



CIRCUIT NOTES

There is no condition of human existence more truly deserving of compassionate sympathy than that of a young Irish Barrister. It cannot be denied that the preparatory labors of the Inns of Court are somewhat more than agreeable; they develop the earnest propensities; keep the filler always "hard to post," and send the young Counselor into the world with a relish for the delightful subjects presented to his notice in the most excellent "Law Digests," rendering him a most somber companion for the table of Duke Humphrey. It will be seen that I am preparing the reader to lead a kind and tender ear to the story of my calamities; and when I state that I am not only a hapless young Irish Counselor, but that I am a "pater-familias," the proprietor of a wife and child, I fully calculate on a tear stealing down the gentle reader's cheek, the offspring of compassion, or the fruits of laughter. The day on which I was called to the Irish Bar is a memorable day in the annals of my destiny. I thought I beheld every one admiring me. The ladies in the gallery of the King's Bench were evidently saying—"What a handsome young man with the black whiskers and similar face!" and "what an agreeable contrast to the powdered wig!" Several of my attorney friends, who were not overwhelmed me with business, congratulated me upon my success; and, at length, one kind-hearted friend presented me with "Instructions for Declaration." I received it with great solemnity; not the least appearance of nervous excitement arising from the overjoyings of joy and surprise smothered the rejoicings of my heart, until the gentleman had retired, and then I proceeded to examine the guinea fee. Probably, in all the arrangements of money dealings, nothing is more to be admired than the adaptation of the shilling to the convenient fold of the £1 note in lawyers' fees. It renders it fit for immediate lodgment in a purse previously empty; it gives it a permanence in the pocket, a solidity to the touch, a degree of weight and steadiness, well suited to the dignified gravity of the profession. I may so far digress as to mention a useful rule, suggested to me by an experienced practitioner, who told me, when I got a fee, never to analyze it in the presence of the attorney. "Hurry your hand into your pocket," said he; "don't let the fee—When the donor retires, take out your hand quietly and see that the pretty, interesting shillings, are all safe." In conformity with this hint, I now examined my guinea fee. All was right; I gazed upon the note and then upon the shilling; I shifted them from hand to hand; I stared and looked, and hastened home to tell my wife of the "lucky boy" she had got for a spouse, and before I got a second helping at dinner, I rose to work at the Declaration. It was drawn against acceptor of a bill of exchange; most important that it should be done with accuracy and dispatch. My professional character, my whole prospects in life, I imagined, might be at stake. Three times the pen dropped from my fingers. I examined the number of the £1 note, and once again gazed upon the shilling. The official air that I assumed, on this occasion, confirmed my "better half" in the opinion, that it is unquestionably a fine thing to be the wife of a Counselor. Matters went on in an ordinary course till the day arrived when I was to start for the circuit, as a probationer. I scraped together a few pounds. My wife packed my trunk with her own hands, putting in a quiet corner a box of nautically pills; gave me abundant charges about the timing of my linen, which might get damp on the journey, tied her own handkerchief to my neck to save me from the morning air, and thus accounted, I started on the outside of a day-coach to join the bar at the fourth town on the circuit. A friend of mine, who was in the habit of going (as it is designated in the North) the Benchers' Circuit, attending the linen markets, had provided for me a quiet economical lodging; and I was distinctly assured that I got the young lady's own bed, which, consequently, I felt assured was properly aired. It was too late to join the Bar mess on that day; but, on the ensuing morning, having arranged my habilliment, I proceeded to the Judges' levee. The extraordinary shake of the hand which I received from one of their Lordships, acted like an electric shock upon me. I concluded that now, indeed, my fortune was made, and lost but little time in communicating the happy intelligence to my poor solitary wife. I sat in court with all the dignity and nodding ease of a magdalen; signifying my assent to propositions I did not understand, in a manner well calculated to arrest the attention of those assembled in "vulgi stante oratione." About ten minutes after twelve o'clock (for I never shall forget the event, with all its particulars,) an attorney, once a neighbour of my father, presented me with a brief, fee £225 0d!! to attend an inquiry before the Sheriff, which was to be entered upon at one o'clock on the same day, for the purpose of assessing damages in an action for seduction, the guilty party having taken no defence, and suffered judgment to go by default. How my heart beat; my tongue faltered. I ran home to my lodgings, pondered on the topics for a space, and, as it is considered incumbent on every young barrister to be prepared for an emergency with specimens of the pathetic and sublime, the only difficulty I had to encounter was, to make a judicious selection from the group. The hour arrived. What an opportunity, thought I, of displaying my powers of eloquence! This, Curran, Esquire, and all the stars of the profession, burst into full splendor and meridian glory. The fair one was a country girl, somewhat of the Amazon cast, who could have displayed abundant "vis viva's" with a chin-stuff, and a resplendent look. Her cheek appeared to be colored with the ruddy bloom of health, rather than mantled by the blushes of modesty. In truth, she might not be inappropriately introduced in the descriptive language of "Paddy Carey"—

widow, was present, seeking the miserable reparation (the only penalty on seduction afforded by the law) for the ruin of her child. There were circumstances of a very peculiar character connected with the transaction, which betrayed on the part of the defendant some of the deeper shades of heartless and selfish villainy, and which made me feel sincere pangs of compassion for this hapless family. Alas, how sin coils itself round the human heart. Innocent companionship merges into hazardous familiarity; the sensibility of youthful modesty, at first shrinking from the contact of passion, unconsciously and gradually becomes paralysed; till at length, the small and fine thread, like that in which the hands of Thulaba were entwined, cannot be broken. The aged mother seemed worn down with grief; her trembling hand was wiping away the silent tear which stole down her sunken cheek, betraying an agony of heart more deep and poignant, than the transient ebullition of excited and violent emotion. "Oh!" said she, as she clasped her hands, and lifted her eyes to heaven, "How I thank the gift of all good that my dear husband has not been spared to see his child come to this." And oh, thought I, how true it is, that the blessed tidings of good contain the promise of life that now is, as well as that which is to come; how easy is its yoke, how light its burden, compared with the dead weight which must be borne by the votaries of vice. The character which the usual appeals to a Jury on such an occasion have acquired, clearly illustrate how pernicious to the sensitiveness of virtue is familiarity with the details of guilt; and how perilous it is, when the conscience has been once awakened to wait "for a convenient season."

The father of the Bar, whom I have already described, was engaged to defend a prisoner of equal purity of character and spotless integrity with my "gentle-handed" client. The prosecutor was a steady old northern, whose dim eyes and grey locks told the close of three-score years and ten, but whose honest indignation against the dangerous innovations of knavery and theft, supplied him with all the vehemence of youthful ardor. "My good man," said his Lordship, "take the crier's roll, and see if you can point out the person who lightened your pocket; begin now up here, and look all round the Court," said the learned Judge, pointing up at the head of the seat occupied by the Bar. The old gentleman looked steadily along moving his eyes slowly and cautiously down the seat; at length, with the fixed and motionless glare of the rattlesnake, he planted himself opposite the worthy father, and laying the rod upon his honours, exclaimed—"I'm thinking that's the thip!—eh! I would on a wee bit: come up, Jack," he shouts, turning round to his son, who was amongst the spectators, "come up, man, an' gie's a hand to thrapple the rubber (robber.)" This supplied mirth and merriment enough to the bar for the remainder of circuit; and truly I may say with Matthews, "It made a great laugh at the time."

As the beauty of Rembrandt's paintings consist in the deep richness of light and shade, and I have been sketching a scene of humor, let me now depict a scene of sadness and sorrow. It had almost escaped the buoyancy of my circuit reminiscences, though calculated to make deep impression on my heart. There stood arraigned for the willful murder of her own child, a female of respectable appearance, and apparently beyond the meridian of life. She was a married female—her husband living in America; the little innocent, but hapless victim was the object of illegitimate intercourse. To my young heart and fresh feelings, as yet unused to the realities of human barbarity, (for I never had before gazed upon a murderer,) the details of this trial were, indeed, appalling. I felt the convulsion of sensitive agony; I shrank with horror from the thought of the endearing fondness of maternal affection being stilled by the ferocious cruelty of the loathsome murderer. Al! I thought I, was there not one smile upon the face of the helpless innocent, which might have disarmed even the savage reckless of the midnight villain? Was there no cry, no hissing sounds, to conjure up the instinctive protection of a mother's fondness, and awaken the guardian spirit of a mother's love? She had strangled the offspring of her unholly passion; and, with a ruddy cheek and steady and composed demeanor, awaited the verdict of the Jury. The case had now closed; the Judge summed up, and the issue paper was handed to the foreman. A breathless silence prevailed in the court—a pause of solemn stillness and anxious suspense. I watched the prisoner narrowly. No tear bedewed her cheek; her lip quivered not; no sigh betrayed a sinking heart. At length the jury handed in the verdict—it was "guilty." The tear was rolling down the cheeks of some of the compassionate men who found the verdict. She was brought forward to the front of the dock, and sentence of death pronounced in a solemn and awakening appeal by the learned Judge. I gazed upon the being—the wretched votary of sin, the guilty slave of passion—soon to appear before a God "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." Why is it, I cried within my heart, why is it that man should think himself (as the votaries of idle voluptuousness, and the advocates of a convenient system of negative virtue, imagine they are) disentangled from a thralldom, by rejecting the doctrines of a Saviour's atonement, and a Saviour's love? Bring such a one before me now; show him the being who, ere many hours roll by, is to stand face to face before a holy Creator; to stand in the unholly shroud of a felon murderer, and to be awarded her eternal doom; let him gaze upon that wretched victim of guilty passion; range over every spot in the wide extent of nature's vastness; let him command the page of science and philosophy, the promises of natural religion, the treasures of revelation; in what spot, from what treasure, can he find penance for the troubled spirit, and the spiritual joy that could stifle despairing iniquity. That spot alone is, and must be, the unsearchable riches of the grace of God in Jesus. Is there no galling thralldom, no slavery to sin? What but the thralldom of sin still? Of the struggles of maternal affection? and when the emotion of shame failed in preventing the commission of guilt, its natural progress was to precipitate into deeper crime than that which it was intended to have guarded against. This circuit closed, and I, with my two fees, returned to my "domus at placeas uror."

On the next circuit came two learned judges, whom I am anxious to introduce to the reader's notice. The name of the one is identified with literary reputation, splendid genius, and profound learning; the other, celebrated as the accomplished scholar, the delightful companion, the polished and graceful orator. The friend and correspondent of Edmund Burke could not but be an individual of more than ordinary qualities; and the name of Sir W. C. Smith and the Right Hon. C. K. Bushy surely must not pass unheeded in my narrative. It happened, when I was in England, pupil to a barrister since elevated to the bench, that a case, which had been tried in Ireland before Sir W. Smith, was sent over to have English advice as to the grounds upon which a rule for a new trial could be most soundly supported. The notes of the trial and the report of the learned Baron's charge, were, of course, copied in the case submitted to my learned preceptor. "This," said he to me, "seems to be a very sensible, and certainly an eloquent charge of the judge; Baron Smith, I think, is his name; is he a man of any celebrity?" My Irish pride boiled and bubbled; I swelled with national indignation. "If, Sir," said I, "you were as well versed in the literature, as you are in the laws of your country, you might, with as much propriety, have asked me if Saundee's Reports was a work of any value." The habits of the Baron are peculiar: his appearance is grave and venerable, but it is an evening star that he shines with brilliant lustre. When once fairly seated on the Bench, he seems peculiarly to enjoy the midnight lamp, and becomes the more vigorous as the shades of night close around. A case in which I was engaged for the prosecution was called on at eleven o'clock at night; the circuit Attorney-General already sketched was my colleague; there was also the regular array of crown prosecutors. At this late hour a messenger was sent to the bar-room, to order our attendance, and some of the counsel for the crown refused to obey the summons. My colleague and I thought it our duty to obey; the case proceeded, and at length a very technical discussion arose as to whether the persons were truly indicted for an unlawful assembly. The learned Baron again sent for the Crown Counsel, who again refused to attend; and his Lordship having admonished somewhat severely upon the refusal, "My Lord," said my excellent colleague, with a waggish gravity, "most probably it may be the opinion of those learned gentlemen, that our present sitting in Court partakes of the nature of an unlawful assembly." It was with considerable delight that I received an invitation to dine with his Lordship, and unquestionably a more agreeable evening I never enjoyed. The Baron was refined and philosophical; the Lord Chief Justice brilliant and classical. The one instructed by the accuracy of his criticism, the other entertained with his fascinating anecdote and sparkling wit. I could not avoid contrasting them with their English counterparts, and exulting with all an Irishman's ardor in the superior attainments of my learned hosts. It is reported of a very eminent English lawyer, that in the index of one of his numerous publications appeared the head, "great mind." A learned Judge, in casting his eye over the book was startled at seeing such a title in the index. "Surely," said he, "my friend Mr. C. has not commenced metaphysical studies." On turning to the page marked in the index he found, "Lord Ellenborough had a great mind to non sui the plaintiff." It was this gentleman who, on one occasion, on a motion in the King's Bench in England, was poring over and reading a quantity of voluminous affidavits, with an air of luxurious delight. "Quite irrelevant; wholly irrelevant," interrupted Mr. Brougham, who was Counsel on the opposite side. "Softly, softly, Mr. Brougham," said Lord Tenterden, in a tone of grinding sarcasm, "you must make allowance for literary taste; many persons are partial to affidavits reading." I told the story of my introduction to criminal practice, which afforded considerable entertainment to the Chief Justice. "Indeed," said he, "I remember myself having been somewhat chagrined by the result of a case in which I was employed to defend a man who was indicted for willful murder. It was on the Monster Circuit, before the Baron's father, Sir Michael Smith. I thought I had the most satisfactory defence in the world, for I had in Court, alive and well, the man who was alleged to have been murdered. When called on for the defence, I gave 'oyer' of the man, and, with an air of calm complacency concluded the defence. The foreman of the Jury looked sternly at me; 'that Counsel,' said he, 'thinks himself a wonderful clever fellow; I'll teach him the difference. The prisoner stole fifty times over, I'll find the prisoner guilty.' Despite of the Judge's charge, despite of my display of the living body 'of the murdered man,' the prisoner was found guilty of murdering a living man, because he stole a horse, as a pursa specimen of Jury logic as ever probably could be produced from any country. It was only by the Lord Lieutenant interfering that the life of the prisoner was spared. There is one circumstance, which cannot fail to be observed by any one who has been in the society of Sir W. C. Smith, and that is, the accuracy of his knowledge on every subject on which he converses. Go with him into the recesses of ancient and modern classics, you will soon find that he will take the lamp out of your hand, and light you onward. Turn to metaphysical disquisition, and there he rises triumphant, felling you with his acute analyses, and opening new and rich veins of thought and emotion. The Lord Chief Justice will always fascinate; he will attend you in your range through law and literature, and cheer you and delight you on your journey; and if you wish to be an "auditor tantum," you may calculate upon an agreeable repast of polished anecdote and didactic hilarity. This circuit preceded more productive than the former; but the foe book for this year is truly indebted to the Reform Bill, and the registry sessions for its most solid sustenance. My presence was demanded at several counties, to provide, as far as my humble talents would allow, that the constitution should not finally be rooted out, by any but bona fide ragamuffins.

SHIPWRECKS ON THE FRENCH COAST. The loss of vessels upon the coast of France during December was greater than ever known. We have accounts of 47 ships, the greater part of which were destroyed with men and cargo. The *Supper 74*, lost in the Archipelago, was one of the finest of the French vessels; she was launched in 1814. The loss is 2,000,000. The men all saved except nine sailors.—Paris Paper.

THE CORN TRADE

Whereas, divers frauds are often practiced by persons in Ireland, selling, or offering for sale, wheat, rye, meal, peas, beans, barley, oats, shells, cuttings, meal, flour, and malt, by spoiling or adulterating the same, or parting there with or producing to the view of the intended buyer, a species of such corn, grain, malt or flour, of quality superior to the bulk of that so offered for sale, in order by such means to deceive the buyer thereof, or the person to whom the same shall be offered for sale. To prevent such injurious practices, be it therefore enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that from and after the passing of this act, if any person or persons in Ireland shall sell, or offer to sell any of the said sorts of corn, grain, malt, meal, or flour, which shall in the whole, or in part be spoiled, adulterated by wetting or mixing therewith any sand, gravel, dirt, or rotten, or damaged corn, grain, malt, flour, or meal, or grown, or blighted, or any other kind of stuff, or which shall not be in quantity of equal goodness to that produced in the last-mentioned view of the buyer or buyers thereof, or shall use any other fraud or device thereof, or in order to make such corn, grain, malt, meal, or flour appear heavier than it would be, or shall use such mixture, fraud, or deceit, every person being lawfully convicted of any of the said frauds or devices, by the oath of one credible witness before any Justice of the peace or magistrate, in any city or town corporate in Ireland, where such offence shall be committed, shall for every such offence forfeit the said corn, grain, malt, meal, or flour, and half thereof, to the use of the informer, and the other half to the use of the poor in the parish where such offence shall have been committed, and also the sum of 40s. to be levied by distress and sale of such offender's goods; one moiety of which said sum of forty shillings shall be paid to the informer, and the other moiety thereof, to the poor of the parish, as aforesaid.

MOST CURIOUS FACT—A FAIRY TALE

Wednesday, a poor old woman applied to the Head Police-office, and stated the following very curious circumstance:—She said, that her name was Kearns; that she was a widow, and with her daughter, Mary Kearns, a very handsome young woman, lived at Toomevara, in the county Tipperary. Both supported themselves by spinning. About a fortnight since there came to the house a woman, whose name is since ascertained to be Mary Mac, otherwise Fitzgerald; who seemed to be forty years, black haired, a small red face, slightly peak-marked, wearing an old red coat, and a blue fannel petticoat. This woman pretended to be what the people call "a fairy," one who could not only tell fortunes, but also the haunts of the "good people," and was otherwise to raise the dead. This wretch, by the story of her gifts, so influenced the mind of the young girl, that she believed Mary Mac to be a fairy, and that she possessed the power of raising the dead. In a conversation with the young girl one day, she told her that her father was not dead; that she knew her father, and the father, and asked the girl if she would then to see her father. The young girl, who was very afraid, but the fairy woman, who was so accomplished, who was so cunning, and who was given in the hearing of the young girl, a voice was heard to declare, "I am your father." The girl asked him, would he not go with them? "No," exclaimed the voice, "I will leave the fairies yet, but I shall be home with you in four days." This appeared to be a promise to the deluded girl, and the fairy woman then told her, they would have to go to a place that it would require them two days to walk to and two days to return; and that it would be necessary for them to procure money, which she would have to pay in a certain measure before the father could be got back. Under this persuasion the girl left the house with the fairy woman. The mother was absent at the time, and on her return she discovered that her only child was taken from her, and their little home was covered of every article of value.—The fairy woman, whose dress we have described, had, it is known, a companion, one a person who is called Paddy Fitzgerald, having black hair, cut short, and wearing an old patched petticoat, with white patches, and who is supposed to be a man in woman's clothes. The other, called Peter Fitzgerald, is about 12 years of age, spoke with a Liverpool accent, and wore a grey frize coat, a new waistcoat, and a straw hat. These persons, who that dope, have been traced from Toomevara to Kesh, in the county Wick.

The unfortunate mother of the girl appeared in the police-office, in a state of distraction, as her impression was that her daughter had been seduced by these miscreants. So much is the character of this woman respected in the neighborhood where she lives, that a reward of £500 has been offered by the inhabitants for the discovery of her daughter, and a letter was received, in the Head-office from a magistrate at Comeragh, requesting the co-operation of the police, in searching for Mary Kearns, and apprehending those who have taken her from home.—Dublin Evening Register.

A woman residing at Boyardo, in the Valley of Misch, on the 14th ult. heard a knocking at the door, and sent a female servant to see what there was. In a few minutes afterwards, the girl returned, attempted to speak, but fell at the feet of her mistress, who then went out and cut with a knife. A man of the name of Misch was discovered. A very young man, who had been taken from her, was also discovered, and in the same manner. The woman of Misch, who was very young, was taken from her, and in the same manner. The woman of Misch, who was very young, was taken from her, and in the same manner.

New Mode of Dying.—A man named Misch, a mill-stone while performing his duty, was soon produced, and death without pain would be the result if the experiment were greatly protected.—Philosophy of Sleep.

Printed and Published for the Proprietor, at the King-street, next door to the Chamber of Commerce, and within One Hour of the Post-Office. Price:—Yearly, £3 5s. 6d. Quarterly, 9s. 6d. Single Numbers, 2s. 6d. Published on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.



