

**THE DWARF; OR, MIND
AND MATTER:
A NOVEL. IN
THREE VOLUMES. VOL. I**

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The Dwarf; Or, Mind and Matter: A Novel. In Three Volumes. Vol. I by E. L. A. Berwick

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E. L. A. BERWICK

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OR
MIND AND MATTER.

A Novel.

BY E. L. A. BERWICK, ESQ.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
THOMAS CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,
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1855.

249. v. 100.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
THE EARL OF CARLISLE, K. G.,

&c., &c., &c.

MY LORD,

I venture to dedicate to your lordship the accompanying work, from a double motive. Firstly, because as an Irishman, I have, in common with the majority of my countrymen, a distinct and grateful recollection, that while you formed part of our Irish executive, you evinced on all occasions the warmest sympathy for our interests; and, better still, that your beneficent acts seconded your kindly intentions, and left after them abundant manifestations of the benefits that may accrue when power, wealth, and good will combine to advance the public welfare and diminish private sufferings and distress. Secondly, my lord, I intrude upon you, because you have stooped from your proud position, in order to benefit humbler men than yourself, and, in doing so, you have, both as a speaker and writer, given to your own order an example well worthy of imitation, and evinced a practical sympathy for the advancement of knowledge and correct taste, which cannot fail to be attended with beneficial consequences to all. It is not easy to over-estimate the many political, as well as social, advantages which may be expected to spring from good and graceful acts, based on benevolence, and performed by a member of the patrician class—thereby affording a direct refutation to a popular calumny, and offering a convincing proof that the Peer thinks *of* and *for* the Peasant, and studies so to shape his efforts as to make them available in the best way. I trust, my lord, that this slight attestation of their utility and value, may not prove unacceptable, however humble may be the source from which it proceeds. Finally, I submit my work to

your lordship's notice, because, through its pages, I have endeavoured to carry out your own utilitarian views, though, possibly, in a somewhat eccentric fashion. In my history of a DWARF, I have striven to establish the superiority of Mind over Matter, and to convey to my readers the instructive lesson, that Providence never forms any thing in vain: that in denying to some those personal gifts and graces upon which the world sets so extravagant a value, the want of them may be amply compensated for by others which are more endurable and rare, and which are oftentimes, also, attended with far greater advantages both to those who possess and those who receive the benefit arising from their exercise. I may add, that in portraying my principal personage, I have hardly drawn upon my imagination at all, except in so far as the incidents attendant on his career are concerned. The best and most talented friend of my early life, was one who combined the stature of a dwarf, with an intellect and grasp of mind which were signally, though sometimes strangely manifested, in every thing he undertook to do. He has been long in his grave, and I have, therefore, thought myself at liberty to imitate the manner of that man, as well as to shadow forth, as well as I was able, the sterling principles and lofty philosophy with which he was certainly imbued. Whether I have performed my task well or ill, remains for me to be made aware of, and in venturing to offer it to your lordship's notice, I do so with a certainty of finding *one* indulgent reader, at all events, although, at the same time, with a counterbalancing fear that it may not be found worthy of the approbation to which I aspire, and which to me would be a very welcome reward.

I have the honor to be, my Lord, with great respect,

Your Lordship's obedient, humble servant,

E. L. A. BERWICK.

Boosterstown Avenue,

February, 1855.

THE DWARF.

CHAPTER I.

MY BIRTH AND EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS.

I WAS certainly born in Ireland, and my family were called the Nugents of Ballytemple—although Ballytemple is to me, even to this day, a sort of myth, or *terra incognita*, which I am bound to remember, merely because I think I ought not to forget. I often enough heard of the place itself, and of the glories of the race who possessed it, but at least I am a bad genealogist, and, to say the truth,

I have no sort of sympathy with the second-hand pride which lies on the memory of greatness that has passed away. I should like to number amongst my ancestors men of rank and wealth—men who had the intellect to conceive and the heart to execute great things—who had earned distinction without losing character, and whose annals were rendered illustrious by the record of their virtues rather than by the extent of their acquisitions. If my own progenitors were remarkable for the qualities I should be gratified to think over, at least I cannot charge my memory with ever having heard of them. Some of them had been subtle and pliant courtiers, others had headed or joined in rebellions; some had made additions to their estate by economy which others had squandered in profligate extravagance; a few had sat in parliament or served as sheriffs, and one had been a judge, the portrait of whose wig I remember, although I forget his face. One thing is quite

certain, that when I was born, the family estate was in a complete state of collapse, and the family mansion was a type of its decay. My own earliest recollections are cloudy and imperfect ; I remember an old man, named Larry—a sort of butler, or rather sutler, I believe he was—who carried me about and told me long stories of the originals of the mildewed portraits which mouldered away piecemeal in what was called “the gallery ;” and I also recollect the figure of his son, (another Larry) whose principal business, I fancy, was to consort with and take care of myself, as I clambered up the delapidated stairs, roamed through the vast and now cheerless and empty chambers, or wandered into the labyrinthine galleries and passages of Ballytemple house, which could have been little better than a ruin at the time, as except a few small chambers in which the family lived, all the others exhibited only the miserable skeletons of a former state—mementos

of a vanished splendour, which were well calculated to humble human vanity and pretension o the dust.

From the earliest period of my life I was accustomed to be much alone. In fact, I had no other choice. My father had the tastes of an Irish gentleman of his day, and as he could not afford to indulge them out of his personal estate, he generally managed to pass his time in the company of richer friends, whose funds were more flourishing than his own. He was still "Nugent of Ballytemple," and the cordial reception which might have been refused his virtues, was given to his name. But pleasure was the business of his life, and when she beckoned him he followed her, no matter into what haunts she led him, or at whose expense her joys were to be had. My mother would have been a fine—a very fine lady, if she could, but as fortune had forbidden that, she became an indolent one. I do not like to cloud my memoir, at its com-