

Many seasons travelled he,
With his load of misery,
Striving to forget the pain
Which was clinging to his brain.
Many seasons, many years,
Number'd by his burning tears,
Many nights his boding cry
Scared the traveller passing by;
But all in vain his wanderings were,
He could not from his memory tear
The things that had been, still were there.

One night, very very weary,
He sat in a hollow tree,
With his thoughts—ah! all so dreary
For his only company—
—He heard something like a sound
Of horse-hoofs through the forest bound,
And full soon he was aware,
A Stranger and a Lady fair,
Hid them, motionless and mute,
From a husband's swift pursuit.

The cheated husband passed them by,
The Owl shrieked out, he scarce knew
why;
The spoiler look'd, and, by the light,
Saw two wild eyes that, ghastly bright,
Threw an unnatural glare around
The spot where he had shelter found.—
Starting, he woke from rapture's dream,
For again he heard that boding scream,
And "On—for danger and death are nigh,
When drinks mine ear yon dismal cry"—
He said—and fled through the forest fast;
The owl has punish'd his foe at last—
For he knew, in the injured husband's foe,
Him who had laid his own hopes low.

Sick grew the heart of the bird of night,
And again and again he took to flight;
But ever on his wandering wing
He bore that load of suffering!—
Nought could cheer him!—the pale moon,
In whose soft beam he took delight,
He look'd at now reproachfully,
That she could smile, and shine, while he
Had withered 'neath such cruel blight.
He hooted her—but still she shone—
And then away—alone! alone!—

The wheel of time went round once more,
And his weary wing him backward bore,
Urged by some strange destiny
Again to the well-known forest tree,
Where the stranger he saw at night,
With the lovely Lady bright.

The Owl was dozing—but a stroke
Strong on the root of the sturdy oak
Shook him from his reverie—
He looked down, and he might see
A stranger close to the hollow tree!
His looks were haggard, wild, and bad,
Yet the Owl knew in the man, the lad
Who had destroyed him!—he was glad!
And the lovely Lady too was there,
But now no longer bright nor fair;
She was lying on the ground,
Mute and motionless, no sound
Came from her coral lips, for they
Were seal'd in blood; and, as she lay,
Her locks, of the sun's most golden gleam,
Were dabbled in the crimson stream
That from a wound on her bosom white—
(Ah! that Man's hand could such impress
On that sweet seat of loveliness)—
Welled, a sad and ghastly sight,
And ran all wildly forth to meet
And cling around the Murderer's feet.

He was digging a grave—the Bird
Shriek'd aloud—the Murderer heard
Once again that boding scream,
And saw again those wild eyes gleam—
And "Curse on the Fiend!" he cried,
and flung
His mattock up—it caught and hung—
The Felon stood a while aghast—
Then fled through the forest, fast, fast,
fast!

The hardened Murderer hath fled—
But the Owl kept watch by the shroudless
dead,
Until came friends with the early day,
And bore the mangled corse away—
Then, cutting the air all silently,
He fled away from his hollow tree.

Why is the crowd so great to-day,
And why do the people shout "huzza"?
And why is yonder Felon given
Alone to feed the birds of heaven?
Had he no friend, now all is done,
To give his corse a grave?—Not one!

Night has fallen. What means that cry?
It descends from the gibbet high—
There sits on its top a lonely Owl,
With a staring eye, and a dismal scowl,
And he screams aloud, "Revenge is
sweet!"
His mortal foe is at his feet!

A SCHOOLMASTER OF THE OLD LEAVEN.

THE good old race of flogging school-
masters, who restrained the passions
by giving vent to them, and took care
to maintain a proper quantity of fear

and tyranny in the world, are now
perhaps nearly extinct; at least are
not replenished, as they used to be
with a supply of bad blood in the