

Pectus scaped by a  
Silly Lawyer  
Note from Chas.

## SEDUCTION.

BOLEY P. HOUSE.

This was an action brought for a compensation in damages for the loss of the services of plaintiff's daughter. Plaintiff is a butcher at Mark, and defendant a farmer residing in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Sergeant PALL stated, that under all the circumstances of the case, much damages were not expected; still, as plaintiff had been injured by defendant's conduct, she was entitled to a verdict; and, in a speech replete with wit and ingenuity, read from his brief a love-letter, which excited considerable merriment in the Court, and which was as follows:—

Mary, you say, that four hearts you had, but three of them you lent to me—the other one you keep in store only for me; if that is so, had I ninety and nine, they are all for you; but I have only one, and that you have for years ago, which I hope, dear creature, for ever you will keep it, as I shall yours. I said, for ever I would wait for you, so I will; let mother say what she would, I am full bent not to have no one but you—na, never will. As for leaving the dear child, I never ask you to, and I hope that you will keep it 'till such time as I shall be able to make you my solemn wife, which I am resolved to, by your consent.—

As to giving up the business to me (as you say) mother who, if I would have either A. L. or A. W.; but sooner than I would have either of them, I would refuse all the riches in the world. Can I forget the injury I have done

burthen to the distresses of the people.

The progress of immorality now so generally complained of is not to be attributed to the paucity of Churches, nor to the means of general instruction being too limited. We have enough, in conscience, of the one—and public spirit has provided us with plenty of the other. But the increase of crime has gone hand in hand with the increase of poverty; and this has advanced with the progress of taxation, till, like its concomitant, it has reached a point, beyond which it cannot go.

The wants of the poor are so great, and so pressing, that they shut out every other feeling: their utmost exertions are insufficient to shield them from absolute starvation; their offspring are therefore left to shift for themselves, before nature has provided them with *instinct*, to distinguish good from evil; and they are allured into the commission of crime from the strong impulse of necessity, strengthened by the absence of discriminating reason.

It is amusing to mark the sophistry with which the fountain head of corruption and its polluting stream are defended, and the evils which have originated



with themselves, on the natural disposition and moral character of the people: like the ivy, which has absorbed the juices of the oak till it is withered, upbraiding its nourisher with being sapless and rotten. Who, that has marked the wasteful prodigality—the lavish profusion of the present Administration, can be at a loss for a reason why the British population is poor, wretched, and *immoral*?

When the desolating progress of war was checked, we expected, with the return of peace, the return of national prosperity. Delusive hope! The olive branch of Peace has withered in the hands of imbecility, cruelty, and waste; and ~~has been~~ is bleached with famine; the ~~resources~~ of the country are perverted to the worst of purposes; and the labourer and mechanic, who form, in fact, the real strength of the nation, are left to perish in unregarded wretchedness; while the “*caterpillars*” of the state are fattening on the spoil.

“The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.” Our humane Administration, to preserve, perhaps, the character of consistency, in their concern for the souls of the people, are sending them to heaven as fast as they can by starving their bodies; willing that they should reap full soon a whole harvest of happiness in another world, a single grain of which they deny them here. But their hypocrisy is worse than

Dear Sir.

Pray send this my paper to  
 Bob, begging him to keep <sup>it</sup> for  
 I heard say I shall set off <sup>two</sup> ~~three~~  
<sup>three</sup> days hence. Pray, Sir, don't  
 to give me an account of what-  
 ever or ill luck may betide you,  
 when you are arriv'd to India, &  
 safe. If you have something to  
 write me, send me a letter by the  
 servant. This ~~morning~~ <sup>morning</sup>

Your most humble servant  
 Thos. Chao.