THE PROCESS SERVER.

(From Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "*Ireland.*")

"Jim" is very "long,"—a tall, muscular, loose-limbed, powerful fellow, who fears nothing. "Ah! it's asy to say I'm strong, but what help would my strength give me agin a hundred vagabonds hungry for my blood?" he exclaimed. "I've had more escapes in my time," he continued, "than Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington put together. I stood up to my throat in a bog once for two days, and if my head hadn't been hid in a bunch of rushes, I wouldn't have been here to tell the story, for there was a matter of fifty vagabones beating the bog after me. I've been five times left for dead, and have a score of pistol-bullets taken out of my body. Once, I crept into a house, and crawled between the feather bed and mattress without anybody knowing; and the fellows that were after me searched and searched, and progged under the bed with a pike, and never touched me, and there I lay—and lucky it was for me that the man who slept in that bed was tipsy. I stole away before morning without his knowledge." Zealous for the humanity of the Irish women, we inquired if he had never been saved by the fair sex. "I think," he answered, "an Irishwoman hates the law as much as an Irishman; and they'd show more pity to a tiger than they would to a process-server. I wasn't a bad looking boy in my time; but the girls I fancied for marriage would have nothing to say to me—a peep-o-day boy, even a tailor, before poor Jim—but it's all the better for me now," he added, turning his hat round and round while he spoke, and rubbing the edge with his hand; "it's all the better; if no one cares for me, I care for no one; even my own mother on her death-bed turned her face to the wall when I asked for her blessing!" Something like feeling agitated his features while he said this. So true it is, that there are certain chords in the human heart that never cease to vibrate. Jim was once employed to serve a writ upon a Roman-catholic clergyman, and he did it on a saint's day, at the door of his chapel, when the place was thronged with his people. The manner was this: he persuaded an excise-officer that he knew where a private still was at work, and induced him to obtain the assistance of a party of the military. As they approached the chapel, Jim directed the troops to remain a little in the back-ground, while he advanced to reconnoitre, placing them just where the glitter of their bayonets could be seen from the rising ground. He then went forward boldly, and put his paper into the priest's hand; and perceiving a hostile movement among the crowd, he pointed to the military, to whom he speedily returned, and whom he subsequently led "a fool's march" in search of the whiskey-still that had, of course, vanished. Another of his doings he told us at greater length. A country gentleman had eluded all Jim's efforts to "serve" him. "I've known," quoth Jim, "a matter of fifteen simple writs against him at one time, besides greater law in the coorts; there was more paper, wax, and red tape, wasted on him, than on any man of his age. And yet," added Jim, and an expression of the most triumphant cunning animated his bitter eyes, "I nabbed him at last; and I'm prouder of it than anything I ever did. He was called the 'Foxy-fighter.' There were ever so many of us on the watch, trying to give our bits of paper into his hand: but he was too cute for them. One thought he had found out the right way—for he climbed to the top of the great old-fashioned chimney that belonged to his bed-room, and stole softly down it, and the nearer he got to the ground the plainer he could hear the foxy-fighter discoorsing with his housekeeper—and at one time he got a little frightened, thinking of the treatment he might get; but he had friends among the servants, who, though they would not let him in, would not see him murdered. So down he went; and when he put his foot on, as he thought, the bottom, what should he find but an iron grating across—so there he was stopped. 'A thief in the chimney,' roars the fighter, and in less than no time he was surrounded with fire and smoke; and between the burning and the smoking, it was many a long day before that man was able to go up or down a chimney again. I was often on the watch for Foxy; and at the back of his house there was a little square yard, and over one corner of it hung the bough of a very large tree. I wondered where he could go for a little air, and I found he took great delight in the grey of the morning in tending a few ducks and geese that gabbled about a pond that was in the midst of the little yard; he had no dread over him by rason of the high walls, as he could take in the whole wall at a glance, and sure enough he had an eye like a process. Well, I turned it over in my own mind—and got a nice large goose-egg, and round one end of it I wrops the copy of the writ, and letting myself down from the wall a little before break o'day, I placed the egg just on a tuft of grass, and seated myself in the branch of the old tree watching; and presently out comes the Fox, after first looking through a peep-hole he had in the door. 'Ah! ah!' he says, and the ducks and geese came running out; and presently he spies the egg. 'That's the grey goose,' he says again, 'that always has such consideration for my breakfast;' and seeing a bit o' paper about the egg, in coorse he peeps in it; and 'What's this?' says he, turning pale and looking about him. 'It's the copy,' says I, roaring from the tree, and here's the original;' and while he runs in for his pistols, didn't I show him the heels o' my brogues!" On another occasion, Jim finding insurmountable difficulties in the way of a desired interview with a gentleman who was always upon "the watch," arranged a very scandalous mode of accomplishing his purpose. He bought a brace of remarkably fine trout, and a fishing-rod; and, for the first time in his life, practised the "gentle craft" of the angler; throwing his fly across the river at a point where he well knew the gentleman might see him from his parlour window. Presently down came a message to Jim to the effect that he was trespassing, the water being preserved. This was exactly what Jim anticipated: so he sent his best respects to his honour, to say that he cared only for the sport, and not for the fish, and hoped he'd be pleased to accept the trout he had already caught. The bait took; the gentleman was pleased to find that fish so large were in his river, and returned his compliments that "lunch would be ready at three." When the fellow had partaken heartily of the hospitality, he proceeded to business, and horrified his host by the production of a writ. Jim was placed under precisely similar circumstances with a gentleman less wily, because more confident, who lived in a wild and remote district, from which escape was out of the question: and well the party knew that no process-server would dare venture into it. But Jim was too cunning for him. He ascertained that the gentleman's "custom in the afternoon" was to drink his punch in a rural alcove. Suddenly, Jim presented himself before the astonished sight of his victim, while enjoying the *dolce far niente;* and making his best bow, begged his honour's pardon for the intrusion. His honour knew Jim well, and coolly asked him at what rate he valued his life. "Faith, sir," says Jim, "at very little, if I meant yer honour any harm; but at a great dale this present writing; for it's to do you a service I came here; else I think I'd just as soon put my ugly body betwixt the horns of a mad bull." After some further questioning, Jim told his story. He came to warn his honour that one of his servants was a "rap," and meant to betray him; that he (the said Jim) had been tempted by an offer of ten guineas to serve a writ; that he had taken the bribe; but would "as soon cut his own tongue out as serve it upon his honour." The gentleman's suspicions were disarmed; he gave the fellow plenty of whiskey, and putting a guinea in his hand, thanked him, and bade him good-bye. Jim had hardly gone a hundred yards, however, before back he came, laid the guinea upon the table, and declared he couldn't and wouldn't rob so good a gentleman, and again departed, and questioned; when, with all the appearance of generosity and rectitude, he declared, that if he took the money, his honor would think him "a chate," who came pretending to have the power of serving a process on him when, in reality, he had nothing of the kind to serve. The scene lasted for some minutes, the gentleman assuring Jim that he was satisfied and obliged, and entreating him to pocket the gift; and Jim declaring that he could not do it, and be suspected of cheating him. At length the discussion was brought to an issue by Jim, violently excited, exclaiming, the only way to settle the matter was to convince the worthy gentleman of his probity, by showing that he was not pretending to have a writ, when he had none; so, drawing it from his pocket, he showed both copy and original to the worthy man. "You see, sir," said he, "that I am not a chating blackguard; and now, if you are content, I'll accept the guinea." It was, of course, given; Jim departed in peace, taking especial care that the "copy" was left behind; went directly to his employer, and swore the service. We might easily multiply anecdotes of this man and his class, but have already, perhaps, given too much space to the subject. One more, however, we must tell. We travelled from Limerick to Castle Connell with a man—Dick (we forget his surname)—who had an awful and terrible squint—whose escapes had been many and marvellous during the tithe war, for he had been the selected server of the rebellion writs. He was the very opposite of Long Jim in personal appearance—a remarkable small and puny creature, whom a genuine Thurles giant might have almost swallowed at a mouthful. Once he was on duty with a comrade, when they saw a host gathering about the mountains above them. They had a horse, but only one; and Dick was on foot; he made a spring and tried to mount, but "fell on the other side." There was not a moment to lose; his companion galloped off and left poor Dick to his fate. He looked round him in despair, and made a rush into a neighbouring cabin. His foes were soon after him; Dick fixed himself in the farthest corner; and when "the boys" showed themselves at the door, he presented his pistol, exclaiming, "I can only shoot one o' ye; but I have my eye on the man I'll shoot." As we have said, he squinted frightfully, and the party paused and hesitated; it surpassed their skill to determine upon which of them his eyes were fixed, for they rolled horribly as he repeated the threat, "I have my eye on the man I'll shoot." They consequently retired to deliberate; and had actually proceeded to remove the roof, that they might stone him to death in comparative security, when Dick's comrade hove in sight with a party of police, and Dick's life was saved.

An Adventure in China.—In April last, while her Majesty's ship Conway was lying off Whampoa, a party, consisting of Lieutenant Beadon, (recently made commander,) Mr. Smith, assistant-surgeon, Mr. Turnour, midshipman, and fourteen men, left her in a large boat, and proceeded to Macao, where they staid a few days, and left that place to return to the Conway about noon on Easter Monday; a fine breeze carried them safely over half the distance, when, it being too dark to see the numerous fishing stakes laid down at the mouth of the river, or to discover any landmarks, they cast anchor about midnight; at one o'clock a. m., on the 30th, Lieutenant Beadon, feeling the boat ride uneasily, gave orders for the cable to be cut, but, before even this could be done, a heavy squall took her, and she filled, head foremost, becoming instantly a wreck; the miserable crew clung on till daylight in spite of a terrific tempest, accompanied by violent thunder and lightning. At length they descried a Chinese fishing junk containing one old man. Lieutenant Beadon forbade any whining supplication, but ordered the men to give three hearty English cheers; the good old fisherman (who proved himself a Samaritan truly, whatever his creed) waved his hand, and instantly bore down to their assistance, picked up their scattered and exhausted party, and gave them food and covering. Lieutenant Beadon offered him forty dollars to take them to her Majesty's ship Wellesley, (that being the nearest;) he did so, carefully concealing them from his own countrymen. They sustained the loss of one man, a carpenter, named Shropshire; he was washed off the deck when too much exhausted to regain his hold, and sank to rise no more. Lieut. Beadon endeavoured, during fourteen hours of awful and appalling danger, to stimulate the crew to exertion, telling them it was a mockery of God to give themselves up to prayer, without at the same time using the bodily powers and mental faculties he had given them for the preservation of their lives; but immediately they were on board the junk he addressed the men upon the awful warning of the uncertainty of life they had just received, exhorting them to make that the era of the commencement of a new life, by the help of God, and lamenting his own unfitness and unworthiness to offer up a prayer of thanksgiving, earnestly implored each to offer one up in his own heart. On board the Wellesley the party were received with delight, and the old Chinaman had eighty dollars in addition to Lieutenant Beadon's forty. The lieutenant himself suffered considerably, having lost many valuable articles.

Beggars in Rome.—The Italian has sentiment in his nature, and the beggar expresses it in the form of his petition. His "Non m'abbandonate," and "Carita, signora, per l'amor di questa imagine!" kindles your imagination if not your heart. How I should like to show you the fellow that sits, like a monarch on his throne, on the stairs of the *Piazza di Spagna*, and whose smile, disclosing teeth strong enough to grind all the grist in Rome, and his hearty salutation, "Buon giorno, signor," are well worth the *baioc'* he asks much more as a right than a favour. He is an old receiver of customs, and is well known to have a full treasury. "How dare you beg of me," asked Mr. G., "when you are already so rich?" "Ah, signor, I have my donkey to feed." "You are well able to feed your donkey." "But I have my nine children, signor." There is no answer to be made to a fellow who confesses to such luxury! Then there is the poor moiety of a man whose trunk (torso!), trussed on to a circular bit of wood slightly concave, comes daily down our street St. Vitale at a jocund pace, and the two old crones at *Santa Maria Maggiore*, who hobble towards us with a sort of pas-de-deux, and seem as well content that one should get your *baioc'* as the other, "equal to their fortune." They are probably partners in the trade. And there is the handsome youth of the French academy, who has been dying with a "sagne di bocca" (spitting of blood) for the last fifteen years, without any apparent diminution of the vital current! And the little troop of mountain peasants whose hunting ground is some where about the American consul's, with their bewitching smiles, sweet voices, and most winning ways; a genuine lover of happy young faces ought to pay them for a sight of theirs. Even beggary is picturesque here.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

New Houses of Parliament.—The committee officially appointed "to take into consideration the promotion of the fine arts in this country, in connection with the rebuilding of the new Houses of Parliament, "have, at length, elicited sufficient evidence to justify it in adopting and recommending that measures should be taken without delay, to encourage the fine arts, by employing them in the decorations in the new Houses of the Legislature, and which are now in course of erection. Mr. Barry, the architect, having been requested to inform the Committee the superficies of the different portions of the buildings which could be appropriated to painting, and also the number of positions or places in which the sculpture could with advantage be placed, has stated those to be as follow:—In St. Stephen's-hall, 3,000 feet; Royal gallery, 2,140; the Queen's robing-rooms, 1,168; lower corridors, fronting the river, 5,072; upper corridors, fronting the river, 5,672; House of Lords, 1,800; House of Commons, 1,260; in the corridors from the central soloon, 1,325; conference hall, 1,340; in the lobbies of the House of Lords, 1,036; the lobby of the House of Commons, 1,260; in the Committee-rooms, 25,350; besides numerous other less important portions of the building.—Total, 49,823 feet. In Westminster Hall, the superficies capable of being devoted to this purpose is 6,160 feet; but Mr. Barry considered it to be absolutely requisite that the roof of this building should be "pierced" in various places, equidistant, so as to admit of an increased quantity of light, the present lantern not being adequate for that purpose. The paintings to be either in fresco or oil, as in the Houses of Parliament, and the designs to be taken from the most prominent features in British history.

Taxation and Representation.—Previous to his descent upon England, William the Conqueror assembled a council of his nearest friends, to demand their advice and assistance. They all approved of the expedition, and promised to serve William with their persons and goods. "But," said they, "this is not all—you must ask assistance of the great body of the people of the country; for it is but right that those who pay the expense should be called to consent to it." Then William, say the chroniclers, convoked a great assembly of men of all classes in Normandy, laid before them his project, and solicited their assistance—then left them, that they might deliberate freely. We perceive by this that even so early as the days of the Conqueror, people had got hold of the notion that "taxation and representation should go together;" or, to express it in the language of those days, that "it is but right that those who pay the expense should be called to consent to it."

Vocal Machinery of Birds.—It is difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size; but a recent discovery has shown, that in birds the lungs have several openings communicating with corresponding air bags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body from the neck downwards, and into which the air passes and repasses in the progress of breathing. This is not all: the very bones are hollow, from which air-pipes are conveyed to the most solid parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers. This air, being rarified by the heat of their body, adds to their levity. By forcing the air out of the body, they can dart from the greatest height with astonishing velocity. No doubt the same machinery forms the basis of their vocal powers, and at once solves the mystery.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

Speed in Travelling.—"God speed you," used to be the old mode of expressing good-wishes among our forefathers; what would they say now, if they could rise from their graves, and learn that in 14½ hours a party of pleasure set out from London, stopped twice at Southampton, and circumnavigated the Isle of Wight! This feat, about 250 miles, was accomplished at a small cost on Monday last.

Immense Halls of Moscow.—Moscow contains many fine monuments and public buildings, and several halls, which, for magnitude, are certainly unequalled in any other city of Europe. In one of these halls, which has a roof of beautiful wood-work, and which is heated by stoves, the Czar sometimes reviews a corps of 2,000 men, partly cavalry; and they have ample room to go through their manœuvres.

Ingenuity Wasted.—It is no merit to accomplish an object by difficult instruments when easy ones are at hand, or to reach an end by a circuitous road when there is a straight course. Michael Angelo being told of an artist who painted with his fingers, exclaimed, "Why does not the blockhead make use of his pencils?"

A new mode of Communication at Sea.—A trumpet called the telephonic, or far-sounding system, invented by M. Sudre, instead of the ordinary system of signals, has recently been tried by the squadron of Admiral Hugon, and found to answer completely. The sound may, it is said, be heard distinctly, in favourable weather, at a distance of 2,200 toises—about two and a half English miles.

Literature, Science, &c.—Three leading members of the administration hold high stations in the learned world. The Earl of Aberdeen, foreign secretary, being president of the Society of Antiquaries; the Earl of Ripon, president of the Royal Society of Literature; and Earl de Grey, the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, president of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

A long Chimney.—The largest chimney in the world is at the soda ash manufactory of James Muspratt, Esq., near Liverpool. It is the enormous height of 406 feet above the ground, 45 feet diameter inside at the base, 8 feet ditto at the top, and contains nearly 4,000,000 of bricks.

Recipe for Good Humour.—Rise betimes in the morning, and go early to rest, that the body be preserved in health; let your first reflection be how short are the hours before you, if devoted to business, study, social enjoyment, or other rational recreations; and then find time if you can to indulge in spleen humour.

The Wife.—How ready she is to adapt herself his ways! and with whims, sometimes as many stars, yet for every one has she her own swee And then the thousand capacities never called fore! And how well pleased she is to find that task is sent, so is the strength sent with it. How is she to unlearn courtship, and to learn content, the hardest and least ready of her tasks; but she learn it. And the work-day of life comes, which to it as she will, must make her give up the ang take to the woman. She has to "box the compa domestic cares: "Nor'-nor'-east, and nor'-nor'- and God speed her if she do it conscientiously point must be passed: the drawing-room, the n and, good lack! the larder: all must, as by ma the result of her own clear and steady rule. She that, unless she manages, all will go wrong; an knows, as surely, that, if she seems to manage, not go right.

> "She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
> And if she rules him, never shows she rules;
> Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
> Yet has her humour most when she obeys."

A sensible woman knows all this. And she more: she knows how to have smiles ready in the of all her toil, and sometimes her care; smiles husband, and good humour for his friends. The are all her own, and almost all that she can well call her own: for a woman will cry at things that pass by with indifference; and, if she keeps her te herself, surely they are her perquisites,—her priv All these capabilities and soothing powers are expe ay, and found in a woman. Women ever have, ever will have, if they do their duty, these duties to form; and to do them with cheerful patience and a ling face is the best charm for constancy. Can we cy man, only for one day, in their position! The vants would all be discharged, and the children wh and sent to bed, and himself, by nightfall, just Bedlam.—*Wedlock, a Novel.*

Fattening Animals.—There are some rules which may be advantageously adopted in feeding ani which, however obvious they may be, are too often p over, or neglected. Some of these will be specified,

1st. *The preparation of Food.*—This should prepared, that its nutritive properties may be all available to the use of the animal, and, not only so appropriated with the least possible expenditure of cular energy. The ox that is obliged to wander ov acre to get the food he should find on two or three s rods—the horse that is two or three hours eating coarse food he would swallow in fifteen minutes, grain was ground or the hay cut as it should be- sheep that spends hours in making its way into a t when, if it was sliced, it would eat it in as many minu the pig that eats raw potatoes, or whole corn, when cooked, could be eaten in one quarter of the time used, may indeed fatten, but much less rapidly th their food was given them in a proper manner. A should be given to a fattening animal in such a state as little time and labour as possible, on the part animal, shall be required in eating.

2d. *The food should be in abundance.*—From the the fattening process commences, until the ani slaughtered, he should never be without food. and appetite are best promoted by change of food than by limiting the quantity. The animal that is and starved by turns may have streaked meat, will be made too slowly for the pleasure or profit of farmer.

3d. *The food should be given regularly.*—This of the most essential points in feeding animals. irregularly, the animal indeed consumes his food, soon acquires a restless disposition, is disturbed appearance of his feeder, and is never in that quie so necessary to the taking on of fat. It is surpris readily any animal acquires habits of regularity in and how soon the influence of this is felt in the im ment of his condition. When at the regular hour has had its pudding, or the sheep its turnips, they pose themselves to rest, with the consciousness that digestion is not to be unseasonably disturbed, quiet broken by unwonted invitation to eat.

4th. *The animal should not be needlessly intruded between the hours of feeding.*—All creatures fatten faster in the dark than in the light, a fact only to counted for by their greater quiet.

Sea Life.—What can there be in the bare a sea life that it is so all-surpassing, so many-sided If a man, with reverence be it said, be fond o one pursuit natural to man or boyhood, he must it at sea, if he love angling, or archery, or b belles, or billiards, or his children, or cricket, or or elegance, or eating, or his father, or family, o ing, or fowling, or gardening, or hunting, or hors independence, or leasure, or love, or music, his mis or his mother, or news, or novelty, or research, or s ing, or skating, or travelling, or tennis, or his w —or—or—or—indeed, anything, in short, save sal and salt water, let him stay ashore.—*Society in*

Use of Tobacco.—"It is," says James I., "a c loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black ing fume thereof nearest resembling the horrib gian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

Doubly Sorry.—An old lady lately brought her band to the Mansion House, London, on a cha bigamy. The poor man said—"She's been the of my life for five and thirty long years; I'm heart ry I ever married her." "Yes, John," replied hi "and I'll make you sorry you ever married any else, before I've done with you."

POETRY.

THE ENTHUSIAST AT THE PYRAMIDS.

(*From Bentley's Miscellany.*)

In this vast chamber of the kingly dead,
Where mystery shudders, and where silence brood
Where fancy scarce with drooping wing intrudes,
I would to thought resign my throbbing head.
But ah! what means that echo? 'Tis the tread
Of steps contiguous. What! a stranger here!
Hail! visitant of this dim scene; draw near,
And o'er its waste the glimmer let us shed
Of mutual mind. Let us a while discourse
Of those weird fanes that cause the soul to start,
Semiramis, Sesostris, and the force
Of haughty Nimrod. Tell me whence thou art,
And by what name thy presence I may greet.
"Sir! my name's Vite, and I'm from Tooley-street.

Charlottetown: Printed and published by Cooper & Bo Printers to the Honorable the House of Assembly, at t East corner of Pownal and Water Streets.—Terms 10s num, payable half yearly in advance.