

Poetry.
IN KERMANN.

Night waned space, the air grew chill,
The stars they glistened pale and wan;
The watch-fires sank, and all was still
Along the Heights of Ikermann.

Save that at times from out the gloom
Below, where dark Tschernay ran,
A mournful hoarse to those would come
Who kept the Heights of Ikermann.

Or from the long-drawn tower aloft
The chime of bell to sleep or bairn,
Would faintly sound—no breath of war
Yet round'd the Heights of Ikermann.

Thick hung the mist of war and him—
The dreary void no eye could see;
While two embattled hosts lay still,
Fest by the Heights of Ikermann.

When lo! from out the murky cloud
A sudden flash—and then began
The roar of battle—neon and loud
On the dark heights of Ikermann.

Then rushed in many a sullen roar,
The Stygian hordes on England's van;
And onwards press'd in cloots flow;

To win the Heights of Ikermann.

But press'd in vain!—With Russia's blood
Deep dyed, their own Tschernay ran;

While Britain's ranks through shattered stood.
Forsake the rocks of Ikermann.

But daughter fall!—and man's rage
To paint, I leave to those who can;

Fain would I fawn from memory's page
The bloody fight of Ikermann.

The widow's tear the orphan's wail,
For husband's—father's shorten'd spans,

May well outweigh the opposing scale
Of glory won at Ikermann.

At—when will Kings and Rulers cease
The slaughter of their kind to plan?

And give a more the nations peace—

To save another Ikermann!

—Was it a game that were their subjects wise
Kings would not play?—COWPER.

AN IRISH ORIGINAL.

BOY-SCHMIDT.—Among the old folk
was a saying, "If you die, you're nothing,"

not lately in London was it Ikermann's mother
when years of very early existence had

passing all the city good humour, and joke cracking

disposition of his whiskey-loving countrymen

bring him to the bar, the waiter was called

in to give him a glass, this was done in

very few words. In fact, Mr. Butler, the waiter,

was found dead drunk, under the palms of Co-

vent-gat, at two o'clock in the morning.

Well, said Sir Richard, "I have account for

you disorderly conduct."

Mr. B.—"Faith, Sir Richard, I

never was much of an accountant, but I was

myself, when I was dead drunk, as the watchman

says, what I'd be saying wouldn't do me much

good for me, if men tell no tales."

Mr. B.—"I suppose I brought myself in such a state?"

Sir B.—It would have been well if you had

taken yourself home to bed."

Mr. B.—"Faith, I have got your living;

Mr. B.—"Through the blessings of Providence,

Sir B.—"Have you no trials?"

Mr. B.—"No by my soul, I was tempestuously

and tempestuously, but only paternally,

Sir B.—"That sort of money does go far with

a man of inclination."

Mr. B.—"Faith, I have a friend, he is like my

father, and I am bound to him."

Mr. B.—"Well what about you?"

Mr. B.—"Just to give you a bit of a note to your

convenience, I am bound to him, and I despair of

ever getting away from him."

Mr. B.—"Divide a true word, you spoke in

yours, Sir—I let you go now, you'll set off, and get

drunk again."

Mr. B.—"Well go, I won't, for I hav'n't a rap

in the world; and as for my credit, it's like my

cast-iron suit."

Mr. B.—"Half pasted to you, too!"

Mr. B.—"Is it me—the devil a trade."

Mr. B.—"Were you brought up to no business?"

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