

[Godey's Lady's Book.]

## How Andy Donovan "Practysed the Science of Abstrackshin."

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, THE YOUNGER.

Did ye niver hear tell of one Andy Donovan?—Och, now, only think o' that! An' he sich a ganius! Well, Andy war a rael gentleman, anyhow, for he war born an' brid to do jist nothin' at all at all, and follid the thrade of makin' a dacent living. Divla betther feelosopher nor Andy all the wureld over, for he bate Joolyus Saiser wid the great gift of abstrackshin he had. But the magisthers, an' squireens, an' the procthors, an' middle men war jealous of his reputashin, and sat him over the salt say in a thriffin' offishal capacity, the name of which I disremember; but 'twas a "convart" they called him, or some name that war foster brother to it.

But about his wonderful powers of abstrackshin. Oh ye, thin! sure I'll come to it prisntly. What 'ud a poor boy do widout atin' and dhrinkin', I like to know? An' doesn't everybody follid the science of abstrackshin for the sake o' the good breakwasts an' the illigant dinners, an' the likes o' them? Musha, thin! why wouldn't Andy do that same, an' wid a impty bag over his shoulders, be wandherin' over the country, meditatin', an' practisin' his own grand flabool science of abstrackshin?

Well, wan day, betimes, i' the mornin', out goes Andy wid his bag over his shoulder, an' his fishin'-rod undher his arm, an' he thravels on ontill he sees forenent him a great flock of geese.

"Them 's beautiful birds," sez Andy, stoppin' short; "an' espishally the gander. Troth, now, there 's no harum, sure, in cultivatin' his acquaintance! Arrah, now, Misther Gander," sez he, pokin' at him wid his rod, "is it well an' hearty ye are the day?"

"Iss, iss!" sez the gander. "Faix, now, but I'll be pleased to hear it!" sez Andy. "An' savin' manners, may I ax ye if 'tis fond of good company ye are?"

"Iss! iss!" sez the gander. "Arrah, thin," sez Andy, "don't be bashful, but spake out. May be 'tis my good looks that 'ud be takin' yer eye?"

"Iss!—s—s!" sez the gander. "Many thanks for the compliment," sez Andy, makin' a ginteel bow. "There 's a bit of a cabin undher the hill yonder as belongs to my own self, wid 'inthertainmint for man an' baste' to the fore, an' if ye 'll come wid me, sure but I'll make ye wilcome as the flowers in May."

"Iss! iss!—s—s—s!" sez the gander, crainin' out his neck, an' runnin' after the great desaiver. "Well, it isn't the likes o' me to rason, out why any respectable gander should'n't choose his own masher," sez Andy; "an' if ye 'll only say that ag'in, by jabers but I'll not be the boy to lave yees disconsolate! Are yees minded to go wid me?"

"Iss! Iss!—s—s—s!" sez the gander. "Sure I ought to take the affectshinate craythur at his word," sez Andy; "but it 'ud be right to let him consider over the matter a little while longer. If it war wan o' them faymales yonder, I'd be puzzled to know what to do at all, by rason o' their changin' their mind so often, as becoorse is nathural enough to them species. But a gentleman, an' a gentleman gander—an' sure there 's no great differ at times betuxt 'em—I say a gentleman, an' a gentleman gander, 'ud niver go back o' their word; for, by rason o' their superior dignity, 'tis the likes o' them as 'ud be ashamed to say no whin they manes iss. So now," sez he, tetchin' the gander wid the ind of his rod, "I'll be afther askin' yees, my friend, for the third an' last time, if it 'ud be plasin' to ye to come along wid me?"

"Iss! iss! iss!—s—s—s!" sez the gander, in the most perimptory manner possible. "Oh, begorra!" sez Andy, "if yees so found o' me as all that, I don't see why I shouldn't make yer betther acquaintance."

An' thin Andy, the shly rogue, he fasthens a bullet on the ind o' his fishin'-line, an' whirlin' the rod in the air, brought the lines suddenly round the neck o' the gander, an' fished him up wid a great lift, an' put him in his bag. Arrah, now! but warn't that a beautiful spicimint of Andy Donovan's science of abstrackshin?

"Och!" sez he, laughin' to his own self, "'twas a great piece o' frindship in the fat gander, anyhow, to take a likin' to me. But sure it only shows the discriminashin o' the baste; for I tuk that same likin' to hisself; an' that's no lie. Troth an' I'll be good to the crathur as long as he lives, an' cocker him up wid pittaties an' buttermilk. 'Tis afear I am he wan't live long; but I'll be thankful for his affectshin, an' show it, too, by atin' him tindherly."

Well, by an' by, he come to a pond where there war lishins of ducks, an' prisintly up waddles a graad gentleman of a muskovee, an' waggin' his curly tail, looks him in the face as bould as ye please.

"What is it?" sez Andy.

"Quack! quack! quack!" sez the duck.

"Be aff wid ye," sez Andy, "an' behave yeer-self like a dacent furrener. Ye'es welcome to the atin', and the dhrinkin', an' the fine flabool feathers as comes wid it; but sure I think it betther manners in ye'es not to be afther intherfarin' wid the purshutes of a country born."

"Quack! quack!" sez the muskovee.

"Oh, murther!" sez Andy. "Did I iver hear tell the likes o' that? An' I standin' here widout sayin' nothin' at all at all! Hould yer tongue, ye unnathuralized baste, an' don't slander an honest boy that a way."

"Quack! quack! quack!" sez the imperdint duck.

"Tare an' outies!" sez Andy, in a passhin. "Lave aff, I tell ye'es. Is it I as looks like a quack, wid niver a rap in my pocket, an' wid a batthered ould caskin on my head wantin' a crown?"

"Quack! quack! quack!" sez the duck; an' thin, by this an' by that, all the other ducks tuk up the cry, and sung out: "Quack! quack! quack!"

"Augh!" sez Andy, feelosophisin', "'tis the way o' the wureld over and over! Niver the bad word war put on a man but sure a dozen repated it. Upon my conscience," sez he, "'tis a hard matter to bear but them ducks is poor, misforthenate ignoraymuses, an' may be they don't know no betther; so I'll rason wid 'em."

Oh but Andy war the perlit man! an' had thraveled across the salt say to discorse wid the Englishmen all about hay-makin', an' rapin', an' wather-drains, wid practickle explanashins. By throutin' about, he seen the wureld, and larned the way they make politicianer spaches in them furren parts. So, at this prisint time, he got upon an ould stump by the pond side, an' afther makin' a scrape wid his fut, he lifted his little finger, wid the hand to it, to make believe he war takin' a sup o' ould wather—though, betuxt you an' I, sorra sup o' wather niver wet Andy's lips whin he could get anythin' betther—but he knowed that war the way to commence a spache; an' so, whin he 'd been taken wid the little cough which the rael politicianers have on sech occashins, an' wiped his mouth across wid the handkercher he left at home, he interjuiced his own self as Andy Donovan by name, for want of another gentleman at his elbow, an' thin, wid a grand flourish o' his arm, sez he to the ducks, sez he: "Gentlemen—no, that 's not what I mane. Frinds an' fellow-citizens. Oh, murther, but 'tisn't citizens ye are!—Frinds and fellowcountrymen—faix but 'tis right I am at last—fellowcountrymen—"

"Quack! quack!" sez the big duck.

"Augh, millia murther, ye slandhairous ould riptyle!" sez Andy. "Why will ye be afther intercepitin' me, an' I standin' here in defence o' my charackther? Put yer fut in yer mouth, ye baste, and lave me be. 'Tis ashamed I am o' ye'es callin' a dacent man, wid a cabin full o' childhre, a quack! All the wureld knows—yea, thin, an' Kilkenny too, for that matter—that it 'ud break my heart to be a quack. 'Tis the blessed thruth I am spakin' the day; an' if ye 'll take yer bills out o' the mud, an' stop gabblin', I'd like to ax ye'es a handful o' questions."

"War iver the name of Andy Donovan in the newspaper? tell me that, ye Omadhauns, barrin wanst whin I bruk Terence Mahool's head wid a pewter noggin? Did I iver demane my own self to pay a thraneen to a newspaper man to print lethers in Dublin, an' Kilkenny, an' Connaught, an' Wicklow, to say that sarsaparilla war betther nor brimstone to a Scotchman, an' more profit-able nor beer to Johnny Bull? Is it the like o' me as 'ud brake my bones wid Father O'Dougherty's walkin'-stick by takin' my oath that Andy Donovan's pittaty pills, butthered all over wid sugar, war the best purgatory iver invinted by mortal man? Ayeh! Is it I that 'ud be dhrawn an' quartered, like a chicken in a chop shop, for sellin' magnified powders, to be taken through the little ind of a telyskope? Is it I as 'ud be here, the day, wid a hole in my hat big enough for a bull to run through, and wan tail to my coat, whin 'tis lishins of goold that I'd be scoopin' up if I war a quack?"

"Quack! quack! quack!" sez the muskovee.

"Oh, bad loock to ye'es!" sez Andy, jumpin' down from his rosthre; "but 'tis myself that'll tache ye'es what it is to bespattir a gentleman." An' sure he did, right aff; for he put a bit o' red rag on his fishin'-hook, an' dhraggled it along afther him; an', by this an' by that, the foolish muskovee seized it; an', prisintly, who but he war floppin' about in the bag?

"'Tis the way wid all them born natherals o' furriners," sez Andy. "Troth, but I thought he had betther sinse. An' now I'll be goin' home," sez he.

But, as he war crossin' a bit o' wild land, wid here an' there a shrip o' bog, what 'ud he see but a littler o' pigs throtlin' an' squealin' afther their ould mudther. Now, Andy Donovan plased hisself wid studyin' the ways of animal crathurs, an' espishally them as is good for atin'. So he dropped on the turf, by the wayside, an' commenced his examinashin.

"How are ye the day, my purty darlin'?" sez he to a little pig as round as a butther firkin. "Is them weeny legs strong enough to carry ye'es afther yer spindle-shaunked mudther?" sez he.

"Weak! weak!" sez the little pig.

"Troth, an' I don't wonder at it!" sez Andy; "an' bein' so far from home, too, thrapseing about. Aren't ye'es ashamed o' yerself, ye ould varmint," sez he to the mudther, "for delutherin' the poor childhre to follow ye'es over the hills, 'an over the fields, an' they breakin' their hearts becase o' the sore fut an' the wakeness?"

"Oof! oof!" sez the ould mudther, sniffin' at Andy wid the continy as war in her.

"Oh, begorra?" sez Andy, "many's the hog I've met wid afore, some o' them wid their hands in their noses in the air, smellin' out the good o' the land, lavin' us poor boys the bits an' scraps, an' scrapin'; but 'tis little I care for the tass of a nose if nothin' worse follis it."

"Oof! oof!" sez the grunther.

"'Tis aisy to see where ye larned manners," sez Andy, "an' that 'tis a procther's baste ye are, by the resimblance an' similitude betuxt ye." Who! but Andy war the boy for book larnin'! "Little'd be carin' to tache the likes o' ye'es good breedin'," sez Andy, "but that I does be sorry for the weeny crathurs ye'll be bringin' to a bad ind, an' espishally for little butther firkin. Come to me, my darlin'; come to me, acushla," sez he, thryin' to take hold o' his fut. "Sure 'tis tinther-hearted for ye'es that I am, an' my mouth wathers. Och, botheration, I mane my eyes wathers at behoulin' yer unforthenate condition!"

"Weak! weak!" sez the little pig.

"Divil a doubt of it," sez Andy; an' for that same rason I'd be contint to carry ye wid me in my own arms. Many's the pig in fine clocs, an' wid joocles to the fore, that's as wake in the

undherstandin' as yerself is my darlin'; Christian pigs as lane on their frinds for support, pigs as squeal undher windys of a night, an' pigs as smokes tebaccy in the sthrate, an' sthray pigs as rowls in the gutter, an' axes the watchman to throt him home, an' other guess sort o' pigs, too numerous to menshin, but all nathural born pigs, barrin' the hair on their heads, and the fine clocs on their backs. The ganius is the same, as the schoolmaster sez, the differ bein' in the spaces. Howandiver, 'tisn't hard to thrace the likeness. An' now my sarmint is indeed, may a body be axin' ye'es over agin the thrubble that's on ye? Come to my arms, ye darlin', an' tell me the rael saicret of it."

"Weak! weak!" sez butther firkin, tottherin' away from Andy, an' he sthrivin' to put the comether on him all the while.

"Musha, thin, piggy avich!" sez he, the shly rogue; "what 'ud ye be takin' me for, to disparish my frindly intinshins by runnin' away? Is it myself that's one o' yer delutherin' spalpeens, that 'ud be desairin' ye'es wid the saft words. Here am I, honest Andy Donovan, an' I does be spakin' the blessed thruth whin I say that myself is the boy that's fond o' ye'es. Sure it 'ud be aisy to take my book oath on that any day," sez Andy, winkin' to hisself.

Well, I dunno how 'twas; may be 'twas the illigant sarmint, and may be the blarney; but, by my troth, the silly pig come sniffin' up to Andy! an' whow, sure enough he had him by the fore leg!

"Weak! weak! weak!" cries butther firkin.

"Whist! whist!" sez Andy, houldin' him fast by the jowl, by way of sootherin' him.

"Wea—ea—ea—eak!" sez butther firkin, smudtherin' all over.

"Oof! oof! oof!" cries the ould wan, scamperin' up in a big passhin. "Oof! oof! oof! peef! peef! peef!"

"Och, millia murther! jist hear her now!" sez Andy. "Tief in yer throast, ye unnathural brute. Sure but a honest boy 'ud scorn to stale any ould woman's childhre; an' is it the likes o' myself as 'ud be taxed wid it? Augh!" sez he, walkin' aff wid butther firkin undher his arm; "whin a gentleman's insulted, he laves the company; an' so I lave ye to yer reflexshins; but may be 'tisn't myself as'll be sindin' a frind to ax for satisfackshin. Musha, shin!" sez Andy, openin' his bag, an' dhrroppin' in the pig, "sure it sames to me that Mithrer Muskovee won't be afther throublin' the grand Turkey—Goose, I mane—now that butther firkin has come betuxt 'em. But 'tisn't aisy in my mind I am for poor butther firkin."

An' that's the shory all about Andy Donno-

## The two Kings of Siam.

Sir John Bowring, in the account of his mission to Siam, gives an interesting description of the two kings—for there are two—of that country. Persons who know little of the state of this fine country will be surprised to learn that the First King is well versed in the works of Euclid and Newton; that he writes and speaks English with tolerable accuracy; that he is a proficient in Latin, and has acquired the Sanscrit, Cingalese and Pagan languages; that he can project and calculate eclipses of the sun and moon and occultations of the planets; that he is fond of all branches of learning and science; that he has introduced a printing press with Siamese and English types; and that his palace and table are supplied with all the elegancies of European life.

He lived twenty-seven years in retirement before he came to the throne, and during that time he acquired the accomplishments which make his reign a memorable and most beneficial era in Siamese history. He was born in 1804, and is now consequently fiftythree.

The second King (his brother) appears to be equally estimable.

"My intercourse with the second King was in all respects most agreeable. I found him a gentleman of very cultivated understanding—quiet, even modest in manners—willing to communicate knowledge, and earnest in the search of instruction. His table was spread with all the neatness and order that are found in a well regulated English household. A favorite child sat on his knee, whose mother remained crouched at the door of the apartment, but took no part in the conversation. The King played to his guests very prettily on the pipes of the Laos portable organ. He had a variety of music; and there was an exhibition of national sports and pastimes, equestrian feats, elephant combats, and other amusements. But what seemed most to interest the King was his museum of models, nautical and philosophical instruments, and a variety of scientific and other curiosities. These kings reign, each in prescribed limits, in perfect harmony. This double monarchy is an old institution of Siam, and is popular with the people."

The Siamese, by the report of the author, are an amiable and intelligent race, with a high degree of civilization in all that relates to social institutions. He relates a conversation which an Englishman had with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in which the latter showed by far the keenest appreciation of the sources of England's greatness:

"His Excellency commenced the conversation by asking the reasons and object of the present war between the English and the Russians. This I explained at great length, and his Excellency expressed himself as perfectly satisfied both as to the propriety and justice of the war. His Excellency then asked, 'how the English, who inhabit such a small part of the surface of the earth, have conquered the whole of India, and have made themselves feared and respected in every part of the globe?'"

I assigned as the reason, '1st, their insular position, which, rendering them less liable to invasion at home, permitted them to undertake greater enterprises abroad; secondly, that the English are

descendants of Saxons, Normans and Celts; and that while we have inherited many of their bad qualities, we have also inherited and amalgamated the various styles of valor for which those nations were so famous, viz: the Norman impetuosity, the Celtic enthusiasm, and the Saxon solidity. Having, as I thought, given a very sufficient reason, I was much surprised to hear his Excellency burst out indignantly, and with a fluency that gave me the greatest difficulty in following him; and although in general neither his form nor features appear calculated to express much feeling, yet, as he warmed with the subject, he really seemed to become another man.

I give his general meaning, as far as either Mr. Hunter or myself can recollect: 'No; it is neither their position, advantageous as it doubtless is nor the men, though brave as lions, that has raised them to their present position. Other nations have had the same opportunities in situation, and have had brave soldiers; yet they never held their ground like the English. It is their Government, that admirable form of administration which is held in equal balance by the King, by the nobles, by the people—that Government in which every man feels that he has a certain share—that country in which he feels that his interest is cared for; these are the things that enable a man to fight—the man with a free spirit will dare things that would appal a slave. Can it be good that a few should legislate for all?'"

Look at the Laos country: there each district chooses one man to become a member of the Council of Six. These are the advisers of the King, and without their sanction the King can do nothing; but still he is entitled to dissent. Consider the consequences. The King and Council vote for war; every man hastens to be the first to show his faith in the opinions of the Council.—There you can sleep without thinking of shutting or barring a door; while here you must watch everything with the greatest care, and even then you are not safe. We have hitherto given all the power to the nobles, and what are we? Let us give a little to the people, and try whether we shall not improve. Let us not have our ministers appointed for life; let them be elected for a term of years, and let their election depend upon the voice of the people.

The more we mix with the English, the sooner will our people feel that they have a right to have some voice in the framing of laws by which they are to be governed. And if they do assert that right, who will oppose them? We have no regular army; a few slaves of the King take that name, but they would not fight against their fellows."

The people profess the faith of Buddah, and seem affectionately, though not bigotedly, attached to it. They are willing to engage in controversy with our missionaries, and show much acuteness in their arguments. The author relates:

"I found no indisposition among the Siamese to discuss religious questions; and the general result of the discussions was: Your religion is excellent for you, and ours is excellent for us. All countries do not produce the same fruits and flowers, and we find various religions suited to various nations. The present King is so tolerated that he gave 3,000 slaves (prisoners of war) to be taught religion by the Catholic missionaries, saying: You may make Christians of these people."

Pallegoix, the Catholic Bishop, who is a great favorite with his Majesty, reports several conversations with the First King, which does honor to his liberal spirit. 'Persecution is hateful,' he said; 'every man ought to be free to profess the religion he prefers; and he added: If you convert a certain number of people anywhere let me know you have done so, and I will give them a Christian governor, and they shall not be annoyed by Siamese authorities.' I have a letter from the King in which he says that in the inquiries into the abstruse subject of the Godhead, we cannot tell who is right and who is wrong, but I will pray my God to give you his blessing, and you must pray to your God to bless me; and so, blessings may descend upon both."

The First King is favorable to the extension of commerce in his dominions. Peter Plymley could not have better illustrated the advantages of commerce than did his Majesty in a few pithy sentences; "He illustrated his view by the following allegory: Two men start from the jungle loaded with the coarse article it produces—the fibres of the hemp, for example—they move onward and come to a place where there is more valuable material, as cotton. The foolish and unimprovable man persists in carrying his coarse and unprofitable burden of hemp; his wiser companion exchanges his hemp for the finer and more valuable material."

They still move on, and come to a silk district. The fool sticks to his hemp, the wise barter his cotton for silk; and thus they reach the end of their journey, one exhausted with carrying an almost worthless and heavy load, the other having brought with ease a profitable and valuable investment."

OLD MEN.—A man will never wear out. As long as he can move or breathe, he will be doing something for himself, or his neighbor, or for posterity. Almost to the last hours of his life, Washington was at work. So were Franklin, and Adams, and Howard, and Newton.

The vigor of their lives was not decayed. No rust matted their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the old man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the spring of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. There are scores of grey headed men we should prefer in any important enterprise, to those young gentlemen who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at a lion in their path, a harsh word or a frown.

☞ A laugty spirit goeth before a fall.