BY CATHABINE H. WATERMAN. Oh! bleme me not, that I no more Am gladsome with the rest, And join not in the many dance, The laughter and the jest.

Oh! blame me not, because mine sye Its 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 those long ouried memories rice, 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 broud o'er thoughts alone.

And deem not, tho' perchance thine eye The starting tear may trace, That aught but gentlest memories bring That indness to my face.

I am not of the happy band That float thre' life along, Their path, a path of sunshine bright, Their every breath a song.

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, When pleasure lights each spot. That quietness is joy to me, Then blame me-blame me not.

For Alexander's Weekly Messenger, SONG OF THE FLOWERS. , we come dancing in sunshine and showers, the fatries or butterflies-bright young flowers ; fer vale and o'er mountain, the' ever so steep, lo wander-we'll still on your rambles peop. ar from the city and ambke live we, th our neighbor, the rugged old forest tree; 'ho, wrapp'd in his mantle of ivy green, noke gay-for his wrinkles are never seen.

With the zephyrs we dance Neath the bright warm sun; But the moon's pale glance Bids our sport be done,hen we close our petals, nor winking peep, If the morning breaks our perfumed sleep.

hi are we not beautiful, bright young flowers, stately garden or wild wood bowers? a un doth the lover his love compare, then, think ye, can aught be more sweet or fair? for brow is the lily, her cheek the rose, Her kiss is the woodbine, (more sweet than those) Her eye in the half shut violet beams, When a bright dew drop on its lustre gleams.

. We are weenthed in her bair By the bands loved best, Or clustered with care On her gentle breastnd oh! what gems can so well adorn ie fair-haired girl on her bridal morn?

oming in aunebine, and glowing in showers, incing in breezes-we gay young flowers! nee often doth an emblem bud silen ly tell What language could never speak half so well? on wister flow'is envy the favor'd lot It-that blue-eyed darling-" Forget-me-not." ler hame is now grown a charmed word, y whose echo the lofticet thoughts are stirr'd." Come forth in the spring.

and our wild haunts seek, When the wood birds sing, And the blue skies break; lome forth to the hill-the wood-the vale-There we merrily dance in the sportive gale?

?! come to the river's rim, come to us there, or the white water lily is wondrous fair. rithsher large broad leaves on the stream affoat, Each one a capacious fairy boat.) he swan among flowers! how stately ride ler snow white leaves on the rippling tide? and the dragon fly gallently stops to sip kim of dew from her goblet's lip. a Oh! come in the glow

Of the long summer's day, . When the cool waves flow, And the sephyre play : dwell not in cities mid dark and care, come to the river's rim, come to us there.

numerous has been allowed to remain as lead, on the first angula continue

VE MET HER IN THE CROWDED HALL HERE'S BEAUTY EVERY WHERE. BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAY. He met her in the crowded hall, And with a sparkling eye, And somy glance, he greeted her When e'er her steps draw high.

He spoke in the same gentle tone He used in earlier years, And she call'd back with mighty strength The quickly starting team.

He praised her sweet and gentle smile, Her cheek's bright peachy bloom, Tho' it was like the flowret's hue That gleams above the tomb.

He litten'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 nuret. The little bads he used to bring. When evening softly crept Around them, 'neath the summer stare,

Tho' faded-fondly kept The sunlight of her early dream Had past from out the sky, And not a gleam of other days The midnight cloud was nigh.

Again, within the crowded hall Which mirth and beauty share, He stood with smiling eye 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,

would not stay forever here, In this and world of care and pain ; Or give my thoughts to earth again. I long to close my tearful eyes, Recline my weary, aching head Unon the couch where all is peace, 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 gind blue sky above, The silver-singing wave below

I would not have mine hamble name. In costly marble nemiptored deeps. Nor o'er my head the willow weep: But insect him, and voice of bird Should float upon the sunny air : The happy will not turn away While cheerful sights and sounds are there.

And if some gentle step should come.
With blossoms in the morning hours,
O, welcome would the offering be, For a have dearly loved the flowers! Perchance my spirit, freed from pain, Might linger round the verdant touch, To bless the loving hand that gave, And borrow piensure from their bloom.

To-merrow, and the setting wun Its sludows round my grave will cast; I shall not watch the falling light, bon those orbs of parent gold, Bothlekly strown in yonder sky, And the fair goddens of the night, Walking in leveliness on laght

Long have those bright, mysterious stars Their stient watch o'er surrow apply Tipe jude, soft meon looked calmly down, As if she saw no eyes that wept ; There tracing still her radiant path; Far cut upon the spotters blue, Why may not love thus wready burn? Why cannot friends be always true?

Buill will they shine, when I am gone, " As they have ever shone before And weary eyes will meet their beams, When I shall wake to woop no more. O, beautiful upon the grave, The starlight and the moonbeams lie !-With such sweet Watchers o'er our sleep, Why should we ever feur to die?

A weight is on my closing lids, The dews are gamering round my brow, And, with the shade of vanished yours, Ford memory holds communion now; The texture of my life appears to the How wall were all its sweetest hopes, How more than hitter were its tears!

I strive to imitate his love; Who every ensel wrong forgave; And o'er my tried and suffering soul-Peace, like a river, rolls its wave. O, surely, in that better land, No vulsane shall the dires anglest,

BY CATHABINE H. WATERMAN, There's beauty in the surgy See, 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 whate our earlier days Were spent in frolics wild Beside the stream, a mimic sea For n any 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.

Their very laughter seems to ring Those drooping boughs among, As though the echo's of their mirth, Still round them fondly clung; And yet their little foot-prints there, · Have been outworn for years, And all along that sunny track No trace of them appears.

There's beauty by the household hearth, Where our dear kindred meet, Where each familiar form is scen, In its accustom'd 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 billowy foam, Or by the quiet fireside seat Of our ancestral home, Round the old haunts of childhood's play, A charm still lingers there, That gilds our sadden'd 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 anaword, Where we they ?! 38 Lang years had elapsed since I gazed on the scene, Which my fancy still tobed in its freshness of green; The spot where, a school-boy, all thoughtless Lalray's By the wide of the stream, in the bloom of the shade. I thought of the friends who had roam'd with me When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so

All scatter'd-all sunder'd, by mountain and wave, And some in the cold silent words of the grave I thought of the green banks that circled acound, With wild-flowers, with awaet-brier, and eglanting crown'd.—
Thought of the river, all stigless and height As the face of the sky on a blue summer stillbt.

Of the broad leafy loughs, with their coolness And I hoped, though disfigur'd, some token to find Of the names, and the carvings, impress'd on the rind. All eager I kasten'd the scene to behold, Bonder'd sucred and dear by the feelings of old, And I deem'd that, unafter'd, my eye should explore. This refuge, this hunnt, this Elysium of yore? "I'was a dream-not a token or trace could I view

Of the names that I leved, of the trees, that I knew; Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day, lake a mie that is told-they had vanish'd away! And methought the lone river that murmur'd along, Was some dull in its motion, more sail in its song, Since the birds, that had nestled, and warbled above, Had all fled from its banks, at the fall of the grove I paused, and the moral came house to my heart,-Behold how of earth all the glories depart ; Our visions are baseless our hopes but a gleam, Our stail but a roed; and our life but a dream! Then, oh ! let as look, let our prospects allure

To scence that can fade not, to realms that endure,

O'er the singerings of Change, and the raint of Tin

To giories, to Blomings, that triumph sublime

Por the Baturday Courier, SHE SMILED AMID HER TEARS.

She smiled amid her tears, and said, A happler meeting soon will come; Then mournfully inclined her head, And sought after her northern home One look of love she fondly gave, One peayer for him she loved was spoken, then past like squeet o'er the wave, And left behind a heart quite broken

sho buy

This place, where oft at evening's hour-She fondly welcomed my return-Where blooms in beauty still the flower Above the gaudy-tinted uras-How lovely reams this vacant spot. AR BEG OF COLTOW CENTRES BUSE: I call; but ald she answers not, And coho only meets my ear. Tie hard to close the dying eye, 'Tis doubly hard to bid adieur 'Tis harder still to hear a sigh From dying lips ascend for you; Fut ab! 'tie harder still to part,

And love draws closer still his chains! For the Saturday Courier. A MAY QUEEN'S ADDRESS TO HER SUBJECTS The following stanzas, which were handed us by a friend, were spoken at the celebration the first day of May, by a young lady of this city who had been elected by her companions to preside ever the festivities incident to the occasion

then life runs warrily in the veins-

When fould affec lomerraps the beart,

The gentle Spring reigns o'er the land, In ev'ry vale, and grot, and hower And scatters from her bounteous hand The balmiest breeze, the choicest flower. Her smile is in the sunny ray-Her voice is heard in every lay That greets the ear from lonely dell, From forest shade and valley springing-Bright funeral pall, and cheerful knell, Of heary headed winter bringing, Oh! may your lives, companiens gay-

De one enduring, sunny May, Nor cloud, nor daraness, intervene May friendship glad the festive hours. Where happiness enall play her part, And laughing love assert his pow'r, O'er every fond and youthful heart. And may the tensing little god Be to ur lacky in his blindness; And if o'er us he holds the rod. Oh! may it fall with lentent kindness.

THE DESIG GERL TO HER LOVEL Farewell beloved, the evening breeze is stealing Of waters murm'ring by saoH motel hoo? Falls on my soul, in gentle tones revealing

Visions of future hours, when I shall be a w. Thine, but in memory, sq. bovious wand Beside this tranquil lake, and fondly dwall On all wa've loved so well? And, as the breeze bears forth each plaintive tone, Will not my spirit seem to hover near, Thy cherished voice to hear?

Yet must I leave thee, the thy suddened brow Grows paler than its wont, and each fond smile Fades from thy by the while; " store and a ne Still would I see thy soul less troubled now, - as b Lest mine be won from laftier feelings back. ... Unto its earthward track. Fain would I watch thy lenely couch beside has all When sickness bath o'erspread thy pallid cheek

With fever's fearful streak; Oft have I prayed, let good or ill betide, That I might live to catch each breath and tone, In joy of grief, thine own, I to too on You hast they deemed my warmest love grew cold. When all my soul's foud hopes to thee were given, But there are thoughts and feelings still untold That flow like buried streams, for over one to Unchanging and unknown.

I had not said so much in by gone hours, But now my soul beats feebly, and each breath. Seems to me fraught with death; And if to call thee mine, when sorrow lours Then can bealmly discovered a Language Calmly could louve this fair and glowing scene, Of eve's soft shadows and of morning's beams-The bliss of early dreams,

flow of serrow on thy brow were sould bear

And hopes of future hours could chase the gloom-That shrouds the longly tombingam goos of Methinks the night grows chilly, and the brown Seems not to pour its wonted fragrance board ; Still fainter grown the nound the sound hight-birds warbling in the moonlit trees, me on my sour fond hopes and yearnings swell. Diline own in ducth, throwell for diff, or the When Helndley find proposed (

She rose from her untroubled steep,
And put hade his soft brown hair, And, in cross as low and deep As love's litst whirper, breathed a prayer; Her snow of bits hands together press'd-

Her blue eye abelter'd in its lid-The folded linen on her breast Just swelling with the charms it hid: And from her long and flowing dress Lacaped a jure and slender foot, Whose fall upon the earth did press Like a moss-white flake, soft and mute; And there, from slumber soft and warm, Like a young spirit fresh from heaven She bowed her light and graceful form,

And humbly prayed to be forgiven. Oh God! if souls as unsoiled as these Need daily mercy at Thy throne— If she, upon her bended knee, Our lovelies and our purest one-She with a face so clear and bright, We deem her tome stray child of light-If she, with those soft oyus in tours,

Day after day, in her first years, Must kneel and pray for grace from thee What far, far desper need have we? How hardly, at she win not heaven, Will our wild errors be forgiven.

Her bright black eyer, her bright black mur, Her rapid laughter, wild and shrill, as laughter of the woodpecker From the bosom of a hill. Tie hates sahe myoth what she will: For Kate hath an embridded congres, Clear as the twanging of a harps. bler heart is like a throbbing star. Hate hath a spirit over strong

Like a new how, and hight and sharp As edges of the tilmsten lesson system in Whence shall she take a fluing mate? For Kuta no common leve will feel; My woman soldier, gallant Repo. As pure and true as blades of steel. Hatu saith, " the men are gilded lijes," Kain suaps her lingers at my yours .. hate will not heer of lovery night of would I were an armed knight. For famed for my well-known surplies. And wearing on my awardly brows -

The garland of new-weathed bought; For in a moment I would pierce The blackest files of clanging light-And strongly strike from lest to right, In dreaming of my indy's system Oh! Kate lover well the bold and fisree; But some are bold enough for Entermone and She cannot find a fitting maje, and an arrest start

A STATE OF THE PERSON OF THE P I'LL DREAM OF THEE AT EVEN-TIDE. WRITTEN BY "AMELIA," OF LOUISVILLE, KY. Music published by Q. W. Hewitt & Ca. 70 S. 3d st.

I'll dream of thee at even-tide, When stars are bright above, When thro' the mind sweet mentories glide, And all is peace and love. I'll sigh for thee when glances soft

Are melting into mine, And other lips shall whisper-oft, The lave now breathed by mine. And tho' I smile and look as gay, As those whose hearts are free, My own will wash itself away, In mournful sighs for thee,

I'll think of thee when I am far Away from thee and thine, Thy memory, like a distant star, Around my path will shine.

Art thou happy, lovely Lady! LEVERSENS DAWER O'S PROTES

Art thou happy, levely lady, In the splendour round thee thrown? Can the jewels which array thee; Bring the peace which must have flown? By the vows which thou hast spoken, By the faith which thou hast broken, Lask 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 thes What love has often wept.

The Broken Heart. BY THE EPTRICK SHEFHERD. And my you left me sleeping But never tell my step-mother Of all this bitter weeping.

ivo carthly sleep can one my smart, Or even a while reprieve the maller of For there's a pang at my young heart That never more con-leave O, let me he and weep my all O'er wounds that hear can meyer;

And O. kind Heaven! were alloy will, Recall her love mistaken! Or how can heart of maiden bear To know the heart formicent O, why should vows so fondly mad

Be broken ere the morrow, Tyrona who loved as more maidens detell Loved in this world of amrowd-----The look of seern I cannot brave, as to wife Nor pay's eye more dreary; A quiet sleep within the grave out mide w Jahlida which I wennyko it sorra somice

BY LIBET, O. W. PATTER But when the brogues o'er it owept, and o'll's A wanton Zephyr broke the strug : 10 10 And, as its surrel, deed on the ear, Vith mensured sounds 'twee ersel to hear, The musing maid prolonged the strain. Oh! thus-us thus with her who spreads Her bosom-cords for Love to wring a His breath incommunity breaks the threads, And leaves the heart a tunctors thing i She tore a flow ret from the shode, And bore it to the beams of day-It withered neath the burning my i-And as she marked each imgrant lost Fast shrinking in the aconday glare

She rang along the scented our : "And thus-'tis thus with latr, unwise, Who courts the sun of ensmon seyer Mid lights that seem of horvenly rust, The startled dreamer wakes -- to dat?" "BUME LOVE TO ROAM."

SUNG BE MB. H. BUSSELL, the Masonic Hall, on Monday last, with chillesiast. Music at J. F. Nunns, 70 S. 3d st. Bone love to roam on the dark sca's foam,

Duy

And a life in the woods for me; Where the morning beams O'er the monutain streams, Ohl merrily forth we go! To follow the stag to his slip'ry crag. And to chare the bounding roc. Hot het het het The dear we mark through the forest dark,

And the prowling well we track; And for right good cheer in the mountains here, Oh! why should a hunter lack! For with steady aim At the bounding gams, And heart s that fear no for, To the darksome glade, in the forest chade, Ohl morrify farth we go! Hol hol hol hol

I WISH I COULD REMEMBER. WRITTEN BY T. M. BAYLEY. MUSIC BY BESRY R. BUSINSP. Published at John F. Manus', No. 70 South Third Street

I wish I could remember The melody she sung; It firts across my memory, If trembles on my tengue; Again those govert notes baunt me, ... Th accents like her own: But 'ere I can connect them, These few wild notice are flown. Tis like a dreamer walting. From slumbers that are ident; Fir visions have been hovering

The forms that amiled upon him, Then vanish one by one; In vain he would recall them, Tis day-and they are gone! For the Saturday Courier. TO MISS ----Oh save me that pretrest of flowers,

Around his place of rest.

A rose from the wreath of the neatest, That gem from the dearest of howers, A smile on the lips of the awestest. And then, in a casket the wildest, I'll would then the pledge of a lover, Who will hope for a look of the mildest When the senter of his trial are ever. That may be the heart of snother, Which now he so fondly auruses; from give him the smile which a brether. Received from the mixtur he biestes. He would not embitter thy ferling By a limitght, or a word, or a letter; The secret, that knows no revealing, Le deeper, and brighter, aied better. On any, Loan, if any be maren

Tuesd Marse to cancel then confee in

Thy functive my dear on the danger

that donnest to those whe possent it.