

The musical score is written for piano on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a *loco* marking and contains several measures of eighth and sixteenth notes, some beamed together. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. It features a *Fine mf* marking and includes a *ten Rf* (trill) marking over a note. The piece concludes with a *D.C.* (Da Capo) instruction. The notation includes various musical symbols such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

(ORIGINAL.)

TWO MINDS CONTRASTED.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

To you, the world is as a rose
That decks a virgin's breast,
Perfuming ev'ry gale that blows
'Round Love's voluptu'ous nest.
To me, 'tis as the wilted flow'r
Fast hast'ning to decay,—
'Twas lovely in its summer hour!
(That hour has pass'd away.)

To you the world is as a blade,
Of bright Damascus steel,
On hilt and scabbard, fresh, display'd
Whate'er, art can reveal
To me, 'tis as the rusted brand,
Corroding on the wall,
No more to flash in Valour's hand,
On field or festival.

To you, the world is as the sea
When calm as summer lake,—
When o'er its surface, wantonly,
Infantile zephyrs wake.
To me, 'tis as the ocean's breast
When tempests hoarsely roar,
And billows rear their foaming crest
And lash the frightened shore.

To you, the world is as a song
Of joyousness and mirth,
Sung by the fairest of the throng
Of daughters of the earth.
To me, the world is sicklied o'er
With sorrow and disgust;—
I would not live with heart so sore,
But that—I must—I must!

(ORIGINAL.)

FAME AND BEAUTY.

BY JAMES HOLMES.

ADDRESS'D TO A LADY WHO, (VIEW'D THRO'
THE DECEPTIVE MEDIUM OF YOUTHFUL PAS-
SION) APPEAR'D, CHASTE AS DIANA,—AND
MAJESTIC AS MINERVA,—THOUGH VOLUPTU-
OUS AS VENUS.

They tell me that Fame has a magical power
O'er the minds of the young and the hearts of the
brave;

That they court her with passion, where Carnage
doth low'r,

That her blood stain-ed laurel is all that they crave,
That the bayonet charge is their happiest hour,
The music they love best—the shriek and the rave
Of the dying and gashed,—and the hiss of the
shower,

Whose drops are all passes to pain and the grave;
But I turn from her features, all dripping with gore,
To the shrine of sweet Beauty, the Queen of De-
light,

I kneel at her altar, I gaze, I adore—
And bask in her sunny and roseate light.

I feel her soft flame at my heart's very core,
Enraptured, I equal the proud eagle's flight,

I spurn the vile earth, and to Paradise soar,
Where the diamonds of love are glittering bright.

Oh! one hour of Love is worth ages of Fame,
And they who have tasted both, know it is true!

Fame dazzles and gleams, as the Boreal flame!
But the Loves of the Angels, have substance in
you!—