

OUR TABLE.

POEMS, NARRATIVE AND LYRICAL—BY WM. MOTHERWELL.

THE first American edition of these poetical gems has just been issued from the press in Boston, after they have been for some years printed and circulated wherever the English language is known or spoken.

Motherwell was a young man when he died; but he left some pieces behind him—radiant from the fountain of inspiration,—which will keep him young in the world's memory, while the heart beats responsive to the strains of heroic verse. But though he knew how to stir the soul with the voice of battle, he also knew the pathway to the gentler and more genial sympathies which form the brighter colours in the mingled thread of life.

There are few who have not heard of Motherwell, and read his poems—none who, having read, have not admired him and them. The poet's early death, which seemed to give a tone of prophecy to the pathetic outpourings of his muse, gave to them also a deep and melancholy interest; but this was not necessary to his fame, which his poems had already secured inalienably to him. There is something peculiarly pleasing in the character of the poetry of Motherwell. The celebrated lament of "Jeanie Morrison" will bear comparison with anything in the language it adorns. Its plaintive and simple beauty, and the ease and grace with which the rich thoughts that inspired it are woven together, have seldom been equalled—we may add they have never been surpassed. It is already, however, so widely known, and so universally admired, that it is unnecessary as it were vain to attempt to eulogize it.

The following beautiful lines, we believe, were not published in the Scotch edition of Motherwell's Poems. We quote them here, in order that, as far as the circulation of the *Garland* extends, they may be read and treasured. They were written shortly before the author's death, and may have been the expression of the saddened feelings with which a kind of presentiment of his approaching end had inspired him:—

When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,
Sad music make;
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Like full hearts break,
Will there then one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay;
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory
On that low mound;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneliness crowned;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Facing it round?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed,—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no fear start;
It were in vain,—for time hath long been knelling—
Sad one, depart!