

THE EARLY DEAD. *By Thomas Campbell.*

I have contemplated, spare,
 The life of the departed;
 The spirit that has fled from earth,
 The spirit that has fled from earth,
 The spirit that has fled from earth,

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
 And in our island every stream,
 His navy clung to capture sea,
 Poor British seamen.

They suffered him, I know not how,
 Oppressed on the shore to roam;
 And eye was bent his youthful brow
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pressed the flight
 Of birds, to him, half way over;
 With envy, they could reach the white
 Dear child of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
 Than this night would have been dearer;
 If but the storm the vessel brought
 To England's shore.

At last when care had banished sleep,
 He saw one morning—dawning—dawning—
 An empty bed, and the deep
 Come downward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
 The five-long day—laborious—baking,
 And he launched a tiny boat
 In his tiny way.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
 Description—such a wretched wherry
 Perhaps we've ventured on a pond,
 Or crossed a ferry.

For plunging in the salt sea field
 'Twas made the very boldest shudder;
 Unhappy—unhappy—unhappy—
 No sail—no rudder!

From neighboring woods he intimated
 His sorry skill with wretched wherry,
 And thus equipped he would have passed
 The foaming billows!

The French guard caught him on a beach—
 His little wren so lately sailing;
 Telling him to come to reach
 Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
 Serene smile in peace or danger,
 And he was wretched wherry
 Addressed the stranger—

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

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
 "But, absent years from home—
 Great was the longing that I had
 To see my mother."

"And so thou sayst," Napoleon said,
 "You've lost my favor justly won;
 A noble mother must have had
 No brave a son."

He gave the lad the piece of gold,
 And with a flag he was commanded
 He should be shipped to England Old,
 And safely landed.

Our sailor could scanty shift
 To find a dinner plain and hearty;
 But never changed the coin and bill
 Of his companion.

[From the Louisville Literary News-Letter.]
THE EARLY DEAD.
 And down to wither at the north wind breath,
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"I have seen a graveyard. To my mind there is
 something impressively soothing in its solemn
 walks and silent tones. Side by side sleep
 friend and foe; ambition has faded; genius has
 faded; beauty has passed to nothingness; the
 earth is no longer their abiding place, for they
 are scattered like clouds, and we remain while to mould
 over their tombs, and to embalm their memory in
 the quiet sanctity of the heart. This is the first
 place for contemplation. Let those who have seen
 the tomb so richly freighted with their love,"

Sink slowly beneath the wave—let those who have
 seen the sick bed changed to the death-bed, and
 followed the lost one to the mansions of the departed,
 go there and meditate. It is there that the dim host
 of Hope and Joy and Love rise up at the bidding of
 Memory; it is there that the stricken heart goes
 down into the sweet hours of the past, and the things
 who had been a sunlight to our youth, the love that
 had filled upon our hearts like dew from the bright
 sun of heaven, the smiles that had brightened the
 solitary path of manhood, come back like birds
 from the Land of Dreams, re-open the ivory
 gates of life, and hold out to us the best guardian of
 youth—the anticipation of an eternity of happiness
 and peace.

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 a school-mate, residing some twenty miles in the
 country. A few days after my arrival, I strolled
 out into the woods. It was a clear summer's evening.
 The last rays of the setting sun shone upon
 the calm and waveless waters of a small stream that
 dashed through one of the loveliest landscapes that
 ever met the eye of man. By the side of that stream
 I walked until the shadows of twilight were gathering
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 gentle a dwelling, I thought. It was situated on a
 gentle rise of ground and clustering around its door
 and windows, were many vines and bushes—the
 honey-suckle, sweet briar, black, and laborum—
 every thing around it bespoke rest and happiness—
 near the door was a rustic bench, on which were
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 'Twas made the very boldest shudder;
 Unhappy—unhappy—unhappy—
 No sail—no rudder!

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 And thus equipped he would have passed
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With folded arms Napoleon stood,
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