

such a period manifested itself in so many towns and villages of the kingdom, when meeting houses were seen starting up in every neighborhood, and even the waste land abutting upon the public road was appropriated to the erection of them. I remember well the first symptom of this wandering from the pale of the Church, in the country in which my curacy was situated. Much was said about it; but I grieve to add, more was mentioned of the cause. It was said—

It was not, however, in the faults of others that I was to constitute my claims to the good opinion of my flock. The evil report to which I allude was matter of deep regret to every friend of the Established Church—and more especially when it was seen that the reign of prejudice was begun, and a criterion was set up which was employed on all sides of me as a standard of faithfulness and truth, which, overstrained as it was in its application by uncharitable caprice, consisted of too many just indices of correctness not to be generally allowed and adhered to.

In the good sense and kind candor of my charge I knew that I could safely depend; and I found in them a constant resource of just opinion and liberal discrimination. We still co-operated in all measures calculated to preserve the inviolability of that union which had so long subsisted between us as minister and people. The heaven of dissent had not yet begun to work among us, and no fermentation of distinctions without difference rose in our community. So that when I left them, all was uniform and connected. As far as lay in my humble power, I had sought to meet their claim upon me, and to conform myself both personally and professionally to the example which I have just delineated; and whether I had succeeded or not, I was able to rejoice in all that affection, friendship and respect which it was likely to produce. Be this, however, as it may, I can safely assert that, whatever were their satisfactions, I had no cause to complain. But, alas! the sunshine of my hope became involved in clouds and darkness; and although I could have been content to have passed my life among them, an adverse coincidence of events denied me such a consummation of my wishes. Yet I have the happiness to recollect that our parting was mutually regretted—and to this hour, imperfectly as I had fulfilled my task of duty, I have sometime the unfeigned delight to be accosted by some one of my former cure with the same cordial greeting as that with which we were wont to meet when I was their curate, and they were my beloved flock. Nor would I banter this pleasing reflection of mutual remembrance of past days for all the revenues of the Church.

It was on the Friday evening previous to the day of my public farewell, that I had been sitting in the midst of a family in which I was always received as the friend and companion of them all, and had been detailing my future plans; I felt more than usually depressed by the circumstances which came under my observation. This family was the one I had been known to the longest, and we had never experienced any intermission of our friendship. The feeling excited in my heart accompanied me to that home which, pass a few hours, would be an untenanted roof. Under the influence of a melancholy, that can be better felt than expressed, my pen traced the bitter current of my thoughts, in the following address to the estimable family whom I had left:—

Farewell.

“’Tis not to part, to lip the word ‘farewell’
With all the flippancy of fashion’s tongue;
’Tis not to part, to bend our frolic step,
With light indifference, from those dear friends
We ne’er may see return to us again;
O, no! ’tis hateful to the feeling mind,
To view the simple coxcomb’s vacant smile,
When from his slender accent glides ‘adieu.’
—’Tis not to part, to dress a lying face
In all the formal pomp of unfelt woe,
To rant in tragic whine and curse the star
Whose will despotic chains man down to fate.
Nor is the pain of parting known to those
Who skill’d in cold dissembling complaisance,
Can squeeze the hand, divide the labored sigh,
Can breathe the wish unfelt, the vague desire,
And prostitute a tear to falsehood’s vow.
—But oh! to part from those with whom the soul

Is closely knit in kindred sympathy,
To turn our eyes from those, whom friendship plants
Within the hallowed mansion of the heart;
—To say ‘farewell,’ perhaps for ever too!
To those whose social converse oft has cheer’d
The hour of sad despondency; whose wit
Has oft unbent the brow of dull reserve
And taught even sullen discontent, sometimes
To wear a smile:—to friends like these to bid
A long, a last adieu! Oh! ’tis a pang
That strikes most keenly through the breast sincere,
And paralyzes every hope of joy?
This then it is to part, to honest minds,
To such as suffer not professions lip
To trifle with the laws of truth and gratitude.”

There is not much poetry in these lines, for the sentiment that dictated them was not in itself congenial with the fiction of the imagination. The heart spoke without the aid of ornament—and this is language of which it may justly be said, it is—“when unadorned, adorn’d the most.”—All was prepared for my departure, and I set off with an inward sorrow that threw a sickly foreboding over my journey to the Metropolis.

SHOEMADOO, THE GREAT TEMPLE AT PEGUE.

The following letter describes some of the offerings made by the Burmans at their festivals, and also contains a description of the celebrated pagoda at Rangoon:—

“This is the season for the great feast of Gaudama. It commenced yesterday, and it is to continue for three days. It is observed all over the country; but I presume the multitude collected in this place is much greater than at any other, excepting Ava. Priests and people come in boats from a great distance, to worship at the Pagoda in this place, which is supposed to contain a relic of Gaudama. The Viceroy, on these days goes out in all the pomp and splendor possible, dressed and ornamented with all his insignia of office, attended by the members of Government and the common people. After kneeling and worshipping at the pagoda, they generally spend the day in amusements, such as boxing, dancing, singing, theatrical exhibitions, and fire-works. Most of the older people spend the night at the pagoda, and listen to the instructions of the priests.

“Great and expensive offerings are made at this season. One, last year, presented by a member of Government, cost three thousand tinkals or twelve hundred dollars. It was a kind of portable pagoda, made of bamboo and paper, richly ornamented with gold leaf and paintings. It was a hundred feet in height, and the circumference of its base about fifty. Half way up its height, was a man ludicrously dressed, with a mask on his face, white wings on his shoulders, and artificial finger nails, two inches in length, in the posture of dancing. This offering was carried by sixty men, preceded by a band of music, followed by the officer who made it, and his suite. Other offerings presented at this festival, are various kinds of artificial trees, the branches and twigs of which are filled with cups, bowls, handkerchiefs, and garments of all descriptions; these are given to the slaves attached to the pagoda, who, the week following, have something like a fair, to dispose of their offerings.

“The pagoda to which such multitudes resort, is one of the largest and most splendid in the empire*. After having ascended a flight of steps, a large gate opens, when a wild, fairy scene is abruptly presented to view. It resembles more the descriptions we sometimes have in novels, of enchanted castles, than any thing we ever meet in real life. The ground is completely covered with a variety of ludicrous objects, which meet the eye in every direction, with the banyan, cocoa-nut, and toddy trees. Here and there

* In 1824 this pagoda was occupied by the English troops as a fortress, and was defended by a small force against the attacks of a large Burman army who made several assaults upon it, but who were at last obliged to retire with the loss of great numbers of men.