Poetry.

Sonnets on the Offices and Fortunes of Poetry.

BY W. ARCHER BUTLER.

"I do not know what *poetical* is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?"
As You Like it, Act iii. Sc. 3.

THE PRACTICE OF POETRY.

On witching error! Am I but deceived,
When smit with love of sacred song, I find,
In the mazed motions of a busy mind,
That spirit of rarer bliss which men have grieved
To seek in vain on earth? Too well I know,
By fits of changefulness and hours of pain,
My feeble soul strung to a lower strain
Than those glad souls that circle me: and so
Out of my very grief I wring a pleasure,
And being unloved, I love ideal things,
And not possessing, hope: while memory flings
Mists rich with shadowy splendours from her treasure
Of clouds, around the barren past. I seem
To men a dreamer. True; and have *they* too no dream?

UNWRITTEN POETRY.

Say can'st thou paint a picture in thy soul,
And feed upon its beauty? When thine eyes
Stray o'er the page where elder bards unrol
Their treasures, will the vision'd scene arise
Reflected in thine inward mirror,—skies
Bright as *they* built their heaven within, and streams
Like those that warbling wander'd through *their* dreams?
If so, the poet's spirit lives again,
Renascent in thy bosom, blessed one!
Blest in thy wordless poesy, though pen
Hath never frozen its flow: Ah, if alone
Thus murmuring music words may ne'er express,
Thy dumb thoughts find no echo among men,
Beloved, thou hast not fame, but thou hast happiness!

POETRY MISTRUSTED.

I bid my soul forsake her ceaseless dream,
Nor blame the woes of life, but make them *less*,
The fellow-citizen of man should deem
To fly the world a gentle selfishness.
Boast ye this shrine of peace the Muse hath wrought?
A dome of gilded clouds! Ungrateful thought!
Hath she not boons bestowed that far outshine
Her changefulness, her sorrows? Broken views
Of the unknown Transcendent—the Divine,
And those immortal longings that infuse
The God into our human souls, were mine
When boyhood little ween'd that these were "dews
Of Castalie" so famed, and could not count
Nor can, the truant steps that brute is to the fount.

POETRY IN ACTION.

To deem in every heart thy heart reflected,
To see in every face thy wishes met,
To dare awakening a tranced world, to set
Thy soul as Truth's high bulwark heaven-erected
To hope that tyrants may be taught to feel,
That blind resistance can be taught to know,
That proud weak man, however taught, will show
Fealty to aught but sin, to aught else learn to kneel
To love, and in the appetence of love
To deem thyself beloved, to doubt, discover,
Despair, and die: to be—the vision over—
Scorn'd by the more than dead that creep above
The grave of him who too much loved the light,—
This is to *live* the verse I only dare to *write*.

THE IMPULSE OF POETRY.

What then still binds the Poet to this page?
Feelings that there alone are not disguised,
That may be uttered, never realized;
His thoughts his own, his actions with his age.
Know that he breathes not the dull present time,
But peopling the unlimited vacancy,
Fills the twin spheres of Hope and Memory,
With the quick creatures of immortal Rhyme;
And graver spirits fashioned of pure thought,
Of Contemplation urgent for the truth,
Of love that hath eternity of youth
In good men's breasts, of Peace that comes unsought,
Yet will not come implored; with these He lives,
Pitying a lifeless world where he alone survives.

AN HUMBLER ASPECT OF THE SAME TRUTH.

Too daring words! I feel the mute dissent!
The kindly seriousness of thy meek eyes
Uttering to mine their unexpressed replies,
Pleads gently for a lowlier sentiment.
Breathe it in own meek spirit on my lay!
Be He alone the poet in whose strain
The soul divine of sympathetic pain
Feels, suffers with our suffering human clay.
Ah! greatest fir of poets was the man
Whose form enabronding immanent Deity
Mourned from the cradle to the cursed tree,
While still his speech, investing as it ran
In holiest Style lessons pure and deep,
Told of the vines, the birds, the lilies, and the sheep!*

THE CREED OF POETRY.

Obscurely bright the glories of our being,
And vigil'd from on high! Hope, Peace, and Love,
An heavenly sisterhood unseen, all-seeing,
Enfold its birth; while Wisdom's matron dove
Unbinds the silvery whiteness of its pinions
Above the cloud of dreams that vests our path,
Where float that Trial in their dim dominions,—
Unknown, beloved! to some; but he who hath
The vision penetrant of Poesie
Beholds the mystic spirits of our life,
Hope gleaming smiles upon uncertainty,
Peace heaving slow the wand that stilleth strife,
And Love—winged, laughing spirit! bright and free,
Twining the flowery wreathes that link my heart to thee!

THE DEATH OF POETRY.

From the mute wilderness that hath no name,
Mysterious glooms, and vision-haunted woods,
Realms that were his alone and Solitude's,
A stranger came—no that he ever came!
The world beset him and they gave him fame,
And he was dazzled; but these glittering goods
Poison'd the springs of his diviner moods,
And his exultings sicken'd into shame.
He could not breathe their air, and so he died.
Then was he buried in an alien land,
And dark Hypocrisy upheld the bier,
Dull Avarice forcing the forgotten tear,
And Envy hobling curses in her hand,
With cold Indifference licked and hollow-hearted Pride!

ITS REVIVAL AND IMMORTALITY.

The powers that quicken earth, air, sea with thought,
The fiery spirits of the universe,
These, the true mourners of the Poesie's bearse,
Unseen came near: his tombless essence caught,
And bore him while even haggard Death's lean lips
Smiled sullen, *not* to his forsaken home
But its bright model in a world to come,
Unshadow'd bliss and light without eclipse.
First Hope came near and gazing on him wept,
Till his dead pulses beat, and then she smiled;
And fluttering Joy came near, and sorrowed wild,
Till new-born breathings told her he but slept;
Then follow'd Love, and kissed his sealed eyes,
And Poesie awoke, awoke in Paradise!

* Matt. vi. 26, 28. xviii. 12. xxi. 33, &c.

THE WHIPPER-IN

BY A COUNTRY PHYSICIAN.

"Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno."
JUVENAL.

"Time, stern Huntsman, who can baulk,
Staunch as hound and fleet as hawk?"
SIR W. SCOTT.

"Peace be to their names, Paddy!—thou wer't a trusty soul; aye, and a thirsty one as ever lifted the little finger! Dull is the potroom of the Hen and Chickens since thy departure, and the tap of the Hurlers resounds to thy cheer no more! I would have taxed my skill to the uttermost to preserve thy joyous life, but Death is not to be controlled, and the Faculty have no power when once the iron enters the soul."

Such were my mental adjurations when I was informed of the death of PADDY O'CARROL OGE, late whipper-in to mine honest friend, Squire Donelly, Ballyfane Castle, to which hospitable dwelling I was then proceeding, driven by an old comrade of the lamented deceased.—"Well, said I, breaking silence, "so poor Paddy is gone at last?"

"Troth you may say that, Sir, and many a wet eye he left afther him: there was not a hound in the pack that was'nt moanin' him, and 'twould delight your honor to hear the illigant *keening* (crying or lamenting) that was at his berrin."

"Indeed I believe you."

"An' the master, 'tis he was the kind master to Paddy: he mixed a tumbler of punch wid his own hands (an' 'tis he that knows how) for him just afore his death, that ris the cockles of his heart; and he gave a view halloo that rung through the house like music; the dogs tuk it up, and the hounds in the kennel kept with joy, and chimed in for all the world like a hot trail on a dewy morning."

"Did'nt that disturb Paddy?"

"Och, no! he was dying at any rate, and thought it would be mighty purty to die gintee!; so he let them know that the game was in him, an' if it was'nt for that ugly cough, he'd hunt the dogs for the next tin raysins."

"I suppose the master was very much grieved?"

"Grieved, is it the master? by my fait you may say that. 'Arrah, Paddy, my poor sarvent,' sis he, 'are you lavin me now! who will I get to ride Croptail if you are gone?'—'Masther dear,' sis Pad, 'will you promise me one thing?'—'Twenty, Paddy,' sis he, 'if it will give you *ease*.'—'Then say you'll let no one throw a leg over Croptail, barring yourself.'—'Sartinly, Paddy,' sis he; 'that's the laste you may expect.'—This to be sure pacified the poor fellow very much; so when he got the *sagarth* (priest) he was aisy, and died like a lamb, blessing the masther and us all."

"And of course the master observed Paddy's dying request?" said I.

"Wisha he did'nt," replied the domestic, "an myself is ashamed to say it: he went into the parlor, where some gentlemen were drinking, and in one ten minutes he *knocked* poor Croptail—an a better was never lapped in leather—for an ould spavined rosseur that one would be ashamed to be seen riding the likes; an I can say I was not grieved at it, 'twas such a shame for a gentleman to belie a poor sarvant, and he in his grave."

It was not for me to argue this question of master *versus* servant on a promise to be kept *post mortem*—so I talked on indifferent subjects, until a pair of rusty iron-gates (the lower end of one having bad adieu to its neighbour, being supplied with a few bushes of furze, and the other was so stiff on its hinges as to require some exertion of the wild agile girl who ran out of the porter's lodge at our summons) announced our proximity to the Manor-house.

The once neat porter's lodge now bore evident symptoms of misuser or abuse, nonuser or neglect. The picturesque trellis-work in front had doubtless been converted into fireing; and a small plot of ground, once decked in the garden's trim array, blooming with roses and carnations, now, *quantum mutatus ab illo!* contained in one part sundry mis-shapen heads of cabbage, while potato-beds occupied the remainder. The long avenue was untrimmed, and grass had sprung up in the gravelled walk. "How is this?" I inquired of my charioteer: "It does not say much for your house being troubled with visitors, to have your gates stiff, and grass growing in the carriage way."

"Visitors!" repeated my chaperon, with an indignant toss of the head, "God help us! it is little you know of Ballyfane Castle, an the good man that owns it, if you think there's no visitors here. The fact is," says he, lowering his voice to a tone of confidence, "that when they come they like the place so *well*, they're in no hurry to leave it, and that's the truth I'm thinking.

We were now in sight of the "great house," which, whether it be castle or hall, cottage or cot, is always so called by the lower orders; it was a good specimen of an old country residence in Ireland some twenty-five years ago. The front was long and low, but one story high, and was pierced for innumerable small windows, but from the high taxes (I conclude) the unplastered bricks closing them shewed that reform had been busy: the ends were turrets, the side windows commanding the hall door, which, in troublesome times was very desirable, as the means of preventing the entrance of uninvited guests; the house went far back, and a series of proprietors had tried their architectural skill in returns and additions, till it presented as many specimens of the building style as Buckingham Palace now-a-days.—The hall, however, was ample, and, decorated with the spoils of the chase, presented a respectable appearance. A large pair of antlers, obtained from one of the red deer, at one time so common in Ireland, was nailed to the wall; on a table in the centre was the stuffed skin of a fine otter, killed in the neighbouring stream; while the brushes of many foxes told that the hounds of Kallyfane were not the most merciful of their foes. From this branched off many corridors, windows literally to exclude the light, and passages leading—like many parliamentary speeches—to nothing. There was, of course much irregularity in the formation of the rooms, owing to the numerous changes in the masonic department. The barrack-room, a large apartment furnished with beds *ad libitum*, was a pleasant roost when not too noisy.—But it is high time we should be acquainted with the lord of the soil. He has just returned from a neighbouring hunt.

"It's good for sore eyes to see you at this side of Ballyfane, Doctor," said my worthy friend, shaking me painfully by the hand, with the gripe like that of a smith's vice; "by all that's lovely, you are now more than four mortal weeks without putting foot in this house."

I pleaded professional engagements.

"Hang the profession, when your friends want you," he replied laughing; "but, Doctor, I dare say you are anxious to engage dinner, and Peggy will give us a hell of a scolding if the mutton is done to rags." With this threat in my ears, I abridged my toilet, and was soon sitting next to Peggy, or more properly Miss Margaret, who, all smiles and good humour, was presiding at the head of the table.

The mahogany was well and plentifully furnished. An accomplished *gourmand*, accustomed to *Ude's pâtés*, would most assuredly eschew a leg of mutton at top, and a saddle of ditto at bottom, or doubtless leave the table where two plebeian legs of mutton reclined on the same dish: but to keen sportsmen, skimming over a mountain heath, or wading through a bog or river in pursuit of a fox or wiry hare, the appearance of eatables or drinkables in a presentable shape was anything but unpleasant; and to do justice to my fair neighbour, she shared her cookery with right good will, and passed the bottle as a right honest fellow.

The good company would have been a study for Cruikshank: it consisted of four members of the Duhallon Hunt, in costume, scarlet coats, buckskin "Oh-no-we-never-mention-ables," and top-boots,—gay, rattling fellows, up to anything, and staunch friends to Bacchus and Co. There was the tutor of mine host's boys, or the *tacher*, as he was commonly called—a staid, sober personage, attired in a rusty suit of black, "a world too wide." Next in the order, at the foot of the table, sat the man of the house, flourishing, with true hospitality, his carving knife and fork, and making a *bridle* track in the *saddle* before him, by giving each a *bit* in his mouth. To his left sat a poor relation, who acted as steward, or sort of agent to the property, fished, hunted, and shot for the benefit of the larder, and ate and drank for the benefit of —himself—a sort of double to the Squire, who drank and talked with him when alone, and sat lowest at the board on a party day; when, if it was not that his corporeal frame was visible to the sight, and from the dexterity with which he removed mounds of meat from his plate, one naturally supposed his alimentary organs in active operation, he might have passed for a statue; for, save and except a low growl between him and the Dominie, which I perceived was an excuse for tossing off a huge hob-nob glass of wine, and filling a second, he did not utter a syllable during the presence of the ladies. The ladies were merely the Governor's daughters, three stout, rosy-cheeked, larking girls, full of frolic and good humour, rejoicing in the rural appellations of Peggy, Biddy, and Debby. Their "great fun" was, when a young gentleman would visit the Castle, to get at his clothes and sew up the cuffs of his coats, or rub flour on one, which made it look old before its time. Another trick was, stitching up the legs of his trousers, so when the hurried youth wished to get them on it was *no go*. These are experiments, in my mind, no way tending to expand the delicacy of the female character. I hate a romp, and these look very like.

The appearance after dinner of a servant bearing a jug of hot water in one hand, and in the other a large *garde-vin* bottle filled with the "Native," was the signal for the departure of the ladies. When the door closed after them, each drew close, the flies were filled up, the goblets crowned the board, and all seemed well disposed to enjoy and be thankful for the fare the Gods provided.

If it be possible for the human mind to be totally oblivious of the cares of this life, it is assuredly at that moment: all is good humour and hilarity: there is no observance of etiquette, no standing on formality, no intrenchment on the ground of high rank: all is mirth: all is conviviality: Death levels all distinctions—so does drink.

"Tut, man, that whiskey is as wake as whather," said my "poor relation," from the foot of the table, having opened his mouth for the first time, and observing I did not put into my tumbler a sufficient quantity of spirit, which, in his opinion,—and he should be supposed to know,—made a legitimate glass of punch.

"I'm thinking, Doctor," said the master, "that you would'nt like your liquor as strong as we are in the habit of taking it, so just please yourself: take as much or little as you like."

There are few men who possess the milk of human kindness in a more amiable degree than my excellent host, and of this the above is an example. He is a gentleman, and acts as such. I know many who deem it a part of their system of hospitality never to have a guest rise from the table sober; and will aid this by dashing whiskey into the tumbler of the unwary guest when his head is turned aside: and this they call *taking good care of him*. Not so in the present case: here I was allowed to do as I liked. I was not, however, nor did I wish to be, a check upon the rest; and to do them every justice, I never saw a set of men better inclined to "send round the bowl." There was no hesitation about mixing; no half filling up; no sky-lights or heel-taps to cause a reproach: all was fair. There were a few toasts drunk to give a zest to the performance; but I marked a tear dim the brightness of the laughing eye, a tremor in the hand, while filling his glass, and a stammer in the speech of our host, as he rose from his chair to propose a toast. "Gentlemen," he commenced—"my friends, my fellow sportsmen, I rise to propose a bumper toast; fill your glasses—fill to the brim, for I give you the memory of one who ever scorned a heel-tap. We have seen him in his hours of business, and none could be more attentive: we have seen him in his hours of recreation, and who more gay or light-hearted?—ever ready with the song or jest, and never was there one who knew him, but does not in his heart love the memory of Paddy O'Carrol Oge."

The toast was of course drunk in solemn silence; but if deep drinking could have appeased the late O'Carrol Oge's thirst for fame, truly had it been well satisfied. Again and again bumpers were filled: musingly, as if the unseen shade whispered some memento of happy days gone by, the goblets were drained, and set on the board empty, till the tears stood in the eyes of the party, if not for the strength of love borne to the deceased himself, at least for the strength of love borne to the *spirit*.

"Holas, poor Patrick!" ejaculated the tutor; "he was indeed a *rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno*."

"Come here, Phelim," said the Squire to his son, "and translate that Latin Mr. Cordery has quoted." The child drew near, and got a glass of punch to quicken his intellects; he was a shrewd little fellow, and if he knew not the proper translation, hit off a very good one for the time and place. "The meaning of *rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno*, father, is, 'He crossed the country like a bird, and very much liked black strap.'"

"That's a ganius," said his father, patting his head, while the tutor was as proud as if he had really given a correct version.

"By the powers, but he's fit to be a bishop!" said one of the Nimrods, "or a Clargy any day."—"Many a pleasant story Paddy had," said another, addressing our host. "Do you remember the time George Batman, Will Baily, and you had the night of it?"—"Faith, my cellar wasn't the better of it for many a day," answered the Squire.—"What was there remarkable in that night?" inquired the third fox-hunter.—"Judge for yourself when you hear: have I your leave, Donelly?"—The Squire nodded assent, and we were all attentive to the following anecdote, I believe unprecedented in the annals of conviviality.

One fine summer evening, in the year 18—, I passed by the lodge below, on my way to the fair of Kildovery: it was the June fair, and as I wanted to be early, I took breakfast at six o'clock, and rode along; the gate of the avenue was open, and I saw the marks of horses' hoofs in the gravel, for there had been a heavy dew, and the ground was moist. Farther down, at the little well in the demesne wall, where the clear stream runs across the road, I saw a man and horse: the man had dismounted, and was so busily engaged filling his pitcher, that he did not turn his head until the horses neighed for old acquaintance sake, and at the first glance I discovered Paddy. "Good morrow, Paddy," I accosted him.—"Morrow, Mr. Wilson," he replied.—"What makes you down here so early?"—"To get wather for the masther.—" And what brings the horse?"—"Bekase he's in a hurry."—"Oh! I suppose he's anxious to get his breakfast to be early at the fair, like me."—"By my sowkins, it is nat then," says Paddy, with the eagerness of one who will have his story out; "'tis my heart is brak with him, he's so *ouregular*. Do you see this tay-kittle?" he said, holding out the vessel. "I do."—"Troth then, my masther and two other gentlemen are drinking this way all night, and this is the *one and twentieth* kittle of wather I brought them to make into punch since sunset."—"And the horse, Paddy?"—"I kept him saddled in the stable; shure it is'nt journeying on fut so often I'd be. Wisha the dear knows I wish they'd lave off their drinking, and go to their beds." I told Paddy to give my compliments, it was high time, and trotted off.

A shout of laughter at the excessive potations followed. "He was indeed a trusty servant," said the Squire; "I will never meet his equal in this world—an honest, open-hearted fellow as ever drew the breath of life."

"He was a capital horseman," observed one of the party.

"Horseman!" repeated the Squire, "by Jove you may well say that. It is now fourteen years come next St. Stephen's day, that I laid a bet of one hundred guineas with Rowland Moore, to produce a horse and horseman on the Friday following to beat every member of the Union Hunt. Richard M'Carthy took half my bet, to take the pride out of the city bloods; and when I went home, I told Paddy to put some hard meat on young Croptail's back, for he had a hard day's work before him."

"By my word, that's nothing new to Croptail," says Paddy, in his own dry way.

Well, Sirs, (continued the Squire,) the appointed day arrived. Pad took a good stiffner that morning, and to my surprise when breakfast was over, I went into the stable yard to mount, and there was Croptail, looking as if he had'n't been groomed for a month of Sundays, caparisoned with an old saddle and wastering bridle, and my gay Paddy on his back, with an old stable dress on him: a sugaun (straw rope) tied round his waist; a handkerchief fastened on his caubeen (old hat), a pair of rusty spurs strapped over his shoes, and a little switch, completed his respectable equipment.

"You scoundrel!" I exclaimed in a passion, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Arrah of phat, master jewel!" said the imperturbable Paddy.

"Why you hang-gallows villain! where's your new saddle and bridle, and your scarlet coat, breeches, and top-boots? Do you want to disgrace me, you ruffian?"

"Disgrace your honor;" he replied, "och no! that's the laste of my thoughts. I that am siting your bread since you were born, and that of your father before you, an now goin to peril neck an limb for you, and why not? I tell you what it is, masther," he said confidentially, "you have money on me today, have'nt you?"

"More than it would be convenient for me to pay at present, Paddy."

"Then you wont find any fault with me if I win it for you."

"No, but be ever obliged to you, my old boy."

"'Tis you, I believe," he continued, "then listen. I am resolved to make money for you my own way; and if you don't allow me, you must get some one else to ride Croptail, that's all."

"But I cannot permit you to appear at the Hunt with that soiled dress; put on your whipper's suit, and look like a Christian."

"An then to ride Croptail in an ould saddle an bridle, for the tree of the new one galls his shoulder! Oh masther, shure you know that would not consist. No, no! I go as I am, or not at all, that's the upshot of the matter."

I knew I might as well go whistle jigs to a milestone as try to reason Paddy out of any freak that came into his fanciful head; and as I had no one else who could manage the horse in the same style, we proceeded to our destined covert.

Never before had I beheld the Members of the Union Hunt assembled in such force: all who could bestride a first-rate goer were I believe collected, and bitterly did I repent my foolish bet. As I passed down the line of thorough-bred racing hunters, and beheld the fearful array of blood, bone, and sinew, congregated, I and my forlorn equerry were subjected to many a sporting jest. "Have you a cart to take that garron to the hounds?" roared one. "How are you off for girths?" cried another; "suggans I hope."—"Will you be here when you come back?" suggested a third.—"How long are you from aboard ship?" inquired a fourth; in short, it was an hour of mirth to them, and pain to me, while we lingered by the covert side, which the hounds were drawing within.

Meanwhile who should ride up but Richard M'Carthy. "Well, Donelly, do we fob the cash to-day?" he gaily entered. My heart smote me as I returned, "I hope so."—"Where's your horse? let me see this boasted quadruped of yours."—Not daring to trust my voice, I silently pointed to his view my no way prepossessing Croptail, wistfully looking over a wall into a hay-yard, on the top of which stood his accomplished rider, anxiously surveying the country which for miles round was spread to his sight. "Why, bless my soul, Donelly! you surely don't mean to say that is the horse on which our money depends."—"It is indeed," I answered.—"Come, come, you joke; why as I came through the town I could have plucked a better nag from the door of a *sheheen* house."—"He is better than he looks," said I, attempting something like a defence.—"I—n his looks! our affair begins to look blue enough I'm thinking. I say, Donelly, you must lend me the fifty if we lose to-day." "My dear friend," I replied, "I was thinking of making the same application to you, for I really am deucedly hard up for cash this moment after paying some rent."—"!! by Jove!" said he, "I have'nt a farthing—we must give a bill I suppose; I can draw on you, and you on me—but hush, they're *chopping* on something, let us move towards the hounds."

A loud shout in the direction of Paddy now caused us to turn, and away at the far end of the covert was a gallant fox breaking in sporting style, closely pursued by the excited pack. The horsemen, not having gone through the dense wood, were below where we were, and now with speed shaking the very ground, were racing towards us. Paddy, the undaunted Paddy, hardly removed from his post on the wall, where in his own mind he had been marking out his ground for the day, until the foremost of his dreaded opponents was in the act of charging it. The splendid animal he rode refused it, and ere he was ready to bring him round again, Paddy was seated in his saddle. "Follow the lader, Sir," says he, in his most cutting tone. He shook his switch over the ears of Croptail, turned him short at five feet of stone and mortar, threw in the spur, and let him go; he flew at it like a bird, cleared it at a bound, and in a second Paddy was cheering on the hounds after the fox, with not a soul riding with him. "By the powers! that beats Banagher," said one to another. The Union wished for a repeal of the bet, and faith they had reason.

That day was the longest hunt I ever remember. We crossed uninterruptedly from parish to parish, from mountain to mountain, from river to river. The fox broke at half-past eleven, and three o'clock beheld us going, not so fast, but as wickedly determined as ever. I never saw such riding. If the gate was not open, it was but dash at the style, and neither coped walls nor griped ditches proved the least obstacle. Many a gay rider had already taken his measure on his mother earth, and many a noble steed sorely distressed.

The favorites were Croptail and a noted steeple chase horse called Olympus, and the setting sun beheld them at determined rivalry. Closely pressing on the hounds, they were up, on, and off their fences together.—A sulkiness or habit of baulking at some of the jumps gave my sure horse much the advantage of his opponent, but Olympus was much fleeter, and thus made up for lost time.

Many horsemen now pulled off from inability to continue, and the shades of evening were hovering thick around, when the good horse which had carried me so well that arduous day manifested symptoms of fatigue. As I knew the affair was in good hands, I pulled up at the top of a hill, and beheld the members of the hunt, now reduced to four or five, emerge from the gloom of the valley, and toil up the opposite side. I caught a glimpse of Reynas crossing the brow, and from his prostrate gait it was evident he had not long to live (he was the third fresh fox found since morning, though none were killed). Then rushed in a body the thinned pack, and then spurring their "jaded Pegasus" apace came two horsemen—one it was easy to recognise; the jocky-seat, the ragged dress told the foremost was Paddy O'Carrol Oge; while the other was Mr. B—— on Olympus: the rest had not passed the glen.

It is a quiet, yet melancholy sensation, to hear the cry of hounds in the dusk of evening growing fainter and fainter in the distance, and leaving you alone upon a wild bleak hill; and so I felt as I turned my back in the direction of home, the blue mass of mountains in the horizon being my guide, though mere outlines in the murky sky. It was midnight when I reached home, and morning ere Paddy made his successful entrée.

I remember, for I was lying awake in bed, hearing a view-halloo given by some one outside, and presently I observed the door open, and one of the servants admitted a man; then came boisterous steps on the stairs, and a rush at the door as if to throw it off the hinges; it yielded to the force, and flew open, and disclosed Paddy, gloriously drunk, flourishing for the bare life the brush of the fox.

"Forward, my honies! hark forward!"—he roared at the highest pitch of his voice. "Arrah, phat did I tell you, masther dear!" he continued, slashing the brush; "go for your money, I tell you—go for your money," and he leant against the door from exhaustion and ebriety.

"Well done, Paddy! I would'nt doubt you; go to bed now, and we'll talk it all over after breakfast."—"Go to bed is it," said he, "without seeing Croptail made up, the horse that carried me so well, the best horse in Ireland, by Jabers! I'll see—him—bedded-down;" and suiting the action to the word, he laid down, and fell fast asleep. I called in two or three of the men, and they carried in triumph the exulting Paddy to his roost.

After breakfast the gay Whipper having slept off his drink, appeared as brisk as a lark, and as steady as Sir Andrew Agnew would have men on Sunday. I went to hear an account of the termination of the sport, which was not for a good hour after I parted them.

"By the powers, Sir!" commenced Pad, "of all the days I ever seen, yesterday was the divil! Sure, Sir, you remember my acquaintance: it was an awful day, I thought there would never be an end. You left us when the sun was going down, an we crossing the high hill of Knocknacopple, an where should the thief of a fox go but the earths of Dominick Lynch, the river Funcheon. Out but 'twas I was every inch of the way, and dashing the ford ablow Glanworth, having myself, with sorra one of the hounds but three couple hunting; and in good sta d d; for the fox was glad to make a shape his course to Moor Parks. To Moor Parks we went, and side of the river, who should I spy with two couples more of the hounds that young gentleman ridin the big Mr. Lumpus! I think they call him on him, my darlings!" he cried, pa on the trail, and crac this way afeard they would [illegible] Sir! your are not ridin fair at [illegible] 'why did you not cross the ri mahon, instead of making this sh 'To tell the truth my man,' he sa friendly, 'I was so sure you had bar of me, that I was making the best home.—'You must do my mas her [illegible] the bet though.'—'By Jove!' says master may be proud of you, for [illegible] money fairly.'—'Much obliged to [illegible] says I; and we continued as he [illegible] now getting quite dark, and we [illegible] see the tops of the ditches, look [illegible] black, in our rapid course. Once [illegible] some big leaps, where I could not [illegible] ground, I thought I would have [illegible] the little horse had a leg to spare every and never made a mistake. At [illegible] loud yelping of the hounds. I [illegible] a view, and came up with them [illegible] near Downing Bridge: for [illegible] jump the wall, and get into the [illegible] estate, but his strength failed, and [illegible] hemmed him in; he was down in a [illegible] and all at him at once. I did my best [illegible] him, but he was torn; so I whipped [illegible] brush, to add to Croptail's honors. [illegible] Mr. Lumpus made his appearance, [illegible] the termination of the sport, put [illegible] his pocket, and gave me a crown. [illegible] were ridin down he began praising [illegible] saying he never saw such a leaper [illegible] you may say that, Sir, I replied. We [illegible] by this time on the bridge; the [illegible] the clear water and green meadows [illegible] beath is about fifteen feet. As she [illegible] Croptail cast a wistful look on the [illegible] stream. 'We may as well wet [illegible] lips,' said the gentleman.—'He is [illegible] says I, turning my horse at the [illegible] He only wanted to see it, and said [illegible] landing stout on his legs in the field being [illegible]—'Well rode! well rode!' cried the [illegible] ed gentleman; 'by Jove, Donelly, I give [illegible] the brush after that.'—I quietly gave [illegible] tail some water, and joined the other [illegible] went to the ship, as if I did nothing extra [illegible] dinary at all, at all. Coming along, the [illegible] ers lay open, and I stopped to give my [illegible] horse a warm drink."

"And take a drop yourself, Paddy," said.

"Wisha, I suppose that same couldn't [illegible] me," he answered; "you wu mustn't blame me this time."

"Indeed I do not," I said; "you require something after so much exertion, and a [illegible] overcomes."

I received in the course of the day [illegible] moiety of the bet in the shape of a fifty pound note, and an offer of one hundred for [illegible] horse, which I refused. This was the great est feat of Paddy's life, and the successful end of one of the longest hunts in Munster.

We all expressed our thanks to the Squire for his narrative. Others succeeded, sup, in the words of Wamba, "not ill sung" [illegible] in every pause between, drinking healths ensued. "Now came the sweet hour [illegible] night," when balmy sleep seals up the [illegible] of men, and as the mirth was growing [illegible] and furious, I slipt out, and about the chime of midnight, or a trifle later, found my way to my dormitory, to dream of the wonderful feats and untimely end of

THE WHIPPER-IN.

—London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July, 1836.

A great stroke of business is done at Sydney, New Holland, in the way of dog's tails. A bounty has been offered for murdering dogs, and the production of the tail is considered good evidence that its once owner has been put to death. The loafers do not take the trouble to kill the dogs, but merely cut their tails off and claim the reward.

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It is therefore humbly presumed, that no existing Establishment offers a combination of advantages so eminently desirable for Gentlemen visiting the Metropolis, on Commercial Business, and the Proprietor continues to flatter himself that experience may justify the pretensions on which he most respectfully solicits the patronage and favours of the Commercial World.—Terms moderate.

N.B. The Captains of all the American Ships are to be seen here daily.

JAMES DAVIES, *Proprietor.*
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London, Sept. 1, 1836.

OTTAWA HOTEL, M'Gill Street, Montreal, by GEORGE HALL.
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VOL. II.

Morning Courier.

MONTREAL, TUESDAY, DEC. 13, 1836.

The Morning Courier is published daily throughout the year, Sundays, Christmas and New Year's days, excepted, for the small sum of six dollars delivered in town, or eight dollars if sent by mail—[illegible] one penny per number in town, [illegible] per number in the country, [illegible]

Yesterday afternoon the A[illegible] meeting of the Constitution[illegible] was held at Tattersall's. The [illegible] attendance of members, much [illegible] in the singular position o[illegible] would have led one to anticipate [illegible]

A. M'GILL was called to the Chair. As a full report of the proceedings will be published to-morrow, we shall not attempt at present to give any sketch of the introductory remarks of the Hon. Chairman, nor of the observations that afterwards fell from several gentlemen. An amendment, moved by A. [illegible]RIE, Esq., to the motion for the adoption of the Executive Committees Report for the last year, was lost by a considerable majority.

The General Committee for next year was then appointed, and the meeting broke up with three cheers for the Constitution.

The *Quebec Mercury*, of Satu[illegible] prospectus of a Marine In[illegible] Company, which it is proposed to es[illegible] Province, with a capital of [illegible] £100 each. Of the [illegible] to be reserved for Montreal.

The prospectus says:—

"It has often been deemed matter [illegible] in a shipping port like Quebec, no Marine Insurance Company has been established, though most of the lower ports, having a trade far more limited, underwriting has been very profitable.

"Recent experience has shown the mercantile world here, that though in spring and summer our premiums are eagerly sought by the foreign [illegible], in the fall, risks will not be taken at any [illegible]

"Application will be made to the Legislature for a Charter, and the Company will commence operations on the 1st May, on an instalment of [illegible] or 20 per cent., as may be arranged."

The *Mercury*, alluding to the projected Company, adds:—

"It appears to us an opinion, in which we are [illegible] by those best acquainted with [illegible] and commercial concerns of [illegible] such an institution is not only [illegible] that it would, if conducted with [illegible] and ability, produce a handsome [illegible] those who might engage in it."

[illegible] a-head, say we.

The *Quebec Gazette* mentions [illegible] that two hundred barrels [illegible] lately been sold in that city, to go to the [illegible] of Maine, by the Kennebec Road.

[illegible] late number of the *Niagara Reporter* [illegible] an article, shewing that the dissemination of knowledge, and the moral condition [illegible] people, as affected by the diffusion of [illegible] instruction and information, should be [illegible] attentively watched and fostered by all [illegible] governments, pretending in the slightest degree to liberality.

[illegible] Editor, in recounting the hindrances [illegible] spread of knowledge in this Province, [illegible] ally through the medium of [illegible] says:—

"[illegible] the evil *par excellence*, [illegible] most of the wrongs of which [illegible] in take their rise, the evil [illegible] read of knowledge, frustrates [illegible] nt, and disgraces the Country [illegible] us, (and we believe unan[illegible] precedent) practice of the [illegible]

[illegible]ementary news travels very [illegible] Upper Canada. Yesterday's mail brought [illegible] from the seat of Government. The [illegible] intelligence we receive from this quarter will probably be of some interest, con[illegible] the nature of the questions that [illegible] to be mooted in the Assembly about the [illegible] of this month.

WOODBURY, the Secretary of the United States' Treasury, states—"that the [illegible] of money in the Treasury subject [illegible] draft, as shown by the running account [illegible] the Treasurer, was, on the [illegible] [illegible], $42,509,167 49, and the [illegible] ding to the credit of the [illegible] ers, as shown by the latest [illegible] ed, was $4,177,219 38. Of [illegible] money in the Treasury subject [illegible] sum of $430,822 64 belongs [illegible] ts, and is not applicable to [illegible] rice."

[illegible] Message of the President of the United [illegible] will probably be brought to town by the next American mail. It [illegible] New York by 5 or 6 o'clock [illegible] morning last, and we have T[illegible] papers before us, that were [illegible] day.

The mechanics of New Y[illegible] [illegible] struct a steamboat canal [illegible] Utica, the natural facilities fo[illegible] great, and the work is of vast [illegible]

Dr. BARBER will enter toni[illegible] discussion of the propriety [illegible] guages being generally taug[illegible] an opportunity of doing on [illegible] and also in order that he ma[illegible] misconceptions that are enter[illegible] ing his statements on this sub[illegible]

We hope to be able to giv[illegible] his views on this topic in our [illegible]

To the Editor of the Morning [illegible]

SIR,—In your paper of this morni[illegible] communication signed "A CITIZE[illegible] "could not the Gentlemen Amateurs fa[illegible] by performing a few Plays during the [illegible] allow the time to pass away in so dull [illegible] is doing at present?" In reply to his [illegible] state that, some weeks have elapsed s[illegible] of a Play was mooted by the Canadian [illegible] be aided by the Gentlemen Amateurs, [illegible] of a professor in the city, (who had b[illegible] great distress by a calamitous fire,) o[illegible] ever, nothing more has been heard. I[illegible] tion of some arrangement being made [illegible]

[illegible] Amateurs ha[illegible] behalf [illegible] A CIT[illegible]

MONTREAL, Dec. 12, 1836.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING [illegible]

SIR,—Observing a paragraph in yes[illegible] requesting [illegible] paper, respecting a series of Plays durin[illegible] of winter, naturally suggests another [illegible] have we no Public Assemblies? After [illegible] of the late British American Hotel, the [illegible] was, the want of a ball room. No such [illegible] now, however, and as