

The fish swims idly near my couch,
 And twinkling fies off touch my brow,
 And spirits mutely to me crouch
 While waters softly o'er them flow.

Then come thee to these arms of mine,
 And come thee to this bosom fair,
 And thou mid silver waves shalt twine,
 The tresses of my silken hair.

I have a ring of the river weed,
 'Twas fasten'd with a spirit's Kiss;
 I'll wed thee in this moonlight mead,
 Ah! look not on my love amiss.

E. J.

TO THE CHILD OF THE FORESTS.

Is not thy heart far oft amidst the woods,
 Where the red Indian lays his father's dust,
 And, by the rushing of the torrent floods,
 To the Great Spirit bows in silent trust?
 Doth not thy soul o'ersweep the foaming main,
 To pour itself upon the wilds again?

They are gone forth, the forest's warrior race,
 By stormy lakes to track the elk and roe;
 But where art thou, the swift one in the chase,
 With thy free footstep and unfailing bow?
 Their singing shafts have reach'd the panther's lair,
 And where art thou, thine arrows are not there!

They rest beside their streams—the spoil is won—
 They hang their spears upon the cypress bough,
 The night-fires blaze, the hunters' work is done—
 They hear the tales of old—and where art thou?
 The night-fires blaze beneath the giant pine,
 And there a place is filled that once was thine.

For thou art mingling with the City's throng,
 And thou hast thrown thine Indian bow aside,
 Child of the forest thou art borne along,
 Ev'n as ourselves, by life's tempestuous tide!
 But wilt this be? and canst thou here find rest?
 Thou hadst thy nurture on the desert's breast.

Comes not the sound of torrents to thine ear,
 From the Savannah land, the land of streams?
 Hearst thou not murmurs which none else may hear?
 Is not the Forest's shadow in thy dream?
 They call—wild voices call thee o'er the main—
 Back to thy fire and boundless woods again!

Hear them not!—hear them not!—thou canst not find,
 In the far wilderness what once was thine!
 Thou has quaff'd knowledge from the founts of mind—
 And gathered loftier aims and hopes divine,
 Thou know'st the soaring thought, the immortal strain—
 Seek not the deserts and the woods again.

F. H.