

3/2 2
25

THE HISTORY
OF
CHARLES JONES,
THE FOOTMAN.

SHEWING HOW HE RAISED HIMSELF FROM THE HUMBLE
STATION OF A FOOT-BOY, TO A PLACE OF GREAT
EMINENCE AND TRUST, BY HIS STRICT
HONESTY AND INTEGRITY.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF



OF THE
CITY OF
THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

HISTORY

OF

CHARLES JONES.

My father, George Jones, commonly called Black George, on account of his swarthy complexion, was one of the most industrious men in the whole village. His cottage, which was his own, and partly built by his own hands, stands on the common, about a stone's throw from the road, near the great Oak tree, in the parish of King's Charleton in Somersetshire. The Lord of the Manor having granted him leave to inclose a bit of the common for a garden, my father had got a thriving young orchard and a long strip of potatoes, besides his cottage, all the produce of his own industry. It used to be a favourable saying with him, that no man to whom God had given two hands, had ever need to want. 'For my part, says he, I never knew what want was. When I am sick, the club supports me, and when I am well, I warrant I'll support myself. My mother, besides being equally industrious, was much more religious, and therefore much happier. She was as good and sweet tempered a woman as any in the world; for constancy at her duty, friendship, civility to her neighbours, cleanliness in her own person, her house and her children, she had not her fellow. But the most remarkable thing in her (I am afraid a very uncommon thing) was her steady and uninterrupted practice of family prayer. It must have been a hard day's work in-

deed, that hindered her from her prayers. At six in the morning and eight in the evening, as regularly as ever the hour came, she always knelt down with her children round her, four of us, and read with great solemnity and devotion a short form given her by the clergyman, which concluded with the Lord's prayer, in which we all joined. And she used to say after she had finished. 'Now I can go to bed or to work, in peace; for now we may hope God will protect us.' I am sorry to say my father seldom joined with us. He used to pretend he was busy or tired; and yet it would not have detained him long neither, for we were never more than six minutes about it, and surely twelve minutes a day (six in the morning and six in the evening) is no great time to give to God. One thing has often struck me, that if any thing went wrong and ruffled my dear mother's temper, or made her uneasy, the prayer seemed to set it all to rights. When she had been to prayers, all her grief seemed to be fled away. And indeed I observed the same thing with respect to my father; if he ever did join with us, it always seemed somehow to compose and sweeten his mind, and make him a great deal kinder to my mother and us.

As my father and mother were very industrious themselves, they were very desirous to make their children so; every child was employed as soon as he was able, in something or other. At about thirteen years of age my employment had been for some time to weed in the parson's garden, and run errands for him. At fourteen he took me into his house, and not a little proud was I at obtaining the title of his 'little footman.' The morning I left my father's cottage, my dear mother, who was as kind as she was good, appeared to be very much

affected; she said she could not commit me to the wide world, without first committing me to God who governed it; and then she knelt down with me by her side, and prayed 'Gracious Lord, be pleased to have mercy on my dear boy, To thy care I commend him. Guard him, I beseech thee, in the many temptations which he is now beginning to encounter. May he with solid piety and honest diligence do his duty in that state of life in which it hath pleased thee to place him.'—She then gave me her blessing, put a Testament into my pocket, bid me fear God, and always act for my master as I would do for myself.

In my new situation there were to be sure some few things disagreeable. My mistress was peevish and fretful; the cook violent and passionate. But what service is there, or indeed, what situation in life, howsoever much above servitude, in which there is not something unpleasant? Every state has its trials; servants have theirs: but if they cannot learn to put up with some little inconveniencies, they may change their places every year of their lives, and never be satisfied after all. This is a lesson I have learnt by long experience.

Though by God's blessing I had received a more religious education than most children, it yet soon appeared that I had many faults, which it was necessary for me to be corrected of before I could become a good servant. At first, when I was sent upon an errand, I was much given to loitering.—I was then too young to consider that by loitering in errands I was wasting what was not my own, but my master's time. Besides this fault, as every thing which I saw and heard in my master's house was such as I had never seen or heard before, I was too apt to talk of it to my old play-fellows, or

at the village shop. But as soon as ever I became a little older, I began to reflect that this was very wrong. One Sunday evening, when I had leave to go home to see my parents, I was beginning to tell my mother how there had been a great uproar at the parsonage the day before, about——Here she put her hand upon my lips, and said, ‘Charles, not a word more of what has passed at the parsonage. Whatsoever happens in your master’s house is never to be spoken of out of your master’s doors. A tale-bearing servant is always an unfaithful servant; he betrays the trust which his master puts in him.’”

My mother’s vehemence surprised me a little, but it made so much impression upon me, that I was pretty well broken of the fault from that very time. Into how many scrapes has this talkative temper brought many servants of my acquaintance. There was poor Nic Jarret, the Squire’s under footman, that lost his place, a new suit of black broad cloth, and a legacy of five pounds, which he would soon have had by reason of his mistress’s death, only for saying at a neighbour’s house that his mistress sometimes fell asleep while the Squire was reading to the family on a Sunday night.

Nic and I were at one time rather too intimate; I remember one day, when I was about sixteen, having attended my master to the Squire’s house. Nic prevailed on me after dinner to play with him at pitch and toss. I was worth at that time five shillings and two-pence, more money than I had ever possessed before in my life. In about two hours Nic reduced me to my last shilling. But though it was a heavy stroke at the time, yet it proved in the end a happy event, for by my mother’s persuasions I resolved thence forward never to

game again as long as I lived, which resolution, by God's grace, I have hitherto happily kept. I wish from my heart that all other servants would resolve the same. The practice of card-playing, so common among servants in large families, is the worst custom they can possibly fall into. My poor brother Tom suffered enough for it. One day having received in the morning a quarter's wages, he lost the whole of it before night at All Fours; and what was the consequence? Why, from that very time, he took to those practices of cheating his master which ended in his ruin.

How much better would it be for all servants, if instead of wasting their leisure in card-playing, they would amuse themselves in reading some Godly book, or improve themselves in writing, or cyphering. It was by this means, for I was never taught to write, that I qualified myself for the place of Bailiff, which I now fill.

I remember Nic used to say, 'Whilst my master plays cards in the parlour, why shouldst thou be so squeamish as not to play in the kitchen?' But Nic did not consider that his master being rich, and playing for small sums, his losses laid him under no temptation of dishonesty in order to repay them; besides the Squire could read and write at any time, whereas this was our only leisure time, and if we did not improve ourselves then, we never could; what might be comparatively innocent in him, might be ruinous to us. And even if my master be a professed gambler, that is no reason I should be so too. A servant is to do what is right, let his master do what he will. If a master swears and gets drunk, and talks at table with indecency, or against God and religion, to God he must account for it, and a sorry account it will be, I doubt;

but his example will not excuse our crimes, though it will aggravate his. We must take care of our own souls, whether our masters take care of theirs or not.

But to return to my history; I am ashamed to say that I was guilty more than once in the earlier part of my servitude of the shocking and detestable crime of lying, in order to excuse or screen my faults.—Happily I was cured of it in the following manner: Having been one day ordered to carry a bottle of wine to a sick man, one of my master's parishioners, I accidentally broke the bottle, and of course lost the wine. What was to be done? Should I confess my misfortune, and acknowledge my carelessness, or conceal it by a lie? After some deliberation I resolved upon the lie. I therefore had made up my story, 'how the poor man sent his duty to my master, and thanked him a thousand times, and that he was a little better, and that his wife said she thought this wine would save his life.' Being thus prepared, as I was returning home, I met a pedlar, of whom I bought for a penny a little book, containing a story of a woman at Devizes, who was struck dead on the spot for telling a lie. To be sure it was Heaven sent the pedlar to me, to save me from the sin I was going to commit. 'If this woman was struck dead for a lie, (said I to myself,) why may not I?' I therefore went directly home, and made a confession of my negligence and misfortune; and it was well for me I did, for the sick man, whose duty and thanks I had wickedly intended to carry to my master, was dead, as I understood afterwards, three hours before the bottle was broken. From this time, therefore, I began to see, what I am now fully convinced of, that besides the sinfulness of lying, it is always more for the interest and lasting comforts of ser-

wants to confess the truth at once, than to conceal a fault by falsehood. When a servant has told a lie, he is always in danger of its being found out, and sooner or later it generally is found out, and then his character is ruined. Whereas, if he confesses the truth at once, he probably escapes without any anger at all, or at worst, it is soon over, and the fault itself is forgotten.

Having now lived seven years at the parsonage, and being twenty-one years of age, my master called me one day into his study, where he spent a good deal of his time, and said to me, 'Charles, you have lived with me a considerable time, and it has been always with much pleasure that I have remarked the decency, sobriety, and diligence of your conduct. Those few faults which you have; further experience, and more years will, I doubt not, cure. You are now qualified for a better place than mine, and are entitled to higher wages than it is in my power to give. I have therefore recommended you to a friend of mine in London, for which place you are to set out, if you approve it, in a month. But I should think it a crime to dismiss you to a situation so full of temptations, without giving you some little advice. Listen, therefore, my dear Charles, to what I shall say, as I mean it only for your good. In the first place, fear God; and then you will never have an occasion to be afraid of man. Act always in his presence. Never enter or quit your bed without prayer. Do always for your master, as you would your master, if you were to change places, should do for you. Endeavour to get a pious friend, but avoid, as you would the plague, all wicked company. Be cautious of too great familiarity with your female fellow-servants; an unlawful intercourse of this kind will

ruin you, body and soul. Flee from an alehouse as you would from the devil; if you once get into it, you will never get out of it. Keep your money, and your money will keep you. Here, Charles, is a Bible for you; the more you read it, the more you will love it, the better you will be, and the happier. I have written some directions for you in the first page of it. God bless you; and when my race, which is now drawing to its end, shall finish, may we meet in heaven.' My master's kindness so affected me, that I could not answer him for tears. I was indeed very glad of going to see so fine a place as London, though at the same time I could not leave a house where I had been treated more like a child than a servant, without great regret. I shall not attempt to describe my parting with my mother. No description, I am sure, could do justice to the solemn and affectionate manner in which she exhorted me to be pious and just, and recommended me to God in prayer. Her last words I shall never forget—'I know, my dear son, said she, that you love me tenderly, and that you would not give me unnecessary pain on any account. Remember then, that whenever you do any wrong thing, you are planting a dagger in your mother's heart.' With these words, her eyes brim full of tears, and her hands lifted up in silent prayer to God, she turned away from me, and went into the cottage.

And now, reader, you find me in the great and dangerous city of London, in the service of a very wealthy master, who kept twelve servants besides myself. If country people knew London as well as I do, how cautious would they be for exchanging their safe and peaceful situations in the country for the perils and temptations of a great city. How

many young fellows have I known, who lived honestly and happily in their native place, come up to London in the hope of higher wages, and there forfeit their integrity, their peace of mind, their health, their character, and souls. Workmen in particular are very fond of getting into large cities, because they think their labour will turn to better account there than in their own villages. They do not consider that in a city, they must give as much for a filthy room, in a filthy house, inhabited by half a dozen families, situated in a close, smoky, dirty street, as in the country would pay the rent of a cottage and a garden. They do not consider the dearness of provisions in a city, the temptations they are under from bad women, wicked company, and the great number of alehouses. In short, I am fully persuaded that a labourer in the country, on a shilling a day, is better off than one in a city on two shillings.

When I came to my place, I found every thing for the first three or four days very smooth and very pleasant; plenty of provisions, plenty of drink, little work, and a very merry servants' hall. But soon the face of things, with respect to me, changed very much, and I underwent a severer temptation than I ever experienced before or since in the whole course of my life. I had always hitherto been taught to consider that sobriety, diligence, and piety, were virtues. I therefore never swore, I never got drunk, I never gamed, I went to church as often as I could, I said my prayers night and morning, and on Sunday at least, if not on other days; I read a little in my good old master's Bible. But here I soon found that this was the worst vice I could be guilty of. As soon as they found me out, it seemed to be a trial of skill

amongst them who should plague me most. One called me a Parson; another, a Methodist; a third, a conceited Prig; a fourth, a canting Hypocrite. If I went into any other gentleman's kitchen it was all the same; my character flew before me, and many were the jests and laughs raised both at home and abroad at my expence. In short, during three months, my life was a constant anxiety and torment; so that at last I was almost tempted; God forgive me for the thought, to do as they did, and forfeit my everlasting soul in order to avoid the present uneasiness. But while things were in this state, I felt myself greatly and unexpectedly relieved one Sunday morning by a Sermon which I happened to hear from our parish minister, on the following text: 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil of you *falsely* for my sake, for great is your reward in heaven.' The excellent discourse which this pious man delivered on these words was so exactly suited to my circumstances and feelings, that it seemed as if it had been addressed solely to me; and it pleased God so to apply what had been said to my heart and understanding, that I not only determined to bear in future the sneers and scoffs of my fellow-servants with patience and fortitude, but even those very sneers which I formerly considered as my greatest calamity, were now no longer grievous. From this time, therefore, my uneasiness was pretty well at an end. And I earnestly recommend it to all other servants, who have been so happy as to acquire sober and virtuous habits, not to suffer themselves to be laughed out of their sobriety and virtue by the jests and ridicule of their fellow-servants. They may depend upon it that their cause is a good

one, and though they suffer for it at first, they will finally triumph. In a short time all my persecution was at an end. 'To be sure (said the coachman one day to the cook) Charles is a little too religious, but, upon my word, I don't think he is the worse of it. Mayhap it would be better for us we were more like him. I don't see but that he is as humble, friendly, and worthy a fellow as any amongst us.' For my part, I shall laugh at him no longer.' This speech, which I happened accidentally to overhear, gave me great pleasure, and I soon found by the agreeable change in my fellow-servants' conduct towards me, that the coachman had expressed the opinion of the whole hall. It is true I did every thing to obtain their good will that lay in my power. I was as civil and obliging to every one among them as I possibly could. Was any thing to be done? if nobody else would do it, I never stopped to consider whether it belonged to my place or not, but did it out of hand. If any body took it into his head to fall out with me, I generally disarmed him of his wrath by saying nothing. If any little quarrels, or misfortunes, or misconduct, happened in the hall, I always endeavoured to hush it up, and never carried any tales to my master, unless when I saw any body wronging him, and then I thought it my duty, or unless the thing was very bad indeed. In short, by pursuing always this line of conduct, I found my situation very comfortable and agreeable. My master treated me with great confidence and kindness; my fellow-servants with great friendliness and respect.

In about two years time, the footman that used to go to market being turned away for drunkenness, which vice soon proved his ruin, my master

told me, that as he believed I was an honest and careful young man, and perceiving that I could write and keep an account, he should employ me in marketing. To market, therefore, I went every day, and as I had now a good deal of my master's money always in my hands, I prayed heartily to God that he would be pleased to preserve me under the temptations to which this exposed me. My first exploit in this way was the purchase of ten shillings worth of fruit at a fruiterer's. When I had finished my bargain, and was coming out of the shop, the fruiterer slipt a shilling into my hand. As I had never, to the best of my recollection, seen him before, I was somewhat surprised at his generosity; but fortunately had the presence of mind to ask him whether he had charged his fruit the higher on account of this present to me. 'Why, young man, said he, this is an honest question, and I will give you an honest answer. The fact is, that as gentlemen of your cloth expect some compliment from the tradesmen that they deal with, we are obliged in our own defence to charge our articles the higher on that account.' 'And so, said I, the money you give us, comes finally from the pockets of our masters?' 'To be sure it does.' 'Why then, said I, I will take your shilling, but shall charge my master only nine shillings.' And this method I constantly pursued in the like case ever after; for I think the above-mentioned practice of footmen, which, however, I hope is not very common with them, is just the same in conscience as if they should rob their master's bureau.

One Monday morning, having settled my account for the last week with my master, I found that he had made a mistake against himself of twenty

shillings. As soon as I discovered it, I said to myself, here now is an opportunity for getting twenty shillings without any risk of detection; but God forbid that I should do it, as it would ruin my peace of mind, and destroy my soul. I therefore pointed out the error to my master the first opportunity.—‘Charles,’ said he, ‘you are right, the mistake is obvious, I acknowledge I made it purposely to try your honesty. You will find that this affair will turn out, before long, to your advantage.’ Now, though I do not think it quite fair of masters to lay this kind of trap for their servants’ integrity, yet as I know by experience they sometimes do it, we must be doubly on our guard. Indeed, dishonesty is never safe, it always will out somehow or other. I have seen surprising instances of it, when it seemed to have been committed with such cunning as to be impossible to be detected.

One day as I was going to market, I met Sir Robert S——’s butler, who told me, that having long observed my sobriety and diligence, he was happy to have it now in his power to offer me a place in his master’s family, where my wages would be raised two guineas a year. I thanked him, and told him he should have his answer next evening. In the meantime I called upon a pious and worthy friend, whom I consulted in all difficulties, and asked his opinion. After mature deliberation, he said, ‘Charles, don’t go. When once you have got into a good place, stick to it like a leech. The rolling stone gets no moss. The more years you continue in one service, the more you are respected by your master and all the world. A good family considers an old servant as one of themselves, and can no more see him want than a

near relation. Whereas, servants that are continually roving about from place to place, have no friend in distress, and seldom get a provision for old age.' Happy it was for me that I followed this good advice. If I had not, I should probably have been nothing more than a poor footman all my life.

But before I bring my own story to an end, I must beg my reader's patience to listen to the sad fate of my poor brother Tom. Alas! poor Tom, he was a great favourite in our kitchen, because he sung the best song, told the merriest tale, and paid his card-money the most freely of any gentleman footman about town. And then he swore so much like a gentleman, and was so complaisant to the ladies, and pushed about the strong beer so merrily, that he was, said our servants, the most agreeable company in the world. And yet all these entertaining qualities did not preserve my poor brother from the most dreadful state of distress and ruin. One morning he came to me about ten o'clock with a very woeful countenance, which was a thing very unusual for him, and told me, that he had just been turned away from his place without a character, that he had no money, many debts, no real friends, and what was worse than all, that he was labouring under disease.

Tom grew worse every day, and was at length given over. In the morning of that day, while I was sitting at his bedside, who should come in but my dear mother. She had walked 130 miles, except now and then a lift in the waggon, to attend upon her undeserving son. When she saw him, pale and emaciated, and his face half consumed by disease, it so shocked her, that she fainted away. As soon as she recovered, and was a little relieved by a plentiful flood of tears, she said, 'My dear

Tom, I am come to take care of thee, and make thee better, if I can.' 'Alas! mother, (answered he, putting his clay-cold hand into hers,) it is all too late. I have but a few hours to live. It is by neglecting your advice that I am brought to this. Gaming and drink, bad company and bad women have been my ruin! O what will become of my soul! if I could but live my life over again.—Here he was seized with a sudden fit, and though he lived some hours, he never spoke after; and died that evening in my mother's arms.

After recounting the sorrowful history of my unhappy brother, I must now hasten to conclude my own. About a twelvemonth after the offer of a place in Sir Robert S——'s family, my master, in consideration, as he said, of my faithful services, made me his butler. He was indeed so kind and friendly to me on all occasions, that I found it necessary to be extremely cautious lest I should grow proud, or saucy, or familiar, which some servants, when they have lived long in a place, and find themselves in favour, are apt to do. After enjoying this post about six years, our family being now removed into the country, I made acquaintance with a farmer's daughter living near the great house, whom, on account of her religious and industrious principles, and her amiable and cheerful temper, I wished to make my wife. She was no flaunter in fine clothes, none of your dancing, flirting, forward lasses, that run about to christenings, and revels, and hopes, that will ruin a man before he knows where he is; but a pious, sober, stay-at-home, industrious young woman; else I am sure any body might have had her for me. As I had never been guilty of any unnecessary expence, for nobody will call that unnecessary which I sent

yearly to my parents, my savings, the interest being added yearly to the principal in the hands of my master, amounted to two hundred pounds. And as Fanny's father promised to give her another hundred, I thought we might with this take a small farm, and maintain ourselves comfortably and decently.—I therefore communicated the affair to my master. 'Charles,' said he, 'though I am loth to part with so good a servant, yet I think it an act of gratitude due to you for your long and faithful services, to consent readily to any thing which may be for your welfare. But I do not think it necessary for us to part at all. I am at present in want of a bailiff. You may, if you approve it, undertake that office, and still retain your present wages. Your father-in-law, who is an experienced farmer, will instruct and assist you in the duties of it. I will, besides, let you a small farm on an advantageous lease, which you may make the most of for yourself.'

To this kind and generous offer I freely assented. And Fanny and myself have now lived together six years in the farm-house near the park gate, happy and prosperous. My father being dead, and my brother and sister settled, my mother, who is now very old, lives with me; and by her example and exhortation I find a sense of religion sink deeper into my soul every day, and indeed I am very well convinced by long experience, that there is nothing in this world can make us truly happy but that.

I address this little book, which I wrote by little and little in the long evenings of the last hard winter, to all footmen. I hope they will not be angry with my well meant endeavours, but take kindly what is intended only for their good.

PRIDE.

Cræsus, king of Lydia, having expressed an extraordinary inclination to see Solon, that philosopher repaired to Sârdis to pay him a visit. The first time he was presented, the king received him seated on his throne, and dressed on purpose in his most sumptuous robes; but Solon appeared not the least astonished at the sight of such a glare of magnificence.

‘My friend,’ said Cræsus to him, ‘Fame has every where reported thy wisdom. I know you have seen many countries, but have you ever seen a person dressed so magnificently as I am?’ ‘Yes,’ replied Solon, ‘the pheasants and peacocks are dressed more magnificently, because their brilliant apparel is the gift of nature, without their taking any thought or pains to adorn themselves.’

Such an unexpected answer very much surprised Cræsus, who ordered his officers to open all his treasures, and show them to Solon, as also his rich furniture, and whatever was magnificent in his palace. He then sent for him a second time, and asked him if he had ever seen a man more happy than he was. ‘Yes,’ replied Solon, ‘and that man was Tellus, a citizen of Athens, who lived with an unblemished character in a well regulated republic. He left two children much respected, with a moderate fortune for their subsistence, and at last had the happiness to die sword in hand, after having obtained a victory for his country. The Athenians have erected a monument to his memory on the spot where he fell, and have otherwise paid him great honours.’

Cræsus was no less astonished at this than at the first answer, and began to think Solon was not

perfectly right in his senses. 'Well,' continued Cræsus, 'who is the next happy man to Tellus?' 'There were formerly,' replied Solon, two brothers, the one named Cleobis, and the other Biton. They were so robust, that they always obtained the prize in every sort of combat, and perfectly loved each other. One feast day, when the priestess of Juno, their mother, for whom they had the most tender affection, was to go to the temple to sacrifice, the oxen that were to draw her thither did not come in time, Cleobis and Biton hereupon fastened themselves to her carriage, and in that manner drew her to the temple. All the matrons in raptures congratulated their mother on having brought two such sons into the world. Their mother, penetrated with emotions of the strongest joy and gratitude, fervently prayed the goddess, that she would bestow on her sons the best gift she had to confer on mortals. Her prayers were heard; for, after the sacrifice, the two sons fell asleep in the temple, and never afterwards awoke. Thus they finished their lives by a tranquil and peaceful death.'

Cræsus could no longer conceal his rage, 'What then,' said he, 'do you not even place me among the number of happy people?'—'O king of the Lydians,' replied Solon, 'you possess great riches, and are master of a great multitude of people; but life is liable to so many changes, that we cannot presume to decide on the felicity of any man, until he has finished his mortal career.'

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd nor wish'd to change his place.
 Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
 For other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise
 His house was known to all the vagrant train
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain ;
 The long remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast ;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were
 won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
 glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe :
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd, and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all.
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new fledg'd offspring to the skies ;

He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
storm,

Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

BIG JACK JOYCE:

If the reader will look at the map of Galway, and cast his eye to the upper part of "the Kingdom of Connemara"—a country so wild and desolate, that it is said when St. Patrick ascended the mountain known as Croagh Patrick, and a famous place of pilgrimage for devotees from all parts of Ireland,

to bless this tract, he did so very quietly, but *declined to enter it*—he will find the upper part of this portion of Ireland, styled still in the maps “Joyce Country.”

This name it took from one of the oldest Irish families—the Joyce’s—of which “Big Jack” is the modern head. His ancestors “were grate folks intirely!” and played a conspicuous part in old times among the “wild Irish chiefs,” as they were rather uncivilly termed; the whole of this large tract of country was their kingdom, where they held unlimited sway among the wild hills that enclosed them, and rendered Connemara an unknown region to nearly all but its inhabitants, and the very *ultima thule* of civilisation. But the Joyces dwindled down from their high estate in the progress of centuries; and now, although they give their name to a fair share of land, they in reality own but little of it; although it is understood that their veritable descendant, “Big Jack,” looks upon himself as the true owner, and as it is said that no man is poor if not so in his own conceit, it is so far fortunate that Jack is not in this way conceited. He lives in a cabin of his own, in the midst of the territory of his forefathers—it is situated in the wildest part of Connemara, at the entrance of the valley leading from Leenane, situated at the head of a magnificent arm of the sea, styled the Killeries, to Maam, on the border of Lough Corrib, amidst mountains that for savage grandeur are unrivalled. Here he receives visitors; and, as he is the last descendant of a race who were *great men* in all senses of the word, *anatomical* and otherwise, he is frequently visited, and is in fact rather proud of the interest taken in him.

When Inglis made his tour in Ireland, he paid

Jack a visit as the chief living lion of Connemara, and was received with hearty goodnature; and he tells us "room was found on the table for a double-sized flagon of whiskey, and water appeared to be a beverage not much in repute." But this was some years ago, when Jack was a jolly devil-may-care fellow; but having kept the inn at Leenane, and perhaps attending more to "the smallest taste in life of whiskey" rather than to the profit and loss of the concern, "them murdering thaives," as he styles the lawyers, occasioned him to vacate the premises, and settle down as a small farmer.

When Barrow visited him in 1835, he found Jack a Temperance man, and he could only with difficulty persuade him to take a single glass to welcome his arrival.

In person, Jack does no discredit to his "big" family, to be sure he is not quite so large as

"That monstrous giant Fin-mac-Heuyle,
Whose carcase, buried in the meadows,
Took up nine acres of potatoes;"

but he is a very broad, strong fellow, some six feet odd in height, and of greater breadth in proportion than is generally seen; and he has "á fine boy," of some five-and-twenty years of age, who is still taller than himself, so that the family credit is well kept up. Jack, in make, and sometimes in look, reminds one of John Reevo on a larger scale; he is always goodnatured and friendly, and receives the visit of strangers beneath his humble roof with the natural courtesy of "a rale ould Irish gentleman." Many of all grades visit Jack, who is as well known in Connemara as its lakes and mountains.

THE END.