

The Fisherman.

A perilous life, and sad as life may be,
Hath the lone fisher on the lonely sea.
In the wild waters labouring far from home!
For some bleak pittance e'er compell'd to roam!
Few friends to cheer him through his dangerous life.

And none to aid him in his stormy strife:
Companion of the sea and silent air,
The lonely fisher thus must ever fare;
Without the comfort, hope—with scarce a friend.
He looks through life, and only sees—its end!

Eternal Ocean! Old majestic Sea!
Ever love I from shore to look on thee
And sometimes on thy billowy back to ride
And sometimes o'er thy summer breast to glide:
But let me *lie* on land—where rivers run.
Where shady trees may screen me from the sun
Where I may feel, *secure*, the fragrant air;
Where (whate'er toil or wearying pains I bear)
Those eyes which took away all human ill,
May shed on me their still, sweet constant light.
And the little hearts I love may (day and night)
Be found beside me safe and clustering still!

A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

ANDY ROONEY was a fellow who had the most singularly ingenious knack of doing everything the wrong way; disappointment waited on all affairs in which he bore a part, and destruction was at his fingers' ends: so the nickname the neighbors stuck upon him was Handy Andy, and the jeering jingle pleased them.

Andy's entrance into this world was quite in character with his after achievements, for he was nearly the death of his mother. She survived, however, to have herself clawed almost to death while her darling baby was in her arms, for he would not take his nourishment from the parent fount unless he had one of his little red fists twisted into his mother's hair, which he dragged till he made her roar; while he diverted the pain by scratching her till the blood came, with the other. Nevertheless she swore "he was the loveliest and sweetest craythur the sun ever shined upon;" and when he was able to run about and wield a little stick, and smash everything breakable belonging to her, she only praised his precocious powers, and used to ask, "Did ever any one see a darlin' of his age handle a stick so bold as he did?"

Andy grew up in mischief and the admiration of his mammy; but, to do him

justice, he never meant harm in the course of his life, and was most anxious to offer his services on all occasions to those who would accept them; but *they* were only the persons who had not already proved Andy's peculiar powers.

There was a farmer hard by in this happy state of ignorance, named Owen Doyle, or, as he was familiarly called *Owny na Coppal*, or, "Owen of the Horses," because he bred many of those animals, and sold them at the neighboring fairs, and Andy one day offered his services to Owny when he was in want of some one to drive up a horse to his house from a distant "bottom," as low grounds by a river side are always called in Ireland.

"Oh, he's wild, Andy, and you'd never be able to ketch him," said Owny.

"Throth, an' I'll engage I'll ketch him if you'll let me go. I never seen the horse I couldn't ketch, sir," said Andy.

"Why, you 'little spridhogue, if he took to runnin' over the long bottom, it 'ud be more than a day's work for you to folly him."

"Oh, but he won't run."

"Why won't he run?"

"Bekaze I won't make him run."

"How can you help it?"

"I'll soother him."

"Well, you're a willin' brat, anyhow; and so go, and God speed you!" said Owny.

"Just gi' me a whisp o'hay an' a han'ful iv oats," said Andy, "if I should have to coax him."

"Sartinly," said Owny, who entered the stable and came forth with the articles required by Andy, and a halter for the horse also.

"Now, take care," Andy, "that you're able to ride that horse if you get on him."

"Oh, never fear sir. I can ride owld Lanty Gubbin's mule betther nor any o' the other boys on the common, and he couldn't throw me th' other day, though he kicked the shoes av him."

"After that you may ride anything," said Owny: and indeed it was true; for Lanty's mule, which fed on the common being ridden slyly by all the young vagabonds in the neighbourhood, had become such an adept in the art of getting rid of his troublesome customers, that it