up almost all his time to the school, seeing that every thing is right, and examining the boys: he minds the religious duties of the Protestant boys, and the

Roman Catholic clergyman attends to those of his own persuasion.

Farmer. I have a great mind to put my Willy there when he is of a proper age. He will learn a greater variety of things than he could with me, and be well taken care of besides. Indeed I think it is a great advantage to a boy to be put to a suitable boarding school.

Darby. When one cannot meet with such a school as is within our means, we may encourage our children to mix with other children that are well brought up, that they may learn to yield to their companions, and have their hearts opened, and find the comfort of friendship: this never lessens their love to their own families, because it is the nature of love to spread out, and take in all that our great Creator has breathed life into.

DIALOGUE XV.

Darby, Farmer, Pat.

FARMING.

Darby. I have not met with such good potatoes as yours, Tom, any where in my journey.

Farmer. I am very particular to chuse the

best for seed, selecting the four or five eyes from the top of the potato, throwing the rest aside for other uses. The shoots from the top are much stronger than from the other end, which are weak, and grow slowly, as you may see in the difference between the stems in a potato field.

Pat. I have heard of raising potatoes from the seed, and of planting the shoots.

Farmer. I have tried both. I tie up the potato apples in my kitchen, and when they are quite dry, break them, and take out the seed, which I sow like any other seed. When they come up I plant them in drills; the first year, however, they are good for little, but afterwards I have a variety, and all that is required is to separate the different kinds.

Pat. There must be a great saving in planting the shoots, especially in a scarce year, when potatoes are dear;—but how do you proceed.

Farmer. When the potatoes begin to sprout, take off the shoots very carefully, and lay them by in baskets. This requires time and attention; but remember, it would be wrong to open the pits to cut off the young shoots. If you plant them in new ground, spread the dung, laying the shoots on it at proper distances, and then covering. When they appear above ground, mould them again and again, as they advance in growth, and treat them as you would other

potatoes. But if you plant them in old ground, plough in the dung, level the beds in ridges, and make small holes with a setting-stick, putting the shoots carefully down like cabbage plants, closing the hole with the point of the stick. By this means the whole of the potato is saved, and the crop comes in early.

Darby. You sow a great deal of rape, I believe.

Farmer. Some prefer rape to turnips, for feeding sheep in winter; for if the latter are hard frozen, the sheep are apt to break their teeth with them; besides which, they sometimes eat part of a turnip, and leave the remainder; so that in wet weather a great part of the crop is destroyed, because they take up the water so easily. Now when snow is on the ground, the rape can be pretty readily got at, even when the turnips are buried; for, being the hardiest of the cabbage kind, and having so much oil in them, they easily stand the frost, especially when the stems have been carefully earthed. Rape also will grow anywhere, and is but little expense, two pounds of seed are enough for an acre, and it grows very well, sown broad cast, on potato ground, after one ploughing and harrowing. I find it necessary to scatter it on the ground with the thumb and fore finger, to prevent its coming up in patches; besides which, it should be harrowed after it is sowed. It may be thinned by hoeing or by

hand, and transplanted into any ground that is to spare after early potatoes have been dug out. It is of great advantage to a poor man to have, for the supply of his cow, a small seedling bed of rape, to plant out after his early potatoes, perch by perch, as he digs them.

Darby, You have not discarded the turnips, however. When do you sow the seed?

Farmer. I sow the Swedish turnip seed the beginning of May; perhaps the latter end of March would not be too soon, if to be transplanted. You know they are good food for man or beast.

Pat. Your cabbages look very well and healthy. Have you any particular way of managing the plants?

Farmer. When I am going to plant them, I dip them as high as the first leaf in thin cow-dung mixed with lime. I was told it prevents the grub from settling on them, and makes them take root the sooner.

Pat. You have a beautiful flock of sheep, Mr. Costello; but I wonder you dont pasture them in the fields about the house, they would look well among the trees, and be more under your own eye.

Farmer. The droppings from trees, or indeed damp of any kind disagrees with them; for, if you remark it, they never drink when they are well, and therefore it stands to reason, that a dry soil is best for them.

Pat. But dont they want shelter on the bleak uplands.

Farmer. To secure this for them, I make fences of French Furze, which I raised in beds, from seeds that grew up very soon; these give the sheep a safe shelter, and are better than thorn hedges which tear their wool. Indeed, when we consider how tender they are in their constitutions, and how nice in their eating, it seems surprising that a stock so valuable should not be more carefully tended.

DIALOGUE, XVI.

Pat.—Farmer.—Darby.

MANGEL WURZEL.

Pat. What plants are these in the field next the orchard with the large leaves, and the roots partly standing over the ground.

Farmer. That is Mangel Wurzel, a very valuable plant, which I would advise every one who has a bit of land to cultivate, for it is one of the finest kinds of winter feeding for cattle, and most animals grow fond of it; for Nature teaches them to like what is good for them. Indeed, so highly do I esteem it for fodder for cattle, that I should recommend you

to sow it on your little farm, and am satisfied you will not repent of it.

Darby. I can never repent of taking your advice on any subject, my good gossip and friend; but you must tell me exactly how to manage it, and how to use it, and Pat shall write it down for me to take home, for fear I should forget it.

Farmer. It gives me pleasure to do any thing to serve you: so Pat, get the pen and ink, and your little book, while I tell you what to write in it. First, In the winter give the ground that you lay out for the purpose, a good deep digging or ploughing, which ever is most convenient.

Darby. What kind of soil is proper for the mangel-wurzel?

Farmer. Worn-out ground, or short, loose, gravelly soil; for very stiff clay, will not answer; and as I mentioned before, the ground must be well prepared. In the beginning, or middle of March, if the weather be dry, it should be well turned over again with the spade, or plough, and made quite smooth and even. Have some good, short, well-broken dung in readiness, and with a line make a slight trench which a spade or hoe will open—let the trench be about four inches wide, and two inches deep—spread a little of the dung evenly in the trench about an inch deep, or rather more, and flatten it with the back of the

spade; cover this lightly with some of the earth that came out of the trench, make it even and level, and set the line in the middle of the furrow: it is then fit for the seed, which should not be more than two years old. It must be steeped in rain or river water for twenty-four hours, about two days before it is sowed, and then strained and dried, so as to be loose in the hand. There is a nicety in sowing it, but when one is used to it, it is quite easy: have the seed in a small vessel in one hand, and take only a few grains at a time in the other, putting the seed out as regularly and carefully as possible between the two fore fingers and thumb: this saves waste at the time, and trouble afterwards. When one drill is finished, and covered lightly with earth, open another about fifteen inches from that, or eighteen, if the land be rich; always finishing one drill before you open another, and do not let the ground be trod upon, because the young plants strike root best in a soft, loose bed. Let all the drills be done as nearly at one time as you can, that the young plants may come up together; they will make a better appearance to the eye, and if the weather be mild, will shew above the ground in about a week.

Darby. Should they not be thinned?

Farmer. By all means, but not all at once; though they ought to be thinned rather soon, to prevent their touching one another. In two

or three weeks take away more, to let them stand four inches asunder, and continue doing so, as they increase in size, until they are from ten and twelve, to fifteen and eighteen inches asunder, according to the richness of the soil: of course you will pull up the weakly and crooked ones, and as cattle, pigs, and fowl will eat them, they are not wasted. The ground between the drills must be kept free from weeds, and well broken up with the spade, taking care, however, not to hurt the plants: besides which, as it is their nature to rise and stand out of the ground, there is no occasion to earth them.

Darby. I think those fine large leaves must be good for cattle.

Farmer. So they are, and for pigs, but the plants should not be stripped of them early in the season. About the end of September, or middle of October, the leaves begin to decay, and may safely be taken off. Leave the heart of the plant about a month longer, and then cut the tops off, slanting, with a sharp knife, from time to time according as they are wanted for the stock. When all the leaves and tops are removed, the roots should be taken up by a fork, or any thing else convenient, in dry weather, and after being washed clean and dried, may be piled up in an out house for use. When the roots are given to cows, or other cattle, they should be well washed and sliced. Half a

stone is enough for a small beast, and from ten to fourteen pounds for a large one, two or three times a day, giving hay between each meal to prevent its disagreeing with them. About a pound of mangel-wurzel sliced thin, and sprinkled with salt, to a gallon of water, which is boiled in a covered vessel till it becomes quite soft, is excellent food for calves. The liquor strained off and cooled, is given with advantage to a calf when about ten days old, in the proportion of half a pint to every meal of milk; and you may go on increasing the quantity till you give a quart at a meal. The calves seem very fond of it, and thrive well upon it.

Darby. Pat, I hope you have been particular in writing down every word that my kind friend has said.

Farmer. I have not done yet. By the time the mangel-wurzel is eaten up, I have good, strong, rape plants, not too large, which were sown in a seed bed, in the end of July. By the beginning of November, they will be fit to be immediately transplanted into the ground which has been cleared of the mangel-wurzel; these will have time to take root before winter, and may be all cleared out before the season for preparing the ground for potatoes.

Pat. I hope this will be a valuable article for ourselves, and our neighbours, which, I know, will be the best reward you could receive for your kind and valuable information.

DIALOGUE XVII.

Pat.—Farmer.—Darby.

BEES.

Pat. If ever I have a place of my own, I shall endeavour to have bees, and to manage them as they do here. I have been observing the neatness of the place where the hives are kept, and have been told how necessary it is that the ground about them should be dry and clean, with neither grass nor gravel, but hard ground, and that swept like a parlour floor, to the distance of about two feet before them. The hives, I remark also, are rather smaller than is common; some resembling little wooden houses, with a door and windows in them.

Farmer. My son Jemmy from a child, has loved bees, and studied and read a great deal about them; and I consider it a strong proof that he manages them with judgment, that he always contrives to have plenty of honey; and yet never has occasion to destroy the bees.

Darby. I suppose he feeds them in winter, or in the cold spring.

Farmer. He does, if they want feeding, which he guesses by the weight of the hive. He gives them honey or sugar: sometimes he

has put a round board at the bottom of a hive, and tying the whole in a cloth, hung it to the collar beam of an out house, where he leaves it from October to April, at which time the bees were found quite strong when put out. But in such a place as ours, it is not easy often to try that, for there must be great care taken to keep all light and noise from them, that they may sleep through the winter. In his wooden houses, Jemmy has boxes which he can draw away after they have been filled with honey. You see his hives are flat at top, about seven inches high, with others over them; these last he takes away, according as they are filled.

Pat. What does he prepare his hives with?

Farmer. Nothing at all. He cuts the straws off as smooth as he can inside, to save the little creatures trouble, for they will do it themselves if he neglects it. Cream and bean-flowers, or any thing else rubbed on the hive, to make it more acceptable to them, he finds to be quite useless. Wooden bars are fixed in the top of the hive to let bees go up from one into the other, until that other is put on a flat straw cover, worked like the hive, is laid over the bars to cover them, and it comes a little over the edge. It is surprizing all the honey that Jemmy has got by this method, besides selling a great deal of it, his mother makes a little cask of Mead every year, to treat a friend, or ourselves of a holiday, or to take warm for a cold.

Darby. You need not tell us how good it is Tom, we know the taste of it well.

Farmer. I hope you will taste it again and again. But, Pat, as I see you like to hear of my Jem's goodnatured doings, here is a paper of verses which he copied out of a book that he is very fond of.

Darby. Pat, good boy, read it for me.

[*Pat reads,*]

Ah see, where, robbed and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive! at ev'ning snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt concealing night,
And fixed o'er sulphur: while not dreaming ill,
The happy people in their waxen cells
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance for winter poor, rejoiced
To mark full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark, oppressive steam ascends,
And, used to milder scents, the tender race
By thousands tumble from their honied domes,
Convolved and agonizing in the dust!
And was it then for this you roamed the spring,
Intent from flower to flower? For this you toiled
Ceaseless the burning summer's heats away?
For this in autumn searched the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam, for this sad fate?

DIALOGUE XVIII.

Pat. Farmer. Darby.

THE GOOD ADVICE.

Pat. Mr. Costello, it gave me great satisfaction to hear the poor woman who has just buried her son, praying for a blessing upon you, when she thought nobody heard her, for making her son and herself so independent of any one in his last days, by your advice.

Farmer. It was herself and her son who deserved the blessing for taking my advice. I knew they would find the good of it, though it was not easy to persuade them to follow it.

Pat. The event, however, has proved that it was good advice.

Farmer. It proved so to them. My advice was simply to put a part of the young man's earnings into the Savings Bank. He was very handy, and earned more than most others of my men. So that besides maintaining his mother, which I wished him to do, he was tempted to lay out the overplus in things not necessary, and, I was afraid, was inclined to drink. I recommended to all my men, as I have already told you, to put something into the Savings Bank, and they did so, but this poor woman was very unwilling to give up

any of her son's earnings, and said a good deal to me against it. I told her that her son might seek another place if he would not follow my counsel, for I knew it would be a likely means to keep him a sober man, and a faithful servant. Accordingly, when he fell sick, he had this money to draw upon; and though he was a long time ill, it lasted till after his burial, and something still remained over for his mother.

Darby. These Savings Banks are a blessing to the labouring classes. How many young people have I known, who really seemed not to know what to do with their earnings, and would have been better without any thing over and above just what they wanted; there was the temptation to get into company, and spend their money foolishly, to say no worse; and again, there was the temptation to lay it out on dress, either of which is quite sufficient to keep a man pennyless—independent of the harm which bad habits produce in themselves.

Farmer. You would be delighted to see the numbers who attend at the Bank with their books, putting in every penny they can spare; and they feel the advantage of it, in two ways, first, in having a store to apply to, whenever a pig, or any other article, is to be bought; and secondly, in the thrift it teaches them; for there is little danger that a man will draw his money for an improper purpose, when he has come to know the value of it.

DIALOGUE XIX.

Darby. Farmer. Pat.

THE DEPARTURE.

Darby. My worthy gossip! we shall long remember the kind, and cordial treatment we have met with from you, and every one of your family, and your good-nature to my boy, giving him information, which will, I hope, be useful to him all his life.

Pat. I can never forget it, Mr. Costello. I wish I could show my gratitude better than by words,

Farmer. Say no more about this. I am rejoiced to have had your company, and heartily sorry that you are going to leave us in the morning.

Darby. We are going to part now for a long time. Indeed it is hardly likely that you and I shall meet again in this world; but it is a comfort to think, that when our bodies are at a distance from each other, our spirits may be joined while we are offering up at the throne of Grace our prayers for protection, and our thanksgiving for the blessings bestowed upon us.

Pat. I have often thought that good people will know each other in Heaven, and that

some part of the happiness to be enjoyed there will be to meet again those whom we loved so dearly in this life.

Darby. That is a mystery, my child, which it is impossible for us to know any thing about, while we are in these mortal bodies. This life is a time of trial, to prepare us for a better; and while we are striving and praying to be enabled to bear trials, and resist temptations, we shall be supported and strengthened, and feel more comfort in ourselves, than the pleasures and profits of this world could bestow upon us: no doubt as much of them as is good for us will also be given; but the great reward will be when it shall be said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, "enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Farmer. O that we may live so as to obtain that reward when we have done with this life! In the mean time, I reckon it a great blessing, to have a pious, faithful friend, whose love cannot be lessened by time or absence, and also to have this friendship going on from one generation to another, as is plainly seen in your Pat, and my Jemmy; they love each other like brothers, and I hope, will always do so.

Darby. I saw that at once, and with pleasure, because I think they will each improve the other.

Pat. Jemmy's company would improve any one who loves what is right. As for your son, father, leave poor Pat as he is; I hope he will strive to be better, and more worthy of your good opinion.

DIALOGUE XX.

Pat. Darby.

HINTS FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Pat. May a thousand blessings light on the worthy family we have left. Their good-nature to us is not to be expressed; but they are civil to every one that comes within their doors, though they dont let any thing hinder their business, for they are never idle themselves, nor do they encourage idlers. Mrs. Costello is so kind and considerate herself, that I was rather vexed with a young woman from Dublin (a lady's waiting maid) who used to call in frequently to rest herself after walking. She praised the place, as well she might; but she wondered much at the customs of the people; sometimes laughing at what was strange to her, so that it was very unpleasant, and I am sure Mrs. Costello did not like it.

Darby. From many persons, such conduct

might get her ill-will, for few people can bear to be laughed at; but as to her wondering at many things she sees here, you ought not to be surprised at it, for, only that you see them every day, you would wonder yourself as much as she does.

Pat. Indeed perhaps I might, she has lived a good deal in England, and she says it is very queer to see men wearing big coats, and women wrapped up in cloaks in summer weather. She wears a bonnet and shawl, and pattens when the ground is damp, and carries an umbrella in showery weather. She says the working men in England wear jackets, and keep their big coats for rain or cold weather.

Darby. They are in the right of it. A man's big-coat, and a woman's cloak cost a great deal of money, and ought to last a long time, and would last if they were taken proper care of—used only when they are wanted, and when taken off, laid by carefully. A shawl looks neat and genteel, and is of little cost: umbrellas also are cheap, and either is pleasanter than a cloak: pattens keep the feet clean and dry, and save the shoes: a jacket is tight and pleasant to work in; besides, being so much less expensive than a coat.

Pat. Father, all you say is right, yet I do not like her remarks: she says we step down into the cabins; and that some of the poor go out of the house the same way as the smoke—

as if she thought they flew up the chimney. Now, how can we put up with such jokes?

Darby. In the course of your travels, Pat. I am afraid you will find there is too much reason for such things to be said. You will see cabins in the bog of Allen, that one would hardly know from heaps of turf; without a chimney, or a window, and very miserable inside—a wisp of straw to lie on, upon the damp floor: two or three stools, and one poor pot to boil the potatoes. I dont wonder, Pat, to see the tears standing in your eyes; but the people there were cheerful, and said they had plenty of turf to keep off the cold in winter.

Pat. I hope no ill-natured person will go that way, to pass his remarks on such misery.

Darby. Here and there, in the neighbourhood of gentlemens' houses, you might see the cabins whitewashed. But what would you say to a house I went into, and where I found the family sitting on seats about a table.

Pat. I should be glad to see them so snug.

Darby. Their table was a piece of a rock, with stones set round for seats; and the cabin was built about this rocky place, for the convenience of having it ready furnished.

Pat. Now, father, are people to be praised for being satisfied with such a miserable way of living?

Darby. It is well not to be discontented with our lot; though if that be poor or low, it is our

bounden duty to strive to make it better, by honest industry. People, however, may keep themselves and their houses clean, no matter how great their poverty; and indeed there is a saving in it, because things last longer when they are kept clean, and in their proper places; besides which, you will always see those respected who are cleanly.

Pat. I am told that our country is equal to England, and exceeds it in some things, being better watered and more fertile.

Darby. So every one says, and that the difference is chiefly in the dwellings of the poor people, or the peasantry, as they are called there; you will see neat little gardens, fields and hedgerows, and their houses so clean and so comfortable, that a stranger cannot fail to be struck with it. I heard a young gentlewoman, just come from England, say that when she looked at the cottages there, with their bright windows, their well-scrubbed furniture, the clock, with the warming pan hanging by it, the round table, the foot mat, and the scraper to clean the shoes upon; she was grieved to the heart thinking of the miserable cabins which she had left behind, in her own country.

Pat. And she is the one that would strive to improve the condition of the poor; but what can one person, and that one a woman do?

Darby. Yet she, and such as she, are daily improving their condition, by employing them,

by encouraging them to send their children to schools, to put part of their earnings into savings' banks, and to keep their houses and themselves clean. By going on in this way, though it may not show much at first, there will be an improvement gradually, for I can myself perceive a great alteration for the better since I was young.

Pat. Well father though our countrymen are not given to cleanliness, they have one good quality—they will share their little morsel with another poor body, though perhaps ill able to afford it. Now would English people, with all their decency do this?

Darby. I dont know whether they would or not; but I know they were kind to the Irish, and that at a time when numbers were famishing with hunger—why they sent us nearly half a million of money—may their noble hearted charity never be forgotten.

There is one other advantage in cleanliness, it promotes health, whilst dirt brings sickness in its train, and is indeed the less excusable, inasmuch as water costs nothing. It is said that a woman holding out her hand for charity, Dean Swift bid her go and wash it, "Washing is cheap," said he, "and I will put nothing into such a dirty hand."

Pat. The young woman I was talking of, said the Irish were lazy, Mrs. Costello, however contradicted her in that, and mildly told her that they were as eager for work as any peo-

ple, reminding her of the numbers that go over to England every year to work at the harvest; she owned indeed that when they gave into begging, they grew lazy and idle; but that beggars of every country were so too!

Darby. We are not naturally an idle people, Pat, and besides I believe there are many poor creatures half starved in their cabins, who could never bring themselves to ask for an alms, and dont know where to turn to earn it; some indeed are so industrious and clever that they invent many a thing to get a morsel of bread. Now look at this rope that a King's county man has just given me, and tell me what it is made of.

Pat. It is not made of flax, nor of hemp, nor of hay, nor of hair. What is it made of, father?

Darby. You would not guess that it was made of wood.

Pat. I would not, indeed. And yet I would not contradict you, nor say you were joking—because I believe you never told a lie in jest or earnest in your life.

Darby. It is made of bog-wood, which, after lying a long time in the water becomes stringy and soft; it is then taken up, split fine, and made into ropes, which are sometimes sold for six-pence a pair.

Pat. Sure the time and trouble are not half paid for at that price!

Darby. Consider, however, that it is better than nothing; for, besides what they earn, they are doing something. People grow handy at work they are used to; the wood is got for nothing, and if it costs them trouble, may be they could get nothing else to do, and it is all clear gain. The same way with the heath-brooms, they have to cut the heath on the mountains, to make gads of the black-berry branches, to bind them, to carry them about the country, and sell them often for nine pence a dozen. But "little and little, makes a mikle," and where every one of the family is doing something towards earning, one might wonder how much it comes to at the end of the week. I knew a poor man who lived on a bog, he had ten children. In summer he cut turf and sold it, and in winter he made baskets for sale, having planted sallows about his cabin in a little spot which was suitable for them.

DIALOGUE XXII.

Darby.—Pat.—Book Pedlar.

CHEAP AND INSTRUCTIVE READING.

Darby. Yonder, I see a man with a pack; I suppose a pedlar like ourselves.

Pat. Now he is resting at the stile; rest yourself there too, father, and you may have a little chat together.

Darby. A good morning to you, Sir, we have fine weather for our walks. I hope you find your calling profitable.

Book Pedlar. I have no reason to complain, my wares are in pretty good demand—they are cheap books.

Pat. May I make so bold as to ask you to let us see some of them?

Book Pedlar. With all my heart young man, and I think if you have any taste, I shall be able to match you.

Pat. Father, father, here is a treasure indeed! What beautiful books! Here are travels through different parts of the world; and here are histories of people, which, I am sure, must be very entertaining.

Book Pedlar. And instructive too, I can tell you.

Pat. And here also, are accounts of animals: in short, I dont see a bad book among them.

Book Pedlar. Not a bad book indeed, for the greatest care has been taken to select what would be proper for children, or indeed for any one to read. In forming the mind, a great deal, I have been told by those who were well qualified to judge, depends upon the book which you give to a young person. I hope the effects

of profitable reading will soon be seen throughout the country.

Darby. In my young days, there was a great dearth of good books for young persons. There were fairy tales enough, and histories of noted robbers; but what profit could be derived from nonsense concerning things which never had existence, or from accounts of people, who were a terror to their neighbours, and at last met the punishment which their crimes deserved. I often think, what great advantage the young now enjoy, who have such books as these prepared expressly for them, and suited to their capacity.

Book Pedlar. I hope they will show the good effects in their lives; for they will not be able to say that they had not books which would teach them what was good.

Pat. I must bring Peggy and Johnny two of these little books: I shall chuse this one which seems filled with pretty stories, called "Instinct Displayed," and that other which contains such beautiful verses. What is the price, Sir?

Book Pedlar. Fourteen pence for the two.

Pat. How very cheap: I should think that such books as these, with their little pictures, could not be printed, bound, and sold for 7d a piece without a great loss on them.

Book Pedlar. There is, as I have heard, a great deal lost by printing them, if that can be

called *lost* which is laid out to such a good purpose. Parliament grants a great deal of money, as well for establishing schools throughout the country, as for the printing of those books, and I recommend you, young man, who seem to be but a beginner, to buy these cheap works, and add them to your stock—buy them at Kildare-place, in Dublin; you will have a pretty profit on them, although you sell them as cheap as I do.

Darby. You are very good to put us in the way of getting them: I never sold any but school books, though I was often asked for many books whose names I forget, and the moral of which was in the highest degree pernicious. I am happy that, at last, better books are to be had for the young; and I agree with you that much good may be expected to result from it: but is the collection large?

Book Pedlar. So large, and on such various subjects, that I am not afraid of not meeting the taste of every buyer,—some like travels —some prefer books of natural history—some chuse voyages—some shipwrecks—some extracts from the Bible—some poetry—some prose: well, for all of them I am prepared, so that it very seldom happens I go out, without regretting that I am not able to carry more with me; for I always return empty.

Darby. May I ask you, why you do not

charge more than seven pence for each book, they seem well worth ten pence at least?

Book Pedlar. You know the proverb, brother, as well as I: "small profits, quick returns;" besides, seven pence is the price at which they are sold at the Society's retail shop in Dublin, and it allows quite sufficient profit to the seller.

Darby. I see so much advantage in it, not only to my son, but to those who will deal with him, that I am resolved he shall try it—he cannot lose much, even though it should fail: but how are we to supply ourselves.

Book Pedlar. I laid in my stock at Kildare-place in Dublin, where the books are published; but they may be had from several respectable wholesale booksellers at the same rates.

Darby. I think I saw a list of the books on the cover of one in your basket; perhaps it mentions the prices also.

Book Pedlar. It mentions only the prices at which they may be bought in quantities; but I can tell you generally, that a volume bound in leather, is sold for 7d; and in stiff paper covers 5d; and here is the list by which you will see that there are fifty-eight varieties; besides ten others which do not contain so much, and are sold at 3d each.

History of Joseph, and the Creation, &c.
A Selection from the Psalms, Proverbs, and Book of Ecclesiasticus.

Reflections on the Wisdom, Power, and Goodness of God, by Sturm.
Views of the Creation.
Moral Essays.
Byron's Narrative of the Loss of the Wager Sloop of War.
Bligh's dangerous Voyage in an open Boat.
Shipwrecks of the Alceste and Medusa Frigates, with Reflections.
The Life of Captain Cooke.
History of Prince Lee Boo.
Commodore Anson's Voyage round the World.
Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.
New Robinson Crusoe.
Travels in Africa.
——— North America.
——— South America.
——— Northern Asia.
——— South Eastern Asia.
——— South Western Asia.
——— Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.
——— Russia in Europe.
——— England and Wales.
A Voyage among the Islands of the Pacific Ocean.
A Voyage in the Indian and Chinese Seas.
History of Mungo Park.
Discovery of America by Columbus.
Wonderful Escapes.
Adventures of Mungo the Traveller, and Seven Wonders of the World.

The Cabinet of Arts.
Useful Arts and Manufactures.
Natural History of Remarkable Beasts.
Natural History of Fishes.
———————— Birds.
———————— Insects, &c.
———————— Reptiles, &c.
———————— Domestic Animals.
———————— Animals, (abridged)
History of Remarkable Trees.
———— the Robins.
Scrap Book.
Richard Mac Ready, the Farmer's Lad.
School Mistress.
Cottage Fire Side.
Tim Higgins, or the Cottage Visiter.
Entertaining Medley, with true and curious Anecdotes.
Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia.
The Brothers, and an Account of Savings Banks, &c.
History of Little Jack, a Foundling, and William, an Orphan.
History of Isaac Jenkins, and a Friendly Gift for Servants, &c.
Miscellany, or Evening Entertainment.
Fables of Æsop, with moral Proverbs and Applications.
Animal Sagacity, in a collection of facts.
The Bee.
Picture of the Seasons.

Selection of Poems.
Destruction of Jerusalem.
Wonders of the World.
The Pedlars.

Darby. I thank you kindly for all the information you have given us, and should be glad our course lay along the same road, that we might converse longer together.

Book Pedlar. I am sorry to say it does not: I am hastening to the fair of ———— where I hope to turn a good many sixpences from the public house—"come gentle folks and buy a book, I say a book is better than a glass of whiskey; both are for the head to be sure; but the one destroys, and the other improves. Come gentlefolks, buy my books; sixpence worth of whiskey is soon drunk, but sixpence worth of reading will amuse for many a day—come buy! come buy!"

Darby. Good morning sir,—I hope my son will soon enter into your trade, and also prosper by the lesson you have just given him.

Pat. I dont expect ever to shine as a Bookseller; but one pleasure I am sure of enjoying, I shall read every book that I strive to sell, and shall find not only amusement, but instruction in them.

Book Pedlar. That to be sure you will, young man; for wiser heads than ours have said so,

DIALOGUE XXIII.

Englishman.—Pat.—Darby.

FURTHER HINTS.

Englishman. Young man, as I am a stranger in this country, I hope you will have no objection to my walking in your company.

Pat. Not in the least, Sir: my father and I will be glad of a companion.—That is my father on before us, resting himself on the top of the hill, and admiring the beautiful country spread about it.

Englishman. Nature has been very bountiful indeed to this land; but I hope you will not be offended when I say that the miserable appearance of the cabins, and of the people who live in them, takes off very much from the pleasure of such fine prospects.

Pat. Indeed Sir, you say true. But many of those poor creatures having been used to nothing better from one generation to another, just go on scrambling for a bit to keep life in them, and if they can put on some decent clothing on a Sunday, or holiday, they are content.

Englishman. I am afraid that kind of content, hardly deserves the name. Contentment is a resignation to the will of Providence; but

it does not prevent honest endeavours to make ourselves respectable and decent, in whatever station he is pleased to allot for us.

Darby. Sir, you seem to be a stranger, and from your speech an Englishman. I should be glad that our country folks were more deserving of your approbation.

Englishman. Your son can tell you, that I was admiring your country, and lamenting the poverty and wretched condition of the peasantry in some places; but I am not without hopes for them, especially after seeing what has been done in one of the wildest parts of Connaught, where a young man, the curate of the parish, has established a sunday-school for grown persons, as well as children. He has hired the use of a cabin for the time he teaches them, and the owners of the cabin are his scholars. I saw there a man and woman between thirty and forty years of age, who were learning the alphabet about two months ago, and can now read: badly to be sure as yet, but so as to understand what they read.

Pat. I should have supposed them past learning.

Englishman. Schools for grown people have been opened in many parts of England, and the result has proved, that none are too old to learn, provided they have capacity. What should you think, young man, of a school in Ipswich, in Suffolk, where four scholars were respec-

tively 35, 57, 75, and 94; the elder two were not able to attend in winter, but they were anxiously looking forward to the approaching spring, that they might resume their lessons.

Pat. Did such aged persons actually make any progress?

Englishman. The oldest was so much quicker than her class-fellows, that she was appointed monitress, and I assure you, became a tolerable proficient. If so much has been done at an advanced age, younger persons may surely hope to succeed.

Pat. After this, I shall never say it is too late to learn.

Darby. What an age of improvement do we live in: schools are spreading rapidly in every direction for the young: I have been told there are schools for infants of two years old, and here are schools for tottering age; and I know the effect this must have upon society in general. The estated gentleman will thrive in proportion as his tenants prosper, and the best way to make them do so, is to improve their intelligence. Skilful workmen will improve the manufactures of a country; and I should think they would increase in skill the more their minds are opened by instruction.

Englishman. You are right my friend, and equally great will be the good effect of giving education to the female—she loves to order her family well—she loves cleanliness and comfort

about her, and her husband finding his house so cheerful, prefers it to the ale-house fireside; he comes home early from work, and as he can't be idle, he sometimes reads. Suppose it is the Bible he reads—what a sight to behold, a Christian father reading the Scriptures, surrounded by his family.

Darby. That would be indeed a bright day for Ireland, and I have no doubt, but that if you advance the education of the people, you will soon find their situation in every respect improved; for, let our people once begin to know the comforts of decency, and they will strive to earn them—hence honest industry, and its never failing attendant, happiness.

DIALOGUE. XXIV.

Darby.—Pat.—Englishman.

STRAW PLAITING.

Englishman. I am just come from a place where there is a manufactory of straw hats and bonnets, imitating Leghorn hats which come from Italy, and quite as neat.

Pat. How could they get the materials from so distant a place.

Englishman. They have not far to go for

the materials, which are to be had in abundance, as I am told, in every part of Ireland. See here is a little bundle of them.

Pat. O! father, these are the poor Trauyneens, which the cattle reject as not worth eating.

Englishman. The poorer the Trauyneen, the finer, and therefore the better for the purpose: here is a bit of the plait, which the bonnets that are so far sought, and dear bought, cannot surpass. I was curious to know every particular, and the gentleman who manages the manufactory at Carrick-on-Shannon was so kind as to tell me the whole process.

Darby. Sir, if it would not be making too bold to ask it, you would oblige us very much, by informing us of those particulars.

Englishman. I should have pleasure in doing so, but you that are travelling, and seeing, and hearing so many different things, could hardly keep it in mind.

Darby. My son carries a little book with him, and a pen and ink, and writes down any thing useful that he hears; and if it was convenient to you, he would take an account of this to bring home to his mother and sister.

Englishman. No sooner said than done; here is a pleasant bank, and I am well disposed to rest myself. Now, my lad, out with your pen, ink, and paper, and write as I shall tell you.

The best time for cutting Trauyneens, is in June or July: they may be cut with a scythe,

a hook, or a knife, in the pasture lands, where the other grass has been eaten down close to the ground, before the blossom ripens: tie them in small bundles, lay them in a shallow tub, and cover them with boiling water; after ten or twelve minutes take them up, and let them drain. On every fresh parcel laid in the tub, pour fresh boiling water: after draining a short time, spread the Trauyneens thinly before the sun, for five or six days, turning them two or three times a day: then take them into the house, and in a dry place they will keep through the winter and spring. The part for plaiting, is from the upper joint, to where the grass begins to flower—the stalk and seed branches are to be thrown away—the grass is to be carefully sorted in different sizes—each plait has thirteen straws, and the setting in of the straws must be in the centre of the plait, to give sufficient strength to the edges, to bear the joining: the ends of the straws are cut off, and the plait passed through a mill before joining. In joining, the two pieces of plait are laid so that the edge rows, when placed together, will form something like a succession of V's, and this must be particularly minded. Then with a needle and thread unite them in the same manner that holes in stockings are grafted; and after a few stitches pull the thread tight, which brings them into their proper places, and makes them appear as close as if the

two pieces were made together. In beginning the crown, it will be necessary to gather the straws on one side of the plait, by taking up three at a time in the first circle, and two in the second and third, and then to proceed as I said before. The dress-makers give the fashionable shape afterwards; for they come to them in the form of large hats.

Darby. I hope this business will succeed, though it is tedious and troublesome.

Englishman. But if the time and trouble are paid for, they may become more expert when they are better used to it. Great care, however should be taken, that no spray of grass with the least blemish is used, nor an inch of inferior plait put in the bonnet. Like the cotton pickers who are not allowed to let a speck of any thing else remain among the cotton: and the makers of looking-glasses in Paris, who are obliged to do their work all over again, if there is the least defect in it.

If your Irish girls could be taught to make this plait, it would also teach them to keep themselves clean; because neatness is of such importance in this manufacture: but I am afraid for a long time there would be a failure in this respect.

Darby. You never, perhaps, saw nicer or cleaner straw plait than our girls have made in their cabins, and so many are assisted by it, that I am sorry it has gone so much out of fashion.

Several years ago, muslin gloves were very much worn, and a young lady taught the poor girls in her neighbourhood to make them. A lady in England desired some to be sent to her, and she afterwards wrote to say that the work was like the work of fairy hands, it was so neat; whereas, it was hands well used to picking potatoes, that had performed the task so neatly.

DIALOGUE XXV.

Englishman. Darby. Pat.

NEATNESS.

Englishman. I am glad to have an opportunity of knowing a little of the peculiarities of this country. I assure you I mean no offence, and I beg you will not take any at the questions that I may ask, or the remarks that I make.

Darby. You may be certain that I shall not. It will give me pleasure to answer your questions as well as I can; and I shall be glad to hear remarks which I am sensible might be of great use to us if we minded them, for indeed there is great room for improvement.

Englishman. I am sorry to perceive a jealousy of the English among your country folk,

and a readiness to catch up any thing against us.

Darby. It ill becomes us to do so, for in the time of great distress they showed pity for us, and sent relief to poor creatures who must have been famished without that help.

Englishman. We were sorry not to be able to do more, for I think you would be as willing to do the same for us, had we wanted it.

Darby. I hope we should, but there is no likelihood of that ever happening. The poor people in England, I hear, are in general so industrious, so careful of their earnings, letting nothing go to waste, and keeping their little places in repair, that I am told they lay by something for sickness or old age. But though our poor people are industrious and hard working, they are quite too apt to spend all they earn, and if a poor man has an extravagant wife, or a poor woman a drunken husband, there is no prospect but poverty before them; and poverty you know makes the heart sink, and takes away the desire for decency and comfort; but if man and wife draw together in one way, and that a good way, they generally do very well.

Englishman. There is a kindliness about an Irishman, a native courtesy that wins the heart, and makes one anxious to see his situation better. The Government of the country, however willing they be to help them, cannot do

it effectually without their own individual exertions: like the Carter that we read of, who called upon a farmer who was passing, to raise his cart for him, out of the slough into which it had fallen. "Put your own shoulder to the wheel," said the farmer, "and then call upon me for help."

Darby. Contentment and humility are the great blessings of life—but I am afraid many poor people do not understand contentment; they are satisfied to live in dirt, and shift without decent articles of housekeeping, and therefore they think they are contented; they think also that they are humble, when they say, "I do not want to be finer than my neighbours, what does them, will do me." Now Providence did not give us the fresh air and clear water, without intending we should make use of them.

Englishman. I must own I was surprised to see houses, which seemed well-built, and to belong to creditable people, with little windows, as if they were not made to open, and so dirty that I thought they never could be intended to admit light.

Darby. Such windows are too common in the country; where two or three persons however have clean, tidy places, others are very apt to take pattern by them.

Englishman. I know the Irishman does not spare himself in working, and I have heard

of women building houses with their own hands; but they seem deficient in keeping their dwellings and fences in repair—look for example at those bushes and stones instead of gates; look also at that farm-house yonder—that garden ought to be very productive, having fruit and vegetables; but so ill fenced is it, and so carelessly cultivated, that the owner ought to be ashamed of it.

Pat. But, Sir, you may see at other farm houses, fine hedges about their gardens, and some very tastily set off with beautiful flowers.

Englishman. I should be glad that Irish cottagers cultivated flowers as they do in England—the sight of them is refreshing, and they are profitable to the owners, when they bring them tied in nosegays, to market.

Darby. Flowers would sell very well in the market here, but that has never been tried; a flower garden also would occupy the spare time of children, and bring them a little money to lay out in books. It would give them too, a notion of regularity and neatness.

Englishman. The poor in our country do not value themselves upon being decent, for a dirty person would be looked down upon and despised.

Darby. I suspect a dirty house is as great a wonder among them as a clean one is with us.

Englishman. Let us hope it will not be always so, for I hear there is great improvement,

and that in part of Ulster the cottages are very like ours. I was travelling in Leinster early one morning and I perceived several cabins which seemed quite comfortable: one I particularly remarked with a neat pavement before the door, and a little channel to carry off the wet. The doors were open, and people at work—one woman quilting, another spinning, and no appearance of distress about them. It was easy to discover the cause of this difference—industry.

Darby. The labourers must have been timely at their work; if the women and children had been lazy, the place would have had a poor look, and the man finding an uncomfortable fire-side when he came home, in all probability the evening would have found him at the public-house. So that there is good sense in the saying, "A man must ask his wife's leave to grow rich."

Englishman. I understand that white-washing is more practised than it used to be.

Darby. People begin to see the advantage of it, especially since the typhus fever was so prevalent, when the doctors and the gentry insisted on it, and required also that the cottages should have windows to open. I really do not know where sickness would have stopped, but for the care that was taken about airing and cleanliness.

Englishman. Without this care we may expect to see fevers continue for months, and

return year after year; but where fresh air is let in, and the linen often changed, the infection seldom spreads, even to those that are taking care of the sick. These latter should be careful to wash their own hands and faces often, and to use vinegar; visiters should not go into the room with an empty stomach, nor should they stand in the direction in which the air passes from the sick man's breath.

Darby. I remember hearing of an old Doctor in the county Cork, who never allowed his either to be glazed or shut. His own room had two windows on each side of his bed.

Englishman. I am afraid that the love of free air may have been carried so far as to make the house very uncomfortable; fresh air is a good thing, but no one would therefore chuse to live in the street.

Darby. His son went into another extreme after his father's death, for he glazed all the windows, and I was told, that the family were by no means so healthy afterwards.

DIALOGUE XXVI.

Englishman. Darby. Pat.

THE CAIRNS.

Englishman. What heap of stones is this? It is like the cairns in Scotland—where such piles mark the burial place of some chief person, or of one who has died by accident, each passenger throwing a stone upon it.

Darby. It is the same way here; I was told this heap is to show the spot where a poor man was killed, by a horse running away with a load of timber, as he was striving to stop it he was knocked down and the wheel went over him.

Englishman. I believe all nations agree in paying respect to the dead, they say Ireland is remarkable for this.

Darby. We do indeed love those that belong to us dead and alive, and I hope we shall always have reason to be proud of the affection our children show us. It is the riches of poor people, and when their boys and girls are able to earn, they would think it a sin and a shame not to help their parents: drunken fellows are to be sure an exception—they are a burden on their poor fathers and mothers, and often by their bad conduct, shorten the days

of those whom they ought to support and comfort, not minding the commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land.

Englishman. I believe long life is looked upon here as the greatest earthly blessing, for I perceive it is a common expression of good-will to say "Long life to you."

Darby. It is almost to be wondered at that those who are wretchedly poor should value long life so much; but I suppose it is in our nature to do so.

Englishman. Your funerals here are attended by a great number of people. I passed one which I think covered the road for a mile.

Darby. Those who are well-beloved, and much respected, are sure of a great funeral, and every one that meets it is expected to turn back and go with it for a short distance. People often go to great trouble and expense in this way, although the family may be pinched for a long time, for such foolishness: for surely it is foolish to stretch beyond one's means, and run in debt, to cut a figure.

Pat. If you saw the funeral of a young girl, Sir, you could not but admire it. The young females who had been her play-fellows and companions, drest in their best, two and two following the coffin, some carrying baskets of flowers between them, others white rods, and others again garlands made of white paper

curiously cut. Those were to ornament the grave. I assure you it affected me when I saw it.

Englishman. That must indeed be an affecting sight; but your wakes, as you call the gatherings about a dead body, are most extraordinary. One would suppose them to be merry-makings, rather than what they pretend to be.

Darby. Sir, I am sorry and ashamed to say they hardly pretend to be any thing else. They are a scandal to our country, and I dislike to hear them mentioned, for it seems out of our power, however much we dislike such doings, to put a stop to them.

Englishman. Your example and precept, spreading to others, may take effect, and at last, under the Divine blessing, do away the nuisance. Surely, if the person died of a fever, it is dangerous to crowd into the room with the dead body.

Darby. The fondness for wakes is such, that no danger seems to be dreaded. I knew of a girl taking her master's child that she had in her care, to the wake of a man who died of a fever. The child took it and died; the mother did not know where the child had been; it spread in the family, and her husband lost his life by it.

Englishman. Are not your dead laid out rather too soon?

Darby. I think so, and sometimes buried sooner than it seems right; often, I believe, to save the expense of waking. There was a gentleman in the county of Cork, who I heard was born after his mother was buried—for, supposed to be dead, she was laid in a vault, and, having been only in a trance, came to herself, got out of her coffin, walked home—the vault and coffin having been opened by some person who came to steal a valuable ring which was on her finger.

Englishman. I can hardly bear the idea of such speedy burials. Can any thing be more horrible than to be buried alive?—And how much better is it to wait quietly for the certain signs of death, than to spend time and money in a carouse for the living.

Darby. You are right, Sir, I know you are right; and it is shocking to think of putting the parent, child, or friend, that one would give one's life to save, into the grave too soon;—and, on the other hand, awfully shocking to have a merry-making over the corpse of him whose soul is gone to give account to God!

Englishman. Are there not women hired to attend funerals?

Darby. There are; yet some will come without payment, when they have known the dead. They are called Keeners. The hired Keeners, I have heard, will sing a most

mournful song of the virtues and riches of the deceased, ending every verse with the words "Why did you die?"

DIALOGUE, XXVII.

Englishman. Darby. Pat.

FARMING.

Englishman. I hear great complaints of want of work for women and children.

Darby. Many farmers find it hard enough to keep their men in work in the dead season of the year. The wives are generally clever at spinning, sewing, and knitting, but they are not often in the way of earning much by those things, and with all their industry and saving, some of them can only live from hand to mouth.

Englishman. Do the Irish farmers ever practise dibbling wheat; that is, setting it by hand.

Darby. I have heard of such a thing, and that it made a great saving in a time of scarcity, but it is very seldom practised here.

Englishman. I wish that farmers could be prevailed upon to try it, both for their own sakes, and for the sake of the poor. I speak from experience, for I tried it myself, on a small

spot of ground which I laid out for wheat; it used to take two bushels to sow it, but I found that it took but one bushel setting it by hand; so there was a saving of one half of seed wheat.

Pat. But, Sir, did the crop turn out as well as if it had been sown the old way?

Englishman. Better—for it produced one-fourth more than the average crops of that year. The straw was remarkably strong, and therefore not apt to lodge; and the wheat of the best quality in the market. I used a small hoe to clear the land from weeds, and earthed up my wheat, which made the straw and grain more valuable.

Darby. You employed people that understood setting the wheat.

Englishman. I did, but I took some pains to teach others, and I found them willing to learn, and thankful for the employment. Five women would set one of our English acres in a day: they go along the furrow, making holes at the distance of two inches, or rather more, and drop no more than two seeds in every hole, and from these two seeds I have counted twenty stalks of wheat—the rows are six or seven inches from each other. By doing thus, there was a saving, as you may see, in the seed, and a considerable increase in the produce, and employment was at the same time provided for women and children.

Pat. I think other corn could be planted

the same way, and a poor man might set his children to work at it. They would soon grow handy at the business.

Englishman. I have no doubt but they would, and the advantage of employing them would be great.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

Pat.—Darby.

THE ASSIZES.

Pat. Well Father, here I am at last, after having remained the whole day at the court-house, and I must say, it has showed me that there is a great deal more wickedness in the world than I had ever heard of.

Darby. Yes, and it showed you also, the punishment which wickedness brings upon itself sooner or later.—I have heard several instances of crimes being detected after years of concealment.—Providence bringing them to light in its own good time, to teach the guilty that nothing is hidden from the all seeing eye of GOD.

Pat. It reminds me of that verse in Scripture, which it would be well for us all to have in our minds every moment. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

Darby. If we felt, as you say, that we are always in *his* presence, it would surely make us watchful not to offend. You know, when only an earthly superior is by, we are more cautious about what we say or do than when he is absent; but *He* the King of kings, is ever present, and knows our most secret thoughts and actions.—It would have been well for the baker in Galway had he remembered it.

Pat. What was the story, father?

Darby. You shall hear it as soon as you tell me about the trials which took place to-day,

Pat. Why there was first a young man tried for what the lawyers call abduction.

Darby. What is that—I never heard the word, and I suppose they might have found an easier one, only that they love to puzzle us.

Pat. So you would say had you been present; but Abduction is carrying off a woman by force, in order to make her marry one whom she, or perhaps her parents have refused. In the case which I heard, the young man on trial had gone by night with a number of his friends and taken her away, with great threats that he would murder any one who opposed him.

Darby. Did he succeed in forcing her to marry him; though I dont suppose any clergyman would unite a couple under such circumstances.

Pat. He did not gain his purpose—thanks

to the new Policemen who are so active in pursuing offenders. She was found by them in the morning, in a cabin ten miles off, and he was arrested at the same time.

Darby. Do you think he could have loved her.

Pat. Her money he might have loved, for it appeared that she was to have £20; but he never could have had any real affection for her, to treat her in such a way. I think I could sooner die than harm Rose; and rather than force her to marry me, I should give her up, for there could be no cordiality or happiness between us afterwards.

Darby. Still harping upon Rose, Pat! Well my boy, I believe you; for the man is unworthy of the wife he seeks, who would treat her in such an unmanly way: but did the girl herself appear against him?

Pat She did, and you would have pitied her: when told to point him out amongst the other prisoners, she cried bitterly, and it was only by the closest questions she could be brought to give an account of what had happened.

Darby. Poor thing! but the law must not be broken; and those who think it may, will find it is too strong for them.

Pat. But, father, nothing struck me with more surprise, than to see several witnesses come forward to swear that the accused person

could not have been present when the young woman was carried away.

Darby. Perjury, or false swearing, Pat, is an awful crime,—It is taking the name of the Almighty in vain; for it is calling on *Him* to bear witness to a falsehood, and you well know what the commandment says, "that *He* will not hold him guiltless who does so."

Pat. I suppose these people perjured themselves to save their friend's life.

Darby. Friend's life! do you think wicked people have friends? Will not one of a gang turn against his comrades and swear away their lives to save his own—such a connexion does not deserve the name of friendship; they meet together for wickedness, and that cannot but end in mischief to themselves—my prayer for them is, that they may repent, who neither fear God, nor regard man: the longer they continue in their evil course, the harder it is to leave them off,

For sinners that grow old in sin,
Are hardened by their crimes.

Pat. How do you think that disregard for the obligation of an oath is to be corrected?

Darby. The only effectual way, is to begin with the young—to give them a sound and virtuous education—to teach them a regard for truth—that the great enemy of their souls is the father of lies, and that his wicked children cannot hope to receive that happiness in a fu-

ture state, which is promised to the followers of our Redeemer.

Pat. Tell me now the story about the baker.

Darby. It is an instructive story, Pat, and deserves to be known. It was in the year 18— that a horse dealer who was known by frequenting fairs in the north of Ireland, was observed late in the evening walking in company with another man, a native of the place. The next morning the horse-dealer was found murdered; his body lying in a stream of water, and his pockets rifled of his money, and of his watch, which he had bought a short time before from a watchmaker,—search was made after the murderer—rewards were offered, but without success, and for ten or twelve years he remained undiscovered.

Pat. We had not so good a Police then as now.—I warrant they would soon ferret him out, if he was in the country.

Darby. It was not the Police that found him at last—the finger of Providence pointed to him—that Providence, whose divine command, "thou shalt not kill," he had broken. In the year 1823, a gentleman who had settled in the west of Ireland, had occasion to get his watch repaired by a watchmaker in Galway, and seeing a watch which the workman was cleaning, he expressed his surprise at the rusty state in which it was, and taking it up to examine

it more closely, he observed the maker's name to be one with which he was acquainted, having often employed him when living in the county of Down. It was left here to be cleaned, said the Galway watchmaker, by ——— ——— the baker, and he accounted for the rust, by saying that it had been some time in the water. Suspicion flashed across the gentleman's mind. Can this, said he to himself, be the watch which belonged to the murdered horse dealer—impossible! the baker is an industrious well-conducted man, who supports a good character, and is in comfortable circumstances. To shorten my story, however, he wrote home to make necessary enquiries, and finding the probability to be very strong, the man was arrested, tried, convicted, and executed.

Pat. But surely he might have had the very watch, and yet not have been the murderer.

Darby. So he might, but he was identified as the very man with whom the poor horse dealer had been seen last in company; and what was more satisfactory, he confessed his crime before his execution. How unsearchable are the judgments of Providence,—how vain all our attempts at concealment. He acknowledged that when he had committed the murder, and possessed himself of the money, he threw the body into a running stream; but recol-

lecting that his victim had a watch, he returned back for it, and found that the water had got in and damaged the work.

Pat. If he had not gone back for the watch he might have escaped.

Darby. Providence would have brought the murder to light by other means.—He went to Galway, hired to a baker, set up afterwards for himself, married, had a family, and being not only sober, but industrious, and reputed honest, the world had prospered with him—he thought the circumstance long forgotten; and that at all events he was too far from his native place, to be detected, and it at length occurred to him that he might get the watch repaired without fear of detection. He died a penitent, and I hope found the mercy he had denied to his fellow creature.

DIALOGUE XXIX.

Pat. Darby.

THE ASSIZES.

Darby. Were there many prisoners in the dock for trial?

Pat. There were; and it shocked me much to observe that some of them looked very

young; though they were charged, some with murder—others with robbery.

Darby. Their race on this earth is likely to be short. Young people might be expected to be compassionate and tender-hearted, and one would not think they could be so cruel as to rob a man of his property, which may be he earned hardly enough.

Pat. But if a man had ever so much money, no one has a right to take it from him against his will, and little good can it do him that takes it in that way; for, "ill got, ill gone."

Darby. The course of vice is down hill, Pat; it brings faster and faster to the bottom. Idleness and extravagance bring people to prey upon the industrious—cheating and robbery become a trade, and then murder is apt to follow; because the hardened wretch says, "dead men tell no tales."

Pat. Oh! how can a man live with the weight of blood on his soul? How can one have the heart to take the life of his fellow creature?

Darby. Aye indeed, how can he? If the man who has robbed another of his money, or destroyed his substance, sincerely repents, he will do all in his power to make amends for it; but if he has taken a life, no repentance can restore that. We have seen how ineffectual his attempts to hide it from his fellow-creatures: indeed the stings of his own conscience

have sometimes forced the murderer to tell of himself.

Pat. Do you know any instance of it?

Darby. There was a surprising thing of that kind told me by a person from Exeter, whom I met on one of my journeys. One evening a remarkably tall man rode into that city, with a small portmanteau behind him, and enquired for an inn: he was directed to one—a man, his wife, an ostler, and two maids were all that lived in the house. The stranger was shown to his room, and early in the morning the two maids were sent to the field to milk the cows: the house-maid was not willing to go, because she expected something from the stranger, and it was not common for her to be sent to milk; but her mistress made her go, and when she came back gave her a shilling, which she said the man had left for her. The girl was going to clean and settle the room, but it was locked, and her mistress said she would do it herself. She wondered at this —and that the ostler carried oats to a stable at a distance; she asked him what he had got there, but got no clear answer—whatever she thought she kept her mind to herself. Her master and mistress died, the ostler set up in another place, and she married and removed a great way off: she kept a public house, and one day a remarkable thing that happened in Exeter was read out of a Newspaper; the

name of her native place caught her ear, and she listened to the account of a person who was building a wall in his garden, which falling several times, he sunk the foundation deeper, and in sinking it, found the skeleton of a remarkably tall man. The place was described, and the woman immediately knew it to have been the inn where she had lived: it was natural that she told all she knew about the tall stranger, not meaning to hurt any one by her story, but it agreed so well with what was in the paper that word was sent to Exeter. The woman was obliged to confirm what she had said before a magistrate, and the ostler was taken up. He confessed that his master, mistress, and himself had been tempted by the weight of the traveller's portmanteau, in which there was a great deal of money. They murdered him, sent the maid-servants out of the way, and kept the horse privately till it could be disposed of: and after thirty years this black affair was brought to light, and the ostler suffered death for it when he was an aged man.

Pat. Oh! what will not the love of money bring people to. But when the judge puts the black cap on his head, and the prisoner fixes his eyes upon him, in dread to see him begin to speak; (for when he speaks, it is to tell him the day that he is to die!)—Oh! then it is dreadful to hear the piercing, pitiful cry for a

long day;—for not one hour of the many he has spent in sinning can be brought back again!

Darby. Be thankful, my child, that you are preserved from the horrid temptations that those poor sinners have fallen into, and do not be proud of yourself on that account, for there are snares for all ages and situations; but, take my word for it, Pat, though there is so much wickedness in this world, and though the Evil One finds many ready to listen to his temptations, the watchful care of the Almighty is over his people, and will keep them safe from harm or danger, provided they ask for it sincerely, and strive after righteousness.

There was a relation of Darby's mother, who was a schoolmaster in the adjoining county, and eminent for his piety and good sense. When he was young, his cleverness and assiduity had been a great relief to his father, who was also a teacher—and had kept the children together, when age and infirmities disqualified the old man from attending to his duty. Owen Clancy had the good opinion of every one who knew him, and it is but justice to say, he deserved it; not only on the ground of filial affection, but of his great prudence and judgment in the management of young persons.

Though they had seldom met, this good

man's character was well known to Darby Brady, and he thought his conversation and advice might be useful to Pat in fortifying his susceptible mind against those tender regrets which he believed intruded too often upon it. They were now in his neighbourhood, and as it afforded an opportunity not to be neglected, they turned their steps from the public road, and reached the dwelling of the worthy man who was now advanced in years. It was a comfortable, though simple abode. A widowed sister lived with him, and superintended his family: her son was his usher, and having been brought up under his uncle's eye, was likely to follow his example.

DIALOGUE XXX.

Darby. Owen Clancy. Pat.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

Darby. I made bold, Mr. Clancy, to bring my son to see you as we were travelling through your part of the country. I am going to leave off business and put him in the way of following it, as he has a turn for that kind of life.

Mr. Clancy. I am glad to see you, for your own sake as well as for my cousin's—your good wife. Your son's countenance says a great deal for him, for he looks open, and is, I hope, honest and sensible: he is modest too, as I see by that blush; but, my good boy, I do not mean to dash you, reckon me amongst your friends, and shew me the way in which I can serve you.

Darby. My Pat, Mr. Clancy, knows but little of the world; if he was a little sharper he might have a chance of getting better through it,

Owen C. My old friend, though you were always cautious and prudent, you never had the name of a sharp, keen fellow, and yet, you got through the world perhaps better than those knowing ones whom people are almost afraid to deal with—the honest man that goes straight forward, and does by others, as he wishes others to do by him, stands a good chance of being comfortable in his circumstances; beside enjoying peace of mind, which is of more value than any thing this world can give us. I hope, my good lad you will strive to gain that, and then there is no fear of you.

Pat. I thank you Sir, for your advice, and will endeavour, as far as I can, to profit by it.

Owen C. You must have known that I was your father's friend and neighbour when we were young, being something of a relation, and I hope you will not be sorry that he has let me into your secret, particularly as your attachment to a good girl is nothing to cause you shame.

Pat. It would badly become me to be distressed at what so good a father thinks it proper to do. I know he is anxious that I should have both your advice and your blessing.

Owen C. My good lad, you have my blessing—but as to advice, I do not think I could add any thing to what your father told me he had himself said to you on the subject. Your own good sense tells you, that a provision before-hand is necessary when young people are going to enter into the cares of a married life, which are greatly increased of course when they have poverty to struggle with. But, not deterred by the sight of what such rashness brings, too many take the step of most consequence for future life without apparently thinking of the future. How can these pretend to love, who are so careless about the necessaries of life! A decent dwelling and useful furniture are indispensable requisites for domestic satisfaction. The shifts persons are put to for the want of conveniencies, often mortify the spirit, and sour the temper; and supposing they have not been used to any thing better,

still there is a feeling in our nature which looks upwards, and is implanted in us for good purposes, and when this is totally depressed by abject poverty, one cannot help deploring the thoughtless precipitation, which may be rued by babes unborn. True affection is accompanied by prudent foresight; to make the beloved object happy is the aim of a sincere and sensible lover, and each will exert industry as well as patience to attain this desirable end.

But there is another great error which young persons are apt to fall into, and that is of marrying without consulting their parents. This conduct is not to be excused, and is as unwise as undutiful.

Pat. I never had a wish to take any step without my parents' consent, nor would I ever think of bringing the girl I love into poverty. No, I will labour with all my might to be in a way of keeping her comfortably before I take her from her father. But I cannot help wishing that it had been my luck to have been born a rich gentleman, and then I would offer her all I was worth in the world.

Owen C. Was there ever any thing got by wishing for it? Instead of that, the mind is unsettled by, and made discontented with what Providence has allotted for us. How foolish are wishes for this or the other advantage, when it is in our own power to possess every thing that it is good for us to have!

Pat. Oh! Sir, how can that be?

Owen C. We know that we have a merciful Creator, who careth for the sparrows, and clothes the lilies, and if we keep his commandments, and perform our duties to Him and to our fellow creatures with a sincere heart, and give ourselves up to his guidance, he will take us under his protection, and all will be well. I do not say that all will fall out to us according to our own choice—but He knows what is best for each of us. Some are tried with riches; for riches are a trial. Some are obliged through life to struggle with hardship and poverty, and such may find this also a blessing, teaching them to look to Him who will deliver them from distress, or support them under it.

Pat. Oh, it is hard to live a good life!

Owen C. Not so hard, if we sincerely desire to do so. He that knows all hearts will enable us to stand against the evils that are round about us, if we pray to Him, and watch over ourselves. As soon as we know the difference between right and wrong, and that is very soon, we are accountable for our actions. You are young, strong, and healthy: your father has maintained his family, given you education, and laid by something for age. I know you would not desire to encroach on his earnings—but as he has given his business up to you, endeavour for yourself.

Pat. Encroach on my poor father's earnings! Oh no! I would even rather give up Rose Doran than do that.

Owen C. I hope you need not do either. A fair honest dealer generally succeeds in his business, and I believe you will. Your father was at his word in his dealings, and what he recommended could be depended upon; but what established his character, and gained him so much respect, was his strict regard to truth.

Pat. I believe no one ever knew my father to tell a lie, and it was a fault he never forgave in us. He never let us tell lies in joke when we were little, but made us sensible that it was a very bad thing to say what was not true, and would look grave or sorry, instead of laughing when any one told lies in sport.

Owen C. I wish every one who regards truth would do so too, but I am sorry to say that the fondness we have for humour tempts us to laugh at those lies, which encourages the practice, and who can answer for the consequences of it? a succession of vices too often succeeds a deviation from truth. I think few could be guilty of perjury, who had not accustomed themselves to disregard their word in small matters. Deception destroys all confidence.

Pat. Let us singly cultivate truth in our own breast. If every one did so, what happiness would there be in this world, and what reason to hope for happiness in the next!

DIALOGUE XXXI.

Owen Clancy. Pat.

SOBRIETY.

Owen. Now, Pat, you are very happy in having your father with you, his good example, his pleasant company, and wise advice, are of the greatest service to you. But you cannot have him always, and when you are travelling alone you will miss his protection.

Pat. I know, Sir, that I shall, but I hope to remember his advice, and that I shall be able to resist temptation,

Owen. My dear boy, avoid temptation, do not, by depending on your own strength of mind, expose yourself to it. I tell you, shun temptation, and you shall be better able to withstand it when it comes. I can easily believe that you are a pleasant companion. I am sure you are artless and undesigning, and other young men will like your company. To take a cheerful glass with a friend has not an alarming sound. It is likely nothing is intended but to be merry, not aware how soon

"Mirth can into folly glide,
"And folly into sin."

Few rush into depravity all at once, but if we

venture on a down-hill road, it is not easy to stop. One cheerful glass brings on another. Shun the temptation to it, and do not make a friend of him who would introduce you into that practice; a companion, I should say, for he cannot be your friend or his own. The vice of drunkenness opens the door to every other vice. I will not call it brutish, because it does not belong to brutes, though it sinks a man below them. The confirmed drunkard is the most selfish, and of course, the most wretched of human beings, and draws down misery upon all that belong to him: he lives, or rather exists only for himself; his wife, his children are sacrificed to this horrid propensity, and well might it be said,

"The drunkard murders child and wife,
"Nor matters it a pin,
"Whether he stabs them with his knife,
Or starves them with his gin."

Pat. It is a terrible infatuation that makes a man give up every thing for drink.

Owen. How many rogues has it made of men, that were once honest! Yes, and murderers too, of men that once loved their fellow creatures. Dear Pat, shun the poison of the cheerful glass.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

Pat. Darby.

HOME.

Darby. Well, Pat, here we are on our return home; our packs lighter than when we set out, and requiring a supply. Are you glad?

Pat. Am I glad father?—You know how I shall rejoice when I see my mother, and brothers, and sisters,——and Rose!

Darby. I did not expect you would leave her out, but when I see your mother we will talk over the matter together. I think you are now tolerably competent to travel alone—you know my customers, and they will deal with you, I warrant, so long as you treat them fairly. My plan, therefore, is to launch you out on your own account, and during winter, at least, to sit down at home—in the fair weather, I shall continue my rambles with you; but that can be only for a time—pass a few winters, and a few summers more at most, and the sun will shine, and the blast blow keenly on my grave, unheeded by him who sleeps beneath.

Pat. Distant be that day, my father: it smites at my heart to hear you talk, and so calmly too, of our separation.

Darby. I think of it often, my boy; and I hope without presumption or fear. The days of my appointed time, I will wait till my change comes, and wait patiently too; but they cannot be many, and I may say I rejoice at it.

Pat. What! rejoice at death—at a separation from all you love!

Darby. I look upon it, Pat, that to a Christian, death is but a summons from the toils of a long journey, which calls him home. Why are we both in such good spirits to-day, but because we are approaching that happy place where our welcome awaits us—our own little cottage, and our smiling family.

Pat, Yes, father; and I feel my heart so light at the prospect, that though I know we are walking four good miles an hour, it seems to me as if the way was longer than it ought to be.

Darby. Well, Pat, allow me now to say that the Christian's home is heaven—that the welcome that awaits him *there* is the approbation of his Almighty Judge, and the joy of good Angels—that once there, he rests for ever from his journeys and his labours!—and you will understand how natural it is that such an anticipation should fill the heart with joy.

Pat. Still there is one pang, and that a sharp one: you leave behind, family—friends.

Darby. You leave them behind, 'tis true, but you hope that they will shortly follow, and

you trust that you are about to rejoin others who went before you.

Pat. May all whom *you* leave behind, remember your precepts, and follow your example;—but look, father, what smoke is that which rises so light and curling in the evening air? If my eyes dont deceive me, I see a white-washed cottage, with a little painted railing before it, and at the road side, I see an elderly woman in a mob-cap, and a younger standing beside her—it is my mother and Rose, they are coming this way father, so I will just step on to tell them you are coming.

Darby. Ay do, Pat, *(he stands for a few seconds looking after his son, who starts off at his utmost speed, and then resumes his way with quickening steps.)* Well, I suppose I was like him myself when in love with Betty, and perhaps might run a race with him to-day, if I had not so many winters on my back.

CONCLUSION.

Letter

FROM PAT. BRADY TO JAMES COSTELLO.

DEAR JAMES,

I hope you do not think me ill-natured for not having let you hear from me for so long a time. When I wrote last, you know, I was unable to tell you any thing certain about myself, or my future prospects; and so delayed answering your kind enquiries, till I should have something pleasant to communicate. A day never passed, however, but I thought of you, dear James, your good father and mother, and the dear children; and remembered the kindness shown to me by every one of you. We reached home, this day month, and found all well and happy, though I was far from being so myself. I was afraid I had not made enough of money to undertake house-keeping. I was afraid, too, that if I had what I wished for more than any thing else in this world, I might grow conceited, and careless how I behaved myself: and above all, I dreaded lest though I should have ever so much money, and was ever so steady, that may be Rose would not take me, for I could never find out whether she liked me or no as a companion for life, though I

knew she had good will to me as a friend and neighbour. You may be sure Rose was amongst the first whom I called to see—and I was so fortunate as to find her at home. Don't call me vain James—but I do think she was glad to see me; though my own eyes were too dim at the time to see whether hers were full of tears. But a steady boy like you, I suppose, never felt the tears rising to his eyes on such an occasion, so I shall say no more on this head, lest you should think me foolish, and throw aside my letter.

When my father had examined into our joint profits, and made a little division with me of his own, he came with me to Rose's father, and made the proposal of marriage. The old man left the matter entirely to his girl: he said she had been a good daughter to him, and good to all the family, and he would have a sore miss of her, but would not stand in the way of a good husband. Her grandmother also gave her free consent, and said very good-natured things of me. All this was a comfort, but still I did not know Rose's mind, and I thought she grew very dull. I was frightened—I know now, however, that her thoughtfulness was caused by the regret she felt at leaving her home, though it was for her husband; for in the sweetest manner she gave me her hand, and promised to be my wife. We were married that day fortnight, a few of our neighbours were with us, and we

had a decent wedding such as we could afford. I took a pretty little house, between our two fathers' houses, and about six acres of land, which Rose can manage with their advice, when I am away from her, which must be often; but then the earning for her, and the thought of coming back will be so pleasant! And now, as reserved as Rose was, she has told me since we married, that she loved me sincerely for a long time before I asked her for a wife, and preferred me to all other men for a husband.

And now, dear James, I hope you will write to me soon, and tell me how you all are, and how your family business is getting on. My father had great good of his mangel wurzel, and not a neighbour of ours who has an acre of land but has sowed more or less of it, and you may be sure I did so too; and we remembered to have the rape plants ready to put in afterwards. Rose has got a present of a stock of bees, and I made a little hive for her, as like yours as I could, and soon after the old hive threw out a very fine swarm, which we put into it, and they are working capitally, and my dear girl is greatly delighted with it. How happy it would make us all to see you, or any of your good family at our little place; and though we could not entertain you as you entertained us, we would do our best to make you comfortable

and you would put us in the way of making the most of our little bit of land. My father desires his kind love to you all, and Rose sends her hearty service; and I am, in great truth,

Your affectionate Friend,

PATRICK BRADY.

July 7, 1825.