

POETICAL.



ENGLAND'S DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Son of the ocean isle!
Where sleep you nightly dead?
Show me what high and stately pile,
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread!
Wave not a foam, our wild winds sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erway'd,
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From Heaven look fiercely red,
Unleth by those whose task is done!
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far, by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toil have gone,
—There slumber England's dead!

Loud rush the torrent floods,
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strong.

But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped,
Why should they rock whose task is done?
There slumber England's dead!

The mountain storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine boughs thro' the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!
Let the forest wreaths be shed!
For the Roncevalles' field is won,
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice fields close,
To chain her with the power.

But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold-blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done,
There slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the isle,
The men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral pile,
The seas and shores their grave!

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread!
Wave not a foam, nor wild winds sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Fermoy, though now so pretty and so clean a town, was once as poor and as dirty a village as any in Ireland. It had neither great barracks, grand church nor buzzing schools. Two storied houses were but few; its street—for it had but one—was chiefly formed of miserable mudcabins; nor was the fine scenery around sufficient to induce the traveller to tarry in its purlieu beyond the limits actually required.

In those days it happened that a regiment of foot was proceeding from Dublin to Cork. One company, which left Caher in the morning, had, with "tolisome march" passed through Mitchelstown, tramped across the Kilworth mountains, and late of an October evening, tried and hungry, reached Fermoy, the last stage but one of their quarters. No barracks were then built there to receive them; and every voice was raised, calling to the gaping villagers for the name and residence of the billet-master.

"Why, then, can't you be easy now, and let a body tell you," said one. "Sure, then, how can I answer you all at once?" said another. "Anan!" cried a third, affecting not to understand the sergeant who addressed him. "Is it Mr. Considine you want?" replied the fourth, answering one question by asking another. "Bad luck to the whole breed of rogues!" muttered a fifth villager, "it's come to eat poor people that work for their bread out of house and home, you are?" "Whisht, Teague; can't you now?" said his neighbor, jogging the fast speaker; "there's the house gentlemen—you see it there yonder forment you at the bottom of the street, with the light in the window; or stay, myself would think little of running down with you, poor creatures!" "That's an honest fellow," said several of the dust-covered soldiers, and away scampered Ned Flynn, with all the men of war following close at his heels.

Mr. Considine, the billet-master, was, as may be supposed, a person of some, and on such occasions as the present, of great consideration in Fermoy. He was of a portly build, and of a grave and slow movement, suited at once to his importance and his size. Three inches of fair linen were at all times visible between his waistband and his waistcoat. His breeches pockets were never buttoned; and scoring to conceal the bull-like proportions of his chest and neck, his collar was generally open, as he wore no cravat. A flaxen bob wig sat fairly on his head and squarely on his forehead, and an ex-officio peep was stuck behind his ear. Such was Mr. Considine, billet-master general, barony sub-constable, and deputy clerk of the sessions, who was now just getting near the end of his eighth tumbler in company with the proctor, who at that moment had begun to talk of coming to something like a fair settlement about his tithes, when Ned Flynn knocked.

"See who's at the door, Nelly," said the

eldest Miss Considine, raising her voice, and calling to the barefooted servant girl. "Tis the rogues, sir, is come!" cried Nelly, running back into the room with out opening the door; "I hear the jinking of their swords and bagnets on the paving stones."

"Never welcome them at this hour of the night," said Mr. Considine, taking up the candle and moving off to the room on the opposite side of the hall, which served him for an office.

Mr. Considine's own pen and that of his son Tom were now in full employment. The officers were sent to the inn; the servants, corporals, &c., were billeted on those who were on indifferent terms with Mr. Considine; for, like a worthy man, he leaned as light as he could on his friends.

The soldiers and nearly all departed for their quarters, when one poor fellow, who had fallen asleep, leaning on his musket against the wall, was awakened by the silence, and, starting up, he went over to the table at which Mr. Considine was seated, hoping his worship would give him a good billet.

"A good billet, my lad," said the billet-master-general, barony sub-constable, and deputy clerk of the sessions—"that you shall have, and on the biggest house in the place. Do you hear, Tom, make out a billet for this man upon Mr. Barry of Cairn Thierna!"

"On Mr. Barry, of Cairn Thierna!" said Tom, with surprise.

"Yes, on Mr. Barry of Cairn Thierna, the great Barry!" replied his father, giving a nod, and closing his right eye slowly, with a semi-drunken wink. "Is he not said to keep the grandest house in this part of the country?—or stay, Tom, just hand me over the paper, and I'll write the billet myself."

The billet was made out accordingly; the sand glittered on the signature and broad flourish of Mr. Considine, and the weary grenadier received it with becoming gratitude and thanks. Taking up his knapsack and firelock, he left the office, and Mr. Considine waddled back to the proctor, to chuckle over the trick that he played the soldier, and to laugh at the idea of his search after Barry of Cairn Thierna's house.

Truly had he said that no house could vie in capacity with Mr. Barry's; for, like Allan-a-Dale's, its roof was

"The blue vault of Heaven, with its crescent so pale."

Barry of Cairn Thierna was one of the Chieftains who, of old, lorded it over the Barony of Barrymore, and for some reason or other he had become enchanted on the mountain of Cairn Thierna, where he was known to live in great state, and was often seen by the belated peasant.

Mr. Considine had informed the soldier that Mr. Barry lived a little way out of the town, on the Cork road, so that the poor fellow trudged along for some time, with eyes right and eyes left, looking for the great house; but nothing could he see only the dark mountain of Cairn Thierna before him, and an odd cabin or two on the roadside. At last he met a man of whom he asked the way to Mr. Barry's.

"To Mr. Barry's?" said the man; what Barry is it you want?"

"I can't say exactly in the dark," returned the soldier. "Mr. What's-his-name the billet master, has given me the direction on my billet; but he said it was a large house, and I think he called him the great Mr. Barry."

"Why, sure, it would be the great Barry of Cairn Thierna, you are asking about?"

"Ay," said the soldier, "Cairn Thierna—that's the very place; can you tell me where it is?"

"Cairn Thierna," repeated the man; "Barry of Cairn Thierna—I'll show you the way and welcome; but it's the first time in all my born days that ever I heard of a soldier being billeted on Barry of Cairn Thierna. 'Tis surely a queer thing for old Dick Considine to be after sending you there," continued he, "but you see that big mountain before you—that's Cairn Thierna. Any one will show you Mr. Barry's when you get to the top of it, up to the big heap of stones."

The weary soldier gave a sigh as he walked forward towards the mountain; but he had not proceeded far when he heard the clatter of a horse coming along the road after him; and, turning his head round, he saw a dark figure rapidly approaching him. A tall gentleman, richly dressed, and mounted on a noble gray horse, was soon at his side, when the rider pulled up, and the soldier repeated his enquiry after Mr. Barry of Cairn Thierna.

"I'm Barry of Cairn Thierna," said the gentleman; "what's your business with me, friend?"

"I've got a billet on your house, sir," replied the billet-master of Fermoy.

"Have you, indeed?" said Mr. Barry. "Well, then, it is not very far off; following me, and you shall be well taken care of."

He turned off the road, and led his horse up the steep side of the mountain, followed by the soldier, who was astonished at seeing the horse proceed with so little difficulty, where he was obliged to scramble up, and could hardly find or keep his footing. When they got up to the top, there was a house, sure enough, far beyond any house in Fermoy. It was three stories high, with fine windows, and all lighted up within, as it it was full of grand company. There was a hall door, too, with a flight of stone steps before it, at which Mr. Barry dismounted, and the door was opened to him by a servant man, who took his horse round to the stable.

Mr. Barry, as he stood at the door, desired the soldier to walk in; and instead

YANKEE vs. YANKEE.

In the good old times when "the Plymouth Colony" was truly the "land of steady habits," there occasionally sprung a volatile, fun loving character, whose habits and disposition formed a striking contrast with the upright and conscientious bearing of the cold and formal Puritans. An anecdote of two farmers of this class, living near each other, will afford an apt illustration of the text: One was possessed of some dozen fine sheep, who having a decided antipathy to confinement, would sometimes trespass on the enclosures of their neighbor. He having caught them in one of these over acts determined to inflict summary vengeance on them and their owner. With this intention he proceeded to catch them, and running his knife through one of their hind legs, between the tendon and the bone immediately above the knee joint, put the other leg through the hole. In this condition the woolly flock decamped, leaving one quarter less tracks than when they came.

The feeder of the sheep kept their own counsel; and soon after his neighbor's hogs having broke or dug into the enclosure, he took advantage of this opportunity for retaliation, by cutting their mouths from ear to ear. In this way the four foot grunners, rather chop-fallen as may be supposed, made their way to their own quarters. The owner of the swine made his appearance in a great rage, declaring that his hogs were ruined, and that he would have redress. His neighbor made answer, that he was not the cause—"for," said he, "the fact is, my friend, I didn't cut open them are hog's mouths, but seen't my sheep running on three legs, they split their mouths a laughen!"

A strolling juggler, professing ventriloquism and legerdemain, recently exhibited his powers in Burlington, Vermont, to an attentive audience. One of his feats, was the taking off the head of a spectator, who placed his neck upon a table prepared for the purpose. He borrowed a watch of a bystander for a moment, and stepped behind his little green curtain, to make a preliminary arrangement. Long the audience looked—patiently the unheeded awaited his fate, when shrewd suspicions arose. The curtain was drawn aside, and lo! the conjuror had dispersed. The meeting adjourned sine die.

Providence Journal.

Hard at the Bottom.—A traveller riding down a steep hill, and fearing the foot of it was unsound, called out to a man who was ditching, and asked him "if it was hard at the bottom?" "Ay," answered the countryman, "it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you." The traveller, however, had not rode half-a-dozen rods before the horse had sunk up to the saddle skirts. "Why! you villain," said he, calling out to the ditcher, "did you not tell me it was hard at the bottom?" "Ay," replied the fellow, "but you are not half-way to the bottom yet."

Vindication of Innocence.—A young marquis, in indifferent circumstances, married a very rich old countess, of whose wealth he had got entire possession, and he therefore did not hesitate to laugh at her expense among his friends. She too late discovered her fault; but she was less mortified by the contempt of her husband, than tormented by the fear that he might wish to get rid of her; and finding herself ill one day, she exclaimed that she was poisoned. "Poisoned!" said the Marquis in the presence of several individuals, "how can that possibly be? Whom do you accuse of the crime?" "You," replied the old woman. "Gentlemen," said the marquis, "it is perfectly false. You are quite welcome to open her at once, and you will then discover the calumny."

The Infant Comparison.—In the County of Essex, Virginia, a small boy upon a visit to an aunt, who was earnestly solicited by her lover to attend him to the Hymenal altar, very attentively watched the motions of the wooing pair; and upon his return home, expressed himself to his mother in the following manner:—"Mother, Mr. S. does love aunt Liddy; he sits by her, he whispers to her, and he hugs her!" To whom his mother replied: "Why E—, your aunt don't suffer that, does she?" "Suffer it, mother!" replied the child, "that mother, she loves it. You know my little pig, when I scratch him, how he leans to me. That's the way aunt Liddy does to Mr. S—."

A Fable.—The two Flies.—"Mother," said a young fly in a great agitation, "you certainly are in error about the beauty of those persons who are so affronted with us whenever we touch them. I but just now settled on the cheek of a lady of high fashion, which appeared to be smooth and natural; but Lord! dear mother, I thought I should never get back to you again, for I stuck in this filthy red mud and with the greatest difficulty I got away, only look at my feet and legs!"

Contingencies.—"Landlord," said a shrewd fellow, as he seated himself in a bar-room, and bore the gaze of the surrounding advocates at the bar, "do you know of any body who has lost a handsome ivory jack-knife, with four blades, two large and two small ones—having a piece of silver on one side, and brass at the ends?" "No," replied the veteran landlord, whose proboscis resembled a ripe strawberry, tipped with a pearily drop of dew; "why, have you found one?" "No," said the wag, "but I thought I would inquire; so if I found one I might know whose it was."

A wag happening to go into the shop of a tailor just as the latter was in act of patching an old garment with new cloth, thus addressed the knight of the bodkin: "You, sir, are no man, and I can prove it by the highest authority." "How so?" replied the unsuspecting tailor, as he plied his needle with redoubled activity, "I should like to hear the evidence for your assertion?" "You shall be accommodated, sir," said the wag, asking him at the same moment, if he recollected of ever having read the passage in the New-Testament, which declares that "who man putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment?" The tailor laughed heartily at the jest, and insisted upon quaffing a pint of Old Sicily with the wag at his own expense.

How much pains have those evils cost us which have never happened.

NOVELIST'S MAGAZINE.

Office of the Novelist's Magazine, Athenium Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

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