

one tone of sentiment to another, are the surest proof that the feelings are deeply agitated? I wish my memory enabled me to quote the passage, for a little Latin, or better still, a little Greek, would irrefragably have settled the truth of the doctrine; yet it was no learned grammarian, but Nature herself, who taught it to this poor man; he utters his passionate apostrophe to the beauty and kindness of the beloved, and then indignantly turns to ban the cruelty of the Judge, who could not discern her excellence. How truthful, too, is the implicit confidence in her innocence! there is no need of a formal proof; he *knows* her guileless heart, and that a dishonest thought could find no entrance there:

"For stealing is a thing vich she never vos inclined to."

And then how deep is the misery of the last line, with its pathetic reiteration—

"But he sent my love across the seas, far, far away."

But alas! distance is not the only cause of woe—the separation is to be of long duration—

For seven long years, my love and I are parted—
For seven long years, my love is bound to stay;
Bad luck to the chap vot 'ud ever be false-hearted—
Oh! I'll love my love for ever, though she's far, far away.

There is some young men, so preciously deceitful,
A coaxing of the young gals they wish to lead astray;
As soon as they deceive 'em, so cruelly they leave 'em,
And never sighs nor sorrows ven they're far, far away.

Here is another fine example of the sudden turns of passion; tearful lamentation over the long parting that has to be endured, is succeeded by the most fervid indignation against the false-hearted. In our opinion, this sentiment is expressed more finely, though in more homely language, than in Byron's famous verses, and the reason is, that the costermonger was sincere, while the Peer, with all his scorn of fickleness, was *fickle*:

"And let the fool still prone to range,
And sneer at all who cannot change,
Partake his jest with idle boys,
I envy not his varied joys,
But hold such fickle, heartless man
Less than the solitary swan,
Far, far beneath the shallow maid
He left believing and betrayed—
Such shame at least was never mine."

Oh! my Lord, how can you say so?!

But it would occupy too much space were we to descant on all the merits of this excellent song. Suffice it to say, that the last verse displays the hopefulness which a trusting, loving heart will ever feel, that in spite of present cloudy weather, "a good time's coming," when the sunshine of

happiness will smile upon the faithful pair—a hope in which every reader of taste must sympathize.

Oh! I bought my love a ring on the very day she started,
Vich I gave her as a token for to remember me,
And ven she does come back, oh! ve'll never more be parted,

But ve'll marry and be happy, oh! for ever and a day.

As we have now *proved to demonstration*, by the aid of this marvellously beautiful poem, that the most admirable humour can be combined with the most commendable sentiment, let us hope that the grotesque blending of fun and villainy, will hereafter be laid aside, and that mankind will learn, that they may laugh and yet be wise from the author of "All round my hat."

SUGGESTED BY READING—Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY'S POEM ON THE WORDS

"TOO LATE."

BY WILL.

The poet may deck them in amethyst's hues,
Or the minstrel breathe o'er them his strain,
Still they sadden my heart, and their echoes diffuse
The lep'rous distilment of pain.

For I heard them when eut'ring the haven of bliss,
My young bosom fill'd with delight;
And they swept by my soul like the chill winds that kiss
The rose with a venomous blight.

I had toil'd on a sea where the varying strife
Is more fierce than the ocean attends;
And whose billows, they say, will rush over the life
Of the loftiest spirit that bends.

And I bore in my barque neither ill-gotten lore,
Nor "base mammon" to lay at her feet;
But an offering—abounding in wealthiest store—
Of as faithful a heart as e'er beat.

Then the bright beams of hope shone afar in the sky,
And their radiance illumined my home;
Its threshold once crossed,—I should sweep from mine eye
Ev'ry tear that bedimmed it alone.

But "too late!" (like the thunder that bursts o'er a scene,
Which the lightning just clothed in light,
And with peal upon peal, and quick flashes between,
Darkly deepens the gloom of the night!)

It broke forth in a gathering, darkening cloud,
From those lips that I loved so well;
While the soft glance of pity was whisp'ring aloud,
What the tongue too long tarried to tell.

And now, as the ship's shatter'd fragments come back
On the waves that have lash'd her in scorn,
Those words bear again to my desolate track,
How I loved! how I lost! and am lost!

Montreal, June 22.