

TAPESTRY.

WRITTEN FOR A GENTLEMAN'S ALBUM,

BY PHILANDER OFFAIRE.

In times of old a lady's leisure,
 If moving not the minute's measure,
 Or unemployed in rural pleasure,
 In hunting or in falconry—
 Was spent within her garden bower,
 Or seated in a lofty tower—
 Singing sweet songs from hour to hour,
 While working figured tapestry.

But some blue-belles of modern date,
 On Fortune and on fashion wait—
 Are better versed in Church and State,
 In folly and in finery—
 The management of studded glances—
 Voluptuous attitudes and dances—
 And rather read Bulwer's romances,
 Than work a piece of tapestry.

Those worthy dames of ancient days,
 Would listen to the warrior's praise,
 And gather from the minstrel's lays,
 A subject for embroidery—
 Transfer the tale of gallant deeds—
 The rout wherein the chieftain leads—
 The dying men and battle steeds—
 Wove in the web of tapestry—

But tho' they loved not wars alarms,
 'Twas desperate deeds and feats of arms,
 Could win alone a lady's charms,
 In times of ancient chivalry—
 Yet there were other stories told,
 In tissue thread of silk and gold,
 Of true or hapless loves of old,
 Wrought on their silken tapestry.

Many a dark and bardic tale
 Of fearful chance, of woe and weal—
 The feuds and forays of the Pale,
 With all the truth of history :
 The story of a spell-bound knight—
 The workings of an evil sprite—
 And fairies dancing by moonlight,
 And halls of phantom revelry—

Many an olden festive scene—
 Of banqueters in glittering sheen—
 Of dancers dressed as they have been,
 In native antique drapery—
 The maiden's stolen glance expressed—
 His lady-love the chieftain pressed,
 With ardour to his noble breast,
 Clad in an iron panoply—

The landscape wild—the ruined tower
 Where grew old ivy and wall-flower—
 Or palace of some prince of power—
 And lake and mountain scenery ;
 The fettered captive's silent doom,
 The shadow of his dungeon gloom,
 To be in life and death his tomb—
 And tales of chilling mystery :

And many a patient hour was spent
 In blazoning the tournament—
 The hosts, the steeds, the painted tent—
 And all the pride of pageantry ;
 The lovely dames, before whose eyes
 The rivals combat for the prize—
 Each boldly wins, or gladios dies—
 Upon the piece of tapestry.

By quaint device and rude design,
 They sought to picture and define,
 The fate and fortunes of their line—
 Its annals and its pedigree.
 A transfixed heart for early grief—
 A rampant lion "in relief,"
 Was emblem of the haughty chief—
 The food of future heraldry.

Here still we see though tints be dim
 The bearing proud, the nervous limb
 Of noble knight and warrior grim—
 The portraits of their ancestry—
 And with a deepening interest trace
 The gentle beauty and the grace
 That marked the ladies of their race—
 In tinsel on their tapestry.

'Tis thus, in this brave book of thine,
 All subjects, hues and shapes combine,
 The "little et dulce" twine—
 In painting and in poetry.
 And may we hope on this brochure,
 The pictures that your friends portrayed
 Will long remain, and never fade—
 At least from out your memory.

COMPLAIN NOT OF LIFE.

BY H. G.

Complain not of life in your youth,
 But reverence, enjoy, and obey,
 Be steadfast in love and in truth,
 Seek the sunshine of hope, and be gay.

Complain not of life in your prime,
 Take cares with the pleasures that soothe the mind
 And if sorrows beset you some time,
 A patient endurance can smoothe them.

Complain not of life in your age,
 But open your heart to its gladness,
 Melt the child in the saint, and the sage,
 And look for God's light in your sadness.

Complain not of life that it fades,
 True hearts remain fresh to the last,
 And when the night comes with its shades
 Can dwell in the glow of the past.

Complain not of life for its tears,
 They fall upon verdure and flowers ;
 If they start from our sorrows and fears,
 A rainbow encircles the showers.