

And now his deep voice trembling breathes the name
Of one who is not there, when shrinking close
To its fond mother's breast, the frighten'd child
Hiding its face, in silent terror points
At the strange eyes, that, wildly gazing in,
Glare through the snow-wreathed window.
All look up, and see a haggard, startled face recede,
And vanish in the darkness. From his knees
The father wildly rushes 'mid the storm,
And seeks the wanderer. In vain! The snow
Whirling in chilling wreaths, shuts out the view,
And blinds the eager gaze. He calls her name,
And fondly bids her welcome back again;
But list'ning, hears no answer, save the voice
Of the rude blast that raises up on high
Its howl of mockery. Now when a lull
Comes o'er the tempest's breathings, he again
Wastes his wild cries upon the muffled air:
The dulled tones soon unheard, are drowned beneath
The rising surges of the wind. He sighs,
And silent, long he doubts: "It is not she,
So frail! so gentle! She could never brave
A night like this, when even the forest beasts
Shrink shiv'ring to their deepest lairs. Oh no!
It was a waking dream. The name we breathed,
Has conjured our lost loved one back again;
Or she is not, and her poor spirit seeks
The home of early innocence." He marks
That all around him seemed to strive with death.
The hemlocks shudder 'neath their snowy shroud,
As though they mourn earth's wintry sleep: the first
Rock to and fro, as though they feel his grief,
And wail the hapless wraith. Reluctantly
He homeward turns his lingering steps; yet oft
He pauses on his way to gaze again
Through the thick night. Again he wildly calls
Her name, then listens to the forest din
As the trees battle with the storm. At length
He slowly shuts the door. The drifting sleet
Beats on the frozen windows, and the wind
Still sings its ceaseless dirge.

None heed the form
That struggles down the narrow path and stops
Where the black stream moves silently along
Beneath the forest's bending boughs: none hear
A voice, that mingled with the forest's wail,
Now raised aloft to Heaven, now sinking low
Into a murmuring sigh:

"This is the spot!
I know it well. Fit resting place for me!
I'll lay my load of sin and sorrow here;
And from life's heavy chains at length shall burst,
And free my wearied spirit. Here at length
I'll cease to think—to be. No more I'll sue
For slumber's sweet forgetfulness in vain!
Oh cruel sleep, thou partial visitor!
Unasked thy drowsy wings are wont to fan
Joy's lazy lids, yet shun the aching eyes
Of waking misery. A heaven art thou
To wearied souls whose hell has been on earth.
I will not wait thy wooing, but will burst
Into thy home of endless dreams; no more
Shalt thou escape me; I will hug thee close
For ever to my longing breast. I come!
Welcome, sweet sleep!"

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The waters closed around
And silently flowed onward. And the wind
Stilled its loud breathings, as though fain to hear
The breaking heart throb 'neath the agony
Of dissolution, and the fevered pulse
Beat wildly as if struggling to elude
Death's cold, congealing hand. Beneath the veil
Of misty clouds, the stars peeped out,
And saw no form amid the darkened deep,
Save their own image. And the Pleiades
Clasped in each other's arms, mused mournfully
Upon earth's erring daughter, and recalled
Their own lost sister, that had strayed and fallen
From 'mid her kindred stars. And now the frost
Breathing upon the stream, with silent chains
Stole o'er the waves, and in their ice-bound depths
Long held the wearied sleeper; and when months
Had rolled upon their course, and the warm winds

Of spring had loosed the waters, a pale form
Was borne far on their bosom, and was laid
By stranger's hands within a nameless grave;
But still the vacant chair, that once was hers,
Is placed beside the hearth; and still the prayer
Is breathed for her, the loved one and the lost.

The late JOHN BREAKENRIDGE, a Barrister of the Province of Ontario published a volume of Poetry (327 pages) entitled "*The Crusades and other Poems*" (1).

One of our ablest critics, Mr. Dewart, says that "the compositions of this Author are distinguished by martial and chivalrous sentiments." This is worthy of a Poet, and essential especially to a Poet who undertakes to celebrate the Crusades. I would add that he also shews great power of imagination, and that his versification is flowing and correct, and in the true style of epic Poetry. The following passage from "*Napoleon Bonaparte and the French Revolution*," will enable you to judge for yourselves. The Poet in describing the passage of the Beresina so fatal to the fortunes of Napoleon, concludes with these magnificent lines:

Onward! still on! for now before their view
The sullen river rolls its darkling flood;
The clang of war behind them bursts anew;
No time have they o'er sad defeat to brood.
Onward, o'er dying friends so late who stood
The sharers of their toil—for life, for life,
The madd'ning race begins! in that dark wave,
With every horror fraught—with danger rife,
Who dreamt of kindred ties, or felt sweet friendship's power?

And fast, and wild, in gathering crowds they come;
And shrieks and groans from out that mingling mass
Tell that the anguished spirit wingeth home
Its weary flight! They win that narrow pass,
But ever and anon the thund'ring bass
Of guns that, rumbling in the distance, boom—
Waking to one continuous peal! alas!
Is there no hope for that once victor host?
The despot's arm, earth's scourge, and Gaul's triumphant boast?

None! For the tempest-breath of heaven awakes,
And darkly green the swollen waters flow;
The Wintry blast upon them coldly breaks—
The rear guard yields to the victorious foe!
It heaves,—it yawns—O God! with one dread throe,
The crowded bridge beneath the pressure shakes,
And thrice ten thousand souls are hurled below
Into that "hell of waters," fierce and strong,
Whose waves relentless bear the flower of France along!

Ay! and her vine-clad valleys long shall hear
The voice of mourning for her sons who lie,
Thrown by the sated wave on deserts drear;
And long shall ring "that agonizing cry,"
And haunt his dreams when none to soothe is nigh!
And fortune flown shall thunder in his ear
'Mid Courts and Camps—the worm that ne'er shall die;
And tell to every age like Heaven's own wrath,
The vengeance dire that waits on the invader's path!

That accomplished scholar, MR. GANE, better known in Canada,

(1) The author himself feels that this title is not the most appropriate; and he does not do himself justice in adopting it. "The Crusades" are not a Poem, but a series of Poems, or detached pieces bearing relation to the great subject of the Crusades, such as "The Battle of Dorylœum," "The Crusader's Hymn before Jerusalem," "The Siege of Antioch," "The Troubadour to the Captive RICHARD CŒUR DE LION," "The Battle of Tiberias," "The Amulet,"—"Orient Pearls," indeed, but, "at random strung," and by no means a consecutive epic poem, although decidedly belonging to the epic style of Poetry. The author in his preface apologizes, for what a too rigid critic might call *setting sail under false colours*, by informing his readers that his greater Poem "*LAÏZA*," a Tale of slavery in three Cantos, remained unfinished when the Prospectus was published.

It may be objected to this beautiful Poem, that it is all in octosyllabic lines. It must in justice, however, be admitted that they are the best which have appeared as yet in a Poem of equal length. Now that the Abyssinian expedition has accustomed us to read of things barbaric and Ethiopian, this finely written tale must afford great pleasure to the English reader, and he will be delighted to find that the heroic Laïza meets with a destiny very different from the richly deserved fate of the cruel and blood-thirsty King Theodore.