

SHI BLAME ME NOT.

BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.
Oh! blame me not, that I do more
Am glad to see the rest,
And join not in the merry dance,
The laughter and the jest.
Oh! blame me not, because mine eye
In joyance hath forgot,
Because my step lacks lightness there,
Oh! blame me—blame me not.
I hear amid that merry train
The songs of other years,
And think long, buried memories rise,
All mist like thro' my tears.
My thoughts are wandering to the past—
The magic of a breath
Hath power to people life again,
And wake the sleep of death.
I am not sad, altho' my voice
Sings not in merry tone,
I am not sorrowful—altho'
I brood o'er thoughts alone.
And deem not, tho' perchance thine eye
The starting tear may trace,
That aught but gentlest memories bring
That sadness to my face.
I am not of the happy band
That float thro' life along,
Their path, a path of sunshine bright,
Their every breath a song.
I am not of them—for my sun
Hath sunk in angry frown,
Like a glad bark that on the wave,
Hath suddenly gone down.
Then blame me not—tho' still and mute,
Like a glad bark that on the wave,
Hath suddenly gone down.
That quiescence is my lot,
That quiescence is my lot.
For Alexander's Weekly Messenger.

SONG OF THE FLOWERS.
We come dancing in sunshine and showers,
Like fauns or butterflies—bright young flowers;
O'er vale and o'er mountain, thro' ever so steep,
Go wander—we'll tell you our ramble peep.
Who from the city and smoke live green,
With our neighbor, the rugged old forest tree;
Who wend in his mantle of ivy green,
Looks on—for his wrinkles are never seen.
With the zephyrs we dance
Nestle the bright warm sun;
But the meek's pale glance
Hide our sport be done—
Thus we close our petals, nor winking peep,
Till the morning breaks our perfumed sleep.
And we are not beautiful, bright young flowers,
In stately garden or wild wood bowers;
To us doth the lover his love compare,
Then, think ye, can be more sweet or fair!
Her brow is the lily, her cheek the rose,
Her hair is the woodbine, more sweet than those;
Her eye is the half-shut violet beam,
When a bright dew drop on its lustre gleams.
We are wreathed in her hair
By the hands loved best,
Or clustered with care
On her gentle breast—
And oh! what gems can so well adorn
The fair-haired girl on her bridal morn!
Glowing in sunshine, and glowing in showers,
Dancing in breezes—two gay young flowers!
How often doth an emblem darkly tell
That language could never speak half so well!
Our sister flow'ers envy the favor'd lot
Of that blue-eyed darling—Forget-me-not.
Her leaves are now grown a charmed word,
By whose echo the loveliest thoughts are stir'd.
Come forth in the spring,
And our wild haunts seek,
When the wood birds sing,
And the blue skies break—
Come forth to the hill—the vale—the vale!
There we merrily dance in the sportive gale!
Oh! come to the river's rim, come to us there,
For the white water-lily is wondrous fair,
Whose large broad leaves on the stream float,
Each one a capacious fairy boat!
The swan among flowers! how stately ride,
Her snow white leaves on the rippling tide,
And the dragon fly gallantly slips
A kiss of dew from her goblet's lip.
Oh! I mean in the glow
Of the long summer's day,
When the cool waves flow,
And the aphyras play:
Oh! dwell not in cities' mid dark and care,
But come to the river's rim, come to us there.

WE MET HER IN THE CROWDED HALL.

BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.
He met her in the crowded hall,
And with a sparkling eye,
And sunny glance, he greeted her
When e'er her steps slow high.
He spoke in the same gentle tone
He used in earlier years,
And she call'd back with mighty strength
The quickly starting tears.
He praised her sweet and gentle smile,
Her cheek's bright peachy bloom,
Tho' it was like the flower's hue
That gleams above the tomb.
He listen'd while her fingers swept
The breathing harp strings o'er,
But not a note of music there
Brought back the days of yore.

She warbled strains he'd sung to her,
Past memories to recall,
She looked into his careless eye,
He had forgot them all.
He gave to her a blushing flower,
A blossom newly burst,
She thought of the pale wither'd ones
She had so fondly nursed.
The little buds he used to bring,
When evening softly crept
Around them, 'neath the summer stars,
Tho' faded—fondly kept.

The sunlight of her early dream
Hath past from out the sky,
And not a gleam of other days
The midnight cloud was nigh.
Again, within the crowded hall,
With mirth and beauty share,
He stood with smiling eyes the same,
The blighted—was not there.

But where a little hillock rose,
And wild flowers loved to bloom,
Those who had met her in the hall,
Now found her in the tomb.
The Broken-Hearted.

BY MISS S. J. COOK.
I would not stay forever here,
In this sad world of care and pain;
I would not have my life linger on,
Or give my soul to vain regrets.
I long to close my weary eyes,
And rest among the early dead.
I do not fear to look on death,
From whose approach no power can save;
No serpent's sting is in his grasp,
Nor disappointment in the grave.
How sweet to sleep on some green bank,
Where summer breezes gently blow;
The pure and glad blue sky above,
The silver-singing waves below.

I would not have mine humble name
In costly marble engraving set;
No different view should greet my eyes,
Nor over my head the willow weep;
But meet me here, and close my eyes,
Shouldst thou upon the sunny air
The happy soul that once was mine,
While cheerful lights and sounds are there.

And if some gentle step should come
To bid me leave the morning house,
O welcome would the offering be,
For I have dearly loved the flowers;
Perchance my spirit, freed from pain,
Might linger round the verdant tomb,
To bless the loving hand that gave,
And borrow pleasure from their bloom.

To-morrow, and the setting sun
In shadows round my grave will cast;
I shall not watch the falling light,
On tree and flower, and look my last
Upon those orbs of parent gold,
So brightly shown in yonder sky,
And the fair goddess of the night,
Walking in loneliness on high.

Long have those silent, myrrine stars
Their silent watch o'er me kept;
The pale, soft moon looked calmly down,
As if she saw no eyes that wept.
There resting still her radiant path,
Yet not upon the spotless blue,
Why may not love this woe turn?
Why cannot friends be always true?

Still will they shine, when I am gone,
As they have ever shone before;
And every eye will meet their beams,
When I shall wake to weep no more.
O, beautiful upon the grave,
The starlight and the moonbeam's gleam,
With such sweet watchers o'er me sleep,
Why should we ever fear to die?

A weight is on my closing lids,
The dew is gathering round my brow,
And with the shade of vanished years,
And every eye will meet their beams,
When I shall wake to weep no more.
O, beautiful upon the grave,
The starlight and the moonbeam's gleam,
With such sweet watchers o'er me sleep,
Why should we ever fear to die?

I strive to breathe life into
Who every word brings joy and pain,
And o'er my head and suffering soul
Peace, like a river, rolls its wave,
And surely, in that better land,
No vision shall the dove confess,
No voice deliver the weary heart.

HERE'S BEAUTY EVERY WHERE.

BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.
There's beauty in the surgy sea,
And by the sounding shore,
When the glad waters leap to light,
With music in their roar;
There's beauty in the created wave
The sailor loves to dare,
A fearful charm, but one of might,
For him the billows wear.

There's beauty in the shady wood,
When summer breezes stray
Along the green old pathways there,
With buds and flowers at play,
When unseen harps are ringing out,
From every tree and rill,
Pouring rich music to the earth.
In many a gladsome trill.

There's beauty in the quiet walk,
A beauty still and low,
That seems to haunt us with the dreams
Of days long, long ago;
The paths our feet have trodden there,
Speak with a magic power,
And whispering voices seem to breathe
Through every opening flower.

There's beauty where our earlier days
Were spent in frolics wild,
Beside the stream, a mimic sea
For nary a happy child;
Or 'neath the tree that freely threw
Its branches to the ground,
Where children cluster'd in their joy,
Its time-worn trunk around.

There's beauty where our earlier days
Were spent in frolics wild,
Beside the stream, a mimic sea
For nary a happy child;
Or 'neath the tree that freely threw
Its branches to the ground,
Where children cluster'd in their joy,
Its time-worn trunk around.

There's beauty by the household hearth,
Where our dear kindred meet,
Where each familiar form is seen,
In its accustomed seat,
Where voices we have learn'd to love
Before our own was known,
Still breathe for us the same kind words,
In the same gentle tone.

Oh! there is beauty every where,
On the white billow foam,
Or by the quiet seaside meet,
Of our ancestral home,
Round the old haunts of childhood's play,
A charm still lingers there,
That glides our sudden after years,
With beauty every where.

STANZAS.
On visiting a scene of Childhood.
"I came to the place of my birth and said,
The friends of my youth, where are they and Echo answered,
"Where are they?"
Long years had elapsed since I gazed on the scene,
Whispering fancy all told in its richness of green,
The spot where, a school-boy, all thoughtless I lay,
By the side of the stream, in the bloom of the shade.

I thought of the friends who had roam'd with me
There,
When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so
Fair;
All scatter'd—all wander'd, by mountain and wave,
And some in the cold silent womb of the grave;
I thought of the green banks that circled around,
With wild flowers, with sweet-scented, and fragrant
Creeper's;
I thought of the river, all still and so
Sweet;
As the face of the sky on a blue summer morn;
And a thought of the trees under which we had
Stray'd;
Of the broad leafy hedges, with their coolness of
Shade;
All e'er I hasten'd the scene to behold,
Happily sacred and dear by the feeling of old,
And I deem'd that, unnumber'd, my eye should explore
This refuge, this haunt, this system of yore!

'Twas a dream—not a token or trace could I view
Of the scenes that I loved, of the trees that I knew;
Like the shadow of light in the darkness of day,
Take a kiss that is told—they had vanish'd away!
And notwithstanding the long years that surround'd me,
Was more full in its emotion, more true to its dream,
Since the birds, that had nestled, and warbled above,
Had all fled from the banks, at the fall of the eve.

I wept, and the misty clouds came to my heart,
Behold how of earth all the glories depart,
Our visions are baseless—our hopes but a dream,
Our staff but a reed, and our life but a dream.

Then, oh! let us look, let our prospects above
To scenes that can fade not, to realms that do not
To places, to places, to places that do not
To places, to places, to places that do not

SHE SMILED AMID HER TEARS.

BY J. E. D.
She smiled amid her tears, and said,
A happier meeting soon will come;
Then mournfully inclined her head,
And sought to stir her mother's soul.
One look of love she fondly gave,
One prayer for him she loved was spoken.
Then past the screen o'er the wave,
And left behind a heart that broke.

Her place, where oft at evening's hour
She fondly wept her mother's name,
Where flowers in beauty still the flowers
Above the sandy-tinted urn;
How lovely seems this vacant spot,
An eye of sorrow could not leave;
I call'd but all she answer'd not,
'Tis hard to close the dying eye,
From dying lips a sacred part
But all the answer still to part.
When I do meet her in the vale,
When I do meet her in the vale,
And love draws closer still his chain.

A MAY QUEEN'S ADDRESS TO HER SUBJECTS.
The following stanzas, which were handed up
by a friend, were spoken at the celebration of
the first day of May, by a young lady of this city,
who had been elected by her companions to pre-
side over the festivities incident to the occasion.

The gentle Spring reigns o'er the land,
In every vale, and grove, and forest,
And scatters from her bounteous hand
The balmy breeze, the fragrant flower.
Her footsteps in the verdant grove,
Her smile is in the sunny ray—
Her voice is heard in every lay,
That greets the ear from every vale.
From forest shade and valley's vale,
Bright funeral, and cheerful knell,
Of hoary-headed winter bringing,
Oh! may your lives companions pay—
Dear partners in this happy scene,
Be one enduring, sunny May.

Not cloud, nor darkness intervene,
May friendship and the festive hour,
Be one enduring, sunny May.
Not cloud, nor darkness intervene,
May friendship and the festive hour,
Be one enduring, sunny May.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER LOVER.
Farwell beloved, the evening breeze is stealing,
Softly around me, and the low, sweet sighs
Of waters murmuring fall so gently o'er me,
Tells on my soul, in gentle tones revealing
Visions of future hours when I shall be
Alone, but in memory, I behold thee.

Will thou not sometimes wander forth alone
Beside this tranquil lake, and fondly dwell
On all we've loved so well?
And as the breeze breathes o'er each plaintive tone,
Will thy spirit seem to hover near?

Thy shadowy form, I oft will see
Yet must I leave thee, tho' thy sudden bow
Grows paler than the moon, and each fond smile
Fades from thy face, and each sweet voice
Still would I hear thy voice, and love's true love,
Let mine be won from lovelier feelings,
Unto its earthward track.

Thou wouldst watch thy lonely steps beside me,
When sickness bath o'er my pallid cheek,
With fever's fearful streak;
Oh! have I prayed, let good or ill befall,
That I might live to catch each health and tone,
Thy joy or woe, mine own, in every tone.

Yet hast thou deemed my warmest love grew cold,
When all my soul's fond hopes to thee were given,
Thou wouldst watch thy lonely steps beside me,
When sickness bath o'er my pallid cheek,
With fever's fearful streak;
Oh! have I prayed, let good or ill befall,
That I might live to catch each health and tone,
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Art thou happy, lovely Lady?
BY MISS DAVENPORT.
Art thou happy, lovely lady,
In the splendour round thee thrown?
Can the jewels which array thee,
Bring the peace which must have flown?
By the truth which thou hast spoken,
I ask of thee no token.
That my heart is sad and lone,
There was one that loved thee, Mary!
There was one that fondly kept
A hope which could not vary,
Till in agony it slept.

He loved thee, dearly loved thee,
And thought his passion moved thee;
But disappointment proved thee
What love has often wept.

A CRUEL SCENE.

She rose from her untimely sleep,
And put on her soft brown hair,
And in dress as low and demure,
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer;
Her snow-white hands together press'd—
Her blue eyes shied in its lid—
The folded linen on her breast
Was swelling with the choicest hid;
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and slender foot,
Whose fall upon the earth did press
Like a moon-white flake, soft and mute;
And there, from slumber soft and warm,
A young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed her light and graceful form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh God! if souls as unloved as these
Need daily mercy at Thy throne—
If she, upon her bed of pain,
Our loveliest and our purest one—
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light—
If she, with those soft eyes so true,
Day after day, in her first years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,
What say, her dearer head have we?
How, hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven.

THE BROKEN HEART.
BY THE ETRICK SHYRMAN.
Now look my chamber-door, father,
And say you left me sleeping;
But never tell my step-mother
Of all this bitter weeping.
Weeping sleep can ease my smart,
O'er a while reprieve I have,
For there's a pang at my young heart
That never more can leave it.
O, let me lie and weep my fill,
O'er wounds that never can be cured,
And O, kind Heaven, were it my will,
To close these eyes forever!

Oh, how can mind's afflictions come,
Recall her love's mistake!
Or how can heart of maiden love
Be broken by the heart's mistake?
O, why should youth so fondly love,
And why should youth so fondly love,
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SOME LOVE TO ROM.
BY MISS S. J. COOK.
The morning breeze, on Monday last, with carolistic
appreciation,
Music at 7 P. M. 2d St.
Some love to rom in the dawn's first beam,
When the still winds whispering
But a chosen band in a mountain land,
And a life in the woods for me;
Where the morning breeze
O'er the mountain's side,
Old mortals forth we go
To follow the star to its slaty core,
And to chase the bounding roe,
The hot but hot.

I'LL DREAM OF THEE AT EVEN-TIDE.
WRITTEN BY "AMELIA," OF LOUISVILLE, KY.
Music published by G. F. Hewitt & Co. 70 S. 3d St.
I'll dream of thee at even-tide,
And when the stars are bright,
When stars are bright above,
When stars are bright above,
And all is peace and love.

I'll sigh for thee when glances meet
Are melting into mine,
And other lips shall whisper soft,
Thou art now breathed by mine.
And thou I smile and look as gay,
As those whose hearts are free,
My own will wash itself away,
In mournful sighs for thee.

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