

any act of violence, they suffered him unrestrained to indulge his misery. For several weeks he thus continued alternately melancholy or outrageous, until one night in the latter end of July, when the neighbouring cottagers were awakened by the loudness and horror of his shrieks. For a while they continued violent, then grew fainter, and at length sunk in total silence. Early the following morning a fisherman arose to examine a kelp-kiln which he had lit the night before, when the shocking spectacle of the half-consumed maniac met his sight. The wretched sufferer, while wandering on the projecting ledge of a steep cliff, had missed his footing, tumbled down the precipice, and rolled into the blazing kiln, which burned at the base of the rock! His mutilated remains were enveloped in a piece of sail-cloth, and buried in a little green recess at the foot of the precipice from which he fell. The verdure of this spot is rendered more lively by being contrasted with the grey tints of the surrounding rocks; it is adorned by sea pinks and other marine flowers, and on no part of the romantic shores of Antrim does the traveller of taste\* feel emotions more varied, or sensations more interesting, than on the spot where heaves the Madman's Grave.

Ballycastle. L.

For the *Belfast Monthly Magazine*.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LINEN LAWS.

IT is observed in the Commercial Report of November, that the quantity of coarse linens brought to Dublin for sale in the preceding month was not large.

It is to be feared the quantity will be less in a short time, which is principally occasioned by the deficiency of the linen laws; every person must be astonished when he knows that a piece of linen can be forfeited for being forestalled; yet the law suffers flax-seed to be bought up by the opulent, and held over for a high price, as was the case last-Spring; that alone has had a material effect in making the linen scarce. Many of the farmers, and more of the low-

\*Should such a traveller happen to meet this account, and wish to visit the spot it commemorates, it will be shown him by any of the cottagers, at Ballycastle-quay, on inquiring for *Port-na-Gree*.

er classes were led to believe that seed would not be had at any price; consequently part of the lands usually left for that crop, were sown with other seeds; it followed that a quantity of flax-seed was left unused.

If the spirit of monopolizing had stopt there, it would not have had so material an effect as was generally thought, great quantities of old flax, being in the country; but a number of avaricious men have stepped forward and raised the raw material to so great a height, that the poor and industrious can have little for their labour; and those unfeeling people (they cannot be otherwise termed) very industriously report that it has been shipped to England, &c. for the vile purpose of raising it yet higher.

It is to be hoped the linen-board will take this case into consideration, and make a law as much in favour of the poor spinner, as they have done for the linen buyer, who is very active in having any forestalling of linen punished, yet can overlook the practice of hoarding up flax. Gentlemen of landed property in the North of Ireland, would find it their interest to put a stop to the practice of forestalling flax or flax-seed (if possible) as it is by the profits of the linen manufacture, their rents are chiefly paid.

A FRIEND TO THE LINEN TRADE.

For the *Belfast Monthly Magazine*.

TABLE-TALK.

(Continued from Page 195, No. III.)

AS Mr. and Mrs. Revel are personages of some importance, and the notion of the *conversazione* originated with them, a formal announcement of them was needful. The other characters will unfold themselves sufficiently in the course of the conversations, with the exception of Dr. Sowerby, whose peculiarities require some explanatory introduction. He had in early youth been remarkable for unbounded inquisitiveness of temper: this is a disposition, which in children, affords the doating parents great delight, and when the little dears can tell tales of the servants, and little master can pry abroad, and pick up stories for home, the hearts of pappa and mamma are enchanted,