



ENGLAND'S DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Son of the ocean isle!
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile,
I bear'd 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,
Until 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 tree, 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 seek 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,
Lake rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!
Let the forest wreaths be shed!
For the Roncesvalles' 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-blade desert spread!
Their course with mast and dug 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, our 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 paltry inn 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 'tisome 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 villages 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. 'Aman!' cried a third, affecting not to understand the sergeant who addressed him. 'Is it Mr. Consadine you want?' replied the fourth, answering one question by asking another. 'Bad luck to the whole breed of sopers!' muttered a fifth villager, 't'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 last speaker; 'there's the house gentlemen— you see it there yonder forrent 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. Consadine, 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 bulk like proportions of his chest and neck, his collar was generally open, as he wore no cravat. A flaxen hot wig sat fairly on his head and squarely on his forehead, and an *ex-officio* pen was stuck behind his ear. Such was Mr. Consadine 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 Consadine, raising her voice and calling to the barefooted servant girl. 'Tis the sopers, sir, is come!' cried Nelly, running back into the room with out opening the door; 'I hear the jinket of their swords and bagnets on the paving stones.'

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

Mr. Consadine's own pen and that of his son Tom were now in full employment.—The officers were sent to the inn; the serjeants, corporals, &c., were billeted on those who were on indifferent terms with Mr. Consadine; 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. Consadine 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 Thierne!'

'On Mr. Barry, of Cairn Thierne!' said Tom, with surprise.

'Yes, on Mr. Barry of Cairn Thierne, the great Barry!' replied his father, giving a nod, and closing his right eye slowly, with a semi-drunken wink. 'Is he not part 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. Consadine, and the weary grenadier received it with becoming gratitude and thanks. Taking up his knapsack and firelock, he left the office, and Mr. Consadine 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 Thierne's house.

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

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

Barry of Cairn Thierne 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 Thierne, where he was known to live in great state, and was often seen by the belated peasant.

Mr. Consadine 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 be seen only the dark mountain of Cairn Thierne 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 in 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 wouldn't be the great Barry of Cairn Thierne, you are asking catty, the steep side of the mountain, up about?'

'Ay,' said the soldier, 'Cairn Thierne preceding night with so much ease, and he—that's the very place; can you tell me where it is?'

'Cairn Thierne,' repeated the man; 'Barry of Cairn Thierne—I'll show you the way and welcome; but it's the first time in all my born days that ever I heard Barry of Cairn Thierne, you are asking catty, the steep side of the mountain, up about?'

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'The best of treatment, sir,' replied the soldier, 'and well did he speak of you, and he desired me to give you this cow hide as a token to remember him.'

'Many thanks to Mr. Barry for his generosity,' said the billet master, making a bow in mock solemnity: 'many thanks, indeed, and a right good skin it is, where ever he got it.'

Mr. Consadine had scarcely finished the sentence when he saw his cow-boy running up the street, shouting and crying aloud, that the best cow in the inch field was lost and gone, and that nobody knew what had become of her, or could give the least tidings of her.

The soldier had flung the skin on the ground, and the cow boy looked at it and exclaimed—

'That is her hide, wherever she is! I'd take my bible oath to the two small white spots, with the glossy black about them; and there is the very place where she rubbed the hair off her shoulder last Martinmas!' Then clapping his hands together, he literally sung, to the tune the old cow died of—

'And oh, my black cow—oh, my cow,
Oh, my black cow, a thousand times dear to me,
But on my black cow—alas, alas,
My darling black cow, why did you leave?

This lamentation was stopped short by Mr. Consadine.

'There is no manner of doubt of it, said he—it was Barry, who killed my best cow, and all he's left me is the hide of the poor beast to comfort myself with—but it will be a warning to Dick Consadine for the rest of his life never again to play off his tricks upon travellers.'

A habit of procrastinating is to the mind what a palsy is to the body.

of sending him down to the kitchen, as any other gentleman would have done, brought him into the parlor, and desired to see his billet.

'Ay,' said Mr. Barry, looking at it, and smiling, 'I know Dick Consadine well—he's a merry fellow, and has got some excellent cows on the inch field of Carrickabrig; a surloin of good beef is no bad thing for supper.'

Mr. Barry then called out for some of his attendants, and desired them to lay the cloth, and make all ready, which was no sooner done than a smoking surloin of beef was placed before them.

'Sit down, now, my honest fellow,' said Mr. Barry, 'you must be hungry after your long day's march.'

The soldier, with a profusion of thanks for such hospitality, and acknowledgments for such condescensions, sat down and made, as might be expected, an excellent supper—Mr. Barry never letting his jaws rest for want of helping till he was fairly done. Then the boiling was brought in, and such jug of whiskey punch was made, there was no faulting it.

They sat together a long time talking over the punch, and the fire was so good, and Mr. Barry himself was so good a gentleman, and had such fine converse about every thing in the world, far or near, that the soldier never felt night coming over him. At last Mr. Barry, stood up, saying it was a rule with him that every one in his house should be in bed by twelve o'clock, 'and,' said he pointing to a bundle which lay in one corner of the room 'take that to bed with you; it's the hide of the cow which I killed for your supper; give it to the billet master when you go back to Fermoy in the morning, and tell him that Barry of Cairn Thierne sent it to him. He will soon understand what it means, I promise you; so good night, my brave fellow, I wish you a comfortable sleep, and every good fortune; but I must be off and away out of this, long before you are stirring.'

The soldier gratefully returned his host's good night and good wishes, and went off to the room which was shown him, without demanding as every one knows he has a right to do, the second best bed in the house.

Next morning the sun awoke him. He was lying on the broad of his back, and the sky-lark was singing over him in the beautiful blue sky, and the bee was huming close to his ear among the heath—He rubbed his eyes; nothing did he see but the clear sky, with two or three light morning clouds floating away. Mr. Barry's fine house and soft feather bed had melted in thin air, and he found himself stretched on the side of Cairn Thierne, buried in the heath, with the cow-hide which had been given him, rolled up under his head for a pillow.

'Well,' said he, 'this beats cock-fighting!—Didn't I spend the pleasantest night I ever spent in my life with Mr. Barry last night? And what in the world has become of the house, and the hall door with the steps, and the very bed that was under me?'

He stood up. Not a vestige of a house or any thing like one, but the rude heap of stones on the top of the mountain, could be seen, and ever so far off lay the Blackwater glittering with the morning sun, and the little quiet village of Fermoy on its banks, from whose chimneys white

'The best of treatment, sir,' replied the soldier, 'and well did he speak of you, and he desired me to give you this cow hide as a token to remember him.'

'Why! you villain,' said he, 'you did it!—You are quite well come to open her at once, and you will then discover the calumny.'

'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 well come to open her at once, and you will then discover the calumny.'

'Ay,' replied the fellow, 'but you are not half-way to the bottom yet.'

'Hard at the Bottom—A traveller riding

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, lay above the knee joint, put the other leg through the hole. In this condition the woolly dock 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 grunters, 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 seein' my sheep running on three legs, they split their mouths a laughin!'

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 unbelieved 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.' 'Aye,' answered the countryman, 'it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you.' The traveller, however, had 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?'—'Aye,' replied the fellow, 'but you are not half-way to the bottom yet.'

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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 Hymenial altar, very attentively followed the motions of the young 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 bugs her.'

To whom his mother replied: 'Why E—, your aunt don't suffer that, does she?' 'Suffer it, mother,' replied the child, 'but mother, she loves it. You know my little pig, when I scratch him, how he leans to you. That's the way aunt Liddy does to Mr. S.—'

A Fable—The two Fizes.—'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 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 bosom resembled a ripe strawberry, tipped with a pearly 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.' 'Ho, 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 recollects of ever having read the passage in the New-Testament, which declares that 'no 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 Sherry with the wag at his own