

POETRY.

A LAMENT.

FROM "LAYS OF THE DEAD," BY MRS OPIE.

There was an eye whose partial glance
 Could ne'er my numerous failings see;
 There was an ear that heard untired
 When others spoke in praise of me;
 There was a heart time only taught
 With warmer love for me to burn—
 A heart, when'er from home I roved,
 Which fondly pined for my return;
 There was a lip which always breathed
 E'en short farewells in tones of sadness;
 There was a voice whose eager sound
 My welcome spoke with heartfelt gladness
 There was a mind whose vigorous power
 On mine its own effulgence threw,
 And call'd my humble talents forth,
 While thence its dearest joys it drew.
 There was a love for which my weal
 With anxious fears would overflow;
 Which wept, which pray'd for me, and sought
 From future ills to guard—but now!
 That eye is closed, and deaf that ear,
 That lip and voice are mute for ever,
 And cold that heart of anxious love,
 Which death alone from mine could sever.
 And lost to me that ardent mind,
 Which lov'd my varied tasks to see;
 And oh! of all the praise I gain'd,
 His was the dearest far to me!
 Now I, unloved, uncheered alone
 Life's dreary wilderness must tread,
 Till He who heals the broken heart,
 In mercy bids me join the dead.
 Oh, Thou, who from thy throne on high,
 Canst heed the mourners deep distress;
 Oh, Thou! who hear'st the widow's cry,
 Thou! father of the fatherless!
 Though now I am a faded leaf
 That's sever'd from its parent tree,
 And thrown upon a stormy tide—
 Life's awful tide that leads to thee;
 Still gracious Lord! the voice of praise
 Shall spring spontaneous from my breast;
 Since, though I tread a weary way,
 I trust that He I mourn is blest.

PADDY FOOSHANE'S FRICASSE.

Paddy Fooshane kept a shebeen house at Barleycorn Cross, in which he sold whisky—from which his Majesty did not derive any large portion of his revenues—ale, and provisions. One evening a number of friends, returning from a funeral—all neighbours too—stopt at his house, "because they were in grief," to drink a drop. There was Andy Agar, a stout ralling fellow, the natural son of a gentleman residing near there; Jack Shea, who was afterwards transported for running away with Biddy Lawlor; Tim Courmane, who, by reason of being on his keeping was privileged to carry a gun; Owen Connor, a march-of-intellect man, who wished to enlighten proctors by making them swallow their processes; and a number of other "good boys." The night began to "rain cats and dogs," and there was no stirring out; so the cards were called for, a roaring fire was made down, and the whisky and ale began to flow. After due observation, and several experiments, a space large enough for the big table, and free from the drop down, was discovered; here six persons including Andy Jack, Tim—with his gun between his legs—and Owen, sat to play for a pig's head, of which the living owner, in the parlour below, testified, by frequent grunts, his displeasure at this unceremonious disposal of his property.

Card-playing is very thirsty, and the boys were anxious to keep out the wet; so that long before the pig's head was decided, a messenger had been dispatched several times to Killarney, a distance of four English miles for a pint of whisky each time. The ale also went merrily round, until most of the men were quite stupid, their faces swollen, and their eyes red and heavy. The contest at length, was decided! but a quarrel about the skill of the respective parties succeeded, and threatened broken heads at one time. At last, Jack Shea swore they must have something to eat;—him but he was starved with drink, and he must get some rashers somewhere or other. Every one declared the same; and Paddy was ordered to cook some *griskins* forthwith. Paddy was completely non-plussed;—all the provisions were gone, and yet his guests were not to be trifled with.—He made a hundred excuses—"Twas late—'twas dry now—and there was nothing in the house; sure they ate and drank enough." But all in vain. The old sinner was threatened with instant death if he delayed. So Paddy called a council of war in the parlour consisting of his wife and himself.

"Agrah, Jillen, agrah, what will we do with these? Is there any meat in the tub? Where is the tongue? If it was yours Jillen we'd give them enough of it; but I mane the cow's." (aside.)

"Sure the proctors got the tongue ere yesterday and you know there an't a bit in the tub. Oh the murtherin villians! And I will engage 'twad be no good for us, after all my white bread and the whisky. That it may poison 'em!"

"Amen! Jillen; but don't curse them.—After all, where's the meat? I'm sure that Andy will kill me if I don't make it out any how;—and he has't a penny to pay for it. You could drive the mail coach, Jillen through his breeches pocket without jolting over a ha'penny. Coming, coming; d'ye hear 'em."

"Oh, they'll murther us. Sure if we had any of the tripe I sent yesterday to the gauger."

"Eh! What's that you say? I declare to God here's Andy getting up. We must do something. *Thonom an dhaoul*, I have it. Jillen run and get me the leather breeches; run woman alive; Where's the block and the hatchet? Go up and tell 'em you're putting down the pot."

Jillen pacified the uproar in the kitchen, by loud promises, and returned to Paddy. The use of the leather breeches passed her comprehension; but Paddy actually took up the leather breeches, tore away the lining with great care, chopped the leather with the hatchet on the block, and put it into the pot as tripe. Considering the situation in which Andy and his friends were, and the appetite of the Irish peasantry for meat in any shape—"a bone" being their *summum bonum*—the risk was very little. If discovered however, Paddy's safety was much worse than doubtful, as no people in the world have a greater horror of an unusual food. One of the most deadly modes of revenge they can employ is to give an enemy dog's or cat's flesh: and there have been instances where the persons who have eaten, on being informed of the fact have gone mad. But Paddy's habit of practical jokes, from which nothing could wean him, and his anger at their conduct, along with the fear he was in did not allow him to hesitate a moment. Jillen remonstrated in vain. "Hould your tongue you foolish woman. They're all as blind as the big there. They'll never find it out.—Bad luck to 'em too, my leather breeches! that I gave a pound note and a hog for in Cork. See how nothing else would satisfy 'em!" The meat at length was ready. Paddy drowned it in butter, threw out the potatoes on the table, and served it up smoking hot with the greatest gravitas.

"B. —," says Jack Shea, "that's fine stuff. How a man would dig a trench after that."

"I'll take a priest's oath," answered Tim Cahill, the most irritable of men, but whose temper was something softened by the rich steam:—

"Yet, Tim, what's a priest's oath? I never heard that."

"Why, sure, every one knows you didn't ever hear of anything of good."

"I say you lie, Tim, you rascal." Tim was on his legs in a few moments, and a general battle was about to begin; but the appetite was too strong, and the quarrel was settled; Tim having been appeased by being allowed to explain a priest's oath.—According to him, a priest's oath was this: He was surrounded by books, which were gradually piled up until they reached his lips. He then kissed the uppermost, and swore by all to the bottom. As soon as the admiration excited by his explanation, in those who were capable of hearing Tim, had ceased, all fell to work; and certainly if the tripe had been of ordinary texture, drunk as was the party, they would soon have disappeared. After gnawing at them for some time, "Well," says Owen Connor, "that I mightn't—but these are the quarest tripe I ever eat. It must be she was very old."

"—," says Andy, taking a piece from his mouth to which he had been paying his addresses for the last half hour, "I'd as soon be eating leather. She was a bull man I can't find the soft end at all of it."

"And that's true for you Andy," said the man of the gun; "and 'tis the greatest shame they hadn't a bull bait to make him tinder. Paddy, was it from Jack Clifford's bull you got 'em. They'd do for wadding, they're so tough."

"I'll tell you, Tim, where I got them—'twas out of Lord Shannon's great cow at Cork, the great fat cow that the Lord Mayor bought for the Lord Lieutenant—*Asda churp naur hagushek*."

"Amen, I pray God! Paddy. Out of Lord Shannon's cow? near the steeple, I srppose; the great cow that couldn't walk with tallow. By—these are fine tripe. They'll make a man very strong. Andy give me two or three *libbers* more of 'em."

"Well see that! out of Lord Shannon's cow: I wonder what they gave her, Paddy That I mightn't!—but these would eat a pit of potatoes. Any how, they're good for the teeth. Paddy, what's the reason they send all the good mate from Cork to the Blacks?"

But before Paddy could answer this question, Andy, who had been endeavouring to help Tim, uttered a loud "*Thenom an dhaoul!* what's this? Isn't this flannel?"

The fact was, he had found a piece of the lining, which Paddy in his hurry, had not removed; and all was confusion. Every eye was turned to Paddy; but with wonderful quickness he said "Tis the book tripe, *agragal* don't you see?"—and actually persuaded them to it.

"Well, any how," says Tim, it had the taste of wool."

"May this choke me," says Jack Shea,

"if I didn't think that 'twas a piece of a leather breeches when I saw Andy chawing it."

This was a shot between wind and water to Paddy. His self possession was nearly altogether lost, and he could do no more than turn it off by a faint laugh. But it jarred most unpleasantly on Andy's nerves. After looking at Paddy for some with a very ominous look he said, "*Yirroo pandhrig* of the tricks, if I thought you were going on with any work here, my soul and my guts to the devil if I would not cut you into garters By the vestment I'd make a *farhermeen* of you."

"Is it I Andy? That the hands may fall off me."

But Tom Cahill made a most reasonable diversion. "Andy, when you die, you'll be the death of one fool any how. What do you know that wasn't ever in Cork itself about tripe. I never ate such mate in my life; and 'twould be good for every poor man in the county of Kerry, if he had a tub of it."

Tim's tone of authority, and the character he had got for learning, silenced every doubt, and all laid siege to the tripe again. But after some time, Andy was observed gazing with the most astonished curiosity, into the plate before him. His eyes were rivetted on something; at last he touched it with his knife and exclaimed, "*Kirhappa dar dhia!*"—[A button by G.—]

"What's that you say?" burst from all! and every one rose in the best manner he could, to learn the meaning of the button.

"Oh, the villain of the world!" roared Andy, "I'm poisoned! where's the pike? For God's sake Jack, run for the priest, or I'm a dead man with the breeches. Where is he?—yeer bloods won't ye catch him, and I pisoned?"

The fact was, Andy had met one of the knee-buttons sewed into a piece of the tripe, and it was impossible for him to fail discovering the cheat. The rage was not however confined to Andy. As soon as it was understood what had been done, there was a universal rush for Paddy and Jillen; but Paddy was much too cunning to be caught, after the narrow escape he had of it before. The moment after the discovery of the lining, that he could do so without suspicion, he stole from the table, left the house, and hid himself. Jillen did the same; and nothing remained for the eaters, to vent their rage but breaking every thing in the cabin; which was done in the utmost fury. Andy, however, continued watching for Paddy with a gun, for a whole month after. He might be seen prowling along the ditches near the shebeen-house, waiting for a shot at him. Not that he would have scrupled to enter it, where he likely to find Paddy there; but the latter was completely on the *sukhrain*, and never visited his cabin except by stealth. It was in one of those visits that Andy hoped to catch him.

A SCHOOLMASTER "ABROAD."—Bishop Percy has observed, that it might be discerned whether or not there was a clergyman resident in a parish, by the civil or brutal manners of the people; he might have thought that there never had resided one in the Ban de la Roche, if he had seen the state of the inhabitants when M. Stouber went thither to take possession of the cure in the year 1750. He, who entered upon it with a determination of doing his duty like a conscientious and energetic man, began first by inquiring into the manner of education there; and asking for the principal school, he was conducted to a miserable hovel, where there were a number of children "crowded together without any occupation, and in so wild and noisy a state, that it was with some difficulty he could gain a reply to his inquiries for the master."

"There he is," said one of them, as soon as silence could be obtained, pointing to a withered old man, who lay on a little bed in one corner of the apartment.

"Are you the schoolmaster, my good friend?" inquired Stouber.

"Yes, sir."

"And what do you teach the children?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing!—how is that?"

"Because," replied the old man, with characteristic simplicity, "I know nothing myself."

"Why, then, were you instituted schoolmaster?"

"Why, sir, I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs for a great number of years, and when I got too old and infirm for that employment, they sent me here to take care of the children."

CHARTER.

Translation of "a Charter, originally written in Saxon, and granted by William the Conqueror to the Inhabitants of London."

"William, King, greets William Bishop, and Godfrey Portgrave" (the same in office as Lord Mayor) "and all the Borough of London, French and English friendly. And I now make known to you, that you are worthy to enjoy all those laws and privileges which you did before the decease of King Edward. And it is my will that every child be his father's heir after his father's decease. And I will not suffer any man to do you wrong. God keep you."

THE PENNANT.—The following, shows the derivaton of penant at the head of the main-mast of a man-of-war:—

When Van Trump was sweeping the seas with his men-of-war, by way of boast, he put a broom at the head of his mast, for which, when Elizabeth had notice, she desired all her men-of-war to mount a long strip of linden at the head of their masts, as much as to say she would flog them soundly if they dared to molest her.

ELECTIONEERING PIETY.—In the year 1768 the following printed notice was stuck upon the doors and walls of the churches in the city of London, on Sunday morning:— "The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desired for the restoration of liberty, depending on the election of Mr Wilkes."

SELF ILLUSTRATION.—In the Jamaica House of Assembly, a motion being made for leave to bring in a bill to prevent the frauds of Wharfingers, Mr Paul Phipps, member for St. Andrew, rose and said, "Mr Speaker, I second the motion; the Wharfingers are, to a man, a set of rogues; I know it well; I was one myself for ten years."

A Lincolnshire farmer on being told that the low countries had risen, said he "was glad to hear it, for they would not be so often injured by floods."

When the Irish Union was effected in 1801, the Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Parnell, was the reigning toast. Being one evening in a convivial party, he jocularly said that by the Union he had lost his bread and butter. "Ah, my dear sir," replied a friend, "never mind, for it is simply made up to you in toasts."

LONDON.—The word London is of Scavonic origin and signifies a town upon water. Lon, is the Scavonic for water, and Don, city: thus comes our word London.

FIGHTING BY MEASURE.—The usual place of resort for Dublin duellists is called the Fifteen Acres. An attorney of that city, in penning a challenge, thought, most likely, he was drawing a lease, and invited his antagonist to meet him at "the place called Fifteen Acres, be the same more or less."

Two friends meeting after an absence of some years, during which time the one had increased considerably in bulk, and the other still resembling only the "effigy of a man," says the stout gentleman, "Why, Dick, you look as if you had not had a dinner since I saw you last." "And you," replied the other, "look as if you had been at dinner ever since."

A certain noble lord's footman discoursing with some of his own countrymen about the depredations of those vermin, the rats, told them his master had the best receipt in the world for destroying them. "Why, how's that," said one of them. The easiest and cheapest imaginable," said he, "for he starves them."

A young lady was lately reproaching another for not having been to any watering place. "Dear me," cried the other very innocently, "I have been three miles on the Paddington canal."

A GOOD GUN.—A country farmer told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few day's shooting, that he once had so excellent a gun that it went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged. "How the deuce is that?" said his friend. "Why," replied the farmer, "because the thief carried it off; and, what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it."

LAW OF LOVE.—A young lawyer being very assiduous in his attentions to a lady, a wit observed that he never heard of people making love by attorney. "Very true," replied the other, "but you should remember that all Copid's votaries are *soicitors*."

A loquacious blockhead after babbling some time to Sherida, said, "Sir, I fear I have been intruding on your attention."—"No, no," replied Sheridan, "I have not been listening."

"Did you not tell me this morass was hard at the bottom," said a young horseman to a countryman, when his horse had sunk up to the saddle girth. "Ees I did, but you are not half way to the bottom yet," said the fellow.

James I., in one of his capricious moods, threatened to remove the seat of royalty, the archives of the crown, &c. from the capital; when an alderman said, "*Your Majesty will, at least, be graciously pleased to leave us the River Thames.*"

A certain reverend, who is not a member of the Temperance Society, being lately asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica, drily answered, "To tell you the truth, Mr —, I canna' say, I'm very fond o' rum; for if I tak' mair than six tum'lers, its very apt to gi'e me a had-ache."

TRUE VALOUR.—When General O'Kelly was introduced to Louis XVI., soon after the battle of Fontenoy, his Majesty observed that Clare's regiment behaved very well in that engagement. "Sire," said the general, "they behaved very well, it is true, many of them were wounded, but my regiment behaved better, for we were all killed."

An Irish footman, who got a situation at the west end of London, on entering a room where there was a vase with gold fish, exclaimed, "Well, by J—, this is the first time I ever saw red herrings alive."