

POETRY.

FEMALE PORTRAITS.

By F. W. Cronhelm.

THE LITTLE MAID.

Mother of many sons, thy gentle breast
Still cherish'd fond, meek wishes for a
daughter:
Nor were thine orisons in vain address'd
Year after year to heaven: at length they
brought her,
The fair-haired maid, with eyes of blue—
Blue prattling eyes, and prattling voice of
pleasure,
To be thy care, thy solace, and thy trea-
sure—
Thy steps from morn till evening to pursue:
Sharing aike thy labours and thy leisure,
With tongue untir'd, and question ever new.
Sweet bird, as ever sung in mother's bower
May Heaven fulfil thy mother's prayer for
thee!
Sweet bud, as e'er gave promise of a flower,
May thy dear mother live thy summer
bloom to see!

THE FIRST TEEN.

The little bosom has begun to bud:
The little maid has glimmerings of the
dawn
Of some new being. So, not understood,
The chrysalis that soon shall rove the
lawn
Feels her yet folded wings. The shadows
so
At first fit dimly o'er the magic glass;
As little maiden fancies come and go,
And little maiden consciousnesses pass.
But these disturb her gentle heart the
while,
With sudden thought, or wild vivacity,
And quick relapses to her wonted ways—
Her father wonders what all this may be,
And blesses her—her mother does but
smile,
Not yet forgetful of her own young days.

THE LAST TEEN.

The crowning trophy of triumphant Power
Is perfected: the rose of beauty blows—
And sheds her light and fragrance, as the
dower.
Triumphant Goodness on creation throws.
Man! heaven-below'd!—for thee the hea-
venly flower
Was gifted thus, and thus her gifts be-
stows—
And thou mayst win to deck thine earthly
bower,
By love and faith, e'en this celestial rose!
Yet sometimes is the fairest flower unknown,
Like yon enchantress still in beauty peer-
less—
Once—but too beautiful to look upon—
O for the days of old! when, true and
fearless,
Some gallant heart the bright red rose would
claim,
And take from Lancaster—her glory and her
shame!

THE BRIDE

So fondly wish'd, so coyly still delay'd
The hour is come. The holy gates receive
her.
All fear and faith, on slides the gentle maid
Her vestal angel lingering, loath to leave
her,
As though her bridal veil might yet re-
prove her,
Floating in virgin glory all around,
From her dark tresses far along the ground.
On to the altar moves the sweet believer,
Like the young moon in amber clouds im-
pearl'd,
Seen but more brightly through her faery
shrine—
And she has knelt, and pledg'd her lovely
vow—
Whilst he, the blest one! knows not if the
world
Or paradise is opening round him—How
Can mortal trust such bliss, and say—This
heaven is mine?

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

'Tis not her infant's birth alone. Another
As newly-born existence marks the day:
The playful maiden is become a mother—
And all is chang'd. The laughing bloom
of May
Is now a palid rose on her pure cheek:
The frolic hours have wing'd them far
away:
And she—the young, the bright, the ever
gay—
Sits all alone, with holy thoughts and meek
On her fair forehead—O not all alone!
For she with sweet companionship is blest,

In the dear babe she treasures to her breast;
And in its helpless being all her own
Is sunk—her every thought a blessing, or a
prayer—
What love can match a mother's love?—
What care a mother's care?

GRANAUAILE.

AN AMAZONIAN RECORD.

The romance of real life frequently exceeds in an
extraordinary degree, the studied novelties of fic-
tion.

The voice of revelry was heard within the
walls of Howth Castle—a fortress, the site
of which is still distinguishable on the coast
of the harbour of Howth, amidst the vari-
ous alterations and interpolations to which
it has been subjected.

It was, in the sixteenth century, a very
strong place, and deemed, on account of its
ditches, ramparts, flanking towers, and bas-
tions, almost impregnable;—besides which,
the tried valour of Lord Howth's retainers,
who garrisoned it, and their devotion to his
cause, was well known. Revelry reigned
now within the baronial hall of Howth Castle
and a deafening storm wildly raged without,
but little recked the heroes of pike, long-
bow, and arquebuss, &c., for the angry yel-
ling of the winds, and the furious dashing
of the frothy waves, whilst they enjoyed the
free circulation of the black jack, the tale,
and the song. A fierce and piercing blast,
however, from the warder's horn, and several
weighty blows falling rapidly upon the
massy nail studded outer portal of the Cas-
tle, aroused the attention of the wassailers;
and one of them, despatched by the Earl to
inquire who intruded upon the privacy of the
Castle dinner-hour, returned with a message
to this purport.

"Granawaile of Ireland, Queen of the
Western Isles, having upon her departure
from the Court of Elizabeth of England,
been driven by stress of weather into the
harbour and port of Howth, demanded of
the Lord of the Manor, as a leal knight,
succour and hospitality.

The Earl, enraged at the lack of etiquette
and deference towards himself, which he
fancied, or rather was willing to fancy, ob-
servable in the message of Granawaile, and
little heeding the consequences which might
ensue from exasperating the formidable
Queen of the West, made his benchman
return this answer to the envoy of her Ma-
jesty:

"The Lord of Howth Castle hath a law
from which he cannot depart: therefore, to
the greatest potentate in the universe, could
he not open the gates of his fortress whilst
he dines. Queen Granawaile is welcome to
his hospitality if she will condescend to wait
for it."

The reception which this answer to her
request met with from the high spirited So-
merimas of Erin may easily be surmised;
and vowing that the insolent Earl should
drink the last drop of her blood, ere she eat
a morsel of his bread, she ordered the driv-
ing vessels if possible, to be moored, re-
solving should, the sea spare herself and
little fleet, to reconnoitre Castle Howth on
the morrow, and plan its effectual destruc-
tion. Great as was the danger of being run
a ground on a lee shore, Granawaile's men
fired at the insult offered to their celebrated
and beloved Queen, succeeded in performing
her commands, and trusted that close reefing
and stout cables would enable them to weath-
er the blast, should its violence not in-
crease, during the night. Providentially,
the storm ere morning had not only consid-
erably abated, but the wind had veered
round to a quarter extremely favourable to
the Queen's return. Granawaile was not,
however, to be deterred from her stern pur-
pose, even by the precarious nature of a fair
wind; and the early dawn beheld the intrep-
id heroine, accompanied by a naval and
military officer, surveying, with scientific
eye, the exterior of that massy fortification
of which the interior had been so rudely de-
nied to her gaze.

"That's a tremendous battery. Yonder
situation for the arquebussiers would be ter-
rible to us. The height and steepness of
that scarp, and the depth of the ditch, is
almost inconceivable: a sharp fire from such
ramparts would sweep our vessels cleanly off
the waters. But let us land our troops here;
give us the advantage of this hill on our
right, that woody ravine on our left, and the
chapel and village in our rear and the castle
must be ours in no time."

Such, and many more, were the remarks
of Granawaile, as she slowly wandered round
the walls and outworks of the almost im-
pregnable fortress; and feeling that, though
she was formidable on the seas, her martial
genius was little able to compete on land
with that of those who raised such tremen-
dous fortifications, and knew well how most
advantageously to use them, she said, with a
sigh to the admiral of the fleet, "No, Rim-
bauld, it will never do; we must draw the
insolent Earl into Clew Bay; there perhaps
you will teach him, at a trifling expense, bet-
ter manners; but to attack the bravo in
such a strong hold is impossible!"
"How now, my little fellow!" continued

she, addressing a fair boy, in whose lively
countenance and brilliant eyes shone a
sense and spirit above his years, "What! at
play so early!—why you have well filled
your cap with stones, shells, and sea-weed,
whilst the eyes of many are not yet open.

"Hush! lady—hush!" said the child,
"I ought not to go further by myself than
the angle of yon bastion, but have stolen
out of bounds this morning, to look at those
strange ships which were beat about so in
the great storm yesterday."

"Do you like ships then?"
"Oh yes—love them!"
"And were you ever in one my little
man?"

"Not I, indeed!—father fears I might
be lost, and then Howth Castle, this fine
place, which is to be mine, would go to my
cousin Dermott."

Granawaile perceived her advantage; and
after a little cajolery on the part of herself
and her officers, persuaded the young heir
of Howth to visit, by way of a frolic, "the
finest of those ships," which he was so anx-
ious to see; but no sooner had he stepped
on board *The Queen's Carrack*, than the
signal to weigh anchor was given; and the
vessels slipped from their moorings, sailed
homeward bound in gallant style.

Granawaile, fully anticipating the issue of
her bold abduction of the heir of Howth,
was well prepared to meet the irritated Earl,
of whose advancing armament she had some
months afterwards a full view from the tur-
rets of her favourite Castle, which comman-
ded a prospect of Clew Bay, and a vast ex-
panse of ocean besides.

The heroine had posted troops around
Clare Island, at such intervals as were per-
mitted by the nature of the coast, in order
to oppose Lord Howth's landing should he
attempt it, and to give time to her own fleet
to proceed to the scene of action and form
for the engagement. She had now the satisfac-
tion of observing the Earl's squadron
considerably a head of Achill Isle, and mak-
ing for the Bay, where, with her principal
maritime force, she had, in fact, prepared
for his reception. Granawaile then slipped
the cables of some of her favourite vessels,
which were always coiled round the posts of
her bed when in harbour; and her naval
officers who had been previously instructed
commenced at this signal their preparations
for action.

The Earl's squadron, though hastily col-
lected, was not deficient either in strength
or beauty, his vicinity to the port of Dublin
rendering the equipment of a tolerable fleet
no very difficult matter.

On entering the Bay, an envoy was de-
spatched by the Earl to Granawaile, demand-
ing the restoration of his son, "by her un-
lawfully abducted and detained &c., in de-
fault of which restoration, accorded in peace
and courtesy, he, the Earl of Howth held
himself in readiness to give battle," &c.

To which defiance, Granawaile replied in
his own spirit:

"The Lady of the Isles hath a law, from
which she cannot depart: therefore could
she not restore, to the greatest potentate in
the universe, his son, unless he complied
with her own conditions."

"Oh never," cried the impetuous Earl,
"never will I—can I—bend me to a woman's
will, or abide her pleasure!" Then signify-
ing his determination, his fleet immediately
formed in line of battle, and was imitated
by that of the Princess—so that the rival
armaments now stood opposed to each other
and ready to commence the engagement.

Immediately facing the vessel of the Earl
appeared that of Granawaile, distinguished
from the rest by its gala array: and—oh!
sight of unutterable anguish to a father's
heart—the only son of the Earl of Howth
lashed to the main mast of *The Queen's
Carrack!*

The wily heroine replied that "she was
guilty of no cowardly act; but being Queen
in her own dominions, would indubitably
dispose of her prisoners as she thought proper;
and that it was optional with the Earl of
Howth to become the murderer of his
own child, or to reclaim him without the
effusion of blood, by acceding to her terms
which were these:—"That the gates of
Howth Castle should stand open now, and
for ever, at the hours of meals; and that its
lords should never refuse hospitality to
strangers who sought it there." Granawaile
added, that "she allowed Lord Howth fifteen
minutes after the reception of this mes-
sage to consider of it; but that should he
then refuse to come to terms, she would fire
the first shot herself, follow it by a broad-
side, and expect him to have the spirit and
gallantry to return the compliment."

The terrified Earl took little time to deli-
berate; in a few minutes the colours of his
lordly fleet were lowered to those of Grana-
waile, the Amazon of the Western Isles:
who, with all the generosity and tenderness
of her sex, deemed an innocent stratagem to
save life far more heroic than the expendi-
ture of a thousand volleys to destroy it!
And in a short space, the darling son, whose
account of Granawaile's kindness to him
during his captivity ensured for her the
Earl's lasting gratitude and esteem, was
locked in the arms of his anxious and idol-
izing father.

COOK AND INCLEDON, VOLUNTEERS.

Once, when the Duke of Cumberland was
reviewing the corps at Chalk Farm, he took
particular notice of Cook, who, though defi-
cient in speed, was a very attentive soldier.
The usual firing and manœuvres being gone
through, a sham fight was engaged in, and
the troops had to make their way over the
fields about Hampstead and Highgate.—
There was a high bank to get over in starting
from the firing ground, up which the young
men vaulted with little difficulty;—not so
with Cook: he ran at the bank, but he ran
in vain—he could not mount it; by dint of
pulling from above above, and pushing from
below, however, he was at length hoisted to
the top, when he found a rail, on which he
sat to recover his breath. As he came to
himself, a little urchin squeaked out, "Rich-
ard's himself again!" "I wish the brat
dead!" snorted out Cook, still half-exhausted,
and he went toddling after the skirmish-
ers, who had bounded on long before—but
he was neither last nor least. Charles In-
cledon, now become corpulent, brought up
the rear at a little more than a walk. "My
lad," said he to a butcher's boy, who fol-
lowed the troops, "carry this gun for me,
and I'll give you a shilling." He then start-
ed off a little quicker, but was nearly thrown
down by his sword getting between his legs;
a little girl then caught his eye: "My little
girl," said Charles, do carry this sword for
me, and I'll give you a shilling." This, too
was done; and at the halt, Incledon made
his appearance, round and green as a cab-
bage, accompanied by his male and female
armour-bearers, to the no small amusement
of his comrades, and of the by-standers.—
"What a shame," exclaimed Cook, "that
the first singer in the world should be the
last soldier in the field!"

During the siege of Saint Jean d'Acre,
while Napoleon was in the trenches, a shell
fell at his feet, and one of the corps of guides
threw himself between him and the shell,
and shielded the general with his body.—
Luckily the shell did not explode. At the
moment, forgetful of the danger, Napoleon
started up, exclaiming, "What a soldier!"
This brave man was afterwards General Du-
menil, who lost a leg at Wagram, and who
was governor of Vincennes to 1814; whose
laconic reply to the Russian summons to
surrender, was, "Give me my leg, and I
will give you the place."

Napoleon, followed by three or four offi-
cers, was crossing the *halle* to return to the
Tuileries, without being saluted by the acclama-
tions his presence was wont to excite; an
old woman cried out to him, "He must
make peace." "My good lady," said the
emperor, smiling, "sell your greens, and
leave those concerns to me: every one to
his trade." A loud and continued hurra was
the consequence.

A suspension of arms was granted by Na-
poleon after the battle of Austerlitz, and an
interview took place between him and the
Emperor of Austria. Napoleon had caused
a fire to be kindled in his bivouac; and on
meeting the emperor, said, "I receive you
in the only palace I have lived in for two
months." "The good living you have de-
rived from it ought to make it agreeable to
you," replied the Austrian monarch, with a
smile.

ANALOGY.—The late Lord Avenmore, bet-
ter remembered by the name of Baron Yel-
verton, one day presiding in the criminal
court at Dublin, a fellow was brought up as
a witness, on whom the counsel in the de-
fence principally relied; but he was so tipsy,
told so long and incoherent a story, and so
baffled by indirect answers, both the court
and the opposite counsel, that the learned
judge, who was highly irritable, expressed
his astonishment that a witness should be
brought forward who could not give one
scintilla of evidence, and who was so drunk
that he could scarcely speak. The fellow
stupidly gazing in his lordship's face an-
swered, "By the *virtue* of my oath, please
your Lordship, I did not taste a drop since
my breakfast, barring just one *scintilla* of
whiskey, and *dat* wasn't above a pint."

THE PHYSICIAN.—A Physician at Bath
was lately complaining in a coffee-house in
that city, that he had three fine daughters,
to whom he should give ten thousand pounds
each, and yet that he could find nobody to
marry them. "With your *love* doctor," said
an Irishman who was present, stepping up
and making a very respectful bow, "I'll take
two of them!"

PADDY'S REMARKABLE ECHO.—When Pad-
dy Blake heard an English gentleman speak-
ing of the fine echo at the Lake of Killarney,
which repeats the sound forty times, he very
properly observed, "Poh! faith that's noth-
ing at all, at all, to the echo in my fa-
ther's Garden, in the county of Galway;
there, honey, if you were to say to it, *how do
you do, Paddy Blake?* it would answer,
very well I thank you, Sir."

A wit remarked the other day that the
Professors of a certain University bid fair to
become *wranglers*.