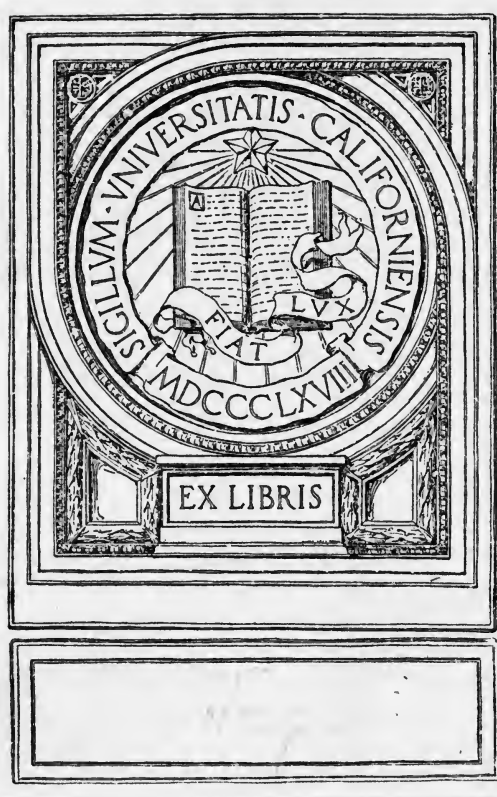




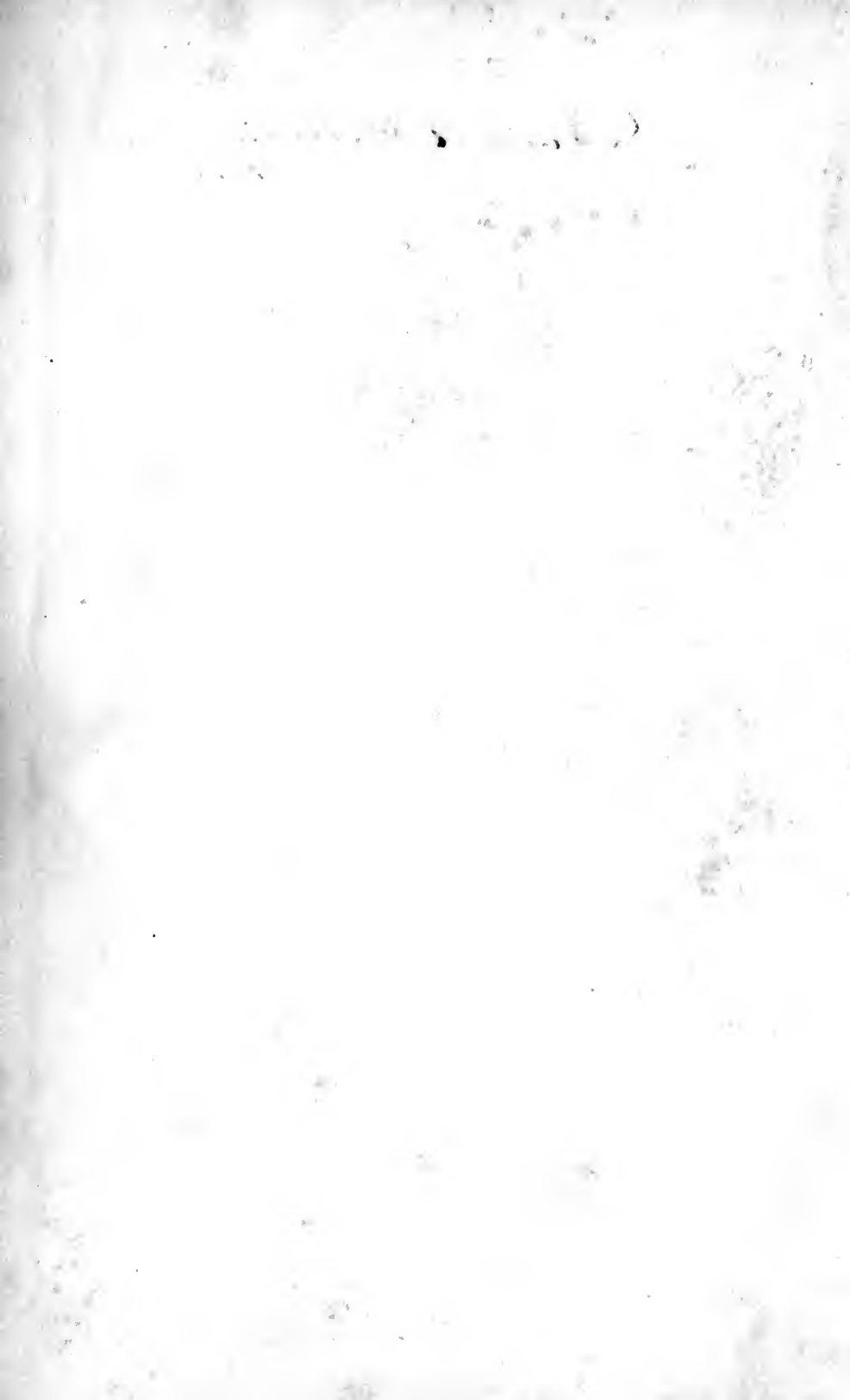
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David R B Kevin

1846





THE  
NEW-YORK BOOK.



NEW-YORK.  
GEO. DEARBORN, PUBLISHER

1837.

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THE  
NEW-YORK BOOK  
OF  
POETRY.

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"Patriæ fumus igne alieno luculentior."

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

NEW-YORK:  
GEORGE DEARBORN, PUBLISHER,  
NO. 38 GOLD STREET.

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NEW-YORK:  
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No. 38 Gold Street.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE work here presented to the Public is compiled from the poetical writings of natives of the State of New-York. The chief object in making the collection was to give 'a local habitation and a name' to fugitive pieces, which, though deemed worthy of being thus preserved, have hitherto been circulated in the newspapers and periodicals solely. It was thought well, however, by way of giving completeness to the work, to embody with the rest specimens of those New-York poets whose writings have been already collected in another shape. The design of executing such a work only suggested itself to the Publisher a fortnight before the last sheet was put to press; and as he was desirous that THE NEW-YORK BOOK should appear at the season when the annuals and other similar publications are most in request, those who have aided him in the compilation have perhaps vainly attempted to make up in industry for the want of time. Under the most favourable circumstances, however, it would be idle to attempt making such a collection what it ought to be in a single volume. The field of our Anthology is wider than any casual observer could conceive; and even in thus rapidly exploring it, the sources of so many new specimens have been indicated that it is hoped the reception of this volume will be such as to warrant the Publisher in soon following it up by another of the same character.

33 Gold Street, Dec. 24, 1836.



## LIST OF WRITERS.

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POEMS.

---

THOUGHTS OF A STUDENT.

BY JONATHAN LAWRENCE, JUN.

*Ob*: 1833, *æt.* 25.

MANY a sad, sweet thought have I,  
Many a passing, sunny gleam,  
Many a bright tear in mine eye,  
Many a wild and wandering dream,  
Stolen from hours I should have tied  
To musty volumes by my side,  
Given to hours that sweetly wooed  
My heart from its study's solitude.

Oft when the south wind's dancing free  
Over the earth and in the sky,  
And the flowers peep softly out to see  
The frolic Spring as she wantons by,  
When the breeze and beam like thieves come in,  
To steal me away, I deem it sin  
To slight their voice, and away I'm straying  
Over the hills and vales a Maying.

Then can I hear the earth rejoice,  
Happier than man may ever be,  
Every fountain hath then a voice  
That sings of its glad festivity;  
For it hath burst the chains, that bound  
Its currents dead in the frozen ground,  
And flashing away in the sun has gone,  
Singing, and singing, and singing on.

Autumn hath sunset hours, and then  
Many a musing mood I cherish,  
Many a hue of fancy, when  
The hues of earth are about to perish;  
Clouds are there, and brighter, I ween,  
Hath real sunset never seen,  
Sad as the faces of friends that die,  
And beautiful as their memory.

Love hath its thoughts, we cannot keep,  
Visions the mind may not control,  
Waking as fancy does in sleep  
The secret transports of the soul,  
Faces and forms are strangely mingled,  
Till one by one they're slowly singled,  
To the voice and lip, and eye of her  
I worship like an idolater.

Many a big, proud tear have I,  
When from my sweet and roaming track,  
From the green earth and misty sky,  
And spring and love I hurry back;  
Then what a dismal, dreary gloom  
Settles upon my loathed room,  
Darker to every thought and sense  
Than if they had never travelled thence.

Yet, I have other thoughts that cheer  
The toilsome day, and lonely night,  
And many a scene and hope appear,  
And almost make me gay and bright.  
Honour and fame that I would win,  
Though every toil that yet hath been  
Were doubly borne, and not an hour  
Were brightly hued by Fancy's power.

And though I may sometimes sigh to think  
Of earth and heaven, and wind and sea,  
And know that the cup which others drink  
Shall never be brimmed by me ;  
That many a joy must be untasted,  
And many a glorious breeze be wasted,  
Yet would not, if I dared, repine,  
That toil and study and care are mine.

---

## THE SETTLER.

BY A. B. STREET.

His echoing axe the settler swung  
Amid the sea-like solitude,  
And rushing, thundering, down were flung  
The Titans of the wood ;  
Loud shriek'd the eagle as he dash'd  
From out his mossy nest, which crash'd  
With its supporting bough,  
And the first sunlight, leaping, flash'd  
On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb, and strong the frame,  
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil :  
To form that garb, the wild-wood game  
Contributed their spoil ;  
The soul, that warm'd that frame, disdain'd  
The tinsel, gaud, and glare, that reign'd  
Where men their crowds collect ;  
The simple fur, untrimm'd, unstain'd,  
This forest tamer deck'd.

The paths which wound 'mid gorgeous trees,  
The stream whose bright lips kiss'd their flowers,  
The winds that swell'd their harmonies  
Through those sun-hiding bowers,  
The temple vast—the green arcade,  
The nestling vale—the grassy glade,  
Dark cave and swampy lair ;  
These scenes and sounds majestic, made  
His world, his pleasures, there.

His roof adorn'd a pleasant spot,  
'Mid the black logs green glow'd the grain,  
And herbs and plants the woods knew not,  
Throve in the sun and rain.  
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,  
The low—the bleat—the tinkling bell,  
All made a landscape strange,  
Which was the living chronicle  
Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at Spring's first tinge,  
The rose of Summer spread its glow,  
The maize hung out its Autumn fringe,  
Rude Winter brought his snow ;  
And still the lone one labour'd there,



His shout and whistle woke the air,  
As cheerily he plied  
His garden spade, or drove his share  
Along the hillock's side.

He mark'd the fire-storm's blazing flood  
Roaring and crackling on its path,  
And scorching earth, and melting wood,  
Beneath its greedy wrath ;  
He mark'd the rapid whirlwind shoot,  
Trampling the pine tree with its foot,  
And darkening thick the day  
With streaming bough and sever'd root,  
Hurl'd whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yell'd, his rifle flash'd,  
The grim bear hush'd his savage growl,  
In blood and foam the panther gnash'd  
His fangs, with dying howl ;  
The fleet deer ceas'd its flying bound,  
Its snarling wolf-foe bit the ground,  
And with its moaning cry,  
The beaver sank beneath the wound  
Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race !  
When Liberty sent forth her cry,  
Who throng'd in Conflict's deadliest place,  
To fight—to bleed—to die.  
Who cumber'd Bunker's height of red,  
By hope, through weary years were led,  
And witness'd York Town's sun  
Blaze on a Nation's banner spread,  
A Nation's freedom won.

## THE WORST.

BY W. H. VINING.

*Ob: 1822, at. 28.*

OH, I have lived through keenest care,  
 And still may live through more,  
 We know not what the heart can bear,  
 Until the worst be o'er ;  
 The *worst* is not when fears assail,  
 Before the shaft has sped,  
 Nor when we kiss the visage, pale  
 And beautiful, though dead.  
 Oh, then the heart is nerved to cope  
 With danger and distress,  
 The very impulse left by hope  
 Will make despair seem less ;  
 Then all is life—acute, intense,  
 The thoughts in tumult tost,  
 So reels the mind with wildered sense,  
 It knows not what is lost.  
 But when that shuddering scene is past,  
 When earth receives her own,  
 And, wrench'd from what it loved, at last  
 The heart is left alone ;  
 When all is gone—our hopes and fears  
 All buried in one tomb,  
 And we have dried the source of tears,  
 There comes a settled gloom.  
 Then comes the *worst*, the undying thought  
 That broods within the breast,  
 Because its loveliest one *is not*,  
 And what are all the rest ?

## MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

*Written at West Point.*

I'M not romantic, but, upon my word,  
 There are some moments when one can't help feeling  
 As if his heart's chords were so strongly stirred  
 By things around him, that 'tis vain concealing  
 A little music in his soul still lingers  
 Whene'er its keys are touched by Nature's fingers :

And even here, upon this settee lying,  
 With many a sleepy traveller near me snoozing,  
 Thoughts warm and wild are through my bosom flying,  
 Like founts when first into the sunshine oozing :  
 For who can look on mountain, sky, and river,  
 Like these, and then be cold and calm as ever ?

Bright Dian, who, Camilla like, dost skim yon  
 Azure fields—Thou who, once earthward bending,  
 Didst loose thy virgin zone to young Endymion  
 On dewy Latmos to his arms descending—  
 Thou whom the world of old on every shore,  
 Type of thy sex, *Triformis*, did adore :

Tell me—where'er thy silver barque be steering,  
 By bright Italian or soft Persian lands,  
 Or o'er those island-studded seas careering,  
 Whose pearl-charged waves dissolve on coral strands—  
 Tell if thou visitest, thou heavenly rover,  
 A lovelier spot than this the wide world over ?

Doth Achelōus or Araxes flowing

Twin-born from Pindus, but ne'er meeting brothers—  
 Doth Tagus o'er his golden pavement glowing,  
 Or cradle-freighted Ganges, the reproach of mothers,  
 The storied Rhine, or far-famed Guadalquiver,  
 Match they in beauty my own glorious river?

What though no turret gray nor ivied column

Along these cliffs their sombre ruins rear?  
 What though no frowning tower nor temple solemn  
 Of despots tell and superstition here—  
 What though that mouldering fort's fast-crumbling walls  
 Did ne'er enclose a baron's bannered halls—

Its sinking arches once gave back as proud

An echo to the war-blown clarion's peal,  
 As gallant hearts its battlements did crowd  
 As ever beat beneath a vest of steel,  
 When herald's trump on knighthood's haughtiest day  
 Called forth chivalric host to battle fray:

For here amid these woods did He keep court,

Before whose mighty soul the common crowd  
 Of heroes, who alone for fame have fought,  
 Are like the Patriarch's sheaves to Heav'n's chos'n bowed—  
 He who his country's eagle taught to soar,  
 And fired those stars which shine o'er every shore.

And sights and sounds at which the world have wondered,

Within these wild ravines have had their birth;  
 Young Freedom's cannon from these glens have thundered,  
 And sent their startling echoes o'er the earth;  
 And not a verdant glade nor mountain hoary  
 But treasures up within the glorious story.

And yet not rich in high-souled memories only,  
Is every moon-touched headland round me gleaming,  
Each cavernous glen and leafy valley lonely,  
And silver torrent o'er the bald rock streaming:  
But such soft fancies here may breathe around,  
As make Vaocluse and Clarens hallow'd ground.

Where, tell me where, pale watcher of the night—  
Thou that to love so oft hast lent its soul,  
Since the lorn Lesbian languished 'neath thy light,  
Or fiery Romeo to his Juliet stole—  
Where dost thou find a fitter place on earth  
To nurse young love in hearts like theirs to birth?

But now, bright Peri of the skies, descending  
Thy pearly car hangs o'er yon mountain's crest,  
And Night, more nearly now each step attending,  
As if to hide thy envied place of rest,  
Closes at last thy very couch beside,  
A matron curtaining a virgin bride.

Farewell! Though tears on every leaf are starting,  
While through the shadowy boughs thy glances quiver,  
As of the good when heavenward hence departing,  
Shines thy last smile upon the placid river.  
So—could I fling o'er glory's tide one ray—  
Would I too steal from this dark world away.

## ANACREONTIC.

BY A. H. BOGART.

*Ob: 1826, ct. 22.*

THE flying joy through life we seek  
 For once is ours—the wine we sip  
 Blushes like Beauty's glowing cheek,  
     To meet our eager lip.

Round with the ringing glass once more !  
 Friends of my youth and of my heart—  
 No magic can this hour restore —  
     Then crown it ere we part.

Ye are my friends, my chosen ones —  
 Whose blood would flow with fervour true  
 For me—and free as this wine runs  
     Would mine, by Heaven ! for you.

Yet, mark me ! When a few short years  
 Have hurried on their journey fleet,  
 Not one that now my accents hears  
     Will know me when we meet.

Though now, perhaps, with proud disdain,  
 The startling thought ye scarce will brook,  
 Yet, trust me, we'll be strangers then  
     In heart as well as look.

Fame's luring voice, and woman's wile,  
 Will soon break youthful friendship's chain—  
 But shall that cloud to-night's bright smile ?  
     No—pour the wine again !

## ADDRESS TO BLACK HAWK.

BY EDWARD SANFORD.

**T**HERE'S beauty on thy brow, old chief! the high  
 And manly beauty of the Roman mould,  
 And the keen flashing of thy full dark eye  
 Speaks of a heart that years have not made cold ;  
 Of passions scathed not by the blight of time,  
 Ambition, that survives the battle route.  
 The man within thee scorns to play the mime  
 To gaping crowds that compass thee about.  
 Thou walkest, with thy warriors by thy side,  
 Wrapped in fierce hate, and high unconquered pride.

Chief of a hundred warriors ! dost thou yet—  
 Vanquished and captive—dost thou deem that here—  
 The glowing day star of thy glory set—  
 Dull night has closed upon thy bright career ?  
 Old forest lion, caught and caged at last,  
 Dost pant to roam again thy native wild ?  
 To gloat upon the life blood flowing fast  
 Of thy crushed victims ; and to slay the child,  
 To dabble in the gore of wives and mothers,  
 And kill, old Turk ! thy harmless pale-faced brothers ?

For it was cruel, Black Hawk, thus to flutter  
 The dove-cotes of the peaceful pioneers,  
 To let thy tribe commit such fierce, and utter  
 Slaughter among the folks of the frontiers.  
 Though thine be old, hereditary hate,  
 Begot in wrongs, and nursed in blood, until  
 It had become a madness, 'tis too late  
 To crush the hordes who have the power, and will,  
 To rob thee of thy hunting grounds, and fountains,  
 And drive thee backward to the Rocky Mountains.

Spite of thy looks of cold indifference,  
 There's much thou'st seen that must excite thy wonder,  
 Wakes not upon thy quick and startled sense  
 The cannon's harsh and pealing voice of thunder?  
 Our big canoes, with white and wide-spread wings,  
 That sweep the waters, as birds sweep the sky;—  
 Our steamboats, with their iron lungs, like things  
 Of breathing life, that dash and hurry by?  
 Or if thou scorn'st the wonders of the ocean,  
 What think'st thou of our railroad locomotion?

Thou'st seen our Museums, beheld the dummies  
 That grin in darkness in their coffin cases;  
 What think'st thou of the art of making mummies,  
 So that the worms shrink from their dry embraces?  
 Thou'st seen the mimic tyrants of the stage  
 Strutting, in paint and feathers, for an hour;  
 Thou'st heard the bellowing of their tragic rage,  
 Seen their eyes glisten, and their dark brows lower.  
 Anon, thou'st seen them, when their wrath cool'd down,  
 Pass in a moment from a king—to clown.



Thou see'st these things unmoved, say'st so, old fellow ?

Then tell us, have the white man's glowing daughters  
Set thy cold blood in motion ? Has't been mellow

By a sly cup or so of our fire waters ?

They are thy people's deadliest poison. They

First make them cowards, and then, white men's slaves,  
And sloth, and penury, and passion's prey,

And lives of misery, and early graves.

For by their power, believe me, not a day goes,  
But kills some Foxés, Sacs, and Winnebagoes.

Say, does thy wandering heart stray far away ?

To the deep bosom of thy forest home,

The hill side, where thy young papposes play,

And ask, amid their sports, when thou wilt come ?

Come not the wailings of thy gentle squaws,

For their lost warrior, loud upon thine ear,

Piercing athwart the thunder of huzzas,

That, yelled at every corner, meet thee here ?

The wife who made that shell-decked wampum belt,

Thy rugged heart must think of her, and melt.

Chafes not thy heart, as chafes the panting breast

Of the caged bird against his prison bars,

That thou, the crowned warrior of the west,

The victor of a hundred forest wars,

Should'st in thy age, become a raree show

Led, like a walking bear, about the town,

A new caught monster, who is all the go,

And stared at gratis, by the gaping clown ?

Boils not thy blood, while thus thou'rt led about,

The sport and mockery of the rabble rout ?

Whence came thy cold philosophy? whence came,  
 Thou tearless, stern, and uncomplaining one,  
 The power that taught thee thus to veil the flame  
 Of thy fierce passions? Thou despisest fun,  
 And thy proud spirit scorns the white men's glee,  
 Save thy fierce sport, when at the funeral pile,  
 Of a bound warrior in his agony,  
 Who meets thy horrid laugh with dying smile.  
 Thy face, in length, reminds one of a Quaker's,  
 Thy dances, too, are solemn as a Shaker's.

Proud scion of a noble stem! thy tree  
 Is blanched, and bare, and seared, and leafless now.  
 I'll not insult its fallen majesty,  
 Nor drive with careless hand, the ruthless plough  
 Over its roots. Torn from its parent mould,  
 Rich, warm and deep, its fresh, free, balmy air,  
 No second verdure quickens in our cold  
 New, barren earth; no life sustains it there.  
 But even though prostrate, 'tis a noble thing,  
 Though crownless, powerless, "every inch a king."

Give us thy hand, old nobleman of nature,  
 Proud ruler of the forest aristocracy;  
 The best of blood glows in thy every feature,  
 And thy curled lip speaks scorn for our democracy,  
 Thou wear'st thy titles on that godlike brow;  
 Let him who doubts them, meet thine eagle eye,  
 He'll quail beneath its glance, and disavow  
 All question of thy noble family;  
 For thou may'st here become, with strict propriety,  
 A leader in our city good society.

LINES ON A SKULL DUG UP BY THE PLOUGH.

[*From the German of Friedrich Kind.*]

BY D. SEYMOUR.

COULDST thou not sleep upon thy mother's breast?  
 Was't thou, ere day dawned, wakened from thy slumbers?  
 Did earth deny to thee the quiet rest  
 She grants to all her children's countless numbers?  
 In narrow bed they sleep away the hours  
 Beneath the winter's frost, the summer's flowers;  
 No shade protects thee from the sun's fierce glow,  
 Thy only winding-sheet the pitying snow.

How naked art thou! Pale is now that face  
 Which once, no doubt, was blooming—deeply dinted,  
 A gaping wound doth thy broad brow deface;  
 Was't by the sword or careless plough imprinted?  
 Where are the eyes whose glances once were lightning!  
 No soul is in their hollow sockets brightening;  
 Yet do they gaze on me, now fierce, now sad,  
 As though I power o'er thy destiny had.

I did not from thy gloomy mansion spurn thee  
 To gaze upon the sun that gilds these fields;  
 But on my pilgrim staff I lift and turn thee,  
 And try if to my spells thy silence yields;  
 Wert thou my brother once—and did those glances  
 Respond to love's and friendship's soft advances?  
 Has then a spirit in this frame-work slept?  
 Say, hast thou loved and hated, smiled and wept?

What, silent still!—wilt thou make no disclosure?  
 Is the grave's sleep indeed so cool and still?  
 Say, dost thou suffer from this rude exposure?  
 Hast thou then lost all thought, emotion, will?  
 Or has thy soul, that once within thee centered,  
 On a new field of life and duty entered?  
 Do flesh and spirit still in thee entwine,  
 Dost thou still call this mouldering skull-bone *thine*?

Who wert thou once? what brought thee to these regions,  
 The murderer or the murdered to be?  
 Wert thou enrolled in mercenary legions,  
 Or didst thou Honour's banner follow free?  
 Didst thou desire to be enrolled in story,  
 Didst fight for freedom, peace, truth, gold, or glory?  
 The sword which here dropped from thy helpless hand,  
 Was it the scourge or guardian of the land?

Even yet, for thee, beyond yon dim blue mountains,  
 The tear may tremble in a mother's eye,  
 And as approaching death dries up life's fountains,  
 Thou to her thoughts and prayers may'st still be nigh;  
 Perhaps thy orphans still for thee are crying,  
 Perhaps thy friends for thy return are sighing,  
 And dream not that upon this little hill  
 The dews of night upon thy skull distil.

Or wert thou one of the accursed banditti  
 Who wrought such outrage on fair Germany?  
 Who made the field a desert, fired the city,  
 Defiled the pure, and captive led the free?  
 Didst thou, in disposition fierce and hellish,  
 Thy span of life with deeds like these embellish?  
 Then—God of righteousness! to thee belongs,  
 Not unto us, to judge and right our wrongs.

The sun already toward the west is tending,  
 His rays upon thy hollow temples strike ;  
 Thou heed'st them not ; heed'st not the rains, descending  
 On good and bad, just and unjust alike.  
 The mild, cool breeze of even is round me playing,  
 Sweet perfume from the woods and fields are straying ;  
 Rich grain now waves where lances bristled then ;  
 Thus do all things proclaim God's love to men.

Whoe'er thou wert, who by a fellow-mortal  
 Were hurried out of life ; we are at peace ;  
 Thus I return thee to the grave's dark portal,  
 Revenge and hatred on this spot should cease.  
 Rest where thy mouldering skeleton reposes,  
 And may the perfume of the forest roses  
 Waft thoughts of peace to every wanderer's breast !  
 Thou restless one ! return thee to thy rest.

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S O N G .

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

I KNOW thou dost love me—ay ! frown as thou wilt,  
 And curl that beautiful lip  
 Which I never can gaze on without the guilt  
 Of burning its dew to sip.  
 I know that my heart is reflected in thine,  
 And, like flowers that over a brook incline,  
 They toward each other dip.

Though thou lookest so cold in these halls of light,  
 'Mid the careless, proud, and gay,  
 I will steal like a thief in thy heart at night,  
 And pilfer its thoughts away.  
 I will come in thy dreams at the midnight hour,  
 And thy soul in secret shall own the power  
 It dares to mock by day.

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## THE MINISINK.

BY A. B. STREET.

ENCIRCLED by the screening shade,  
 With scatter'd bush, and bough,  
 And grassy slopes, a pleasant glade  
 Is spread before me now ;  
 The wind that shows its forest search  
 By the sweet fragrance of the birch  
 Is whispering on my brow,  
 And the mild sunshine flickers through  
 The soft white cloud and summer blue.

Far to the North, the Delaware  
 Flows mountain-curv'd along,  
 By forest bank, by summit bare,  
 It bends in rippling song ;  
 Receiving in each eddying nook  
 The waters of the vassal brook,  
 It sweeps more deep and strong ;  
 Round yon green island it divides,  
 And by this quiet woodland glides.

The ground bird flutters from the grass  
That hides her tiny nest,  
The startled deer, as by I pass,  
Bounds in the thicket's breast ;  
The red-bird rears his crimson wing  
From the long fern of yonder spring,  
A sweet and peaceful rest  
Breathes o'er the scene, where once the sound  
Of battle shook the gory ground.

Long will the shuddering hunter tell  
How once, in vengeful wrath,  
Red warriors raised their fiercest yell  
And trod their bloodiest path ;  
How oft the sire—the babe—the wife  
Shriek'd vain beneath the scalping knife  
'Mid havoc's fiery scathe ;  
Until the boldest quail'd to mark,  
Wrapp'd round the woods, Night's mantle dark.

At length the fisher furl'd his sail  
Within the shelter'd creek,  
The hunter trod his forest trail  
The mustering band to seek ;  
The settler cast his axe away,  
And grasp'd his rifle for the fray,  
All came, revenge to wreak—  
With the rude arms that chance supplied,  
And die, or conquer, side by side.

Behind the footsteps of their foe,  
They rush'd, a gallant throng,  
Burning with haste, to strike a blow  
For each remembered wrong ;

Here on this field of Minisink,  
 Fainting they sought the river's brink  
     Where cool waves gush'd along ;  
 No sound within the woods they heard,  
 But murmuring wind and warbling bird.

A shriek !—'tis but the panther's—nought  
     Breaks the calm sunshine there,  
 A thicket stirs !—a deer has sought  
     From sight a closer lair ;  
 Again upon the grass they droop,  
 When burst the well-known whoop on whoop  
     Shrill, deafening on the air,  
 And bounding from their ambush'd gloom,  
 Like wolves the savage warriors come.

In vain upsprung that gallant band  
     And seized their weapons by,  
 Fought eye to eye, and hand to hand,  
     Alas ! 'twas but to die ;  
 In vain the rifle's skilful flash  
 Scorch'd eagle plume and wampum sash ;  
     The hatchet hiss'd on high,  
 And down they fell in crimson heaps,  
 Like the ripe corn the sickle reaps.

In vain they sought the covert dark,  
     The red knife gash'd each head,  
 Each arrow found unerring mark,  
     Till earth was pil'd with dead.  
 Oh ! long the matron watch'd, to hear  
 Some voice and footstep meet her ear,  
     Till hope grew faint with dread ;  
 Long did she search the wood-paths o'er,  
 That voice and step she heard no more.



Years have pass'd by, the merry bee  
 Hums round the laurel flowers,  
 The mock-bird pours her melody  
 Amid the forest bowers ;  
 A skull is at my feet, though now  
 The wild rose wreathes its bony brow,  
 Relic of other hours.  
 It bids the wandering pilgrim think  
 Of those who died at Minisink.

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MORNING MUSINGS AMONG THE HILLS.

BY JONATHAN LAWRENCE, JUN.

THE morn ! the morn, this mountain breeze,  
 How pure it seems, from earth how free ;  
 What sweet and sad moralities  
 Breathe from this air that comes to me.

Look down, my spirit ! see below,  
 Earth darkly sleeps were shades prevail,  
 Or wakes to tears that vainly flow,  
 Or dreams of hopes that surely fail.

Why should'st thou linger there, and burn  
 With passions like these fools of time ?  
 Unfold thy wings, their follies spurn,  
 And soar to yon eternal clime.

Look round, my spirit ! to these hills  
The earliest sunlight lends its ray ;  
Morning's pure air these far heights fills,  
Here evening holiest steals away.

Thus when with firm-resolving breast,  
Though bound to earth thou liv'st on high,  
Shalt thou with earlier light be blest,  
More purely live, more calmly die.

This darkling dawn, doth it not bring  
Visions of former glory back ?  
Arouse, my spirit ! plume thy wing,  
And soar with me on holier track.

Canst thou not with unclouded eye,  
And fancy-rapt, the scene survey,  
When darkness bade its shadows fly,  
And earth rose glorious into day ?

Canst thou not see that earth, its Spring  
Unfaded yet by death or crime,  
In freshest green, yet mellowing  
Into the gorgeous Autumn's prime ?

Dost thou not see the eternal choir  
Light on each peak that woos the sky,  
Fold their broad wings of golden fire,  
And string their seraph minstrelsy ?

Then what sublimest music filled  
Rejoicing heaven and rising earth,  
When angel harps the chorus swelled,  
And stars hymned forth creation's birth.

See how the sun comes proudly on  
 His glorious march ! before our sight  
 The swathing mists, their errand done,  
 Are melting into morning light.

He tips the peak, its dark clouds fly,  
 He walks its sides, and shades retreat ;  
 He pours his flood of radiancy  
 On streams and lowlands at its feet.

Lord ! let thy rays thus pierce, illumine  
 Each dim recess within my heart ;  
 From its deep darkness chase all gloom,  
 And to its weakness strength impart.

Thus let thy light upon me rise,  
 Here let my home for ever be ;  
 Far above earth, its toys and ties,  
 Yet humbly kneeling, Lord, to thee !

---

S O N G .

BY J. R. DRAKE.

*Ob: 1820, et. 25.*

NAY, think not, dear Lais, I feel a regret  
 That another awakened thy sigh,  
 Or repine that some traces remain of it yet  
 In the beam of that eloquent eye.

Though the light of its smile on a rival had shone  
 Ere it taught me the way to adore,  
 Shall I scorn the bright gem now I know it my own,  
 Because it was polished before ?

And though oft the rich sweets of that lip hath been won,  
 It but fits it the better for bliss ;  
 As fruit, when caressed by the bright glowing sun,  
 Grows ripe from the warmth of his kiss.

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THE DEAD OF 1832.

BY R. C. SANDS..

*Ob: 1832, æt. 33.*

OH Time and Death ! with certain pace,  
 Though still unequal, hurrying on,  
 O'erturning, in your awful race,  
 The cot, the palace, and the throne !

Not always in the storm of war,  
 Nor by the pestilence that sweeps  
 From the plague-smitten realms afar,  
 Beyond the old and solemn deeps :

In crowds the good and mighty go,  
 And to those vast dim chambers hie :—  
 Where, mingled with the high and low,  
 Dead Cæsars and dead Shakspeares lie !

Dread Ministers of God ! sometimes  
 Ye smite at once, to do His will,  
 In all earth's ocean-sever'd climes,  
 Those—whose renown ye cannot kill !

When all the brightest stars that burn  
 At once are banished from their spheres,  
 Men sadly ask, when shall return  
 Such lustre to the coming years ?

For where is he\*—who lived so long—  
 Who raised the modern Titan's ghost,  
 And showed his fate, in powerful song,  
 Whose soul for learning's sake was lost ?

Where he—who backwards to the birth  
 Of Time itself, adventurous trod,  
 And in the mingled mass of earth  
 Found out the handiwork of God ? †

Where he—who in the mortal head,‡  
 Ordained to gaze on heaven, could trace  
 The soul's vast features, that shall tread  
 The stars, when earth is nothingness ?

Where he—who struck old Albyn's lyre,§  
 Till round the world its echoes roll,  
 And swept, with all a prophet's fire,  
 The diapason of the soul ?

Where he—who read the mystic lore,||  
 Buried, where buried Pharaohs sleep ;  
 And dared presumptuous to explore  
 Secrets four thousand years could keep ?

\* Goethe and his Faust. † Cuvier. ‡ Spurzheim. § Scott. || Champollion.

Where he—who with a poet's eye\*  
 Of truth, on lowly nature gazed,  
 And made even sordid Poverty  
 Classic, when in HIS numbers glazed?

Where—that old sage so hale and staid,†  
 The “greatest good” who sought to find;  
 Who in his garden mused, and made  
 All forms of rule, for all mankind?

And thou—whom millions far removed ‡  
 Revered—the hierarch meek and wise,  
 Thy ashes sleep, adored, beloved,  
 Near where thy Wesley's coffin lies.

He too—the heir of glory—where §  
 Hath great Napoleon's scion fled?  
 Ah! glory goes not to an heir!  
 Take him, ye noble, vulgar dead!

But hark! a nation sighs! for he,||  
 Last of the brave who perilled all  
 To make an infant empire free,  
 Obeys the inevitable call!

They go—and with them is a crowd,  
 For human rights who THOUGHT and DID,  
 We rear to them no temples proud,  
 Each hath his mental pyramid.

All earth is now their sepulchre,  
 The MIND, their monument sublime—  
 Young in eternal fame they are—  
 Such are YOUR triumphs, Death and Time.

\* Crabbe.

† Jeremy Bentham.

‡ Adam Clarke.

§ The Duke of Reichstadt. || Charles Carroll.

## TO A LADY

WHO DECLARED THAT THE SUN PREVENTED HER FROM SLEEPING.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

WHY blame old Sol, who, all on fire,  
 Prints on your lip the burning kiss ;  
 Why should he not your charms admire,  
 And dip his beam each morn in bliss ?

Were 't mine to guide o'er paths of light  
 The beam-haired coursers of the sky,  
 I'd stay their course the livelong night  
 To gaze upon thy sleeping eye.

Then let the dotard fondly spring,  
 Each rising day, to snatch the prize ;  
 'Twill add new vigour to his wing,  
 And speed his journey through the skies.

## ADDRESS TO A MUSQUITO.

BY EDWARD SANFORD.

*His voice was ever soft, gentle, and low.—King Lear.*

THOU sweet musician, that around my bed  
 Dost nightly come and wind thy little horn,  
 By what unseen and secret influence led,  
 Feed'st thou my ear with music till 'tis morn ?

The wind harp's tones are not more soft than thine,  
 The hum of falling waters not more sweet,  
 I own, *indeed*, I own thy song divine.

And when next year's warm summer nights we meet,  
 (Till then, farewell!) I promise thee to be  
 A patient listener to thy minstrelsy.

Thou tiny minstrel, who bid thee discourse  
 Such eloquent music? was't thy tuneful sire?  
 Some old musician? or did'st take a course  
 Of lessons from some master of the lyre?  
 Who bid thee twang so sweetly thy small trump?  
 Did Norton form thy notes so clear and full?  
 Art a phrenologist, and is the bump  
 Of song developed on thy little skull?  
 At Niblo's hast thou been when crowds stood mute  
 Drinking the birdlike tones of Cuddy's flute?

Tell me the burden of thy ceaseless song,  
 Is it thy evening hymn of grateful prayer,  
 Or lay of love, thou pipest through the long  
 Still night? With song dost drive away dull care?  
 Art thou a vieux garçon, a gay deceiver,  
 A wandering blade, roaming in search of sweets,  
 Pledging thy faith to every fond believer,  
 Who thy advance with half-way shyness meets?  
 Or art o' the softer sex, and sing'st in glee,  
 "In maiden meditation, fancy free?"

Thou little Syren, when the nymphs of yore  
 Charmed with their songs till men forgot to dine,  
 And starved, though music-fed, upon their shore,  
 Their voices breathed no softer lays than thine,



They sang but to entice, and thou dost sing  
 As if to lull our senses to repose,  
 That thou may'st use, unharmed, thy little sting  
 The very moment we begin to doze ;  
 Thou worse than Syren, thirsty, fierce blood-sipper,  
 Thou living Vampire, and thou Gallinipper !

Nature is full of music, sweetly sings  
 The bard, (and thou dost sing most sweetly too,)  
 Through the wide circuit of created things,  
 Thou art the living proof the bard sings true.  
 Nature is full of thee ; on every shore,  
 'Neath the hot sky of Congo's dusky child,  
 From warm Peru to icy Labrador,  
 The world's free citizen thou roamest wild.  
 Wherever " mountains rise or oceans roll,"  
 Thy voice is heard, from " Indus to the Pole."

The incarnation of Queen Mab art thou,  
 " The Fairies' midwife ;"—thou dost nightly sip,  
 With amorous proboscis bending low,  
 The honey dew from many a lady's lip—  
 (Though that they " straight on kisses dream," I doubt)  
 On smiling faces, and on eyes that weep,  
 Thou lightest, and oft with " sympathetic snout"  
 " Ticklest men's noses as they lie asleep ;"  
 And sometimes dwellest, if I rightly scan,  
 " On the fore-finger of an alderman."

Yet thou can'st glory in a noble birth.  
 As rose the sea-born Venus from the wave,  
 So didst thou rise to life ; the teeming earth,  
 The living water, and the fresh air gave

A portion of their elements to create  
Thy little form, though beauty dwells not there.  
So lean and gaunt, that economic fate  
Meant thee to feed on music or on air.  
Our vein's pure juices were not made for thee,  
Thou living, singing, stinging atomy.

The hues of dying sunset are most fair,  
And twilight's tints just fading into night,  
Most dusky soft, and so thy soft notes are  
By far the sweetest when thou tak'st thy flight.  
The swan's last note is sweetest, so is thine ;  
Sweet are the wind harp's tones at distance heard ;  
'Tis sweet in distance at the day's decline,  
To hear the opening song of evening's bird.  
But notes of harp or bird at distance float  
Less sweetly on the ear than thy last note.

The autumn winds are wailing : 'tis thy dirge ;  
Its leaves are sear, prophetic of thy doom.  
Soon the cold rain will overwhelm thee, as the surge  
Whelms the tost mariner in its watery tomb,  
Then soar, and sing thy little life away !  
Albeit thy voice is somewhat husky now.  
'Tis well to end in music life's last day,  
Of one so gleeful and so blithe as thou :  
For thou wilt soon live through its joyous hours,  
And pass away with Autumn's dying flowers.

## INCONSTANCY.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

YES ! I swore to be true, I allow,  
And I meant it, but, some how or other,  
The seal of that amorous vow  
Was pressed on the lips of another.

Yet I did but as all would have done,  
For where is the being, dear cousin,  
Content with the beauties of one  
When he might have the range of a dozen ?

Young Love is a changeable boy,  
And the gem of the sea-rock is like him,  
For he gives back the beams of his joy  
To each sunny eye that may strike him.

From a kiss of a zephyr and rose  
Love sprang in an exquisite hour,  
And fleeting and sweet, heaven knows,  
Is this child of a sigh and a flower.

## THE CALLICOON IN AUTUMN.

BY A. B. STREET.

FAR in the forest's heart, unknown,  
 Except to sun and breeze,  
 Where solitude her dreaming throne  
 Has held for centuries ;  
 Chronicled by the rings and moss  
 That tell the flight of years across  
 The seamed and columned trees,  
 This lovely streamlet glides along  
 With tribute of eternal song !

Now, stealing through its thickets deep  
 In which the wood-duck hides,  
 Now, picturing in its basin sleep  
 Its green pool-hollowed sides,  
 Here, through the pebbles slow it creeps,  
 There, 'mid some wild abyss it sweeps,  
 And foaming, hoarsely chides ;  
 Then slides so still, its gentle swell  
 Scarce ripples round the lily's bell.

Nature, in her autumnal dress  
 Magnificent and gay,  
 Displays her mantled gorgeousness  
 To hide the near decay,  
 Which, borne on Winter's courier breath,  
 Warns the old year prepare for death,  
 When, tottering, seared, and gray,  
 Ice-fettered, it will sink below  
 The choking winding-sheet of snow.

A blaze of splendour is around,  
As wondrous and as bright  
As that, within the fairy ground,  
Which met Aladdin's sight.  
The sky, a sheet of silvery sheen  
With breaks of tenderest blue between,  
As though the summer light  
Was melting through, once more to cast  
A glance of gladness ere it passed.

The south-west airs of ladened balm  
Come breathing sweetly by,  
And wake amid the forest's calm  
One quick and shivering sigh,  
Shaking, but dimpling not the glass  
Of this smooth streamlet, as they pass—  
They scarcely wheel on high  
The thistle's downy, silver star,  
To waft its pendent seed afar.

Dream-like the silence, only woke  
By the grasshopper's glee,  
And now and then the lazy stroke  
Of woodcock \* on the tree :  
And mingling with the insect hum,  
The beatings of the partridge drum,  
With frequently a bee  
Darting its music, and the crow  
Harsh cawing from the swamp below.

\* Not the sportsman's favourite (*scolopax minor*) of our Atlantic shores, but the large crested woodpecker, so called in the western counties.

A foliage world of glittering dyes  
Gleams brightly on the air,  
As though a thousand sunset skies,  
With rainbows, blended there ;  
Each leaf an opal, and each tree  
A bower of varied brilliancy,  
And all one general glare  
Of glory, that o'erwhelms the sight  
With dazzling and unequalled light.

Rich gold with gorgeous crimson, here  
The birch and maple twine,  
The beech its orange mingles near  
With emerald of the pine ;  
And e'en the humble bush and herb  
Are glowing with those tints superb,  
As though a scattered mine  
Of gems, upon the earth were strewn,  
Flashing with radiance, each its own.

All steeped in that delicious charm  
Peculiar to our land,  
Glimmering in mist, rich, purple, warm,  
When Indian Summer's hand  
Has filled the valley with its smoke,  
And wrapped the mountain in its cloak,  
While, timidly and bland,  
The sunbeams struggle from the sky,  
And in long lines of silver lie.

The squirrel chatters merrily,  
The nut falls ripe and brown,  
And gem-like from the jewelled tree  
The leaf comes fluttering down ;

And restless in his plumage gay,  
From bush to bush loud screams the jay,  
    While on the hemlock's crown  
The sentry pigeon guards from foes  
The flock that dots the neighbouring boughs.

See! on this edge of forest lawn,  
    Where sleeps the clouded beam,  
A doe has led her spotted fawn  
    To gambol by the stream;  
Beside yon mullein's braided stalk  
They hear the gurgling voices talk,  
    While, like a wandering gleam,  
The yellow-bird dives here and there,  
A feathered vessel of the air.

On, through the rampart walls of rock  
    The waters pitch in white,  
And high, in mist, the cedars lock  
    Their boughs, half lost to sight  
Above the whirling gulf—the dash  
Of frenzied floods, that vainly lash  
    Their limits in their flight,  
Whose roar the eagle, from his peak,  
Responds to with his angriest shriek.

Stream of the age-worn forest! here  
    The Indian, free as thou,  
Has bent against thy depths his spear,  
    And in thy woods his bow;  
The beaver built his dome; but they,  
The memories of an earlier day,  
    Like those dead trunks, that show  
What once were mighty pines—have fled  
With Time's unceasing, rapid tread.

## THE WESTERN HUNTER TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

WEND, love, with me, to the deep woods wend,  
Where, far in the forest, the wild flowers keep,  
Where no watching eye shall over us bend  
Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep.  
Thou shalt gather from buds of the oriole's hue,  
Whose flaming wings round our pathway flit,  
From the safron orchis and lupin blue,  
And those like the foam on my courser's bit.

One steed and one saddle us both shall bear,  
One hand of each on the bridle meet ;  
And beneath the wrist that entwines me there  
An answering pulse from my heart shall beat.  
I will sing thee many a joyous lay,  
As we chase the deer by the blue lake-side,  
While the winds that over the prairie play  
Shall fan the cheek of my woodland bride.

Our home shall be by the cool bright streams,  
Where the beaver chooses her safe retreat,  
And our hearth shall smile like the sun's warm gleams  
Through the branches around our lodge that meet.  
Then wend with me, to the deep woods wend,  
Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,  
Where no watching eye shall over us bend,  
Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep.



## A POET'S EPISTLE.

[Written in Scotland to Fitz-Greene Halleck, Esq.]

BY J. R. DRAKE.

“WEEL, Fitz, I'm here ; the mair's the pity,  
 I'll wad ye curse the vera city  
 From which I write a braid Scots ditty  
                   Afore I learn it ;  
 But gif ye canna mak it suit ye,  
                   Ye ken ye'll burn it.

My grunzie's got a twist until it  
 Thae damn'd Scotch aighs sae stuff and fill it  
 I doubt, wi' a' my doctor skill, it  
                   'll keep the gait,  
 Not e'en my pen can scratch a billet  
                   And write it straight.

Ye're aiblins thinking to forgather  
 Wi' a hale sheet, of muir and heather  
 O' burns, and braes, and sic like blether,  
                   To you a feast ;  
 But stop ! ye will not light on either  
                   This time at least.

Noo stir your bries a wee and ferlie,  
 Then drap your lip and glower surly ;  
 Troth ! gif ye do, I'll tell ye fairly,  
                   Ye'll no be right ;  
 We've made our jaunt a bit too early  
                   For sic a sight.

What it may be when summer deeds  
 Muir shaw and brae, wi' bonnie weeds  
 Sprinkling the gowan on the meads  
                   And broomy knowes,  
 I dinna ken ; but now the meads  
                   Scarce keep the cows.

For trees, puir Scotia's sadly scanted,  
 A few bit pines and larches planted,  
 And thae, wee, knurlie, blastic, stuntit  
                   As e'er thou sawest ;  
 Row but a sma' turf fence anent it,  
                   Hech ! there's a forest.

For streams, ye'll find a puny puddle  
 That would na float a shull bairn's coble,  
 A cripple stool might near hand hobble  
                   Dry-baughted ever ;  
 Some whinstone crags to mak' it bubble,  
                   And there's a river.

And then their cauld and reekie skies,  
 They luke ower dull to Yankee eyes ;  
 The sun ye'd ken na if he's rise  
                   Amaist the day ;  
 Just a noon blink that hardly dries  
                   The dewy brae.

Yet leeze auld Scotland on her women,  
 Ilk sonzie lass and noble yeoman,  
 For luver's heart or blade of foeman  
                   O'er baith victorious ;  
 E'en common sense, that plant uncommon,  
                   Grows bright and glorious.

Fecks but my pen has skelp'd alang,  
 I've whistled out an unco sang  
 'Bout folk I ha' na been amang  
                   T'wa days as yet ;  
 But, faith, the farther that I gang  
                   The mair ye'll get.

Sae sharpen up your lugs, for soon  
 I'll tread the hazelly braes o' Doon,  
 See Mungo's well, and set my shoon  
                   Where i' the dark  
 Bauld Tammie keek'd, the drunken loon,  
                   At cutty sark.

And I shall tread the hallowed bourne  
 Where Wallace blew his bugle-horn  
 O'er Edward's banner, stained and torn.  
                   What Yankee bluid  
 But feels its free pulse leap and burn  
                   Where Wallace stood !

But pouk my pen ! I find I'm droppin  
 My braw Scots style to English loppin ;  
 I fear amaist that ye'll be hoppin  
                   I'd quit it quite :  
 If so, I e'en must think o' stopping,  
                   And sae, gude night.

## W E E H A W K E N .

BY R. C. SANDS.

EVE o'er our path is stealing fast ;  
 Yon quivering splendours are the last  
 The sun will fling, to tremble o'er  
 The waves that kiss the opposing shore ;  
 His latest glories fringe the height  
 Behind us, with their golden light.

The mountain's mirror'd outline fades  
 Amid the fast extending shades ;  
 Its shaggy bulk, in sterner pride,  
 Towers, as the gloom steals o'er the tide ;  
 For the great stream a bulwark meet  
 That laves its rock-encumbered feet.

River and Mountain ! though to song  
 Not yet, perchance, your names belong ;  
 Those who have loved your evening hues  
 Will ask not the recording Muse,  
 What antique tales she can relate,  
 Your banks and steeps to consecrate.

Yet should the stranger ask, what lore  
 Of by-gone days, this winding shore,  
 Yon cliffs and fir-clad steeps could tell,  
 If vocal made by Fancy's spell,—  
 The varying legend might rehearse  
 Fit themes for high, romantic verse.

O'er yon rough heights and moss-clad sod  
Oft hath the stalworth warrior trod ;  
Or peer'd, with hunter's gaze, to mark  
The progress of the glancing bark.  
Spoils, strangely won on distant waves,  
Have lurked in yon obstructed caves.

When the great strife for Freedom rose  
Here scouted oft her friends and foes,  
Alternate, through the changeful war,  
And beacon-fires flashed bright and far ;  
And here, when Freedom's strife was won,  
Fell, in sad feud, her favoured son ;—

Her son,—the second of the band,  
The Romans of the rescued land.  
Where round yon cape the banks ascend,  
Long shall the pilgrim's footsteps bend ;  
There, mirthful hearts shall pause to sigh,  
There, tears shall dim the patriot's eye.

There last he stood. Before his sight  
Flowed the fair river, free and bright ;  
The rising Mart, and Isles, and Bay,  
Before him in their glory lay,—  
Scenes of his love and of his fame,—  
The instant ere the death-shot came.

## LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK NOTE.

BY T. W. TUCKER.

THOU fragile thing  
 That with a breath I could destroy,  
 What mighty train of care and joy  
 Do ye not bring ?

Emblem of power !  
 By thee comes public bane or good ;  
 The wheels of state, without thee, would  
 Stop in an hour.

Tower, dome, and arch,  
 Thou spreadest o'er the desert waste,  
 Thou guid'st the path of war, and stay'st  
 The army's march.

The spreading seas  
 For thee unnumbered squadrons bear,  
 Ruler of earth, and sea, and air—  
 When bended knees

Are bowed in prayer,  
 Although to heaven is given each word,  
 Thy influence in the heart, unheard,  
 Is upmost there !

Fly! minion, fly !  
 Thine errand is unfinished yet—  
 The boon I covet,—to forget !  
 Thou canst not buy.

## THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

OUR Western land can boast no lovelier spot.  
 The hills which in their ancient grandeur stand,  
 Piled to the frowning clouds, the bulwarks seem  
 Of this wild scene, resolved that none but Heaven  
 Shall look upon its beauty. Round their breast  
 A curtained fringe depends, of golden mist,  
 Touched by the slanting sunbeams ; while below  
 The silent river, with majestic sweep,  
 Pursues his shadowed way,—his glassy face  
 Unbroken, save when stoops the lone wild swan  
 To float in pride, or dip his ruffled wing.  
 Talk ye of solitude ?—It is not here.  
 Nor silence.—Low, deep murmurs are abroad.  
 Those towering hills hold converse with the sky  
 That smiles upon their summits ;—and the wind  
 Which stirs their wooded sides, whispers of life,  
 And bears the burthen sweet from leaf to leaf,  
 Bidding the stately forest boughs look bright,  
 And nod to greet his coming !—And the brook,  
 That with its silvery gleam comes leaping down  
 From the hill-side, has, too, a tale to tell ;  
 The wild bird's music mingles with its chime ;—  
 And gay young flowers, that blossom in its path,  
 Send forth their perfume as an added gift.  
 The river utters, too, a solemn voice,  
 And tells of deeds long past, in ages gone,  
 When not a sound was heard along his shores,  
 Save the wild tread of savage feet, or shriek  
 Of some expiring captive,—and no bark  
 E'er cleft his gloomy waters. Now, his waves  
 Are vocal often with the hunter's song ;—

Now visit, in their glad and onward course,  
The abodes of happy men—gardens and fields—  
And cultured plains—still bearing, as they pass,  
Fertility renewed and fresh delights.

The time has been,—so Indian legends say,—  
When here the mighty Delaware poured not  
His ancient waters through—but turned aside  
Through yonder dell, and washed those shaded vales.  
Then, too, these riven cliffs were one smooth hill,  
Which smiled in the warm sunbeams, and displayed  
The wealth of summer on its graceful slope.  
Thither the hunter chieftains oft repaired  
To light their council fires,—while its dim height,  
For ever veiled in mist, no mortal dared—  
'Tis said—to scale ; save one white-haired old man,  
Who there held commune with the Indian's God,  
And thence brought down to men his high commands.  
Years passed away—the gifted seer had lived  
Beyond life's natural term, and bent no more  
His weary limbs to seek the mountain's summit.  
New tribes had filled the land, of fiercer mien,  
Who strove against each other. Blood and death  
Filled those green shades, where all before was peace,  
And the stern warrior scalped his dying captive  
E'en on the precincts of that holy spot  
Where the Great Spirit had been. Some few, who mourned  
The unnatural slaughter, urged the aged priest  
Again to seek the consecrated height,  
Succour from heaven, and mercy to implore.—  
They watched him from afar. He laboured slowly  
High up the steep ascent—and vanished soon  
Behind the folded clouds, which clustered dark  
As the last hues of sunset passed away.  
The night fell heavily—and soon were heard



Low tones of thunder from the mountain top,  
Muttering, and echoed from the distant hills  
In deep and solemn peal,—while lurid flashes  
Of lightning rent anon the gathering gloom.  
Then wilder and more loud, a fearful crash  
Burst on the startled ear ;—the earth, convulsed,  
Groaned from its solid centre—forests shook  
For leagues around,—and by the sudden gleam  
Which flung a fitful radiance on the spot,  
A sight of dread was seen. The mount was rent  
From top to base—and where so late had smiled  
Green boughs and blossoms—yawned a frightful chasm,  
Filled with unnatural darkness.—From afar  
The distant roar of waters then was heard ;  
They came—with gathering sweep—o'erwhelming all  
That checked their headlong course ;—the rich maize field,—  
The low-roofed hut—its sleeping inmates—all—  
Were swept in speedy, undistinguished ruin.  
Morn looked upon the desolated scene  
Of the Great Spirit's anger—and beheld  
Strange waters passing through the cloven rocks :—  
And men looked on in silence and in fear,  
And far removed their dwellings from the spot,  
Where now no more the hunter chased his prey,  
Or the war-whoop was heard.—Thus years went on :  
Each trace of desolation vanished fast ;  
Those bare and blackened cliffs were overspread  
With fresh green foliage, and the swelling earth  
Yielded her stores of flowers to deck their sides.  
The river passed majestically on  
Through his new channel—verdure graced his banks ;—  
The wild bird murmured sweetly as before  
In its beloved woods,—and nought remained,—  
Save the wild tales which chieftains told,—  
To mark the change celestial vengeance wrought.

## SONG OF THE HERMIT TROUT.

BY W. P. HAWES.

Down in the deep  
 Dark holes I keep,  
 And there in the noontide I float and sleep,  
 By the hemlock log,  
 And the springing bog,  
 And the arching alders, I lie incog.

The angler's fly  
 Comes dancing by,  
 But never a moment it cheats my eye ;  
 For the hermit trout  
 Is not such a lout  
 As to be by a wading boy pulled out.

King of the brook,  
 No fisher's hook  
 Fills me with dread of the sweaty cook ;  
 But here I lie,  
 And laugh as they try ;  
 Shall I bite at their bait ? No, no ; not I !

But when the streams,  
 With moonlight beams,  
 Sparkle all silver, and starlight gleams,  
 Then, then look out  
 For the hermit trout ;  
 For he springs and dimples the shallows about,  
 While the tired angler dreams.

## T O M A Y .

BY JONATHAN LAWRENCE, JUN.

Come, gentle May !  
 Come with thy robe of flowers,  
 Come with thy sun and sky, thy clouds and showers ;  
     Come, and bring forth unto the eye of day,  
 From their imprisoning and mysterious night,  
 The buds of many hues, the children of thy light.

Come, wondrous May !  
 For at the bidding of thy magic wand,  
 Quick from the caverns of the breathing land,  
     In all their green and glorious array  
 They spring, as spring the Persian maids to hail  
 Thy flushing footsteps in Cashmerian vale.

Come, vocal May !  
 Come with thy train, that high  
 On some fresh branch pour out their melody ;  
     Or carolling thy praise the live-long day,  
 Sit perched in some lone glen, on echo calling,  
 'Mid murmuring woods and musical waters falling.

Come, sunny May !  
 Come with thy laughing beam,  
 What time the lazy mist melts on the stream,  
     Or seeks the mountain-top to meet thy ray,  
 Ere yet the dew-drop on thine own soft flower  
 Hath lost its light, or died beneath his power.

Come, holy May !  
When sunk behind the cold and western hill,  
His light hath ceased to play on leaf and rill,  
And twilight's footsteps hasten his decay ;  
Come with thy musings, and my heart shall be  
Like a pure temple consecrate to thee.

Come, beautiful May !  
Like youth and loveliness,  
Like her I love ; Oh, come in thy full dress,  
The drapery of dark winter cast away ;  
To the bright eye and the glad heart appear,  
Queen of the Spring and mistress of the year.

Yet, lovely May !  
Teach her whose eye shall rest upon this rhyme  
To spurn the gilded mockeries of time,  
The heartless pomp that beckons to betray,  
And keep, as thou wilt find, that heart each year,  
Pure as thy dawn, and as thy sunset clear.

And let me too, sweet May !  
Let thy fond votary see,  
As fade thy beauties, all the vanity  
Of this world's pomp ; then teach, that though decay  
In his short winter, bury beauty's frame,  
In fairer worlds the soul shall break his sway,  
Another Spring shall bloom eternal and the same.

## TO THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

BIRD of the lone and joyless night—  
 Whence is thy sad and solemn lay?  
 Attendant on the pale moon's light,  
 Why shun the garish blaze of day?

When darkness fills the dewy air,  
 Nor sounds the song of happier bird,  
 Alone amid the silence there  
 Thy wild and plaintive note is heard.

Thyself unseen—thy pensive moan  
 Poured in no loving comrade's ear—  
 The forest's shaded depths alone  
 That mournful melody can hear.

Beside what still and secret spring,  
 In what dark wood, the livelong day,  
 Sit'st thou with dusk and folded wing,  
 To while the hours of light away.

Sad minstrel! thou hast learned like me,  
 That life's deceitful gleam is vain;  
 And well the lesson profits thee,  
 Who will not trust its charms again!

Thou, unbeguiled, thy plaint dost trill,  
 To listening night when mirth is o'er:  
 I, heedless of the warning, still  
 Believe, to be deceived once more!

## CHANSONETTE.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

**THEY** are mockery all, those skies ! those skies !  
 Their untroubled depths of blue ;  
**THEY** are mockery all, these eyes ! these eyes !  
 Which seem so warm and true ;  
 Each quiet star in the one that lies,  
 Each meteor glance that at random flies  
 The other's lashes through.  
**THEY** are mockery all, these flowers of Spring,  
 Which her airs so softly woo ;  
 And the love to which we would madly cling,  
 Ay ! it is mockery too.  
 For the winds are false which the perfume stir,  
 And the lips deceive to which we sue,  
 And love but leads to the sepulchre ;  
 Which flowers spring to strew.

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## THE CLOUDS.

BY JONATHAN LAWRENCE, JUN.

**THE** clouds have their own language unto me  
 They have told many a tale in by-gone days,  
 At twilight's hour, when gentle reverie  
 Steals o'er the heart, as tread the elfish fays  
 With their fleet footsteps on the moonlit grass,  
 And leave their storied circles where they pass.

So, even so, to me the embracing clouds,  
With their pure thoughts leave holy traces here ;  
And from the tempest-gathered fold that shrouds  
The darkening earth, unto the blue, and clear,  
And sunny brightness of yon arching sky,  
They have their language and their melody.

Have you not felt it when the dropping rain  
From the soft showers of Spring hath clothed the earth  
With its unnumbered offspring ? felt not when  
The conquering sun hath proudly struggled forth  
In misty radiance, until cloud and spot  
Were blended in one brightness ? Can you not

Look out and love when the departing sun  
Enrobes their peaks in shapes fantastical  
In his last splendour, and reflects upon  
Their skirts his farewell smile ere shadows fall  
Above his burial, like our boyhood's gleams  
Of fading light, or like the "stuff of dreams?"

Or giving back those tints indefinite,  
Yet brightly blending, there to form that arch  
Whereon the angel-spirits of the light  
Marshaled their joyous and triumphant march,  
When sank the whelming waters, and again  
Left the green islands to the sons of men ?

Oh, then as rose each lofty pile, and threw  
Its growing shadow on the sinking tide,  
How glowed each peak with the resplendent hue,  
As its new lustre told that wrath had died,  
Till the blue waves within their limits curled,  
And that broad bow in beauty spanned the world.

Gaze yet again, and you may see on high  
 The opposing hosts that mutter as they form  
 Their stern battalions, ere the artillery  
 Bids the destroying angel guide its storm ;  
 If you have heard on battle's eve the low  
 Defiance quickly uttered to the foe,

When the firm ranks gaze fiercely brow on brow  
 And eye on eye, while every heart beats fast  
 With hopes and fears, all feel, but none avow,  
 Pulsations which perchance may be their last,  
 Whom the unhonoured sepulchre shall shroud ;  
 If you have seen this, gaze upon that cloud.

How from the bosom of its blackness springs  
 The cleaving lightning kindling on its way,  
 Flinging such blinding glory from its wings,  
 That he who looks grows drunk with its array  
 Of power and beauty, till his eye is dim,  
 And dazzling darkness overshadows him.

Oh, God ! can he conceive who hath not known  
 The wondrous workings of thy firmament,  
 Thine untold majesty, around whose throne  
 They stand, thy winged messengers, or sent  
 In light or darkness on their destined path,  
 Bestow thy blessings or direct thy wrath.

Then here, in this thy lower temple, here  
 We kneel to thee in worship ; what to these  
 Symbols of thine, wherein thou dost appear  
 Are painted domes or priestly palaces ;  
 On this green turf, and gazing on yon sphere,  
 We call on thee to commune and to bless,  
 And see in holy fancy each pure sigh  
 Ascend like incense to thy throne on high.



## THE ISLE OF REST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

*Some of the islands where the fancied paradise of the Indians was situated, were believed to be in Lake Superior.*

THAT blessed isle lies far away—  
 'Tis many a weary league from land,  
 Where billows in their golden play  
 Dash on its sparkling sand.  
 No tempest's wrath, or stormy waters' roar,  
 Disturb the echoes of that peaceful shore.

There the light breezes lie at rest,  
 Soft pillowed on the glassy deep ;  
 Pale cliffs look on the waters' breast,  
 And watch their silent sleep.  
 There the wild swan with plumed and glossy wing  
 Sits lone and still beside the bubbling spring.

And far within, in murmurs heard,  
 Comes, with the wind's low whispers there,  
 The music of the mounting bird,  
 Skimming the clear bright air.  
 The sportive brook, with free and silvery tide,  
 Comes wildly dancing from the green hill side.

The sun there sheds his noontide beam  
 On oak-crowned hill and leafy bowers ;  
 And gaily by the shaded stream  
 Spring forth the forest flowers.  
 The fountain flings aloft its showery spray,  
 With rainbows decked, that mock the hues of day.

And when the dewy morning breaks,  
A thousand tones of rapture swell ;  
A thrill of life and motion wakes  
Through hill, and plain, and dell.  
The wild bird trills his song—and from the wood  
The red deer bounds to drink beside the flood.

There, when the sun sets on the sea,  
And gilds the forest's waving crown,  
Strains of immortal harmony  
To those sweet shades come down.  
Bright and mysterious forms that green shore throng,  
And pour in evening's ear their charmed song.

E'en on this cold and cheerless shore,  
While all is dark and quiet near,  
The huntsman, when his toils are o'er,  
That melody may hear.  
And see, faint gleaming o'er the waters' foam,  
The glories of that isle, his future home.

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## INDIAN SUMMER—1828.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

LIGHT as love's smiles the silvery mist at morn  
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river ;  
The blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,  
As high in air she carols, faintly quiver ;

The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,  
 Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving ;  
     Beaded with dew the witch-elm's tassels shiver ;  
 The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,  
 And from the springy spray the squirrel's gaily leaping.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery ere  
     The blasts of Winter chase the varied dyes  
 That gaily deck the slow-declining year ;  
     I love the splendour of thy sunset skies,  
 The gorgeous hues that tinge each failing leaf,  
 Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too, brief ;  
     I love the note of each wild bird that flies,  
 As on the wind she pours her parting lay,  
 And wings her loitering flight to summer climes away.

Oh, Nature ! still I fondly turn to thee  
     With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's were ;—  
 Though wild and passion-tost my youth may be,  
     Toward thee I still the same devotion bear ;  
 To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more  
 Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—  
     I still can, child-like, come as when in prayer  
 I bowed my head upon a mother's knee,  
 And deemed the world, like her, all truth and purity.

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G R E E C E—1 8 3 2.

BY J. G. BROOKS.

LAND of the brave ! where lie inurned  
     The shrouded forms of mortal clay,  
 In whom the fire of valour burned,  
     And blazed upon the battle's fray :

Land, where the gallant Spartan few  
 Bled at Thermopylæ of yore,  
 When death his purple garment threw  
 On Helle's consecrated shore !

Land of the Muse ! within thy bowers  
 Her soul entrancing echoes rung,  
 While on their course the rapid hours  
 Paused at the melody she sung—  
 Till every grove and every hill,  
 And every stream that flowed along,  
 From morn to night repeated still  
 The winning harmony of song.

Land of dead heroes ! living slaves !  
 Shall glory gild thy clime no more ?  
 Her banner float above thy waves  
 Where proudly it hath swept before ?  
 Hath not remembrance then a charm  
 To break the fetters and the chain,  
 To bid thy children nerve the arm,  
 And strike for freedom once again ?

No ! coward souls ! the light which shone  
 On Leuctra's war-empurpled day,  
 The light which beamed on Marathon  
 Hath lost its splendour, ceased to play ;  
 And thou art but a shadow now,  
 With helmet shattered—spear in rust—  
 Thy honour but a dream—and thou  
 Despised—degraded in the dust !

Where sleeps the spirit, that of old  
 Dashed down to earth the Persian plume,  
 When the loud chant of triumph told  
 How fatal was the despot's doom ?—

The bold three hundred—where are they,  
 Who died on battle's gory breast?  
 Tyrants have trampled on the clay,  
 Where death has hushed them into rest.

Yet, Ida, yet upon thy hill  
 A glory shines of ages fled;  
 And fame her light is pouring still,  
 Not on the living, but the dead!  
 But 'tis the dim sepulchral light,  
 Which sheds a faint and feeble ray,  
 As moon-beams on the brow of night,  
 When tempests sweep upon their way.

Greece! yet awake thee from thy trance,  
 Behold thy banner waves afar;  
 Behold the glittering weapons glance  
 Along the gleaming front of war!  
 A gallant chief, of high emprise,  
 Is urging foremost in the field,  
 Who calls upon thee to arise  
 In might—in majesty revealed.

In vain, in vain the hero calls—  
 In vain he sounds the trumpet loud!  
 His banner totters—see! it falls  
 In ruin, Freedom's battle shroud:  
 Thy children have no soul to dare  
 Such deeds as glorified their sires;  
 Their valour's but a meteor's glare,  
 Which gleams a moment, and expires.

Lost land! where Genius made his reign,  
 And reared his golden arch on high;  
 Where Science raised her sacred fane,  
 Its summits peering to the sky;

Upon thy clime the midnight deep  
 Of ignorance hath brooded long,  
 And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep  
 The sons of science and of song.

Thy sun hath set—the evening storm  
 Hath passed in giant fury by,  
 To blast the beauty of thy form,  
 And spread its pall upon the sky !  
 Gone is thy glory's diadem,  
 And freedom never more shall cease  
 To pour her mournful requiem  
 O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece !

### IMPROMPTU TO A LADY BLUSHING.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

THE lilies faintly to the roses yield,  
 As on thy lovely cheek they struggling vie,  
 (Who would not strive upon so sweet a field  
 To win the mastery ?)  
 And thoughts are in thy speaking eyes revealed,  
 Pure as the fount the prophet's rod unsealed.

I could not wish that in thy bosom aught  
 Should e'er one moment's transient pain awaken,  
 Yet can't regret that thou—forgive the thought—  
 As flowers when shaken  
 Will yield their sweetest fragrance to the wind,  
 Should, ruffled thus, betray thy heavenly mind.

## A ROMAN CHARIOT RACE.

BY J. I. BAILEY.

HAST thou no soul, that thou canst be unmoved  
 At glorious sports like these? Even now I see  
 Come forth the noble charioteers, arrayed  
 In red, white, green, and azure, like the sky,  
 The eye of beauty dazzled by their hue!  
 And now with eager hopes and proud desires  
 Exulting, lo! the youthful, daring band  
 Start to the race, and fiercely seize the reins!  
 Onward they rush; a thousand voices hail  
 The alternate victor as he speeds along;  
 Ten thousand eyes pursue the chariot flight,  
 And as they gaze, as many thousand souls  
 Swell in their bosoms and almost leap out.  
 Then comes the glorious moment when the goal  
 Is almost reached—they goad the foremost steeds  
 Lashing with all their might upon their flanks;  
 The golden chariot glitters in the course,  
 And swifter than the wind is borne along—  
 And now the victor, like a flash of light,  
 Bursts on the view, and hails the loud acclaim,  
 While lengthening shouts of triumph rend the air!

*Waldimar, a Tragedy. Act II., Scene I.*

## LINES FOR MUSIC.

BY G. P. MORRIS.

O WOULD that she were here,  
 These hills and dales among,  
 Where vocal groves are gayly mocked  
 By echo's airy tongue,—

Where jocund Nature smiles  
 In all her gay attire,  
 Amid deep-tangled wiles  
 Of hawthorn and sweet-brier.  
 O would that she were here,  
 That fair and gentle thing,  
 Whose words are musical as strains  
 Breathed by the wind-harp's string.

O would that she were here,  
 Where the free waters leap,  
 Shouting in their joyousness,  
 Adown the rocky steep,—  
 Where rosy Zephyr lingers  
 All the livelong day,  
 With health upon his pinions,  
 And gladness in his way.  
 O would that she were here,  
 Sure Eden's garden-plot  
 Did not embrace more varied charms  
 Than this romantic spot.

O would that she were here,  
 Where frolic by the hours,  
 Rife with the song of bee and bird,  
 The perfume of the flowers,—  
 Where beams of peace and love,  
 And radiant beauty's glow,  
 Are pictured in the sky above,  
 And in the lake below.  
 O would that she were here—  
 The nymphs of this bright scene,  
 With song, and dance, and revelry,  
 Would crown **BIANCA** queen.



## WHITE LAKE.\*

BY A. E. STREET.

PURE as their parent springs! how bright  
The silvery waters stretch away,  
Reposing in the pleasant light  
Of June's most lovely day.

Curving around the eastern side,  
Rich meadows slope their banks, to meet  
With fringe of grass and fern, the tide  
Which sparkles at their feet.

Here busy life attests that toil,  
With its quick talisman, has made  
Fields green and waving, from a soil  
Of rude and savage shade.

While opposite the forests lie  
In giant shadow, black and deep,  
Filling with leaves the circling sky,  
And frowning in their sleep.

Amid this scene of light and gloom,  
Nature with art links hand in hand,  
Thick woods beside soft rural bloom,  
As by a seer's command.

\* Or "Lake Kau-na-ong-ga," meaning literally "*two wings*." White Lake, which is the unmeaning modern epithet of this beautiful sheet of water, is situated in the town of Bethel, Sullivan County, N. Y. It is in the form of a pair of huge wings expanded.

Here waves the grain, here curls the smoke,  
The orchard bends ; there, wilds, as dark  
As when the hermit waters woke  
Beneath the Indian's bark.

Oft will the panther's sharp, shrill shriek  
With the herd's quiet lowings swell,  
The wolf's fierce howl terrific break  
Upon the sheepfold's bell.

The ploughman sees the wind-winged deer  
Dart from his covert to the wave,  
And fearless in its mirror clear  
His branching antlers lave.

Here, the green headlands seem to meet  
So near, a fairy bridge might cross ;  
There, spreads the broad and limpid sheet  
In smooth, unruffled gloss.

Arched by the thicket's screening leaves,  
A lilled harbour lurks below,  
Where on the sand each ripple weaves  
Its melting wreath of snow.

Hark! like an organ's tone, the woods  
To the light wind in murmurs wake,  
The voice of the vast solitudes  
Is speaking to the lake.

The fanning air-breath sweeps across  
On its broad path of sparkles now.  
Bends down the violet to the moss,  
Then melts upon my brow.

## SONG OF SPRING-TIME.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

WHERE dost thou loiter, Spring,  
 While it behoveth  
 Thee to cease wandering  
 Where'er thou roveth,  
 And to my lady bring  
 The flowers she loveth.

Come with thy melting skies  
 Like her cheek blushing,  
 Come with thy dewy eyes  
 Where founts are gushing ;  
 Come where the wild bee hies  
 When dawn is flushing.

Lead her where by the brook  
 The first blossom keepeth,  
 Where, in the sheltered nook,  
 The callow bud sleepeth ;  
 Or with a timid look  
 Through its leaves peepeth.

Lead her where on the spray,  
 Blithely carolling,  
 First birds their roundelay  
 For my lady sing—  
 But keep, where'er she stray  
 True-love blossoming.

## THE SHIPWRECK OF CAMOENS.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

CLOUDS gathered o'er the dark blue sky,  
 The sun waxed dim and pale,  
 And the music of the waves was changed  
 To the plaintive voice of wail ;  
 And fearfully the lightning flashed  
 Around the ship's tall mast,  
 While mournfully through the creaking shrouds  
 Came the sighing of the blast.

With pallid cheek the seamen shrank  
 Before the deepening gloom ;  
 For they gazed on the black and boiling sea  
 As 'twere a yawning tomb ;  
 But on the vessel's deck stood one  
 With proud and changeless brow ;  
 Nor pain, nor terror was in the look  
 He turned to the gulf below.

And calmly to his arm he bound  
 His casket and his sword ;  
 Unheeding, though with fiercer strength  
 The threatening tempest roared ;  
 Then stretched his sinewy arms and cried :  
 " For me there yet is hope,  
 The limbs that have spurned a tyrant's chain  
 With the stormy wave may cope.

“ Now let the strife of nature rage,  
Proudly I yet can claim,  
Where'er the waters may bear me on,  
My freedom and my fame.”  
The dreaded moment came too soon,  
The sea swept madly on,  
Till the wall of waters closed around,  
And the noble ship was gone.

Then rose one wild, half-stifled cry ;  
The swimmer's bubbling breath  
Was all unheard, while the raging tide  
Wrought well the task of death ;  
But 'mid the billows still was seen  
The stranger's struggling form ;  
And the meteor flash of his sword might seem  
Like a beacon 'mid the storm.

For still, while with his strong right arm  
He buffeted the wave,  
The other upheld that treasured prize  
He would give life to save.  
Was then the love of self so strong  
That e'en in death's dark hour,  
The base-born passion could awake  
With such resistless power ?

No ! all earth's gold were dross to him,  
Compared with what lay hid,  
Through lonely years of changeless woe,  
Beneath that casket's lid ;  
For there was all the mind's rich wealth,  
And many a precious gem  
That, in after years, he hoped might form  
A poet's diadem.

Nobly he struggled till, o'erspent,  
 His nerveless limbs no more  
 Could bear him on through the waves that rose  
 Like barriers to the shore ;  
 Yet still he held his long prized wealth,  
 He saw the wished-for land—  
 A moment more, and he was thrown  
 Upon the rocky strand.

Alas ! far better to have died  
 Where the mighty billows roll,  
 Than lived till coldness and neglect  
 Bowed down his haughty soul :  
 Such was his dreary lot, at once  
 His country's pride and shame ;  
 For on Camoen's humble grave alone  
 Was placed his wreath of fame.

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LOVE AND FAITH ; A BALLAD.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

'Twas on one morn, in spring-time weather,  
 A rosy, warm, inviting hour,  
 That Love and Faith went out together,  
 And took the path to Beauty's bower.  
 Love laughed and frolicked all the way,  
 While sober Faith, as on they rambled,  
 Allowed the thoughtless boy to play,  
 But watched him, wheresoe'er he gamboled.

So warm a welcome, Beauty smiled  
Upon the guests whom chance had sent her,  
That Love and Faith were both beguiled  
The grotto of the nymph to enter ;  
And when the curtains of the skies  
The drowsy hand of Night was closing,  
Love nestled him in Beauty's eyes,  
While Faith was on her heart reposing.

Love thought he never saw a pair  
So softly radiant in their beaming ;  
Faith deemed that he could meet no where  
So sweet and safe a place to dream in ;  
And there, for life in bright content,  
Enchained, they must have still been lying,  
For Love his wings to Faith had lent,  
And Faith he never dream'd of flying.

But Beauty, though she liked the child,  
With all his winning ways about him,  
Upon his mentor never smiled,  
And thought that Love might do without him ;  
Poor Faith abused, soon sighing fled,  
And now one knows not where to find him ;  
While mourning Love quick followed  
Upon the wings he left behind him.

'Tis said, that in his wandering  
Love still around that spot will hover,  
Like bird that on bewildered wing  
Her parted mate pines to discover ;  
And true it is that Beauty's door  
Is often by the idler haunted ;  
But, since Faith fled, Love owns no more  
The spell that held his wings enchanted.

## THE LAST SONG.

BY J. G. BROOKS.

**STRIKE** the wild harp yet once again !  
 Again its lonely numbers pour ;  
 Then let the melancholy strain  
 Be hushed in death for evermore.  
 For evermore, for evermore,  
 Creative fancy, be thou still ;  
 And let oblivious Lethe pour  
 Upon my lyre its waters chill.

Strike the wild harp yet once again !  
 Then be its fitful chords unstrung,  
 Silent as is the grave's domain,  
 And mute as the death-mouldered tongue,  
 Let not a thought of memory dwell  
 One moment on its former song ;  
 Forgotten, too, be this farewell,  
 Which plays its pensive strings along !

Strike the wild harp yet once again !  
 The saddest and the latest lay ;  
 Then break at once its strings in twain,  
 And they shall sound no more for aye :  
 And hang it on the cypress tree,  
 The hours of youth and song have passed,  
 Have gone, with all their witchery ;  
 Lost lyre ! these numbers are thy last.



## TO MY WIFE.

BY LINDLEY MURRAY.

WHEN on thy bosom I recline,  
 Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,  
     To call thee mine for life,  
 I glory in the sacred ties,  
 Which modern wits and fools despise,  
     Of Husband and of Wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss ;  
 The tender look, the melting kiss,  
     Even years have not destroyed ;  
 Some sweet sensation, ever new,  
 Springs up and proves the maxim true,  
     That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish ?—'tis all for thee,  
 Hast thou a wish ?—'tis all for me,  
     So soft our moments move,  
 That angels look with ardent gaze,  
 Well pleas'd to see our happy days,  
     And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise—and cares will come—  
 Thy bosom is my softest home,  
     I'll lull me there to rest ;  
 And is there aught disturbs my fair ?  
 I'll bid her sigh out every care,  
     And lose it in my breast.

Have I a wish?—'tis all her own ;  
 All hers and mine are roll'd in one—  
     Our hearts are so entwined,  
 That, like the ivy round the tree,  
 Bound up in closest amity,  
     'Tis death to be disjoined.

---

L A M E N T .

BY MARY E. BROOKS.

OH, weep not for the dead !  
 Rather, oh rather give the tear  
 To those that darkly linger here,  
     When all besides are fled ;  
 Weep for the spirit withering  
 In its cold cheerless sorrowing,  
 Weep for the young and lovely one  
 That ruin darkly revels on ;  
     But never be a tear-drop shed  
     For them, the pure enfranchised dead.

Oh, weep not for the dead !  
 No more for them the blighting chill,  
 The thousand shades of earthly ill,  
     The thousand thorns we tread ;  
 Weep for the life-charm early flown,  
 The spirit broken, bleeding, lone ;  
 Weep for the death pangs of the heart,  
 Ere being from the bosom part ;  
     But never be a tear-drop given  
     To those that rest in yon blue heaven.

“AFFECTION WINS AFFECTION.”

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

MINE own beloved, believest thou ought of this ?  
 Oh ! then no more  
 My heart, o'er early faded dreams of bliss  
 Its wail shall pour.

Give me this hope, though only from afar  
 It sheds its light,  
 And, like yon dewy melancholy star,  
 With tears is bright—

Let me but hope a heart with fondness fraught,  
 That could not sin  
 Against its worshipped idol, e'en in thought,  
 Thy love may win :

Let me but hope the changeless love of years,  
 The tender care  
 That fain would die to save thine eye from tears,  
 Thy heart may share.

Or let me hope at least that, when no more  
 My voice shall meet  
 The ear that listens only to think o'er  
 Tones far more sweet ;

When the kind shelter of the grave shall hide  
 This faded brow,  
 This form once gazed upon with pride,  
 With coldness now ;

When never more my weary steps of pain  
 Around thee move,  
 When loosed for ever is life's heavy chain,  
 Love will win love.

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FEATS OF DEATH.

BY LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

*Ob: 1825, at. 17.*

I HAVE passed o'er the earth in the darkness of night,  
 I have walked the wild winds in the morning's broad light ;  
 I have paused o'er the bower where the infant lay sleeping,  
 And I've left the fond mother in sorrow and weeping.

My pinion was spread, and the cold dew of night,  
 Which withers and moulders the flower in its light,  
 Fell silently o'er the warm cheek in its glow,  
 And I left it there blighted, and wasted, and low ;  
 I culled the fair bud as it danced in its mirth,  
 And I left it to moulder and fade on the earth.

I passed o'er the valley, the glad sounds of joy  
 Rose soft through the mist, and ascended on high ;  
 The fairest were there, and I paused in my flight,  
 And the deep cry of wailing broke wildly that night.

I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,  
 I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth,  
 But I sweep them all on to their home in the grave,  
 I stop not to pity—I stay not to save.

I paused in my pathway, for beauty was there ;  
It was beauty too death-like, too cold, and too fair !  
The deep purple fountain seemed melting away,  
And the faint pulse of life scarce remembered to play ;  
She had thought on the tomb, she was waiting for me,  
I gazed, I passed on, and her spirit was free.

The clear stream rolled gladly, and bounded along,  
With ripple, and murmur, and sparkle, and song ;  
The minstrel was tuning his wild harp to love,  
And sweet, and half sad were the numbers he wove.  
I passed, and the harp of the bard was unstrung ;  
O'er the stream which rolled deeply, 'twas recklessly hung ;  
The minstrel was not ! and I passed on alone,  
O'er the newly-raised turf and the rudely-carved stone.

---

## THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

BY MARY E. BROOKS.

FAREWELL to thee,  
To thee, the young home of my heart, farewell !  
How often will thy form in memory  
Renew the spell ;  
Each burning tone,  
Far sweeter than the wild bird's melting note ;  
Across my spirit like a dream by-gone,  
Their voices float.

When rose the song,  
 The life gush of the bosom, fresh and free,  
 There breathed no sorrow as it swept along  
     Thy halls of glee ;  
     Oh, when the gay,  
 The merry hearted blend the tide again,  
 Then fling to her, the loved one far away,  
     One kindly strain.

The skies are bright  
 That canopy thy bowers, my soul's young rest ;  
 And, like thy fairy visions, robed in light,  
     The loveliest :  
     The bird among  
 Thy deep perfumes pours its rich melody ;  
 Oh, in the music of that matin song  
     Remember me !

Another now,  
 Mother, above thy silvery locks must bend ;  
 And when the death-shade gathers on thy brow,  
     Who then will tend  
     Thy fading light ?  
 Oh, in its gleam all feebly, tremblingly,  
 The last gush of thy spirit in its flight,  
     Remember me !

Sister, one sigh  
 Upon the midnight's balmy breath did float ;  
 One love-lit smile beneath the summer sky,  
     One echo note :  
     Oh, never yet,  
 Through love, life, music, feeling, fragrancy,  
 Can I the mingling of those hours forget ;  
     Remember me !

The chained spell  
 Is strong, my own fair home, that bids us sever ;  
 And bound in loveliness to break, no, never !  
 Then fare thee well :  
 And perished here,  
 As from the rosy leaf the dew that fell,  
 I dash from love's young wreath the passing tear ;  
 My own bright home, farewell !

## REFLECTIONS.

BY LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

[Written in her Fifteenth year, on seeing an ancient picture of the Virgin Mary.]

ROLL back, thou tide of time, and tell  
 Of book, of rosary, and bell ;  
 Of cloistered nun, with brow of gloom,  
 Immured within her living tomb ;  
 Of monks, of saints, and vesper-song,  
 Borne gently by the breeze along ;  
 Of deep-toned organ's pealing swell ;  
 Of *ave maria*, and funeral knell ;  
 Of midnight taper, dim and small,  
 Just glimmering through the high-arched hall ;  
 Of gloomy cell, of penance lone,  
 Which can for darkest deeds atone :  
 Roll back, and lift the veil of night,  
 For I would view the anchorite.

Yes, there he sits, so sad, so pale,  
Shuddering at Superstition's tale ;  
Crossing his breast with meagre hand,  
While saints and priests, a motley band,  
Arrayed before him, urge their claim  
To heal in the Redemer's name ;  
To mount the saintly ladder, (made  
By every monk, of every grade,  
From portly abbot, fat and fair,  
To yon lean starveling, shivering there,)  
And mounting thus, to usher in  
The soul, thus ransomed from its sin.  
And tell me, hapless bigot ! why,  
For what, for whom did Jesus die,  
If pyramids of saints must rise  
To form a passage to the skies ?  
And think you man can wipe away  
With fast and penance, day by day,  
One single sin, too dark to fade  
Before a bleeding Saviour's shade ?  
O ye of little faith, beware !  
For neither shrift, nor saint, nor prayer,  
Would ought avail ye without Him,  
Beside whom saints themselves grow dim.  
Roll back, thou tide of time, and raise  
The faded forms of other days !  
Yon time-worn picture, darkly grand,  
The work of some forgotten hand,  
Will teach thee half thy mazy way,  
While Fancy's watch-fires dimly play.  
Roll back, thou tide of time, and tell  
Of secret charm, of holy spell,  
Of Superstition's midnight rite,  
Of wild Devotion's seraph flight ;



Of Melancholy's tearful eye,  
Of the sad votaress' frequent sigh,  
That trembling from her bosom rose,  
Divided 'twixt her Saviour's woes  
And some warm image lingering there,  
Which, half-repulsed by midnight prayer,  
Still, like an outcast child, will creep  
Where sweetly it was wont to sleep,  
And mingle its unhallowed sigh  
With cloister-prayer and rosary ;  
Then tell the pale, deluded one  
Her vows are breathed to God alone ;  
Those vows, which tremulously rise,  
Love's last, love's sweetest sacrifice.

---

## L I N E S .

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

WHEN in the shadow of the tomb  
This heart shall rest,  
Oh ! lay me where spring flowers bloom  
On earth's bright breast.

Oh ! ne'er in vaulted chambers lay  
My lifeless form ;  
Seek not of such mean, worthless prey  
To cheat the worm.

In this sweet city of the dead  
I fain would sleep,  
Where flowers may deck my narrow bed,  
And night dews weep.

But raise not the sepulchral stone  
To mark the spot ;  
Enough, if by thy heart alone  
'Tis ne'er forgot.

---

## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

I'm thy guardian angel, sweet maid ! and I rest  
In mine own chosen temple, thy innocent breast ;  
At midnight I steal from my sacred retreat,  
When the chords of thy heart in soft unison beat.

When thy bright eye is closed, when thy dark tresses flow  
In beautiful wreaths o'er thy pillow of snow ;  
O then I watch o'er thee, all pure as thou art,  
And listen to music which steals from thy heart.

Thy smile is the sunshine which gladdens my soul,  
My tempest the clouds, which around thee may roll ;  
I feast my light form on thy rapture-breathed sighs,  
And drink at the fount of those beautiful eyes.

The thoughts of thy heart are recorded by me ;  
There are some which, half-breathed, half-acknowledged by  
    thee,  
Steal sweetly and silently o'er thy pure breast,  
Just ruffling its calmness, then murm'ring to rest.

Like a breeze o'er the lake, when it breathlessly lies,  
With its own mimic mountains, and star-spangled skies ;  
I stretch my light pinions around thee when sleeping,  
To guard thee from spirits of sorrow and weeping.

I breathe o'er thy slumbers sweet dreams of delight,  
Till you wake but to sigh for the visions of night ;  
Then remember, wherever your pathway may lie,  
Be it clouded with sorrow, or brilliant with joy ;

My spirit shall watch thee, wherever thou art,  
My incense shall rise from the throne of thy heart.  
Farewell ! for the shadows of evening are fled,  
And the young rays of morning are wreathed round my head.

---

## WHAT IS SOLITUDE ?

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

Not in the shadowy wood,  
    Not in the crag-hung glen,  
Not where the sleeping echoes brood  
    In caves untrod by men ;

Not by the sea-swept shore  
 Where loitering surges break,  
 Not on the mountain hoar,  
 Not by the breezeless lake,  
 Not in the desert plain  
 Where man hath never stood,  
 Whether on isle or main—  
 Not there is Solitude !

There are birds in the woodland bowers,  
 Voices in lonely dells,  
 And streams that talk to the listening hours  
 In earth's most secret cells.  
 There is life on the foam-flecked sand  
 By ocean's curling lip,  
 And life on the still lake's strand  
 'Mid flowers that o'er it dip ;  
 There is life in the tossing pines  
 That plume the mountain crest,  
 And life in the courser's mane that shines  
 As he scours the desert's breast.

But go to the crowded mart,  
 'Mid the sordid haunts of men,  
 Go there and ask thy heart,  
 What answer makes it then ?  
 Go where the wine-cup's gleaming,  
 In hall or festal grot ;  
 Where love-lit eyes are beaming,  
 But Love himself is not !—  
 Go—if thou wouldst be lonely—  
 Where the phantom Pleasure's wooed,  
 And own that there—there only—  
 'Mid crowds is Solitude.

## THE BRAVE.

BY J. G. BROOKS.

WHERE have the valiant sunk to rest,  
 When their sands of life were numbered ?  
 On the downy couch ? on the gentle breast  
 Where their youthful visions slumbered ?

When the mighty passed the gate of death,  
 Did love stand by bewailing ?  
 No ! but upon war's fiery breath  
 Their blood-dyed flag was sailing !

Not on the silent feverish bed,  
 With weeping friends around them,  
 Were the parting prayers of the valiant said,  
 When death's dark angel found them.

But in the stern and stormy strife,  
 In the flush of lofty feeling,  
 They yielded to honour the boon of life,  
 Where battle's bolts were pealing ;

When the hot war-steed, with crimsoned mane  
 Trampled on breasts all stained and gory,  
 Dashed his red hoof on the reeking plain,  
 And shared in the rider's glory.

Or seek the brave in their ocean grave,  
 'Neath the dark and restless water ;  
 Seek them beneath the whelming wave,  
 So oft deep dyed with slaughter.

There sleep the gallant and the proud,  
 The eagle-eyed and the lion-hearted ;  
 For whom the trump of fame rang loud,  
 When the body and soul were parted.

Or seek them on fields where the grass grows deep,  
 Where the vulture and the raven hover ;  
 There the sons of battle in quiet sleep :  
 And widowed love goes there to weep,  
 That their bright career is over.

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## MORNING.

BY LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

I COME in the breath of the wakened breeze,  
 I kiss the flowers, and I bend the trees ;  
 And I shake the dew, which hath fallen by night,  
 From its throne, on the lily's pure bosom of white.  
 Awake thee, when bright from my couch in the sky,  
 I beam o'er the mountains, and come from on high ;  
 When my gay purple banners are waving afar ;  
 When my herald, gray dawn, hath extinguished each star ;  
 When I smile on the woodlands, and bend o'er the lake,  
 'Then awake thee, O maiden, I bid thee awake !  
 Thou may'st slumber when all the wide arches of Heaven  
 Glitter bright with the beautiful fires of even ;  
 When the moon walks in glory, and looks from on high,  
 O'er the clouds floating far through the clear azure sky,

Drifting on like the beautiful vessels of Heaven,  
 To their far away harbour, all silently driven,  
 Bearing on, in their bosoms, the children of light,  
 Who have fled from this dark world of sorrow and night ;  
 When the lake lies in calmness and darkness, save where  
 The bright ripple curls, 'neath the smile of a star ;  
 When all is in silence and solitude here,  
 Then sleep, maiden, sleep ! without sorrow or fear !  
 But when I steal silently over the lake,  
 Awake thee then, maiden, awake ! Oh, awake !

---

LAKE GEORGE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Not in the bannered castle  
 Beside the gilded throne,  
 On fields where knightly ranks have strode,  
 In feudal halls—alone  
 The Spirit of the stately mien,  
 Whose presence flings a spell,  
 Fadeless on all around her,  
 In empire loves to dwell.

Gray piles and moss-grown cloisters,  
 Call up the shadows vast  
 That linger in their dim domain,  
 Dreams of the visioned past !  
 As sweep the gorgeous pageants by  
 We watch the pictured train,  
 And sigh that aught so glorious  
 Should be so brief and vain.

But here a spell yet deeper  
Breathes from the woods and sky,  
Proudlie these rocks and waters speak  
Of hoar antiquity ;  
Here Nature built her ancient realm  
While yet the world was young,  
Her monuments of grandeur  
Unshaken stand, and strong.

Here shines the sun of Freedom  
For ever o'er the deep,  
Where Freedom's heroes by the shore  
In peaceful glory sleep ;  
And deeds of high and proud emprise  
In every breeze are told,  
The everlasting tribute  
To hearts that now are cold.

Farewell, then, scenes so lovely,  
If sunset gild your rest,  
Or the pale starlight gleam upon  
The water's silvery breast—  
Or morning on these glad, green isles  
In trembling splendour glows—  
A holier spell than beauty  
Hallows your pure repose !



## LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY W. H. L. BOGART.

LIKE the lone emigrant who seeks a home  
 In the wild regions of the far-off west,  
 And where, as yet, no foot of man hath come,  
 Rears a rude dwelling for his future rest.

Like him I have sought out a solitude  
 Where all around me is unsullied yet,  
 And reared a tenement of words as rude  
 As the first hut on Indian prairies set.

O'er his poor house ere thrice the seasons tread  
 Their march of storm and sunshine o'er the land,  
 Some lofty pile will rear its haughty head,  
 And sway the soil with high and proud command.

And round my verse the better, brighter thought  
 Of beauty and of genius will be placed—  
 Those gem-like words, with light and music fraught,  
 By manly or by fairy fingers traced.

Our fate's the same—the gentle and the proud  
 Will speed their voyage to oblivion's sea,  
 And I shall soon be lost amid the crowd  
 That seek a place within thy memory.

## THE FADED ONE.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

GONE to the slumber which may know no waking  
 Till the loud requiem of the world shall swell ;  
 Gone ! where no sound thy still repose is breaking,  
 In a lone mansion through long years to dwell ;  
 Where the sweet gales that herald bud and blossom  
 Pour not their music nor their fragrant breath :  
 A seal is set upon thy budding bosom,  
 A bond of loneliness—a spell of death !

Yet 'twas but yesterday that all before thee  
 Shone in the freshness of life's morning hours ;  
 Joy's radiant smile was playing briefly o'er thee,  
 And thy light feet impressed but vernal flowers.  
 The restless spirit charmed thy sweet existence,  
 Making all beauteous in youth's pleasant maze,  
 While gladsome hope illumed the onward distance,  
 And lit with sunbeams thy expectant days.

How have the garlands of thy childhood withered,  
 And hope's false anthem died upon the air !  
 Death's cloudy tempests o'er thy way have gathered,  
 And his stern bolts have burst in fury there.  
 On thy pale forehead sleeps the shade of even,  
 Youth's braided wreath lies stained in sprinkled dust,  
 Yet looking upward in its grief to Heaven,  
 Love should not mourn thee, save in hope and trust.

## PROEM TO YAMOYDEN.

BY R. C. SANDS.—1820.

Go forth, sad fragments of a broken strain,  
 The last that either bard shall e'er essay !  
 The hand can ne'er attempt the chords again,  
 That first awoke them, in a happier day :  
 Where sweeps the ocean breeze its desert way,  
 His requiem murmurs o'er the moaning wave ;  
 And he who feebly now prolongs the lay  
 Shall ne'er the minstrel's hallowed honours crave ;  
 His harp lies buried deep in that untimely grave !

Friend of my youth,\* with thee began the love  
 Of sacred song ; the wont, in golden dreams,  
 'Mid classic realms of splendours past to rove,  
 O'er haunted steep, and by immortal streams ;  
 Where the blue wave, with sparkling bosom gleams  
 Round shores, the mind's eternal heritage,  
 For ever lit by memory's twilight beams ;  
 Where the proud dead, that live in storied page,  
 Beckon, with awful port, to glory's earlier age.

There would we linger oft, entranc'd, to hear,  
 O'er battle fields the epic thunders roll ;  
 Or list, where tragic wail upon the ear,  
 Through Argive palaces shrill echoing, stole ;

\* The Rev. James W. Eastburn, by whom, in conjunction with Mr. Sands, the poem of Yamoyden was written, in separate portions.

There would we mark, uncurbed by all control,  
 In central heaven, the Theban eagle's flight ;  
 Or hold communion with the musing soul  
 Of sage or bard, who sought, 'mid pagan night,  
 In lov'd Athenian groves, for truth's eternal light.

Homeward we turned, to that fair land, but late  
 Redeemed from the strong spell that bound it fast,  
 Where mystery, brooding o'er the waters, sate  
 And kept the key, till three millenniums past ;  
 When, as creation's noblest work was last,  
 Latest, to man it was vouchsafed, to see  
 Nature's great wonder, long by clouds o'ercast,  
 And veiled in sacred awe, that it might be  
 An empire and a home, most worthy for the free.

And here, forerunners strange and meet were found,  
 Of that bless'd freedom, only dreamed before ;—  
 Dark were the morning mists, that lingered round  
 Their birth and story, as the hue they bore.  
 " Earth was their mother ;"—or they knew no more,  
 Or would not that their secret should be told ;  
 For they were grave and silent ; and such lore,  
 To stranger ears, they loved not to unfold,  
 The long-transmitted tales their sires were taught of old.

Kind nature's commoners, from her they drew  
 Their needful wants, and learn'd not how to hoard ;  
 And him whom strength and wisdom crowned, they knew,  
 But with no servile reverence, as their lord.  
 And on their mountain summits they adored  
 One great, good Spirit, in his high abode,  
 And thence their incense and orisons poured  
 To his pervading presence, that abroad  
 They felt through all his works,—their Father, King, and God.

And in the mountain mist, the torrent's spray,  
 The quivering forest, or the glassy flood,  
 Soft falling showers, or hues of orient day,  
 They imaged spirits beautiful and good ;  
 But when the tempest roared, with voices rude,  
 Or fierce, red lightning fired the forest pine,  
 Or withering heats untimely seared the wood,  
 The angry forms they saw of powers malign ;  
 These they besought to spare, those blest for aid divine.

As the fresh sense of life, through every vein,  
 With the pure air they drank, inspiring came,  
 Comely they grew, patient of toil and pain,  
 And as the fleet deer's agile was their frame ;  
 Of meaner vices scarce they knew the name ;  
 These simple truths went down from sire to son,—  
 To reverence age,—the sluggish hunter's shame,  
 And craven warrior's infamy to shun,—  
 And still avenge each wrong, to friends or kindred done.

From forest shades they peered, with awful dread,  
 When, uttering flame and thunder from its side,  
 The ocean-monster, with broad wings outspread,  
 Came ploughing gallantly the virgin tide.  
 Few years have pass'd, and all their forests' pride  
 From shores and hills has vanished, with the race,  
 Their tenants erst, from memory who have died,  
 Like airy shapes, which eld was wont to trace,  
 In each green thicket's depths, and lone, sequestered place.

And many a gloomy tale, tradition yet  
 Saves from oblivion, of their struggles vain,  
 Their prowess and their wrongs, for rhymer meet,  
 To people scenes, where still their names remain ;

And so began our young, delighted strain,  
 That would evoke the plumed chieftains brave,  
 And bid their martial hosts arise again,  
 Where Narraganset's tides roll by their grave,  
 And Haup's romantic steeps are piled above the wave.

Friend of my youth ! with thee began my song,  
 And o'er thy bier its latest accents die ;  
 Misled in phantom-peopled realms too long,—  
 Though not to me the muse averse deny,  
 Sometimes, perhaps, her visions to descry,  
 Such thriftless pastime should with youth be o'er ;  
 And he who loved with thee his notes to try,  
 But for thy sake, such idlesse would deplore,  
 And swears to meditate the thankless muse no more.

But, no ! the freshness of the past shall still  
 Sacred to memory's holiest musings be ;  
 When through the ideal fields of song, at will,  
 He roved and gathered chaplets wild with thee ;  
 When, reckless of the world, alone and free,  
 Like two proud barks, we kept our careless way,  
 That sail by moonlight o'er the tranquil sea ;  
 Their white apparel and their streamers gay,  
 Bright gleaming o'er the main, beneath the ghostly ray ;—

And downward, far, reflected in the clear  
 Blue depths, the eye their fairy tackling sees ;  
 So buoyant, they do seem to float in air,  
 And silently obey the noiseless breeze ;  
 Till, all too soon, as the rude winds may please,  
 They part for distant ports : the gales benign  
 Swift wafting, bore, by Heaven's all-wise decrees,  
 To its own harbour sure, where each divine  
 And joyous vision, seen before in dreams, is thine.

Muses of Helicon ! melodious race  
 Of Jove and golden-haired Mnemosyné ;  
 Whose art from memory blots each sadder trace,  
 And drives each scowling form of grief away !  
 Who, round the violet fount, your measures gay  
 Once trod, and round the altar of great Jove ;  
 Whence, wrapt in silvery clouds, your nightly way  
 Ye held, and ravishing strains of music wove,  
 That soothed the Thunderer's soul, and filled his courts above.

Bright choir ! with lips untempted, and with zone  
 Sparkling, and unapproached by touch profane ;  
 Ye, to whose gladsome bosoms ne'er was known  
 The blight of sorrow, or the throb of pain ;  
 Rightly invoked,—if right the elected swain,  
 On your own mountain's side ye taught of yore,  
 Whose honoured hand took not your gift in vain,  
 Worthy the budding laurel-bough it bore,—\*  
 Farewell ! a long farewell ! I worship you no more.

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## THE INDIAN.

BY JONATHAN LAWRENCE, JUN.

AWAY, away to forest shades !  
 Fly, fly with me the haunts of men !  
 I would not give my sunlit glades,  
 My talking stream, and silent glen,  
 For all the pageantry of slaves,  
 Their fettered lives and trampled graves.

\* *Hesiod. Theog.* l. 1. 60. 30.

Away from wealth! our wampum strings  
Ask not the toil, the woes of them  
From whom the lash, the iron wrings  
The golden dross, the tear-soiled gem;  
Yet bind our hearts in the pure tie  
That gold or gems could never buy.

And power! what is it ye who rule  
The hands without the souls? oh, ye  
Can tell how mean the tinselled fool,  
With all his hollow mockery!  
The slave of slaves who hate, yet bow,  
With serving lip but scorning brow.

And love, dear love! how can they feel  
The wild desire, the burning flame,  
That thrills each pulse and bids us kneel—  
The power of the adored name;  
The glance that sins in the met eye,  
Yet loved for its idolatry!

They never knew the perfect bliss,  
To clasp in the entwined bower  
Her trembling form, to steal the kiss  
She would deny but hath not power;  
To list that voice that charms the grove,  
And trembles when it tells of love.

Nor have they felt the pride, the thrill,  
When bounding for the fated deer;  
O'er rock and sod, o'er vale and hill,  
The hunter flies, nor dreams of fear,  
And brings his maid the evening prey,  
To speak more love than words can say.



Have they in death the sod, the stones,  
 The silence of the shading tree ;  
 Where glory decks the storied bones  
 Of him whose life, whose death, was free ;  
 And minstrel mourns his arm whose blow  
 The foeman covered and quailed below ?

No ; they, confined and fettered, they  
 The sons of sires to fame unknown,  
 With nerveless hands and souls of clay,  
 Half life, half death, loathe, but live on ;  
 And sink unsung, ignobly lie  
 In dark oblivion's apathy.

Poor fools ! the wild and mountain chase  
 Would rend their frail and sickly forms ;  
 But for their God, how would they face,  
 Our bands of fire, our sons of storms ;  
 Breasts that have never recked of fears,  
 And eyes that leave to women, tears.

They tell us of their kings, who gave  
 To them our wild, unfettered shore ;  
 To them ! why let them chain the wave,  
 And hush its everlasting roar !  
 Then may we own their sway, but hark !  
 Our warriors never miss their mark.

Away, away from such as these !  
 Free as the wild bird on the wing,  
 I see my own, my loved green trees,  
 I hear our black-haired maidens sing ;  
 I fly from such a world as this,  
 To rove, to love, to live in bliss !

## MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY WILLIAM DUER.

FAIR orb ! so peacefully sublime,  
 In silence rolling high,  
 Know'st thou of passion, or of crime,  
 Or earthly vanity ?

In that bright world can lust abide,  
 Or murder bare his arm ?  
 With thee are wars, and kings, and pride,  
 And the loud trump's alarm ?

What beings, by what motives led,  
 Inhale thy morning breeze ?  
 Doth man upon thy mountains tread,  
 Or float upon thy seas ?

Say, whence are they? and what their fate?  
 Whom whirls around thy ball ?  
 Their present and their future state,  
 Their hopes and fears recall ?

Canst thou of a Redeemer tell,  
 Or a Betrayer's kiss ?  
 Their's is a Heaven or a Hell ?  
 Eternal woe or bliss ?

Can infidelity exist,  
 And gaze upon that sky ?  
 Here would I bid the Atheist  
 God's finger to deny.

What horrid sounds ! what horrid sights !  
What wretched blood is spilt !  
While thou, and all the eternal lights,  
Shine conscious on the guilt ?

Thou hear'st red Murder's victims cry ;  
Thou mark'st Lust's stealthy pace ;  
And Avarice hide his heap and sigh ;  
And Rapine's reckless face.

In thy pale light the Suicide,  
By some deep lonely lake,  
Or from the headlong torrent's side  
Doth the vain world forsake.

And often, ere thy course is run,  
Thy cold, uncertain light  
Gleams where the culprit's skeleton  
Swings to the winds of night.

A light cloud hangs upon thy brow,  
(What foul deed would it hide ?)  
'Tis gone : thine orb, unshaded now,  
Looks down on human pride.

And now the midnight hour invites  
Th' accursed witch's vow,  
While to her thrice accursed rites  
Sole witness rollest thou !

Lo ! underneath yon falling tower  
The tottering beldame seeks  
Herbs, of some hidden evil power,  
While muttered charms she speaks.

Or where some noisome cavern yawns,  
Where vipers get their food,  
Or where the Nile's huge offspring spawns  
Her pestilential brood :

There—while the bubbling cauldron sings  
Beneath their eldritch glance—  
As wild their fiendish laughter rings,  
The haggard sisters dance.

Can sin endure thy majesty,  
Nor thy pure presence fly ?  
'Tis like the sad severity  
Of a fond father's eye.

There, where no mortal eye can see,  
No mortal voice can tell,  
Wisdom hath marked thy path to be  
Th' Almighty's sentinel.

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LINES WRITTEN ON THE COVER OF A PRAYER  
BOOK.

BY THOMAS SLIDELL.

THERE is a tree, whose boughs are clad  
With foliage that never dies;  
Whose fruits perennially thrive,  
And whose tall top salutes the skies.

There is a flower of loveliest hues,  
 No mildews blast its changeless bloom ;  
 It smiles at the rude tempest's wrath,  
 And breathes a still more sweet perfume.

There is a star, whose constant rays  
 Beam brightest in the darkest hour,  
 And cheer the weary pilgrim's heart,  
 Though storms around his pathway lower.

That tree, the Tree of Life is called,  
 That flower blooms on Virtue's stem,  
 That star, whose rays are never veiled,  
 Is the bright Star of Bethlehem.

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## ODE TO JAMESTOWN.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

OLD cradle of an infant world,  
 In which a nestling empire lay,  
 Struggling awhile, ere she unfurl'd,  
 Her gallant wing and soar'd away ;  
 All hail ! thou birth-place of the glowing west,  
 Thou seem'st the towering eagle's ruin'd nest !

What solemn recollections throng,  
 What touching visions rise,  
 As wand'ring these old stones among,  
 I backward turn mine eyes,  
 And see the shadows of the dead flit round,  
 Like spirits, when the last dread trump shall sound.

The wonders of an age combin'd  
 In one short moment memory supplies,  
 They throng upon my waken'd mind,  
 As time's dark curtains rise.  
 The volume of a hundred buried years,  
 Condens'd in one bright sheet, appears.

I hear the angry ocean rave,  
 I see the lonely little barque  
 Scudding along the crested wave,  
 Freight'd like old Noah's ark,  
 As o'er the drowned earth it whirl'd,  
 With the forefathers of another world.

I see a train of exiles stand,  
 Amid the desert, desolate,  
 The fathers of my native land,  
 The daring pioneers of fate,  
 Who brav'd the perils of the sea and earth,  
 And gave a boundless empire birth.

I see the gloomy Indian range  
 His woodland empire, free as air ;  
 I see the gloomy forest change,  
 The shadowy earth laid bare ;  
 And, where the red man chas'd the bounding deer,  
 The smiling labours of the white appear.

I see the haughty warrior gaze  
 In wonder or in scorn,  
 As the pale faces sweat to raise  
 Their scanty fields of corn,  
 While he, the monarch of the boundless wood,  
 By sport, or hair-brain'd rapine, wins his food.

A moment, and the pageant's gone ;  
The red men are no more ;  
The pale fac'd strangers stand alone  
Upon the river's shore ;  
And the proud wood king, who their arts disdain'd,  
Finds but a bloody grave where once he reign'd.

The forest reels beneath the stroke  
Of sturdy woodman's axe ;  
The earth receives the white man's yoke,  
And pays her willing tax  
Of fruits, and flowers, and golden harvest fields,  
And all that nature to blithe labour yields.

Then growing hamlets rear their heads,  
And gathering crowds expand,  
Far as my fancy's vision spreads,  
O'er many a boundless land,  
Till what was once a world of savage strife,  
Teems with the richest gifts of social life.

Empire to empire swift succeeds,  
Each happy, great, and free ;  
One empire still another breeds,  
A giant progeny,  
To war upon the pigmy gods of earth,  
The tyrants, to whom ignorance gave birth.

Then, as I turn my thoughts to trace  
The fount whence these rich waters sprung,  
I glance towards this lonely place,  
And find it, these rude stones among.  
Here rest the sires of millions, sleeping sound,  
The Argonauts, the golden fleece that found.

Their names have been forgotten long ;  
 The stone, but not a word, remains ;  
 They cannot live in deathless song,  
 Nor breathe in pious strains.  
 Yet this sublime obscurity, to me  
 More touching is, than poet's rhapsody.

They live in millions that now breathe ;  
 They live in millions yet unborn,  
 And pious gratitude shall wreath  
 As bright a crown as e'er was worn,  
 And hang it on the green leav'd bough,  
 That whispers to the nameless dead below.

No one that inspiration drinks ;  
 No one that loves his native land ;  
 No one that reasons, feels, or thinks,  
 Can 'mid these lonely ruins stand,  
 Without a moisten'd eye, a grateful tear  
 Of reverent gratitude to those that moulder here.

The mighty shade now hovers round—  
 Of HIM whose strange, yet bright career,  
 Is written on this sacred ground  
 In letters that no time shall sere ;  
 Who in the old world smote the turban'd crew,  
 And founded Christian Empires in the new.

And SHE ! the glorious Indian maid,  
 The tutelary of this land,  
 The angel of the woodland shade,  
 The miracle of God's own hand,  
 Who join'd man's heart to woman's softest grace,  
 And thrice redeem'd the scourgers of her race.



Sister of charity and love,  
 Whose life-blood was soft Pity's tide,  
 Dear Goddess of the Sylvan grove.  
 Flower of the Forest, nature's pride,  
 He is no man who does not bend the knee,  
 And she no woman who is not like thee !

Jamestown, and Plymouth's hallow'd rock,  
 To me shall ever sacred be—  
 I care not who my themes may mock,  
 Or sneer at them and me.  
 I envy not the brute who here can stand,  
 Without a prayer for his own native land.

And if the recreant crawl *her* earth,  
 Or breathe Virginia's air,  
 Or, in New-England claim his birth,  
 From the old Pilgrim's there,  
 He is a bastard, if he dare to mock,  
 Old Jamestown's shrine, or Plymouth's famous rock.

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## LOOK ALOFT.

BY JONATHAN LAWRENCE, JUN.

[The following lines were suggested by an anecdote said to have been related by the late Dr. Godman, of the ship-boy who was about to fall from the rigging, and was only saved by the mate's characteristic exclamation, "Look aloft, you lubber."]

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale  
 Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—  
 If thine eye should grow dim and thy caution depart—  
 "Look aloft" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in prosperity's glow  
 With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,  
 Should betray thee when sorrow like clouds are arrayed,  
 "Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,  
 Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,  
 Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,  
 "Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart—  
 The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,  
 "Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,  
 To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

And oh! when death comes in terrors, to cast,  
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past,  
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,  
 And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft" and depart!

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FRAGMENT.

BY WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.—1747.

FATHER of Light! exhaustless source of good!  
 Supreme, eternal, self-existent God!  
 Before the beamy sun dispensed a ray,  
 Flamed in the azure vault, and gave the day;  
 Before the glimmering moon with borrow'd light  
 Shone queen amid the silver host of night,

High in the heavens, thou reign'dst superior Lord,  
By suppliant angels worshipp'd and adored.  
With the celestial choir then let me join  
In cheerful praises to the power divine.  
To sing thy praise, do thou, O God! inspire  
A mortal breast with more than mortal fire.  
In dreadful majesty thou sitt'st enthroned,  
With light encircled, and with glory crown'd :  
Through all infinitude extends thy reign,  
For thee, nor heaven, nor heaven of heavens contain ;  
But though thy throne is fix'd above the sky  
Thy omnipresence fills immensity.

---

BYRON.

BY LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

His faults were great, his virtues less,  
His mind a burning lamp of Heaven ;  
His talents were bestowed to bless,  
But were as vainly lost as given.

His was a harp of heavenly sound,  
The numbers wild, and bold, and clear ;  
But ah ! some demon, hovering round,  
Tuned its sweet chords to Sin and Fear.

His was a mind of giant mould,  
Which grasped at all beneath the skies ;  
And his, a heart, so icy cold,  
That virtue in its recess dies.

## JOY AND SORROW.

BY J. G. BROOKS.

Joy kneels at morning's rosy prime,  
 In worship to the rising sun ;  
 But Sorrow loves the calmer time,  
 When the day-god his course hath run ;  
 When night is on her shadowy car,  
 Pale Sorrow wakes while Joy doth sleep ;  
 And guided by the evening star,  
 She wanders forth to muse and weep.

Joy loves to cull the summer flower,  
 And wreath it round his happy brow ;  
 But when the dark autumnal hour  
 Hath laid the leaf and blossoms low ;  
 When the frail bud hath lost its worth,  
 And Joy hath dashed it from his crest ;  
 Then Sorrow takes it from the earth,  
 To wither on her withered breast.

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 TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY LUCRETIA M. DAVIDSON.

Thou brightly-glittering star of even,  
 Thou gem upon the brow of Heaven,  
 Oh ! were this fluttering spirit free,  
 How quick 'twould spread its wings to thee.

How calmly, brightly dost thou shine,  
Like the pure lamp in Virtue's shrine !  
Sure the fair world which thou may'st boast  
Was never ransomed, never lost.

There, beings pure as Heaven's own air,  
Their hopes, their joys together share ;  
While hovering angels touch the string,  
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There cloudless days and brilliant nights,  
Illumed by Heaven's refulgent lights ;  
There seasons, years, unnoticed roll,  
And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling star of even,  
Thou gem upon an azure Heaven,  
How swiftly will I soar to thee  
When this imprisoned soul is free.

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## THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

IN a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,  
Where nature had fashion'd a soft, sylvan scene,  
The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the deer,  
Passaic in silence roll'd gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonish'd the sight,  
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight ;  
Here the wild flow'ret blossom'd, the elm proudly waved,  
And pure was the current the green bank that laved.

But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick tangled wood,  
And deep in its gloom fix'd his murky abode,  
Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds deform,  
And gloried in thunder, and lightning and storm ;

All flush'd from the tumult of battle he came,  
Where the red men encounter'd the children of flame,  
While the noise of the war-whoop still rang in his ears,  
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears :

With a glance of disgust he the landscape survey'd,  
With its fragrant wild flowers, its wide-waving shade ;—  
Where Passaic meanders through margins of green,  
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He rived the green hills, the wild woods he laid low ;  
He taught the pure stream in rough channels to flow ;  
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,  
And hurl'd down the chasm the thundering wave.

Countless moons have since rolled in the long lapse of time—  
Cultivation has softened those features sublime ;  
The axe of the white man has lighten'd the shade,  
And dispell'd the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.

But the stranger still gazes with wondering eye,  
On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high ;  
Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,  
Where the torrent leaps headlong embosom'd in foam.

## DRINK AND AWAY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM CROSWELL.

[There is a beautiful rill in Barbary received into a large basin, which bears a name signifying "Drink and Away," from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins.—DR. SHAW.]

UP! pilgrim and rover,  
 Redouble thy haste!  
 Nor rest thee till over  
 Life's wearisome waste.  
 Ere the wild forest ranger  
 Thy footsteps betray  
 To trouble and danger,—  
 Oh, drink and away!

Here lurks the dark savage  
 By night and by day,  
 To rob and to ravage,  
 Nor scruples to slay.  
 He waits for the slaughter:  
 The blood of his prey  
 Shall stain the still water,—  
 Then drink and away!

With toil though thou languish,  
 The mandate obey,  
 Spur on, though in anguish,  
 There's death in delay!  
 No blood-hound, want-wasted,  
 Is fiercer than they:—  
 Pass by it untasted—  
 Or drink and away!

Though sore be the trial,  
 Thy God is thy stay,  
 Though deep the denial,  
 Yield not in dismay,  
 But, wrapt in high vision,  
 Look on to the day  
 When the fountains Elysian  
 Thy thirst shall allay.

There shalt thou for ever  
 Enjoy thy repose  
 Where life's gentle river  
 Eternally flows,  
 Yea, there shalt thou rest thee  
 For ever and aye,  
 With none to molest thee—  
 Then, drink and away.

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## THE HUDSON.

BY MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES, 1793.

THROUGH many a blooming wild and woodland green  
 The Hudson's sleeping waters winding stray ;  
 Now 'mongst the hills its silvery waves are seen,  
 And now through arching willows steal away :  
 Now more majestic rolls the ample tide,  
 Tall waving elms its clovery borders shade,  
 And many a stately dome, in ancient pride,  
 And hoary grandeur, there exalts its head.



There trace the marks of culture's sunburnt hand,  
The honeyed buck-wheat's clustering blossoms view,  
Dripping rich odours, mark the beard-grain bland,  
The loaded orchard, and the flax field blue ;  
The grassy hill, the quivering poplar grove,  
The copse of hazel, and the tufted bank,  
The long green valley where the white flocks rove,  
The jutting rock, o'erhung with ivy dank ;  
The tall pines waving on the mountain's brow,  
Whose lofty spires catch day's last lingering beam ;  
The bending willow weeping o'er the stream,  
The brook's soft gurglings, and the garden's glow.

Low sunk between the Alleganian hills,  
For many a league the sullen waters glide,  
And the deep murmur of the crowded tide,  
With pleasing awe the wondering voyager fills.  
On the green summit of yon lofty cliff  
A peaceful runnel gurgles clear and slow,  
Then down the craggy steep-side dashing swift,  
Tremendous falls in the white surge below.  
Here spreads a clovery lawn its verdure far,  
Around it mountains vast their forests rear,  
And long ere day hath left its burnish'd car,  
The dews of night have shed their odours there.  
There hangs a loüring rock across the deep ;  
Hoarse roar the waves its broken base around ;  
Through its dark caverns noisy whirlwinds sweep,  
While Horror startles at the fearful sound.  
The shivering sails that cut the fluttering breeze,  
Glide through these winding rocks with airy sweep :  
Beneath the cooling glooms of waving trees,  
And sloping pastures speck'd with fleecy sheep.

## TRENTON FALLS, NEAR UTICA.

BY ANTHONY BLEECKER.

*Ob*: 1827.

YE hills, who have for ages stood  
 Sublimely in your solitude,  
     Listening the wild water's roar,  
 As thundering down, from steep to steep,  
 Along your wave-worn sides they sweep,  
     Dashing their foam from shore to shore.

Wild birds, that loved the deep recess,  
 Fell beast that roved the wilderness,  
     And savage men once hover'd round :  
 But startled at your bellowing waves,  
 Your frowning cliffs, and echoing caves,  
     Affrighted fled the enchanted ground.

How changed the scene !—your lofty trees,  
 Which bent but to the mountain breeze,  
     Have sunk beneath the woodman's blade ;  
 New sun-light through your forest pours,  
 Paths wind along your sides and shores,  
     And footsteps all your haunts invade.

Now boor, and beau, and lady fair,  
 In gay costume each day repair,  
     Where thy proud rocks exposed stand,  
 While echo, from her old retreats,  
 With babbling tongue strange words repeats,  
     From babblers on your stony strand.

And see—the torrent's rocky floor,  
 With names and dates all scribbled o'er,  
   Vile blurs on nature's heraldry ;  
 O bid your river in its race,  
 These mean memorials soon efface,  
   And keep your own proud album free.

Languid thy tides, and quell'd thy powers,  
 But soon Autumnus with his showers,  
   Shall all thy wasted strength restore ;  
 Then will these rambles down thy steep,  
 With terror pale their distance keep,  
   Nor dare to touch thy trembling shore.

But spare, Oh ! river, in thy rage,  
 One name upon thy stony page ;  
   'Tis hers—the fairest of the fair ;  
 And when she comes these scenes to scan,  
 Then tell her, Echo, if you can,  
   His humble name who wrote it there.

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## THE DUMB MINSTREL.

BY JAMES NACK.

AND am I doom'd to be denied for ever  
 The blessings that to all around are given ?  
 And shall those links be re-united ever,  
   That bound me to mankind till they were riven  
 In childhood's day ? Alas ! how soon to sever  
   From social intercourse, the doom of heaven  
 Was pass'd upon me ! And the hope how vain,  
 That the decree may be recall'd again.

Amid a throng in deep attention bound,  
 To catch the accents that from others fall,  
 The flow of eloquence the heavenly sound  
 Breathed from the soul of melody, while all  
 Instructed or delighted list around,  
 Vacant unconsciousness must *me* enthrall !  
 I can but watch each animated face,  
 And there attempt th' inspiring theme to trace.

Unheard, unheeded are the lips by *me*,  
 To others that unfold some heaven-born art,  
 And melody—Oh, dearest melody !  
 How had thine accents, thrilling to my heart,  
 Awaken'd all its strings to sympathy,  
 Bidding the spirit at thy magic start !  
 How had my heart responsive to the strain,  
 Throbb'd in love's wild delight or soothing pain.

In vain—alas, in vain ! thy numbers roll—  
 Within my heart no echo they inspire ;  
 Though form'd by nature in thy sweet control,  
 To melt with tenderness, or glow with fire,  
 Misfortune closed the portals of the soul ;  
 And till an Orpheus rise to sweep the lyre,  
 That can to animation kindle stone,  
 To me thy thrilling power must be unknown.

## THE GREEN ISLE OF LOVERS.

BY R. C. SANDS.

THEY say that afar in the land of the west,  
 Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,  
 'Mid fens where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,  
 A fair lake unruffled and sparkling is spread ;  
 Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,  
 In distance seen dimly, the green isle of lovers.

There verdure fades never ; immortal in bloom,  
 Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume ;  
 And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depress'd,  
 All glowing like gems in the crowns of the east ;  
 There the bright eye of nature, in mild glory hovers :  
 'Tis the land of the sunbeam,—the green isle of lovers !

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss  
 The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss ;  
 Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs  
 Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires  
 The dance and the revel, 'mid forests that cover  
 On high with their shade the green isle of the lover.

But fierce as the snake with his eyeballs of fire,  
 When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,  
 Are the warriors to all, save the maids of their isle,  
 Whose law is their will, whose life is their smile ;  
 From beauty there valour and strength are not rovers,  
 And peace reigns supreme in the green isle of lovers.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,  
 In mazes perplex'd, has beheld it no more ;  
 It fleets on the vision, deluding the view,  
 Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue ;  
 O ! who in this vain world of wo shall discover,  
 The home undisturb'd, the green isle of the lover !

---

THAT SILENT MOON.

BY THE RT. REV. G. W. DOANE.

THAT silent moon, that silent moon,  
 Careering now through cloudless sky,  
 Oh ! who shall tell what varied scenes  
 Have pass'd beneath her placid eye,  
 Since first, to light this wayward earth,  
 She walked in tranquil beauty forth.

How oft has guilt's unhallow'd hand,  
 And superstition's senseless rite,  
 And loud, licentious revelry,  
 Profaned her pure and holy light :  
 Small sympathy is hers, I ween,  
 With sights like these, that virgin queen.

But dear to her, in summer eve,  
 By rippling wave, or tufted grove,  
 When hand in hand is purely clasp'd,  
 And heart meets heart in holy love,  
 To smile, in quiet loneliness,  
 And hear each whisper'd vow and bless.

Dispersed along the world's wide way,  
When friends are far, and fond ones rove,  
How powerful she to wake the thought,  
And start the tear for those we love !  
Who watch, with us, at night's pale noon,  
And gaze upon that silent moon.

How powerful, too, to hearts that mourn,  
The magic of that moonlight sky,  
To bring again the vanish'd scenes,  
The happy eves of days gone by ;  
Again to bring, 'mid bursting tears,  
The loved, the lost of other years.

And oft she looks, that silent moon,  
On lonely eyes that wake to weep,  
In dungeon dark, or sacred cell,  
Or couch, whence pain has banish'd sleep :  
Oh ! softly beams that gentle eye,  
On those who mourn, and those who die.

But beam on whomsoe'er she will,  
And fall where'er her splendour may,  
There's pureness in her chasten'd light,  
There's comfort in her tranquil ray :  
What power is hers to soothe the heart—  
What power, the trembling tear to start !

The dewy morn let others love,  
Or bask them in the noontide ray ;  
There's not an hour but has its charm,  
From dawning light to dying day :—  
But oh ! be mine a fairer boon—  
That silent moon, that silent moon !

## TO A CIGAR.

BY SAMUEL LOW.—1800.

SWEET antidote to sorrow, toil, and strife,  
 Charm against discontent and wrinkled care.  
 Who knows thy power can never know despair ;  
     Who knows thee not, one solace lacks of life :  
 When cares oppress, or when the busy day  
     Gives place to tranquil eve, a single puff  
 Can drive even want and lassitude away,  
     And give a mourner happiness enough.  
 From thee when curling clouds of incense rise,  
 They hide each evil that in prospect lies ;  
 But when in evanescence fades thy smoke,  
     Ah ! what, dear sedative, my cares shall smother ?  
 If thou evaporate, the charm is broke,  
     Till I, departing taper, light another.

---

 HOPE.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

SEE through yon cloud that rolls in wrath,  
     One little star benignant peep,  
 To light along their trackless path  
     The wanderers of the stormy deep.



And thus, oh Hope ! thy lovely form  
In sorrow's gloomy night shall be  
The sun that looks through cloud and storm  
Upon a dark and moonless sea.

When heaven is all serene and fair,  
Full many a brighter gem we meet ;  
'Tis when the tempest hovers there,  
Thy beam is most divinely sweet.

The rainbow, when the sun declines,  
Like faithless friend will disappear ;  
Thy light, dear star ! more brightly shines  
When all is wail and weeping here.

And though Aurora's stealing beam  
May wake a morning of delight,  
'Tis only thy consoling gleam  
Will smile amid affliction's night.

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THE LAKE OF CAYOSTĒA.

BY ROBERT BARKER.

*Ob: 1831, at. 27.*

THY wave has ne'er by gondolier  
Been dash'd aside with flashing oar,  
Nor festive train to music's strain  
Performed the dance upon thy shore.

But there, at night, beneath the light  
Of silent moon and twinkling ray,  
The Indian's boat is seen to float,  
And track its lonely way.

The Indian maid, in forest glade,  
Of flowers that earliest grow,  
And fragrant leaves, a garland weaves  
To deck her warrior's brow.  
And when away, at break of day,  
She hies her to her shieling dear,  
She sings so gay a roundelay,  
That echo stops to hear.

Would it were mine to join with thine,  
And dwell for ever here,  
In forest wild with nature's child,  
By the silent Cayostēa.  
My joy with thee would ever be  
Along these banks to roam;  
And fortune take beside the lake,  
Whose clime is freedom's home.

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## THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light ;  
Then from his mansion in the sun  
She called her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud.  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trumpings loud  
And see the lightning lances driven,  
When strive the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,  
Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbingers of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high,  
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on.  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy sky-born glories burn ;  
And as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.  
And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,

And gory sabres rise and fall  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall ;  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back  
Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
Each dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendours fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !  
By angel hands to valour given ;  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
For ever float that standard sheet !  
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?

## MORNING HYMN.

*Genesis i. 3.*

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT!” The Eternal spoke,  
 And from the abyss where darkness rode  
 The earliest dawn of nature broke,  
 And light around creation flow’d.  
 The glad earth smiled to see the day,  
 The first-born day came blushing in ;  
 The young day smiled to shed its ray  
 Upon a world untouched by sin.

“Let there be light !” O’er heaven and earth,  
 The God who first the day-beam pour’d,  
 Whispered again his fiat forth,  
 And shed the Gospel’s light abroad.  
 And, like the dawn, its cheering rays  
 On rich and poor were meant to fall,  
 Inspiring their Redeemer’s praise  
 In lonely cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the Orient first  
 Flushes the signal light for prayer ;  
 Come with the earliest beams that burst  
 From God’s bright throne of glory there.  
 Come kneel to Him who through the night  
 Hath watched above thy sleeping soul,  
 To Him whose mercies, like his light,  
 Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

## BRONX.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

I SAT me down upon a green bank-side,  
 Skirting the smooth edge of a gentle river,  
 Whose waters seemed unwillingly to glide,  
 Like parting friends who linger while they sever ;  
 Enforced to go, yet seeming still unready,  
 Backward they wind their way in many a wistful eddy.

Gray o'er my head the yellow-vested willow  
 Ruffled its hoary top in the fresh breezes,  
 Glancing in light, like spray on a green billow,  
 Or the fine frost-work which young winter freezes ;  
 When first his power in infant pastime trying,  
 Congeals sad autumn's tears on the dead branches lying.

From rocks around hung the loose ivy dangling,  
 And in the clefts sumach of liveliest green,  
 Bright ising-stars the little beach was spangling,  
 The gold-cup sorrel from his gauzy screen  
 Shone like a fairy crown, enchased and beaded,  
 Left on some morn, when light flashed in their eyes unheeded.

The hum-bird shook his sun-touched wings around,  
 The bluefinch caroll'd in the still retreat ;  
 The antic squirrel capered on the ground  
 Where lichens made a carpet for his feet :  
 Through the transparent waves, the ruddy minkle  
 Shot up in glimmering sparks his red fin's tiny twinkle.

There were dark cedars with loose mossy tresses  
 White powdered dog-trees, and stiff hollies flaunting  
 Gaudy as rustics in their May-day dresses,  
 Blue pelloret from purple leaves upslanting  
 A modest gaze, like eyes of a young maiden  
 Shining beneath dropt lids the evening of her wedding.

The breeze fresh springing from the lips of morn,  
 Kissing the leaves, and sighing so to lose 'em,  
 The winding of the merry locust's horn,  
 The glad spring gushing from the rock's bare bosom :  
 Sweet sights, sweet sounds, all sights, all sounds excelling,  
 Oh ! 'twas a ravishing spot formed for a poet's dwelling.

And did I leave thy loveliness, to stand  
 Again in the dull world of earthly blindness ?  
 Pained with the pressure of unfriendly hands,  
 Sick of smooth looks, agued with icy kindness ?  
 Left I for this thy shades, where none intrude,  
 To prison wandering thought and mar sweet solitude ?

Yet I will look upon thy face again,  
 My own romantic Bronx, and it will be  
 A face more pleasant than the face of men.  
 Thy waves are old companions, I shall see  
 A well-remembered form in each old tree,  
 And hear a voice long loved in thy wild minstrelsy.

## THE STORM-KING.

BY ROSWELL PARK.

THE mist descended from the snow  
 That whiten'd o'er the cliff;  
 The clouds were gather'd round its brow,  
 And solemn darkness reign'd below  
 The peak of Teneriffe.

For on that rocky peak and high,  
 Magnificent and lone,  
 The awful *Storm-King* of the sky,  
 Beyond the reach of mortal eye,  
 Had rear'd his cloudy throne.

By him the raging winds unfurl'd,  
 Swept o'er the prostrate land;  
 And thence, above the affrighted world,  
 The flashing thunderbolts were hurl'd  
 Forth from his red right hand.—

Uprising from his cave of jet,  
 While mists obscured his form,  
 With streaming locks and vesture wet,  
 The *Spirit* of the ocean met  
 The *Spirit* of the storm.

“ And why so madly dost thou dare,  
 Proud Spirit of the sea,  
 To tempt the monarch of the air,  
 With the whirlwind's rage and the lightning's glare?  
 What seekest thou of me ?”



“ I have risen afar from my coral caves,  
Where the pearls are sparkling bright,  
To roam o'er the isles I have girt with my waves ;  
And I hurl defiance at thee and thy slaves,  
And I challenge thee here to the fight !”

“ Take this in return !” and the thunderbolt rush'd  
From the midst of a cloud of fire ;  
The tempest forth from his nostrils gush'd,  
And the island forest his footsteps crush'd,  
In the burning of his ire.

Now fierce o'er the waters mad hurricanes boom,  
And the depths of the ocean uprend ;  
Now the waves lash the skies with their torrents of foam,  
And whirlwinds and billows in furious gloom,  
Meet, mingle, and fiercely contend.

But the monarch of ocean spurns his thrall,  
And evades his fierce controul ;—  
Away in his ice-clad crystal hall,  
He still reigns absolute monarch of all  
That surrounds his frozen pole.

The day breaks forth, and the storm is past,—  
Again are the elements free ;  
But many a vessel is still sinking fast,  
And many a mariner rests at last,  
In the bosom of the sea !

## SONG—ROSALIE CLARE.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

Who owns not she's peerless—who calls her not fair—  
 Who questions the beauty of Rosalie Clare?  
 Let him saddle his courser and spur to the field,  
 And though coated in proof, he must perish or yield;  
 For no gallant can splinter—no charger can dare  
 The lance that is couched for young Rosalie Clare.

When goblets are flowing, and wit at the board  
 Sparkles high, while the blood of the red grape is poured,  
 And fond wishes for fair ones around offered up  
 From each lip that is wet with the dew of the cup,—  
 What name on the brimmer floats oftener there,  
 Or is whispered more warmly, than Rosalie Clare?

They may talk of the land of the olive and vine—  
 Of the maids of the Ebro, the Arno, or Rhine;—  
 Of the Houris that gladden the East with their smiles,  
 Where the sea's studded over with green summer isles;  
 But what flower of far away clime can compare  
 With the blossom of ours—bright Rosalie Clare?

Who owns not she's peerless—who calls her not fair?  
 Let him meet but the glances of Rosalie Clare!  
 Let him list to her voice—let him gaze on her form—  
 And if, hearing and seeing, his soul do not warm,  
 Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air  
 Than that which is blessed by sweet Rosalie Clare.

## TO A PACKET SHIP.

BY ROSWELL PARK.

SPEED, gallant bark ! to thy home o'er the wave !  
 The clouds gather dark, and the mad billows rave ;—  
 The tempest blows o'er thee, and scatters the spray  
 That lies in thy wake, as thou wingest thy way.

Speed, gallant bark ! to the land of the free,  
 The home of the happy, beyond the wide sea !  
 Dear friends and near kindred, the lovely and fair,  
 Are waiting, impatient, to welcome thee there !

Speed, gallant bark ! there's a seat at the board,  
 Which the dame and the damsel reserve for their lord ;  
 And the fond-hearted maiden is sighing in vain,  
 To welcome her long-absent lover again.

Speed, gallant bark ! richer cargo is thine,  
 Than Brazilian gem, or Peruvian mine ;  
 And the treasures thou bearest, thy destiny wait ;  
 For they, if thou perish, must share in thy fate.

Speed, gallant bark ! though the land is afar,  
 And the storm-clouds above thee have veil'd every star ;  
 The needle shall guide thee, the helm shall direct,  
 And the God of the tempest thy pathway protect !

Speed, gallant bark ! though the lightning may flash ;  
 And over thy deck the huge surges may dash ;—  
 Thy sails are all reef'd, and thy streamers are high ;  
 Unheeded and harmless the billows roll by !

Speed, gallant bark ! the tornado is past ;  
 Staunch and secure thou hast weather'd the blast ;  
 Now spread thy full sails to the wings of the morn,  
 And soon the glad harbour shall greet thy return !

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MOONLIGHT .

BY ROBERT BARKER.

How dear to love the moonlight hour,  
 Beneath the calm transparent ether,  
 It seems as if by magic power  
 They breathe in unison together.  
 When forest glen and fountain bright  
 Are tinged with shades of mellow light,  
 And every earthly sound is still  
 Save murmur of the mountain rill ;  
 'T is then to lull the breast's commotion,  
 And waken every soft emotion,  
 To charm from sorrow's cheek her tears,  
 And place the smiles of rapture there,  
 " Celestial music of the spheres"  
 Comes floating on the evening air.  
 'T is then that fancy wings her flight  
 Beyond the bounds to mortals given ;  
 To regions where the lamps of night  
 Illume the path which leads to heaven.  
 'T is then she holds communion sweet  
 With seraphs round the eternal throne,  
 Where long-departed spirits meet,  
 To worship him who sits thereon.

'Tis then man dreams of Paradise,  
 If aught he dreams of place like this,  
 'Tis then he breathes the crystal air,  
 Which Peris breathe who wander there,  
 And sips the fount of Native Love  
 Found no where but in heaven above.

---

 SONG.

BY J. R. DRAKE.

'TIS not the beam of her bright blue eye,  
 Nor the smile of her lip of rosy dye,  
 Nor the dark brown wreaths of her glossy hair,  
 Nor her changing cheek, so rich and rare.  
 Oh ! these are the sweets of a fairy dream,  
     The changing hues of an April sky ;  
 They fade like dew in the morning beam,  
     Or the passing zephyr's odour'd sigh.

'Tis a dearer spell that bids me kneel,  
 'Tis the heart to love, and the soul to feel :  
 'Tis the mind of light, and the spirit free,  
 And the bosom that heaves alone for me.  
 Oh ! these are the sweets that kindly stay  
     From youth's gay morning to age's night ;  
 When beauty's rainbow tints decay,  
     Love's torch still burns with a holy light.

Soon will the bloom of the fairest fade,  
 And love will droop in the cheerless shade,  
 Or if tears should fall on his wing of joy,  
 It will hasten the flight of the laughing boy.  
 But oh ! the light of the constant soul  
 Nor time can darken nor sorrow dim ;  
 Though wo may weep in life's mingled bowl,  
 Love still shall hover around its brim.

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## LÜTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

[*Translated from the German of Körner.*]

BY ROSWELL PARK.

WHAT gleams from yon wood in the splendour of day ?  
 Hark ! hear its wild din rushing nearer !  
 It hither approaches in gloomy array,  
 While loud sounding horns peal their blast on its way,  
 The soul overwhelming with terror !  
 Those swart companions you view in the race,—  
 Those are Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

What swiftly moves on through yon dark forest glade,  
 From mountain to mountain deploying ?  
 They place themselves nightly in ambuscade,  
 They shout the hurrah, and they draw the keen blade,  
 The French usurpers destroying !  
 Those swart Yagers bounding from place to place,—  
 Those are Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

Where, midst glowing vines, as the Rhine murmurs by,  
The tyrant securely is sleeping ;—  
They swiftly approach, 'neath the storm-glaring sky ;  
With vigorous arms o'er the waters they ply ;  
Soon safe on his island-shore leaping !  
Those swarthy swimmers whose wake you trace,  
Those are Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

Whence sweeps from yon valley the battle's loud roar,  
Where swords in thick carnage are clashing ?  
Fierce horsemen encounter, 'mid lightnings and gore ;  
The spark of true freedom is kindled once more,  
From war's bloody altars out-flashing !  
Those horsemen swart who the combat face,  
Those are Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

Who smile their adieu to the light of the sun,  
'Mid fallen foes moaning their bravery ?  
Death creeps o'er their visage,—their labours are done ;—  
Their valiant hearts tremble not ;—victory's won ;  
Their father-land rescued from slavery !  
Those swart warriors fallen in death's embrace,  
Those were Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

The wild German Yagers,—their glorious careers  
Dealt death to the tyrant oppressor !  
Then weep not, dear friends, for the true volunteers,  
When the morn of our father-land's freedom appears ;  
Since we alone died to redress her.  
Our mem'ry transmitted, no time shall erase ;—  
Those were Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

## S T A N Z A S .

BY JAMES NACK.

I KNOW that thou art far away,  
 Yet in my own despite  
 My still expectant glances stray  
 Inquiring for thy sight.  
 Though all too sure that thy sweet face  
 Can bless no glance of mine,  
 At every turn, in every place,  
 My eyes are seeking thine.

I hope—how vain the hope, I know—  
 That some propitious chance  
 May bring thee here again to throw  
 Thy sweetness on my glance.  
 But, loveliest one, where'er thou art,  
 Whate'er be my despair,  
 Mine eyes will seek thee, and my heart  
 ( Will love thee every where. )

## L I N E S .

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

[ *Written beneath a dilapidated tower, yet standing among the ruins of Carthage.* ]

THOU mouldering pile, that hath withstood  
 The silent lapse of many ages,  
 The earthquake's shock, the storm, the flood,  
 Around whose base the ocean rages ;  
 Who reared thy walls that proudly brave  
 The tempest, battle, and the wave ?



Was it beneath thy ample dome  
 That Marius rested, and from thee,  
 When he had lost imperial Rome,  
 Learned high resolve and constancy?  
 Thou seem'st to mock the power of fate,  
 And well might'st teach the lesson great.

Perhaps thy vaulted arch hath rung  
 Of yore, with laughter's merry shout,  
 While beauty round her glances flung  
 To cheer some monarch's wassail rout;  
 But mirth and beauty long have fled  
 From this lone City of the Dead.

Where busy thousands oft have trod  
 Beneath thy mouldering marble brow,  
 Wild moss-grown fragments press the sod,  
 Around thee all is silence now.  
 And thus the breath of foul decay  
 Shall melt at last thy form away.

Thou desolate, deserted pile,  
 Lone vestage of departed glory,  
 Sadly in ruin thou seem'st to smile,  
 While baffled time flies frowning o'er thee,  
 As if resolved the tale to tell  
 Where Carthage stood, and how it fell.

Midst ruined walls thou stand'st alone,  
 Around thee strewn may yet be seen  
 The broken column, sculptured stone,  
 And relics sad of what hath been.  
 But thou alone survivest the fall,  
 Defying Time, dread leveller of all.

## FADED HOURS.

BY J. R. SUTERMINSTER.

*Ob.* 1836: *ct.* 23.

OH! for my bright and faded hours  
 When life was like a summer stream,  
 On whose gay banks the virgin flowers  
 Blush'd in the morning's rosy beam;  
 Or danced upon the breeze that bare  
 Its store of rich perfume along,  
 While the wood-robin pour'd on air  
 The ravishing delights of song.

The sun look'd from his lofty cloud,  
 While flow'd its sparkling waters fair —  
 And went upon his pathway proud,  
 And threw a brighter lustre there;  
 And smiled upon the golden heaven,  
 And on the earth's sweet loveliness,  
 Where light, and joy, and song were given,  
 The glad and fairy scene to bless!

Ah! these were bright and joyous hours,  
 When youth awoke from boyhood's dream,  
 To see life's Eden dress'd in flowers,  
 While young hope bask'd in morning's beam!  
 And proffer'd thanks to heaven above,  
 While glow'd his fond and grateful breast,  
 Who spread for him that scene of love  
 And made him so supremely blest!

That scene of love! — where hath it gone?  
Where have its charms and beauty sped?  
My hours of youth, that o'er me shone —  
Where have their light and splendour fled?  
Into the silent lapse of years —  
And I am left on earth to mourn:  
And I am left to drop my tears  
O'er memory's lone and icy urn!

Yet why pour forth the voice of wail  
O'er feeling's blighted coronal?  
Ere many gorgeous suns shall fail,  
I shall be gather'd in my pall;  
Oh, my dark hours on earth are few —  
My hopes are crush'd, my heart is riven; —  
And I shall soon bid life adieu,  
To seek enduring joys in heaven!

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## THE WIFE'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

As the tears of the even,  
Illumined at day  
By the sweet light of heaven,  
Seem gems on each spray;  
So gladness to-morrow  
Shall shine on thy brow,  
The more bright for the sorrow  
That darkens it now.

Yet if fortune, believe me,  
 Have evil in store,  
 Though each other deceive thee,  
 I'll love thee the more.  
 As ivy leaves cluster  
 More greenly and fair,  
 When winter winds bluster  
 Round trees that are bare.

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L A M E N T .

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

THERE is a voice, I shall hear no more—  
 There are tones, whose music for me is o'er ;  
 Sweet as the odours of spring were they,—  
 Precious and rich—but they died away ;  
 They came like peace to my heart and ear—  
 Never again will they murmur here ;  
 They have gone like the blush of a summer morn,  
 Like a crimson cloud through the sunset borne.

There were eyes that late were lit up for me,  
 Whose kindly glance was a joy to see ;  
 They revealed the thoughts of a trusting heart,  
 Untouched by sorrow, untaught by art ;  
 Whose affections were fresh as a stream of spring  
 When birds in the vernal branches sing ;  
 They were filled with love, that hath passed with them,  
 And my lyre is breathing their requiem.

I remember a brow, whose serene repose  
 Seemed to lend a beauty to cheeks of rose :  
 And lips, I remember, whose dewy smile,  
 As I mused on their eloquent power the while,  
 Sent a thrill to my bosom, and bless'd my brain  
 With raptures, that never may dawn again ;  
 Amidst musical accents those smiles were shed—  
 Alas ! for the doom of the early dead !

Alas ! for the clod that is resting now  
 On those slumbering eyes—on that faded brow ;  
 Wo for the cheek that hath ceased to bloom—  
 For the lips that are dumb, in the noisome tomb ;  
 Their melody broken, their fragrance gone,  
 Their aspect cold as the Parian stone ;  
 Alas for the hopes that with thee have died—  
 Oh loved one !—would I were by thy side !

Yet the joy of grief it is mine to bear ;  
 I hear thy voice in the twilight air ;  
 Thy smile, of sweetness untold, I see  
 When the visions of evening are borne to me ;  
 Thy kiss on my dreaming lip is warm—  
 My arm embraceth thy graceful form ;  
 I wake in a world that is sad and drear,  
 To feel in my bosom—thou art not here.

Oh ! once the summer with thee was bright ;  
 The day, like thine eyes, wore a holy light.  
 There was bliss in existence when thou wert nigh,  
 There was balm in the evening's rosy sigh ;  
 Then earth was an Eden, and thou its guest—  
 A Sabbath of blessings was in my breast ;  
 My heart was full of a sense of love,  
 Likest of all things to heaven above.

Now, thou art gone to that voiceless hall  
 Where my budding raptures have perished all ;  
 To that tranquil and solemn place of rest,  
 Where the earth lies damp on the sinless breast ;  
 Thy bright locks all in the vault are hid—  
 Thy brow is concealed by the coffin lid ;—  
 All that was lovely to me is there,  
 Mournful is life, and a load to bear !

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L I N E S

[*Written on a pane of glass in the house of a friend.*]

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

As playful boys by ocean's side  
 Upon its margin trace,  
 Some frail memorial which the tide  
 Returning must efface ;  
 Thus I upon this brittle glass  
 These tuneless verses scrawl,  
 That they, when I away shall pass,  
 May thought of me recall.

The waves that beat upon the strand  
 Wash out the schoolboy's line,  
 As soon some rude or careless hand  
 May shiver those of mine.  
 But though what I have written here  
 In thousand fragments part,  
 I trust my name will still be dear,  
 And treasured in the heart.

## THE SEPULCHRE OF DAVID.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

“As for Herod, he had spent vast sums about the cities, both without and within his own kingdom: and as he had before heard that Hyrcanus, who had been king before him, had opened David’s sepulchre, and taken out of it three thousand talents of silver, and that there was a greater number left behind, and indeed enough to suffice all his wants, he had a great while an intention to make the attempt; and at this time he opened that sepulchre by night and went into it, and endeavoured that it should not be at all known in the city, but he took only his most faithful friends with him. As for any money, he found none, as Hyrcanus had done, but that furniture of gold, and those precious goods that were laid up there, all which he took away. However, he had a great desire to make diligent search, and to go farther in, even as far as the very bodies of David and Solomon; where two of his guards were slain by a flame that burst out upon those that went in, as the report was. So he was severely affrighted, and went out and built a propitiatory monument of that fright he had been in, and this of white stone, at the mouth of the sepulchre, and that at a great expense also.”—*Josephus*.

HIGH on his throne of state,  
 A form of noblest mould,  
 The Hebrew monarch sate,  
 All glorious to behold.

With purest gold inwrought,  
 Full many a sparkling gem,  
 From distant India brought,  
 Enriched his diadem.

A crystal mirror bright,  
 Beneath the canopy,  
 Shot back in silvery light  
 The monarch’s panoply!

All round the lofty halls,  
Rich tapestries of gold  
Hung from the glittering walls,  
In many an ample fold.

And breathing sculptures there  
In living beauty stood,  
Borne by the monarch's care  
From o'er the Ægean flood.

Dipt in the rainbow's dyes,  
Apelles's magic hand,  
To please the wondering eyes  
Of Judah's haughty land,

In liquid colours bright,  
And traced with matchless care,  
Had left, in glorious light,  
Its richest beauties there !

The silver lamps by day,  
Hung massive, rich, and bright ;  
And from the galleries gay  
Shone brilliantly by night.

And by the monarch's side,  
His guards, a noble band,  
Arrayed in regal pride,  
In burnished armour stand.

Proud chiefs and ladies fair,  
Swept the broad courts along :—  
In pleasures mingled there,—  
A gay and gallant throng !



Apollo's tuneful choir,  
And Korah's sons of song,  
With psaltery, harp, and lyre,  
Were mingled in the throng.\*

And from each trembling string,  
Sweet sounds of music stole ;  
Gentle as Zephyr's wing,  
The tuneful numbers roll.

Beyond the portals wide,  
Beneath the sylvan bower,  
Cool founts, in sparkling pride,  
Send forth their silvery shower.

The flowerets gay and wild,  
In beauty bloomed not less,  
Than erst when Eden smiled,  
In pristine loveliness.

And through the gorgeous halls  
Rich odours filled the air,  
Sweet as the dew that falls  
On Araby the fair !

\* It may perhaps, to some, appear incongruous thus to mingle Heathen musicians among the Hebrews ; but it is believed the incongruity will disappear on a moment's reflection upon the history and character of Herod the Great. His expeditions to Rome, Greece, and Syria, &c., were frequent, and he was not scrupulous in the introduction of games, sports, and gorgeous customs of the oriental nations, to heighten the effect of his own pageants. He built and rebuilt divers Heathen temples, and among them the Temple of Apollo, in Greece. Some historians deny that he was a Jew ; but say that he was originally the guardian of the Temple of Apollo at Askalon, who, having been taken prisoner among the Idumeans, afterwards turned Jew.

All that could foster pride,  
All that could banish care,  
Was gathered by his side,  
And richly lavished there.

Lost to the splendid show,  
The monarch's restless mind  
Darkened an anxious brow,  
Which furrows deep had lined.

He rose and left the hall,—  
The night was drear and wild—  
Above the embattled wall  
Tempestuous clouds were piled.

Deep in the deeper gloom,  
He held his sullen way—  
To David's hallowed tomb—  
To where his ashes lay.

The haughty monarch came,—  
Earth trembled at his tread—  
With sacrilegious aim  
To rob the royal dead.

No treasures found he there,  
Nor precious gems, nor gold—  
The walls were damp and bare—  
The region drear and cold.

He cast his anxious eye  
Where slept great *David's* son,  
Where *Wisdom's* ashes lie,  
The peerless *Solomon*!

He raised his ruthless arm  
Against the low-arched wall—  
While wild and dread alarm  
Rang through the vaulted hall.

Loud on the monarch's ear  
Broke the hoarse thunder's crash—  
And blazed around the bier  
The vivid lightning's flash.

Death came upon the blast ;  
As by the lurid light  
They saw that he had passed,  
And triumphed in his might :

For on the chilly ground,  
Inanimate as clay,  
The troubled monarch found  
His favourite captains lay.

Aghast and pale he fled,—  
And shook through every limb—  
Cold drops rolled down his head,  
Lest death should follow him !

He raised a marble fane  
Upon the hallowed spot,  
But ne'er, O ne'er again  
Could that night be forgot !

And oft in after years  
He woke in wild affright,  
And wailed, with scalding tears,  
The deed of that dread night !

## W O M A N .

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

No star in yonder sky that shines  
 Can light like woman's eye impart,  
 The earth holds not in all its mines  
 A gem so rich as woman's heart.  
 Her voice is like the music sweet  
 Poured out from airy harp alone,  
 Like that when storms more loudly beat,  
 It yields a clearer—richer tone.

And woman's love's a holy light  
 That brighter burns for aye,  
 Years cannot dim its radiance bright,  
 Nor even falsehood quench its ray.  
 But like the star of Bethlehem  
 Of old, to Israel's shepherds given,  
 It marshals with its steady flame  
 The erring soul of man to heaven.

## R H Y M E   A N D   R E A S O N .

AN APOLOGUE.

BY G. P. MORRIS.

Two children, "once upon a time,"  
 In the summer season,  
 Woke to life—the one was Rhyme,  
 The other's name was Reason.  
 Sweet Poesy enraptured prest  
 The blooming infants to her breast.

Reason's face and form to see  
    Made her heart rejoice ;  
Yet there was more of melody  
    In Rhyme's delicious voice ;  
But both were beautiful and fair,  
And pure as mountain stream and air.

As the boys together grew,  
    Happy fled their hours—  
Grief or care they never knew  
    In the Paphian bowers.  
See them roaming, hand in hand,  
The pride of all the choral band.

Music with harp of golden strings,  
    Love with bow and quiver,  
Airy sprites on radiant wings,  
    Nymphs of wood and river,  
Joined the Muses' constant song  
As Rhyme and Reason pass'd along.

But the scene was changed—the boys  
    Left their native soil—  
Rhyme's pursuit was idle joys,  
    Reason's manly toil.  
Soon Rhyme was starving in a ditch,  
While Reason grew exceeding rich.

Since that dark and fatal hour  
    When the brothers parted,  
Reason has had wealth and power—  
    Rhyme's poor and broken-hearted.  
And now, on bright or stormy weather,  
They twain are seldom seen together.

## AH NO! AH NO!

*To a Favourite Child.*

BY JAMES NACK.

IN life, perhaps, thou hast only trod  
 As yet in a path as soft and sweet  
 As the flowerets wreathed on a verdant sod,  
 Which bend to the pressure of delicate feet.  
 In the path thou hast only begun to tread,  
 Perhaps no thorn has betrayed its sting;  
 And the clouds that brood there too oft have fled,  
 By innocence chased on her snow-white wing:  
 For often a paradise seems to attend  
 Our earliest steps in this world below;  
 But ah! will that paradise bloom to the end?  
 Stern destiny answers, "Ah No! Ah No!"

The tree with verdure adorns the shore  
 While the laving spray at its foot is thrown;  
 But the waves roll on to return no more,  
 And the tree stands withering all alone.  
 Each friend of our early years is a wave  
 In the sea of joy we are flourishing by;  
 But they roll away to the gulf of the grave,  
 And our hearts in loneliness withering sigh.  
 And such is the doom I must bear — for now,  
 While yet in my boyhood I find it so —  
 But never, dear cherub, may heaven allow  
 Such doom to await thee, Ah No! Ah No!

## A HEALTH.

BY MISS ELIZABETH C. CLINCH.

*Ob.* 1832: *æ*l. 17.

FILL high the cup! — the young and gay  
 Are met with bounding hearts to-night;  
 And sunny smiles around us play,  
 And eyes are sparkling bright:  
 Let wit and song the hours beguile,  
 But yet, amid this festal cheer,  
 Oh, let us pause to think awhile  
 Of him who is not here.

Fill high the cup! — yet ere its brim  
 One young and smiling lip has pressed,  
 Oh, pledge each sparkling drop to him  
 Now far o'er ocean's breast!  
 The cordial wish each lip repeats,  
 By every heart is echoed here;  
 For none within this circle beats,  
 To whom he is not dear.

A sudden pause in festive glee —  
 What thought hath hushed the thought of mirth,  
 Hath checked each heart's hilarity,  
 And given to sadness birth?  
 O! read it in the shades that steal  
 Across each animated brow;  
 The wish none utters, yet all feel,  
 "Would he were with us now!"

Yet chase away each vain regret,  
 And let each heart be gay ;  
 Trust me, the meeting hour shall yet  
 Each anxious thought repay.  
 Is not his spirit with us now ?  
 Yes ! wheresoe'er his footsteps roam,  
 The wanderer's yearning heart can know  
 No resting-place — but home !

Then smile again, and let the song  
 Pour forth its music sweet and clear—  
 What magic to those notes belong  
 Which thus chain every ear !  
 Soft eyes are filled with tears—what spell  
 So suddenly hath called them there ?  
 That strain—ah, yes ! we know it well ;  
 It is his favourite air.

With every note how forcibly  
 Return the thoughts of other days !  
 The shaded brow, the drooping eye,  
 Are present to our gaze.  
 With all around his looks are blent ;  
 His form, is it not gliding there ?  
 And was it not *his* voice which sent  
 That echo on the air ?

One wish, with cordial feeling fraught,  
 Breathe we for him ere yet we part,  
 That for each high and generous thought  
 That animates his heart,  
 That Power which gives us happiness,  
 A blessing on his head would pour !  
 Oh ! could affection wish him less ?  
 Yet, could we ask for more ?



## A HYMN.

BY DAVID S. BOGART.—1791.

ALMIGHTY King, who reign'st above,  
Thou art the source of purest love ;  
The splendid heavens thy glories show,  
Thy wisdom shines in all below ;  
Seraphs before thee humbly fall,  
Acknowledge thee supreme o'er all ;  
And, wrapt in high transporting joy,  
Thy attributes their thoughts employ.  
Shall mortals, then, refuse to join  
In works so heavenly and divine,  
Mortals who live and move in thee,  
And thy continual goodness see ;  
Thou God of Grace, make it my choice  
In praising thee, to lend my voice ;  
Implant thy fear, infuse thy balm,  
And make my troubled soul all calm ;  
Teach me the duty of my life,  
Preserve me from unhappy strife,  
Conduct me safe through all my days,  
And keep me in thy peaceful ways.  
When time is done, and death draws nigh,  
Then leave me not alone to sigh ;  
Afford thy grace, and cheer my heart,  
And, sure of heaven, let me depart.

## R E M I N I S C E N C E S .

BY GEORGE D. STRONG.

OH, who would flee the melody  
 Of woodland, grove, and stream—  
 The hoar cliff pencill'd on the sky  
 By morning's virgin beam ;  
 To wander 'mid the busy throng  
 That threads each city's street,  
 Where cank'ring care and folly's glare  
 In unblest union meet ?

Emilia ! o'er the fleeting hours  
 Thy smile once bathed in light,  
 Fond memory hovers pensively,  
 And joins them in their flight ;  
 And lovelier far than sunset's glow,  
 By rainbow beauties spann'd,  
 Comes o'er my soul the joys we stole  
 When first I press'd thy hand.

The south wind, on its joyous way,  
 Came fraught with balmier breath,  
 And frolic life, in thousand forms,  
 Laugh'd at the conqueror Death !  
 Sweet Echo, from the sparry caves,  
 Re-tuned the shepherd's song ;  
 And bird and bee, in reckless glee,  
 Pour'd melody along.

The wind-stirr'd grove still prints its shade  
 Upon the streamlet's breast,  
 The red bird, on the chesnut bough,  
 Re-builds its fairy nest ;

But through the thicket's leafy screen  
Fancy alone can trace  
The sparkling eye—the vermeil dye  
That mantled o'er thy face.

Though since that hour, upon my path  
Are graven hopes and fears,  
And transient smiles, like April beams,  
Have gilded sorrow's tears;  
From those flushed hopes and feverish joys,  
My soul with rapture flies  
To the sweet grove, where faith and love  
Beamed from Emilia's eyes !

Then woo me not to sculptured halls,  
Where pride and beauty throng ;  
Far lovelier is my mountain-home,  
The wild-wood paths among ;  
And though the hopes by boyhood nursed  
Have vanish'd like the dew,  
In Memory's light they bless my sight  
With charms for ever new.

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ELEGIAC LINES.

BY THE LATE GEN. J. MORTON.

WHILE you, my friend, with tearful eye,  
These soft elegiac lines read o'er,  
And while you heave the tender sigh  
For lov'd Amanda now no more.

This lesson from her tear-dew'd urn,  
 Where conscious worth, where virtue bleeds,  
 This lesson from Amanda learn,—  
 That death, nor worth, nor virtue heeds.

That he alike his ruthless reign  
 Does o'er each age, each sex, extend,  
 That he ne'er heeds the lover's pain,  
 Ne'er heeds the anguish of a friend.

But in the height of Beauty's bloom,  
 Each dear connexion of the heart,  
 He points them to the gloomy tomb,  
 He bids them—and they must depart.

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## A SONG OF MAY.

BY W. G. CLARK.

THE Spring's scented buds all around me are swelling —  
 There are songs in the stream—there is health in the gale;  
 A sense of delight in each bosom is dwelling,  
 As float the pure day-dreams o'er mountain and vale;  
 The desolate reign of old winter is broken —  
 The verdure is fresh upon every tree;  
 Of Nature's revival the charm,— and a token  
 Of love, oh thou Spirit of Beauty! to thee.

The sun looketh forth from the halls of the morning,  
 And flushes the clouds that begirt his career ;  
 He welcomes the gladness and glory, returning  
 To rest on the promise and hope of the year.  
 He fills with rich light all the balm-breathing flowers —  
 He mounts to the zenith and laughs on the wave ;  
 He wakes into music the green forest-bowers,  
 And gilds the gay plains which the broad rivers lave.

The young bird is out on his delicate pinion —  
 He timidly sails in the infinite sky ;  
 A greeting to May, and her fairy dominion,  
 He pours, on the west-wind's fragrant sigh :  
 Around, above, there are peace and pleasure —  
 The woodlands are singing — the heaven is bright ;  
 The fields are unfolding their emerald treasure,  
 And man's genial spirit is soaring in light.

Alas, for my weary and care-haunted bosom ! —  
 The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more ;  
 The song in the wild-wood — the sheen of the blossom —  
 The fresh-welling fountain, — their magic is o'er !  
 When I list to the streams — when I look on the flowers,  
 They tell of the past with so mournful a tone,  
 That I call up the throngs of my long-vanished hours,  
 And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

From the wide-spreading earth — from the limitless heaven,  
 There have vanished an eloquent glory and gleam ;  
 To my veil'd mind no more is the influence given,  
 Which coloureth life with the hues of a dream :  
 The bloom-purpled landscape its loveliness keepeth —  
 I deem that a light as of old gilds the wave ; —  
 But the eye of my spirit in heaviness sleepeth,  
 Or sees but my youth, and the visions it gave.

Yet it is not that age on my years hath descended —  
 'T is not that its snow-wreaths encircle my brow ;  
 But the *newness* and sweetness of Being are ended —  
 I feel not their love-kindling witchery now :  
 The shadows of death o'er my path have been sweeping —  
 There are those who have loved me, debarred from the day ;  
 The green turf is bright where in peace they are sleeping,  
 And on wings of remembrance my soul is away.

It is shut to the glow of this present existence —  
 It hears, from the past, a funereal strain ;  
 And it eagerly turns to the high-seeming distance,  
 Where the last blooms of earth will be garnered again ;  
 Where no mildew the soft, damask-rose cheek shall nourish —  
 Where Grief bears no longer the poisonous sting ;  
 Where pitiless Death no dark sceptre can flourish,  
 Or stain with his blight the luxuriant spring.

It is thus, that the hopes, which to others are given,  
 Fall cold on my heart in this rich month of May ;  
 I hear the clear anthems that ring through the heaven —  
 I drink the bland airs that enliven the day ;  
 And if gentle Nature, her festival keeping,  
 Delights not my bosom, ah ! do not condemn ; —  
 O'er the lost and the lovely my spirit is weeping,  
 For my heart's fondest raptures are buried with them.

## ON READING VIRGIL.

BY MRS. ANN E. BLEECKER.

*Written in 1778.*

Now cease these tears, lay gentle Virgil by,  
 Let recent sorrows dim thy pausing eye ;  
 Shall Æneas for lost Creusa mourn,  
 And tears be wanting on Abella's urn ?  
 Like him, I lost my fair one in my flight  
 From cruel foes, and in the dead of night.  
 Shall he lament the fall of Ilion's tow'rs,  
 And we not mourn the sudden ruin of ours ?  
 See York on fire — while, borne by winds, each flame  
 Projects its glowing sheet o'er half the main,  
 The affrighted savage, yelling with amaze,  
 From Allegany sees the rolling blaze.  
 Far from these scenes of horror, in the shade  
 I saw my aged parent safe conveyed ;  
 Then sadly followed to the friendly land  
 With my surviving infant by the hand :  
 No cumbrous household gods had I, indeed,  
 To load my shoulders and my flight impede ;  
 Protection from such impotence who'd claim ?  
 My Gods took care of me — not I of them.  
 The Trojan saw Anchises breathe his last  
 When all domestic dangers he had passed ;  
 So my lov'd parent, after she had fled,  
 Lamented, perish'd on a stranger's bed :  
 — He held his way o'er the Cerulian main,  
 But I returned to hostile fields again.





Perchance at that lone hour the thought of early visions  
 came,  
 Of the trance that touched her lip with song at Love's mys-  
 terious flame ;  
 When she listened to the low-breathed tones of him the idol  
 one,  
 Who shone in her mind's imagings first ray of pleasure's sun ;  
 Perchance the walk in evening's hour, the impassion'd kiss  
 and vow—  
 The warm tear kindling on the cheek, the smile upon the  
 brow :  
 But they came like flowers that wither, and the light of all  
 had fled,  
 Like a hue from April's pinion o'er earth's budding bosom  
 shed.

And thus as star came after star into the boundless heaven,  
 Were her free thoughts and eloquent in pensive numbers  
 given ;  
 They were the offerings of a heart where grief had long held  
 sway,  
 And now the night, the hour had come, to give her feelings  
 way ;  
 It was the last dim night of life—the sun had sunk to rest,  
 And the blue twilight haze had crept on the far mountain's  
 breast ;  
 And thus, as in her saddened heart the tide of love grew  
 strong,  
 Poured her meek, quiet spirit forth this flood of mournful  
 song :

“ The shades of evening gather now o'er the mysterious earth,  
 The viewless winds are whispering their strains of breezy  
 mirth ;  
 The yellow moon hath come to shed a flood of glory round  
 On the silence of this calm repose, the beauty of the ground ;

And in the free, sweet gales that sweep along my prison  
 bar,  
 Seem borne the soft, deep harmonies of every kindly star ;  
 I see the blue streams dancing in the mild and chastened  
 light,  
 And the gem-lit fleecy clouds that steal along the brow of  
 night.

“ Oh, must I leave existence now, while life is in its spring—  
 While Joy should cheer my pilgrimage with gladness from  
 his wing ?  
 Are the songs of Hope for ever flown?—the syren voice which  
 flung  
 The chant of Youth’s warm happiness from the beguiler’s  
 tongue ?  
 Shall I drink no more the melody of babbling stream or  
 bird,  
 Or the scented gales of Summer, when the leaves of June  
 are stirred ?  
 Shall the pulse of love wax fainter, and the spirit shrink  
 from death,  
 As the bud-like thoughts which lit my heart fade in its chill-  
 ing breath ?

“ I have passed the dreams of childhood, and my loves and  
 hopes are gone,  
 And I turn to Thee, Redeemer, oh, thou blest and holy  
 one !  
 Though the rose of health has vanished, and the mandate  
 hath been spoken,  
 And one by one the golden links of life’s fond chain are  
 broken,  
 Yet can my spirit turn to thee, thou chastener, and can  
 bend  
 In humble supplicance at thy feet, my Father and my Friend !

Thou who hast crowned my youth with hope, my early days  
with glee,  
Give me the eagle's fearless wing—the dove's to mount to  
thee !

“I lose my foolish hold on life, its passions and its tears—  
How brief the golden ecstasies of its young, careless years !  
I give my heart to earth no more—the grave may clasp me  
now—

The winds, whose tones I loved, may play in the dim cypress  
bough ;

The birds, the streams are eloquent, yet I shall pass away,  
And in the light of heaven shake off this cumbrous load of  
clay ;

I shall join the lost and loved of earth, and meet each kindred  
breast,

‘ Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at  
rest.’ ”

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## THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

[*From the French of Beranger.*]

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

THEY'LL talk of him, and of his glory,  
The cottage hearth, at eve, around ;  
Fifty years hence no other story  
Shall 'neath the lowly thatch resound.  
Then shall the villagers repair  
To some gray ancient dame,

And bid her long-past times declare,  
 And tell his deeds, his fame.  
 " Ah, though it cost us life and limb,"  
 They'll say, " our love is still the same,  
 And still the people love his name ;  
 Good mother, tell of him !"

My children, through this very region  
 He journey'd with a train of kings,  
 Followed by many a gallant legion !  
 (How many thoughts to me it brings,  
 That tell of days so long gone by !)  
 He climbed on foot the very hill  
 Where, seated on the bank, was I  
 To see him pass. I see him still ;  
 The small, three-coloured hat he wore,  
 And the surtout of gray.

I trembled at his sight all o'er !—  
 Cheerful he said, " My dear, good day !"  
 " Mother, he spoke to you, you say ?"  
 " Ay, said ' good day' once more."

Next year at Paris, too, one morning,  
 Myself, I saw him with his court,  
 Princes and queens his *suite* adorning,  
 To Notre Dame he did resort ;  
 And every body blest the day  
 And prayed for him and his ;  
 How happily he took his way,  
 And smiled in all a father's bliss,  
 For heaven a son bestowed !"

" A happy day for you was this,  
 Good mother !" then they say :  
 " When thus you saw him on the road,  
 In Notre Dame to kneel and pray,  
 A good heart sure it showed."

"Alas! ere long, invading strangers  
 Brought death and ruin in our land!  
 (Alone he stood and braved all dangers,  
 The sword in his unconquer'd hand.)  
 One night, (it seems but yesterday,)  
 I heard a knocking at the door—  
 It was himself upon his way,  
 A few true followers, no more,  
 Stood worn and weary at his side.  
 Where I am sitting now he sat—  
 'Oh what a war is this!' he cried.  
 'Oh what a war!' " "Mother, how's that?  
 Did he, then, sit in that same chair?"  
 "My children, yes!—he rested there!"

"I'm hungry," then he said, "and gladly  
 I brought him country wine and bread;  
 The gray surtout was dripping sadly;  
 He dried it by this fire. His head,  
 He leaned against this wall, and slept—  
 While, as for me, I sat and wept.  
 He walked and cried, 'Be of good cheer!  
 I go to Paris, France to free,  
 And better times, be sure, are near!  
 He went, and I have ever kept  
 The cup he drank from—children, see!  
 My greatest treasure!" "Show it me,"  
 "And me!"—"and me!" the listeners cry—  
 "Good mother, keep it carefully!"

"Ah, it is safe! but where is he?  
 Crowned by the pope, our father good,  
 In a lone island of the sea  
 The hero died. Long time we stood

Firm in belief he was not dead,  
 And some by sea, and some by land—  
 But all, that he was coming, said.  
 And when, at length, all hope was o'er,  
 Than I, were few that sorrowed more !”  
 “ Ah, mother, well we understand !  
 Our blessings on you ; we too weep,  
 We will pray for you ere we sleep !”

---

THE HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY JOHN INMAN.

NAY, ask me not, my dearest ! why silent I remain—  
 Not often will my feelings speak in smooth and measured  
 strain.  
 The joy that fills my heart, in the love I bear to thee,  
 Too deeply in that heart is shrined, by words expressed to be ;  
 And thousand thoughts of tenderness, that in my bosom  
 throng,  
 Are all too bright and blessed to be manacled in song.  
 This is thy birth-day, dearest—the fairest of the year—  
 To many giving gladness, but to me of all most dear ;  
 The birth-day of my happiness, which sprang to life with  
 thee,  
 As hope springs in the captive's breast with the hour that  
 sets him free.

I hail its happy dawning, with a love like that which fills  
My heart for thee, my pure one, when thy kind voice in it  
thrills.

I bless it and its memories, and the blessing which I give,  
Is fervent as the dying man's to him who bids him live—  
But the joy I have in thee, dear love, speaks not in echoes loud,  
Nor will its tranquil flowing be revealed before a crowd.

---

## VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF COL. WOOD OF THE UNITED STATES' ARMY, WHO  
FELL AT THE SORTIE OF ERIE.

BY THE LATE GEN. J. MORTON.

WHAT though on foeman's land he fell,  
No stone the sacred spot to tell,  
Yet where the noble Hudson's waves  
Its shores of lofty granite laves,  
The loved associates of his youth,  
Who knew his worth—his spotless truth,  
Have bade the marble column rise,  
To bid the world that worth to prize;  
To teach the youth like him aspire,  
And never-fading fame acquire;  
Like him on Glory's wings to rise,  
To reach, to pierce the azure skies.  
And oft the Patriot *there* will sigh,  
And Sorrow oft cloud Beauty's eye,  
Whene'er fond memory brings again  
The Youth who sleeps on Erie's plain.

## LIFE'S GUIDING STAR.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

THE youth whose bark is guided o'er  
 A summer stream by zephyr's breath,  
 With idle gaze delights to pore  
 On imaged skies that glow beneath.  
 But should a fleeting storm arise  
 To shade awhile the watery way,  
 Quick lifts to heaven his anxious eyes,  
 And speeds to reach some sheltering bay.

'Tis thus down time's eventful tide,  
 While prosperous breezes gently blow,  
 In life's frail bark we gaily glide  
 Our hopes, our thoughts all fixed below.  
 But let one cloud the prospect dim,  
 The wind its quiet stillness mar,  
 At once we raise our prayer to Him  
 Whose light is life's best guiding star.

---

 DESPONDENCY.

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION AND SORROW FOR LOST TIME.

BY JOHN INMAN.

WHENCE come, my soul, these gloomy dreams,  
 That darken thus my waking hours?  
 And whence this blighting cloud, that seems  
 To wither all thy better powers?



What is this cankering worm that clings  
Around my heart with deadly strain,  
That o'er my thoughts its mildew flings,  
And makes my life one age of pain ?

I find no joy in home or friends—  
E'en music's voice has lost its spell—  
To me the rose no perfume lends,  
And mirth and I have said farewell.  
I dare not think upon the past,  
Where dwells remembrance, fraught with pain ;  
Of youth's pure joys that could not last,  
And hopes I ne'er shall know again.

I dare not ask the coming years  
What gifts their onward flight shall bring ;  
For what but grief, and shame, and tears,  
From wasted time and powers can spring ?  
Yet I can deck my cheek with smiles,  
And teach my heart to seem to glow,  
Though colder than those Northern isles  
Of ice and everlasting snow.

Upon the frozen surface there,  
With tenfold light the sunbeams play—  
But false the dazzling gleam as fair—  
No verdure springs beneath the ray.  
And falser yet the laughing eye—  
The cheek that wears a seeming smile—  
The heart that hides its misery,  
And breaks beneath its load the while.

## TO A GOLDFINCH.

BY ROSWELL PARK.

BIRD of the gentle wing,  
Songster of air,  
Home, from thy wandering,  
Dost thou repair?  
Art thou deserted then,  
Wilder'd and lone?  
Come to my breast again,  
Beautiful one.

Here in the rosy beds  
Hover anew;  
Eating the garden seeds,  
Sipping the dew:  
Then in my bower  
The fragrance inhale  
Of each lovely flower  
That waves in the gale.

When the bright morning star,  
Rising on high,  
Day's early harbinger,  
Shines in the sky,  
Then shall thy numbers,  
So lively and gay,  
Rouse me from slumbers,  
To welcome the day.

When the still evening comes,  
Tranquil and clear ;  
When the dull beetle roams,  
Drumming the air ;  
Then, on the willow-trees  
Shading the door,  
Sing me thy melodies  
Over once more.

Thus shall the moments fly  
Sweetly along,  
Tuned to thy minstrelsy,  
Cheered by thy song ;  
Till as the light declines  
Far in the west,  
Thou, 'mid the trellis'd vines,  
Hush thee to rest.

---

## THE MIDNIGHT BALL.

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART.

SHE'S bid adieu to the midnight ball,  
And cast the gems aside,  
Which glittered in the lighted hall :  
Her tears she cannot hide.  
She weeps not that the dance is o'er,  
The music and the song ;  
She weeps not that her steps no more  
Are follow'd by the throng.

Her memory seeks one form alone  
 Within that crowded hall ;  
 Her truant thoughts but dwell on one  
 At that gay midnight ball.  
 And thence her tears unbidden flow —  
 She's bid adieu to him ;  
 The light of love is darken'd now —  
 All other lights are dim.

She throws the worthless wreath away  
 That deck'd her shining hair ;  
 She tears apart the bright bouquet  
 Of flowrets rich and rare.  
 The leaves lie scattered at her feet,  
 She heeds not where they fall ;  
 She sees in them an emblem meet  
 To mark the midnight-ball.

---

THE DESERTED BRIDE .

[*Suggested by a Scene in the Play of the Hunchback.*]

BY G. P. MORRIS.

“ LOVE me !—No—he never loved me !”  
 Else he'd sooner die than stain  
 One so fond as he has proved me  
 With the hollow world's disdain.  
 False one, go—my doom is spoken,  
 And the spell that bound me broken !

Wed him!—Never.—He has lost me!—

Tears!—Well, let them flow!—His bride?—  
No.—The struggle life may cost me!

But he'll find that I have pride!  
Love is not an idle flower,  
Blooms and dies the self-same hour.

Titles, lands, and broad dominion,  
With himself to me he gave;  
Stoop'd to earth his spirit's pinion,  
And became my willing slave!  
Knelt and pray'd until he won me—  
Looks he coldly now upon me?

Ingrate!—Never sure was maiden  
Wronged so foul as I. With grief  
My true breast is overladen—  
Tears afford me no relief.—  
Every nerve is strained and aching,  
And my very heart is breaking!

Love I him?—Thus scorned and slighted—  
Thrown, like worthless weed, apart—  
Hopes and feelings sear'd and blighted—  
Love him?—Yes, with all my heart!  
With a passion superhuman—  
Constancy, "thy name is woman."

Love nor time, nor mood, can fashion—  
Love?—Idolatry's the word  
To speak the broadest, deepest passion,  
Ever woman's heart hath stirr'd!  
Vain to still the mind's desires,  
Which consume like hidden fires!

Wreck'd and wretched, lost and lonely,  
Crush'd by grief's oppressive weight,  
With a prayer for Clifford only,  
I resign me to my fate.  
Chains that bind the soul I've proven  
Strong as they were iron-woven.

Deep the wo that fast is sending  
From my cheek its healthful bloom;  
Sad my thoughts, as willows bending  
O'er the borders of the tomb.  
Without Clifford not a blessing  
In the world is worth possessing.

Wealth!—a straw within the balance,  
Opposed to love 'twill kick the beam:  
Kindred—friendship—beauty—talents?—  
All to love as nothing seem;  
Weigh love against all else together,  
As solid gold against a feather.

Hope is flown—away disguises—  
Nought but death relief can give—  
For the love he little prizes  
Cannot cease and Julia live!  
Soon my thread of life will sever—  
Clifford, fare thee well—for ever!

THOUGHTS AT THE GRAVE OF A DEPARTED  
FRIEND.

BY JOHN INMAN.

LOVED, lost one, fare thee well—too harsh the doom  
That called thee thus in opening life away ;  
Tears fall for thee ; and at thy early tomb  
I come at each return of this blest day,  
When evening hovers near, with solemn gloom,  
The pious debt of sorrowing thought to pay,  
For thee, blest spirit, whose loved form alone  
Here mouldering sleeps, beneath this simple stone.

But memory claims thee still ; and slumber brings  
Thy form before me as in life it came ;  
Affection conquers death, and fondly clings  
Unto the past, and thee, and thy loved name ;  
And hours glide swiftly by on noiseless wings,  
While sad discourses of thy loss I frame,  
With her the friend of thy most tranquil years,  
Who mourns for thee with grief too deep for tears.

*Sunday Evening.*

---

S O N G .

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

A CARELESS, simple bird, one day  
Flutt'ring in Flora's bowers,  
Fell in a cruel trap, which lay  
All hid among the flowers,  
Forsooth, the pretty, harmless flowers.

The spring was closed ; poor, silly soul,  
 He knew not what to do,  
 Till, squeezing through a tiny hole,  
 At length away he flew,  
     Unhurt—at length away he flew.

And now from every fond regret  
 And idle anguish free,  
 He, singing, says, “ You need not set  
 Another trap for me,  
     False girl ! another trap for me.”

---

ANACREONTIC.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

BLAME not the Bowl—the fruitful Bowl !  
 Whence wit, and mirth, and music spring,  
 And amber drops elysian roll,  
 To bathe young Love’s delighted wing.  
 What like the grape Osiris gave  
 Makes rigid age so lithe of limb ?  
 Illumines Memory’s tearful wave,  
 And teaches drowning Hope to swim ?  
 Did Ocean from his radiant arms  
 To earth another Venus give,  
 He ne’er could match the mellow charms  
 That in the breathing beaker live.



Like burning thoughts which lovers hoard  
 In characters that mock the sight,  
 Till some kind liquid, o'er them poured,  
 Brings all their hidden warmth to light—  
 Are feelings bright, which, in the cup,  
 Though graven deep, appear but dim,  
 Till filled with glowing Bacchus up,  
 They sparkle on the foaming brim.  
 Each drop upon the first you pour  
 Brings some new tender thought to life,  
 And as you fill it more and more,  
 The last with fervid soul is rife.

The island fount, that kept of old  
 Its fabled path beneath the sea,  
 And fresh, as first from earth it rolled,  
 From earth again rose joyously ;  
 Bore not beneath the bitter brine,  
 Each flower upon its limpid tide,  
 More faithfully than in the wine,  
 Our hearts will toward each other glide.  
 Then drain the cup, and let thy soul  
 Learn, as the draught delicious flies,  
 Like pearls in the Egyptian's bowl,  
 Truth beaming at the bottom lies.

---

 MELODY.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

If yon bright stars, which gem the night,  
 Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,  
 Where kindred spirits re-unite  
 Whom death has torn asunder here,

How sweet it were at once to die,  
 And leave this blighted orb afar,  
 Mixt soul and soul to cleave the sky,  
 And soar away from star to star.

But oh, how dark, how drear and lone,  
 Would seem the brightest world of bliss,  
 If wandering through each radiant one  
 We failed to find the loved of this ;  
 If there no more the ties shall twine  
 That death's cold hand alone could sever ;  
 Ah ! then these stars in mockery shine,  
 More hateful as they shine for ever.

It cannot be each hope, each fear,  
 That lights the eye or clouds the brow,  
 Proclaims there is a happier sphere  
 Than this bleak world that holds us now.  
 There is a voice which sorrow hears,  
 When heaviest weighs life's galling chain ;  
 'Tis heaven that whispers—Dry thy tears,  
 The pure in heart shall meet again.

---

## MY NATIVE LAND.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

COLUMBIA, was thy continent stretched wild,  
 In later ages, the huge seas above ?  
 And art thou Nature's youngest, fairest child,  
 Most favoured by thy gentle mother's love ?

Where now we stand, did ocean monsters rove,  
 Tumbling uncouth, in those dim, vanish'd years,  
 When, through the Red Sea, Pharaoh's thousands drove,  
 When struggling Joseph dropped fraternal tears, [seers ?  
 When God came down from heaven, and mortal men were

Or, have thy forests waded, thy rivers run,  
 Elysian solitudes, untrod by man,  
 Silent and lonely, since, around the sun,  
 Her ever-wheeling circle, earth began ?  
 Thy unseen flowers, did here the breezes fan ?  
 With wasted perfume ever on them flung ?  
 And o'er thy show'rs, neglected rainbows span,  
 When Alexander fought, when Homer sung,  
 And the old populous world with thundering battle rung ?

Yet what to me, or when, or how thy birth,  
 No musty tomes are here to tell of thee ;  
 None know, if cast when nature first the earth [tree,  
 Shaped round, and clothed with grass, and flower, and  
 Or, whether since, by changes, silently,  
 Of sand and shell, and wave, thy wonders grew ;  
 Or if, before man's little memory,  
 Some shock stupendous rent the globe in two,  
 And thee, a fragment, far in western oceans threw.

I know but that I love thee. On my heart,  
 Like a dear friend's, are stamped thy features now ;  
 Though there, the Roman, or the Grecian art  
 Hath lent, to deck thy plain and mountain brow,  
 No broken temples, fain at length to bow,  
 Moss-grown and crumbling with the weight of time.  
 Not these, o'er thee, their mystic splendours throw ;  
 Themes eloquent for pencil or for rhyme,  
 As many a soul can tell that pours its thoughts sublime.

But thou art sternly artless, wildly free :  
 We worship thee for beauties all thine own.  
 Like damsel, young and sweet, and sure to be  
 Admired, but only for herself alone.  
 With richer foliage ne'er was land o'ergrown.  
 No mightier rivers run, nor mountains rise ;  
 Nor ever lakes with lovelier graces shone,  
 Nor wealthier harvests waved in human eyes,  
 Nor lay more liquid stars along more heavenly skies.

I dream of thee, fairest of fairy streams.  
 Sweet Hudson ! Float we on thy summer breast.  
 Who views thy enchanted windings ever deems  
 Thy banks, of mortal shores, the loveliest !  
 Hail to thy shelving slopes, with verdure dress'd,  
 Bright break thy waves the varied beach upon ;  
 Soft rise thy hills, by amorous clouds caress'd ;  
 Clear flow thy waters, laughing in the sun—  
 Would through such peaceful scenes my life might gently  
 run !

And lo ! the Catskills print the distant sky ;  
 And o'er their airy tops the faint clouds driven,  
 So softly blending, that the cheated eye  
 Forgets, or which is earth or which is heaven—  
 Sometimes, like thunder clouds, they shade the even,  
 Till, as you nearer draw, each wooded height  
 Puts off the azure hues by distance given ;  
 And slowly break, upon the enamour'd sight,  
 Ravine, crag, field and wood, in colours true and bright.

Mount to the cloud-kissed summit. Far below  
 Spreads the vast Champaign like a shoreless sea.  
 Mark yonder narrow streamlet feebly flow,  
 Like idle brook that creeps ingloriously ;

Can that the lovely, lordly Hudson be,  
 Stealing by town and mountain? Who beholds,  
 At break of day, this scene, when, silently,  
 Its map of field, wood, hamlet is unroll'd,  
 While, in the east, the sun uprears his locks of gold,

Till earth receive him never can forget.

Even when returned amid the city's roar,  
 The fairy vision haunts his memory yet,  
 As in the sailor's fancy shines the shore.  
 Imagination cons the moment o'er,  
 When first discover'd, awe-struck and amazed.  
 Scarce loftier, Jove—whom men and gods adore—  
 On the extended earth beneath him gazed,  
 Temple, and tower, and town, by human insect raised.

Blow, scented gale—the snowy canvass swell,  
 And flow, thou silver, eddying current on.  
 Grieve we to bid each lovely point farewell,  
 That, ere its graces half are seen, is gone.  
 By woody bluff we steal, by leaning lawn,  
 By palace, village, cot, a sweet surprise,  
 At every turn, the vision breaks upon,  
 Till to our wondering and uplifted eyes  
 The Highland rocks and hills in solemn grandeur rise,

Nor clouds in heaven, nor billows in the deep,  
 More graceful shapes did ever heave or roll,  
 Nor came such pictures to a painter's sleep,  
 Nor beamed such visions on a poet's soul!  
 The pent-up flood, impatient of control,  
 In ages past, here broke its granite bound;  
 Then to the sea, in broad meanders, stole;  
 While ponderous ruins strewed the broken ground,  
 And these gigantic hills for ever closed around.

And ever-wakeful echo here doth dwell,  
 The nymph of sportive mockery, that still  
 Hides behind every rock, in every dell,  
 And softly glides, unseen, from hill to hill.  
 No sound doth rise, but mimic it she will,  
 The sturgeon's splash repeating from the shore,  
 Aping the boy's voice with a voice as shrill,  
 The bird's low warble, and the thunder's roar,  
 Always she watches there, each murmur telling o'er.

Awake my lyre, with other themes inspired.  
 Where yon bold point repels the crystal tide,  
 The Briton youth, lamented and admired,  
 His country's hope, her ornament and pride,  
 A traitor's death, ingloriously died,  
 On freedom's altar offered ; in the sight  
 Of God, by men who will their act abide,  
 On the great day, and hold their deed aright,  
 To stop the breath would quench young Freedom's holy light.

But see ! the broadening river deeper flows,  
 Its tribute floods intent to reach the sea,  
 While, from the west, the fading sunlight throws  
 Its softening hues on stream, and field and tree ;  
 All silent nature bathing, wondrously,  
 In charms that soothe the heart with sweet desires,  
 And thoughts of friends we ne'er again may see,  
 Till lo ! ahead, Manhatta's bristling spires,  
 Above her thousand roofs red with day's dying fires.

May greet the wanderer of Columbia's shore,  
 Proud Venice of the west ! no lovelier scene.  
 Of thy vast throngs, now faintly comes the roar,  
 Though late like beating-ocean surf I ween —

And every where thy various barks are seen,  
Cleaving the limpid floods that round thee flow,  
Encircled by thy banks of sunny green —  
The panting steamer plying to and fro,  
Or the tall sea-bound ship abroad on wings of snow.

And radiantly upon the glittering mass,  
The God of day his parting glances sends,  
As some warm soul, from earth about to pass,  
Back on its fading scenes and mourning friends,  
Deep words of love and looks of rapture bends,  
More bright and bright, as near their end they be.  
On, on, great orb! to earth's remotest ends,  
Each land irradiate, and every sea —  
But oh, my native land, not one, not one like thee!

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## HE CAME TOO LATE!

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART.

HE came too late! — Neglect had tried  
Her constancy too long;  
Her love had yielded to her pride,  
And the deep sense of wrong.  
She scorned the offering of a heart  
Which lingered on its way,  
Till it could no delight impart,  
Nor spread one cheering ray.

He came too late! — At once he felt  
That all his power was o'er!  
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,  
She thought of him no more.  
Anger and grief had passed away,  
Her heart and thoughts were free;  
She met him, and her words were gay,  
No spell had memory.

He came too late! — The subtle chords  
Of love were all unbound,  
Not by offence of spoken words,  
But by the slights that wound.  
She knew that life held nothing now  
That could the past repay,  
Yet she disdained his tardy vow,  
And coldly turned away.

He came too late! — Her countless dreams  
Of hope had long since flown;  
No charms dwelt in his chosen themes,  
Nor in his whispered tone.  
And when, with word and smile, he tried  
Affection still to prove,  
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,  
And spurned his fickle love.



## VERSES,

WRITTEN IN A BOOK OF FORTUNES, 1787.

BY THE LATE GEN. MORTON.

As through the garden's sweet domain  
 The bee from leaf to leaf will rove,  
 Will cull its sweets with anxious pain,  
 Then bear its treasures to his love ;  
 So from those leaves which bring to view  
 Things hid by fate in Time's dark reign,  
 With care I'd cull, dear girl, for you,  
 The richest blessings they contain ;  
 But fortune here our power restrains,  
 Nor leaves her blessings in our hand :  
 To *wish*, alone to *us* remains,  
 The *Gift* is still at *her* command.

Take, then, sweet maid, this wish sincere,  
 Which in a friendly heart doth glow —  
 A heart which will thy worth revere  
 Till life's rich streams shall cease to flow :  
 On the fair morning of thy life  
 May love beam forth his brightest ray, —  
 May friendship's joys, unvexed by strife,  
 Glad the meridian of thy day ;  
 And when life's solemn eve shall come,  
 And time to you shall ever cease,  
 May then religion cheer the gloom,  
 And light thy path to endless peace.

## EPITAPH UPON A DOG.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

AN ear that caught my slightest tone  
 In kindness or in anger spoken ;  
 An eye that ever watch'd my own  
 In vigils death alone has broken ;  
 Its changeless, ceaseless, and unbought  
 Affection to the last revealing ;  
 Beaming almost with human thought,  
 And more than human feeling !

Can such in endless sleep be chilled,  
 And mortal pride disdain to sorrow,  
 Because the pulse that here was stilled  
 May wake to no immortal morrow ?  
 Can faith, devotedness, and love,  
 That seem to humbler creatures given  
 To tell us what we owe above !  
 The types of what is due to Heaven ?

Can these be with the things that *were*,  
 Things cherished — but no more returning ;  
 And leave behind no trace of care,  
 No shade that speaks a moment's mourning ?  
 Alas ! my friend, of all of worth,  
 That years have stol'n or years yet leave me,  
 I've never known so much on earth,  
 But that the loss of thine must grieve me.

## LINES FOR MUSIC.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

OVER forest and meadow the night breeze is stealing,  
 The blush of the sunset is glowing no more—  
 And the stream which we love, harmless fires revealing,  
 With ripples of silver is kissing the shore.  
 I have watched from the beach which your presence en-  
 charmed,  
 In the star-lighted heaven each beautiful gem,  
 And I sighed as I thought, ere the break of the morning,  
 From the gaze of my eyes you must vanish like them.  
 Then stay where the night breeze o'er flowers is stealing,  
 And raise your young voices in music once more ;  
 Let them blend with the stream, its soft murmurs revealing  
 In the ripples of silver which roll to the shore.

But when summer has fled, and yon flowers have faded,  
 And the fields and the forests are withered and sere—  
 When the friends now together, by distance are parted,  
 Leaving nothing but winter and loneliness here ;  
 Will you think of the hour, when in friendship united,  
 I lingered at evening to bid you adieu ;  
 When I paused by the stream, with the stars so delighted,  
 And wished I might linger for ever with you ?  
 Oh, forget not the time when that night breeze was stealing,  
 Though desolate oceans between us may roar,  
 The beach—and the stars—and the waters revealing  
 Thoughts bright as the ripples which break on the shore.

## STANZAS.

BY JOHN INMAN.

L'amour ne suffit pas au bonheur ; les richesses y font aussi beaucoup de cas, et parfois sans les richesses, l'amour ne produit que la misère. C'est grand dommage, mais c'est vrai.—*Madame de Beaumarchais.*

ALAS ! alas, that poverty's cold hand  
Should come to wither young affection's flowers—  
Marring the fairy pictures hope has planned  
Of love and joy in future happy hours—  
Alas, that all the blessings fancy showers  
O'er the young heart, should turn to grief and tears,  
Poisoning the cup of life through all our after-years !

A moment's pleasure and an age of pain—  
One hour of sunshine, and the rest all gloom—  
And this, oh Love, is what from thee we gain—  
Of all who bow before thee, this the doom—  
And in thy footsteps, like the dread Zamoom,  
Pale sorrow comes, a longer-dwelling guest,  
To curse the wasted heart that once by thee was blest.

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JOSHUA COMMANDING THE SUN AND MOON TO  
STAND STILL.

BY J. B. VANSCHAICK.

THE day rose clear on Gibeon. Her high towers  
Flash'd the red sun-beams gloriously back,  
And the wind-driven banners, and the steel  
Of her ten thousand spears caught dazzlingly

The sun, and on the fortresses of rock  
Play'd a soft glow, that as a mockery seem'd  
To the stern men who girded by its light.  
Beth-Horon in the distance slept, and breath  
Was pleasant in the vale of Ajalon,  
Where armed heels trod carelessly the sweet  
Wild spices, and the trees of gum were shook  
By the rude armour on their branches hung.  
Suddenly in the camp without the walls  
Rose a deep murmur, and the men of war  
Gather'd around their kings, and "Joshua!  
From Gilgal, Joshua!" was whisper'd low,  
As with a secret fear, and then, at once,  
With the abruptness of a dream, he stood  
Upon the rock before them. Calmly then  
Raised he his helm, and with his temples bare  
And hands uplifted to the sky, he pray'd;—  
"God of this people, hear! and let the sun  
Stand upon Gibeon, still; and let the moon  
Rest in the vale of Ajalon!" He ceased—  
And lo! the moon sits motionless, and earth  
Stands on her axis indolent. The sun  
Pours the unmoving column of his rays  
In undiminish'd heat; the hours stand still;  
The shade hath stopp'd upon the dial's face;  
The clouds and vapours that at night are wont  
To gather and enshroud the lower earth,  
Are struggling with strange rays, breaking them up,  
Scattering the misty phalanx like a wand,  
Glancing o'er mountain tops, and shining down  
In broken masses on the astonish'd plains.  
The fever'd cattle group in wondering herds;  
The weary birds go to their leafy nests,  
But find no darkness there, and wander forth  
On feeble, fluttering wing, to find a rest;

The parch'd, baked earth, undamp'd by usual dews,  
 Has gaped and crack'd, and heat, dry, mid-day heat,  
 Comes like a drunkard's breath upon the heart.  
 On with thy armies, Joshua ! The Lord  
 God of Sabaoth is the avenger now !  
 His voice is in the thunder, and his wrath  
 Poureth the beams of the retarded sun,  
 With the keen strength of arrows, on their sight.  
 The unwearied sun rides in the zenith sky ;  
 Nature, obedient to her Maker's voice,  
 Stops in full course all her mysterious wheels.  
 On ! till avenging swords have drunk the blood  
 Of all Jehovah's enemies, and till  
 Thy banners in returning triumph wave ;  
 Then yonder orb shall set 'mid golden clouds,  
 And, while a dewy rain falls soft on earth,  
 Show in the heavens the glorious bow of God,  
 Shining, the rainbow banner of the skies.

---

S O N G .

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

I TRUST the frown thy features wear  
 Ere long into a smile will turn ;  
 I would not that a face so fair  
 As thine, beloved, should look so stern.  
 The chain of ice that winter twines,  
 Holds not for aye the sparkling rill,  
 It melts away when summer shines,  
 And leaves the waters sparkling still.

Thus let thy cheek resume the smile  
 That shed such sunny light before ;  
 And though I left thee for a while,  
 I'll swear to leave thee, love, no more.

As he who, doomed o'er waves to roam,  
 Or wander on a foreign strand,  
 Will sigh whene'er he thinks of home,  
 And better love his native land ;  
 So I, though lured a time away,  
 Like bees by varied sweets, to rove,  
 Return, like bees, by close of day,  
 And leave them all for thee, my love.  
 Then let thy cheek resume the smile  
 That shed such sunny light before,  
 And though I left thee for a while,  
 I'll swear to leave thee, love, no more.

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WEST POINT.

[*Suggested by the attendance on Public Worship of the Cadets.—June, 1833.*]

BY GEORGE D. STRONG.

BUGLES upon the wind !  
 Hushed voices in the air,  
 And the solemn roll of the stirring drum,  
 Proclaim the hour of prayer ;  
 While, with measured tread and downcast eye  
 The martial train sweep silent by !

Away with the nodding plume,  
 And the glittering bayonet now,  
 For unmeet it were, with bannered pomp,  
     To record the sacred vow.  
 To earth-born strife let display be given,  
 But the heart's meek homage alone to heaven.

The organ's mellow notes  
     Come swelling on the breeze,  
 And, echoing forth from arch to dome,  
     Float richest symphonies !  
 While youthful forms, a sunny throng,  
 With their voices deep the strains prolong !

Deserted now the aisles—  
     Devotion's rites are past ;  
 And again the bugle's cheering peals  
     Are ringing on the blast !  
 Come forth, ye brave, for your country now,  
 With your flashing eyes and your lofty brow !

A voice from the glorious dead !  
     Awake to the call of fame !  
 By yon gorgeous banner's spangled folds,  
     And by Kosciusko's name !  
 And on Putnam's fort by the light that falls  
 On its ivied moat and its ruined walls,

The wave-worn cavern sends  
     Hoarse echoes from the deep,  
 And the patriot call is heard afar  
     From every giant steep !  
 And the young hearts glow with the sacred fires  
 That burned in the breasts of their gallant sires.



The glittering pageant's past,  
 But martial forms are seen,  
 With bounding step and eagle glance,  
     Careering o'er the green ;  
 And lovely woman by their side,  
 With her blushing cheek and her eye of pride.

Sunset upon the wave,  
     Its burnished splendours pour,  
 And the bird-like bark with its pinions sweeps  
     Like an arrow from the shore !  
 There are golden locks in the sunbeam, fanned  
 On the mirrored stream by the breezes bland.

They have passed like shadows by  
     That fade in the morning beam,  
 And the sylph-like form, and the laughing eye,  
     Are remembered like a dream ;  
 But memory's sun shall set in night  
 Ere my soul forget those forms of light.

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## THANKSGIVING

AFTER ESCAPE FROM INDIAN PERILS.

BY MRS. ANNE E. BLEECKER.—1778.

ALAS ! my fond inquiring soul,  
     Doomed in suspense to mourn,  
 Now let thy moments calmly roll,  
     Now let thy peace return.  
 Why should'st thou let a doubt disturb  
     Thy hopes which daily rise,  
 And urge thee on to trust his word,  
     Who built and rules the skies ?

When Murder sent her hopeless cries,  
More dreadful through the gloom,  
And kindling flames did round thee rise,  
Deep harvests to consume.  
Who was it led thee through the wood,  
And o'er the ensanguined plain,  
Unseen by ambushed sons of blood,  
Who track'd thy steps in vain.

'Twas pitying Heaven that check'd my tears,  
And bade my infants play,  
To give an opiate to my fears  
And cheer the lonely way.  
And in the doubly dreadful night,  
When my Abella died,  
When horror-struck—detesting light,  
I sunk down by her side ;

When winged for flight my spirit stood,  
With this fond thought beguiled,  
To lead my charmer to her God,  
And there to claim my child.  
Again his mercy o'er my breast  
Effus'd the breath of peace,  
Subsiding passion sunk to rest,  
He bade the tempest cease.

Oh, let me ever, ever praise  
Such undeserved care,  
Though languid may appear my lays,  
At least they are sincere.  
It is my joy that thou art God,  
Eternal and supreme ;  
Rise, Nature—hail the power aloud,  
From whom Creation came.

## BALLAD.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

“La rose cueillie et le cœur gagné ne plaisent qu'un jour.”

THE maiden sat at her busy wheel,  
 Her heart was light and free,  
 And ever in cheerful song broke forth  
 Her bosom's harmless glee.  
 Her song was in mockery of love,  
 And oft I heard her say,  
 “The gathered rose, and the stolen heart,  
 “Can charm but for a day.”

I looked on the maiden's rosy cheek,  
 And her lip so full and bright,  
 And I sighed to think that the traitor love,  
 Should conquer a heart so light :  
 But she thought not of future days of wo,  
 While she caroled in tones so gay ;  
 “The gathered rose, and the stolen heart,  
 “Can charm but for a day.”

A year passed on, and again I stood  
 By the humble cottage-door ;  
 The maid sat at her busy wheel,  
 But her look was blithe no more :  
 The big tear stood in her downcast eye,  
 And with sighs I heard her say,  
 “The gathered rose, and the stolen heart,  
 “Can charm but for a day.”

Oh! well I knew what had dimmed her eye,  
 And made her cheek so pale ;  
 The maid had forgotten her early song,  
 While she listened to love's soft tale.  
 She had tasted the sweets of his poisoned cup,  
 It had wasted her life away :  
 And the stolen heart, like the gathered rose,  
 Had charmed but for a day.

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## FORGETFULNESS.

BY MISS ELIZABETH S. BOGART.

WE parted—friendship's dream had cast  
 Deep interest o'er the brief farewell,  
 And left upon the shadowy past  
 Full many a thought on which to dwell.  
 Such thoughts as come in early youth,  
 And live in fellowship with hope ;  
 Robed in the brilliant hues of truth,  
 Unfitted with the world to cope.

We parted—he went o'er the sea,  
 And deeper solitude was mine ;  
 Yet there remained in memory,  
 For feeling, still a sacred shrine.  
 And thought and hope were offered up  
 Till their ethereal essence fled,  
 And disappointment, from the cup,  
 Its dark libations poured, instead.

We parted—'twas an idle dream  
 That *thus* we e'er should meet again ;  
 For who that knew man's heart, would deem  
 That it could long unchanged remain.  
 He sought a foreign clime, and learned  
 Another language, which expressed  
 To strangers the rich thoughts that burned  
 With unquenched power within his breast.

And soon he better loved to speak  
 In those new accents than his own ;  
 His native tongue seemed cold and weak,  
 To breathe the wakened passions' tone.  
 He wandered far, and lingered long,  
 And drank so deep of Lethe's stream,  
 That each new feeling grew more strong,  
 And all the past was like a dream.

We met—a few glad words were spoken,  
 A few kind glances were exchanged ;  
 But friendship's first romance was broken,  
 His had been from me estranged.  
 I felt it all—we met no more—  
 My heart was true, but it was proud ;  
 Life's early confidence was o'er,  
 And hope had set beneath a cloud.

We met no more—for neither sought  
 To reunite the severed chain  
 Of social intercourse ; for nought  
 Could join its parted links again.  
 Too much of the wide world had been  
 Between us for too long a time ;  
 And he had looked on many a scene,  
 The beautiful and the sublime.

And he had themes on which to dwell,  
 And memories that were not mine,  
 Which formed a separating spell,  
 And drew a mystic boundary line.  
 His thoughts were wanderers—and the things  
 Which brought back friendship's joys to me,  
 To him were but the spirit's wings  
 Which bore him o'er the distant sea.

For he had seen the evening star  
 Glancing its rays o'er ocean's waves,  
 And marked the moonbeams from afar,  
 Lighting the Grecian heroes' graves.  
 And he had gazed on trees and flowers  
 Beneath Italia's sunny skies,  
 And listened, in fair ladies' bowers,  
 To genius' words, and beauty's sighs.

His steps had echoed through the halls  
 Of grandeur, long left desolate ;  
 And he had climbed the crumbling walls,  
 Or op'd perforce the hingeless gate ;  
 And mused o'er many an ancient pile,  
 In ruin still magnificent,  
 Whose histories could the hours beguile  
 With dreams, before to fancy lent.

Such recollections come to him,  
 With moon, and stars, and summer flowers ;  
 To me they bring the shadows dim  
 Of earlier and of happier hours.  
 I would those shadows darker fell—  
 For life, with its best powers to bless,  
 Has but few memories loved as well,  
 Or welcome as *forgetfulness*.

## ON SHIP-BOARD.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

Now freshening breezes swell the sail,  
Now leans the vessel to the gale ;  
So slant her deck, you have to cling  
A moment to the nearest thing ;  
So far she bends into the deep,  
Across her deck the white waves sweep ;  
Bursts through the flood the pointed prow,  
That loves the startled foam to throw,  
And thunders on before the wind,  
Long breaks of whirl and froth behind ;  
And when the seas the bows o'erwhelm,  
The captain mutters, "mind your helm !"  
At night, when stormy shadows fall,  
"All hands on deck," the captain's call.  
Darkness around, save when below  
Dim light the bursting billows throw—  
And heave the waves, and beats the rain—  
The labouring vessel groans with pain ;  
Strains—lurches—thunders—rocks and rolls,  
We smile—but tremble in our souls !  
Fierce howls the blast through sail and shroud,  
And rings the tempest long and loud ;  
But sweet the change, when tranquilly  
In sunshine sleep the air and sea.  
Pen may not paint each magic dye  
On the soft wave and sunny sky,  
When comes the charming silent eve,  
And gentle billows idly heave.

The liquid floor bends smooth and bright,  
 Like molten silver to the light ;  
 Till, as the western clouds enfold  
 The fiery sun, it turns to gold,  
 And then a thousand colours, straying  
 From heaven to earth, and sweetly playing  
 Upon the ocean's giant breast,  
 Compose his savage soul to rest.  
 And thus, within the human mind,  
 When waves are hushed and still the wind,  
 When passion's storm has passed away,  
 And vice no more obscures the day,  
 The beams of virtue and of love  
 Break softly, falling from above,  
 O'er half-breathed wordly wishes shine,  
 And calm them with a power divine.

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 TO THEMIRA.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

[Written with French chalk\* on a pane of glass in the house of a friend.]

ON this frail glass, to others' view,  
 No written words appear ;  
 They see the prospect smiling through,  
 Nor deem what secret's here.  
 But shouldst thou on the tablet bright  
 A single breath bestow,  
 At once the record starts to sight  
 Which only thou must know.

\* The substance usually called French chalk has this singular property, that what is written on glass, though easily rubbed out again so that no trace remains visible, by being breathed on becomes immediately distinctly legible.



Thus, like this glass, to stranger's gaze  
 My heart seemed unimpress'd ;  
 In vain did beauty round me blaze,  
 It could not warm my breast.  
 But as one breath of thine can make  
 These letters plain to see,  
 So in my heart did love awake  
 When breath'd upon by thee.

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 EVENING .

[*From the Backwoodsman.*]

BY JAMES K. PAULDING.

'Twas sunset's hallow'd time—and such an eve  
 Might almost tempt an angel heaven to leave.  
 Never did brighter glories greet the eye,  
 Low in the warm and ruddy western sky :  
 Nor the light clouds at summer eve unfold  
 More varied tints of purple, red, and gold.  
 Some in the pure, translucent, liquid breast  
 Of crystal lake, fast anchor'd seem'd to rest,  
 Like golden islets scatter'd far and wide,  
 By elfin skill in fancy's fabled tide,  
 Were, as wild eastern legends idly feign,  
 Fairy, or genii, hold despotic reign.  
 Others, like vessels gilt with burnish'd gold,  
 Their flitting, airy way are seen to hold,  
 All gallantly equipp'd with streamers gay,  
 While hands unseen, or chance directs their way ;

Around, athwart, the pure ethereal tide,  
With swelling purple sail, they rapid glide,  
Gay as the bark where Egypt's wanton queen  
Reclining on the shaded deck was seen,  
At which as gazed the uxorious Roman fool,  
The subject world slipt from his dotard rule.  
Anon, the gorgeous scene begins to fade,  
And deeper hues the ruddy skies invade ;  
The haze of gathering twilight nature shrouds,  
And pale, and paler, wax the changeful clouds.  
Then sunk the breeze into a breathless calm,  
The silent dews of evening dropt like balm ;  
The hungry night-hawk from his lone haunt hies,  
To chase the viewless insect through the skies ;  
The bat began his lantern-loving flight,  
The lonely whip-poor-will, our bird of night,  
Ever unseen, yet ever seeming near,  
His shrill note quaver'd in the startled ear ;  
The buzzing beetle forth did gaily hie,  
With idle hum, and careless blundering eye ;  
The little trusty watchman of pale night,  
The firefly trimm'd anew his lamp so bright,  
And took his merry airy circuit round  
The sparkling meadow's green and fragrant bound,  
Where blossom'd clover, bathed in balmy dew,  
In fair luxuriance, sweetly blushing grew.

## THOUGHTS ON PARTING.

BY JOHN INMAN.

YES ! I will hope, though fortune's stern decree  
 From all I love commands me soon to part ;  
 Nor doubt, though absent, that a thought of me  
 Shall sometimes find a place in every heart,  
 Where feeling glows, unchilled by time or art —  
 Why should I doubt, when doubt is wretchedness,  
 Such as to feel bids bitter tears to start  
 From eyes that seldom weep, though tears, perhaps,  
 might bless ?

It cannot be that love like that which fills  
 My soul for them, should be bestowed in vain,  
 When but the fear that they forget me, chills  
 Each pulse and feeling — as the wintry rain  
 Chills earth and air, which yet may glow again  
 In summer's beams — but what can joy restore  
 To bosoms upon which that blight has lain ?  
 From such e'en hope departs, and can return no more.

For them I would have done — but let me not  
 Such thoughts recall — could service e'er repay  
 The blessings their companionship has wrought ? —  
 With them too swiftly passed the time away,  
 On pleasure's wings — weeks dwindled to a day,  
 And days to moments — such the charm they cast  
 O'er every scene, and such their gentle sway,  
 Making each glad hour seem still brighter than the last.

To them I turned, as Iran's tameless race  
 Toward their refulgent God looked till the last,  
 And died still gazing on his radiant face;—  
 Alas! the spring-time of my year is past—  
 From them afar my line of life is cast,  
 And I must wander now like one that's lost—  
 A helmless bark, blown wide by every blast,  
 And without hope or joy, on life's rude surges toss'd.

Oh no, it cannot be that grief like this  
 Should be reserved to blight my coming years—  
 That moments of such almost perfect bliss  
 Should be succeeded by an age of tears—  
 Revive, then, hope, and put to flight my fears;  
 I'll meet the future with undaunted eye,  
 Trusting thy light, that now my pathway cheers,  
 Gilding its onward course, as sunset gilds the sky.

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## THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

[*Translated from the Italian.\**]

BY SAMUEL L. MITCHELL.—1796.

BORNE to the rocky bed's extremest brow,  
 The flood leaps headlong, nor a moment waits;—  
 To join the whirlpool deep and vast below,  
 The saltless ocean hurries through the straits.

\* The above lines were translated by Dr. Mitchell, in October 1796, from the Italian of Dr. Gian Baptista Scandella, an accomplished gentleman, who afterwards, in September 1798, fell a victim to the yellow fever in the city of New York, just as he had finished his American tour, and was on the eve of embarking for Europe.

Hoarse roars the broken wave ; and upward driv'n,  
 Dashes in air ;—dissolving vapours press'd  
 Confound the troubled elements with heav'n :—  
 Earth quakes beneath ;—heart trembles in the breast.

With steps uncertain, to a jutting rock,  
 To gaze upon the immense abyss I hie ;  
 And all my senses feel a horrid shock  
 As down the steep I turn my dizzy eye.

On cloudy steams I take a flight sublime,  
 Leaving the world and nature's works behind ;  
 And as the pure empyreal heights I climb,  
 Reflect with rapture on the Immortal Mind.

## CANZONET.

BY J. B. VANSCHAICK.

WHEN motes, that dancing  
 In golden wine,  
 To the eyes' glancing  
 Speak while they shine—  
 Then, the draught pouring,  
 Love's fountain free,  
 Mute, but adoring,  
 I drink to thee.

When sleep enchaineth,  
 Sense steals away—  
 Dream, o'er mind reigneth  
 With dark strange sway—  
 One sweet face floateth  
 Sleep's misty sea,  
 Th' unconscious heart doateth  
 On thee—on thee.

---

### THE PENNSYLVANIAN IMMIGRANT.

[*From the Backwoodsman.*]

BY J. K. PAULDING.

Now all through Pennsylvania's pleasant land,  
 Unheeded pass'd our little roving band,  
 —For every soul had something here to do,  
 Nor turn'd aside our cavalcade to view—  
 By Bethlehem, where Moravian exiles 'bide,  
 In rural paradise, on Lehigh's side,  
 And York and Lancaster—whose rival rose  
 In this good land, no bloody discord knows.  
 Not such their fate!—the ever grateful soil  
 Rewards the blue-eyed German's patient toil ;  
 Richer and rounder every year he grows,  
 Nor other ills his stagnant bosom knows  
 Than caitiff grub, or cursed Hessian fly,  
 Mildews, and smuts, a dry or humid sky ;  
 Before he sells, the market's sudden fall,  
 Or sudden rise, when sold—still worse than all !

Calmly he lives—the tempest of the mind,  
 That marks its course by many a wreck behind ;  
 The purpose high that great ambition feels,  
 Sometimes perchance upon his vision steals,  
 But never in his sober waking thought  
 One stirring, active impulse ever wrought.  
 Calmly he lives—as free from good as blame,  
 His home, his dress, his equipage the same ;  
 And when he dies, in sooth, 'tis soon forgot  
 What once he was, or what he once was not—  
 An honest man, perhaps,—'tis somewhat odd  
 That such should be the noblest work of God !

So have I seen, in garden rich and gay,  
 A stately cabbage waxing fat each day ;  
 Unlike the lively foliage of the trees,  
 Its stubborn leaves ne'er wave in summer breeze,  
 Nor flower, like those that prank the walks around,  
 Upon its clumsy stem is ever found ;  
 It heeds not noontide heats, nor evening's balm,  
 And stands unmoved in one eternal calm.  
 At last, when all the garden's pride is lost  
 It ripens in drear autumn's killing frost,  
 And in a savoury sourkrout finds its end,  
 From which detested dish, me heaven defend !

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LAKE GEORGE.—1829.

BY S. DE WITT BLOODGOOD.

I STOOD upon the shore,  
 And looked upon the wave,  
 While I thought me o'er and o'er  
 HERE SLEEP THE BRAVE !

The shadow of the hills,  
 The azure of the flood,  
 The murmuring of the rills  
 Recall a scene of blood.

When the war-cry filled the breeze,  
 And the rifle and the bow  
 Were like leaves upon the trees,  
 But did not daunt Munro !

'Mid the thunders of the train,  
 And the fires that flashed alarm !  
 And the shouts that rent the plain,  
 To battle rush'd Montcalm !

But the red cross floats no more  
 Upon the ruin'd walls,  
 And the wind sighs on the shore,  
 Like the noise of waterfalls.

And the spirit of the hour  
 Is as peaceful as yon wave,  
 While pleasure builds its bower  
 O'ER THE ASHES OF THE BRAVE.

---

CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

[*From the Backwoodsman.*]

BY J. K. PAULDING.

OUR Basil beat the lazy sun next day,  
 And bright and early had been on his way.  
 But that the world he saw e'en yesternight,  
 Seem'd faded like a vision from his sight.



One endless chaos spread before his eyes,  
No vestige left of earth or azure skies,  
A boundless nothingness reign'd everywhere,  
Hid the green fields and silent all the air.  
As look'd the traveller for the world below,  
The lively morning breeze began to blow,  
The magic curtain roll'd in mists away,  
And a gay landscape laugh'd upon the day.  
As light the fleeting vapours upward glide,  
Like sheeted spectres on the mountain side,  
New objects open to his wondering view  
Of various form, and combinations new.  
A rocky precipice, a waving wood,  
Deep winding dell, and foaming mountain flood,  
Each after each, with coy and sweet delay,  
Broke on his sight, as at young dawn of day,  
Bounded afar by peak aspiring bold,  
Like giant capt with helm of burnish'd gold.  
So when the wandering grandsire of our race  
On Ararat had found a resting place,  
At first a shoreless ocean met his eye,  
Mingling on every side with one blue sky ;  
But as the waters, every passing day,  
Sunk in the earth or roll'd in mists away,  
Gradual, the lofty hills, like islands, peep  
From the rough bosom of the boundless deep,  
Then the round hillocks, and the meadows green,  
Each after each, in freshen'd bloom are seen,  
Till, at the last, a fair and finish'd whole  
Combined to win the gazing patriarch's soul.  
Yet oft he look'd, I ween, with anxious eye,  
In lingering hope somewhere, perchance, to spy,  
Within the silent world, some living thing,  
Crawling on earth, or moving on the wing,  
Or man, or beast—alas ! was neither there,  
Nothing that breathed of life in earth or air ;

'Twas a vast silent mansion rich and gay,  
 Whose occupant was drown'd the other day ;  
 A church-yard, where the gayest flowers oft bloom  
 Amid the melancholy of the tomb ;  
 A charnel house, where all the human race  
 Had piled their bones in one wide resting place ;  
 Sadly he turn'd from such a sight of wo,  
 And sadly sought the lifeless world below.

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## THE CLOUDS .

BY GEORGE D. STRONG.

How beauteous o'er the blue expanse  
 Pencilling their shadows on the evening sky,  
 The gathering clouds with gauze-wings unfold  
 Their heaven wove tapestry :  
 Veiling in mist the dim and wearied sun,  
 Ere yet the drapery of his couch is won !

Behold ! behold them now !  
 Tossing their gold-edged tresses on the breeze !  
 Gliding like angels o'er the star-gemmed floor  
 To heavenly symphonies !  
 While distant seen, like hope to faith's clear view,  
 Sleeps in calm splendour the cerulean blue !

Ere yet imagination's wand  
 Has traced the vision on the teeming brain,  
 The fleeting pageant floats in mist, away  
 Beyond the billowy main :  
 But forms more beauteous wing again their flight,  
 While eve reposes on the lap of night.

Yon castellated tower

As proudly cuts its turrets on the sky,  
As if the portals of its airy halls

Blazoned with heraldry !

And who shall say, but in its chambers glide  
Pale courtier's shadows—disembodied pride ?

The mimic ship unfolds

Her swelling canvass on the airy main ;  
And horsemen sweep in graceful circles o'er

Th' ethereal plain :

While forms of light unknown to mortals here,  
People in myriads the celestial sphere !

And many-coloured flowers,

Changing their hues with every passing breeze,  
Crown the far summits of the mountain steeps ;

The shadowy trees

Fling their gigantic branches wide and far,  
Dimming the lustre of full many a star.

How oft in childhood's hour

I've watched the cloudlets pale the evening beam,  
While the bright day-god quenched his waning fires

In ocean, pool, and stream.

Oh, then the clouds were ministers of joy  
To the rapt spirit of the dreamy boy !

Mother and sister ! Ye

Have passed from earth like suns untimely set !  
Do ye not look from yonder throne of clouds

Upon me yet,

Beckoning me now, with eager glance to come  
To the bright portals of your heavenly home ?

Skeptic ! whose chilling creed  
Would chain the spirit to life's bounded span,  
Learn from the clouds that *upward* poise their wing,  
To value *man* !  
Nor deem the soul divested of its shroud—  
Less glorious in its essence than a *cloud* !

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## THE TORNADO.

[*From the Backwoodsman.*]

BY J. K. PAULDING.

Now down the mountain's rugged western side,  
Descending slow, our lonely travellers hied,  
Deep in a narrow glen, within whose breast  
The rolling fragments of the mountain rest ;  
Rocks tumbled on each other by rude chance,  
Crown'd with grey fern, and mosses, met the glance,  
Through which a brawling river braved its way,  
Dashing among the rocks in foamy spray.  
Here, 'mid the fragments of a broken world,  
In wild and rough confusion, idly hurl'd,  
Where ne'er was heard the woodman's echoing stroke,  
Rose a huge forest of gigantic oak ;  
With heads that tower'd half up the mountain's side,  
And arms extending round them far and wide,  
They look'd coeval with old mother earth,  
And seem'd to claim with her an equal birth.  
There, by a lofty rock's moss-mantled base,  
Our tired adventurers found a resting place ;

Beneath its dark, o'erhanging, sullen brow,  
 The little bevy nestled snug below,  
 And with right sturdy appetite, and strong,  
 Devour'd the rustic meal they brought along.

The squirrel eyed them from his lofty tree,  
 And chirp'd as wont, with merry morning glee ;  
 The woodcock crow'd as if alone he were,  
 Or heeded not the strange intruders there,  
 Sure sign they little knew of man's proud race  
 In that sequester'd mountain 'biding place ;  
 For wheresoe'er his wandering footsteps tend,  
 Man never makes the rural train his friend ;  
 Acquaintance that brings other beings near,  
 Produces nothing but distrust or fear :  
 Beasts flee from man the more his heart they know,  
 And fears, at last, to fix'd aversion grow,  
 As thus in blithe serenity they sat,  
 Beguiling resting time with lively chat,  
 A distant, half heard murmur caught the ear,  
 Each moment waxing louder and more near,  
 A dark obscurity spread all around,  
 And more than twilight seem'd to veil the ground,  
 While not a leaf e'en of the aspen stirr'd,  
 And not a sound but that low moan was heard.  
 There is a moment when the boldest heart  
 That would not stoop an inch to 'scape death's dart,  
 That never shrunk from certain danger here,  
 Will quail and shiver with an aguish fear ;  
 'Tis when some unknown mischief hovers nigh,  
 And heaven itself seems threatening from on high.

Brave was our Basil, as became a man,  
 Yet still his blood a little cooler ran,  
 'Twixt fear and wonder, at that murmur drear,  
 That every moment wax'd more loud and near.

The riddle soon was read—at last it came,  
And nature trembled to her inmost frame ;  
The forest roar'd, the everlasting oak,  
In writhing agonies the storm bespoke,  
The live leaves scatter'd wildly everywhere,  
Whirl'd round in maddening circles in the air ;  
The stoutest limbs were scatter'd all around,  
The stoutest trees a stouter master found,  
Crackling, and crashing, down they thundering go,  
And seem to crush the shrinking rocks below :  
Then the thick rain in gathering torrents pour'd,  
Higher the river rose, and louder roar'd,  
And on its dark, quick eddying surface bore  
The gather'd spoils of earth along its shore,  
While trees that not an hour before had stood  
The lofty monarchs of the stately wood,  
Now whirling round and round with furious force,  
Dash 'gainst the rocks that breast the torrent's force,  
And shiver like a reed by urchin broke  
Through idle mischief, or with heedless stroke ;  
A hundred cataracts, unknown before,  
Rush down the mountain's side with fearful roar,  
And as with foaming fury down they go,  
Loose the firm rocks and thunder them below ;  
Blue lightnings from the dark cloud's bosom sprung,  
Like serpents, menacing with forked tongue,  
While many a sturdy oak that stiffly braved  
The threatening hurricane that round it raved,  
Shiver'd beneath its bright, resistless flash,  
Came tumbling down amain with fearful crash.  
Air, earth, and skies, seem'd now to try their power,  
And struggle for the mastery of the hour ;  
Higher the waters rose, and blacker still,  
And threaten'd soon the narrow vale to fill.

## TO A LADY.

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.—1804.

THY dimpled girls and rosy boys  
 Rekindle in thy heart the joys  
     That bless'd thy tender years :  
 Unheeded fleet the hours away ;  
 For, while thy cherubs round thee play,  
     New life thy bosom cheers.

Once more, thou tell'st me, I may taste,  
 Ere envious time this frame shall waste,  
     My infant pleasures flown.  
 Ah ! there 's a ray of lustre mild,  
 Illumes the bosom of a child,  
     To age, alas ! scarce known.

Not for my infant pleasures past  
 I mourn ; those joys which flew so fast,  
     They, too, had many a stain ;  
 But for the mind, so pure and light,  
 Which made those joys so fair, so bright,  
     I sigh, and sigh in vain.

Well I remember you, bless'd hours !  
 Your sunbeams bright, your transient showers !  
     Thoughtless I saw you fly ;  
 For distant ills then caus'd no dread ;  
 Nor cared I for the moments fled,  
     For memory call'd no sigh.

Fond parents swayed my every thought ;  
 No blame I feared, no praise I sought,  
     But what their love bestowed.  
 Full soon I learn'd each meaning look,  
 Nor e'er the angry glance mistook  
     For that where rapture glowed.

Whene'er night's shadows called to rest,  
 I sought my father, to request  
     His benediction mild.  
 A mother's love more loud would speak ;  
 With kiss on kiss she'd print my cheek,  
     And bless her darling child.

Thy lightest mists and clouds, sweet sleep !  
 Thy purest opiates thou dost keep,  
     On infancy to shed.  
 No guilt there checks thy soft embrace,  
 And not e'en tears and sobs can chase  
     Thee from an infant's bed.

The trickling tears which flow'd at night,  
 Oft hast thou stay'd, till morning light  
     Dispell'd my little woes.  
 So fly before the sunbeam's power  
 The remnants of the evening shower  
     Which wet the early rose.

Farewell, bless'd hours ! full fast ye flew ;  
 And that which made your bliss so true  
     Ye would not leave behind.  
 The glow of youth ye could not leave ;  
 But why, why cruelly bereave  
     Me of my artless mind ?



Fond mother ! hope thy bosom warms,  
That on the prattler in thy arms  
    Heaven's choicest gifts may flow.  
Thus let thy prayer incessant rise  
To Him, who, thron'd above the skies,  
    Can feel for man below.

“ Oh ! Thou, whose view is ne'er estrang'd  
“ From innocence, preserve unchang'd  
    “ Through life my darling's mind ;  
“ Unchang'd in truth and purity,  
“ Still fearless of futurity,  
    “ Still artless, though refin'd.

“ As oft his anxious nurse hath caught  
“ And sav'd his little hand that sought  
    “ The bright, but treacherous blaze ;  
“ So, let fair Wisdom keep him sure  
“ From glittering vices which allure,  
    “ Through life's delusive maze.

“ Oh ! may the ills which man enshroud,  
“ As shadows of a transient cloud,  
    “ But shade, not stain my boy.  
“ Then may he gently drop to rest,  
“ Calm as a child by sleep oppress'd,  
    “ And wake to endless joy.”

## SPRING IS COMING.

BY JAMES NACK.

SPRING is coming, spring is coming,  
 Birds are chirping, insects humming ;  
 Flowers are peeping from their sleeping,  
 Streams escaped from winter's keeping.  
 In delighted freedom rushing,  
 Dance along in music gushing,  
 Scenes of late in deadness saddened,  
 Smile in animation gladdened ;  
 All is beauty, all is mirth,  
 All is glory upon earth.  
 Shout we then with Nature's voice,  
 Welcome Spring ! rejoice ! rejoice !

Spring is coming, come, my brother,  
 Let us rove with one another,  
 To our well-remembered wild wood,  
 Flourishing in nature's childhood ;  
 Where a thousand flowers are springing,  
 And a thousand birds are singing ;  
 Where the golden sunbeams quiver  
 On the verdure-girdled river ;  
 Let our youth of feeling out,  
 To the youth of nature shout,  
 While the waves repeat our voice,  
 Welcome Spring ! rejoice ! rejoice !

## FROM A FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN,

AFTER HAVING HAD HIS PORTRAIT TAKEN FOR THEM.

BY C. C. MOORE.

THIS semblance of your parent's time-worn face  
 Is but a sad bequest, my children dear :  
 Its youth and freshness gone, and in their place  
 The lines of care, the tracks of many a tear !

Amid life's wreck, we struggle to secure  
 Some floating fragment from oblivion's wave :  
 We pant for somewhat that may still endure,  
 And snatch at least a shadow from the grave.

Poor, weak, and transient mortals ! why so vain  
 Of manly vigour or of beauty's bloom ?  
 An empty shade for ages may remain  
 When we have mouldered in the silent tomb.

But no ! it is not *wè* who moulder there ;  
 We, of essential light that ever burns,  
 We take our way through untried fields of air,  
 When to the earth this earth-born frame returns.

And 'tis the glory of the master's art  
 Some radiance of this inward light to find ;  
 Some touch that to his canvass may impart  
 A breath, a sparkle of the immortal mind.

Alas ! the pencil's noblest power can show  
But some faint shadow of a transient thought,  
Some waken'd feeling's momentary glow,  
Some swift impression in its passage caught.

Oh ! that the artist's pencil could pourtray  
A father's inward bosom to your eyes ;  
What hopes, and fears, and doubts perplex his way,  
What aspirations for your welfare rise.

Then might this unsubstantial image prove,  
When I am gone, a guardian of your youth,  
A friend for ever urging you to move  
In paths of honour, holiness, and truth.

Let fond imagination's power supply  
The void that baffles all the painter's art ;  
And when those mimic features meet your eye,  
Then fancy that they speak a parent's heart.

Think that you still can trace within those eyes  
The kindling of affection's fervid beam,  
The searching glance that every fault espies,  
The fond anticipation's pleasing dream.

Fancy those lips still utter sounds of praise,  
Or kind reproof that checks each wayward will,  
The warning voice, or precepts that may raise  
Your thoughts above this treach'rous world of ill.

And thus shall Art attain her loftiest power ;  
To noblest purpose shall her efforts tend :  
Not the companion of an idle hour,  
But Virtue's handmaid and Religion's friend.

## THE MITCHELLA.

BY S. L. MITCHELL.

[The *Mitchella* is a very delicate flower, a native of our woods, and although originally named from another botanist called Mitchell, was always a great favourite of Dr. S. L. Mitchill. The "double nature" alluded to in the poem refers to the fact of the flowers uniformly growing in pairs.]

SEQUESTERED safe beneath the sylvan bow'rs,  
 Lo! fair *Mitchella* spends her joyous hours.  
 The double nature on her form bestow'd  
 Displays a winning and peculiar mode.  
 With lilac wreath her beauteous front is grac'd,  
 A crimson zone surrounds her slender waist;  
 A robe of green trails sweeping o'er the ground,  
 And scents ambrosial fill the air around—  
 Thus Proserpine o'er Enna's precincts stray'd  
 Till gloomy Dis surpris'd the unthinking maid.  
 From Earth to Tartarus transferr'd, in vain  
 She intercedes her native home to gain.  
 Jove grants in part her pray'r: above to know  
 One half the year, the rest to pass below:  
 And Ceres sees her daughter's two-fold mien,  
 On Earth a nymph, in Pluto's realms a queen.

## A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

BY CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads ;  
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter :  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein-deer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name ;  
“ Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer ! now, Vixen !  
On ! Comet, on ! Cupid, on ! Donder and Blixen—  
To the top of the porch ! to the top of the wall !  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all !”  
As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.  
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnish'd with ashes and soot ;  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he look'd like a pedlar just opening his pack.  
His eyes—how they twinkled ! his dimples, how merry !  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly  
That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump ; a right jolly old elf ;  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a jirk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle ;  
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,  
" Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night !"

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## ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY

WHOSE HEALTH WAS IMPAIRED BY THE AGUE AND FEVFR.

BY A. L. BLAUVELT.—1805.

DARK minister of many woes,  
That lov'st the sad vicissitude of pain,  
Now shivering 'mid Antarctic snows,  
Now a faint pilgrim on Medina's plain.  
Say, can no form less fair thy vein engage ?  
Must feeble loveliness exhaust thy rage ?

Oh, mark the faltering step, the languid eye,  
 And all the anguish of her burning sigh :  
 See the faintly struggling smile,  
 See resignation's tear the while ;  
 So to the axe the martyr bends his form,  
 So bends the lovely lily to the storm.  
 Still though, sweet maid, thy yielding bloom decays,  
 And faint the waning tide of rap ure strays,  
 Oh, may'st thou 'scape grief's more envenom'd smart,  
 Nor ever know the ague of the heart.  
 For rising from the sun bright plain,  
 The *bended* lily blooms again ;  
 But ah ! what life imparting power  
 Can e'er revive the *broken* flower ?

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THE GIFTS OF PROVIDENCE.

BY WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.—1747.

OFT on the vilest riches are bestow'd,  
 To show their meanness in the sight of God.  
 High from a dunghill see a Dives rise,  
 And, Titan-like, insult the avenging skies :  
 The crowd in adulation calls him lord,  
 By thousands courted, flatter'd, and adored :  
 In riot plunged, and drunk with earthly joys,  
 No higher thought his grovelling soul employs ;  
 The poor he scourges with an iron rod,  
 And from his bosom banishes his God.



But oft, in height of wealth and beauty's bloom,  
Deluded man is fated to the tomb !  
For lo, he sickens, swift his colour flies,  
And rising mists obscure his swimming eyes :  
Around his bed his weeping friends bemoan,  
Extort the unwilling tear, and wish him gone ;  
His sorrowing heir augments the tender shower,  
Deplores his death—yet hails the dying hour.  
Ah, bitter comfort ! sad relief to die !  
Though sunk in down, beneath a canopy !  
His eyes no more shall see the cheerful light,  
Weigh'd down by death in everlasting night :  
And now the great, the rich, the proud, the gay,  
Lies breathless, cold—unanimated clay !  
He that just now was flatter'd by the crowd  
With high applause and acclamation loud ;  
That steel'd his bosom to the orphan's cries,  
And drew down torrents from the widow's eyes ;  
Whom, like a God, the rabble did adore—  
Regard him now—and lo ! he is no more.

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## FROM A HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

BY C. C. MOORE.

THE dreams of Hope that round us play,  
And lead along our early youth,  
How soon, alas ! they fade away  
Before the sober rays of Truth.

And yet there are some joys in life  
That Fancy's pencil never drew ;  
For Fancy's self, my own dear wife,  
Ne'er dreamt the bliss I owe to you.

You have awaken'd in my breast  
Some chords I ne'er before had known ;  
And you've imparted to the rest  
A stronger pulse, a deeper tone.

And e'en the troubles that we find  
Our peace oft threat'ning to o'erwhelm,  
Like foreign foes, but serve to bind  
More close in love our little realm.

I've not forgot the magic hour  
When youthful passion first I knew ;  
When early love was in its flower,  
And bright with ev'ry rainbow hue.

Then, fairy visions lightly moved,  
And waken'd rapture as they pass'd ;  
But faith and love, like yours approved,  
Give joys that shall for ever last.

A spotless wife's enduring love,  
A darling infant's balmy kiss,  
Breathe of the happiness above ;  
Too perfect for a world like this.

These heaven-sent pleasures seem too pure  
To take a taint from mortal breath ;  
For, still unfading, they endure  
'Mid sorrow, sickness, pain, and death.

When cruel Palsy's withering blow  
Had left my father weak, forlorn,  
He yet could weep for joy, to know  
I had a wish'd-for infant born.

And, as he lay in death's embrace,  
You saw when last on earth he smil'd ;  
You saw the ray that lit his face  
When he beheld our darling child.—

Strange, mingled scene of bliss and pain !  
That, like a dream, before us flies ;  
Where, 'midst illusions false and vain,  
Substantial joys are seen to rise.—

When to your heart our babes you fold,  
With all a mother's joy elate,  
I fondly think that I behold  
A vision of our future state.

Hope comes, with balmy influence fraught,  
To heal the wound that rends my heart,  
Whene'er it meets the dreadful thought  
That all our earthly ties must part.

Bless'd hope, beyond earth's narrow space,  
Within high Heaven's eternal bound,  
Again to see your angel face,  
With all your cherubs clustering round.

Oh ! yes, there are some beams of light  
That break upon this world below,  
So pure, so steady, and so bright,  
They seem from better worlds to flow.

Reflected images are seen  
 Upon this transient stream of Time,  
 Through mists and shades that intervene,  
 Of things eternal and sublime.

Then let us rightly learn to know  
 These heavenly messengers of love :  
 They teach us whence true pleasures flow,  
 And win our thoughts to joys above.

And e'en when clouds roll o'er our head,  
 Still let us turn our longing eyes  
 To where Eternal Love has spread  
 The changeless azure of the skies.

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PROPHETIC.

[Lines written on the window-glass of an Inn in England during the author's travels through Europe in 1774—5. ♡

BY GULIAN VERPLANCK.

HAIL happy Britain, Freedom's blest retreat ;  
 Great is thy power, thy wealth, thy glory great,  
 But wealth and power have no immortal day,  
 For all things ripen only to decay.  
 And when that time arrives, the lot of all,  
 When Britain's glory, power, and wealth shall fall ;  
 Then shall thy sons by Fate's unchang'd decree  
 In other worlds another Britain see,  
 And what thou art, America shall be.

## LINES

[*Suggested by a Perusal of "The Life of Chatterton."*]

BY A. L. BLAUVELT.

AND yet there are, who, borne on fortune's tide,  
 Down the smooth vale of time unconscious glide ;  
 Ne'er dream of wretchedness when they repose,  
 Nor wake to other cares, to other woes.  
 And when the north wind rages through the sky,  
 Withhold from bleeding poverty a sigh ;  
 Leave those to weep, who, torn from all held dear,  
 In want and silence shed the frequent tear ;  
 Who, reared 'mid fortune's noon, ill brook the shade,  
 And feel with tenfold sense its damps invade ;  
 Feel more than chilling frost neglects control,  
 And all the horrors of a wintry soul ;  
 For ah ; how oft from penury's cold grave,  
 Nor worth nor all the power of mind can save ?  
 Condemned through life a ceaseless war to wage  
 With all the pride and dulness of the age ;  
 Still vain each wish o'erwhelm'd, each hope elate,  
 Oft Genius sinks desponding to her fate,  
 Or moves the indignant pensioner of pride,  
 Her triumphs blazon, nor her spoils divide ;  
 And, wrapt in chilling gloom, ne'er feels the day,  
 Taught by her hand round happier wealth to play.

Ah, stern decree ! that minds whom Heaven inspires  
 With more than angel thought, than angel fires ;  
 Whose virtues vibrate to the tenderest tone,  
 And wake to wo ere half her woes be known ;  
 From the high boon a sterner fate derive,  
 And suffer most, to suffering most alive.

## THE MAGIC DRAUGHT.

[*Addressed to a young Lady who gave him Seltzer water to drink.*]

BY DR. S. L. MITCHELL.

BRISK sparkled the liquid, most lively and fine,  
 Transparent as amber, than crystal more pure,  
 Appearing those qualities rare to combine,  
 Adapted exactly his health to secure.

Pursuant to order, he drank in a trice,  
 Full confidence in his physician he placed ;  
 For who that is favour'd with lady's advice  
 Can ever refuse their prescriptions to taste ?

Unconscious what mischief within it might lurk,  
 He swallowed the doses again and again,  
 Till he fancied within him a manifold work,  
 Disturbing his heart and distracting his brain.

Suspecting, at last, from his feelings unus'd,  
 A trick on his faith had been wantonly play'd,  
 "Some philter or potion" he swore "was infused,  
 Some magic or poison instilled by the maid."

"Not this a Nepenthe the mind to compose,  
 Which Helen at Sparta employ'd in her feasts,  
 But a draught such as Circe, the sorceress, chose,  
 Transforming the drinkers to four-footed beasts."

“ Not a worse composition did Shakspeare behold,  
 Prepared in their cauldron by witches obscene,  
 Nor were drugs more detested, as Hayley has told,  
 Commix'd by the fiends when they conjur'd up Spleen.”

Thus railing and raving, awhile he went on,  
 Bethinking he soon must his testament make,  
 When lo ! all the terrible symptoms were gone,  
 And his woful conjecture turn'd out a mistake.

No water from Seltzer the vessel contain'd,  
 Nor has Pymont or Spa such a remedy known ;  
 For she candidly, since the prescription, explain'd,  
 Prepar'd by a process entirely her own.

The tears which at church on Good Friday she shed,  
 After Easter was over, had fairly been dry'd,  
 But the 'kerchief on which she supported her head  
 Was laid with the precious effusion aside.

This 'kerchief, to bleech in the sunshine was plac'd,  
 And expos'd to the weather by night and by day ;  
 With snow-flakes of April was often incas'd,  
 And moisten'd as often by dew-drops of May.

In ether's high region, where thunders prevail,  
 Those drops by explosion's electric were form'd,  
 Had once in descending been frozen to hail,  
 And twice in the rainbow's refraction been warm'd.

Collecting these drops on their fall from above,  
 With myrtle's quintessence she tinctur'd the mass ;  
 Then breath'd in the mixture the spirit of love,  
 And blessing, enclos'd it securely in glass.

This potent elixir, he plainly observes,  
 Of his head and his heart has pervaded the whole ;  
 Excites every fibre, and quickens the nerves,  
 With sweet agitation delighting the soul.

Yet he fears its effects on his temper and health  
 Will make him his toilsome exertions disclaim ;  
 No more be devoted to projects of wealth,  
 Nor seek to be crown'd with the laurels of Fame.

Nay—an antidote sovereign he long has possess'd,  
 His affections from spells and enchantments to free ;  
 No foreign intruder can enter a breast,  
 Pre-occupied, heart winning S——h by thee.

---

IMPROMPTU.

[*On Miss ——'s paying the tribute of a tear to a scene of distress.*]

BY JACOB MORTON.—1790.

SOFT as the dews of evening skies  
 Which on the flow'ret's bosom fall,  
 Were those sweet tears in Anna's eyes  
 Which wak'd at pity's gentle call.

Ah ! may that tender, feeling heart,  
 Where thus sweet sympathy doth glow,  
 Ne'er feel the pang of sorrow's dart,  
 Nor sigh—but for *another's* wo.



## APPEAL

TO A CERTAIN GREAT MAN, WHO HAS QUESTIONED CERTAIN REVEALED TRUTHS.

BY A. L. BLAUVELT.—1805.

THOU talk'st of *Reason's* unassisted eye :  
 Lift then thy darling Reason to the sky, —  
 Paint, if thou wilt, the unincumber'd mind,  
 Vast in its powers, and in its views refin'd ;  
 To truth aspiring on the wings of day,  
 And spanning systems with a godlike sway.  
 The portrait you have formed you dread to own,  
 And Guilt's deep blushes o'er its shades are thrown :  
 For has the Almighty thus inform'd the race,  
 His *truth* to question and his laws deface ?  
 Bestow'd a mind the Eternal's mind to blame,  
 And *Reason's* deathless force, His reason to defame ?  
 As well might Jove's imperial bird defy  
 The Power that made him soar, because he soars so high.

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 LINES

TO A DAUGHTER OF THE LATE GOVERNOR CLINTON.

BY J. B. VAN SCHAICK.—1829.

AND thou, fair flower of hope !  
 Like a sweet violet, delicate and frail,  
 Hast reared thy tender stem beneath an oak,  
 Whose noble limbs o'ershadowed thee. The damp  
 Cold dews of the unhealthy world fell not  
 On thee ; the gaudy sunshine of its pomp  
 Came tempered to thine eye in milder beams.



The past and future one large waste of gloom—  
 Here mem'ry's madness, there oblivion's tomb ;  
 No ear to list, no voice to soothe despair,  
 And even death is deaf to sorrow's prayer.  
 Oh ! say, sweet minstrel, (for thy sighs I know  
 Are wont to mingle with the sighs of wo,)  
 Where shall the hope-deserted pilgrim fly  
 To live too wretched, and too weak to die ?  
 Perhaps, e'en now, impassion'd and sincere,  
 The sigh of beauty steals upon his ear —  
 Soft as the sky-wove theme of viewless lyres,  
 That soothe his spirit when the saint expires :  
 And oh ! perhaps, ere quite dissolv'd in air,  
 That sigh may breathe oblivion to despair ;  
 Melt o'er the throbbing string in Myra's lay,  
 Till wo, enraptur'd, bears herself away.

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 PORTRAITURE.

[From " *Vice, a Satire*," 1774.]

BY GULIAN VERPLANCK.

Ob : 1799.

Go, learn thou this : From regulated Sense  
 Is all our bliss—from sober Temperance.  
 How much, Oh Temperance ! to thee we owe,  
 What joys sincere from thy pure fountains flow ;  
 Life's most protracted date derives from thee  
 A calm old age, and death from anguish free.

Doth Death affright thee with his dread parade,  
 The hearse slow moving, and the cavalcade ?  
 Go, early learn its terrors to despise,  
 Read virtue's lesson, and in time be wise.  
 Enough of crimes on these Heav'n's vengeance wait,  
 Let Satire aim at faults of humbler state.

Whoe'er observes, will find in human race  
 More difference of character than face ;  
 Some nice, odd turns, in all th' observer strike,  
 Each his peculiar has, nor find we two alike.  
 Blest with each art that soothes the ills of life,  
 A quiet mind, not made for noise and strife ;  
 In whose fixed calm no jarring powers contend,  
 Design'd to act as husband, father, friend ;  
 Had Philo been content with what was given,  
 And, truly wise, enjoy'd on earth his heav'n :  
 Philo had lived—but lived unknown to fame ;  
 Had died content,—but died without a name.  
 No, Philo cried, be glorious praise my care,  
 Nor let this name be mix'd with common air ;  
 For this he wastes the weary hours of night,  
 Leaves peace to fools, and banishes delight ;  
 Nature in vain throws in her honest bars,  
 The wretch runs counter to himself and stars ;  
 In vain—for lost no character he seems,  
 And Philo does not live, but only dreams.

Others there are, who to the shade retire,  
 Who'd shine if nature would the clods inspire,  
 And, as she gave them parts, would give them fire ;  
 But languid bodies, scarce informed with soul,  
 In one dull round their vacant moments roll ;  
 Heavy and motionless as summer seas,  
 They yawn out life in most laborious ease ;  
 Passions, half formed, in their cold bosoms lie,  
 And all the man is sluggish anarchy.

Yet wits, and wise, when some small shocks awake,  
 As when the surface of some stagnant lake,  
 Urged by the action of the busy air,  
 Breaks its thiek scum, and shows the bottom clear.  
 Who knows not Florio ? sweet, enraptured elf !  
 Florio is known to all men but himself.  
 Him folly owned the instant of his birth,  
 And turned his soul to nonsense and to mirth ;  
 Nor boasts a son, in all her dancing crowd,  
 So pert, so prim, so petulant, and proud.  
 Mixture absurd and strange ! we find in him  
 Dulness with wit, sobriety with whim ;  
 A soul that sickens at each rising art  
 With the mean malice of a coward's heart.  
 So milky soft, so pretty, and so neat,  
 With air so gentle, and with voice so sweet ;  
 What dog-star's rage, what maggot of the brain,  
 Could make a fop so impudently vain,  
 To throw all modesty aside, and sit  
 The mighty censor of the works of wit ?  
 Say, wretch ! what pride could prompt thee to bestow  
 Abuse on power, the greatest power below ;  
 The Muse's power ? That power thyself shall know :  
 Her pen shall add thee to the long, long roll  
 That holds the name of every brother fool.  
 Of various passions that divide the breast,  
 Pride reigns supreme and governs all the rest ;  
 Its form is varied, but to all supplied  
 In equal shares, however modified.  
 Blest source of action, whose perpetual strife  
 With sluggish nature, warms us into life ;  
 Thou great first mover, 'tis alone from thee  
 That life derives its sweet diversity.  
 Yet hapless he, whose ill-directed pride  
 With soft seduction draws his steps aside

From life's low vale, where humbler joys invite ;  
 With bold, rash tread, to gain distinction's height.  
 Him peace forsakes, and endless toils oppose,  
 A friend's defection, and the spleen of foes.  
 Black calumny invents her thousand lies,  
 And sickly envy blasts him if he rise—  
 He, wretch accursed, tied down to servile rules,  
 Must think and act no more like other fools :  
 For him no more that social ease remains  
 Which sweetens life, and softens all its pains ;  
 Each jealous eye betrays a critic's pen,  
 To search for faults it spares in other men.  
 How shall he wish in vain, once more his own,  
 That hour when free, and to the world unknown,  
 Its praise he had not, nor could fear its frown.

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THE FAREWELL.

BY JOHN I. BAILEY.

OH ! leave me still thy tender heart,  
 Though love's delirious reign is over ;  
 I, too, will act the traitor's part—  
 Cordelia-like, become a rover.  
 No more I'll gaze on smiles of thine,  
 That beam as sweetly on another,  
 Save with the feelings pure that twine  
 Around the bosom of a brother.

Loved smiles ! that once around me shone,  
And waked to feelings of devotion ;  
Thy sway is past, thy charm is gone—  
Thou art resigned without emotion.  
No more to charm my wildered dream,  
Or hope's delusive joys to heighten ;  
O'er my lone heart thy cheerless beam  
Falls, but has lost the power to brighten.

The auburn ringlets of thy hair  
May twine as graceful still, and let them—  
Those locks were once as loved as fair,  
Yet lost to me, I'll ne'er regret them.  
Yes ! I could view those curls entwine  
Around another's hand that wreath'd them ;  
Unmoved, recall those tones divine,  
Once sweet as were the lips that breath'd them !

Thy form no longer wears the spell,  
As when a lover's dreams it haunted ;  
Nor can affection fondly dwell  
On every grace that once enchanted.  
Then fare thee well ! thou'st broke the chain ;  
Go ! yield thy charms to bless another ;  
I would not seek their wiles again,  
I only ask—to be thy brother.

## SONNET TO MYRA.

BY A. L. BLAUVELT.

How sad the exile from his native skies  
 Doom'd on the shade of parted bliss to dwell —  
 No ear to catch his penitential sighs,  
 No voice to soothe him in his last farewell.  
 Anxious he treads th' inhospitable shore,  
 And gazes anxious on the main  
 Where ling'ring fancy loves to feign  
 Till day's last lustre bids her wake no more ;  
 Then horror climbs the dusky wave,  
 And beckons madness to her grave,  
 Where, cradled by the surge to rest,  
 Low sighs the passing gale, "Despair is blest."  
 Ah! sadder far an exile from thy charms ;  
 Friends, Country, Freedom, smile in Myra's arms.

## TO CORDELIA.

BY JOHN I. BAILEY.

SMILE not, sweet girl, 'tis even so—  
 Cordelia, smile not unbelieving ;  
 My words, though not so sweet, I know,  
 As thine, were never *so* deceiving.

And if I *must* be sworn to prove  
 That I have said sincerely, thereby,  
 I'd choose thy brow, so formed for love,  
 To be the book I'd kissing swear by.



Nay, look not angry thus, 'tis vain—  
I value not thy frowns a feather—  
'Tis not thy nature to retain  
An unkind thought for hours together.

I envy not thy lover's joys,  
Nor flattering smiles that so endear them ;  
Thy brittle chains caprice destroys ;  
Oh ! who on earth would wish to wear them ?

Yes ! I could give thee many a name  
Of those who've waked thy tender bosom ;  
A flame succeeding still to flame,  
Yet thou wert e'er content to lose 'em.

Content to wound that bosom too,  
That had for years, unchanged, ador'd thee ;  
Oh ! when thou held'st a heart so true,  
What joy could ranging thus afford thee ?

I trust an angel's form thou'lt wear  
E'er I ascend to yonder Heaven ;  
Or I a tale could give in there,  
Would leave thee lost and unforgiven.

SONG.—WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND  
THEE.

BY G. P. MORRIS.

WHEN other friends are round thee,  
And other hearts are thine ;  
When other bays have crowned thee,  
More fresh and green than mine.  
Then think how sad and lonely  
This wretched heart will be ;  
Which, while it beats—beats only,  
Beloved one ! for thee.

Yet do not think I doubt thee ;  
I know thy truth remains,  
I would not live without thee  
For all the world contains.  
Thou art the star that guides me  
Along life's troubled sea,  
And whatever fate betides me,  
This heart still turns to thee.

---

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

YOUNG mother, he is gone,  
His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast,  
No more the music tone  
Float from his lips to thine all fondly prest ;  
His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee,  
Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning hour,  
And he hath passed in beauty from the day,  
A bud not yet a flower ;  
Torn in its sweetness from the parent spray,  
The death wind swept him to his soft repose,  
As frost in spring-time blights the early rose.

Never on earth again  
Will his rich accents charm thy listening ear,  
Like some Æolian strain,  
Breathing at even-tide serene and clear ;  
His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes  
The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from thy yearning heart,  
Whose inmost core was warm with love for him,  
A gladness must depart,  
And those kind eyes with many tears be dim;  
While lonely memories, an unceasing train,  
Will turn the raptures of the past to pain.

Yet, mourner, while the day  
Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by,  
And hope forbids one ray  
To stream athwart the grief-discoloured sky,  
There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom  
A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.

'T is from the better land :  
There, bathed in radiance that around them springs,  
Thy lov'd one's wings expand,  
As with the quiring cherubim he sings ;  
And all the glory of that God can see,  
Who said on earth to children, " Come to me."

Mother ! thy child is blest ;  
 And though his presence may be lost to thee,  
 And vacant leave thy breast,  
 And missed a sweet load from thy parent knee —  
 Though tones familiar from thine ear have passed,  
 Thou'lt meet thy first-born with his Lord at last.

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ELEGY ON THE EXILE AND DEATH OF OVID.

[*Translated from the Latin of Angelus Politianus.*]

BY FRANCIS ARDEN.—1821.

A ROMAN Bard lies on the Euxine's side,  
 Barbarian earth a Roman poet holds,  
 Barbarian earth, wash'd by cold Ister's tide,  
 The poet of the tender loves infolds.

Excites not this, O Rome ! a blush in thee,  
 That to so great a nursling, harsh of mood,  
 Reserv'st a bosom steel'd in cruelty,  
 Surpassing the inhuman Getic brood ?

Had Scythian fields, ye muses, one to chase,  
 His weary minutes of disease away,  
 His frigid limbs upon the couch to place,  
 Or with sweet converse to beguile the day.

One who would mark the throbbing of his veins,  
 The lotion's aid with ready hand apply,  
 Would close his eyes 'midst dissolution's pains,  
 Or with fond lips inhale his latest sigh.

None could be found, not one, for warlike Rome,  
 From Pontus far detains his early friends,  
 Far stands his wife's and young descendants' home,  
 Nor on her exil'd sire his daughter tends.

But the wild Bessi of enormous limb,  
 And the Coralli yellow hair'd, are there ;  
 Or, clad in skins, the Getic people grim,  
 Whose bosoms hearts of flint within them bear.

Yes, the Sarmatian boor, with aspect dread,  
 His savage succours on the bard bestow'd ;  
 The fierce Sarmatian, from debauch oft led,  
 Borne to his horse's back a reeling load.

The fierce Sarmatian boor, with piercing eye  
 Deep prison'd in his rugged forehead's bound,  
 Whose temples, shiv'ring 'neath th' inclement sky,  
 With clatt'rings of his frost-wrapp'd hair resound.

Yes ; for the bard immers'd in death's long sleep,  
 The Bessic plund'rers bid their tears to flow,  
 The rough Coralli and Sarmatian weep,  
 And cruel Getic strikes his face the blow.

Hills, woods, and savage beasts his death deplore,  
 And Ister wails amid his waters' bed,  
 And Pontus, chill'd with ice incrust'd o'er,  
 Warms with the tears the sorrowing Nereids shed.

There with the Paphian mother in swift haste,  
 The light-winged Doves through airy regions came,  
 With pious care the blazing torches plac'd  
 Beneath the pyre prepar'd to feed the flame.

Soon as the rapid fires with wasteful sway  
 Consum'd whate'er their greedy rage could burn,  
 His cherish'd relics they collect, and lay  
 In decent order in the cover'd urn.

With this short verse the stone they next impress :  
 (The treasur'd dust placed to denote above,)  
 "He who sepulchred lies in this recess,  
 Was teacher of the tender art of love."

Here Cytherea's self, with snow-white hand,  
 Sheds sacred dews in seven free sprinklings round,  
 And for the Bard remov'd, the Muse's band  
 Pour strains my lays may not attempt to sound.

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NAPOLEON.

BY ISAAC CLASON.—1825.

I LOVE no land so well as that of France—  
 Land of Napoleon and Charlemagne,  
 Renowned for valour, women, wit, and dance,  
 For racy Burgundy and bright Champagne,  
 Whose only word in battle was advance ;  
 While that Grand Genius, who seemed born to reign,  
 Greater than Ammon's son, who boasted birth  
 From heaven, and spurn'd all sons of earth,

Greater than he who wore his buskins high,  
 A Venus armed impressed upon his seal ;  
 Who smiled at poor Calphurnia's prophecy,  
 Nor feared the stroke he soon was doomed to feel.  
 Who on the Ides of March breathed his last sigh  
 As Brutus pluck'd away his "cursed steel,"  
 Exclaiming, as he expired "Et tu, Brute,"  
 But Brutus thought he only did his duty.

Greater than he, who, at nine years of age,  
 On Carthage' altar swore eternal hate ;  
 Who with a rancour time could ne'er assuage,  
 With feelings no reverse could moderate ;  
 With talents such as few would dare engage,  
 With hopes that no misfortune could abate—  
 Died like his rival—both with broken hearts ;  
 Such was their fate, and such was Bonaparte's.

Napoleon Bonaparte ! thy name shall live  
 Till time's last echo shall have ceased to sound ;  
 And if Eternity's confines can give  
 To space reverberation round and round  
 The spheres of Heaven, the long, deep cry of "Vive  
 Napoleon," in thunders shall rebound ;  
 The lightning's flash shall blaze thy name on high,  
 Monarch of earth, now meteor of the sky !

What though on St. Helena's rocky shore  
 Thy head be pillow'd, and thy form entomb'd,  
 Perhaps that son, the child thou did'st adore,  
 Fired with a father's fame, may yet be doom'd  
 To crush the bigot Bourbon, and restore  
 Thy mouldering ashes ere they be consum'd ;  
 Perhaps may run the course thyself did'st run,  
 And light the world as comets light the sun.

'Tis better thou art gone, 'twere sad to see  
 Beneath an "imbecile's impotent reign  
 Thine own unvanquished legions doomed to be  
 Cursed instruments of vengeance on poor Spain ;  
 That land so glorious once in chivalry,  
 Now sunk in slavery and in shame again ;  
 To see th' imperial guard, thy dauntless band,  
 Made tools for such a wretch as *Ferdinand*.

Farewell, Napoleon ! thine hour is past ;  
 No more earth trembles at thy dreaded name ;  
 But France, unhappy France shall long contrast  
 Thy deeds with those of worthless *D'Angoulême*.  
 Ye gods ! how long shall Slavery's thralldom last ?  
 Will France alone remain for ever tame ?  
 Say, will no Wallace, will no Washington,  
 Scourge from thy soil the infamous Bourbon ?

Is Freedom dead ? is Nero's reign restored ?  
 Frenchmen ! remember Jena, Austerlitz ;  
 The first, which made thy emperor the lord  
 Of Prussia, and which almost threw in fits  
*Great* Frederick William ; he, who, at the board  
 Took all the Prussian uniform to bits ;  
 Frederick, the King of regimental tailors,  
 As *Hudson Lowe*, the very prince of jailors.

Farewell, Napoleon ! had'st thou have died  
 The coward scorpion's death, afraid, ashamed  
 To meet Adversity's advancing tide,  
 The weak had praised thee, but the wise had blam'd ;  
 But no ! though torn from country, child, and bride,  
 With spirit unsubdued, with soul untam'd,  
 Great in misfortune as in glory high,  
 Thou daredst to live through life's worst agony.



Pity, for thee shall weep her fountains dry ;  
 Mercy, for thee shall bankrupt all her store ;  
 Valour shall pluck a garland from on high,  
 And Honour twine the wreath thy temples o'er ;  
 Beauty shall beckon to thee from the sky,  
 And smiling seraphs open wide Heav'n's door ;  
 Around thy head the brightest stars shall meet,  
 And rolling suns play sportive at thy feet.

Farewell, Napoleon ! a long farewell,  
 A stranger's tongue, alas ! must hymn thy worth ;  
 No craven Gaul dare wake his harp to tell,  
 Or sound in song the spot that gave thee birth.  
 No more thy name, that with its magic spell  
 Arous'd the slumb'ring nations of the earth,  
 Echoes around thy land ; 'tis past—at length  
 France sinks beneath the sway of Charles the Tenth.

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## THE BUTTERFLY.

BY R. C. SANDS.

[*From the French of De la Martine.*]

BORN with the spring, and with the roses dying,  
 Through the clear sky on Zephyr's pinion sailing,  
 On the young flowret's opening bosom lying,  
 Perfume and light and the blue air inhaling,  
 Shaking the thin dust from its wings, and fleeing,  
 And fading like a breath in boundless heaven,—  
 Such is the butterfly's enchanted being ;  
 How like desire, to which no rest is given,  
 Which still uneasy, rifling every treasure,  
 Returns at last above to seek for purer pleasure.

## FRAGMENT.

BY ISAAC CLASON.—1825.

HE who has seen the red-forked lightnings flash  
 From out some bleak and tempest-gathered cloud,  
 And heard the thunder's simultaneous crash  
 Bursting in peals terrifically loud ;  
 He who has marked the maddened ocean dash  
 (Rob'd in its snow-white foam as in a shroud,)  
 Its giant billows on the groaning shore,  
 While death seem'd echoed in the deaf'ning roar ;

He who has seen the wild tornado sweep  
 (Its path destruction, and its progress death,)  
 The silent bosom of the smiling deep  
 With the black besom of its boisterous breath,  
 Waking to strife the slumbering waves that leap  
 In battling surges from their beds beneath,  
 Yawning and swelling from their liquid caves  
 Like buried giants from their restless graves :—

He who has gazed on sights and scenes like these,  
 Hath look'd on nature in her maddest mood.  
 But Nature's warfare passes by degrees ;  
 The thunder's voice is hush'd, however rude.  
 The dying winds unclasp the raging seas,  
 The scowling sky throws by her cloud-capt hood,  
 The infant lightnings to their cradle creep,  
 And the gaunt earthquake rocks herself to sleep.

But there are storms whose lightnings ever glare,  
    Tempests whose thunders never cease to roll —  
The storms of love when madden'd to despair,  
    The furious tempests of the jealous soul,  
That kamsin of the heart which few can bear,  
    Which owns no limit and which knows no goal,  
Whose blast leaves joy a tomb, and hope a speck,  
    Reason a blank, and happiness a wreck.

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## LOVE'S REMEMBRANCER.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

AND is this all remains of thee,  
    Beloved in youth so well ?  
Of all the charms that threw o'er me  
    Affection's sweetest spell —  
The eye that beamed with light of mind,  
The heart so warm and so refined,  
    This only left to tell ?  
Yet well does it recall again  
The form beloved — alas ! in vain.

Sad relic ! but few months are fled  
    Since thou didst grace the brow  
Of her, who in death's marble bed  
    Is coldly sleeping now !  
And when I leave my native home  
O'er ocean's pathless waste to roam,  
    With many a whispered vow  
Did she this raven tress confer,  
And called thee, Love's Remembrancer.

I placed thee next my throbbing heart,  
 Where soon I hoped to fold  
 The maid of whom alone thou art  
 All I can e'er behold !  
 And often, on the moonlight sea,  
 I've stolen a glance of love at thee,  
 While pleasure's tear-drop rolled  
 To think I should soon cross the main,  
 And meet my love—no, ne'er again !

At last our bark return'd once more  
 O'er ocean's heaving breast ;  
 And lightly on my native shore  
 My thrilling footsteps pressed :  
 With breathless haste I sought the form  
 That, day and night, through calm and storm,  
 Had been my bosom's guest—  
 I sought—but ah ! the grave had closed  
 Above that form, in death reposed !

Dear gift ! when now thou meet'st my gaze,  
 What burning thoughts arise !  
 O, how the soul of other days  
 Comes gushing from mine eyes !  
 I do not weep o'er pleasures fled ;  
 Nor mourn I that the loved one's dead :  
 But when remembrance flies  
 Back o'er the scenes of early years,  
 In vain would I suppress my tears !

I weep — yet scarce know why I weep —  
 For I would not recall  
 That being from her dreamless sleep —  
 I would not lift the pall

That shrouds her cold and pulseless breast —  
No ! if a word could break her rest,  
    And give back life, love, all  
That once made life so bright, so dear,  
I could not — could not — wish her here !

Now let the tempest pour its wrath  
    On my devoted head !  
The clouds that lower upon my path  
    Cannot disturb the dead :  
And oh ! 'tis something still to know,  
Howe'er mine eyes with anguish flow,  
    No tears can e'er be shed  
By her, who, snatched in loveliest bloom,  
Lies mouldering in an early tomb.

Life's burden I have learned to bear,  
    But I would bear alone,  
Nor have one other heart to share  
    The pangs that rend my own !  
Yes, yes, loved pledge ! where now my view  
Is fixed upon the raven hue,  
    It softens sorrow's moan  
To know—whate'er 'tis mine to brave—  
Affliction cannot pierce the grave !

## TO THE DYING YEAR.

BY J. G. BROOKS.

THOU desolate and dying year !  
 Emblem of transitory man,  
 Whose wearisome and wild career  
 Like thine is bounded to a span ;  
 It seems but as a little day  
 Since nature smiled upon thy birth,  
 And Spring came forth in fair array,  
 To dance upon the joyous earth.

Sad alteration ! now how lone,  
 How verdureless is nature's breast,  
 Where ruin makes his empire known,  
 In Autumn's yellow vesture drest ;  
 The sprightly bird, whose carol sweet  
 Broke on the breath of early day,  
 The summer flowers she loved to greet ;  
 The bird, the flowers, Oh ! where are they ?

Thou desolate and dying year !  
 Yet lovely in thy lifelessness  
 As beauty stretched upon the bier,  
 In death's clay cold, and dark caress ;  
 There's loveliness in thy decay,  
 Which breathes, which lingers on thee still,  
 Like memory's mild and cheering ray  
 Beaming upon the night of ill.

Yet, yet, the radiance is not gone,  
Which shed a richness o'er the scene,  
Which smiled upon the golden dawn,  
When skies were brilliant and serene ;  
Oh ! still a melancholy smile  
Gleams upon Nature's aspect fair,  
To charm the eye a little while,  
Ere ruin spreads his mantle there !

Thou desolate and dying year !  
Since time entwined thy vernal wreath,  
How often love hath shed the tear,  
And knelt beside the bed of death ;  
How many hearts that lightly sprung  
When joy was blooming but to die,  
Their finest chords by death unstrung,  
Have yielded life's expiring sigh,

And pillowed low beneath the clay,  
Have ceased to melt, to breathe, to burn ;  
The proud, the gentle, and the gay,  
Gathered unto the mouldering urn ;  
While freshly flowed the frequent tear  
For love bereft, affection fled ;  
For all that were our blessings here,  
The loved, the lost, the sainted dead !

Thou desolate and dying year !  
The musing spirit finds in thee  
Lessons, impressive and serene,  
Of deep and stern morality ;  
Thou teachest how the germ of youth,  
Which blooms in being's dawning day,  
Planted by nature, reared by truth,  
Withers like thee in dark decay.

Promise of youth ! fair as the form  
 Of Heaven's benign and golden bow,  
 Thy smiling arch begirds the storm,  
 And sheds a light on every wo ;  
 Hope wakes for thee, and to her tongue,  
 A tone of melody is given,  
 As if her magic voice were strung  
 With the empyreal fire of Heaven.

And love which never can expire,  
 Whose origin is from on high,  
 Throws o'er thy morn a ray of fire,  
 From the pure fountains of the sky ;  
 That ray which glows and brightens still  
 Unchanged, eternal and divine ;  
 Where seraphs own its holy thrill,  
 And bow before its gleaming shrine.

Thou desolate and dying year !  
 Prophetic of our final fall ;  
 Thy buds are gone, thy leaves are sear,  
 Thy beauties shrouded in the pall ;  
 And all the garniture that shed,  
 A brilliancy upon thy prime,  
 Hath like a morning vision fled  
 Unto the expanded grave of time.

Time ! Time ! in thy triumphal flight,  
 How all life's phantoms fleet away ;  
 The smile of hope, and young delight,  
 Fame's meteor beam, and Fancy's ray :  
 They fade ; and on the heaving tide,  
 Rolling its stormy waves afar,  
 Are borne the wreck of human pride,  
 The broken wreck of Fortune's war.



There in disorder, dark and wild,  
 Are seen the fabrics once so high ;  
 Which mortal vanity had piled  
 As emblems of eternity !  
 And deemed the stately piles, whose forms  
 Frowned in their majesty sublime,  
 Would stand unshaken by the storms  
 That gathered round the brow of Time.

Thou desolate and dying year !  
 Earth's brightest pleasures fade like thine ;  
 Like evening shadows disappear,  
 And leave the spirit to repine.  
 The stream of life that used to pour  
 Its fresh and sparkling waters on,  
 While Fate stood watching on the shore,  
 And numbered all the moments gone :—

Where hath the morning splendour flown,  
 Which danced upon that crystal stream ?  
 Where are the joys to childhood known,  
 When life was an enchanted dream ?  
 Enveloped in the starless night,  
 Which destiny hath overspread ;  
 Enroll'd upon that trackless flight  
 Where the death wing of time hath sped !

Oh ! thus hath life its even-tide  
 Of sorrow, loneliness, and grief ;  
 And thus divested of its pride,  
 It withers like the yellow leaf :  
 Oh ! such is life's autumnal bower,  
 When plundered of its summer bloom ;  
 And such is life's autumnal hour,  
 Which heralds man unto the tomb !

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