Maria Carlos Car NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR. By Thomas Campbell. Hove contemplating, upart From all his homicidal story, The Parts that soften to our hears Napoleon's glory.

Twas when his banners at Boulogne Arm'd in our island every freeman, His navy chanced to capture one Poor British seaman. They suffered him, I know not how,

Unprisoned on the shore to roam; And aye was bent his youthful brow On England's home. His eye, methinks, pursued the flight

Of birds, to Britain, half way over, With eavy; they could reach the white Dear cliffs of Dover! A stormy millnight watch, he thought, Than this sojourn would have been desrar,

If but the storm the vessel brought To England nearer! At last when care had busished sleep, He saw one morning-dreaming-donting,-An empty hogshead, on the deep Come shoreward floating!

He hid it in a cave, and wrought The live-long day-laborious-lurking, Linti he launched a tmy bout Liy mighty working! Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond Description,-such a wretched wherry

Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond Or crossed a ferry. For ploughing in the salt sen field I would make the very boldest shudder;

Unturr'd-uncompasa'd-and unkeel'd,-No sail-no rudder! From neighboring woods he interlaced Lis sorry skiff with wattled willows, And thus equipped be would have passed.
The fouring billows!

The French guard caught him on a beach-His little argus sorely jeering, Till tidings of him came to reach Napoleou's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood, Serene alike in peace or danger, And in his wonted attitude Addressed the stranger >--

"Rash youth! that wouldst you channel pass, With twigs and staves so rudely fashioned; Thy heart with some sweet English lass

at I have no sweetheart," said the lad; But,-absent years from one another-Great was the longing that I had To see my mother

"And so theu shalt," Napoleon said, "You've both my favor justly won, A noble mother must have bred No brave a sou." fife gave the tar a piece of gold,

And walk a fing of trope communded He should be shipp'd to England Old, And safely landed Dur sailor oft could scantly shift

To find a dinner plain and hearty; But never changed the coin and gift Of Hossaparte

[From the Louisville Literary News-Letter.] THE EARLY DEAD. Sheaves have their time to fall And flowers to wither at the north wind breath,

And stars to set-het all, Thou and all seasons for thine own, oh Death!" I NEVER shun a graveyard. To my mind there is were nunething inexpressibly soothing in its solemn walks and silent tombs. Side by side there sleep tiend and foe; ambition is stilled; genius has lost I stole softly into the room. There lay the cottage lace for contemptation. Let these who have seen

The bark so richly freighted with their love,"

walked until the shades at night were gathering and such is life; a flower springs up, gives us its came in sight of a cottage—a strange place for so leaving no trace of its beauty on the dead waste of ground and clustering around its door spears.

And such is life; a flower springs up, gives us its fragrance for a moment, and then passes away, leaving no trace of its beauty on the dead waste of ground and clustering around its door.

Alas! it is our nature to years from our birth at-

oldenor of the not quity, is invery and

present home, and that night attended a little party leved, the hopes that dawned upon the soul disapwith my friend. We had scarcely entered the room | Pear in the sable gloom of Death. before I recognized in one of the dancers the beautiful cottage girl whom I had seen in my ramble .-I was soon introduced to her. She seemed about seventeen, and never had I beheld such fascinating | WHENCE came these rude inscriptions ? by whose hand beauty. Her's was indeed a countenance "Too fair for wership, too divine for love."

The blood could almost he seen coursing beneath A lasting record of his dauntless voyage ? her transparent cheeples. Her dark and lustrous | Was it his mailed hand that out these mystic-forms, eyes seemed the home of some mischievous fay, and Long ere Columbus landed on these shores, every glance a wave of its magie wand. Her hair Or hold Vespueius dared the bring deep? clustered in natural ringlets around a forchead like Did some descendant of old Israel tribe Peri, which the spell-bound gazer expected every That the brown Indian, dwelling near these shores, seen a butterfly waving its wings against the breeze.

Have you seen a rose-leaf ere the lip of mora had

Of the bold hunt; or when with light canoe kissed away its sparkling dew? Have you seen the He skimmed this beauteous river, on whose sides fleet antelope wildly bounding over its native hills? The lofty forest cast its cooling shades, She was lighter, fresher, wilder than them all. The Or of some murder 'neath the white man's roof, hours winged by, and I was still listening to the full rich voice, the sweet words, and the touching sentiments of my fair companion. Her mind was a spring of crystal waters, in which angels might barne and be purer; and her thoughts were like the element which, borne above the earth, partakes not of its | And muse upon the scene. The ascending sun mists and impurities. There was something so rate and beautiful in them, that long after she had ceas. The light mists fly; and river's bank, ed and her voice had been hushed forever they thrilled upon my heart "like the remembered tones of a mute lyre,"

I called at the cottage next morning, but could not see her, as she was confined with a slight cold. Day after day I called, and she had not recovered. The sixth day came, and I again walked towards the Peep forth, as if to taste the sweets of dayhouse. As I approached it, the physician whom I had seen in attendance passed out, and I could see that his face was stained with tears. The aged mother stood in the door, and the traces of tears were also visible on her withered cheeks. Lenquired after the daughter, and without a word she led medn- Speak happiness where innocence is found. to the sick chamber. With a gentle hand she drew | And must I leave these scenes, must I again the curtain of the bed aside, and I beheld the bright | Go forth smid the thronging haunts of man, girl, whom I had met but a few days before in the There justle in the crowd, and there engage flush of health, but ah I how wasted! The voice In bitter feeling speculations wild, with which she welcomed me was faint and indisfinct; her eyes were dull, her check was pale and hollow, and moist with death dews. It was a fearful and a sickening sight. Day succeeded day un- Who did'st lend thy strength to land me heretil another week had gone, and I was at her side .- Farewell!--thy honest heart would wither soon, At leagth, all hope of her recovery passed away. L Amid the sordid ranks of human strifeshall never forget her appearance when this was Still keep upon thy small, the hard carned farm, told her. The recollection of that despairing look | Nor learn the wiles that fill the noisy mart. is forever treasured in my memory. In a short Come now good staff, companion of my way, time, however, she spoke of death calmly. "I know Lend thy kind aid, and I will journey on. that I am dying," she said one evening, " but I am] prepared. I feel my breath growing fainter, and I most not say that mine is a bitter fate. Perhaps my pher which, has yet proved unsuccessful, and from all that life would be a long fellowship of pain and sorrow, now appears, must ever remain a matter for wonder and to which the grave is preferable. Yet I cannot die speculation. Near the "Stone Bridge," about twenty without a murmur. The valley where I have so miles from this rock, a skeleton, encased in a brass coat often wandered, the tree under whose branches I of mail was disinterred, a year or two since. That this have sat, the flowers that I have tended, the star that | may have some connection with the inscription upon this I have watched, the mother that I have loved, the rock, naturally suggests uself. father whose eye has brightened at my approach, ah! it is a bitter thing to part with them, to bid a long adieu to all I love on earth, and sink into the grave with none to gladden me: but it must be so." The next day was the subbath. I arrived at the cottage early. The stars had faded one by one from the sky, and the sun was just rising over the dim and distant mountains. The dew-covered seythe lay untouched on the grass; the laboring bee bad not yet left its golden hive. All was silent not a breath stirred the slumbering leaves, or the drooping flowers. The old forest and the rushing stream

"Quiet as a nun, Breathless with adoration,"

to sway; beauty has passed to nothingness; the girl with her head buried in the pillow, and her hair arth is no longer their abiding place, for they have falling in careless clusters upon her bosom. Alas ! in soured its clouds, and we remain awhile to mourn the breath was stilled; the eye had looked its last the purest senctuary of the heart. This is the fit and her could entit had been sunderget, and her gentle spirit had passed to its far homin heaven. They buried her in a green and, pleas ant place. The stream on whose grassy banks she ink slowly beneath the wave-let those who have had spent the April of her happy life, passes by her cen the sick bed changed to the death-bier, and fol- grave, and the old trees beneath which rang her swed the lost one to the mansions of the departed, merry laugh, overshadow it like a temple. And of o there and meditate. It is there that the dim host ten have I left the noise and strife of the living Hope and Joy and Love rise up at the bidding of world around me, and sought that quiet grave, from mory; it is there that the stricken heart goes which has arisen a whisper of something dearer lows into the sweet hours of the past, and the beings than all the dreams of this wide and teeming earth; the had lent a sunlight to our youth, the love that -the whisper of an immortality beyond the tomb. d fallen upon our hearts like dew from the bright I have beheld woman in many a scene. I have one of heaven, the smiles that had brightened the seen her when she first treads the paths of pleasure shitary paths of manbood, come back like shad- as her eye trembled and her cheek was flushed with wa from the Land of Dreams, re-open the ivory hope; I have seen her versed in all the pageantay des of life, and hold out to us the best guerdon of of fashion, in the halls of mirth, panting for conarth—the anticipation of an sternity of happiness quest, and eager for praise; in the still night, through glade and by waterfall, I have wandered with beau-During the summer that has just passed, I visited by at my side, and by the curtained bed I have viewschool-mate, residing some twenty miles in the ed her ministering to the sick, and to the dying ountry. A few days after my arrival, I strolled breathing words which fell upon the ear like choicout into the woods. It was a clear summer's even-est music. Thave seen loveliness in all its angel ng. The last rays of the setting sun shone upon forms, yet never did it nanken such a thrill an he calm and waveless waters of a small stream that when I first beheld the fair girl of whom I have sashed through one of the lovellest landscapes that spoken. But in her young years, with her affectiver met the eye of man. By the side of that stream tions still unwithered, she had been stricken down.

ad windows, were many vines and bushes—the ter a congenial spirit—a heart to cling to through oney suckle, sweet briar, lilach, and laburnum. the dreasy day, and a breast to rest upon in the still watcher of the door was a rustic Bench, on which were heart, until the tomb has closed our pilyrimage upared an aged couple and a young and very beaution on earth. Beauty I at thy shrine we breather the

Full of many pleasant thoughts I returned to my of life is calin, the tempest comes, the bank is abut-

[FOR THE MERCURY.]

DIGHTON ROCK.* Was this old legend placed upon this rock ?" Did some bold son of northern Europe, here Attempt to trace upon its time smoothed face, lvory, and was enwreathed with the summer's fairest | Who wandering far had crossed dark Bhenring's Strait, From which the recking scalp in pride he brought ; Scenes that sent gladness to his savage breast :--Conjecture has been rife and seems exhauster But now a pilgrim to this ancient haunt, I'll sit me down amid these pleasant fields, Beneath the branches of this spreading elm, Just peeps o'er yonder wood, before his beams The dripping wood, and pebbly shore, Glisten beneath his cheerial morning glance. Anon the mists o'erpower him, and again He drives them off; and gath ring strength At each repeated effort, now at last Throws his broad light on all the landscape' round. The cottages embosomed in green vales, Small hamlets seated on the distant shore, Appear in rural beauty; whose tall spires Denote that God is their remembered. The brown thrush perched on yonder topmost bough, Chants clearly forth his mellow morning hymn, Where the proud worldling vaunts upon his stores, And mimic statesmen talk their hearers deaf :---Yes I must go. Farewell! old legend rock,

"On the east bank of Taunton river, at Dighton, is situ-

[From the London Metropolitan.] STANZAS TO SPRING. BY MES. CRAWFORD.

Oh! 'tis pleasant to look to the coming spring, While the winter winds are blowing; When the flowers shall land, and the sweet birds sing, On the bough into beauty growings When the snowdrops pretty hun-like flower, And the violet, dainty fairy, Like w maiden coy, in her wintry bower, And the primrose sweet and chary,

Above the withered leaves shall show-Oh! then is the time through the woods to go. Oh! I love to watch the blackbirds run Through the glades in their plumage glossy; And the squirrel, so frolic and full of fun: And the sparrow so bold and saucy.

That comes, like a sturdy beggar to get Our alms from the bird we cherish; The robin, so sucred to all, the pet Of our childhood, that must not perish For lack of the refuse crumbs that lie At our lattice, to catch the awest bird's eye. Did you ever mark in the moonlight hour, Or in the sunshine brightly glowing,

On the russet boughs were showing? When embalmed in the gum that nature spread, To protect the embryo blossomas The tree, as it lifts its regal head, Is more brilliant than beauty's bosom, In the jewelled blaze of her-court-day wear, Or her diamonds that flash in her glossy hair,

The chestnut tree, ere a leaf or flower

I've watched that tree in the moonlight cold, As it shope in its gem-like glory, And thought of the legends we read of old, Of Aladin's wond'rous story: And in south at seemed, as if magic fays, With their tiny hands were spreading A thousand lamps in that bow'ry maze,

For some gay court fele or wedding, And I fencied I heard their golden strings, And the rush of a myriad of fairy wings, Oh! 'tis sweet to indulge in a fairy dream, When the soft monh shines above us, And the aged woods and silver stream

Are as friends that know and love us.

that the dream of life is a long, long dream, And so chequered by joy and sorrow, That the sun that smiles in his evening beam, May arise in storms to-morrow; But the holy winter of age shall bring The joys of a long, and sternal spring

(For the Mercury.) MOUNT AUBURN. HERE I will rest, upon this bill side fair, And muse upon the scene that ma surrounds, Where towering oaks keep out the mid-day glare, From whose broad tops come forth sweet mellow sounds Like funeral chants o'er these sepulchral mounds. I am alone-and I would wish it so, For with high interest the spot abounds; And while my soul with solemn thoughts doth glow,

I I would a lesson learn, ere to the world I go. It is the husb of Autumn's solemn tide, Fur in the west the Sun his course bath spent, And wild clouds in the northern sky do ride, While scarce a ray to light my path is lont. "Tin arue I come no lost friend to lament, Yet I've a tear to give for those who mears, And ever now my rising sighs are spent, As towards you grave with musing steps I turn,

Where virtue lies reposed beneath the voiceless urn. I love the spot-for bright in Memory's page Comes up the day when bidding books farewell, With tripping steps I came to hear the Sage, Whose silver voice arose from yonder dell, While listening crowds upon his words did dwell:-It was a beautoous day-the morning sun Walked in rich splendor up the ambient sky, And when adown the western are he run,

Each haunt of this sweet wood glowed with his brilliancy. But ah how changed! this lovely spot then seemed Like opening Paradise to my young heart, And Nature here in rich luxuriance teemed, Where monuments now rise of vying art .--Of why should pride in this still place have part. Rather let Nature in her wildness live, She will around a hely awe impart, From whence the soul much goodness can derive, And feel its lagging powers again in life revive.

The evening shades are quickly closing round, And every songeter to his nest now hies, While all is hushed throughout this hallow'd ground-Save where from yonder mart tow munds arise, Which full the ear like gentle melodies. And now with pain I bid these scenes farewell, Where many a noble breast in quiet lies,

Ere I again shall come, ah! who can tell, Where now do linger they, who in this spot may dwell. Oct. 1887.

Mount Auburn was consecrated Sept 24, 1831, when an address was delivered by Judge Story. The day on which this beautiful spot was consecrated to the dead, was one of peculiar brightness; long trains might be seen wending their way from Cambridge and the adjoining villages, and vehicles of all kinks rumbling along from the metropolio, while each countenance glowed at the beauty of the occasion. The address was delivered in a charming dell, within the recesses of the wood, round which reats were arranged for the hearers. The effect of the bymes sung in this solemn place, at that time was truly fine. Few who were present will over forget the impressiveness of that occasion. Some may perhaps wonder at the sentiment expressed in the fourth stanza; yet such is the fact. Monnt Aubura seems destined to become more a greepracle of costly monuments; than a moral depository of the dead,

The Winter Wind.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN. The winter wind, the winter wind, How dolefully it swells, It always seems to leave behind The dirge of funeral bells.

The mosning of a thousand things Its breezes sadly wail, The death song of our sunny spring Is heard upon its gale.

The voices of the perish'd flowers Are borne from other shores, And wither'd leaves in circling showers, The eddying whirlwind pours.

It dullies with the high topp'd trees, Like playful gambols kind. Then leaves them naked to the breeze, The cold, rude winter wind.

br. like a bark that's bravely mann'd, It sweepeth wild and free, It rusheth madly o'er the land, And o'er the heaving sea-

It bringeth fearful tidings back To hearts where hope wes shrined, For death, and desolation, track The wild cold winter wind.

AVERSON REPORTS OF A SECOND SE How allent was her sorrow? Als told me of despair, er once bright eye was sangule, Her chook was pale with sure; And down it there was steeling A grom, as crystal clear; Oh! who could gaze with unconcern,

On the ione orghan's tear For also had been a precious gift, (all father's only child, and be life's rugged path had amouthed. And watched her footsteps wild ad-And distensed to her infant; taleness or forme out it. When senten has light and gentle hearhouse or end A father's love could knows out at noticier of

And when maturity arrived. "In life w dull wintry day, 190000 Attent of the A father's unite was all she wished, To chase the tear away parties and to But time passed on the morning star, but add The ones so brightly shorts, an equity se For over not, and happiness for shear or call From that young beart had flown. In sickness, o'er the orphan's couch, Whose watchful eye is bent !-And to affliction's weary tale, What pitying eye is lent?

Restore her but a father's love, Affection as sincers-For only love as pure as this, Could wipe away her tear. There is a tear that often flows When friendshir ath deceived-When love bath poved but treacherous, That fondly was believed; But render, would'd thou seek to learn, When flows the genuine tear,

Look in the mourning arphan's eye,

And thou will find to there and the THE DEATH OF AN UNKNOWN INDIAN

A BIRGE.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR. Who mourne for the Indian? The grass and the trees. The marinaring stream, And wandering his ze:--His tribe and his years, And his name were unknown, And no brother can weep

Where he sluepeth alone. Who mourns for the Indian? The bird in his song, At twilight and eve. Will sadly prolong A requiem strain, In the wild solita In grief for the fall Of the child of the wood. Who mourns for the Indian? The dow-drop, at night, Will steal four the sky, Unbroken and bright: And the rays of the moon

Will glide to his mound, From the zenith after. Who mourns for the Indian? The billow shall break In its passionate roar. And the sea-cavern's quake, As it rolls to the shore, --And the winds of the deep Shall whistle and yell To the place of his sleep. Who mourns for the Indian? The cloud shall let fall The tears that it weeps O'er the slumbers of all;

And gleam of the star,

MY MOUNTAIN HOME. BY ROBERT GRANT. Swift for my Mountain Home once more My bark shall o'er the dark waves glide, And swelling on thy rock-bound abore, Again the dushing surges ride. Again I'll wander where the pine's

And man as they pass

And think of his fats.

May pause with a nigh,

With a corrowing eye, acquire and les

Dark waving curtain shades the earth; Where searce a soften'd sucheam shines, To gild the lowly broomflower's birth. Or where the moose and carriboo By starlight sip the forest lake; Or where the light deer, bounding through, At evening stir the soft green brake. I love, oh wall I leve to brave

Thy hill-bound torrent's swollen stream; it waste the moon-lit waters lave . Thy mountain shores, by night to dream. Welcome thy tempest and thy form, Thy waking voices from the sca. Brenthing wild music round my home! My spirit longs again for thee. Then hall, my Monatain Home, again ! Der the blue wayes I'll see thee rise-

The Eagles of the heaving main, Epreading thy plaiens round the skies. " Part of the court of Maine is supposed, in the outing, to resemble the figure of an outspread Flagle, to which similitude allusion is here made.

LINES TO A SISTER DEAD.

I think of thee, my sister, in my and and lonely hours, And the thought of thee comes o'er me like the breath of morning flowers;

Like music that enchants the ear, like sights that bless the eye; Like the verdure of the mendo s-the szare of the sky-Like the rainbow in this evening, like blossoms on the tree, Is the thought of thee, dear Charlotte- is the tender thought W COM 25

I think on thee, dear sister; I think on thee at even, When I see the first and fairest star steal peaceful out of

I hear thy sweet and touching voice in each soft breeze that Whether it wast red autumn leaf, or fan the summer rose. Mid the waste of this lone heath, by this desert, mouning sea, I mourn for thee, my Charlotte, and shall ever mourn for thee,

On the Death of John Vincent Exling, aged 18, who died July 11, 1830, of Jever, at the Bar of Maracaibo, on board the barque "Cora." Captain Gilbert Warner.

Far, far from his kindred, the sailor boy sleeps : No fond mother weeps o'er his lone Island grave; Around him the wind of a distant land sweeps; Above him, the trees of a distant land wave.

Hope-bright sunny Hope, like an early plum'd bird, Spread her white wings before him across the sea foam, And her voice in his bosom still sweetly was heard, To whisper in joy of his boyhood's loved knme-Of his mother, who watched him in childhood's first years;

Of his father, who view'd him with gladness and pride; Of his sisters-his sharers of smiles and tears; And of his brave brothers, who grew by his side. Ah! falsely, bright Hope, were thy promises given, No more that dear kindred shall gladden his eye,

He sickens-he dies-'neath a stranger's blue heaven, And he peacefully sleeps 'neath a stranger's blue sky. But often remembrance, with spirit-like tread, Shall bring to his father and mother again, The sadly lamented, the early loved dead, Who slumbers beyond the blue waves of the main.

And oft shall his brothers, who plough the rude sleep, Think sadly of him on the far swelling wave, And there proud manly eyes shall in tenderness weep For the sailor who lies in that lone island grave, CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Written after visiting the Diorana of the Departure of the largolites out of Egupt.

O for a few still moments, to nit down Amid this tracery of ages past, And pour my glowing soul!-unmarked, glore, To breathe the rising thoughts - marzplious vast, And new, and strange, that throng and kindle-facts As o'er the view delight intensely strays-Fearing lest aught the radiant c arm o' resut Questioning with its own earnpiered gane,

How it hath hither come, - and what it here surveys. "Tis but a moment, and my being's date Was elsewhere-now a spell my asass gathralls; Thy glory, Memphis, round mel-when in state But Amenophis 'neath his kingly halls,-Where from the lotty roofs and mami've wells, The stately marble swells in sculpture bold; And incense burns, and prostente flattery falls,

And crim on draperies droop in velvet fold Round graceful forms of life in gorgeousness chrofled. Ye palaces, that lift your heads sablished Pittars, where mighty frames gight tin rise. Moching the steasthy touch of treacherous Time, As though ye might survive his obecquirs! Ye temples vast that tower in lofty guite!

Ye pyramids, that reach the upper heaven! Saw larnel these, when 'neuth Egyptian skies, From out the land by Pharach's mandatedrives, The word, "Rise up! go forth!" resistlessly was given. And ye, fair obelisks! that calm and pale, 'Mid foliage delicate, ascend on high In sportion, mild magnificures-all haill Yeleveliest forms of sculptured dignity, Looking so maskly up into the sky,

As If yo were of houven! that to my view, Mare like a vision of Sternity Blands the vast syrnfaid-a purer hus Of sonaned grandeur beams, -- children of light, for you Morning! how glotiously the break of day Falls over temple, pyramid and tower! While her awift-rolling clouds in masses gray

A flood of misty radiance scems to shower, Down on the far preud throng, who, led of yore, Bill, as was Peter when the wave he trod, On the wide plain in circling thousands powr, And bend their onward course beneath the rod Of Aaron standing high, -- by him the Man of God! And is it all illusion? Do I gaze ludend upon a pageaut7-can it be That the cinated sight unconscious strays.

Entranced, through painting's wendrous witchery? And can I call me from the neverle Which all my glowing been has enshrined In deep forgetfulcuss-and wake to see ... But Art's proud triumak o'or the eye and mind? Thus shall the vision fade-whose charm was so refined.

I would not mar its glory-I would deem (And well shall fancy cheri h the deceit) That in some favoured hour, some fairy dream, I wing'd serial, on pinious feet, To distant ages-to some mighty ment Of greatness passed away-where wabiiers new Gave to life's bounding pulse a quicker beat-

Effacele s lines on mind's bright liblet frew. And traced in memory's book one page of magic hup

Salem, N. J. April 20, 1837.