

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

BY C. W. D'OLLEY.

Fling forth that proud Banner! whose glorious light
Triumphantly shines o'er every ocean and sea,
Its stars will blaze brighter, as darker the night
Spreads its gloom o'er the land of the brave and
the free.

"Fling forth that proud Banner!"—ah! whence was
that cry?

As borne on the blast, from the mountains it came,
And hark! to the summons the valleys reply,
"Unsullied for ever its brightness and fame!"

Flag of my country! thou standard of glory!

When menaced by traitors, thy honor to save,
We welcome the field, though so dreadful and gory.

Ay! welcome the combat, and welcome the grave.

Think of the blood which your fathers have shed—

Think of the blood which that Banner has cost:

Then swear by their tombs and the fields where they
bled,

Not a star shall be dimmed, not a stripe shall be lost.

When to battle aroused by the shrill trumpet's sound,
And the shouting of thousands come thund'ring
afar,

When furious steeds with their charge shake the
ground,

'Midst the rage of the fight and the storm of the
war—

Oh look on that Banner! its sight will inspire
Your souls to high deeds of heroic renown—

Oh look on that Banner! enveloped with fire,
And remember the Flag is your country's—your
own!

Like a Condor, alarmed for the fate of her young,
From the cliffs of the Andes she darts through the
air,

The clouds by her pinions all backward are flung,
To the spoilers her screams bring affright and des-
pair.

Ye souls of the hills, from your mountains descend
In a whirlwind of flame, like your fathers of yore
On the foes of the Banner, and swear to defend
Its stripes and its stars until time be no more.

A LOVER'S SONG.

You are very lovely, lady!
Soft and fair your skin;
Beauty's pencil has been there,
Blending colours fresh and rare;
All fair within!
Yes; that blush, with modest glow,
Sweetly tells what I would know.

You are very gentle, lady!
Humble and discreet.
Let not words of artless praise
Kindle anger in your gaze.
Praise is not unmeet,
When the lip of truth doth find
Language for th' approving mind.

You are very dear, sweet lady!
Will you hear my suit?
Honest is my love, and pure,
Lasting while my days endure;
Why are you so mute?
Ah! you smile, and blush, and sigh—
I do ask no more reply.

THE THREE THIEVES.

There lived formerly in the neighborhood of Laon three thieves, who by their ingenious stratagems, audacity, and skill, contrived to lay the whole country under contribution. Two of them were brothers, and they were named Haimet and Barat. They were sons of a worthy sire, who had followed the same calling as themselves, and ended his career upon the gallows—fate commonly for individuals who exhibit the peculiar species of talent for which he was distinguished. The third was called Travers. It remains but to say, that they never added murder to robbery, but contented themselves with simple felonies, which they committed with an address which was little short of miraculous. It happened one day that they were all three travelling through the forest of Laon, when the conversation turned upon their respective abilities. Haimet, the elder of the two brothers, discovered upon the summit of a lofty oak, a magpie's nest, and saw the old magpie go into it. "Brother," said he to Barat, "if any one should challenge you to go and steal the eggs from under the old bird, without frightening her away, what would you say to them?" "Say," replied the younger one, "why, I should say he was a fool to call upon one to do what was impossible." "That is all very well," replied Haimet; "but I tell you, that the man who is not able to do that, is but a baby at thieving;" and so saying, he began to mount the tree. When he reached the nest, he very gently made a hole in the bottom of it, caught the eggs as they fell through the aperture, and brought them down, making his companions remark, as he exhibited them, that there was not one of them broken. "Bravo!" exclaimed Barat; "I must needs confess that thou art a fellow of inimitable skill; and if you can now re-ascend and replace them under the mother as skilfully as you took them away, we will readily acknowledge you as our master in the gentle art and mystery of stealing." Haimet accepted the challenge and re-mounted; and thus fell into the snare which his brother had laid for him. For as soon as Barat perceived him at a certain height, he said to Travers, "You have seen what my brother can do. I will now give you a specimen of my skill." Accordingly, he instantly climbed up after his brother, followed him from bough to bough, and while the other, with eyes fixed on the nest, quite intent on his object, and attentive to the least movement of the bird, lest he should drive it away, coiled and glided through the branches like a serpent—Barat adroitly cut off his pockets, and descended, bearing in his hands the trophies of his victory. Haimet, however, having succeeded in replacing the eggs, expected to receive those praises which he felt that his success ought to call forth. "It is all very well," said Barat, jokingly; "but I would be a trifler you have only hidden the eggs in your pocket." The eldest would have submitted his pockets for inspection, but finding they had been removed, he saw that he had been tricked by his brother. "Well," cried he, "he must indeed be a skilful thief who can rob a thief." As for Travers, he felt an equal admiration for the two heroes, nor did he know to which to give the palm. But humbled by the display, and being vexed at their superior dexterity, and conscious of his inability to contend with them for an instant, he said to them: "My friends, you are too much for me. You would escape twenty times together, while I should always be taken. I find I am too dull to prosper at your trade, so farewell; I shall renounce that, and return to my old one. I am able and willing to work, so I shall go home to my wife, and I hope I shall be able, by God's help, to earn an honest penny." Accordingly he returned home to his native village; as he had said, his wife was glad to see him; he became once more an honest man, and labored so successfully, that at the end of some months he was enabled to buy a pig. The animal was fattened, and when Christmas arrived, he killed it, and as usual, hung it up by the legs against the wall, while he went to work in the field. It would, however, have been better for him to have sold it; he would by that means have been spared these anxieties which are now to be related. The two brothers, who had never seen him since he separated himself from them, came just at this time to pay him a visit. His wife was alone, busily employed at spinning. She told them that her husband was from home and would not return until the evening. So they went away; not, however, till they had scanned every corner of the premises; and in this survey, as may

be supposed, the fatted pig did not escape their notice. "Ah, ah!" said they, as they left the house, "this shabby fellow is going to regale himself with the pig, and has never invited us to partake of it. It will only serve him right to make off with it, and eat it without him." Accordingly the knaves arranged their plot, and concealed themselves in the neighborhood, until night enabled them to put their stratagems into execution. In the evening when Travers returned, his wife told him of the visitors whom she had seen. "I was quite afraid to be alone with them," said she; "and they were such ill-looking fellows, that I did not dare to ask them their names, or what they wanted. But their eyes ferreted out every thing, and I don't think there is a nail in the whole place which escaped them." "Alas!" exclaimed Travers, in most doleful tone, "my pig is lost—it is a done thing—and I now wish for many reasons that I had sold it." "But," said his wife, "at all events let us try to save it; let us remove it from where it hangs now, and conceal it somewhere else for to-night, and to-morrow we can consider what is best to be done about it." Travers followed his wife's advice; the hog was taken down, and laid upon the ground at a different part of the room, and then covered over with the trough in which they used to knead the bread; and when they had done this, they retired to bed, feeling, however, by no means easy upon the subject.

The night at length arrived, and with it the two brothers to put their plans into execution; and while the elder one kept watch, Barat began to make a hole in the wall, at the very spot where the hog had hung. He soon, however, found that there was nothing left there, but the cord by which it had been suspended, and exclaimed, "We are too late, the bird is flown." Travers, who was kept in a state of continual alarm, and could get no sleep on account of his dread of being robbed, fancying he heard some noise, awoke his wife, and ran to the kneading-trough to see if the pig was still there. There it was safe enough; but as he felt no less anxiety about his barn and stable, he saluted forth, armed with a hatchet, just to see if all was right. Barat, who heard him go out, seized that opportunity of slipping in at the door; he then crept up to the bedside, and imitating the voice of Travers, said, "Mary, the hog is not hanging up against the wall; what have you done with it?" "Why, don't you recollect," said she, "that we hid it under the kneading-trough?" "Now I do," said he; "but I really had forgotten it—don't you get up, I'll see about it." So saying, he went to the trough, and placing the pig upon his shoulders, marched off with it. After having been his round, and examined every part of the premises, Travers returned. "I must confess," said his wife, "that I have got a husband whose head is not good for much to think that you should so soon forget where you had put the pig." No sooner did Travers hear these words, than he knew how the case stood. "Ah," said he, "I said they would rob me, and they have done so sure enough. It is gone now, and we shall certainly never see it more." Nevertheless, as the robbers could not be far off, he thought he would follow them, in hopes of overtaking them, and of recovering his property. They had taken a narrow path across the fields, which led to the woods, in which they hoped to conceal their prey with perfect security. Haimet hastened on in front, to see that the coast was all clear; and his brother, who was somewhat encumbered by the load he carried, walked more slowly, and followed at some little distance. Travers soon came up with the latter. He recognized him, and then assuming the tone and voice of the elder brother, "You must be tired, give it to me, it is now my turn to carry it." Barat, who thought it was his brother who spoke to him, handed the pig over to Travers, and hastened on towards the wood. He had not, however, proceeded a hundred yards, before, to his great astonishment, he overtook Haimet. "Confound it," he exclaimed, "but I have been out done! That knave Travers has played me a trick; but, never mind, you shall see whether I am not a match for him yet." So saying, he undressed himself, placed his shirt over his other clothes, made up a sort of woman's cap for his head, and thus accoutred, ran as fast as he possibly could, by a different road, towards the cottage of Travers, for whose arrival he waited just outside the door. No sooner did he see him approach, than he made up to him, as if he had been his wife, and counterfeiting her voice, inquired whether he had recovered the pig. "Oh, yes," replied the husband, "I have got it safe enough." "Give it to me, then, and let me carry it in, while you run around to the stable, and see whether that is all safe, for I heard a great noise there just now, and I am sadly afraid they are trying to break in there."

Travers placed the animal upon the shoulders of his supposed wife, and once more went the rounds of his farm-yard; and great was his surprise when he returned, to find his wife in bed, crying and half dead with fright. He was determined, however, not to be balked; and, as if his honor was at stake in the adventure, he vowed that he would not terminate the affair any other way than triumphantly. Though he never supposed that the thieves would take the same road a second time, he entertained the very reasonable opinion, that the forest being not only the most convenient, but also the most secure hiding-place, they would again choose it for their retreat: and so, in fact, it was. Thither they speedily betook themselves; and in the joy of their hearts, and their anxiety to taste the fruits of their enterprise, they lighted a fire at the foot of a spreading oak, for the purpose of cooking a chop or two. The wood, however, was green, and burnt so badly, that they were forced to go rambling about in search of dry leaves and withered branches. Travers, who, thanks to the fitful blazings of the fire, had, in the mean time, been attracted to the same spot, availed himself of their absence to disrobe and ascend the tree. Then suspending himself with one hand from a branch, as if he had been hanged there, no sooner saw his ancient friends return, and busy themselves in blowing the fire, than he called out with a voice of thunder, "Unhappy men, your end will be like mine." Horrified at this terrific announcement, they looked up, and then seeing, as well as hearing, what they supposed to be the ghost of their father, they speedily betook themselves to flight. Travers instantly re-possessed himself of his clothes, and of that which he held dearer still, his hog; and returned in triumph to relate to his wife that fresh victory. She, poor soul, threw her arms around him, and overwhelmed him with kisses and congratulations on the boldness and success of the maneuver. "We must not feel too well satisfied of our safety yet," said he; "the rogues are not far off, and as long as there is a morsel of the bacon left, I shall be afraid of losing it; but make haste, and get some boiling water, and we'll even cook it. If they return then, we shall see how they'll manage to get it." So, while she lighted the fire, he cut up the pig, which was thrown piecemeal into the saucepan; and they then, that they might take the better care of it, sat themselves down, one in each chimney-corner. But Travers, who was sadly fatigued with the labors and anxieties of his night's work, was not long before he began to doze. "You had better lay down," said his wife; "I will take and watch the saucepan. All the doors and windows are fastened, so there is nothing to fear; and, at all events, if I hear any noise, I can easily wake you."

Feeling himself satisfied by these assurances, he threw himself, all dressed, as he was, upon the bed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. His wife continued for some time to keep watch over the kettle and its contents; but at length she began to grow sleepy, and finally snored in her chair. In the meanwhile the thieves having recovered from their first alarm, returned to the oak; where, finding neither the pig nor the gallows-bird who had so scared them, they were not long in divining the

truth of the adventure. They felt they should be dishonored forever should Travers get the better of them in this war of stratagems, and they returned to his abode, fully determined to make a last effort to save their reputation and steal his bacon. Previous to commencing operations, Barat peeped in at the hole in the wall which he had before made, just to see if the enemy were on the watch. There he saw, on the one side, Travers stretched at full length along the bed, and, on the other, Travers's faithful partner, with head bobbing first to the right and then to the left, fast asleep by the side of the fire; a ladle dangling listlessly in her hand, and the bacon soothed her slumbers as it boiled and bubbled in the pot. "They are going to save us the trouble of cooking it," said Barat to his brother. "Well, we have had so much bother about it, they may well spare us that. So now, be quiet, and I'll warrant you shall soon taste it." Then he went immediately and cut a long stick, one point of which he sharpened; then mounted the roof, and thrust the stick down the chimney, and stuck it into a piece of bacon, which he very carefully drew out. It so happened, that at this moment Travers awoke. He saw the manoeuvre, and then perceived very clearly, that with enemies so skilful, peace was better than war, he called out to them, "Comrades, you are wrong to try and steal my bacon, and I was wrong not to have invited you to partake of it. Let us no longer strive for the mastery at tricking and outwitting each other, for there will be no end to the game. Come along, and let us make merry together. So he went and opened the door to them, and they all sat down to the table, and were reconciled to one another as heartily as possible.

Advantages of a Memory. It is related of Sir Boyle Roche, that no man of his day enjoyed more esteem, on account of his perfect urbanity and amiable qualities in private life, or excited so much laughter by the oddities of which he was unconsciously guilty in parliament. Of these the following are specimens: He said, one night, during a stormy debate, that it was impossible for a man to be in two places at once, unless he was a bird or a fish! An opposition member having moved, that, for the purpose of illustrating one of his arguments, an enormous mass of official documents should be read, Sir Boyle Roche, with the most profound and unaffected gravity, proposed that, as the clerk at the table would not be able to get through the papers before morning, a dozen or two of committee-clerks should be called in to his assistance. "The documents may be divided among them," continued Sir Boyle; "and as they can all read together, the whole will be disposed of in a quarter of an hour." His speeches, on important topics, were prepared for him by Mr. Edward Cooke; and, as his memory was particularly retentive, he seldom committed himself, except when he rose to utter an original remark. One night, being unprepared with a speech, and yet feeling a strong inclination to deliver his sentiments, he retired to a coffee-house, in order to mould them into the form of an oration. While engaged in this fruitless attempt, he was accosted by Sergeant Stanley, a ministerial member, whose custom it was to rise, towards the close of a discussion, and deliver a long harangue, ingeniously compiled from the speeches of those who had addressed the house before him. For this debate, however, he was in a situation to speak earlier than usual, having, with great labor, produced an original composition; prior to the delivery of which, he had stepped into the coffee-house, in order to refresh his memory by looking once more through the manuscript. This, unfortunately for himself, he happened to drop, on retiring. Sir Boyle snatched it up; and, after reading it twice or thrice, (so powerful was his memory,) found himself master of the whole. Hastening to the house, he resumed his seat, and delivered the speech with admirable correctness, to the unspeakable amazement and mortification of the proprietor, who, it appears, had not succeeded in catching the speaker's eye. Meeting Stanley again at the coffee-house, in the course of the night, Sir Boyle returned him his manuscript, with many thanks for what he was pleased to term the loan of it; adding, "I never was so much at a loss for a speech in my life, nor ever met with one so pat to my purpose; and, since it is not a pin the worse for wear, you may go in and speak it again yourself, as soon as you please."

A CURE FOR LOVE.

"Docther," said a Hibernian, as he entered the office of a practitioner in this city, "I'd be asther spakin a word to you in sacra."

"Speak on, no one will hear you."

"Are you sure of that, intirely?" By me sowl,

it's afraid to think I am, lest the botheen' creature should hear me."

"Who?"

"Who? who but Kathleen Mahony to be sure. Hasn't she bewitched intirely me body and soul; the swate murtherin' hussey?" And is n't it me that can't sleep from drameen' of her, nor wake for the night-mare; that can't ate a maly parter but her cookin', nor taste a drap' of the cratur without wishing good luck to her swate face?"

"You love her then?"

"You may say that! the blessed Saint Patrick never loved her like this."

"You must marry her."

"Oh would n't I! but the unsfealng cratur wont so much as speake to Terence O'Flauerly, and that's meself, your honor."

"Then she don't like you?"

"Divil a bit, your honor, she spur-rus me worse nor Saint Patrick would blast a toad or a sarprin?"

"Quit her then."

"I can't your honor. Havn't I kept away from the cabin till the char-rins and wicked arts of the cratur make me go back again like a toutin' into the mouth of one of your ugly Yankee sarpins, bad luck to them!"

"Well, Terence," said Esculapius, with difficulty suppressing a laugh, "this is a severe case, but what am I to do?"

"Docther," in a whisper, "Docther I'll take my bodily oath that Kathleen has been puttin' a somethin' in my drink to make me love her."

"Well."

"Can't you be asther givin' me a dose to mix in her potheen to make her bewildered asther me just as I am crazy for her, your honor?"

"No, Terence, but I'll give you a dose to cure you of your love."

"It's not that exactly I'd have, your honor. If Kathleen loved Terence and Terence loved Kathleen, would n't we make a swate couple? and barrin' a bit of a row now and then, we'd agree entirely."

"Ah, Terence, Terence, its only wicked wizards that bewitch, I can't do that, but I can cure those who are so unlucky as to get into the clutches of the wicked. You look sick. You'll die to a certainty, if I don't remove the spell."

Poor Pat was in a quandary.

"Ah, well, Docther, just fix me the articul, better live alone than die with a witch, Saint Patrick defend me from you!"

If Terence did not curse the Doctor as well as Kathleen, when he had taken his panacea, the fault was not in the recipe.

Galaxy.

MISCHIEF.—It is a curious fact, that there were, comparatively, more wild tricks played in Philadelphia fifty years ago, when the population was so limited, than at present, with our very numerous population. A number of young fellows—one of whom I knew, and who, when he had sowed his wild oats, told me the story—tied a strong cord around a watch-box, while the watchman was in it, and were hauling it to Chesnut-street wharf, to let it float down the river, when the crew of the watchman attracting some passengers, caused the *rogues* to flee. At another time, finding a cart loaded with bricks in the street at night, in front of a house that was then in progress of being built, they carried the bricks up three pairs of stairs, and then took the cart apart and carried the pieces up also, put them together there, and then loaded the vehicle with the bricks, much to the astonishment of the brick-layers when they came in the morning. But the most common trick was changing signs and show-boards, taking them from one extremity of the city to the other, and making the most incongruous arrangement of them; converting tailors into carpenters—butchers into bakers—printers into rag merchants—apothecaries and druggists into vendors of rum and tobacco—and doctors into undertakers.

A DUEL.—The noted Silas Dinsmoor, who was once a Custom-House officer at the South, and refused to give passage to General Jackson with a drove of negroes, without some other passport than the pistols which the General showed him, is a native of Windham or Derry, N.H. He was once dining at a Hotel in Kentucky, in company with some high-bloated Kentuckians, who took occasion at the dinner table to outrage the character, for courage and bravery, of the Yankees of New England. One of them who sat opposite Dinsmoor, went beyond his fellows in this species of abuse, until Dinsmoor's choler rising so high that he could stand it no longer, he threw his fork into the face of the fellow, and told him he was a Yankee himself and ready to prove that they were not destit