

POETRY.

THE FARMER.

A SONG.

A Farmer's life's the life for me:
 I own I love it dearly;
 And every season full of glee,
 I take his labour cheerly—
 To plough or sow,
 To reap or mow,
 Or in the barn to thresh Sir,
 All's one to me—
 I plainly see,
 'Twill bring me health and cash Sir.

To Customers the Merchant shows
 His best broad-cloths and satins,
 In hopes to sell a suit of clothes—
 But lo! they beg a pattern—
 Which pin'd on sleeve,
 They take their leave—
 "Perhaps they'll buy—since low tis."
 And if they do,
 The sale he'll rue,
 When paid Sir with a Notice.

The Priest has plagues as 'undesired
 When flatter'd with a call Sir;
 For though he preach like one inspir'd
 He cannot please 'em all, Sir;
 Some wanting grace,
 Laugh in his face,
 While solemnly he's prosing;
 Some sneeze or cough,
 Some shuffle off—
 And some are even dozing.

The lawyer leads a harass'd life—
 Much like a hunted otter;
 And 'twixt his own and other's strife,
 He's always in hot water;
 For foe and friend
 A cause defend,
 However wrong must be Sir—
 In reason's spite,
 Maintain 'tis right—
 And dearly earn his fee Sir.

The Doctor's styled a gentleman,
 But this I hold 'but humming;
 For, like a tavern waiting man,
 To ev'ry call he's 'coming'—
 Now here, now there,
 Must he repair,
 Or starve Sir, by denying;
 Like death himself,
 Unhappy elt,
 He lives by others dying.

The Soldier deck'd in golden lace,
 Looks wondrous fine, I own Sir;
 But still I envy not his place,
 When batter'd to the bone Sir,
 To knock my head,
 Against cold lead,
 I never had a notion;
 If that's the way
 To rank, I say,
 Excuse me the promotion.

The Sailor lives but in a jail,
 With all the risk besides Sir,
 Of pillage founder and of gale,
 This cannot be denied Sir—
 While I so sung,
 'Enjoy my mug,
 Or kiss my wife, and so forth—
 When rain and storm
 The nights deform
 Excuse me the promotion.

A Farmer's life then let me live,
 Obtaining while I lead it,
 Enough for self and some to give,
 To such poor souls as need it.
 I'll drain and fence,
 Nor grudge expence
 To give my land a dressing;
 I'll plough and sow,
 Or drill in row,
 And hope from heaven a blessing.

The following vivid scene is extracted from "Tales of the O'Hara Family," and describes a contest between a small party of military, and a tumultuous crowd assembled to rescue a couple of prisoners—about the Irish Rebellion.—The mob had succeeded in abusing and disarming the soldiers, and were about to dismiss them unhurt, when—

"Brave fellows," cried the sergeant, "for brave you are to attempt and succeed in an action, such as you truly say we have never seen equaled, and generous fellows too, to give us life and liberty when we least expected either—brave and generous men listen to me. You say no harm is intended us; but to send us to our quarters without swords or carbines, would be the heaviest injury you could inflict; we should all be tried and punished for cowardice; I should

be turned into the ranks; these poor fellows tied up to the triangle and half lashed to death. In short you ruin us, if you keep our arms. I propose a treaty. Discharge our carbines with your own hands, and then let us have them back, when we cannot further use them to your annoyance; and as for our swords we shall each of us swear on his own, as you will restore them, instantly to put them in our sheaths, and ride off without drawing them; by the faith and honour of soldiers and of men we shall!"

"It 'ud be too bad on the poor creatures 'ot to listen to 'em, said the leader to his companions.

"Faith, an' it would, said another.

"An' they so mooch in earnest, an' promis'd 'in so well," said 'two or three or more.

"We are not your enemies," resumed the sergeant, seeing them waver, "but English soldiers come into your country as brothers and not as enemies; besides, you have bound us in gratitude for ever and treachery even if it was in our power would be impossible."

"Arrah, we'll gi' them the arms," now burst from the whole crowd.

"Stop," said Pierce, advancing; "it is my duty as this rescue has been undertaken for my advantage, to see that no evil grows out of it to my unknown friends; so let the carbines be first discharged." His commands were obeyed, and now sergeant, you will prove your sincerity by handing us your cartridge pouches; the sergeant readily complied; Pierce emptied them separately, and returned them together with the carbines and swords which latter were according to treaty, at once sheathed, while the dragoons remained still dismounted. The military party, with many professions of thanks, then gained their saddles, superfluously assisted by their new friends, who zealously opened to give free passage, and their miserable throats were also opened for a parting shout, when the sergeant, wheeling his troop round, gave the word, "soldiers fire!"—The pistols hidden in the holsters had been by one party forgotten, and were instantly discharged; every ball took effect, and 15 men fell.

"Follow me, now lads!"—the sergeant continued, dashing spurs into his horse, and plunging forward amid the throng, his horse's head pointed towards his quarters: three file closely followed him, and he and they cut through the dense crowd, who had not yet recovered breath or action from this sudden change of affairs; but on the remainder of the troop they closed in an instant after, with frantic cries and gestures of desperation and revenge.

"The dragoons thus surrounded, at first spurred and spurred to free themselves; but the outward circles of the country people pressed on those within, so that the horses stood wedged and powerless. A second volley from the holster pistols then immediately followed with effect as deadly as the former, and louder and louder, and fiercer and fiercer grew the shouts and efforts for vengeance. The wretched people were unprovided with any weapons except sticks, but they were furious as bulls, and active and ferocious as tigers: some grappled the reins of the horses, and others dragged the riders to the ground, though cut and hacked with the sabres they were still available, and trodden and trampled under the prancing feet of the affrighted animals, or themselves treading and trampling on the dead bodies of their companions they did not flinch a jot; while their antagonists unable to act in a party every moment found their single bravery useless or overpowered by repeated and ceaseless onsets. One man among the peasantry bounced up behind a dragoon, clasped him in his arms, and both tumbled on the ground; in an instant he was on his legs again, jumped on the breast of his prostrate enemy, wrenched the sword from his grasp, forced it through his temples, and emitting a shrill cry that was heard above all the other clamour, then waved it aloft, and with the rifled weapon proceeded to inflict deep and indiscriminate wounds on men and horses until one well-aimed thrust brought him down and he was crushed beneath the hoofs of the chargers. A goaded horse, unable to plunge forward, reared up and fell on his hanches and the ill-fated rider was instantly deprived of life, by the crowd that danced and leaped upon him.—He who at the first commencement of the affair had acted as leader, laid hold of one of the poles of the mock bar, and with it much annoyed the soldiers; a sabre reached him in the abdomen; he snatched a handkerchief from a woman's neck, bound it round the ghastly wound, and darting forward on his assaulter, grappled with him till the dragoon was lifeless and the handkerchief giving way his own intestines burst from his body with the exertion. While all this went on, frantic women lined the fences at either side of the road, and with terrible outcries of fear and encouragement, prayers for their friends and curses for their enemies, clapping of hands and tearing of hair, added to the already deafening yell of the combatants—to their shouts of savage onset or savage triumph, and the groans or shrieking of the wounded.

"This bloody scene was enacted in little more than a minute. In fact, the sergeant and the three men who had at first broken through the crowd with him, after discovering that they were galloping alone on their road homeward, scarcely had time to face about again to the relief of their eleven comrades and to re-approach the outward lines of the infuriated crowd, when these eleven were reduced to one.—From their elevation above the heads of their assailants they were then able to form a pretty correct opinion of how matters stood. They had not yet discharged their second pistols, but after a moment's pause of indignation, did so, and as before every shot told. The wildest cry that had yet been heard arose, a number of voices exclaiming together, as the dragoons followed up their volley with a furious charge—"Make way boys, and let them in!"—The crowd accordingly divided. This was what the sergeant had wished and tempted; he fell back with his little party, and cried out,

"Fly comrades, retreat! retreat!"

"The single survivor rushed pale and bloody through the human gap, escaping many missiles aimed at him by the baffled people, and—

"Away sergeant, away! he shouted striking for one push at life, the sides of his snorting steed.

"Where are the rest?" asked the sergeant—"why do they lag behind?"

"They can't help it," answered the rescued, and till that moment despairing man snurring past them—"nor we either—on, on!"

"Is it so?" resumed the sergeant; let us ride then!—and all instantly galloped off at their horses' utmost speed, a mingled roar of disappointment, rage, and triumph, followed them for the short time they remained in view.

A HEAVY LOG.

Mondav, a lubberly looking sailor, applied to the Magistrate of College street police Dublin, for a warrant against his Captain for striking him. The complainant said he had been steward of a vessel from Quebec to Dublin; that the captain had, in the course of the voyage given him several beatings, of which he kept a regular log, and would if he pleased show it to him.

The Magistrate said he should certainly have no objection to see such a curiosity.

The steward accordingly produced a paper, on which were the following items to the credit of the captain.

June 5th—Wind fair—Captain in a foul bad humour; only said there was no land like the Land of Liberty (meaning America) for which captain said he would take the liberty to give me a kick in the stern post; did so accordingly—a cruel hard one.

June 7—Wind changeable—was remarking that the breeching of a gun was out of order. Captain desired me to mind my own, at the same time his foot let me know that my back was turned towards him.

Remarks—Captain can't bear to hear any one say his ship isn't the best on the station.

June 25—Wind S. S. E.—Told captain couldn't grind any more coffee; you can't grind says he? no says I; then what use have you with all them grinders, said he, and he knocked out my front tooth. Remarks—Captain would go more than an arm's length for a joke. D—d fond of puns; I'll punish him yet for them.

July 1st—Fine strong breeze; ship going ten knots an hour; only told captain the beef was anything but sound! he told me I deserved a sound threshing for saying so; said I couldn't let a bit of it into my stomach; it was as tough as a cable, then says he you shall get your belly full of a rope's end; captain too smart with an answer I'll make him smart for it.

July 10—Captain scolding me all day, and gave me a blow on the cheek; Lord knows captain has too much jow of his own at all times to attempt having anything to do with another's; I'll make him laugh on the wrong side of his mouth for all this; he shan't be always a letting his hand go cheek by jowl with my chaps no chap could stand it.

The Magistrate after complimenting the complainant on the ingenuity and novelty of his log-book, desired the clerk to give the steward a summons to his captain, to answer the complainant.

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DIALOGUE BETWEEN PAUL CLIFFORD AND HIS FOSTER-MOTHER.—"Dost think, Paul, they'd hang 'ee?"

"I think 'ud hang the rope, dame!" returned the youth.

"But you need not go far to run your neck into the noose!" said the matron; and then, inspired by the spirit of moralizing, she turned round to the youth, and gazing upon his attentive countenance, accosted him with the following admonitions:—

"Mind thy kittvichism, child, and reverence old age. Never steal, specially when any one be in the way. Never go snacks with them as be older than you; 'cause why, the older a cove be, the more he cares for his self, and the less for his partner.—

At twenty, we diddles the public—at forty, we diddles our cronies! Be modest, Paul, and stick to your situation in life. Go not with fine tobymen, who burn out like a candle wot has a thief in it—all flare, and gone in a whiffy! Leave liquor to the aged, who can't do without it. Tape often proves a halter, and there be's no ruin like blue ruin! Read your bible, and talk like a pious 'un. People goes more by your words than your actions. If you wants what is not your own try and do without it, take it away by insinuation, not bluster. They as swindles does more and risks less than they as robs, and if you cheats toppingly you may laugh at the topping cheat; and now go play.

SAMBO'S SERMON, OR THE ORIGIN OF WHITE MEN.—"Strate is de rode an narrer is de paff which leadeff to glory." Brederen blevers! You semble dis nite to har de word, and hab it splained and monstrated to you; yes, and I ten for splain it clear as de light ob de libin dar. We're all wicked sinners har below; its fac my brederen, an I tell you how it cum. You see my frens,

Adam was de fus man,
 Ebe was de todder,
 Cane was a wicked man,
 Kase he kill he brodder.

Adam and Ebe were bole brack men, and so was Cane and Abel. Now I spose it seem to strike you a understandin how de fus white man cum. Wy I let you no. Den you see when Cane kill he brodder, de massa cum an he say, "Cane, whar you a brodder Abel?" Cane say, "I don't no massa." He cum agin an say, "Cane, whar you a brodder Abel?" Cane say, "I don't no massa." But de nigger no'd all de time, Massa now cum gin, peak mighty sharp dis time "Cane, whar you brodder Abel, you nigger?" Cane now get fritten, an he turn WHITE: and dis is de way de fus white man cum pon dis arth! and if it had not been for dat dare nigger Cane, we'd neba been troubled wid dese sassy wites pon de face ob dis circular globe. Non sing de forty-lebenth hymn, ticular metre.

DISTINCTION OF RINKS.—Once a good humoured negro suddenly held up his fist, and changing his tone, exclaimed with much gesticulation to one of his countrymen. "Oh you nigger, I'll lick you, I'll catch you back face." "Holla, my fine fellow, are you not a nigger yourself? And then, as to your colour, it is handsome enough; but still you are no snow-ball." The man showed his grinning teeth from ear to ear, and said, "Yes, massa, but I'm white man's nigger, and he is black man's nigger; and white man's nigger is deal better than black man's nigger."

There is no charm in the female sex that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into imprudence.

A wealthy clergyman in the country caused a road to be made through his grounds for the accommodation of the neighbourhood. While he was superintending the workmen, a nobleman rode by, whose life was not quite so regular as it ought to have been. As he passed, he accosted the clergyman thus:—"Well, doctor, for all your pains, I take it this is not the road to Heaven." "True," replied he, "for if it had been, I should have wondered at seeing your lordship here."

Once on a time a beggar waited on a Lord, and after stating his distress, frankly told him that he had come to claim the privilege of a brother. "A brother!"—"Yes; you know we are all descended from the same pair—all sons and daughters of old Mother Eve." "Very true," said his Lordship; "there's a penny for you; and if all your brothers and sisters give you as much, you'll be a richer man than I am."

HIGH NOTIONS.—During the progress of Mr. Hanway's exertions in favour of chimney sweepers, he addressed a little urchin, after he had swept a chimney in his own house. "Suppose now I give you a shilling," "God bless your honour, and thank you!" "And what if I give you a fine tie wig to wear on May day, which is just at hand?" "Ah, bless your honour, my master won't let me go out on May day." "No, why not?" "He says it is too low life."

Voltaire, when asked who were the greatest knaves in the world, replied, "the Doctors;" it was then demanded, who were the greatest fools? "That is plain," "their patients!"

Why is an unsigned legal instrument like the action of the witches in Macbeth?—It is "a deed without a name."

Fear is the worst of all thieves, for he takes away that he can never restore.—Courage.

SIMPLICITY.—A little girl, having overheard a conversation concerning animalcules, told her sister, younger than herself, that every thing, not even excepting herself, was made of worms. "Oh then," said the little one, who was not seven years of age, "I suppose our hair is long worms cut in strips."