

bride; a hoarse laugh of gratified spite from the bride's-maid; and a hasty "By Jove!" from the astonished Ben, were unheard by Andrews, who was far on his way to his own lodgings.

Collecting his effects in a small bundle, and placing the children and their aunt, in a cart, lent by a friend for the occasion, he removed for ever from S—, and when we last heard of him, he was carrying on a thriving business, as perfumer and hair-dresser in the city of Norwich.

BOYHOOD.

BY CLAUD HALCHO.

Oh! boyhood's days—young holy-days—how merrily ye flew,

When we roamed beneath the woodland, where the bright flowrets grew;

When hidden from the sunlight, we reposed beneath the shade,

By royal oak, or sycamore—or spreading linden made:—

When by our side—our joy and pride—fair lasses sat and laughed—

When from the running brook, our lips the clear bright waters quaffed;

When first we felt, as ne'er again our withered hearts shall feel,

The nameless thrill of our first love upon our senses steal:—

When by the brawling rivulet, with hazel rod and line, standing, we saw the golden-fish in the sun-lit waters shine;

Or when amid the meadow grass, we shunned the mid-day heat,

Scenting the fragrant odor of the clover fields so sweet.

O! boyhood's days—bright sunny days—how can we e'er forget,

The pleasant thoughts of olden times, that linger round us yet?

How think not of your noisy joys, or of your glorious dreams,—

The music of your wild-woods, or the gurgling of your streams?

How can the warbling of the birds by us forgotten be? Or the rippling of the sunny waves, that murmured on the lee?

How can we e'er forget the day, when Mary's eyes and ours

Met with the love-glance eloquent, in yonder wood-land bowers?

How think not of the thrilling touch—the rapture and the bliss,

When first our young lips met, and clung in one long lingering kiss?

O, never! never! can we lose the memory of that day,

That green leaf on our temples, when our withered hairs are grey.

A DREAM OF DESTRUCTION.

A FRAGMENT.

BY P. J. ALLAN.

Deep in the forest glade, I laid me down,
And slept: then did this vision come on me,
Sublimely terrible! Methought, I saw
The earth a prey to devastating plagues,
And all her children writhing on her breast
I' the death throes. I saw a lovely girl,
Whose face and form were beautiful as light,
Kneel by her lover—one, whose warrior heart
Had never stoop'd, but once, to love; and now,
Disease had wound him in her scaly folds,
And breathed her poisonous breathings into his.
But late, to gentle Rosalind he sued:

For bliss which woman's love alone can give!
And now, fierce o'er his heart had come the flame
Of wild delirium, and he raved and strove
To tear the dry white flesh from off his bones,
Griming with clenched teeth, and cursing life,—
And her who had been more than life to him—

That patient one, who kiss'd away the drops.
Of anguish from his burning forehead. She
I saw, ere long, like to a propleless vine,
Drop in the arms of death, whose touch was here—
But merciful. The man liv'd yet a while,
And staggering to his feet, uprear'd to heaven
His fiendish eyes, and loathsome countenance,
All leopard-like, bespotted with the plague,
Fiercely blaspheming, 'till his swollen tongue
Burst,—and he sank in speechlessness to die.

—And now, I saw a king. I knew him not
So much by his apparel, bright with gold
And purple, like the heart's blood he had shed,
As by the look of horrible despair

That drew his lips apart, and fill'd his eyes
With the intensity of hell. He lay
Upon the threshold of his palace gate,
Whither, with faltering footsteps, he had crept,
Even like some ailing cur, to seek for those
Who erst had pander'd to his appetites,
However vile, with ready slavery.

They had deserted him to seek for gold—
The yellow dross to purchase which, their king
Had paid the price of Peace. Blind fools! ye clutch'd
The sparkling metal, merry with the thought
Of all the joys which ye should taste ere long.
Ye clutched and—died! Death was their only heir.

And he, a Monarch, lay like Lazarus
One living sore; and he was trampled down
Beneath the feet of thousands, who afar,
Rushed onward, vainly seeking an egress
From a doom'd world, by any other path
Than that of dissolution. Hark, that owl

Echoing abroad throughout the spacious earth,
Like the voic'd misery of ten thousand years!
And lo! a shadowy form comes floating on,
Borne on a moving couch of lurid flames
That sweep the globe's whole surface thoroughly
Of every living, every growing thing,

Leaving them heap'd in ashes. From the heav'n
That giant figure gazed full fix'dly
Awhile, and then with one heart-burst of woe
That shatter'd into gaping ruins, earth,—

The phantom spake—"Time, all thy offspring dent—
Thou too must die!" Then from his burning throne
Hurlling himself, he seiz'd with wide-spread grasp

The motionless remains of what was earth,
And vanished, exhalation-like, away.

Fredericton, June 12, 1846.