

POETRY.

THE REQUEST OF THE DYING BARD.

"It was at Naples that Sir W. Scott first saw reason to despair, as to the genial influence of a southern sky."

Bear, bear me, to my HOME!
These weary feet would roam
No more through this land, pleasant tho' it be;
A yearning wild desire
Searcheth my breast like fire
For mine own dear isle, o'er the deep, dark sea!

I may not linger here
Tortur'd by hope and fear,
In chase of Health, which I shall never find:
Then up; and I'll depart,
Since, sickness of the heart
Hath seiz'd me, for all lov'd things left behind!

A weary, wearing pain
Pervades my breast and brain—
Where sleepless thoughts perpetually fly:
Since, whilst life wanes, there are
In my sweet HOME, afar,
Those whom I yearn to smile on ere I die!

Bear, bear me hence! warm, bright,
Fraught with intense delight,
And glory, is this intellectual land:
Here, Rome's old heroes fought,
Here, sages wrote—saints wrought.
And here, were tried and train'd—Heav'n's martyr-band!

Here, too, those rapt Bards sung,
Whose charmed lyres so rung,
That the charm'd WORLD yet thrill'd with their tone:
I, am of these, they say;
Fond flattery! Away!
The land is fair, but oh! 'tis not mine own!

Here, have I worshipp'd more,
Than on my "stars" home shore:
But Fame is mock'd to the grieving breast;
Where'er I gaze or range,
Scenes, visages, are strange,
And vainly do I seek, and sigh for, rest!

Strange, too, is this land's speech;
(None may my dimm'd soul teach
Its myst'ry now) and harass'd, each long day
My torn, vex'd anxious ear,
Craves the sweet tones to hear
Of holy HOME! Would, that I were away!

Bear, bear me hence—to die:
I'm languishing to lie
With kin be lov'd;—not exil'd here,—alone:
For though this land be spread
With GARDENS of the Dead,
Perfumed, and sunny,—it is not mine own!

THE NOVELIST.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

In days lang syne, the Hercules, a British frigate, was wrecked in the Irish Channel, but her whole crew, with the exception of those in the jolly-boat, reached the coast of Wicklow, without accident, in the yawl, punt and pinnace. Now, the jolly-boat, though trim built, and manned by able seamen, rolled about, from side to side, as if water logged, defying the conjoined power of sail and oars, to bring her to bear for the land. After three days ineffectual labour, a dead calm succeeded; the oars were now plied with double energy, but in vain—the little vessel lay as if spell bound upon the waters; and the sailors, conceiving themselves to be under the malediction of some Irish witch, relinquished their efforts in despair. Being so near land, when their vessel was wrecked they made no provision, and were now six days fasting; when a low, but fearful murmur began to pervade the crew, at the same time every eye assumed a very wolfish expression, portraying some horrid idea, to which the tongue was fearful of giving utterance; the feeling was general, and, at last it was unanimously arranged, that some one should become food for his fellows. The regular preliminaries were soon settled, and the lot fell to a sturdy Hibernian, named Billy O'Rourke. Billy seemed perfectly agreeable, but previous to resigning his jugular to the lancet, he told his messmates that he had something to reveal which lay very heavy on his heart, but if they'd be after deferring supper until he had unburdened himself, he'd die satisfied. This request being granted, O'Rourke thus commenced:

"May be ye've never heard of Shane's Folly, the haunted house, that stands about half way atween Castle Bellingham and Dunleer, in the county of Leath. Well you must know it's an old shattered lump of a building, that in former times was tenanted by great dukes and nabobs, but is at present occupied by no living body only their ghosts. I could tell a thousand of their tricks on travellers who had the misfortune to pass, betwixt midnight and cockcrow, without making a sign of the cross on their foreheads, or saying some good word or other for a safeguard. For instance, Tommy Murphy, the drunken tinner from Drogheda was dragged the length of a winter's night through moss, bog and brier, until there was't the breath of a brogue nail of sound flesh on his body. And was't Phil Magee sent riding from Saggard to Balinad on a bull-rush, only for saying he didn't value all the ghosts in the parish three puffs of a dudgeon. And to crown the whole, didn't

ould Molly Maguire declare on her affidavit, that as she was running by one Holy Eve, forgetting in her fright and hurry, to say 'our lady protect us,' she was taken off to the moon in a whirlwind, and on opening her eyes in the morning found herself laying under the table in Mat Mulligan's Shebeen, where Katty Martin and herself had been deciding on the quality of some two year old potcheen the night before. Now, of course, being an Irishman and a christian, I had a firm belief in ghosts and fairies, but for all that, whenever I had a drop in my head, I used to be wickid enough to make fun of them, though to tell the truth and shame the devil, there was't a boy in the barony had greater respect for their honors than myself, and signs by it, no one ever saw Bill O'Rourke going by Shane's Folly without saying 'God bless us,' and taking the curl out of the Forelock on my forehead into the bargain.

Now of all the nights in the year it was just twelve o'clock on last St. Patrick's morning, that I found myself about a pig's whistle from Shane's Folly, and being, as was natural in honor of the day, up to my eyes in Castle Bellingham beer and burned whiskey, I began to think I was able to take a round out of ere a ghost in the county.—With this I creeps up to the door and looks in, when lo and behold you the whole house was in an uproar—such singing and dancing was never before equalled from the time of Barney McCann's wake to the wedding of Ballyporeen. I began to feel rather of a taking, and was thinking of making the best of my way home, when I gets a puck in the back of neck from something as hard and as heavy as a sledge hammer, which laid me very quietly on my face in the passage, and in less than a second after I was dragged by the hair of my head into the very same room where old Lord Lutheral, that sowled himself to the devil, appeared to Jack Duffy in the shape of a black cat, but when he knew to be his lordship by the bunch of red hair on the top of his tail. Well, the first place that I was clap'd was beside a fine blazing fire, and if I was talking for seven years and a-day, I couldn't describe the sight I saw that night.

In the first place, there was a long marble table in the middle, covered over with the greatest curiosities of aiting and drinking—there was silver and gold noggins and trenchers more than a poor body that didn't understand the outlandish pronounciations could mention. While sated round about, there was five or six hundred beautiful looking little fellows, whom I at once knew to be the "good people," by their green jackets and dancing brogues. I saw they were all Irish fairies, barring a few, by the particular attention they paid to the whiskey bottles, and somehow or other in spite of the pucker they put me in, I felt my heart warm to them.

"A song—a song," cried one little fellow, jumping up on the table, and cutting the rinka, till he made the roof ring again, "let us have a song, and Billy O'Rourke can join in the chorus." So with that they all began to sing "Carolan's receipt for drinking whiskey," but I was in such a consternation that when it came to my turn to assist, I sat looking on as stiff and as silent as a barber's pole. When they finished the first verse, they all stopt short in the middle, and began to look very gruffly at poor Billy.—"Holloo," says one chap, coming over to me, "It's a purthy thing, Mr. O'Rourke, to be after disturbing decent company."—"Well," says another, "we'll take the liberty of taching him better manners."—"Let us put him in a scalding tub" says a third, "and make pork of him."—"Yes," says a fourth, "but we'll hang him first, to make his flesh tender."—"Och!" says a fifth, "you're all out in your reckoning, like Sal Durkins, when she sowled her piggin of buttermilk for the bad sixpence, let us put him on the spit, and he'll make a good relish after supper."—"Now it isn't myself that can tell you how I felt; but you may be certain I was no way inclined to make a meal for a set of unchristianized fairies. So I began to tremble and shake, but the never a word I could say in my defence at all, at all. "Stand up Billy O'Rourke, tilt we cook you," says the whole of them in a breath, while some began to throw logs on the fire, and others to get ladders and basting kettles. When these were all settled to their satisfaction, an old fashioned fellow that I supposed was the butler, by his big belly and red nose, shouted out "Hurly Burly, come down and do your duty" and at the same time a great black hairy devil of a thing came rowling out of the chimney, with a flesh prong in his fist as big as a pitch fork.

"Musha, every big bad luck to you, Billy O'Rourke," says he, "why don't you be after rising when the gentlemen bid you, but you're welcome any way, for you're welcome any way, for you're the very boy I have been looking for this month to come" with this he makes a clout at me with his flesh-fork, but I falling on my knees, lets a roar out of me that might have been heard from the hill of Howth, to the rock of Dunlaven. "Silence sir," says he. "Och, your honor's glory," says I, "sure you're not going to roast a poor body for the first offence," but no soon-

er was the word out of my mouth, than Hurly Burly vanquished into the chimney, and the whole congregation sets up three cheers for mysell. "What will you drink, Billy," says one, "let him drink what he likes, and choose his seat," says another; "then that will be up to his nose in a whiskey barrel," says a third; in short, the whole of them paid me some compliment or other, and I had the honor of sitting beside their ravarances the king and queen, at supper. Now as soon as we had all ait our bellies full, the king stamp't three times with the shank of his pipe on the table, and in less time than you could say crab claw, every thing was changed—there all the aiting and drinking was gone like a blast of smoke, and nothing was to be seen, but the beautifullest illuminations all around, and nothing to be heard but fiddlers, and harpers, and pipers. Well, if we didn't dance it out, there's no vartue in barley; and at the solicitation of the queen, I danced Morgan Rattler, and sure a bothered sow tin miles away, might have heard the cheers I got; well gentlemen since I see you're longing for supper, I'll skip the best part of the entertainment—how I kissed the queen when the king's back was turned, and fell so deeply in love with one of her maids of honor, that for a moment or two, I almost forgot Biddy Kinsheela.

But as the first streak of morn began to make the lamps look a little pale, his majesty comes up to myself, and says he to me; "Billy O'Rourke," says he, "look up in my face," well, in this I couldn't exactly obey his honor, as he wasn't above three times the height of a corcor pin, but I looked him straight in the face any how: "Billy," says he, "you have this night done us a great service, and made your own fortune, for you must know that we have been prisoners in this house five hundred years—obliged to sleep under the hearth stones all day, and only having the night to make merry in, in consequence of our sins, and at the same time it was decreed that we should never be released until some mortal man like yourself should spaik to us and dance at our revels,—you know Billy that you are courting Biddy Kinsheela, and that she don't care the tail of a herring for you—well take my word for it the next time you see Biddy she'll fawn on you like a pet rabbit, and I myself unknown to nobody will dance at your wedding, and give you something to make the mare go, in the bargain, but remember that before this comes to pass, I'll make you jump for not joining in the chorus when I commanded you: however when the worst comes to the worst, and not before, call on Munkus Pankus and he'll be at your elbow. At this the cock crew and I fainted, but when I came to myself, I was lying at the door, with half a dozen of the boys and girls of the neighbourhood rubbing me with vinegar. When I towld all about it, some of them, and particularly the priest, wanted to make out I was draming, and to be sure as I never saw Biddy since, and according to circumstances, see very little chance of being married at all at all, I scarcely know what to say, but at any rate, the next day I was taken by the press-gang, and sure the devil a much luck I had since any way, which proves the first part of the prophecy. So gentlemen, I've finished my confession." As he concluded he extended his hand to the surgeon, but just as the knife was pointed at the vein he exclaimed, "Now Mr. Munkus Pankus remember your promise," in the twinkling of an eye the boat whirled three times round, as if on a pivot, and immediately after drove at a furious rate for the shore. Of course, all idea of eating Billy was abandoned, and he and his comrades danced rings round them that night at the Widow Malone's on the quay of Drogheda. The next day he was telling all his adventures to his friends in Castle Bellingham, and sure, to the surprise of every body, Biddy Kinsheela broke a three-legged stool on Pat Darcy's head, at the same time declaring if Mr. O'Rourke didn't marry her she'd die an old bachelor. The wedding took place in three weeks afterward, attended by all the boys and girls in the three parishes, and as the bridegroom was dancing the rinka, something gave him a kick in the shin, and thrust a stocking full of gold guineas into his bosom, at the same time roaring in a voice that absolutely bothered the blind piper, "Remember that Munkus Pankus performs his promise, so good night to you, Billy O'Rourke."

SELECTIONS.

QUEEN SQUARE.—A Dust Case.—William Gore, a master sweep, residing near Chelsea, and William Sawyer and Charles Gibson, his men, were charged with defrauding Mr. Emmerson, the dust contractor of the Hans Town district, of two sacks of dust and ashes. It appeared that the complainant had repeatedly sent his man to No. 50, Sloane-street Chelsea, to take away the dust but the cook had repeatedly sent them away with an observation that Mr. Gore, "who was the most tidest and cleanest man, for a chimney sweep, as she ever did see, always transacted such affairs, and to him she should send whenever her dust-bin required his presence." The contractor for the district, in consequence, set a man to watch the mo-

tions of the flying dustman, and that morning the three defendants were observed to come out of the house with two sacks, containing dust and ashes. They were taken into custody, lodged in the station-house, and, at eleven o'clock, brought up before Mr. White.

On the defendants being called upon for their answers to the charge, Mr. Gore proceeded as follows: "Please your Vorship, I am a master chimbley sweep, and one wot moves in a respectable spear of life. The lady came to me and said as how, Mr. Gore, missus says you must come to-morrin morning and sweep our flues, and take the dust, for she says, says she, you are the most tidest and cleanest man for a chimbley sweep as is, and not at all like the counter-actor's men, who always made the most shanfeullest mess in comin through the kitchen as never was seen, and never cleaned away the dirt arter 'em. Vel, your Vorship, cordingly I vent with my two men, as your Vorship would 'a done, had you been a master chimbley sweep, and ve did all the lady required on us, barrin the dust, vich ve never did not touch, no never, for as how I knew it was not our business to do so. When ve comed out of the house, this here man calls out, 'Hullo, you've got dust there.' 'Vell,' says I. 'Vell,' says he, 'I am the counter-actor, and have nabbed you.' 'Vet for?' says I. 'Vy,' says he, 'for taking my dust.' 'It's a lie,' says I, 'there is nothing in these here sacks but sut.' 'Let's see,' says he. 'I'll see you hanged first,' says I; and vith that he valks us off to the vatshus, vere I, your Vorship, who has been a respectable master chimbley sweep for these ten years, vas locked up for doing nothing at all whatsomdever. That's the whole truth, your Vorship, and if your Vorship doubts as how it arn't, but I am blow'd if I don't take my davy on it on that 'ere book.

Mr. White inquired whether any person had examined the contents of the sacks upon which one of the contractor's men, named Holloway, said, "Please your worship I have, and I could not preserve any soot at all. It was all dust and ashes."

Mr. White—I suppose you mean you could not observe any soot?

Witness—Yes, your worship, but it's all the same meaning.

Mister Gore—Now, your Vorship, I should like to know as how what this man knows. He arn't never swept a flue, and is very ignorant indeed of the business, and can't tell the difference between sut and dust. If a man's a man he hacts like a man, but if a man comes here to swear away the life of another man, vy then, your Vorship, I says as how that man's no man whatsomdever. (Much laughter, in which even the Magistrate joined.)

Notwithstanding the eloquence of Mister Gore, Mr. White observed the case was proved against the defendants, and they must pay a fine of 10s. each for the offence.

"Vell, may I be spificated," exclaimed the master chimney-sweep, "if this arn't verry hard lines; can't your Vorship make it summut less, for thirty bob is more and as how ve can muster, and that too for doing nothing? Ve are as innocent as new born babes never vas!"

Mr. White was inexorable, and the defendants were locked up. Mister Gore, however, paid his fine in a few minutes, and was liberated, leaving his men to get out in the best manner they could.

HERALDRY.—A sanguine Frenchman had so high an opinion of the pleasures to be enjoyed in the study of heraldry, that he used to lament, as we are informed by Menage, the hard case of our forefather Adam, who could not possibly amuse himself by investigating that science, nor that of genealogy.—Penny Magazine.

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.—The English are serious, like the Germans, fond of show, liking to be followed, wherever they go, by whole troops of servants, who wear their masters arms in silver, fastened to their left arms, and are not undeservedly ridiculed for wearing tails hanging down their backs. They excel in dancing and music, for they are active and lively, though of a thicker make than the French: they are good sailors and better pirates; cunning, treacherous and thievish. Above three hundred are said to be hanged annually in London; beheading with them is less infamous than hanging. They are powerful in the field, successful against their enemies,—impatient of anything like slavery,—vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as the firing of cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells; so that it is common for a number of them that have got a glass in their heads, to go into some belfry, and ring the bells for hours together, for the sake of exercise. If they see a foreigner very well made, or particularly handsome, they will say, "It is a pity he is not an Englishman."—Paul Hentzer, 1598.

PRIDE.—A Spaniard, rising from a fall, whereby his nose had suffered considerably, exclaimed, "Voto a tal, esto escamamar por la tierra!" "This comes of walking upon earth!"