

UPS AND DOWNS: A TALE OF THE ROAD.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

We are no enemies to improvement: yet improvement sometimes effects changes which we cannot help regretting. In its march, it occasionally sweeps away old land-marks to which a long acquaintance had attached us. It now and then disturbs old associations, and removes objects and customs on which some of our pleasantest recollections were wont to dwell.

It is in a spirit of this kind that we contemplate the departing glories of stage-coach travelling, and all the joys of the road. The flashing, rattling, dashing carriage-and-four—the good-humoured, civil, intelligent, and story-telling guard, full of anecdote and fun—the village inn (the stage), the changing of horses with all its exciting and amusing accompaniments—the fresh start, and the general hilarity which the sense of rapid motion, seconded by a bright shiny day, never fails to inspire. All this is about passing away. The little that has been left by the steam boat will soon be extinguished by the dull, monotonous railway.

One of the first, if not the very first, lines of road in Great Britain, whose prosperity was invaded by the steam-boat, was that between Glasgow and Greenock.* The steam-ships of the Clyde quickly laid up the Glasgow coaches in the coach-yard, turned adrift their gars and drivers, arrested the life and bustle that pervaded its whole length, and reduced it to what it now is—merely the ghost of a road.

But it was once otherwise with the Greenock road; and well do we recollect the long coaches, like so many Noah's arks mounted on wheels, that used to ply in dozens on that now-despised and neglected highway, and the many pleasant and merry excursions on which they joyously bore us. It was on one of these occasions that we picked up the following incident.

On the occasion alluded to, we were proceeding to Greenock by the —; we forget the name of the coach, but it was one whose panels were adorned by a series of pictorial representations of oak-leaves, green oaks—referring to the commonly-believed but false etymology of the name of the town above-mentioned. We were seated beside the driver, a fine intelligent old fellow, who had been upon the road for upwards of twenty years. It was a delightful day, and we were rolling cheerily along, when we came suddenly at a turn of the road, upon a boy of ten or twelve years of age, who was trudging the footpath towards Greenock. He seemed sorely fatigued, and so exhausted that he could hardly prosecute his journey. Compassionating the poor boy's situation (for he was very indifferently clothed) we called the driver's attention to him, and hinted that he might do a worse thing than give the poor lad a seat on his coach. Our friend demurred, alleging that he might be found fault with: and adding something about the boy's being, he had no doubt, some run-away apprentice from Glasgow, going to Greenock to enter on board ship as a sailor, such occurrences being frequent in these days.

"We will give you a reasonable fare for the boy," said we.

"That alters the case," replied the driver, and without saying another word he pulled up, and called on the boy to mount. The boy hesitated, and stared the surprise which he felt; he could not believe the invitation was in earnest.

"Come up, you young rogue, you," repeated the driver: "here's a gentleman going to pay your fare to Greenock, although I dare say you don't deserve it: for I'm sure you've run away from the loom, or some other honest calling, and left your mother with a heavy heart."

The boy now no longer hesitated, but catching the projecting iron footstep of the coach, was in a twinkling seated on the top, apparently to his very great satisfaction.

* Some of our London readers may not be aware that Greenock stands in somewhat the same relation to Glasgow that Gravesend does to London.

"This affair, sir, of picking up the boy," said the driver, after we had again started, "puts me in mind of a rather curious incident that happened some years ago on this road."

"Aye," said we, "what was it?"

"I'll tell you what it was," said our friend the driver; and he immediately gave us the following story:—

"About fifteen years ago," he began, "there was amongst my passengers one day, a lively, kind-hearted, buxom elderly lady, seemingly well to do in the world: for she was clad in silks, and sported a purse a yard long, and well filled.

"Well, as we were getting along, as we are just now, and not above a mile from this very spot, we overtook a boy in precisely the same situation as this one here; he was barefooted, too, and was sadly knocked up with walking; he could hardly crawl along, and his face was all begrimed with weeping. The poor boy appeared to be in a sad case, to be sure. Well, the good soul, my lady passenger, seeing him, her honest motherly heart bled for the poor boy. She thrust her head out of the window, and called on me to stop. I did so. She then pulled out her purse, and putting some silver into my hand (double the amount required), desired me to hand the boy into the coach, she having previously obtained the leave of the other passengers to do so. I immediately did as she desired me—thrust the boy into the coach, slapped close the door, mounted my seat, and drove off.

"I of course knew no more of what passed at this time; I laid down my passengers, boy and all, at the White Hart Inn, Greenock, and there my knowledge of them ended.

"Two or three days after this, however, I happened to have one of the gentlemen up with me again who was passenger when the lady brought the boy into the coach, and he told me that she was extremely kind to him, as kind as a mother could have been. On their arriving at the White Hart, she took him into the house, and gave him a plentiful supper, paid for his bed there, and breakfast next morning; and, at parting, put a guinea into his hand. The boy stated that he had been bred a weaver; frankly owned that he had run away, but gave as a reason the harsh treatment of a stepmother, and an unconquerable aversion to the loom. He also added that it was his intention to go to sea, and that he had a maternal uncle in Greenock, a carpenter, who, he had no doubt, would assist in getting him a ship, although he did not well know where to find this relative.

"Well, you see, sir," continued the narrator, "time, after this, wore away as it had done before, year after year, and here was I, still handling the whip, as I am doing now. Ten years, I think, or thereabouts, had passed away, and I had long since forgotten all about the boy and his kind patroness, when a smashing, fine-looking gentlemanly young fellow, with the cut of a sailor about him, although wearing a long coat, and sporting rings on his fingers and a bunch of gold seals at his watch, mounted one day on the coach box beside me. He had engaged and paid for an inside seat, but took the out for choice.

"Well, old fellow," said he (for, like all his class, he was frank and cheerful). "Well, old fellow," he said, sitting down beside me, "up with your anchor, and get under weigh. Come, that's it," as he saw me lay the whip to the horses, "give her way there—send her through it, my hearty. It's a long while since I was on a coach before, though I've been in a gig often enough."

"Well, then," says I, "sir, them's more dangerous than coaches."

"A vast there," says he, "what sort of gigs do you mean?"

"Why, two-wheeled ones, in course," says I. "Aha, out there, old boy," says he, slapping me on the shoulder: "the gigs I mean have no wheels at all."

"Queer codgers they'll be," says I.

"Not a bit," says he, "Aren't ye up, old fellow? Don't ye know that a certain kind of small boat belonging to a ship is called a gig?"

"Didn't know it, sir," said I.

"Well, you know it now, old chap: so bear it in mind, and I'll give you a glass of brandy and water at Bishopton."

"Well you see, sir," continued the narrator, "all this is not much to the purpose of my story, but I just wished to give you some notion of the pleasant off-hand way of my passenger.

"Having cleared Cartsdyke, we were getting along cheerily, when the captain—for I had by this time found out that my passenger was captain of a large West-India ship that had just arrived at Greenock, and that he was now on his way to Glasgow to see his owners, who resided there—I say we were getting along cheerily, and were within three miles of Bishopton, when the captain spied a decent-looking, but poorly dressed, old woman trudging along the foot-path.

"I say, skipper," says he to me, "what do you think of our shipping that poor old girl, and giving her a lift on her voyage? She seems hardly able to make any way to win'ard."

"Not being very fond of picking up stragglers in that sort of way, I at first objected. When I did so, he exclaimed, with a sailor's oath, 'I shall have the girl on board. I'll never forget that I was in a similar situation once myself; nor will I ever forget the kind old soul of a woman that lent me such a hand as I am now about to lend to her. I'll never pass any poor devil in these circumstances again—man or woman, old or young, with offering them a berth in the craft in which I'm sailing, so long as there's room to stow them.' Saying this, and at the same time adding, that he would pay me all charges, he sprang off the coach, and had the old woman by the hand in a twinkling, leading her towards the coach, which I had now stopped.

"God bless you, sir," said the old woman, as she tottered along with him. "It will, indeed, be a great relief to me; I am not so able to walk as I once was, and far from being so well able to pay for any other conveyance; and I have a long road before me."

"Where are you going to, my good old woman?" said the captain.

"To Glasgow, sir," she replied. "I live there, and have been down at Greenock, seeing some friends there who, I hoped, might have done something for me. But, they all had some excuse or apology for not assisting me, and have sent me away nearly as poor as I went; and that, God knows, was poor enough."

"Never mind, mother, pop in there in the mean time," said the sailor, holding the door of the coach in one hand, and taking the arm of the old woman with the other to help her in: "Pop in, and we'll carry you comfortably through to Glasgow, and give you a bit and a sup by the way, to keep your old heart up."

"Having seen the old woman seated, the captain secured the door, and resuming his seat by me, we drove on.

"On reaching Bishopton inn, where we change horses and rest a bit, the captain, the moment the coach stopped, leapt down, opened the coach door, and handing out the old woman, led her into the inn, and asked for a private room for himself and her. They were shown into one, when the captain ordered some refreshment to be brought—some cold fowl, and some wine and brandy.

"He now placed the old woman at the table, and began helping her to the various good things that were on it. While this was going on, he sent for me. When I entered—"Come away, skipper," said he, seemingly much delighted with his employment of helping 'old mother,' as he called her, to the nicest morsels he could pick out—"Come away, skipper," said he, "and let us see how you can splice the main brace." Saying which, he filled me up half a tumbler of brandy and water.

"In the mean time the old lady had finished her repast, and, under the influence of the comfortable feelings which the refreshment she had taken had excited, she began to get a little talkative. 'Well,' said she, after again thanking her entertainer for his kindness, 'it is curious how things do sometimes come about; for I cannot but look, sir,' (addressing the captain,) 'on your kindness to me this day as a return from the hand of Providence for a similar act of charity that I once bestowed on a needy person, and that not very far from where we are at this moment sitting. It's now, I think, about ten years since'

continued the old lady, 'that, as I was going by coach down to Greenock—I was then in easy circumstances, had plenty of the world, for my husband was then living and carrying on a thriving business—I saw a poor boy limping along the foot-path, and seemingly exhausted with both hunger and fatigue.

"Well, sir, pitying the poor young thing, I had him taken into the coach, treated him as kindly as I could, and provided him with a night's quarters in the White Hart Inn, and put a trifle of money into his hand besides."

"I wish, sir, here interposed my informant, speaking in his own person, "you had but seen the captain's face, while his guest was relating this incident. It grew pale, then flushed, while his eyes sparkled with an expression of intense feeling; he was, in short, greatly excited. At length, jumping from his seat, he rushed towards the old lady, and seizing both her hands in his, exclaimed in a rapture of joy,

"God bless your old heart, mother!—I, and no other, am—or rather was—the boy whom you so generously relieved on that occasion. I recollect it well; and, now that my attention is called to it, I recognise in your countenance that of my benefactress. That countenance was long present to my memory, and the kind deed with which the reminiscence was associated, is still treasured up in my inmost heart. I never—never forgot it, and never will."

"It was now the poor old woman's turn to be surprised at the strange incident which had occurred; and much surprised she was, I assure you. She clutched the young man's hand with her palsied fingers, and looked earnestly in his face for a second or two, as if struggling to identify it with that of the boy whom, ten years before, she had relieved in his distress. At length—

"Yes, sir, you are the same," she said. "I recollect that boy's look well, and though you are much changed—being now a tall, stout, full-grown man—I can trace that look still in your sunburnt face. Well, sir," she added, "you have repaid the kindness."

"Have I, indeed! No, that I haven't!" exclaimed the captain. "That's not the way I pay such debts. However, we'll talk more of the matter when we get to Glasgow; for the skipper here, I see, is impatient to get us off."

"And such was the case—my time was up; so we all got, as the captain would have said, on board again, and started."

"I may mention here," continued the narrator, "that I, too, now perfectly recollected the incident of the boy's being picked up, and recognised, in my present passenger, the old woman, the person who had done that act of charity. The captain, however, I should not have known. Of his face I had no recollection whatever."

"Well, sir, I have now only the sequel of the story to tell you, and shall make it short."

"Captain Archer—for that was the name of the gentleman of whom I have been speaking—having ascertained that his benefactress was in very distressed circumstances, her husband having died a bankrupt some years before, gave her a handsome sum in hand to relieve her immediate necessities, and settled on her an annuity of £20 per annum, which was duly paid till her death, by the owners of the ship he commanded."

HATTON GARDEN.

A FREE-AND-EASY WIFE.—Sarah Harley, a well-looking young woman, who exhibited a tremendous black eye and scratched cheek, having an infant at her breast, was placed at the bar, charged by John Harley, her husband, carpenter, of No. 12, Allen-street, Clerkenwell, with having assaulted and threatened to stab him with a knife. He added that she was a violent woman, who neglected him and her home in consequence of her propensity to attend "Free-and-Easies," (singing and smoking clubs); and after he had been hard at work all day, on his return home he found himself locked out and nobody at home, and on making enquiries, he was sure to find the prisoner at some concert or free-and-easy. On Monday night last, as usual, he found himself locked out, and his little boy sitting on the step of the door, when witness went to look after her,

and at length traced her to be enjoying herself, at his expense, at a concert-room, in Ironmonger-row, St. Luke's, and on requesting her to come home she refused, and she gave him the key of the door, on which he returned and went to bed with his boy. He was awake at a late hour by the prisoner, who commenced abusing him and making use of oaths, and dragged him out of bed and took up a knife to stab him.

Mr. Greenwood: Did you give her that black eye? Witness: I did, but not before she threatened to stab me.

Pray, what sort of a place was this concert held at?—At a beer shop.

I suppose they have a long-room?—They have. How many persons were there?—Three hundred or four hundred men, women, boys, and children.

Is the place licensed for such entertainments?—No, sir.

Mr. Greenwood ordered Inspector Penny, of G division, to look after the house.

The clerk said there were too many such places in London.

Mr. Greenwood asked the prisoner what she had to say? Prisoner (boldly): I went to the concert, and I'll go again. He struck me first, and I struck him again, and I will do it again if he strikes me.

Mr. Greenwood: But you have no right to do so. I plainly perceive, by your manner, that you are a violent woman. What right have you to visit such places without your husband, or his consent?

Mrs. Harley tossed up her head contemptuously. Husband: Master says I had better allow her a separate maintenance, as I can never get on with her. I will keep my boy and she shall keep the child.

Mr. Greenwood: What do you earn per week? Witness: Thirty shillings.

What will you allow her out of that?—Six shillings per week.

Mr. Greenwood: That is very fair. (To the wife): Will you be satisfied with that? Wife: No.

Mr. Greenwood: Then you may go to the workhouse, and I shall order the warrant to stand over for a week; and if you do not behave yourself towards your husband, and are brought before me, I shall order you to find bail, or commit you to prison.

Prosecutor: What shall I do, your worship, when I go home; she is sure to return there with her gin drinking companions, and if I interfere, they will defy me and kick up a row.

Mr. Greenwood recommended him to take possession of his place, and put them out, but not to assault his wife.

Prosecutor: Aye, but if she assaults me, which she will do I know?

Mr. Greenwood again told her the consequence of committing a breach of the peace, and cautioned her as to her future conduct, when the parties left the court.—*Argus*, March 21.

NORFOLK CIRCUIT.—BEDFORD.

The Grand Jury on Monday returned true bills against the pugilists "Deaf Burke," Owen Swift, and others, for riot and assault, and obstructing a constable in the execution of his duty. Among the persons who are not members of the prize ring, included in the indictment, are Lord Chetwynd, bearing the title of Viscount Rathdown, in the kingdom of Ireland; Mr. Maley, a solicitor of considerable property; Mr. Brown, the landlord of the well-known inn called the Swan, at Newport Pagnell, and several others of respectable station and connexions.

To-day the court was moved by Mr. Gunning for "Deaf Burke," and by Mr. Byles for some others of the defendants, to respite the recognizances until next assizes, in order that all the defendants, the patrons of the "ring," as well as the pugilists, might take their trials together. Mr. Biggs Andrews and Mr. Sydney Taylor, on the part of the prosecution, consented to the motion as a reasonable one; and the recognizances were respited accordingly. This case excites great interest in the county.—*Argus*, March 21st.

INTEMPERANCE.—It is stated that, in the seventeenth century, intoxication was regarded in so odious a light in Spain, that if one person unjustly accused another of it, nothing less than the slanderer's life would satisfy the party traduced. The man who was proved to have been drunk, was for life incapacitated from appearing as a witness in a court of justice.

NEW POOR LAW.—By the return just laid before Parliament (moved for by Mr. F. Maule,) it appears that the gross total number of paupers relieved in England and Wales during the quarter ended Lady-day, 1840 (including the places not yet brought under the Poor Law Amendment Act, &c.) amounts to 1,201,344. The proportion of in-door paupers relieved to the population, for the same period, was 8 6-10ths per cent.

An exciseman calling at the house of a good-humoured landlady, the other day, at Bath, she consulted him about some liquor that had been deposited in her cellar *without a permit*. At the words "without a permit," the exciseman rushed below, and soon found himself up to his middle in water. It is needless to add, that he made no seizure of the liquid, which the flooding of the Severn had forced into the cellar without an excise warrant.

STATE OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.—The United States navy has 68 vessels of war (including those on the stocks), 33 of which are in active service—viz., 1 ship of the line, 5 frigates, 13 sloops, 4 brigs, 7 schooners, 2 coast steamers, and 1 store ship. They are thus disposed:—In the Mediterranean, 1 line-of-battle ship, 1 frigate, 2 sloops; West African Coast, 2 brigantines, 1 schooner; Brazils, 1 frigate, 3 sloops; on the Florida Coast, 3 schooners; on the Atlantic Coast, 2 schooners; Surveying, 1 brig; Exploring, 2 sloops, 1 brig, 1 schooner. Two fine steam-frigates are building at the Brooklyn and Philadelphia navy yards; the former, the *Missouri*, to be mounted with eight 10-inch Paixhan guns, and two other cannon. A proposal is before the Government to build four steamers of 2,500 tons each, to run between New York and Liverpool, in time of peace, as post office and regular packets, with immense horse-power engines in each, and to be armed with Paixhan guns in time of war; the two first to be ready in 1842, and the other two in 1843. The Delaware ship of the line is to be armed with Paixhan guns, and appropriations of great amount will be made for increasing and repairing the fortifications, building ships, &c. One publication states that for the latter purpose there are materials in the different navy yards to build twenty-six sail of the line and forty frigates. The above intelligence is all from published and authentic documents.—*Argus*.

DRUNKEN PILOT.—The Duke of Wellington, as Lord Warden, has addressed a letter to the Deputy Warden, in reference to the inquiry regarding the conduct of Mr. O'Bree, complained of by Captain Brown of the Arabian. His grace, having perused the proceedings with much attention, says:—"It is melancholy that men who are placed in the respectable situations of Cinque Ports pilots cannot refrain from drink, and keep themselves sober, during the few hours they are employed on duty, and in charge of the valuable property of her Majesty's subjects, and the lives of those who employ them as well as their own. I desire that the Cinque Ports pilot, Thomas O'Bree, may be deprived of his license, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Act of 6 Geo. IV. c. 125. I beg that this letter may be published, and copies sent to the Fellowship at Dover, Deal, Ramsgate, and Margate. I repeat over again my determination invariably to carry into execution the punishment which the law has enabled me to inflict on any Cinque Ports pilot who may be proved to have been intoxicated when on duty."

CHAMPAGNE.—The entire quantity of champagne, fit for bottling, grown in 1840, according to the local journals, does not amount to more than 21,160,000 litres (about 4,700,000 English gallons), although ten times this quantity is sold in France, or sent abroad as genuine champagne.

LADIES' CORNER.

TO MY DAUGHTER IN ENGLAND.

In sunshine and shadow,
On land or at sea,
O'er mountain or meadow,
I'm thinking of thee;
In England's fair gardens,
In Australia's lone wild
Thine image is present,
My motherless child.

Pale sickness has driv'n me,
An exile to roam,
O'er the wide waste of waters,
Far, far from our home.
Thy gentle attentions
No longer are mine,
To smite away sorrow
And soothe my decline.

I miss thee at Spring-time,
The season of flowers;
I miss thee when evening
Recalls vanish'd hours.
Earth, air, sky, and waters
Conspire to rejoice;
But where is the music
Of thy murmuring voice?

Once more to behold thee,
I'll cross the dark wave;
'Tis enough, if I clasp thee,
Ere I sink in the grave.
Thou lonely, thou lov'd one,
Thou buoyant, yet mild!
My last prayer shall rise
For my Motherless child!

Argyle, May 24th.

J. W.

VARIETIES.

The Hon. Mrs. —, while mistress of a stall in a fancy fair, observed a gentleman staring at her. "What is it you please to want?" she inquired. His answer was, "I am pleased to look at you." "That costs a guinea?" she informed him. He paid the money and then demanded, "How much for a kiss?" The Hon. Lady quickly replied, "Two guineas." It was bought, and honourably paid across the counter.—As the sun in all his splendour was peeping over the Eastern hills, a newly-married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising." His wife, who happened to be getting up, taking the compliment to herself, simpered out, "What would you say, my dear, if I had my silk gown on?"—*American Paper*.—A very loquacious female witness, whom the opposing counsel could not silence, so far kept him at bay, that by way of browbeating her, he exclaimed, "Why, woman, there is brass enough in your face to make a kettle!" "And sauce enough in yours (she instantly rejoined), to fill it."—There are two kinds of prayer, lip-prayer and soul-prayer; the former, like a book-cover, is an accessory; the latter, like the book, is the essential, without which, the former is worthless.—A woman's courage is always the courage of the mind—the highest description of valour of which the human soul is capable. Danger strengthens instead of deterring it, and where many men grow nerveless, they simply become more cool. The valour of men is most dependent on brute force, and, where this fails, courage in an uneducated mind rarely survives its loss.—The whole of human virtue may be reduced to speaking the truth always, and doing good to others.—*Elton*.—I never see a poet yet that warn't as poor as Job's turkey, or a church mouse; or a she poet that her shoes didn't go down to heel, and her stockings looked as if they wanted darnin', for its all cry and little wool with poets, as the devil said when he was shearing his hogs.—*Sam Slick*.—Let us endeavour by our acquirements, by a love of order, and, above all, by good humor, to make a happy home; for with such a shelter, if we cannot totally defy the incidental storms of life, their pitiless effects will be sensibly diminished by the fostering branches of family affection.—Truth is the most com-

pendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to issue in a few words.—*Spectator*.—I'll sing you a fine old song, as the hot water said to the tea-kettle.—A lady promised to give her maid £5 as a marriage portion. The girl got married to a man of low stature, and her mistress, on seeing him, was surprised, and said, "Well, Mary, what a very little husband you have got!" "La, mistress," exclaimed the girl, "what could you expect for five pounds?"—George II., being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious King's Speech, replied, that he hoped that the punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.—Many persons express the utmost horror at theft, who do not at all hesitate at cheating their customers, by passing off bad articles for the best, or by selling commodities very dear, which they bought very cheap.—More persons die through the fear of trouble than from the effects of trouble.—Many an acknowledged truth was once a controverted dogma; the basis of every science has been considered a fundamental error.—The first requisite in conversation is truth; the second, sense; the third, good humour; and the fourth, wit.—Those who blow the coals of others' strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their own faces.—Words are like arrows, and should not be shot at random.—Ill habits are easier conquered to-day than to-morrow.—If a coat be ever so fine that a fool wears, it is still a fool's coat.—We should never despise people for want of natural parts, but for making a wrong use of them: thus, if a man walk lame, he is to be pitied; if he dances lame, he is to be laughed at.—King Henry the Fourth, of France, (to recommend affability and good nature,) used to say, that one drop of honey attracted more flies than a spoonful of vinegar.—A rude ignorant fellow called on the late James Howe, the painter, who was well known for his spirited representations of the lower animals, and inquired whether he was "The man that drew the picture of brute beasts?" "I am," replied Howe; "shall I take your likeness?"—The physician of John Philpot Curran, in his last illness, having remarked one morning that he coughed with much difficulty; "that is rather surprising," answered Curran, "since I have been practising all night."—"If I am not home from the party to-night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't, but I'll come for you," was the reply. He returned at ten precisely.—"Pray, Sir," said a Commissioner to an insolvent brought up to be discharged on his petition, "how could you wilfully, and with your eyes open, contract such a number of debts, without any visible means of paying them?" "My Lord," said the petitioner, "You labour under a great mistake, I have never in my life wilfully contracted a debt; on the contrary, I have invariably done everything to enlarge them!"—*Jamaica paper*.—A short time since, a man came into an inn and enquired if he could have a bed for the night, upon which the landlord told him he could, but he must sleep with a black man; he said he did not mind that, and requested the ostler to call him early the next morning, as he was to go off by the first coach. During the night the ostler blacked the face of the lodger, and called him in the morning as he requested. After he had gone the first stage, he happened to look in a looking-glass, upon which he said to the coachman, "Lord, Sir, the ostler has called the wrong man;" and actually went back to call himself instead of the negro!—*American*.—Why was the elephant the last beast that went into the ark? Because it took him so long to pack up his trunk.

HILL COOLIES.—It appears from parliamentary returns that the number of Hill Coolies introduced into the colony of the Mauritius from Calcutta, from August, 1831, to October, 1838, amounted to 12,994 men, 198 women, and 51 children, making altogether 13,243.

CLAIMS OF SOCIETY ON YOUNG MEN.*

When Cataline attempted to overthrow the liberties of Rome, he began by corrupting the young men of the city, and forming them for deeds of daring and crime. In this he acted with keen discernment of what constitutes the strength and safety of a community—the VIRTUE and INTELLIGENCE of its YOUTH—especially of its YOUNG MEN. This class of persons have, with much propriety, been denominated the flower of a country—the rising hope of the church and society. Whilst they are preserved uncorrupted, and come forward with enlightened minds and good morals, to act their respective parts on the stage of life, the foundations of social order and happiness are secure, and no weapon formed against the safety of the community can prosper.

This, indeed, is a truth so obvious, that all wise and benevolent men, whether statesmen, philanthropists, or ministers of religion, have always felt a deep and peculiar interest in this class of society; and in all attempts to produce reformation and advance human happiness, the young, and particularly young men, have engaged their first and chief regards.

How entirely this accords with the spirit of inspiration, it is needless to remark. Hardly any one trait of the Bible is more prominent than its benevolent concern for the youthful generations of men. On them its instructions drop as the rain, and distil as the dew: around their path it pours its purest light and sweetest promises; and by every motive of kindness and entreaty, of invitation and warning, aims to form them for duty and happiness, for holiness and God.

I. The claims, then, of which we speak, are of the most weighty and serious character. They grow out of these indissoluble relations which you sustain to society; and those invaluable interests, social, civil, and religious, which have come down to us, a most precious inheritance, from our fathers, and which, with all the duties and responsibilities connected with them, are soon to be transferred to your hands and to your keeping. I look forward a few short years, and see the aspect of society entirely changed. The venerable fathers, who have borne the heat and burden of the day, are dropping, one after another, into the grave, and soon they will all be gone. Of those, too, who are now the acting members of society, some have passed the meridian of life, others are passing it, and all will soon be going down its decline, to mingle with the generations who have disappeared before them from this transient scene of action. To a mind seriously contemplating this mournful fact, it is an enquiry of deep and tender interest;—who are to rise up and fill their places? To whom are to be committed the invaluable interests of this community? Who are to sustain its responsibilities and discharge its duties? You anticipate the answer. It is to you, young men, that these interests are to be committed, and these responsibilities transferred. You are fast advancing to fill the places of those who are fast retiring to give place to a new generation. You are soon to occupy the houses, and own the property, and fill the offices, and possess the power, and direct the influence that are now in other hands. The various departments of business and trust, the pulpit and the bar,—our courts of justice and halls of legislation—our civil, religious, and literary institutions—all in short, that constitute society, and goes to make life useful and happy, are to be in your hands and under your control.

This representation is not made to excite your vanity, but to impress you with a due sense of your obligations. You cannot take a rational view of the stations to which you are advancing, or of the duties which are coming upon you, without feeling deeply your need of high and peculiar qualifications. In committing to you her interests and privileges, society imposes on you corresponding claims, and demands that you be prepared to fill, with honour and usefulness, the places which you are destined to occupy. She looks to you for future protection and support,

* From Lectures to Young Men, by the Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, New England.

and while she opens her arms to welcome you to her high immunities and her hopes, she requires of you the cultivation of those virtues, and the attainment of those qualifications, which can alone prepare you for the duties and scenes of future life.

Such, then, being the claims of society, let us inquire—

II. How you may be prepared to meet them.

1. And first of all, it is demanded that you awake to a serious consideration of the duties and prospects before you. I mention this first, because, if a young man cannot be persuaded to consider what he is, and what he is to become in future life, nothing worthy or good can be expected from him. And, unhappily, this is the character of too many young men. They cannot be made to think. They seem resolved to live only for the present moment, and for present gratification. As if the whole of their existence were comprised in the passing hour, and they had no concern in any future day or event, they never cast forward a thought to their coming days, nor inquire how they are to fulfil the great end of their being.

Of these gay and thoughtless triflers, society has nothing to expect. They may have their little day of sunshine and pleasure; then they will vanish and be forgotten, as if they had never been. This is unworthy the character of a rational being. Man was made for a nobler end than thus to pass away life in mere levity and trifling. He was made for thought and reflection; he was made to serve God and his generation, in a life of beneficent action; and he never exercises his faculties more in accordance with the dignity of his nature, than when he considers the end for which he was created, and inquires how he may best fulfil the great purposes of his being. And this, my friends, is an exercise peculiarly appropriate to your time of life. Joyous and flattering as the prospect before you may seem, let me tell you there is much in it that is fitted to make you serious and thoughtful. You cannot take a just view of your state and prospects, without feeling that you are placed in circumstances of deep and solemn interest. Your Creator has placed you here in the midst of a shifting and transient scene, to sojourn a little while as probationers for eternity, then to pass from the stage, and be here no more. He has formed you for society, for duty and happiness; and has so connected you with the living beings around you, that they, as well as yourselves, are to feel the good or ill effects of your conduct, long after you shall have gone to render up your account at his bar. How imperious, to beings in such a state, is the duty of consideration! How wise, how all-important to inquire—What am I, and what is my destination in this and the future world? For what end was I created, and for what purpose placed here in the midst of beings like myself? What are the relations which I sustain to those beings and to society? What are the duties which I owe to them? How can I be prepared to perform those duties, and how accomplish the great end for which the Creator gave me existence, and placed me in this world of probation and trial? The man who thinks lightly of such inquiries, or who never brings them home to his own bosom, as matters of direct, personal concern, violates every principle of reason and common prudence. Let me press them upon you, my young friends, as demanding your first and chief attention. They are indeed grave inquiries; and light trifling minds may reject them because they are so. They are suggested by the reality of things; and never, without a due consideration of them, can you be qualified for the duties of life, or sustain the responsibilities so soon to come upon you as members of society.

2. Another requisite for meeting the claims of society is intelligence, or a careful cultivation of your minds. In despotic governments, where the subject is a mere vassal, and has no part either in making or executing the laws, ignorance is, no doubt, as the advocates of legitimacy claim, an essential qualification of a good citizen. The less he knows of his rights, the more contented he is to be deprived of them; and the less he understands of duty, the more pliable he is as a

mere instrument of ambition and power. Not so in this country (United States.) Here every man is a public man. He has an interest in the community, and exerts an important influence over the interests of others. He is a free man, and this ought always to mean the same thing as an intelligent man. He possesses the right of suffrage; and, in the exercise of that right, he is often called to aid in the election of rulers,—to deliberate and act respecting the public welfare,—to fill offices of influence and trust, and to perform innumerable duties in the course of life, which can be well performed only in the possession of an intelligent and well-furnished mind. And certainly, whatever be a man's circumstances, he cannot but be a happier and more useful man by possessing such a mind.

It is not an extended, critical acquaintance with the sciences, on which I here insist; this must of necessity be confined to a few; but such a measure of knowledge as may be acquired by men of business, by all men who will but make a proper use of their faculties and time. Franklin was a man of business; he was an apprentice boy in a printing office; but by a careful improvement of that time, which by many young men is thrown away, became one of the wisest statesmen and most distinguished philosophers of his day. Sherman, too, of our own state, was a man of business; he was a shoemaker; but by self-impulse, by patient, untiring effort, he rose from the hench of the shoemaker, seated himself in the halls of congress, and there took his place with the first.

A small portion of that leisure time which you all possess, and which, by too many, is given to dissipation and idleness, would enable any young man to acquire a very general knowledge of men and things. A judicious economy of that time, for one year, would afford you opportunity to read a great many useful volumes, and to treasure up much useful knowledge. The means of intellectual improvement were never more abundant or accessible to all classes of persons than at the present day; and I may add, never were there stronger inducements for young men to avail themselves of those means, and to aim at high attainments in knowledge. Society is rapidly advancing in general improvement; the field of enterprise is fast widening, and useful talents of every kind find ample scope for employment. And permit me to remind you, my friends, that, in respect to mental improvement, the present is the most important period of your life. It is, indeed, the only period in which you can enter upon such a course of improvement with any hope of success. *If from the age of fifteen to twenty-five a young man neglects the cultivation of his mind, he will probably neglect it till the end of life. If during that period he does not form a habit of reading, of observation, and reflection, he will never form such a habit; but go through the world as the dull ass goes to market, none the wiser for all the wonders that are spread around him.*

I am the more anxious to impress the subject on your minds, because I consider your usefulness, your present and future happiness, as most intimately connected with it. A young man who has a fondness for books, or a taste for the works of nature and art, is not only preparing to act with honour and usefulness as a member of society, but is secure from a thousand temptations to which he would otherwise be exposed. He knows what to do with his leisure time. It does not hang heavily on his hands. He has no inducement to resort to bad company, or the haunts of dissipation and vice; he has higher and nobler sources of enjoyment in himself. At pleasure, he can call around him the best of company,—the wisest and greatest men of every age and country,—and feast his mind with the rich stores of knowledge which they spread before him. A lover of good books can never be in want of good society, nor in much danger of seeking enjoyment in the low pleasures of sensuality and vice.

3. Another thing demanded of you by society, is an upright and virtuous character. If a young man is loose in his principles and habits; if he live without plan and without object, spending his time in idleness and pleasure, there is more hope of a fool than of him. He is sure to be-

come a worthless character, and a pernicious member of society. He forgets his high destination as a rational, immortal being; he degrades himself to a level with the brute; and is not only disqualified for the serious duties of life, but proves himself a nuisance and a curse to all with whom he is connected.

No young man can hope to rise in society, or act worthily his part in life, without a fair, moral character. The basis of such a character is virtuous principle; or a deep, fixed sense of moral obligation sustained and invigorated by the fear and the love of God. The man who possesses such a character can be trusted. Integrity, truth, benevolence, justice, are not with him words without meaning; he knows and he feels their sacred import, and aims, in the whole tenor of his life, to exemplify the virtues they express. Such a man has decision of character;—he knows what is right, and is firm in doing it. Such a man has independence of character;—he thinks and acts for himself, and is not to be made a tool of to serve the purposes of party. Such a man has consistency of character;—he pursues a straight forward course, and what he is to-day, you are sure of finding him to-morrow. Such a man has true worth of character;—and his life is a blessing to himself, to his family, to society, and to the world.

Aim then, my friends, to attain this character,—aim at virtue and moral excellence. This is the first, the indispensable qualification of a good citizen. It imparts life, and strength, and beauty, not only to individual character, but to all the institutions and interests of society. It is indeed the dew and rain that nourish the vine and the fig tree, by which we are shaded and refreshed.

4. Another thing demanded of you by society is public spirit. Every young man should come forward in life with a determination to do all the good he can, and to leave the world the better for his having lived in it. He should consider that he was not made for himself alone; but for society, for mankind, and for God. He should feel that he is a constituent, responsible member of the great family of man; and while he should pay particular attention to the wants and the welfare of those with whom he is immediately connected, he should accustom himself to send his thoughts abroad, over the wide field of practical benevolence, and early learn to feel and act for the good of his species.

I say early, because if you do not begin, in the morning of life, to cherish a public spirit—a spirit of active enterprising benevolence, you will probably never possess much of it. This is a virtue that rarely springs up late in life. If it grow and flourish at all, it must be planted in youth, and be nourished by the warm sunshine and rain of the spring season of life. He who cares only for himself in youth, will be very niggard in manhood, and a wretched miser in old age.

And consider, what a poor, miserable kind of existence it is, to live only to one's self. It is indeed but half living. "Selfishness has been well termed a starveling vice. It is its own curse. He does no good, gets none. He who cares not for others, will soon find that others will not care for him. As he lives to himself, so he will die to himself, and nobody will miss him, or be sorry that he is gone*."

Guard against this temper, my friends, as most unworthy in itself, and destructive of all respectability and usefulness. Cultivate a spirit of enlarged benevolence,—a generous, self-denying public spirit, which shall cause you to feel and take interest in whatever effects the happiness, or conduces to the improvement of your fellow-men. Especially is this a duty incumbent on you at the present day. It is a day of action—of action in the cause of God and human happiness. The young men of this generation are called to a great work. God is fast preparing the way for this world's emancipation from the thralldom and misery under which it has been groaning for six thousand years: and to those who are now coming upon the stage, does he extend the high privilege and honor of bearing a part in effecting this glorious work. See to it, then, that you forfeit not the

* James's Christian Father's Present.