

VARIETIES.

THE IRISH REAPER.

(An Irish Sketch.)

There is not a more happy individual, with less means to be so, than the poor, honest, industrious Irish reaper. A stranger to comforts, he does not feel the loss of them. Ask him a question, and you are sure of a civil, lively, and witty reply; show him a kindness, and he is grateful to you for ever; his heart beats lightly underneath his rags, and although in the midst of wretchedness, his spirits are unusually gay. With his sickle on his shoulder, his shillelagh in his hand, and a wallet at his back, containing the tattered remains of a change of rags,—with these, his sole companions, he travels, not only through his own island, but makes the tour of England, Wales, and Scotland; and, if he returns with three pounds saved of his earnings, he considers himself a rich man for the winter.

Who is there in Liverpool who has not seen clans of these natives surrounding the different steam-packet offices. Waiting for tickets to go by these vessels? Coming out of one of these, a short time ago, I was accosted by one of the Connaughtmen, who formed one of the group of about two hundred in and about the entrance to the office. "God speed you ma'am! How are you?" The familiarity of this salutation induced me to attempt to pass him by, thinking the man was either a little disguised, or, as they say in Scotland, "gane daft," when he laid the best claim to my attention, by asking "How's the mather?" (Now, how in the world, thought I, came this man to know I had a mather?) as he called him? "He's wite well, I thank you, I answered. "Well, God speed him and the ship under his feet, wherever they are," said Paddy. "But I see I am clane gone out of your mind entirely," added he, "although it is only three years ago since you saw me." "Out of my mind," I repeated to myself, and again questioned the intellect of the poor fellow; as for recollecting a Connaught reaper, when they are all as like to one another as their own potatoes, and it would be as difficult a task for me to remember the features of the one as it would be to recollect the form of the other, which composed part of my dinner this day. "Well," says Paddy, "may be, you don't know me; but it's I that remember you once saved the life of my grandmother." "Honest man," said I, growing rather impatient of his delay, "I never knew you had a grandmother," as he called him? "No, and you may forget that, too; for short memories are none to the good; but didn't I see wid my own eyes, you, wid your own hands, give the glass of warm punch to my grandmother, who was tok wid the ague aboard the vessel,—the poor, shivering, cold cratur! and blessings on you for it!" I did recollect the circumstance when he mentioned it, but told him he was more indebted to the generosity of one of the sailors on board, who gave up his bed to the poor old woman, and by the shelter and warm blankets she recovered; for, in cases of sickness, sailors are invariably kind and attentive. "Oh, faith, you may say that, ma'am!" "But how is your grandmother?" "Oh, rest her soul! she's dead and gone a year ago. She was four score when you saw her; sure, she lived two years after that; but God's good, an' he tuk her to himself, and left me all alone, barring one, an' it's to that me I'm now as he home," and the joy on his broad face as he said this, after enumerating all the endearments he had to return to his native land, gave me the idea to endeavour to express it in

rhyme; and it is well that every one has a word of their, and better still if, in that world, they have a home of their own; so, wishing him a safe passage over, I left him, pleased not only by his recollection of me, but his gratitude.

THE IRISH REAPER'S RETURN.

You may talk of your black eyes and blue,
Be they bright as the night or the sky;
But there's none can compare to my view
With the 'world's wonder' Ireland's Eye.

Mighty great are the objects I've seen,
In wandering northward and south;
Yet, believe me, betwixt and between
There's none like the big Hill of Howth.

People talk of their rolling in wealth;
Small blame to them all I can say;
I'd rather be—next to good health—
Be rolling in Dublin's sweet Bay.

Let them praise all the fruits of the earth,
And plentiful as they may be;
But this I confess from my birth,
No fruit like potatoes for me.

Then for comfort—oh, taste the potheen:
I'll engage all your troubles are past;
Give me these, and my Biddy M'Sheen,
And my home in old Ireland at last.

When it is known, that the comforts of the home of an Irish reaper are comprised in three things—a mud cabin, turf, and potatoes,—many would think him a miserable being. How mistaken they are! He is, with all this, in possession of three of the greatest blessings in life,—health, cheerfulness, and contentment,—and long may he enjoy them!

Condition of Women in England.—The youth is accustomed to trade, and sees no reason why he should not drive a good bargain in a wife, as well as in other affairs. Mother as well as daughter is resolved that so "respectable" a suitor, who is "well to do in the world," shall not slip away from them if they can help it.—The female has not the privilege of "making offers," and therefore thinks it her duty to accept, if she possibly can, the first which comes lest she could not get another. But it so happens that the process of courtship affords no means of enabling the parties to acquire a knowledge of each other's character. Some one once replied on being asked the character of a woman, "that he had not been married to her." He was right, and so must the matter continue under present regulation. The Lover makes his visits at stated intervals, perhaps every evening or less frequently, and if bad tempered he can stay away. He approaches not except in smiles, and in his most engaging garments; he can put what cheat he pleases upon the lady; he may court two at once, but the lady having less freedom, is obliged to have recourses to more art. Be she well or ill, cheerful or ill-tempered, she must submit to be courted whenever the lover chooses to make his appearance, and she dresses her countenance in smiles accordingly. * * * There the lover sits, while the lady tats or knits, and discourses on such things as providence has forced on his knowledge, till mamma escapes for ten minutes, to give orders for some "company" supper; and then the lovers do their tenderness till she returns. The principle of giving dinners, and suppers as a matter of mercantile marriage, business has become so merged in more classes than one, that a man of refinement would almost starve rather than par-

take of the food of above one person in a hred—family men or women. "Sir," said that old man, "when do you mean to propose for my daughter? You have now dined at house fifty times within the last eight months, and it is time you decided on something." The gentleman, who was a "diout" by profession, made his bow and retired.

Scolding in Church.—In Queen Elizabeth's time, the following entry appears the Corporation books.—Aldermen's wives shall not scold in church." How the character of aldermen's wives has changed since the days of good Queen Bess!

A marvellous Story. I was bread up the dislike of the marvellous, or the strange, wonderful, as my uncle called it. I mention an anecdote, in point. Some gentlemen were dining together, and relating their travelling adventures; one of them dealt so much in the marvellous, that he induced another to give him a lesson.

"I was once," said he, "engaged in a skirmishing party in America; I advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Indians in pursuit of me: horrors of the tomahawk in the hands of angry savages, took possession of my mind. I considered for a moment what was to be done; most of us love life, and mine both precious and useful to my family was swift of foot, and fear added to speed. After looking back—for the country was an open one—I at length perceived that one of my enemies had outrun the others and the well-known saying of 'Die and conquer,' occurred to me. I slaved my speed, and allowed him to come near, engaged in mutual fury; I hope you here, (bowing to his auditors) will do the result: in a few minutes he lay on the ground. In this short space of time the two Indians had advanced upon me, I again took to my heels—not from cowardice, I can in truth declare,—but the hope of reaching a neighboring tribe where I knew dwelt a tribe friendly to English: this hope however I was soon obliged to give up; for, on looking back I saw one of my pursuers far before the other, waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Indian effected the fate of the first. I had now no enemy to deal with; but I felt fatigued and being near the wood. I was more anxious to save my own life, than to destroy another of my fellow creatures; I perceived smoke curling up among trees, I redoubled my speed, I prayed heaven; I felt assured my prayers would be granted—but at this moment the voice of the Indian's voice sounded in my ears, even though I felt his warm breath—was no choice—I turned round—"Honest gentleman who had related the wonderful stories at first, grew impatient past endurance; he called out, 'Well, Sir, you killed him also?'—'No sir, he killed