

To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.

SIR,

The following verses I have retained in my memory from my earliest years; but who the author is, or when I first saw them, is more than I can now remember. They seem to possess a considerable degree of poetical merit—the language is bold and nervous, and the descrip-

tions well colored and expressive. This much I judge it necessary to premise, in case the mean crime of plagiarism might be laid to my charge:—

Yours,

JOHN TEMPLEDON.
Knoydart, Gulf Shore, 1826.

The red torrent rush'd through the rush-border'd woodland,
And dash'd its wild waves through the green waving broom;
While o'er the dun skirts of the brown bosom'd moorland,
The full rising moon the low vales did illumine.

The love star was kissing the rill's glossy bosom,
The fairies were footing the wild daisies blossom,
Or soft on the drooping harebells reposed 'em,
And blew their green bugles aloud to the gale.

The smoke of the cottage hung blue o'er the fountain—
The night brooding fast dipt its wings in the stream;
The light skirted mist roll'd its folds o'er the mountain,
Or caught with its grey wings the moon's rippling beam.

Why starts on the low heath the dapple winged plover?
Or wide on its skirts does the red falcon hover?
Or why on the heath walks the sad musing lover?
And sighs some soft strain to the praise of his maid.

Now by yon green hawthorn he waits for his maiden,
And thinks every breeze is his light footed fair—
The bleak midnight blast sighed past heavy laden,
And chilly it wafled his notes of despair.

Ah! me ye wild winds do you sigh for my Mary,
Or bear on your dark wings the thought-footed fairy—
Thou, dull slumbering earth, Oh! give me my deary;
Her looks will illumine my sorrowful soul.

How pale is that cheek where the roses were springing,
No more that wan eye in its love darts a winging,
No more that weak hand your golden locks flinging,
To play on the beams of the western star.

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THE GRAVE OF ELLEN.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Oh! stranger, if by worldly views,
Thy heart is dead to Love's control—
If feeling never nursed with dews,
The rose of passion in thy soul,

Turn from this grave thy sullen tread,
For this is pity's holiest shrine—
The lilies that surround the dead,
Would blush at such a touch as thine.

But if thy heart with ardor warm,
Beats to the thrilling glance of beauty,
If thou hast knelt to woman's charm,
With all of love's delightful duty,

Then pause, if love awakes your sighs,
For love and pity seldom sever—
Behold the grave where beauty lies,
Where Ellen sleeps—alas! for ever.