

Original.

The Fisherman's Parting.

O! Fisherman, the night is dark,
Lest we may find thee on the strand;
The wind is strong, I pray thee back
Now with thy fish, and leave the land.

I would not risk my life to-day
In such a storm, and such a sea;
Hark! how the waves are breaking high,
And deep the sound of surf and foam.

In such a storm, my brother's child,
Dance not gaily on the sea;
Hark! how the waves are breaking high,
And deep the sound of surf and foam.

And he had a trusty hand
Mid tempest black to guide the helm,
He knew the danger of the land,
The peril of the watery realm.

But O! such art is for the fish,
Who in a storm, and such a sea,
He sailed in such a ruthless gale,
And we saw his boat and crew.

O! as you value life and love,
Pray, Fisherman, sail not to-night,
But feel there is a God above,
And do not rashly dare his might.

The star grew low, she ceased to speak,
For in the wind her voice was lost;
And nothing save the cold, shrill cry,
Was heard, as swept the boat and oar.

Yes, she did love that fisherman,
But she was not his wife or child;
To have him sail on such a night,
Had proved to her a cruel trial.

He'd vowed to her, she had to him,
That never more should part;
The waves were dark and deep and dim,
And ocean listen to the strain.

Not loved, but something made him dream
That duty bade him sail to-night,
And with the storm-wind's scream
Were mingled their sad words of love.

The gale still grew, the boat went on,
She sailed on through the night;
And she was not his wife or child,
To have him sail on such a night.

He sailed, but never the wind ceased,
Heard from the pulpit, and the sea;
And all night long beside the mast,
She sat, and thought of him and he.

At length three vessels upon the shore
Were seen, and the boat was near;
The waves were dark and deep and dim,
And ocean listen to the strain.

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ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

BY ROBERT M. CHAMBERLAIN.

In the advertisement which announced that the
steamer PELAGI was ready to convey passengers to
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
know and shudder at.

"Only one night at sea!"
I was that the promise ran,
By frail, presumptuous mortal given,
To vain, ambitious man—
"Only one night at sea!"

The ledge has been received,
The vessel leaves the shore,
Bearing the beautiful and brave,
Who never 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 darkness lie,
And gloomy night comes slowly on,
That "only 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 dream,
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 away,
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 eternity,
And many hearts have been wrecked
In that "one night at sea!"

Great God! whose hand hath 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,
Mid waves of doubt and fear,
"Only one night at sea!"

DEATH.

BY CHARLOTTE E. ANDERSON.

Why art thou dreaded, monarch of the grave?
When we behold thy unrelenting grasp,
Making the GREAT one dust—thy real triumph
Stamped on pale Beauty's brow—why dost thou weep?
When dost thou named, why dost the MORNING turn
That quick and fearful glance on the bright group
Sporting to gaily round her cheerful hearth?

Are not their limbs all full of life and health?
Are not their cheeks as soft as snow and bright?
Sound not their merry laugh like pealing bells,
Ringing a holiday to those who toil?
Why dost thou creep them in their arms, as though
Thy dart could not avail against the shield
Of such a love as hers? Why dost thou part
The ringlets from their brow, with gaze so fixed,
So searching in their eyes, as though thou wert
In that clear, stainless page, their life, and love,
If their sweet voices and their bright eyes 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-
tween
The young warm heart and joy. The playful ones
Twice their fair arms around the mother's neck,
And raise their shining eyes with love to her;
While here, the MORNING'S eyes, grow dim, and tears
Fall from them; and she prays that heaven will spare
Her cherubs to her love, nor doom them yet
To fill the dark, cold grave! Why dost thou so?
Were they not made for thee? Are not their souls
Sinless and free from all that might offend
Or bar them from their God?—Fell monarch of the world!
Fell monarch of the world! onward thou comest
With rapid strides, thy foot-fall echoes!
Age—youth—thy prey. And thou dost bear us—
whither?

That dark uncertainty—that undefined—
Thy dark Future, which thy hand unveils,
We shrink from more than thou! A bow'th to her
and
Of sorrow—Grief's all-dreaded sleep, unto
Our mortal eye! But to the soul thou open'st
A state that knows no change—lasting for aye!
A cloudless day—or night that sees no star.

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THE TRAVELLER'S SONG.

BY SAM. HEWITT.

Father, guide me, Day declines,
Hollow wings are in the pine;
Dearly waves each glad hour
O'er the sky's last crimson glow.
Hark! now the convent's bell,
Which unwearied with breezy swell,
From the purple mountains rose
Now the sailor's vesper hymn.

Now the sailor's vesper hymn
Now the sailor's vesper hymn
Now the sailor's vesper hymn
Now the sailor's vesper hymn

In the low shivering thrill
Of the leaves, that late hung still;
In the dull and muffled tone
Of the sea, so lately distant mean;
In the deep tone of the sky,
There are signs of tempests nigh.
Ominous, with sullen sound,
Falls the echoing clod around.

Father! through the storm and shade,
O'er the will,
Oh! be Thou the lone one's aid—
Save thy child!

Misty a swift and sounding plume
Homeward through the bedding gloom,
O'er my way hath fitted fast,
Since the farewell sunbeam passed
From the chamber's sunny bank,
And the pool now low and dark,
Where the wakening night winds sigh
Through the long reeds mournfully.

Homeward, homeward, all things haste—
God at night!
Shield the homeless—midst the waste;
Be his light!

In his distant candle-mass,
Now my babe is laid to rest;
Beautiful his slumber seems
With a glow of heavenly dreams.
Hear soft eyes of fondness deep
Where his mother bends to pray,
For the loved and far away.
Father! guide that homeward power,
Hear that prayer!

Back through the air's alighted power,
Lead me there!

Darker, wilder, grows the night—
Not a star sends quivering light
Through the misty arch of shade
By the stern old forest made.
Thou, to whose unalloyed eyes
All my pathway open lies,
By thy son, who knew distress
In the lonely wilderness.

Where he lay, that blest his head
Shelter gave—
Father! through the time of death,
Save, oh! save!

HE COMES.

BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.

Home's holy spells around his heart are cast,
His 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.

The echoes of loved voices hush'd no long,
Have stolen like spirits through his midnight
dreams,
And tones have whisper'd in their fairy song,
Bringing back the memory of his life, and love,
My Brother comes.

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

He comes—
But lo! his long weary years have fled away,
And time purchase hath sadly changed his face,
Blanch'd his dark locks with the world's slow
decay,
But each loved lineament again we'll trace;
My Brother comes.

Speed him, who sail'd across the heaving deep;
Change hath not crept into our hearts—those
years
Have been but trusty jailors, sent to keep
Closer those tried affections nursed in tears;
My Brother comes.

He comes—
Hottie's holy spells around his heart are cast,
His 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.

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Our Early Days.

Our Early Days—How often back
We turn on Life's bewildering track
To where, o'er hill and valley, plays
The sunlight of our early days!

A Boy!—my trusty steps were seen
Where streams were bright and meads were green;
Where flowers, in beauty and perfume,
Breathed ever of the Eden-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 ferns
And blossoms the meadows all appear;
The flowers are gone; the bird's glad voice
But seldom bids my heart rejoice.

Alone the splintered crags to days,
To shun the crowded ways of men,
And seek the old tradition's glen,
Where, through the dim, uncertain light,
Moved many an ever-changing spirit—
Alone the splintered crags to days,

While trooping shadows fill'd the air,
And quicken'd Fancy many a farm
Track vaguely in the gathering storm—
To thread the forest's lone amazes,
And dream of Sharnwood's peopled shade,
And Wimbler's haunted "valley green,"

"Dingle" and "bosky bourn" between,
Till burst upon my raptur'd glance
The whole wide realm of Old Romance;
Such was the life I led—a youth!
But vanished, at the touch of Truth,
And never to be known again,
Is all that made my being true.

A Man!—the thirst for fame was mine,
And loy'd me at Ambition's shrine,
Among the voices who have given
Time, health, hope, peace, and manly strain—
Ah, mildly!—for that which, when found,
Is oftentimes but an empty sound,
And I have worshipp'd—even yet
Mine eye is on the idol set.

But I had found so much to be
But hollow words and mockery,
That from its worship off it tumbled
To where a light interior burns,
Rebels whose radiance, pure and warm,
Ambition's star must cease to charm.
Our Early days! they haunt us over—
Bright sun-gleams on life's silent river,
Which pierce the shadows, deep and dim,
That bar a manhood's noonday sun. W. P. G.

THE DYING YEAR.

"Midnight Mass for the Dying Year" is the striking
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:

Yes, the year is growing old,
And his eyes are pale and bleared;
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Flies the old man by the beard,
Sorely—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Cave! cave! the rocks are calling;
It is a sound of woe.
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes,
The winds like anemone
They are chanting solemn masses,
Saying, "Pray for this poor soul.
Pray—pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
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,
Like weak, despoiled Lear.
A king—a king!

To the crimson woods be said,
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 sweet day is dead;
Cold in its arms it lies;
No stain from his breast is spread
Over the glassy skies.
No mist nor stain!

Then too, the Old Year died,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who cries
In the wilderness alone.
"Ver not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon.
Howl! howl! and from the forest
The red leaves are swept away!
Would the stars that thou abhorrest,
O Soul! could so decay,
And pass away!

LOVE'S CITY.

BY HEN. D. A. WILSON.

Love's City—how often back
We turn on Life's bewildering track
To where, o'er hill and valley, plays
The sunlight of our early days!

First take the chain, whose links are broken
(Like our affection's sever'd cord)
Ours 'twas of former love the token,
But now—what shall we do with it?

Take next the ring, that bound me to thee
(If we'er shall clasp my finger more)
Right were Love's bonds when first I knew thee,
But now—what shall we do with it?

Take, too, the tale, whose strings have spoken
An echo to love's gentle song;
Now, like thy faith, those strings are broken,
And dumb dwell their notes among!

Take back those images, faintly smiling,
With the same look as in the hour
When first Love's sunny light beguiling,
My dazzled senses won't my power!

Take back each spell Love's falsehoods told,
The whisper'd word and secreted vow;
For all are broken, and the heart is cold,
And Love's sweet power is now a woe!

For the MERCURY.
THOUGHTS UNDER A TREE—NO. I.
[What the Poet thought under the Greenwood Tree.]

I never sat me down beneath
A wood tree's pleasant shade,
And listen to the murmuring
Its branches made,
And gave myself up to the spell
Of nature's faithfulness,
But injured truth plead tearfully
For redress.

O! a sermon is heard from the rock,
And from the eloquent sky.
A sermon 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;
And that child tells a tale with its rosy mouth
Of innocence and bliss,
And the days which flow like the white
Which the flowers kiss.

Ab me! for the happy days!
Woe's me! for the days that are gone,
That write their journals on
A careful brow.

Down rising heart! thou must move
With the world like a strong, strong man,
No fleshly cheek which now,
Is wan.

And I'll go and brave like any one,
And will laugh as loud as the best,
And another day 'neath the greenwood tree,
Thou shalt 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 parting
Be in our thoughts and dreams a painful thing—
Though hours like these take wing,
And as they fly, leave the warm tear-drop starting.

We shall not part. Thee getting
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 another,
These cousin, friend, or brother,
May often write the full heart's gathering treasure.

We shall not part. Though sadness
Hath wrung the heart for one already parted,
We are not broken-hearted;
That love is here, a spirit of joy and gladness.

We shall not part. No, even
In this rough world our meetings may be
But how clear, how soft,
That voice—We are not parted in heart!

WOMAN.

Written at the age of sixteen, during a long absence
from home.

Woman! how often back
We turn on Life's bewildering track
To where, o'er hill and valley, plays
The sunlight of our early days!

When first our footsteps, in the forest's shade,
Were guided by thy gentle hand,
And thou wert with us, as our faithful guide,
Through the maze of life's uncertain road.

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