

EVENING IN JUNE.

The purple lilac with the dark green leaves
 A subtle perfume spreads o'er fields wherein
 The meadow-lark with clear full singing cleaves
 The choral air. The rossignols begin
 A blither song, where the treacherous spiders spin
 Their shimmering webs. The robin o'er her young
 Chirps cheerfully, or starts the frightened din.
 Till the night oriole lights his lamp among
 The blooms of marigold and spotted adder's tongue.

DEATH OF SIR JOHN.

What news to all alike brings startling sorrow?
 And he is dead, the vigorous chieftain dead?
 Nor e'en for him would death still brook to-morrow?
 No more shall followers vaunt and foemen dread;
 No more by him the hot debate be led;
 No more the lively tale, the clever jest
 Of him the State's most skilful, ablest head,
 Albeit not her sternest, not her best,
 But such is over now, then let his ashes rest.

When all was anarchy, he seized the reins,
 And broke and trained the fiery coursers young,
 And from so many wide and fair domains
 One great Dominion 'neath his guidance sprung,
 Which he made glorious, till the nations rung
 With our renown and his immortal name.
 But now his day was o'er; his work was done.
 'Twas well.—He lived to hear his land's acclaim,
 And perished in the pride of his Marengo fame.