

I ran away from home, with King William under my arm taking the road to Tipperary town, and thought myself the happiest of boys alive, because I was free of all restraint; and, of course, in common of the great majority of the human race who were called fools, I thought not to be controlled was to be blest. I thought the sky was more blue the sun more bright, the meadows more green, the rivers more clear, the birds in better tune, the roses more rosy, the lillies more lily white, and, in short, all the universe, washed and cleaned like a barrack room of Saturday, smelling fresh and airy for my particular private entertainment. I was on my way to do that which I had often heard and read of others doing with such signal success, pushing their fortune as it is called, by which sensible people will comprehend any mad prank, wild scheme, or ridiculous notion, by which that very necessary element may be raised—I mean, of course, the wind. As I walked along cheerily, every mile brought with it a new speculation for my future life; I would be a poor scholar and wander from town to town, and from village to village with a knapsack on my back, studying men and manners, and seeking after adventures by which my fortune might be made. I would turn player, and rise to the very top of the profession. I would set up a school, and teach Greek in Tipperary; the vision evaporated when I reflected, that for all practical purposes in that neighbourhood, the pigs of the town could grunt as good Greek as any that I could pretend to: one while I would be a soldier, another a sailor, and thought—of all things I should like to be cast away on a desolate island: I thought, for ten minutes or so, that a lime burner must be a nice light, agreeable occupation, seeing that I found those gentlemen seated round a kiln, roasting potatoes, of which I made an excellent dinner. After leaving them I joined an angler on the banks of a river that ran by the road, and determined that nothing could be more agreeable to a classical mind than that apostolical mode of getting a living: finding, however, that after three quarters of an hour thrashing, the poor fellow never had a rise, I came to the conclusion that angling was a fiddle faddle, wishy washy amusement, unworthy the serious consideration of an adventurous young fellow, bent on manfully pushing his fortune.

Thus I wandered along, sometimes fancying myself making my fortune one way; and sometimes another; but always by some hop step and jump, out of the way sort of fashion, such a way as no mortal ever went about making his fortune before: but it never entered my head them days that fortunes are made far oftener by creeping than by drilling; but the grand difficulty in life is not so much to get money, as to keep it when you have got it; that neither heaven nor earth is to be taken by storm; and that the high road to perdition lies in being in a—of a hurry? Lord bless you, sir, I see men now in my native part of the country, that, with no more brains, push, or enterprise than a limpet, have, by mere dint of sticking, swelled themselves up into little turtles, while I have been going from one thing to another thing, and from one place to another place, and find myself as bare in pocket as the palm of my hand, although my talents are unaccountable, and I can cut experts three stories high! Sir, believe me, to get on in this world you must be content to be always stopping where you are; to advance you must be stationary; to get up, you must keep down: following riches is like following wild geese; and you must crawl after both on your belly; the minute you pop up your head, off they go whistling down the wind, and you see no more of them; if you haven't the art of 'sticking' by nature, you must acquire it by art; put a couple of pounds of bird-lime upon your office-stool, and sit down on it; get a chain round your leg, and tie yourself to your own counter like a pair of shop scissors; nail yourself to the wall of your place of business, like a weasel on a barn door, or the sign of the spread eagle; or what will do best of all, marry an honest poor girl without a penny, and my life for yours if you don't do business!

Never mind what your relations say, about genius, talent, learning, enterprise and such stuff; when they come advising you for your good, stick up to them for the loan of a sovereign, and if ever you see them on your side of the street again kiver me, and welcome; but to do any good, I tell you over and over again, you must be a *striker*. You may get fat upon a rock, if you never quit your hold of it. All this I didn't find out till lately, for my notions were all of making my fortune

extempore; an exploit achieved about as often as a thirty thousand pound prize in a Hamburg lottery.

From the London Monthly Magazine.  
THE ORIENT RESTORED.

A dying Monarch, suffering wrong,  
Saw to his harp this final song:  
"Once more—once more, and then for ever  
more,  
I would I were a child!  
With a spirit undefiled,  
Admiring, to adore!  
The man looks ever on the setting sun,  
Of wishing that the day were wholly done;  
The boy looks upward to the noon,  
Expecting his own triumph soon;  
But I would turn me to the East again,  
And, gazing, at the rising sun, remain  
Loving, believing, wondering still,  
With hopeful heart and passive will.

"I would I were a child,  
With spirit undefiled!  
Suspecting none, by none suspected;  
In me, in them, no falsehood yet detected—  
Nought caring, seeking for no work—no pay-  
ment—  
Trusting to Providence for food and raiment;  
When all things were so near me,  
That naught was alien to me;  
And nothing might ensphere me,  
That aught of wrong could do me:—  
But I was blest,  
Awake or at rest,  
Cradled on Wisdom's mother-breast,  
And all things ordered for the best—  
Free from sorrow, sin and strife,  
Cherished at the fount of Life!

"Thus speaks in me the hermit heart,  
Calling on me to do my part,  
And win for manhood its lost gem,  
Or Eden or Jerusalem!  
Death is in and on me now;  
His cold crown irks my wrinkled brow,  
His sceptre lies upon my heart,  
And chills the blood back with a start!  
But yet I live!  
And therefore will I hope and love;  
Where I'm wronged, I will forgive,  
Confiding in the world above.  
Nay—that world I'll bring to this,  
Making of both a bower of bliss—  
That on earth I may  
Do even as they  
Who dwell in heaven, (so sages say),  
Grow ever younger every day,  
Till purified of all offence,  
In infancy's first innocence,  
And in the heart the day spring rise,  
Like a new morning in the skies.  
—Thus conquer I the Saracens,  
And gain the holy land again,—  
A greater song than Tasso's sing,  
The Hero Poet and the King!"

Thus sang the Monarch. Ere he ceased  
His harp was broke—his Soul released.  
JOHN A. HERAUD.

## NEW WORKS.

From Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon.  
SCRAPS.

It may seem but poor philosophy; but, alas, how many of our happiest, how many of our brightest thoughts here, are but delusions like this! The dayspring of youth gilds the tops of the distant mountains before us, and many a weary day through life, when clouds and storms are thickening around us, we live upon the mere memory of the past. Some fast fitting prospect of a bright future, some passing glimpses of a sunlit valley, tinge all our after years.

It is true that he will suffer fewer disappointments, he will incur fewer of the misshaps of the world, who indulges in no fancies such as these; but equally true is it that he will taste none of that exuberant happiness which is that man's portion who weaves out a story of his life, and who, in connecting the promise of early years with the performance of later, will seek to fulfil a fate and destiny.

Long live flattery, say I, come from what quarter it will: the only wealth of the poor man—the only reward of the unknown one; the arm that supports us in failure—the hand that crowns us in success; the comforter in affliction—the gay companion in our hours of pleasure; the lullaby of the infant—the staff of old age; the secret treasure we lock up in our hearts, and which ever grows greater as we count it over. Let me not be told that the coin is fictitious, and the gold not genuine; its clink is as musical to the ear as though it bore the last impression of the mint, and I'm not the man to cast an aspersion upon its value.

The hurried but cautious step, the whispered sentences, the averted gaze of those who sorrowed for me, sunk far deeper into my heart than my friends then thought of. Little do they think, who minister to the sick or dying, how each passing word, each flitting glance, is noted, and how the pale and stilly figure, which lies all but lifeless before them, counts over the hours he has to live by the smiles or tears around him.

There is something in the feeling of weakness which succeeds to long illness of the most delicious and refined enjoyment. The spirit emerging as it were from the thralldom of its grosser prison, rises high and triumphant above the meaner thoughts and more petty ambitions of daily life. Purer feelings, more ennobling thoughts succeed; and gleams of our childhood, mingling with our promises for the future, make up an ideal existence, in which the low passions and cares of ordinary life enter not or are forgotten. 'T is then we learn to hold converse with ourselves; 't is then we ask how has our manhood performed the promises of its youth? or, have our brightened prospects borne out the pledges of our boyhood? 'T is then, in the calm justice of our lonely hearts we learn how our failures are but another name for our faults, and that what we looked on as the vicissitudes of fortune, are but the fruits of our own vices. Alas, how short lived are such intervals. Like the fitful sunshine in the wintry sky, they throw one bright and joyous tint over the dark landscape; for a moment the valley and the mountain top are bathed in a ruddy glow; the leafless tree and the dark moss seem to feel a touch of spring; but the next instant it is past—the lowering clouds and dark shadows intervene, and the cold blast, the morning wind, and the dreary waste are once more before us.

Who would not exchange all the triumphs of his later days, the proudest moments of successful ambition, the richest trophies of hard won daring, for the short and vivid flash that first shot through his heart and told him he was loved. It is the opening consciousness of life, the first sense of power that makes of the mere boy a man; a man in all his daring and pride, and hence it is that in early life we feel ever prone to indulge those fancied attachments which elevate and raise us in our own esteem. Such was the frame of my mind as I entered the little boudoir, where once before I had ventured on a similar errand.

The hour of parting seems like a warning to us, that all our enjoyments and pleasures are here destined to a short and merely fleeting existence; and, as each scene of life passes away never to return, we are made to feel that youth and hope are passing with them; and that, although the fair world be as bright, and its pleasures as rich in abundance, our capacity of enjoyment is daily, hourly diminishing, and while all around us smiles in beauty and happiness, that we, alas, are not what we were.

## HORSES IN A COACH.

Horses in a coach must certainly be the most patient, or the most indifferent, or the most unthinking of animals. The mule seems to have a mind of his own; he is not to be driven so easily. The dog passes a horrible, unsatisfied time of it under the butcher's or baker's go cart. Harnessed elephants would be inconvenient. They would be for adjusting their tuskles, and making inquiries with their trunks into the behaviour of the postilion. The Llama of Peru has inconvenient tricks, if you ill use him; and so has the camel. But the horse, when once he is ground well into the road, seems to give up having any mind of his own. We dock their tails to subject them to the very flies; fasten their heads back, to hinder them from seeing their path; and put blinkers at their eyes, for fear of their getting used to the phenomena of the carriage and wheels behind them. What must they think (if they think at all) of the eternal mystery thus tied to their bodies, and rattling and lumbering at their heels?—of the load thus fastened to them day by day, going the same road (for no earthly object intelligible to the horse's capacity) and every now and then depositing and taking up, and other animals who walk on their hind legs, and occasionally come and stroke their noses, kick their bellies, and gift them with iron shoes.

## BANYAN TREE IN INDIA.

On an island in the river Nerpudda, ten miles from the city Baroach, grows the most remarkable Banyan tree in all India. It is distinguished by the name of Kureer Bur, in honour of a famous saint; who, as tradition says, was here buried alive by his followers, pursuant to his own directions. It was once much larger than at present, but high floods have carried away the banks in many places, and with them such parts of the tree as had thus far extended its roots. What remains, however, is about two thousand feet in circumference, measured round the principal stems; but the over branches cover a much larger space. The chief trunks of this tree, which in size greatly exceed our largest oaks, amount to three hundred and fifty; the smaller stems forming themselves into strong supporters, are more than three thousand; while every one of these is continually casting out new branches and pendant roots, which, in time, when they fastened their fibres in the soil, will form trunks, and become the parent of a new progeny, agreeably

to the minute description of this wonder of the vegetable world drawn by Milton:—

"The fig tree at this day to Indians known,  
In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms;  
Branching so broad and long, that in the  
ground  
The bending twigs took root, and daughters  
grow  
About the mother tree, a pillar's shade—  
High, over arch'd, and echoing walks be-  
tween."

Kureer Bur is famous through India for its vast extent, and great beauty; armies may encamp under its umbrageous branches, which afford an ample habitation to innumerable tribes of wood pigeons, peacocks, and all the choral varieties of the grove. While the natives, who venerate the tree as a symbol of a prolific deity, resort to it at particular seasons on a religious account; the English, in their shooting excursions, spend weeks together beneath its cool and verdant shade.

## From the Polytechnic Journal.

MALARIOUS DISTRICTS IN ENGLAND.  
The Malarious districts in England are situated principally on the Eastern coast, in the low counties of Essex, Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, and the East Riding of Yorkshire. Holland is a low malarious country. There is hardly a town on the banks of the Scheldt free from disease caused by malaria. In France there exists 900,000 acres of undrained alluvial soil, the inhabitants of which are liable to intermittent and remittent fevers, the production of malarious poison. A similar country exists about Seville, Cadiz, and many other towns on the southern coasts of Spain. In Italy also, the Mantuan, the Florentine, and Roman territories, the whole tract of the Pontine Marshes, the Islands of Minorca, Sicily, Sardinia, the Ionian Islands, and the northern shores of Africa, malaria exerts its destructive influence. The West India Islands are notorious for their unhealthiness; like the great continents of America and Asia, these islands consist of one conical mountain, or a series of mountains, bordered by a margin of alluvial soil. In order to obtain protection from the hurricanes, the towns are situated on the leeward shore, on a level little above that of the sea. Thus placed and enclosed by high hills, which exclude the breeze and reflect most intense heat on the lowlands, where the settlements of the planters are formed, we cannot be surprised at the existence of the severe fevers which prove so destructive to the lives of the inhabitants of those Islands.

## UNHEALTHY DISTRICTS IN LONDON.

Ague was, at one period, very prevalent in London and its neighbourhood, in consequence of the existence of certain marshes. Southwark was once an entire swamp, and at Westminster there is a toll gate called the 'Marsh Gate,' from being situated in a place where formerly there was a marsh. Not very long ago the banks of the Thames from Lambeth to Woolwich, were one continued swamp. These parts have been supposed to be deprived of their destructive qualities by being underdrained, and by the formation of sewers. It is generally supposed that marshy places are rendered wholesome by being built over. This is not always the case. The Penitentiary at Millbank was built upon a marsh, and as the residence was found too unwholesome for convicts, it was said that government intended it for barracks. Three out of five of its inmates are affected with miasmatic disease.

## CHATEAUBRIAND—HOW HE BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

My mother having been thrown into a dungeon at the age of seventy-two, expired on a truckle bed to which she had been reduced by her misfortunes. The thoughts of my apostacy filled her last moments with anguish, and dying, she charged my sister with the duty of bringing me back to the religion in which I had been reared. When the letter of my sister reached me from beyond the seas, she herself was no longer in existence, she had died from the effects of her imprisonment. These two voices called to me from the tomb;—this death, which served as an interpreter to death, deeply affected me. I became a Christian. I did not yield. I confess, to any great supernatural lights—my conviction sprang from the heart. I wept and believed.

## SELF DENIAL.

Youth are prone to be ill-natured and obliging. It is hard for them to endure a little self-denial, or suffer inconvenience for the promotion, not only of their own happiness, but of those who take an interest in their welfare. They do not look forward to see the beneficial results of certain courses, which are marked out by their friends and when deprived of present enjoyment, they deem it injustice and unkindness, and manifest their feelings by sour looks, and stubbornness of behaviour. They treat ill those to whom they are the most indebted, and to whom in after life they will look back as their best and kindest friends.