

Broods o'er the vale. How solemn is the hour
 Here amid mountains, lifeless solitudes,
 Broad moors and barren wastes, with yon black glen
 Spreading its murky length for many a mile!
 Behold the moon with pallid, spectral, ray,
 Glares out at midnight, o'er yon wildring waste
 Of mountains, crags, and cliffs, and dark ravines,
 Wide-spreading out; beneath her sickly ray,
 Not smiles but saddens all the prospect round.
 'Tis fearful thus, at the lone midnight hour
 To tread the lofty brow of some stern steep;
 And from that height look down into the chasm
 Of precipice, deep yawning far below!
 Nature! how are thy scenes diversified!
 How lovely and how fearful, side by side,
 Beauty and horror with contrasted looks—
 One with a smile, the other with a frown!

Lo! morning comes again: at her return
 Creation smiles. How fresh the dawning day!
 Sweet smell the wild-flow'rs and yon heathy bells,
 All wet with dew, the golden-blossom'd furze
 Sports with the infant sun-beam born in heav'n;
 The clouds disperse; the skies are clear and calm;
 The sun rides forth—the universe is glad.

Now where Avoen's tide rolls dark along,
 Let's wander, drinking deep the balm of day.
 What varied scenes, still changing on the sight,
 This beauteous vale presents! green meadows, lawns,
 Bounded by hills and fring'd by many a grove;
 High slopes ascending to yon mountain range
 Whose waving outline curves along the sky!
 Blue streams and crystal rills, that meet and mix,
 And blend their sparkling waters; yon swift tide
 Foaming o'er rocks, then tranquil in its course
 Gliding with grateful murmur by yon shore.

Nor in fond memory's vision be forgot
 Pure, silvery Slaney, whose translucent wave
 By Boltinglass' high hill winds on its way.
 Nor that romantic dell where deeply roars
 The spirit's waterfall*.

But hush! my heart!
 Nor longer yet extend an idle song.
 Land of my love! farewell! No more, no more
 I'll view thy varied scenes; save in the dream
 Of memory, in her wand'ring, pensive mood.
 Once more, farewell! From the deep inmost heart
 The bard bestows on thee his benison.

Frankford, C.W.

SPRING.

BY R. J. D.

How shall we greet thee, oh, beautiful spring?
 How shall our hearts meet the gifts thou wilt bring?
 Thou art coming with wreaths of new born flowers,
 Greenness, and beauty, and long sunny hours;
 Thou art coming with light, and bloom, and song,
 Music and gladness still bear thee along.

The happy will greet thee with rapture and love,
 They will drink in joy around and above;

* Pol-a-Phuca.

The sunshine of hope in their smiling eyes
 Will rival the light of thy own clear skies;
 And the dreams of love in their hearts that spring,
 Eclipse in their beauty, the buds thou wilt bring.

But the wretched—how will the wretched bear
 To contrast thy promise with their despair?
 Brightness and freshness can only impart
 A deeper gloom to the grief-withered heart,
 And the tear that starts in their sunken eye,
 To thy thrilling call, is a mute reply.

Oh, God! the tender, the faithful, the kind,
 Do Thou to misery temper the wind;
 Oh! let not the earth and thy sunny sky,
 Be nought to the heart but a mockery;
 Let it bring at least to their wounded breast
 Visions of Thee, and heaven, and rest.

Let it breathe of another and brighter spring,
 Of joys and affections that never take wing,
 Of a land where the flowers will never die,
 Where tears are wiped from the sorrowing eye,
 Where trial and suffering at length will cease,
 And the soul in Thy bosom forever find peace.

THE HOME-STAR.

Far o'er broad ocean's tide,
 Wild, dark and dreary,
 The wanderer's bark may ride,
 Storm-tost and weary;
 Winds and mad waves may war,
 Black skies bend o'er him,
 Through storm and gloom one Star
 Beams still before him.

His Father-land's heathy hill,
 Lake, glen, or wildwood,
 Broad stream or mountain rill,
 The home of his childhood,
 Over his soul will come,
 Soothingly telling
 That fond hearts there still are some
 There, for him swelling.

Still shines that Star to him,
 Far though he wander;
 Clouds rushing dark and grim,
 Melt from its splendour;
 Its smile, waking musings deep,
 Spell-like has bound him,
 Till wild wave, and tempest's sweep,
 Brighten around him.

AN ARABIAN FABLE.

IN men there is a lump upon the windpipe, formed by the thyroid cartilage, which is not to be seen in women; an Arabian fable says, that this is part of the original apple, that has stuck in the man's throat by the way, but that the woman swallowed her part of it down.—*Goldsmith's Animated Nature.*