

POETRY.

THE LOVER TO HIS DEAD MISTRESS.

[FROM PHANTASMAGORIA.]

Of all the roses grafted on her cheek,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past women's excellence
In her white bosom, look, a painted board
Circumscribes all! DERRER.

And thou upon thy bier of death
Art shrouded for the tomb!
Nor living pulse, nor human breath,
Save mine, disturbs the gloom,
And ghastly falls the taper's light
On thee, and on thy bier,
Yet I until the morning light
Shall watch and feel no fear.

I clasp thy ice-cold hand in mine
Till mine is scarce less cold,
And trace those features, line by line,
Till they seem of breathing mould;—
Yet fonder, holier, in my gaze,
Then when in periods past,
I saw that beauty's living blaze—
For now I gaze my last.

Those lips are musical no more,
But their still sweet smile is there;
The flashing of thine eye is o'er,
But the calm closed lid, how fair!
Oh I could bow to sorrow's storm,
Nor sigh for days more bright,
If ever *thus* that hallowed form
Might sleep within my sight!

More joy to watch thee stirless there,
To kiss that bloodless brow,
Than gaze on crowds of living fair
Though fair as once wert thou!
Less sad to keep the fostered flower
All withered though it be,
Than yield it to the tempest's power,
Nor wreck, nor relic see.

But vain the fancies of my breast,
And vainer love's despair,
The grave must be thy place of rest,
And I must lay thee there!
Oh Death! are all thine arrows spent
Amongst the blythe and free?
Oh Grave! is each dark lodging lent
Remains not one for me?

My perished love! my soul's delight!
My being's once bright spell,—
Oh! could I blot yon morning light!
Crush, crush that tolling bell!
Vain wish,—the light becomes more clear,
The death-notes louder swell,
One bursting sigh,—one burning tear,—
One last, wild gaze,—farewell!

Description of female beauty is often very pleasing in the Irish: part of the song on Mable Kelly by Carolan, which has been sweetly versified by Miss Brooks, may serve as an example.

"As when the softly blushing rose
Close to some neighbouring lily grows,
Such is the glow thy cheeks diffuse
And such their bright and blended hues."

"The timid lustre of thine eye
With nature's purest tints can vie,
With the sweet blue-bell's azure gem,
That droops upon its modest stem!"

"Even he whose hapless eyes no ray
Admit from beauty's cheering day,
Yet, tho' he cannot see the light,
He feels it warm, and knows it bright!"

THE WARRIOR'S FAREWELL.

From Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson's "Hours at Home."

"Wake, Lady! wake—my war-horse waits
To bear me to the battle-field;
A thousand vassals line your gates,
In beauty's cause their swords to wield!
Arise!—and give us one bright smile,
'Tis all the guerdon valor needs,
To pay the soldier's rugged toil,
And fit him for heroic deeds!"

"This morning's sun will light us on
To battle-field—and tented plain;
The morrow's dawn may rise upon
Our broken helms—and warriors slain!
Then, ere we go, bestow one smile,
'Tis all the guerdon valor needs,
To pay the soldier's rugged toil,
And nerve him for heroic deeds!"

"Lady, farewell!—when in your bower
Of peace you breathe the secret prayer,
At matin-tide, or vesper hour,
Be our rude names remember'd there!
And if with conquest we return,
Thy smiles shall light the festive hall;
If dead upon our shields we're borne,
Thy tears shall gem the soldier's pall!"

"Our banners woo the summer air,
Our steeds impatient spurn the ground,
With restless hoofs the turf up-tear
And dash the broken heath flowers round.
Lady! we hail that gracious smile,
'Tis dear to us as morning's ray;
Its beams will cheer the soldier's toil—
Comrades in arms!—away—away!"

He plac'd her favors 'mid the plume
That danced above his polish'd crest;
Gaz'd fondly 'ward the lattic'd room
That shrin'd the idol of his breast.
And soon, upon the rising gale,
Came the loud trumpet's swelling tone,
One heart was sad—one cheek was pale,
That stray'd through Roslin's bowers alone!"

The Warrior's soul with glory burn'd—
Th' impetuous war-horse scorn'd the rein:
He bore him on,—but ne'er returned
That chief to Edith's arms again!
The glorious sun that lit them forth
Sank down on many a blood-stain'd brow;
And all the pride—and all the mirth,
Of Roslin's hall is silent now!"

For war, with all its horrors, came
To Roslin's calm and peaceful shades;
Rapine and sword—and wasting flame,
To deserts turn'd its fertile glade!
No more the warder's steps are heard,
Upon the watch-tower's dizzy height;
But there the lone, ill-omen'd bird
Shrieks wildly to the breeze of night!"

There is a form in Roslin's Isle,
Clad in the dark robe—and cypress weed;
But gone forever is the smile
For which those gallant hearts did bleed.
Still—from that ruin'd moss-grown tower,
A lonely taper glimmers,—where
The pilgrim oft, at midnight's hour,
Beholds a mourner kneel in prayer!"

FROM LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

THE BRIDAL.—By Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

They stand within the sacred fane—around
The bridal group is gathered; the young BRIDE
Casts her meek dove-like eyes upon the ground
With Woman's tenderness; seeking to hide
The struggling sighs that heave her gentle breast,
Where Hope and Fear by turns become a trembling
guest!

Look to her HEART! What thoughts are passing
there,

That cast a pensive shadow o'er her brow?
Thoughts in which Love's bright dream can claim
no share,
Yet thoughts which Love himself must still allow.
Rush o'er her soul;—and leave that trace of care
Which throws its shade awhile o'er features heaven-
ly fair!

Perchance the thoughts of HOME?—that home
which now
She leaves to grace another;—happy years
Of peaceful, calm endearment;—as the vow
Her scarce-heard voice has uttered, wake those
tears
That, bursting through concealment, or control,
Down her fast-fading cheeks their pearly currents
roll!

Perchance—a *Father's* dying look of love
Yet hovers o'er her;—or a *Mother's* voice,
Whose gentle accents sanction and approve
The object of her young heart's early choice,
Dwells in her ear; but who shall dare reveal
All the fond, tender thoughts that through her be-
soms steal?

Youth! if her gentle heart and eyes o'erflow,
From thoughts like these, it argues future bliss,
And coming years of peace and love shall show
Th' unfathomed depth of Woman's tenderness!
Years, which from thee their future hue must take,
As *thy* Love's ebb or flow, shall bright or gloomy
make!

Chide not these signs of sorrow—for they tell
No tale of coldness, or distrust to thee—
But feelings of the heart, that only dwell
Where Truth and Love have made their sanc-
tuary.
Chide not these mournful smiles; these gentle tears
Like April's dewy showers, through which the sun
appears.

And now the rite is o'er,—the white-robed train
'Mid joyous peals that float upon the air,
Depart the sacred temple,—ne'er again
On such an errand shall that TWAIN repair
Unto its holy walls—till ONE shall be
The Bridegroom or the Bride of cold Mortality

The fate of ONE is sealed for aye on earth,
It may be *Both*! Thrice happy they who prove
The depth of faith that in the soul has birth,
And the true heart, that knows no SECOND LOVE!
That on ONE altar kindles all its fires,
And when that altar falls, the hallowed blaze ex-
pires.

STANZAS ON A DEAD ROSE.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION.

Go, faded flower, and tell the youthful maid
However bright her hopes, or fair she be,
That in the dust, her beauty must be laid—
As thou doth wither—even so must she!

Tell her—while gaily fluttering in the crowd,
In all the vanity of fashion drest,
How soon that form may wither in the shroud,
How soon the grass may flourish o'er that breast!

Tell her—decay is but one common lot,
That the bright dream of youth will quickly fly,
And (which it seems she now remembers not,)
Tell her, sweet Moralist—"that she must die!"

Bid her—oh! bid her, every hour prepare—
If spotless to her death-bed she be given,
Like thine, her ashes shall perfume the air,
Her breath, like incense, re-ascend to Heaven.

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