

THE PRINTER'S CONSOLATION.

Tell me, ye gentle winds, That round my pathway play, Is there no place on earth, Where printers get their pay? The whispering breeze went by— With accents filled with woe, A voice borne on the sorrowing air, In sadness answered "No!"

Tell me, ye flowing streams, That smoothly glide along, Is there no cherished place, Where printers meet no wrong? The gentle brook replied— In murmurs soft and low— And wading on its verdant way, It meekly answered "No!"

Tell me, ye murky clouds, Now rising in the west, Is there upon the globe, One spot by printers blest? The flashing cloud outspoke With an indignant glow— A voice that filled the earth with awe, In thunders answered "No!"

Tell me, hard hearted man, With holding day by day, With careless pretext, or excuse, The printer's bill to pay? Unanswering, turns he round— How plain his actions show! An uttered, oath-cap'n sound is heard, His actions answered "No!"

Tell me, ye gentle nymph, Who blestest life's hours through, Is there no siren on earth, Where printers get their due? A mantling blush her cheek diffused, Did telenote grace impart— A soft, responsive sigh replied, "It is found in woman's heart."

Tell me, angelic hosts, Ye messengers of love, Shall suffering printers here below, Have no address above? The angelic bands replied— "To us is knowledge given— Delinquents on the printer's books, Can never enter Heaven."

Tell me, ye merry clouds, Now rising in the west, Is there upon the globe, One spot by printers blest? The flashing cloud outspoke With an indignant glow— A voice that filled the earth with awe, In thunders answered "No!"

Tell me, ye murky clouds, Now rising in the west, Is there upon the globe, One spot by printers blest? The flashing cloud outspoke With an indignant glow— A voice that filled the earth with awe, In thunders answered "No!"

Tell me, ye gentle winds, That round my pathway play, Is there no place on earth, Where printers get their pay? The whispering breeze went by— With accents filled with woe, A voice borne on the sorrowing air, In sadness answered "No!"

British Tribune,



AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.

WITH OR WITHOUT OFFENCE TO FRIENDS OR FOES, I SKETCH YOUR WORLD EXACTLY AS IT GOES.—Byron.

Vol. 1. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1858. No. 43.

favorite. He was the welcome guest of all the respectable farmers in the neighborhood; even the great Sir Ulick himself, a man endowed with the stiffest family pride, was more than usually condescending to the schoolmaster.

The sergeant took this opportunity of giving a loud "Hem!" to express attention, and folded his arms. Upon which the most ambitious of the five recruits folded his arms. "Devoted to his calling, Prendergast worked with an energy and a good will hitherto unknown among the people of his class; and his scholars from being semi-civilized dolts, began to astonish the neighborhood by their proficiency in various branches of learning, the acquirement of which was looked upon as next to marvellous. The fame of Sir Ulick's school was bruited throughout the surrounding parishes. Periodical examinations were established; and it became the fashion among the ladies of the neighborhood to ask for permission to undertake the lighter branches of education among the scholars. Foremost among the aspirants for this honor were the three daughters of Sir Ulick Mastragh; the eldest, a tall, dashing brunette of two and twenty, who was engaged to an officer then quartered with his regiment in England; the second, an earnest trusting, enthusiastic girl of twenty; the third, a merry little chatter-box of eighteen. All these young ladies were constant in their attendance at the school; but the second girl, Eleanor, seemed the most interested in the welfare of the children, and it must be avowed, of their instructor. She was better educated, better read, had more appreciation of the refined pleasures of literature and art than the general of girls brought up in a rural Irish district, and she would turn with delight from the inanities of the military officers quartered in the neighbourhood, and from the sporting talk of the squires, to the calm, rational conversation, and respectful yet earnest address of the young schoolmaster. The upshot of this may be easily guessed—they fell in love with each other. The visits to the school house were redoubled, and for some months the course of their true love ran smoothly enough. At length the rumors of this attachment, which had been floating about the neighborhood, and which it is said, were originated by certain elderly damsels who themselves had hoped to make an impression on Prendergast; these rumors, I say, reached Sir Ulick's ears. The result may, in the beautiful language of the newspapers, be more easily imagined than described, the proudest landowner in Kerry was not likely to be well pleased at the thought of having a penniless, low-born schoolmaster for a son-in-law, and he reviled poor Prendergast in the strongest terms, upbraided him with treachery, and declared his intention of getting him removed from his position. To a sensitive mind like Prendergast's this was more than enough: broken-hearted and despondent he wandered from his home, and reached a neighbouring village just as the recruiting sergeant was picking up men for the Queen of Spain's service. Without a care for the future, he accepted the bounty at once, and, in a few days, was busily engaged in my barrack-room checking accounts of moneys received and paid, while his mind was wandering far away among the green hills and valleys of his native country. That he kept up a correspondence with his beloved, I knew; for he daily received long and closely written letters in a female hand and seemed to suffer much mental agony after their perusal.

The ambitious recruit regarded this as a favorable occasion for throwing in a "Hem!" in imitation of the sergeant. The sergeant received it with infinite contempt, and gave the narrator a look, expressive of—"a raw lad, sir—an idiot—have the goodness to excuse him."

"Our time at Cork was nearly up, and the officers, sick of the routine duty they had been put through, were hailing our departure with delight, when, two days before the date fixed for our sailing for Santander, Prendergast came to me in a state of great agitation, and begged me to use my influence in obtaining for him a short leave of absence. He urged his invariable punctuality, and stated that he had not intended to have quitted the regiment for an hour, but that he had that morning received a letter telling him of the serious illness of one whom he loved more than all the world. I had such reliance on the man's integrity that I never doubted his intention to return; I made the matter one of personal favor with the Colonel, and Prendergast left us. The two days passed away, and late on the evening before we were to sail, the muster roll was called, and the deck of each of the two large steamers anchored in the harbor of Passage, which were to convey us to our destination. Every man answered to his name, except George Prendergast. He still was absent; and his absence gave rise to innumerable little sarcasms directed against me by my brother officers, who, as we stood smoking our cigars on the quarter-deck of the old Earl of Roden, were pleasantly facetious about my protegee, the deserter. Suddenly the splash of oars announced the approach of a boat, and, to my delight, in answer to the hail of the sentinel, I recognized Prendergast's voice, telling the boatman to remain alongside. A minute afterwards he made his way to me, and, after saluting, begged a few moments' conversation. I took him to my cabin, and once there, in a face blanched with despair, and in a voice broken with emotion, he told me that he could not go with the regiment; that no earthly inducement could prevail on him to leave Ireland. His reasons he would not give, but produced a small canvas bag full of sovereigns, which, he said, were the savings of several years, and all of which he offered as his purchase money. He stated that he could easily have deserted, but that in honor, he felt himself bound to me—would I now assist him in his extremity?"

"Of course I could not receive his purchase money; and, as the Colonel was on board the other ship, I could not report the circumstance to my immediate superior officer, who, at once, and emphatically, refused the request. When morning dawned, we were under weigh and standing steadily out to sea. Prendergast's boat had long since returned to the shore, and he himself was silent and morose. I think I never saw such utter despair as he then betrayed, he went through his duties mechanically, but without speaking a word, nor did his manner change until we arrived in the harbor of Santander, and saw our companion steamer, which had arrived one day before us with the other portion of the Tenth, riding at anchor in the offing. As soon as she signalled us, a boat put off from her and came alongside of us, and a soldier, whom I recognized as the Colonel's orderly, hailed us with an order that Private George Prendergast should immediately proceed to head-quarters. He obeyed as a matter of course, and speculation at once became rife as to the cause of his summons. Some said that he was to be at once court-martialed and flogged—some that he had turned out to be heir to a dukedom—but the real truth of the story was this:

"Three days after the vessel with the Colonel and staff had been at sea, it was discovered that a young girl had concealed herself on board. She was immediately brought before the Colonel and questioned, when she avowed herself to be the second daughter of Sir Ulick Mastragh, and the betrothed of Private George Prendergast, of the Tenth Munsters. She said she had written to her lover, appointing a last interview, but that before the time came, so persecuted was she by her father, that she determined to leave her home. In disguise she reached Cork, and managed through the kindness of two of the men to whom she confided a portion of her story, but whose names she would never disclose, to slip on board the ship. Over-fatigue, hunger and excitement brought on an attack of high fever. In her ravings, she repeatedly uttered the name of George Prendergast, and her connection with him was thus first discovered. The Colonel was very wroth—with both the lovers; she should be sent home instantly in the first ship to her father, Sir Ulick, but this she positively refused to agree in, and in her refusal she was aided and abetted by the wives of all the married officers, whose interest was powerfully excited by the romance of the affair. So the Colonel, like a sensible man as he was, soon gave in, and the lovers were married as soon as we got into the barracks. Mrs. Prendergast became at once the pet of everyone in the regiment; and after a very short time I lost my clerk, as Prendergast was promoted to duties which brought him into more immediate contact with the Colonel."

Here the sergeant grimly surveyed his men as you should say. "My boys, if you expect to get yourselves appointed to duties that will bring you into immediate contact with your colonel, you'll find yourselves confoundedly mistaken."

"A year passed away—a year, during which the Legion suffered through numberless hardships, and passed through numberless dangers—but through hardships and dangers this high-born Irish girl always bore herself bravely and ably, doing her duty to her husband. Prendergast was now a sergeant, a daring soldier, and one likely to win further promotion. He was the Colonel's prime favorite: every officer of the regiment spoke well of him; and his wife and her baby—for he had a little son of a month old—were adored by all the ladies.

"But theirs, like all other human happiness, was not without a cloud. The great battle of the 5th of May, 1836, had been fought, the Carlists had been driven back, and the Legion was lying encamped outside the walls of San Sebastian. The Tenth Munsters lay at the extreme verge of the line; and next to us was a Scotch regiment, with the men and officers of which we soon became very friendly. Among these officers, the most frequent and most welcome in our lines was a Captain Evan Hepburn; a tall, dashing, high-spirited fellow, whose father was a laird of one of the Western Isles, and, who, after having been expelled from Sandhurst, resuscitated at Cambridge, and forbidden the parental roof, had obtained a commission in the Legion, and had already rendered himself conspicuous—not less by his reckless audacity, than by the extraordinary attachment exhibited towards him by a gigantic Highland piper, serving with the regiment, whom he had chosen as his body servant, and who, indeed, was scarcely ever absent from his side. Closely attended by Archy Ledingham, as the piper was called, Captain Hepburn was a daily visitor in our lines, friendly with the officers, genial with the men, and passing no one without a kind word or glance; but it soon began to be noticed that he invariably halted for some little time at Prendergast's tent, into which he passed, while the Highlander remained keeping watch outside. These visits constantly paid to a very pretty woman, invariably during the absence of her husband on regimental duties, of course soon became the subject of comment among the scandal-mongers; who began to mention Mrs. Prendergast's name, at first with smiles, and then with scorn;—and who would probably have proceeded further in their amiable, self-imposed task, when an event occurred which effectually silenced them.

GOOD OLD ADVICE.

Noah Webster, the great lexicographer, wrote a letter to his neighbors in 1786 in relation to hard times, which reads as though it might have been written this morning. It concludes as follows:

"Never buy any useless clothing. Keep a suit for Sabbath and other public days, but let your common wearing apparel be good substantial clothes and linen of your own manufacture. Let your wives and daughters lay aside their plumes. Feathers and fripperies may suit the Cherokees, or the wench in your kitchen, but they little become the fair daughters of America; out of the dry goods imported you may save 150,000 a year more than enough to pay the interest of our public debts. My countrymen, I am not trifling with you. I am serious; you feel the facts I state; you know you are poor, and ought to know the fault is all your own.

"Are you not satisfied with the food and drink which this country affords? the beef, the pork, the wheat, the corn, the butter, the cheese, the cider, the beer; those luxuries which are heaped in profusion upon your tables? If not, you must expect to be poor. In vain do you wish for mines of gold and silver; a mine would be the greatest curse that could befall this country. There is gold and silver enough in the world, and if you have not enough of it, it is because you consume all you earn in useless food and drink. In vain do you wish to increase the quantity of cash by a mint or by paper emissions. Should it rain millions of dollars into your chimneys, on your present system of expenses you will still have no money. It would leave the country in streams. Trifling not with serious subjects or spend your breath in empty wishes. Reform, economize; this is the whole of your political duty. You may reason, speculate, complain, raise mobs, spend your life railing at Congress and your rulers, but unless you import less than you export—unless you spend less than you earn—you will eternally be poor."

PRINTERS.

Printers sometimes make sad mistakes, especially when the 'copy' furnished is carelessly written, as is frequently the case. For instance, in setting up the expression,—"The devil sows tares," a compositor, whose ideas on theology are not very comprehensive, made it "The devil sows trees!" Another described a clergyman as aged when it should have been able. During the rage of the pussy movement in England, a few years ago, a compositor in Dublin, who was furnished with the copy of a pamphlet of 16 p. p., entitled 'some remarks on the celebrated No. 90,' actually made it, in the running head of the whole 16 pages, 'Some remarks on the celebrated tract No. 60!' Another worthy in the same city, whose name deserves to be rescued from oblivion, but whom we shall call Ned Carroll, in setting a piece of copy for a religious periodical, where it was said, 'And the people trembled before the Lord,' rendered it, 'And the people tumbled before the Lord,' &c.

ARMY HIGH.—A Scotch reformer, lately deceased, was so fully impressed with the idea of always keeping before youth a high standard to aim at, that on one occasion he delivered himself on the hustings of the following magnificent sentiment:—"If I were a chimney-sweep and had a son, I would bring him up with an ambition to sweep out Vesuvius."

EXCESS OF GALLANTRY.—Lola Montez, in one of her lectures on "Beautiful Women," states that in Poland she had seen a lady's shoe taken from her foot and passed up and down the table by all the gentlemen for a drinking cup; "but this was a piece of gallantry which could only be paid to a lady who was celebrated for a beautiful foot."

ADVERTISING.—Will our business men cut out the following lines and paste them on some conspicuous place in their counting rooms? A little liberality in advertising, would be appreciated by the Press, while it would react beneficially to the Advertiser:—

Has created many a new Business; Has enlarged many a small Business; Has revived many a dull Business; Has rescued many a lost Business; Has saved many a failing Business; Has preserved many a large Business; And ensures success in any Business

A VERMONT SELL.

On the banks of the Hudson River, one of the villages that dot its shore, a lot of idlers were standing, seeing which could throw stones the furthest into the stream.—A tall, raw-boned, slab-sided Yankee, and no mistake, came up and looked on. For a while he said nothing till a fellow in a green jacket, the leader of the party, a conceited brood of a boy, began to try his wit on Jonathan.

"You can't come that," said he, as he hurled a stone away into the river.

"May be not," said Jonathan; but up in our country we've a purty big river, considerin', and t'other day I have a man clear across it and he came down fair and square on the other side.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled his auditors.

"Wal, naow, you may laff, but I can do it again."

"Do what?" said the green jacket, quickly.

"I can take and heave you across that river yonder, just like open and shut."

"Bet you ten dollars on it."

"Done," says the Yankee; and drawing forth a X (upon a broken down east bank) he covered the shin-plate of green jacket.

"Kin you swim, feller?"

"Like a duck," said green jacket; and without further delay the Vermont seized the knowing Yorker stoutly by the nape of the neck and the basement of the pants, jerked him from his foothold, and with an almost superhuman effort, dashed the bully heels over head from the bank, some ten yards into the Hudson.

A terrible shout ran through the crowd as he floundered into the water, and amidst the jeers and sneers of his companions the ducked bully put back to the shore and scrambled up the bank, half frozen by his sudden and involuntary cold bath.

"That is the saddest sight I ever saw," said he, "worse, far worse than a scene I have just come from. You recollect that scoundrelly Scotch piper who deserted with Hepburn. He had put himself into one of those stone huts, but the men of his own regiment had found him out, burst into the place, and discovering him in the second story, four of them seized him, two by his hands and two by his feet, and then, chanting meanwhile a dismal Highland croon, they swung him between them, and dashed out his brains against the wall."

"Twenty years have passed since that day, and not many now remain to whom these circumstances are known; but in the lunatic ward of the Kerry County Hospital there is still a tall, grey-haired, soldierly-looking man, who is pointed out as the poor sergeant, whose lady wife followed him through his campaigns, and died on the field of battle."

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

EXACT DATES.—An almanac prefixed to a splendid copy of the Bible printed in 1858, fixes the exact dates on which many important events in scripture history occurred. Thus, it appears, that on the first of January, Noah began to see the tops of the mountains; Christ was baptized January 6th; Paul was converted January 27th. On February 7th, Noah sent the dove out of the ark. Lazarus was raised from the dead March 16th. Mary Magdalene anointed Christ March 22d, and Christ was crucified March 25th. On the first of April, Noah opened the cover of the ark. On the 14th, the mana ceased.—The Israelites passed the Red Sea on the 18th; Moses numbered the people May 1st. Christ ascended into heaven May 5th. Noah entered the ark May 17, and on June 28th the ark was lifted up. Moses broke the tables of stone July 17th, and Aaron died August 1. On Dec. 16th, Ezra commanded the Israelites to leave their strange wives; and on the 28th, Herod slew the Innocents.