

POETRY.

(From the *Warder*.)

Who is on the Lord's side—who?
Men of faith and men of prayer,
Prompt their Master's will to do,
Prompt to suffer—and to dare!

Now's their time to take their stand
Round the altars of the Lord,
Strong in union, heart and hand,
To defend his sacred word.

This no time for compromise,
This no time for servile fear—
All that freemen love and prize,
All that Christians reckon dear.

All are periled at this hour—
All assailed by force or fraud,
By the reckless hand of power,
By aught sacred now unaw'd,

Freeborn men! will ye now shrink?
Will ye give up all as lost?
Pause a moment—stop and think—
What your glorious freedom cost.

'Twas not silver—'twas not gold,
That your fathers nobly gave;
No, 'twas fearless valour bold—
'Twas the life-blood of the brave!

Power threatened then as now—
Force and fraud alike assailed—
They were brave and scorned to bow—
They were faithful, and prevailed!

See the saints of every time
Stand forth dauntless and unaw'd,
In every age in every clime,
Boltily combat for their God.

Did old Elijah worship Baal,
Through all unfriended and alone?
Say did his Master's promise fail,
And did he not his power make known?

And did not Dura's plain behold
Proud Babylon's monarch warned,
And all condemn his god of gold,
And all his idol-worship scorn'd?

And can it be that Christians now,
The infidel to sooth or please,
Will at the shrine of falsehood bow,
And worship things more vile than these?

Say, is "expediency" enshrined,
Our vows our homage to engage?
Or, are we now a God to find
In the base spirit of the age?

God of our fathers—still to thee,
And to thy truths we'll firmly cling;
Assert our rights and still be free,
In firm allegiance to our King!

In our brave phalanx—firm and bold,
The powers of hell we'll still defy—
Resolved thy worship to uphold—
For thee to conquer or to die!

NEAL MALONE.

From tales of Ireland. By the author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish peasantry."

"Neal Malone," is a whimsical tale of a pugnacious tailor, out of whom marriage "takes the shine" in a marvellous manner. He has been induced to wed at the instigation of a hen-pecked schoolmaster, and the following extract will display the results as well as the writer's comic powers:

"Neal one evening met Mr O'Connor by chance upon a plank which crossed a river. This plank was only a foot in breadth, so that no two individuals could pass each other upon it. We cannot find words in which to express the dismay of both on finding that they absolutely glided past one another without collision. Both paused, and surveyed each other solemnly; but the astonishment was all on the side of Mr O'Connor. 'Neal,' said the schoolmaster, by all the household gods, I conjure you to speak, that I may be assured you live! The ghost of a blush crossed the church yard visage of the tailor. 'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'why the devil did you tempt me to marry a wife?' 'Neal' said his friend, 'answer me in the most solemn manner possible—throw into your countenance all the gravity you can assume; speak as though you were under the hands of the hangman, with the rope about your neck, for the question is indeed a trying one which I am about to put. Are you still blue-moulded, for wanting of beating?' The tailor collected himself to make a reply; he put one leg out—the very leg which he used to shew in such triumph to his friend; but alas how dwindled! he opened his waistcoat and lapped it around him until he looked like a vessel on his hind legs. He then raised himself up on his tiptoes and in an awful whisper replied, 'No! the devil a bit I'm blue-moulded for want of a battin.' The schoolmaster shook his head in his own miserable manner; but alas! he soon perceived that the tailor was as great an adept at shaking the head as himself. Nay he saw that there was a calamitous refinement—a delicacy of shake in the tailor's vibrations, which gave to his own nod a very common place character. The next day the tailor took in his clothes; and from time to time continued to adjust them to the dimensions of his shrinking person. The schoolmaster and he whenever they could steal a moment, met and sympathized together. Mr

O'Connor however, bore up somewhat better than Neal. The latter was subdued in heart and in spirit; thoroughly, completely, and intensely vanquished. His features became sharpened by misery, for a termagant wife is the whetstone on which all the calamities of a hen-pecked husband are pointed by the devil. He no longer strutted as he was wont to do—he no longer carried a cudgel as if he wished to wage a universal war with mankind. He was now a married man.— Sneakingly and with a cowardly crawl did he creep along as if every step brought him nearer to the gallows. The schoolmaster's march was much slower than Neal's. The latter distanced him. Before three years passed he had shrunk up so much, that he could not walk abroad of a windy day without carrying weights in his pockets to keep him firm on the earth, which he once trod with the step of a giant. He again sought the schoolmaster, with whom indeed he associated as much as possible. Here he felt certain of receiving sympathy; nor was he disappointed. That worthy but miserable man and Neal often retired beyond the hearing of their respective wives, and supported each other by every argument in their power. Often have they been heard in the dusk of evening, singing behind a remote hedge that melancholy ditty 'let us both be unhappy together;' which rose upon the twilight breeze with a cautious quaver of sorrow truly heart-rending and lugubrious. 'Neal' said Mr O'Connor, on one of those occasions 'here is a book which I recommend to your perusal; it is called the 'Afflicted man's companion;' try if you can glean some consolation out of it.' Faith, said Neal, 'I'm for ever obliged to you, but I don't want it. I've had the 'Afflicted man's companion' too long, and never an atom of consolation I can get out of it. I have one of them I tell you, but in truth I'll not undertake a pair o' them. The very name's enough for me,' they then separated. The tailor's *vis vite* must have been powerful or he would have died. In two years more his friends could not distinguish him from his own shadow, a circumstance which was of great inconvenience to him. Several grasped at the hand of the shadow instead of his; and one man was near paying it five and sixpence for making a pair of small-clothes. Neal it is true undecieved him with some trouble; but candidly admitted that he was not able to carry home the money. It was difficult indeed for the poor tailor to bear what he felt; it is true he bore it as long as he could, but at length he became suicidal, and often had thoughts of making his own *quietus* with his bare bodkin. After many deliberations and afflictions, he ultimately made the attempt; but alas! he found that the blood of the Malones refused to flow upon so ignominious an occasion. So he solved the phenomenon; although the truth was that the blood was not in the vein for it: none was to be had. What was then to be done? He resolved to get rid of life by some process; and the next that occurred to him was hanging. In a solemn spirit he prepared a selvaige, and suspended himself from the rafter of his workshop; but here another disappointment awaited him—he would not hang. Such was his want of gravity, that his own weight proved insufficient to occasion death by mere suspension. His third attempt was at drowning, but he could not sink; all the elements—all his own energies joined themselves he thought in a wicked conspiracy to save his life. Having thus tried every avenue to destruction, and failed in all, he felt like a man doomed to live for ever. Henceforward he slunk and shrivelled by slow degrees, until in the course of time he became so attenuated, that the grossness of human vision could no longer reach him. This however, could not last always. Though still alive he was to all intents and purposes imperceptible. He could now only be heard; he was reduced to a mere essence—the very echo of human existence, *vox et preterea nihil*. It is true the schoolmaster asserted that he occasionally caught passing glimpses of him; but that was because he had been himself nearly spiritualized by affliction, and his visual ray purged in the furnace of domestic tribulation. By and by Neal's voice lessened, got fainter and more indistinct, until at length nothing but a doubtful murmur could be heard which ultimately could scarcely be distinguished from a ringing in the ears. Such was the awful and mysterious fate of the tailor who as a hero could not of course die; he merely dissolved like an icicle waded into immateriality, and finally melted away beyond the perception of mortal sense. Mr O'Connor is still living, and once more in the fulness of perfect health and strength. His wife however, we may as well hint, has been dead more than two years."

A WELL-DRAWN CONCLUSION.—Abulfeda, the Arabian philosopher, being asked how he came to know that there was a God? "In the same way," said he, "as I know by the prints that are made in the sand, whether a man or a beast has passed before me. Do not the heavens by the splendour of its extent; and the world by the immensity of its waves; and the sea by the infinity of the waves that it rolls sufficiently make known the power and greatness of their author."

The following tragic-comic anecdote is extracted from a "Personal narrative of the Irish Rebellion."

A small party of a Highland regiment had been despatched from the little village of D— to search for arms. They stopped at the cabin of a peasant and demanded entrance. Poor Pat had a cow, a rare blessing. He was in the act of cleansing its miserable hovel, with a large three pronged fork, when he observed the soldiers around his cottage. Irishmen generally act from the first impulse; and the first impulse of Pat's mind, was self-preservation. He darted from the hovel and with the long fork in his hand dashed through the astonished soldiers, heading his course to a neighbouring bog, bounded up the road over which we passed. The party pursued. Pat had gained an important point. The attention of the enemy was drawn off from his cottage, and his little family had time to make arrangements for their safety. The pursuit was hot, but the retreat still more vigorous the incumbrance of brogues was soon laid aside, and Pat in his native phraseology, gained the bog in a *jiffy*. He was more fleet than his pursuers; but a stout lengthy brawny grenadier as familiar with bog and mountain as the best Irishman in the province, had far outrun his companions, and every moment gained ground in the pursuit, was just within bayonet reach, when Pat wheeled suddenly round charged him with his long three-pronged fork in front; the thrust was a home one, and the Highlander fell. Pat who in all his varieties of life had never seen the highland costume before, gazed in surprise on his fallen enemy, addressing him in his native language—'Though eslin, that agus gu neineg sheighmough yut'Dioulun daugh viegh urth er maudin um eigh sheigh agus taught amangh gou dugh brieshtiegh.'—Take that, and much good may it do you; you were in a devil of a hurry after me this morning, when you did not wait to put on your breeches."

THE DISADVANTAGES OF A LONG SERMON.—A preacher had divided his sermon into thirty-two sections. One of the auditory rose immediately, who being asked whether he was going, said, 'to fetch my night-cap, for I foresee we shall pass the night here.'—In effect, the preacher having lost the thread of his sub-divisions, could never reach the end of his sermon. The whole auditory losing patience, and seeing the night approach, filed off one after the other. The preacher who was short sighted, did not perceive this desertion and continued to gesticulate in the pulpit; when a little singing boy who remained alone, cried to him, "Sir, here are the keys of the church, when you have done be so good as to lock the gate."

On one occasion when a gentleman, who had been one of his school fellows came to town, Mr Coutts invited him to dinner; and a large party was assembled to do him honour. The next day the gentleman had some business to transact at Mr Coutt's banking house, when there was a penny in change due to Mr. Coutts. "Well," said the gentleman, "I shall not give you that," "I must have it," said Mr Coutts. "Why," said his astonished friend, how singular is this; yesterday you gave me a dinner which must have cost £100, and to-day you will not give me a penny!" "True," replied Mr Coutts, "and it is my being rigidly correct with matters of business, that enabled me to give you a dinner."

Dr Hopson was shot dead at Alexandria Louis, on the 19th of December, by a Mr Sarr a young printer to whom he owed seven dollars, and having been dunned for it, he called the young man a puppy.

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.—The following characteristic sketch written by a London Sporting character, whilst travelling to witness a fight in the North of England, in April last will be read with interest:—

Ourselves in company with another friend, left Wolverhampton early on Tuesday morning, for Stourbridge, and resolved to 'nurse our prads gently' in case any thing unpleasant might happen and that 'move off' should be ordered. It is pretty well known that the working people (*aias* the operatives) in that neighbourhood are the most illiterate in England, and in consequence we proposed a bet to our friend of a flimsy to the tune of fifty that the three first people he should meet at their doors, in the first four miles, did not know the Lord's prayer. 'Done!' was the answer, and the following scene took place:—Our friend went up to a decent looking woman, who was staring at the cavalcade that was filing by and accosted her with 'My good woman, do you know the Lord's prayer?' Lord's prayer? No Zur I doant know him, he doant live hereabout, I'ze sure.—Our friend looked unutterable things; and asked herself to smoke a cigar. 'Yes,' was our reply. We pulled up our prads at a decent looking house to get a light, which being procured we began to toddle, first putting our smoking faculties into full operation, when the sight of a petticoat caught our friend's eye, and as he was partial to the ogles of a 'rum blowing,' he determined to pop the question, and thus addressing her—'My darling creature, a

word in your listener if you please, do you know my love, the Lord's Prayer?'—'Lord's prayer, Lord's Prayer, noa zur I doant know en by that neame, but perhaps my devil does. (here's two said ourself) the females in this part of the country, call their husbands by way of eminence their devils; here she cried—'Tommy! Tommy! come out, here's some gemmen wants to know summitt.'—Our friend here repeated his question to the 'gentle creature's devil,' whose reply was, 'noa zur, I'ant lived long about here; I doant know him rightly; but an you'll tell me whether he be a banks man or a pit man, I'll be zure to know him.'—Our friend was completely 'stow whided,' and cut his stick.

PHILOSOPHY.—In a weaver's shop in Paisley proverbial for political and religious discussion, a conversation arose on one occasion on the revolving motion of the earth. One of the worthies who understood a little of the subject, was endeavouring to illustrate this point, but was stopped short by the following harangue, delivered with all the oratorical gravity of a person who believed that he had the best end of the argument:—"Man Wull, hand your tongue for ye may just as weel tell me that a sou can flee. The warl' gan roun'!—ye wad hae folk to be as silly as Rab Paterson, who believed that if he gae'd to the top o' Gleniffer he wad see America; and I'll gie ye an instance that will surely confute these droll notions of yours—It's noo seven an' forty years since I sat down to this loom, an' my face was then to Laird M—'s gavel, an' if the world had been aye gan roun', as ye say, whar I wunner wou'd I be by this time?"

PIOUS BARGAIN.—A gentleman who employs a great many hands in a manufactory in the West of England, in order to encourage his work-people in a due attendance at Church on a fast day, told them that if they went to Church they should receive their wages for that day in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer that if he would pay them for *over hours* they would likewise attend the Methodist chapel in the evening!

SAINTLY SINNERS.—How many have complained of the vexation and frivolous manner in which certain Members of the House of Commons are wont to occupy the "collective wisdom" of the country? What important measures have been postponed or hurried through the House, that a Mr Buckingham may have leisure to whine over the votaries of Hodges' gin and Barclay's brown stout, and prove himself a Draco in the matter of drunkenness? How many unhappy creatures are writhing beneath the lash of the debtors' law, that sanctified hypocrites may shine forth in all the odour of sanctity and continue their unrighteous crusades against the humble Sabbath enjoyments of the poor? Out on such miserable, wretched quacks—panders to the intolerance of the small sects—self-elected apostles, who would propagate their creed by constables' staves—force their opinions upon the world by the power of law, and encourage lying and deceit by Act of Parliament! Why cannot these people be satisfied to be allowed to mew and mow in their own domestic conventicles without thrusting their unwholesome doctrines upon society? Why cannot they be content to wear the vizard to their own hoopwinked besotted disciples, without continually challenging the gaze of a sharp-sighted world? If these men would but divide a mong them one grain of honesty and benevolence they would at once abandon their proceedings as full of wickedness and all uncharitableness.

THE SAILOR.—There is in the perilous life of a sailor an independence which springs from his absence from the land. The passions of men are left upon the shore. Between the world quitted and the world sought for there is neither love nor country but on the element which bears us. No more duties to fulfil, no more visits to make, no more journals, no politics. Even the language of a sailor is not the ordinary language. It is a language such as the ocean and the heaven, the calm and the tempest, speak.—One inhabits a universe on the waters, among creatures whose clothing, whose tastes, whose manners and aspects resemble not the people of the earth; they have the roughness of the sea-wolf, and the lightness of the bird. Their fronts are marked by none of the cares of society. The wrinkles which traverse them resemble the foldings of a diminutive sail, and they are less chiselled by age than by the wind and the waves.—The skin of these creatures, impregnated by salt, is red and rigid, like the surface of the rock beaten by the billows.

SPRINGING A LEAK.—A Welsh sailor on his returning home, related to his mother the dangers of the seas. "An' mother, when we were right in the middle of the wide ocean, the ship sprung a leak."—"Sprung a LEAK, my dear, sure it was Got's awn mercy, for a famons vegetable it is, but, my dear, was there only one LEAK for all the ship's crew?"

CENT. PER CENT.—At Barnstaple butter is 8d. a pound; in London just double that price.