

for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it to be his own. Purge them, therefore, from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the sting in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality 1349, wanted their four cheek-teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend; and make not jests so long till thou becomest one.

No time to make jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken. No more shewing of wit when the head is to be cut off. Like that dying man, who, when the priest, coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, "At the end of my legs." But at such a time jests are an unmannerly *crepulus ingeni*; and let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.—  
*Fuller's Holy State.*

(ORIGINAL.)

## ODE TO ENGLAND.

BY MORGAN O'REARDON.

Blest England, my country, to thee let my numbers,  
Should freedom or glory e'er call forth their strains,  
Should they strike for the Briton whose loyalty  
slumbers,

Or the slave that still groans under tyranny's  
chains—

To thee let them wake,—nor has fancy created,  
Nor has poet e'er peopled some sphere of his  
own,  
More bright, or more pure, or more gloriously fated  
Than England, my country, encircles thy throne.

Not a land so remote on the world's wide round  
But thy mind has explored, or thy children have  
known,

Nor so great or so free were the nations they found  
But they still could feel pride in that land of their  
own;

Nor a spot is there seen on the far-spreading sea  
That's not dotted with ships, which, tho' far they  
may roam,  
Still each crew is as fearless as each heart is  
free—

For England's their birth-place, protector, and  
home.

Not a state, or a nation that claims at this hour  
To be civilized, wise, to be great, or refin'd,  
But owes to our England a part of that power  
That's the cause of true greatness—the pow'r of  
the mind;

And there is not a soul that e'er panted on Earth  
For liberty, honour,—to be great, to be free,  
But the sun, noble England, that warmed into birth  
Its brightest desires, first reflected from thee.

Nor the sea on its bosom e'er bore yet a soul  
More bold, or more cool,—more true hearted or  
free,

Nor the Earth,—tho' as far as from pole is to pole  
Than the hearts that claim birth-right, my country,  
from thee;

And were I deserted, alone on some shore,  
Though friendless and poor, yet respect still I'd  
claim,

Could I boast but one honour, I'd ask for no  
more,—

'Tis an Englishman's birth-right a share in her  
fame.

And where is the heart that one moment can pause,  
Or a soul-prizing spirit that e'er would control  
Its love and respect for that country and laws  
Which has shown every feeling that's bright in  
the soul?

Whose possessions, as far as the Earth do they run,  
Whose wisdom's unfelt but where mind is un-  
known,

And whose glories encircle the globe with the sun,\*  
While the Earth offers homage and blesses her  
throne.

Then England, my country, tho' tame be each num-  
ber,

It still has one merit—'tis the wish of my heart,  
'Tis the hope, that in danger thy sons may not slum-  
ber,

And that thou mayest ever be great as thou  
art,—

That the Rose and the Thistle and Shamrock, like  
brothers,

May e'er be united and twined round thy throne,  
And that thou, who hast calmed the storms of all  
others

May ever ride safe o'er the the storms of thine  
own!

Shamrock Hill, Gore District, ?  
July 4, 1840. )

\* Great Britain, a power to which Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared; which has dotted the whole Earth with her possessions, and military posts,—whose morning drum follows the sun, and keeping company with his beams, circles the globe daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

DANIEL WEBSTER.