

Poetry.
IN KERMANN.

Night waned space, the air grew chill,
The stars they glistened pale and wan;
The watch-fires sank, and all was still
Along the Heights of Ikermann.

Save that at times from out the gloom
Below, where dark Tschernay ran,
A mournful hoarse to those would come
Who kept the Heights of Ikermann.

Or from the long-drawn tower aloft
The chime of bell to sleep or bairn,
Would faintly sound—no breath of war
Yet round'd the Heights of Ikermann.

Thick hung the mist of vane and him—
The dreary void no eye could see;
While two embattled hosts lay still,
Fest by the Heights of Ikermann.

When lo! from out the murky cloud
A sudden flash—and then began
The roar of battle—neon and loud
On the dark heights of Ikermann.

Then rushed in many a sullen row,
The Scythian hordes on England's van;
And onwards press'd in cloots flow.
To win the Heights of Ikermann.

But press'd in vain!—With Russian blood
Deep dyed, their own Tschernay ran;
While Britain's ranks through shattered stood.
Forsake the rocks of Ikermann.

But daughter fall—our manly rage
To paint, I leave to those who can;
Fair would it be from memory's page
The bloody fight of Ikermann.

The widow's tear the orphan's wail,
For husband's—father's shorten'd spans,
May well outweigh the opposing scale
Of glory won at Ikermann.

At—when will Kings and Rulers cease
The slaughter of their kind to plan?
And give a more the nations peace—
To save another Ikermann!

—Was it a game that were their subjects wise
Kings would not play?—COWPER.

AN IRISH ORIGINAL.

BOHEMIA.—"I am among the old fish
who are used to die for me."—The writer
not lately in London was a Bohemian, and another
since ten years, of very early extraction, but
passing all the day good humour, and joke crack-

ing disposition of his whiskey-loving countrymen,
was brought to the bar, the waiter was called
in to take his order. This was done in
very few words. In fact, Mr. Butler, the waiter,
was found dead drunk, under the palms of Co-
vent-garden, at two o'clock in the morning.

Well, said Sir Richard, "What do you account for
my disorderly conduct?"

"Sir, I—I—I am a prisoner, I believe."

"A prisoner? How have you got your living?"

"Sir, I—through the blessings of Providence."

Sir R.—"Have you no trials?"

Sir B.—"No by my soul, I was tenderly tried,

and the trial was only paternity."

Sir R.—"That sort of money does not go far with
a man of your inclinations."

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