[Fur the Boston Notion.]

/BEDDDDD O! Pisherman, the night tream Loose not thy abilion from the atrand; The winds am strong, I pray then mark How wild they 're blowing from the land.

I would not tisk my life to-night In boat no smoth and faul all thine; Mark ! how she fleree gale speeds its flight, And deeply routs the mad aing brine.

'In such a storm, my brother's skill Danced gaily out upon the main, But when it persons you beetling cliff, We never saw its sait again.

" And he had o'en a rrusty hand "Mid tempests bleak to guide the helm, He knew the dangers of the land, The perils of the watery realm.

But Ol such art is far too frail When surges dash, and billows con-He periated to that ruthless gale, And we no'er saw my brother more.

O I on you value life and love, Pray, Fesherman, sail not to-night, han But feel there is a God above, ... And do not rashly dare nis might."

> The plast grew loud-she ceased to speak, For in the wind her voice was lost; And nothing, save the cords' shrill creak, Was nessed, as swayed the boat and tons'd.

Yes, she did love that hardy man Bettet than woul, or life, or light, And Q! she loved him better than To have him sail on such a night.

He'd vowed to her-she had to him, That e'er another meen should wane, The breeze should sound their bridal hymn, And ocean listen to the atrain.

Bot's loved ; but something made him dream That outy bade itlm forth that event. "And with the how rung storm-bird's agream.

Were mingled their last words of leave. The gale still grow, the boat spad on-Its sall soon mingled with the night, Alas I that he should thus have gone

To follow in the Tempest's flight to He sailed; hat ne'er the maid again Heard from the gallant mariaur, And all night long braide the main

She site, and thinks he'll come to her the best stille division that all a policy for her At length there washed upon the shore A place of canvers, torn and feal, The worse it us a relia, o'er

'Her neck, and tells you 'twee his call. the of se - If your constitute up one lands wat decide Bad to relate I the maiden's heart Is broken, and her spirits fied-For signe with him she had to puri,

Her roal rooms well-desing with the dead. - A. G. H. MILES TO BE A LONG OF THE PERSON OF THE PERS I wander'd by the stream Where thou wert wont to stray; Black old remember'd tree upon its side, Each mossy stone lav'd by the passing tide, That oft wo'd mark when loit'ring by the way, Ruminded me of thee, the absent one,

And told the mouraful truth, that thou hadet gone MO! would that thou wort here. That on that streamlet's bank, We might, as in our youthful days, recline-What blue was that to rest my cheek on thine! E of that wave together we have drank, nd when soft twilight o'er the scene was thrown, eld commune sweet, and loy'd to be alone.

What scenes now art thou ink. Tar from thy native home, Do they remind thee of thy by gone days! Or with what pleasure canst thou on them gaze, hills o'er thy soul sweet witching mem'rice of in new company hast thou forgot tried associates of thy former let? This was thou I can forger

Then, whom I towd so well?

int in a somet affectivit buce shall dwell,

Cathes from memory enght can o'er offees,

In the advertisement which announced that the . Father guide me Day declines, steamer Pulaski was ready to convey passengers to Hollow wings are in the pines; her destined port, a strong inducement held out was, that she would be "only one night at sea." The terrible consequences of that "one night" we all

"Only one night at sea,"-Dwas thus the promise ran, By frail, presumptions mortal given, To vain, confiding man,-"Only one night at sea, And land shall bless thy sight, When morning's rays dispel-

The shadows of that night," The pledge has been received. The vessel leaves the shore, Bearing the beautiful and brave, Who ne'er shall greet us more ; And every heart beats high, As bounding o'er the wave,

The gallant bark moves on To bear them to their grave. The merry beams of day before the darknesss flee, And gloomy night comes slowly on, That "early night at sea;" The watch upon the deck, Their weary vigils keep,

And countless stars look down

In beauty o'er the deep.

Within that stately boat The prattler's voice is still, And beauty's lovely form is there, Unheeding of the ill; And manhood's vigorous mind Is wrapped in deep repose, And sorrow's victim lies Forgetful of his woes.

But hark ! that sound, That wild, appalling cry, That wake the sleepers from their dreams, And rouses them-to die: Ah, who shall tell the hopes That rose, so soon to flee;

The good resolves destroyed By that "one night at sea?" That hour hath passed sway, The morning's beams are bright, As if they met no record there, Of that all fearful night; But many souls have fled

To far elernity,

In that "one night at sea." Great God! whose hand bath launched Our boat upon life's sea, And given us as a pilot there, A spirit bold and free, So guide us with thy love, That our frail bark may be,

And many bearts been wrecked

Mid waves of doubt and fear, 'Only one night at sea."

DEATH.

BY CHARLOTTE B. VANDENHOFF. Why art thou dreaded, monarch of the grave? When we behold thy unrelenting grasp, ---Making the GREAT one dust-thy sent triumphant . * Stamped on paled Beauty's brow-why do we weep? When thou art named, why does the Morage Turn That quick and fearful glance on the bright group Sporting so gaily round her cheerful hearth ? Are not their limbs all full of life and health? Are not their cheeks as soft moss roses bright? Sounds not their morry laugh like pealing bells Ringing a holiday to those who toil? Why does she clasp them in her arms, as though Thy dart could not avail against the shield Of such a love as hers? Why does she part The ringlets from their brow, with gaze so fixed, So searching in their eyes, as though she'd read, In that clear, stainless page, their fate, and learn If their sweet voices and their bright orbs could Be stilled or closed by thee !- And what think they, The little ones? What knows a child of DEATH ! Oh! nought? Should Death's dark shadow fall be

The young warm heart and joy. The playful ones Twine their fair arms around the mother's neck, And raise their shining eyes with love to her; While hers, the MOTHER's eyes, grow dim, and tears While hers, the Morner's eyes, grow dim, and tears And time perchance hath sadly changed his face, Fall from them; and she prays that heaven will spare Blanched his dark locks with the world's slow Her cherubs to her love, nor doons them yet To fill the dark, cold grave! Why does she so? Were they not made for Thee? Are not their souls Sinless I and free from all that might offend Or ber them from their God !-Fell monarch of the world! onward thou comest With repid strides, thy foot-fall echoless! Age-youth-thy prey. And theu dost bear us-

That dark uncertainty-that undefined-That awful Future, which thy hand unveils, We shrink from more than thee! I hou'rt but the

Of sorrow-Grief's all-dreamless sleep, unto Our mortal eyes! But to the soul thou ope'st A state that knows no change-lasting for aye! A cloudless day-or night that sees no star.

Darkly waves each giant bough O'er the aky's last crimson glow; Brush'd w now the convent's bell. Which wawhile with breezy swell, From the purple mountains boye Greeting to the sunset shore; Now the sailor's veeper hymn hash Dies away, all w avalmout !!

Father! in the forest dim,

Be my stay! In the low abivering thrill Of the leaves, that lete hung still ; In the dull and muffled tone Of the sea-wave's distant mean; In the deep tints of the sky, There are signs of tempests nigh. Ominous, with sullen sound, Falls the echoing dust around Father! through the storm and shade, O'er the wild, Oh! be Thou the lone one's aid-

Bave thy chi d! Many a swift and sounding plume Momewards through the boding gloom, O'er my way high flitted fast, Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd From the chasnut's ruddy back; And the pools now low and dark, Where the wakening night winds sigh Through the long reeds mournfully. Homeward, homeward, all things haste-God of night!

Shield the homeless-midst the waste Be his light! In his distant emdle-nest, Now my babe is laid to rest Relentiful I his slumber seems With a glow of heavenly dreams.

Beautiful, our that bright sloop. Hang soft eyes of fondness deep. Where his mother bends to pray, For the loved and far away.

Father! guide that household bower, Hear that prayer ! Back through thine all-guided power, Lead ma there !

Darker, wilder, grows the night-Not a star sends quivering light Through the massy arch of shade By the stern old forest made, Thou, to whose unslumbering eyes All my pathway open lies, By thy son, who knew distress In the lonely wilderness, Where no roof that blest his head Shelter gave-Father ! through the time of death, Save, oh : save

HE COMES. BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN. He comes-Home's holy spells around his heart are cast, Their gentle music breath hath lured him back, And the soft shadowy pictures of the past Start up again before his homeward track;

He comes-The echoes of loved voices hush'd so long, Have stoleh like spirits through his midnight And tones have whisper'd in their fairy song, Bringing back moments lit by rainbow gleams; My Brother comes:

My Brother comes.

But oh! the eyes that shone in joy for him, As his loved footsteps' echb met the ear; With their long watching vigils have grown dim; And beam but sadly at these words of cheer,-My Brother comes.

But long, long weary years have fled away, But each loved lineartient again we'll trace; My Brother comes:

He comes-Speed him, white sails, across the heaving deep; . Change bath not crept into our hearts-those Have been but trusty jailors, sent to keep

Closer these tried affections nurst in tears;

My Brother comes. He comes-Hottie's holy spells around his heart are cast. Their gentle music breath hath lured him back; And the soft shadowy pictures of the past

Start up again before his homeward track;

My Brother comes:

ditar from them ! The solithing - to -Though purling crowds among me be-The kind; the beautiful, the good-For I can only think of thee pas-Of thus, the bludest, levelines, best, My swheel, and my only one;

And wholly blest wise thee slone,

Te where, o'er hill and valley, plays The sunlight of our early days! A Boy !---my trunnt steps were seen Where streams were bright and meade we green Where flowers, in beauty and perfuse, Breathed ever of the Etlen-bloom; And birds, abroad in the free wind, Sang, as they left the earth behind And wing'd their joyous way above, Of Eden-peace and Eden-love. But now, the streams are dry; and sere And brown the meadows all appears The flowers are gone; the bird'a glad ve ice. But seldom bids my heart rejoice And, like the mist as comes the day, My Eden-wer hath rolled away. A Youth!—the mountain torrent made The music which my soul obeyed. To shun the crowded ways of men, And seek the old tradition'd glen Where, through the dim, uncertain light Moved many an ever-changing sprite;-Alone the splintered grag to dare, While trooping shadows filled the air, And quickened Fancy many a form Traced vaguely in the gathering storm;-To thread the forest's lone arcades, And dream of Sherwood's peopled shades, And Windsor's haunted 'alleys green,' Dingle' and 'bosky bourn' between, Till burst upon my raptured glance The whole wide realm of Old Romance; Such was the life I lived-a youth! But vanished, at the touch of Truth, And never to be known again, Is all that made my being then. A Man!-the thirst for fame was mine, And bowed me at Ambition's shrine, Among the vot'ries who have given Time, health, hope, peace—and madly striven— Ah, madly !-- for that which, when found, Is oftenest but an empty sound, And I have worshipped!-even yet Mine eye is on the Idol set; But it hath found so much to be But hollowness and mockery, That from its worship oft it turns To where a light intenser burns, Before whose radiance, pure and warm, Ambition's star must cease to charm. Our Early days!-they haunt us ever-

That bar e'en manhood's noonday sun. W. D. G. THE DYING YEAR. "Midnight Mass, for the Dying Year," is the atriking title of Prof. Longfellow's "Fifth Psalm of Life," in the last Knickerbocker. It is exceedingly beautiful and spirited, as the following stanzas will show:

Bright stur-gleams on life's silent river,

Which pierce the shadows, deep and dun,

Yes, the year is growing old, And his eyes is pale and blear'd; Death, with frosty hand and cold, Plucks the old man by the beard, Borely-eorely!

The leaves are falling, falling, Solemnly and slow; Caw! caw! the rooks are calling; It is a sound of wo! A sound of wo !-

Through woods and mountain passes, The winds like anthems roll: They are chanting solemn masses, Saying, " Pray for this poor soul. Pray-pray!" And the hooded clouds, like friers,

And patter their doleful prayers; But it is all in vain-All in vain! There he stands in the foul weather, The foolish, fond Old Year, Crown'd with wild-flowers and with heather,

Tell their beads in drops of rain,

Like weak, despised Lear, A king--a king! To the crimsen woods he saith, And the voice gentle and low, Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath, "Pray do not mock me so!

Do not laugh at me!" And now the awest day is dead; Cold in its arms it lies; No stain from its breath is spread . Over the glassy skies, No mist nor stain!

Then too, the Old Year dieth, And the forests utter a moan, Like the voice of one who cristh In the wilderness alone. " Vex not his ghost!" Then comes, with an awful roar,

Gathering and sounding on, The Storm-wind from Labrador, The wind Euroelydon. The Storm-wind! Howl! howl! and from the forest The red leaves are swept away;

Would the sins that thou abhorrest,

And pain away!

O Soul! could so decay,

Our Early Days!—How often back
We turn on Life's bewildering track,
We turn on Life's bewildering track, the pange of wounded pride f'il smother And send thee back Loor's gifts again !

> (Like our affection's sever'd cord :) Ones 'twas of firmest love the token. But proved as frail as woman's word! Take next the ring, that bound me to thee (It ne'er shall clasp my finger more)

An echo to love's gantle song Now, like thy faith, those strings are broken. And discord dwells their notes among!

With the same look as in the hour. When first, Love's sunsy light beguing My demied senses own'd thy power! Take back the tress of silken braiding

ion! take all back! such bauble tressured Like relice, in some sainted shrine; by gots alone, in truth were measured. I had not mourn'd the loss of thise !-

The pange of grief, Love's pride shall smother, And smiles shall light my brow main! [FOR THE MERCURY.] THOUGHTS UNDER A TREE-NO. 4.

A wood tree's pleasant shade, And listen'd to the murmuring, Its branches made, And gave myself up to the spell Of nature's faithfulness, But injured truth plead tearfully

Ot a sermon is heard from the rock, And from the eloquent sky. A sermou from whose spirit tone, Man cannot fly;

For it pleads to his heart with a tone of love, And seeks admittance there, and we listen with stinging ears, To its prayer.

On the sky a child is limned, A child with sunny hair, And a brow smooth and unclouded With care 1 Of innocence and bliss,

And the days which flew like the wlude Which the flowers kiss. Ab me! for the happy days? Woe's me ! for the days that are now, That write their journals on

A careful brow. Down rising heart I thou much most With the world like a strong westrong manblo flush my check which now, Js wan.

And l'ligo and brave is like any one, And will laugh as loud as the best, And another day 'neath the greenwood tree, Thoughait have rest

WE SHALL NOT PART. We shall not part-no never Though mountains rise and rivers roll between And each by each unseen, We shall be near-in heart-in spirit ever. We shall not part. O no!

Time, distance hide not, nor can ever hide In future wanderings wide, Friends such as we have been white here below. We shall not part ... though porting Be in our thoughts and dreams a painful thing-Though hours like these take wing, And as they fly, leave the warm fear-drep starting. We shall not part. The feeling That love is deep, and it is pain to sever. Tells us the word Forever

Is but a shadow darkly o'er us stealing, We shall not part. Sweet pleasure ! ... When we are sundered far from one apollice. Then cousin, friend, or brother, May often write the full heart's gathering treasure. We shall not park. Though sadness Hath wrung the heart for one already parted, We are not broken-hearted That one is here, a spirit of loy and gladness.

Wo, whall not part - No, even In this zough world our meetings may be oft . 40 But of how clear, how more That to the -- We may be made in the starten to

irst take the chain, whose links are broken

When for forth our friendle, to the beauty of strice

a misfortune befall us,

In search of your fancied sujoyment wa rosts, furrounded by trials uncompassed, with daugurs,

In whall thermispled with pleasure or pain,

We shick of our home and our kindred again.

Burgers crown our lebours and bunish our fear,

remember our hearts, and fair virtue regarded,

And thee shade the images drawn in the mind,

Than Home and the kindred we loft far behind.

When storms are uplifting the waves of the ocean,

One hall the bright subbeams onliven the day,

Vhan alligra inspires us with warmest emotion.

We at Il think of kindred, and friends for away.

When time has fled by, and our absence is finished,

For much beloved kindred and thrice-welcome Home.

hap who found himself punniless as Tologo

ouple of muskinglons, the seeds of which he

abin, and safter perspading the malvag that the

antless pockets. His pather spews be never

Would I were with thee! every day and hour

To follow where my heavy heart would be !

Whate'er thy lot-by land or sea-

Would I were with thee-oternally!

Thy weary limbs upon the turf are thrown,-

While bright and red the evening sun is setting.

And all thy thoughts belong to heaven slone 1.

Would I were with thee-in thy joy I

Which now I spendso sadly, far from theese

Would that my form possessed the maric power

Would I were with thee! when, the world forgetti

While happy dreams thy heart employ-

Would I were with thee! when, no longer leigning

A Ennker Expedient

he made his way to the gentleman's

were with The

To scenes of enjoyment we cheerful y come,

Ohin, and wished to come East. He pro-

And stiff our affection romains undiminished

Philadelphia, Jan 14, 1840.

will be out.

North out is ever more pleasing to mention,

Dur Home and our kindred are still counted dear.

Phone waw friends engage us with cheering attention,

Providence smile and our toil be rewarded,

Man wa thek buck on our far-distant home i

mas seever Life's pathway may call us,

Light were Love's bonds when first I knew thee,

But now what allkon slav'so's class with Pake, too, the lute, whose strings have spoken.

Take back thine image, felouly smiling

Its glossy taxture charms not now; Take back each spoil Love's falsahood giding The whieper'd word and marstarld wone?

We've learn'd to live without each other. Tho' once we deem'd the lesson vain;

seeds were those of the Cent Cantelope, found only in the South Sea Islands, and which excelled [What the Poet thought under the Greenwood Tree.] cents each to defray his pursue through, while it I never sat me down beneath left a small balance to host in his caberwise ten-

For redress.

The hurried laugh that stifles back a sight Thy yesing lip pours unheard its awest complaining.
And tears have quenched the light within thing age: And that child tells a tale with Its rosy mouth When all seems dark and and below, Would I were with thee-In thy woe! Would I were with thee! when the day is breaking,

And when the moon buth hit the lonely sen-Or when in srowds some careless note awaking to Speaks to thy heart in memory of me. In joy at pater, by man explanation of Wanted Lawer's with the state of the lawer o How Cheery are the Mariners. BY BARK BESJARISH

How cheery are the mariners Those lovers of the sea! Their hearts are like its yeasty wave, As bounding and as free! They whistle when the storm-bird wheels In circles round the must, And sing when deep in foam the ship Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales ? There's music in their roar, When wide the berth along the lee, And leagues of room before. Let billows toss to mountain heights, Or sing to chasms low; The stout of heart will ride it out, Nor shrink when tempests blow, With streamers down and canvass furl'd, The gallant hull will float, Securely as on inland lake. A silken tassel'd boat: And sound asleep some mariners, And some with watchful eyes 省场

That roll along the skies. God keep these cheery mariners! And temper all the galos That sweep against the rocky coast To their sterm-shattered sails; And men on shore will bless the ship I hat could so guided be, Safe of the hollow of His hand, To brave the mighty wea!

Will fearless be of dangers dark,