

POETRY.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Come, O thou beautiful, blossoming Spring,
And to me thy loveliest flowers bring;—
Come! let their bright leaves encircle thy
brow,
And wave 'midst thy glittering tresses now;
Oh, linger no more 'neath thy fleecy veil,
The fabric of Winter's congealing gale,
But gently breathe on the chill snowy
shroud,
And 'twill vanish in tears, like the summer
cloud,
As grieved to see thee its whiteness excel
In the virgin hue of the snowdrop's bell.
Then gaze upon earth with thy azure eyes,
And bid their emblem, the violet, rise
On the green-wood bank, where the prim-
rose pale
Looks up, to greet gladly the nightingale;
And the regal crocus, in purple and gold,
Bursts forth into life from its leafy fold.

Come—for we are weary of wind and storm;
Come—gladden our hearts with thy fairy
form;—
Bring with thee the daisy's "wee crimson
tip,"
Like the resate hue of a maiden's lip,
And childhood's own darling, the buttercup,
With bright rays gild, as its flowers glance
up;
Let the hyacinth wave in the scented breeze,
And the May buds peep on the hawthorn
trees,
And the orchards dress in their gayest gear—
'Tis the holiday-time of the circling year;
And bid the birds sing on each branch and
spray,
While the gay flowers dance in the genial
ray.
Oh! merry and glad will the bright earth be,
When cold Winter retreats, and thou art free,
All floating around us on fragrant wing,
And gemm'd with soft dew-drops—the fair
young Spring!

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Tune.—"Gin a body meet a body."

Bonnie lassie, fairest lassie,
Dear art thou to me;
Let me think, my bonnie lassie,
I am loved by thee!

I speak nay of thy ringlets bright,
Nor of thy witching 'ee;
But this I'll tell thy bonnie sel',
That dear art thou to me!

O! beauty it is rare, lassie,
And beauty it is thine,
Yet my love is no for beauty's sake,
'Tis just I wish thee mine!

Thy smile might match an angel's smile,
Gif such, save thee, there be;
Yet though thy charms my bosom warms,
I'll tell na them to thee!

Thy sunny face has nature's grace,
Thy form is winsome fair,
But when for long thou'st heard that sang,
O! wherefore hear it mair?

Thy voice, soft as the hymn of morn,
Or evening's melodie,
May still excel, as a' can tell,
Then wherefore hear't frae me?

Bonnie lassie, fairest lassie,
Think na't strange o' me,
That when thy beauty's praised by a',
Thou get'st nae praise frae me?

For wha wad praise what none can praise?
Yet, lassie, list to me;
Gie me thy love, and in return
I'll sing thy charms to thee!

THE LAND OF PIRATES,
OR THE CAVE OF WYRRAL.

Tom Smithers, an honest fisherman of
Liverpool, after having been cast away upon
the Breakers of Wyrwal, is thus described,
discovering a den of Land Pirates:—

"Smithers leaned his back against one of
the surrounding rocks, regretting his lost
boat, yet thankful for his own preservation,
when a bright flash suddenly glared upon
his sight, immediately succeeded by the re-
port of a gun, in a direction with which he
was too well acquainted not to know what
eminent danger the vessel from whence he
proceeded must be in. 'Aye, aye, you may
fire cried he bitterly, but it will be long be-
fore you get any help on these black shoals,
sooner will the land Pirates beat out your
brains with a hand spike than to throw you
rope's end to save your precious lives. If
I had but my boat yet, I might do some good,

but she has deserted, like all other friends,
and left the stump to wither by itself."

Again the signal gun of danger roared
aloud as if appealing to the heavens them-
selves for pity and assistance, and then all
was silent. Even the winds appeared to be
abating their fury and wailing over the de-
struction that they had caused—like the re-
morseful groans of a convicted criminal
when it was too late to recall his crime.

Poor Tom Smithers, after listening long
in vain for a renewal of some sound from
the vessel, (for through signals of distress,
they proved that she and her crew were still
existing,) he turned disconsolately towards
the rocks and entering one of the largest ca-
vems, threw himself on the ground and en-
deavoured to forget his woes in sleep. But
before the power of slumber could steep his
wearied senses in oblivion, he was startled
by the sound of harsh voices near him, ap-
parently approaching the cave in which he
lay.

"Haul him along, Jack Brown!" cried a
hoarse voice.

"But he won't come," answered another
at a greater distance.

"Then knock his brains out, replied the
first speaker, he's given us more trouble than
he's worth already, and it's like enough to be
his end at last.

Then there seemed to be a confused noise,
as of a number of men in dispute, and im-
mediately afterwards the whole band entered
the mouth of the cavern in which Smithers
was crouching—for he had sprung upon his
feet at the noise, and as they drew nearer,
had receded into a deep and narrow fissure
which was immediately close at hand, and
effectually concealed him from the casual
observation of the passers by, though at the
same time they were distinctly visible to
him. He saw, by the light of the several
lanterns they carried, about a dozen ruffian
like men, pass into the interior of the cavern
forcing along a person who seemed frequent-
ly and strenuously to resist their efforts, and
look behind, and in a few moments four
others appeared, bearing between them a
female figure apparently in a state of complete
insensibility.

So soon as the glare of lights had begun
to cast a faint flickering reflection upon the
lofty roof, Smithers stole from his place of
concealment, and followed the plunderers
at a cautious distance. The cavern for
about thirty paces, rose in a lofty and ex-
tended arch; it then gradually diminished
in height, until the passenger was compelled
to stoop low to continue his course, and
through this defile, our hero (if so we may
call him) pursued the retreating crew, until
the whole band stopped, and one of the
foremost removed a large stone, which seem-
ed like a termination of the vault.

The party disappeared through the cavity
then laid open, celerity showing that the
vault beyond must be sufficiently high to
permit them to move erect, and the stone
was immediately replaced in its former po-
sition, presenting an obstacle to the further
sight of the seamen. Near this he remained
listening to the retreating footsteps, until
they appeared to die away in the distance.—
He then stooped forward to endeavour to
remove the stone, but just as he grasped it,
he heard a voice just close beyond, say-
ing—

"This is a queer job, Dick Williams, what
dost think old Iron head means to do with
these live stock; why could'nt he knock 'em
on the head as he always did?"

"It's little I know, or care either," replied
another, "belike he thinks the lass would
make him a graidy housekeeper, and look
well after the whiskey cask, or may be he
thinks there's something about about 'em
worth looking for, and he don't like to make
a noise outside—he's more upon his sharps
than before the lighthouse job. Was'nt that
a game trick, Bill, we've had rare fun among
the split timbers since—none but old Iron
head would have had pluck enough to set
that old steers'em well a smocking."

"Hush! he's coming back, and if he
hears thee call him old Iron head he'll make
thy head softer than it is, and there's no
need of that any way," said the other speak-
er, and immediately afterwards a number of
confused voices were heard, and the sound
of approaching footsteps, when old Tom
immediately made the best of his way to his
hiding place.

Scarcely had he attained the requisite
place of shelter before the whole crew hur-
ried from the cavern no doubt in search of
further plunder. Tom followed them at a
distance, and saw, by the light of the moon
which now beamed at intervals through the
scattered clouds, that the tide had receded
to a sufficient distance from the projecting
headlands, to afford a safe passage between
them and the subsiding waters. Round the
western of these headlands they had doubt-
less dragged their prisoners on entering the
bay, and behind it they had again disap-
peared.

No sooner had their retiring figures ceas-
ed to be visible, than our adventurer retrac-
ed his steps to the cavern; and with as much
speed as he was able to exert, felt his way
along the narrow passage until he reached
the stone which terminated it. This, with a
little exertion, he removed, but started back
on perceiving a light on the other side. A

ter a pause of some minutes, finding no
sound to follow the removal of the
barrier he ventured to step forward and
found himself in a large square chamber, in
the midst of which stood a rough table, com-
posed of spars of wood spliced together, on
which was placed a lamp, which from its ap-
pearance, had probably been purloined from
the cabin of some stranded vessel. From
one corner of the apartment a narrow though
lofty passage seemed to lead farther, as if to
some inner room; whilst around every other
part of the walls, were piled casks of spirits
and tobacco, surrounded by every descrip-
tion of goods, evidently the spoil of such
ill-fated vessel as has been cast upon that
desolate coast.

After a hasty glance around, to ascertain
that none of the murderous inhabitants re-
mained within the cave, Smithers raised
the lamp and proceeded cautiously
along the passage before him when after a
gradual and winding descent of about twenty
yards, terminated in a chamber much
smaller than the last, in the centre of which
rose several wood spars as a support to the
roof which was of a much softer and more
sandy nature, than the passage which led
to it. To one of these spars was tied a per-
son who appeared about 40 years of age,
habited in a military great coat, which still
displayed a profusion of ornamental lace,
though much defaced with mud, and drip-
ping with water; to another pillar was bound
a female figure, seemingly just arrived at
that age when youth and womanhood are
blended into one. Her slight form seemed
to be prevented from falling to the earth,
solely by the supporting band which fetter-
ed her, and her dark tresses fell streaming
around her form, as her head drooped nearly
insensible upon her shoulder.

With as much precaution as a sailor could
possibly use, did honest Tom Smithers make
known the purport of his having joined
them, and the hope he had of their escape.
But still the possibility of deliverance had
a moment before appeared so distant, and
the thrill of hope was now so sudden, that
the lovely and helpless female sufferer as she
heard it, uttered a faint scream and lost what
little portion of consciousness had still re-
mained in her.

A few moments elapsed ere the seamen's
knife had severed the cords which bound
the father (for such he was,) and his gentle
daughter. Raised in the arms of the sailor
and the sire, the insensible fair one was borne
swiftly beneath the overhanging arches until
the breeze once more greeted the captives
and their rescuer with its reviving freshness.
The rough blasts seemed to have expended
all their fury, though the waves had not re-
gained their usual calmness, as the anxious
parent supported his unconscious child upon
breast, while the worthy tar bore water in
his hat to bathe her snowy temples. The
application, with the aid of the still fresh
blowing breeze quickly recalled her senses
to their accustomed station, and the fugitives
hastened along the shore with as much speed
as their exhausted charge could bear, not
without casting many a solicitous look be-
hind them, and often fancying they could
distinguish the sound of their pursuers ap-
proaching footsteps on the wavering gale.

Just as they had gained the point where
Mersey unites its waters with the channel
they could discern, by the light of the
breaking dawn, a small vessel beating out of
the river, which the experienced eye of the
Smithers soon observed to bear the royal
streamer at her topmast head. At the de-
sire of his companions, the weaker of whom
was almost fainting with fatigue and exertion
to which she had not been accustomed;) the
seamen watched his opportunity as a tack
brought the vessel near the strand, to hail
her with that cry which every son of the
ocean well understands. He was successful
in his efforts and a few minutes brought her
boat in contact with the shore.

A short statement of their situation and
danger, induced the midshipman to convey
them to the cruiser, who was lying at a short
distance from her boat, and on being receiv-
ed on board of her; a few words deter-
mined the officer who commanded her, to steer
direct for the cavern, and attempt to sur-
prise the ruffians in their den. They now
made towards the spot as quickly as the still
adverse, though not boisterous wind would
permit them, and by the assistance of their
boat, landed the greater part of their crew
together with the fisherman and the stranger
both of whom were resolved to take their
part in the struggle which was to be expect-
ed with such a merciless and daring band of
desperadoes.

They had taken the precaution of bring-
ing a dark lantern from the cruiser, and
with the fisherman for their guide, they pro-
ceeded with silent steps to explore the smug-
glers retreat. For some time they feared
that the inhabitants were absent, for not a
sound arose from the inner cave even when
they reached the stone barrier which alone
divided them from the foeman's hold.

Smithers removed the stone, but in step-
ping forward into the chamber, stumbled
over a fragment of rock and fell.

The fall was instantly succeeded by the
discharge of a pistol, the ball of which en-
tered the left shoulder of the commander of
the cruiser, and in a few moments the whole

band were awakened from their sleep, and
engaging their assailants hand to hand with
the ferocity of tigers.

But those few moments were sufficient to
admit the whole of the besiegers within the
vault, and although the ruffians fought with
all the frenzy of desperation, even despera-
tion itself is a weak opponent to the deter-
mined courage of British sailors. Amidst
the confusion, the chief of the bandits had
almost forced his way to the narrow passage
which offered the only possibility of escape,
when a blow from a hatchet with which old
Tom had armed himself with, proved that
his 'iron head,' was not proof against the
stroke of justice, and levelled him with the
dust.

ANECDOTE VERSIFIED.

A keen Irish wit, and a Yankee more sly,
Once riding together, a Gallows pass'd by—
Said the Yankee to Pat, "if I don't make too
free,

Give that Gallows its due, and pray where
would you be?"

"Och! brother!"—said Pat—"sure that's
easily known,

I'd be riding to town by myself all alone!"

A LOVING PIC.—A north countryman,
returning from a neighbouring fair, having
partaken too freely of John Barleycorn, fell
asleep by the road side, and a pig being at-
tracted to the spot, began liking the drunken
fellow's mouth; the latter feeling the salute,
but mistaking the applicant, roared out,
"Wha's kissin me noo? ye see what it is to
be weel liket among the lasses!"

An Irish soldier once waited on his com-
manding officer, with what he termed a very
serious complaint. "Another man" he said
"had upbraided him that he was not mar-
ried to his own wife, whom he accused of be-
ing no better than she should be, and called
her many bad names besides, which he
should be ashamed to mention to his Hon-
our." Colonel—"Well, my good fellow,
have you any proof that you are legally mar-
ried?" Soldier—"Faith, your Honour, I
have the best proof in the world." Here
he took off his hat, or rather cap, and ex-
hibited a cut skull, saying, "Does your hon-
our think I'd be after taking that same
abuse from any body but a wife?"

PASSING CIVILITIES.—A story is told of
Scotchman who slipped off the roof of a ha-
bitation sixteen stories high; and, when
midway in his descent through the air, he
arrived at a lodger looking out at a window
of the eighth floor, to whom (as he was an
acquaintance) he observed, en passant, "Eh,
Sandy, man, sic a fa' as I shall hae!"

A wag passing through a country town a
short time since, observed a fellow placed in
the stocks. "My friend," said he, "I ad-
vise you by all means to sell out." "I
should have no objection, your honour," he
replied drily, "but at present they are much
too low."

CORSETS AND KISSES.

A youthful poet writes thus feelingly to
his mistress in a Southern paper:—

I wish I was the corset bone,
That's to thy lovely breast;
That I might be both night and day,
To thy fair bosom prest.

I wish I was the china cup,
From which you drink your tea;
For then I know at every sip,
You'd give a kiss to me.

A Frenchman wishing to take stage for
buffalo, was asked by the driver if he had
any extra baggage? "Extra baggage! what
you call dat? I have no baggage but my
three trunks, five dogs, and von black girl."

A few weeks ago a couple went to a coun-
try church to be married. When, in the
course of the marriage service, the Minister
asked the bridegroom, in the usual form
"Wilt thou have this woman for thy wed-
ded wife?" he coolly answered, "To be sure
I will; I'm come o' purpose."

Two porters met in the street, one carried
a trunk on his back, and the other carried a
trunk before him. "What Ned!" quoth
the latter, "I see you carry your trunk like
a horse, on your back." "And you carry
your's in front, like an elephant," replied
the other.

"How is the cotton market this week?"
inquired a gentleman the other day.—
"Quite dead," replied a "lad of the flags."
"Then," observed the inquirer, "why don't
you bury it?"

A young wife remonstrated with her hus-
band, (a dissipated spendthrift) on his con-
duct. "My love," said he, "I am only like
the prodigal son, I shall reform by-and-by."
"And I will be like the prodigal son, too,"
she replied, "for I will arise and go to my
father."

A briefless barrister bit his tongue while
masticating a most humble meal. "Your's
are sagacious teeth, Ned," said a friend who
was present, "they have punished your
tongue for not finding them better employ-
met."