

POETRY

A SONG

SUNG AT A DINNER GIVEN TO COLONEL LINDSAY, BY THE CONSERVATIVES OF FIFESHIRE ON THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER LAST.

Like a plain-speaking soldier has Wellington spoke, Ere the Crown shall go down there are crowns to be; Ere we give up the game we must have a new deal; So stand fast with me round the banner of Peel. Then fill up your cup, and I'll fill up my can— A fig for the Whigs and their master, King Dan; We shall soon see them both to the right about wheel, If we only are true to Old Arthur and Peel. They have seen darker days than they're likely to see, And odds rather higher than Dan's thirty three; They have stood in worse times by their Country and King— But the darker the Winter, the brighter the Spring. Then fill up your cup and I'll fill up my can, No good ever came of downheartedness man; Keep up head and heart, never mind the sore heel, And stand to the last by Old Arthur and Peel. Who does not remember— who e'er can forget— The field where the star of Napoleon set? And say, shall it now be remembered in vain? Or that long track of glory, the triumphs of Spain? No—fill up your cup, and I'll fill up my can, The Whigs like the French have mistaken their man; The name of the Duke is a phalanx of steel, And the mantle of Pitt, is the banner of Peel. Fill, fill up your cup, and I'll fill up my can— Our Church still shall thrive on the Protestant plan, And our Peerage shall ne'er to the Democrat kneel, While we're steadfast and true to Old Arthur and Peel. There are fair weather friends who have left them to share In that ill-got success which is worse than despair— But still, as to-night, let our honours be paid To the thorough-going friend, both of sunshine and shade. Fill, fill up your cup, and I'll fill up my can— If we cannot yet call him our Parliament man, Yet I'll say to his face—(why should I conceal?) That he's worthy to stand by Old Arthur and Peel. It's needless to murmur for what is now past— The Conservative flag must be nailed to the mast— The ship is yet stanch from the deck to the keel, And she cannot wait long for her helmsman, Bob Peel. So fill up your cup, and I'll fill up my can— A fig for the Wigs and the big Beggarman; For trust me, they both in due season shall feel That they've not seen the last of Old Arthur and Peel. (One verse more.) Then once more fill your cup, as I've filled up my can, It's an ancient, approv'd, and Conservative plan— We might face the first Whig, who you know was the Diel.

After drinking to men like Old Arthur and Peel.

—Blackwood's Magazine for Dec.

YANKEE COURTSHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

After my sleigh-ride last winter, and the slippery trick I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of haughtiness after the women again in a hurry. To hear me curse and swear and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one again to all eternity. O, but I was wicked—“Darn and blast their eyes” says I—“Blame their skins, torment their hearts, and darn them to darnation.” Finally, I took an oath and swore, that if ever I meddled or had any dealings with them again, (in the sparkling line I mean,) I might be hung and choked. But swearing off from women, and then going into a meeting house chock full of gals, all shining and glittering in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor and going into a grog shop. It's all smoke. I held out and kept from my oath for three whole Sundays—forenoons, afternoons and intermissions complete. On the fourth, there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap about my size was seen on the way to the meeting house, with a new patent hat on his head hung by the ears upon a shirt collar; his cravat had a pudding in it, and branched out in front, into a double bow knot. He carried a straight back and a stiff neck, as a man ought to when he has his best cloths on, and every time he spit, he sprung his body forward like a jackknife, in order to shoot clear on the ruffles. Squire Jones's pew is next but two to mine; and when I stand up to prayers and take my coat tail under my arm and turn my back to the minister I naturally look straight at Sally Jones. Now Sally has got a face not to be grinned at in a fog. Indeed as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part I think there is not much boot twixt them. Any how, they are so nigh matched that they have hated each other like rank poison ever since they were school girls. Squire Jones had got his fire on, and sat himself down to reading the great bible, when he heard a rap at his door. “Walk in.—Well, John, how do you?” “Git out, Pompey,” “Pretty well then, Squire, how do you do?” “Why so as to be crawling—(ye ugly beast, will ye hold your yep)—haul up a chair and set down, John.” “How do you do Mrs Jones?” “O middling—how's yer mam? Don't forget the mat there, Mr Beedle.” This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times in the long muddy lane; and my boots were in a sweet pickle. It was now old Captain Jones's turn, the grandfather. Being roused from a doze, by the bustle and racket, he opened his eyes at first with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to halloo so loud that you might hear him a mile; for he takes it for granted that every body is just exactly as deaf as he is. “Who is it, I say? who in the world is it?”—Mrs Jones going close to his ear, screamed out, “it's Johnny Beedle.” I remember, he was one summer at the siege of Boston. “No, no, father, bless your heart, that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone this twenty years.” “Ho! but where does he come from?” “Daown town” “Ho!—and what does he follow for a livin’?” And he did not stop asking questions after this sort till after the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs Jones's last screech.—He then sank back into his doze again. The dog stretched himself before one andiron—the cat squat down before the other. Silence came on by degrees, like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard, keeping tune with a sappy yellow birch forestick. Sally sat up prim, as if she were pinned to the chair back—her hands crossed genteelly upon her lap, and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across in her lap. But they would not lay still.—It was fully twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of all patience with keeping all Sunday. Do what she would to keep them quiet,

they would bounce up now and then and half a shake. At the next bout, smash go through the motions in spite of the fourth commandment. For my part I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something, the more my tongue stuck fast. I had put my right leg over my left, and had said “hem.” Then I changed, and put the left leg over the right. It was no use: The drops of sweat began to crawl all over me. I got my eye upon my hat hanging on a peg, on the road to the door; and then I eyed the door. At this moment the old Captain all at once sung out, “Johnny Beedle!” It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up an end. “Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle such a drum stick as your father did, if you live to be as old as Mathusaler. He would toss up his drum stick, and while it was whirling in the air, take off a gill or rum, and then catch it as it come down without losin a stroke in the time. What d'ye think of that, ha? But pull yer chair round close along side er me, so yer can hear. Now what have you come after?” “I—after? Oh, jest takin a walk.” “Pleasant walkin, I guess.” “I mean jest to see how ye all do.” “Ho!—that's another lie; you've come a courtin, Johnny Beedle; ye're arter our Sal—say, now, d'ye want to marry, or only to court?” This was what I call a choaker. Poor Sally made one jump, and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner, till the old man after laughing himself into a whooping cough was put to bed. Then came apples and cider, and the ice being broke, plenty of chat with mammy Jones about the minister and the sermon. I agreed with her to a nicety on all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text and all the heads of the discourse except six. Then she teased and tormented me to tell who I accounted the best singer in the gallery that day. But mum; there was no getting that out of me; “praise to the face is often disgrace,” says I, throwing a sly squint at Sally. At last, Mrs Jones lighted t'other candle, and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings, and followed. Sally and I were sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue tied again, I set right in with a steady stream of talk: I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also made some pretty cute guesses at what it was like to be in future. At first I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop; then growing saucy, I repeated it at every comma and semicolon; and at last, it was a hitch, hitch, hitch, and I planted myself by the side of her. “I swow Sally you looked so plaguy handsome to day that I wanted to eat you up.” “Pshaw, git along,” says she. My hand had crept along somehow upon its fingers and began to scrape acquaintance with hers. She sent it home again with a desperate jerk. Try it again No better luck. “You're gettin uppistolous—a little old madish, I guess.” “Hands off—is fair play, Mr Beedle.” It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never had any notion after Patty, and to prove it I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with her, and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip an arm around her waist. But there was no satisfying me, so I must go poking my lips out after a buss. I guess I rued it.—She leeched me a slap in the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my mouth something the look of a gridiron. The battle now began in the regular wap. “Ah Sally give me a kiss, and ha done with it now.” “I wont so there, not touch to.” “I'll take it whether or no.” “Do if you dare.” And at we went rough and tumble. An odd de-struction of starch now commenced.—The bow of my cravat was squat up in-

At the next bout, smash went the shirt collar, and at the same time some of the head fastenings gave fair however, I must own, and neither could fight no longer for want of breath, she yielded handsomely.—Her arms fell down by her side, her head back over the chair, her eyes closed, and there lay her plump little mouth, all in the air.—Lord! did you ever see a hawk pounce upon a young robbin? or a humble bee upon a clover top?—I say nothing. Concern it, how a buss will crack of a still frosty night. Mrs Jones was half way between asleep and awake.—“There goes my yeast bottle,” said she to herself, “burst into twenty hundred pieces, and my bread is all dough again.” The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones head over years. Every Sunday night rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones's door, and twenty times I have been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve; and if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't choke in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder. The way in which our Republican neighbors manage things. A REAL CALIBER QUORSE.—The following dialogue took place between two citizens, after a late town meeting in a New England State: Question—Well sir, how went your meeting? Answer—Very well. Ques.—Who was your moderator? Ans.—Squire Evans. Ques.—Who was chosen Clerk? Ans.—Squire Evans. Ques.—Who is your Representative? Ans.—Squire Evans. Ques.—Who is your Selectman? Ans.—Squire Evans. Ques.—Who is your second Selectman? Ans.—Squire Evans. Ques.—Who is your third Selectman? Ans.—I don't know sartin, but I believe twas Squire Evans. SAFETY TUBES FOR SHIPS.—A new invention for preventing the foundering of ships at sea has been brought forward in England by Mr Watson, which it is said the test of experiment fully sustains.—The following is a brief exposition of the plan. It is simply to apply to naval architecture, by mechanical means, the law of nature in the organization of a fish, by which through the actions of the air bladder, a whale of the largest size is able to lie supinely on the surface of the water; and this it is proposed to effect by the agency of cylindrical tubes, hermetically sealed, to be placed between the beams of the decks, and elsewhere, fill all of them with atmospheric air; which in the whole shall form enough to counterbalance the excess in the specific gravity of the vessel over the specific gravity of water. There has been produced this year from a field of three and a half acres, in the occupation of Mr James Manley of Tipton mills, Ottery, St Mary, the following extraordinary crop—31 hogheads cider, 153 bushels of barley, and 81 bags of potatoes.—In order to a perfect understanding of this, it should be stated, that the apple trees grew in the border, or contiguous to the inner part of the fence or hedge of the inclosure, and the potatoes underneath and around them; the barley grew in the central, or principal part of the field; and this (probably) unparalleled instance of successful farming can be authenticated by many gentlemen of Ottery. Baron de Rothschild's daughter is about to be united to her cousin, Mr N. de Rothschild. Unquestionably a judicious alliance.