

## Poetry.

## FASHIONABLE STREET-SWEEPERS.

Splashing through the gutters,  
Trailing through the mire,  
Mud up to the ankles,  
And a little higher;  
Little boys uproarious  
Cause you show your feet!  
Bloss me! this is glorious,  
Sweeping down the streets!

Bonnet on the shoulders,  
Nose up to the sky;  
Both hands full of founoes,  
Raised a la Shang-high;  
Underskirts bespattered,  
Look amazing neat;  
All your silks get "watered,"  
Sweeping down the street.

Street-sweep at the crossing,  
Says you'll spoil her trade;  
Guesses you're the patent  
"Street-sweep, ready made";  
Gives you a slight jostle  
While she joins your suite;  
Gracious! what a bustle,  
Sweeping down the street.

Hoops of dirt and debris  
Close behind you trailing;  
Joker says, "wet dry-goods  
Make first-rate retailing;"  
Straws, cigar-stumps "catch it,"  
And augment the fleet;  
Goodness! what a freshet,  
Sailing down the street!

If men admire such fashions,  
I wish to heaven they'd try 'em!  
If they'll agree to wear 'em,  
We'll agree to buy 'em.  
They flout our understanding,  
They fetter fast our feet,  
Till we're not left a hand, en  
Passant down the street.

What man can mount Fame's mountain  
Fetter'd in that fashion?  
Or climb old Bunker's stare-case,  
And not get in a passion?  
What man sits down—extinguish'd  
'Neath whale-bones, hoops, complete—  
Content to grow "distinguish'd"  
Sweeping down the street?

Oh! what's the matter—"Gony!"  
Oh! what's the matter—"GRAHAM?"  
Are blooming girls so plenty  
That you must try to slay 'em?  
Then will you give the Bloomer  
With a French name to fit?  
If ye love the fair, don't doom her,  
So LONG to sweep the streets!

## Select Tale.

## ANOTHER MULROONEY STORY

OR

## HOW PETER BOTHERED THE LAWYERS.

BY SYLVANUS URBAD, THE YOUNGER.

What it was took me into the court-room of T—whether unpleasant business, or ignoble curiosity, need not be known, even unto you, dear reader.—The only fact I wish you to understand is, that I was there, and while there it became my fortune to meet once again with my old acquaintance Peter Mulrooney.

When I entered the court-room, there was quite a mixture of jovial Irish and round German faces outside of the iron railing which forms the barrier to encroachments upon the dignity of the bar; and, judging from the broken heads and blackened eyes exhibited by many of the spectators, it was not difficult to surmise that the occasion which had brought them together, was to obtain the plaster of the law for wounds which had been received in one of those spirited rows, which warm up so delightfully the old Celtic heart.

But let me describe the scene. Within the railing, and running from it at right angles, were some seven or eight benches, crowded with quite a respectable number of witnesses, consisting of a delicate sprinkling of all nations. Parallel to the benches, but on opposite sides of the court-room, on elevated seats, sat the terrible jury. The central place was occupied by a fair mahogany table, covered with green cloth, around which were seated quite a number of daintily dressed gentlemen, who styled themselves attorneys-at-law. Seated in the centre and rear, on an elevated platform dominating the humble desk of the clerk, were a couple of grave elderly gentlemen, with keen eyes, and placid faces, whose posts of honor indicated the judicial nature of their functions.

The case, which was already up for hearing, was, as I expected, one of assault and battery. The

facts, as they were dimly elicited, appear to have been as follows:—

The Irish, who were the defendants, had, some short time previous, been invited to wake one Mr. McShane, at a short distance in the country, while, on the same evening, the Germans had been out dancing at one of their customary festive balls.—These two parties returning homewards somewhere in the small hours, met; and meeting, fought; but who began the affray, seemed as difficult of discovery as the philosopher's stone.

Just as I entered, the counsel for the defence was in the act of examining a slip of paper. Presently he said to the clerk:

"Call Peter Mulrooney, if you please."  
"What do you expect to prove by him?" said the attorney for the prosecution.

"A great deal that may take you by surprise," responded the other, with a smile.

"Ah! I dare say," said the prosecuting attorney, whom we shall call Mr. Bibulous, these Irish always hang together."

"Speak your sentiments more plainly," said the other with a laugh; "perhaps you would rather they should hang together."

"I don't know," said Bibulous, who, being of opposite politics to the Irish party in T—, regarded them with no little aversion.

"Peter Mulrooney," cried the clerk.  
"Peter Mulrooney," exclaimed the stentorian crier.

There was no answer beyond a quick shuffling of feet, and an eager whispering, in which a touch of the brogue predominated.

"Silence!" shouted the crier. And then he called out again at the top of his voice—

"Peter Mulrooney."  
"Whist! ye omadhow!" said Peter, who had all this time been standing quietly by the side of the other. "Sure, as I'm not a little gossoon lost in a crowd, there's no need to bellow after me like a great bull calf."

"Why didn't you answer then?" said the crier, surlily.

"Arrah, betther manners to ye!" retorted Peter. "Would I be afther disturbin' their honors in that dirty way; an' I a gentleman of standin' and a tacher of the deencies?"

"You swear Mr. Mulrooney," said the clerk, preferring the book.

"Do you take me for a haythen?" said Peter indignantly. "Sure its not respectful to swear in a court of justice."

"But you must swear," said the clerk, sharply.

"Did yer honors iver hear the likes o' that?" said Peter, appealing to the Bench. "A christian man, an' a decent lookin' man too, barrin' he has lost his crop of hair intirely—an' put on a strange lookin' thatch,—the clerk wore a wig—to make me vulgariously an' feloniously swear before the face of yer honors, an' the gentlemen of the jury, an' the gentlemen of the bar. Oh! but the vartue in me won't let me do that same."

"Mulrooney," said one of the judges, striving to repress the quivering about the muscles of his lips—his associate was stuffing a white handkerchief into his mouth—"Mulrooney, you must be aware that it is always necessary for a witness to take an oath before he can be permitted to give evidence at the bar."

"Sure, sir, I know," said Peter, innocently.

"That is what the clerk requires of you," continued the judge, who added, with a faint attempt at gravity; "you will also recollect that it is our duty to commit any one to prison for contemptuous behaviour in court."

"Long life to yer honor," said Peter, "sorra a bit I'll disgrace myself by hurtin' the feelins of any respectable gray-haired gentleman like yourself, or yer honor's brother yonder, who is aitin' his white handkercher to stop to stop the hunger pain. Deed, sir, I'd take grate shame to myself if I did."

"Swear him," said the judge, nodding hastily to the clerk, and sinking back in his well-cushioned seat.

"Now, Mr. Mulrooney," said the counsel for his friends, "tell us what you may know about this affair."

Peter's story is perfect rignarole. He had been to his friend McShane's wake—he had returned from it—his friends got into trouble with the Germans, but as to how the affray commenced, his memory, clear enough before, became suddenly very hazy. All that he could recollect was that sundry of the Irish being soundly pummelled by the Germans, pummelled quite as soundly their antagonists in return.

The cross-examination now commenced, and as Peter caught up and repelled every move of the keen-witted attorney, the contest between native shrewdness and cultivated sharpness, became gradually very exciting.

"Well, Mr. Mulrooney," said the Attorney, "you say you left home in the evening, to assist in

observing this national custom of yours. About what time in the evening?"

"Deed, sir," replied Peter with the utmost simplicity, "but that bates me to say. 'Twas betwixt and betwixt sun-down and moon-rise."

"You are at least sure of that, I suppose," said the attorney, quickly.

"Oh, by the powers! that I am," said Peter, with a keen twinkle of the eye.

"Have you an almanac, Mr. Clerk; pray see at what time the sun set and the moon rose on the eighth of April last."

"Sun set on the ighth of April," drawled the clerk, in his usual nasal tone, "at twenty four minutes after six, and the moon rose twenty eight minutes after eleven."

There was a sudden roar throughout the Court like the surge of a wave upon the sea beach; the face of the prosecuting attorney flushed crimson, while Peter Mulrooney looked the very picture of unconscious innocence.

"You must speak to the point, witness," said the judge, with all the sharpness he could command.

"Your answer is impertinent."  
"Troth, yer honor," said Peter respectfully, "it's sorry I am for that. Sure, 'tis the truth I'm tellin' by vartue of my oath."

"What o'clock in the evening was it, sir," said the prosecuting attorney, whose red nose was now getting fiery.

"Sorra bit I know," said Peter.  
"Think; fix upon some daily occurrence for your guide, and tell the jury if it was before or after."

"Oh!" said Peter, apparently reflecting a little, "it was afther tay."

"Ah, now we shall get at it," exclaimed Mr. Bibulous triumphantly. "It was after tea, you say. Well, sir, at what hour do you usually take your tea?"

"That depends upon convenience," said Peter, with an air of the most profound thought.—"Sometimes we have tay for dinner, and sometimes we have dinner for tay."

The attorney looked vexed. "I want to know your usual hour for taking the evening meal we call tea. Is it four, five, six, seven, or eight o'clock?"

"Yes, sir, that's the truth!" said Peter, nodding his head.

"Which of those hours?" said the attorney, sharply.

"If it would be pleasing you not to be afther bothering a poor boy, I'd be thankful," said Peter.

"It's little I know about the one hour or the other we drive the tay time up and down the night so."

"The attorney bit his lips—"Are you married, sir?" said he.

"Oh, but that does be bothering me intirely.—Sure I think so."

"What! don't you know whether you are married or not?"

"Aisy—aisy, if you please—sure 'tis a troublesome question to answer, any way, an' that's no lie. Mistress Biddy Conolly courted and married me wanst; but it strikes me that I must be a widdy now."

"A widower, you mean; I suppose your wife is dead, then?"

"Who, Biddy Conolly? Troth, sir, it's my serious opinion the fat ould woman is presarin' herself for another husband twenty years forenent us."

"You are divorced, are you?" said the attorney, looking significantly at the jury, as much as to say, "Ha! ha! here's a pretty witness for you!"

"Divorced, not a bit of it," said Peter quietly.

"Separated then?"

"That's it," said Peter, and then bursting out into a low, rich laugh, he added, "Oh, by the morial, but it was glad I was when Michael Connolly came back from his shipwreck, and aised me shoulders of the matrimonial desaver."

"When you reached the house of the late Mr. McShane, what did you and your party do?"

"Wint in, sir!" said Peter, with the utmost simplicity.

"What next?"

"Gave Dennis McShane as decent a wake as ever was seen out of ould Ireland."

"Now Mr. Mulrooney, you have told us you were present when this riot took place. I wish you to state distinctly who began it?"

"I'd like to know, as it plase ye," said Peter, humbly, as he smoothed the crown of his hat, "I'd like to know as a wise and a understanding gentleman like yourself, if ye can tell me when two dark clouds come thegither, an' strike fightin', which of the two struck first."

"This is no answer. Clouds cannot be compared with two parties of drunken men."

"I think the answer quite pertinent," said the attorney for the defence, with a smile; "for both clouds and men appear to have been charged with the fluid."

"Ah, ha!" said Mr. Bibulous, nodding significantly at Peter; "ah, ha! the man is no fool, I see!"

"I'd be sorry to consradict your experience," said Peter smoothly; "an' to be equal, I'd like to return the compliment, but for the vartue of me oath."

"What kind of a piece of road was it where this affray took place," said the attorney, angrily; "was it straight or crooked?"

"Natherally it was as straight and purty a piece of road as ye'd like to look at; but circumstantially, it was as crooked as a gentleman that has lost his timper," said Peter.

"How do you make that out?"

"Sure it was the liquor that made the difference."  
"Oh, then you confess to your party having been drunk."

"It's my serious opinion that it was them Germans that was bairn' about like a wreck at say! and that my friends behaved themselves like decent gentlemen, but it's not aisy to say."

"When you were at McShane's did you eat and drink?"

"Sure, sir, what did we go there for? Would ye have us starvin wid the hunger, on an occasion the likes of that?"

"Certainly not—of course, certainly not. Now please to tell the jury what the refreshments consisted of?"

"Lashin's of atin' and dhrinkin," said Peter, boldly.

"Never mind the eating; what kind of drink had you?"

"Potecn!" said Peter "wid the thru flavor of the pots about it."

"Potecn! potecn!" said the lawyer, as if affecting ignorance of the liquor. "Pray, Mr. Mulrooney, will you oblige me by explaining what potecn is?"

"Arra," said Peter, slyly casting his eyes at the rubicund nose of the questioner, "as if ye diln't know!"

The prosecuting attorney, with his obnoxious nasal organ growing redder and redder, turned to the bench and gesticulated vehemently. What he said could not be heard amid the storm of laughter.

"Silence!" shouted the crier.

"Witness," said the judge, absolutely snorting in the effort to maintain a becoming gravity.—"Witness, this cannot be allowed any longer.—What is the reason you evade a direct reply to the questioner? Answer him; he must be answered."

"Troth, sir, I'll do that thing. The reason?—Sure I suppose it was makin' fun of me he was."

"Why should you suppose that?" said the attorney, fiercely.

"Bekase, as I looked at your Vesuvius of a nose I thought you must be well acquainted with the crater."

The judges fell back and exploded; the prosecuting attorney sunk into a chair as if a ten pound shot had fallen suddenly upon his head; the auditors were almost purple in the face; and there stood Peter, looking all about him with a sort of inquiring wonder upon his face, as if utterly unconscious of any cause for such a noisy outbreak.

"Have you done with the witness?" inquired the counsel for the defence.

"Let him go," said the attorney sharply; "I can do nothing with him."

Peter's eyes now fairly twinkled. As he left the box, he threw down the corners of his mouth with the most sovereign contempt.

"Augh!" he muttered. "It ud take a dozen little red nosed men to bate Pether Mulrooney, ayther with the tongue or the shillelah, I does be thinkin'."

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away into the night of age and the shadows of past years grow deeper, as life wears on to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter and hearts to rejoice us, and friends have been gathered together around our firesides, then the rough places of our wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away. In the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the holier feeling, or broken the musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching, in the evening of age!

A law, we are informed, has recently passed the Legislature of Maine, and received the approval of the Governor, which permits foreigners to be owners of landed property in that State.

Accounts from Tiflis, via. St. Petersburg, mention that Gen. Williams had left for Moscow, in improved health.