

For The Amaranth.

THE LAMMER GEYER.

An eagle looked from his eyry high,
 As he heard the wind of the storm sweep by;
 And his warring eye grew fierce and bright,
 With the onward rush of the tempest might;
 He lay 'midst the trophies of prowess past,
 Around on the rock of the mountain cast;
 And his kingly heart swelled high with pride,
 As he glanc'd afar on his empire wide.—
 But his pinions droop'd on his aged breast,
 With a weight of years and a wish for rest,
 And the flickering ray of his tearless eye,
 Gleamed like a star when the clouds flit by—
 No more on the spread of his wide wing borne,
 May he sail in the breeze of the dewy morn;
 And his blood-stained talons no more may bear,
 The quivering prey to his mountain lair;—
 The raven plume on his time-worn brow,
 Was soil'd and torn by the tempest now;
 Oh the warrior-bird's stern heart was chill!
 But his soul was true to its nature still;
 And free as the hills of the white Alps near,
 Was the fearless breast of that Lammer Geyer!
 He looked once more on the setting sun,
 As it veil'd its glow where day was done;
 But he could not now, with his dying gaze—
 Defy the full light of its midday blaze;
 He heard the wild crash of the torrents' roar,
 As it foam'd and dash'd in its path of yore—
 And a sudden fire o'er his spirit pass'd,
 As he pour'd his song on the wailing blast.—
 "Aye sweep thou on with thy storm—wild sea!
 "I once was swift on my course as thee;
 "And the shiver'd rock, and the up-torn oak,
 "By the whirlwind's rage or avalanch stroke,
 "Was not more felt in its desolate way,
 "Than my swoop frou high on the cow'ring
 prey.—
 "I have pierced the clouds when the lightnings'
 wrath,
 "Has curled its tresses around my path!
 "The thunder's voice I have laughed to scorn,
 "When the ice-cliffs fell with their bald heads
 torn!
 "And viewed the storm of the winter night,
 "Rage with its withering blast and its blight;
 "Who fearless gazed on its course alone,
 "Save I—and the *Eternal One!*—
 "If I e're could weep, I well might shed,
 "One bitter tear o'er this weary head;
 "If I could bow, I might to see
 "Of all around nought changed—save me!
 "It recks not—for I would rather die,
 "With the pow'r of the heart's sov'reignty

"Within me still, than lingering, bind
 "A slavish chain on the soaring mind.
 "I have lived 'midst the winds of heaven, free,
 "With their music wild, for my lullaby;
 "I go!—with storm upon earth and wave,
 "For a fitting dirge o'er the eagles grave!"

The gale passed on—and up on high,
 An insect soared right merrily;
 He lit on the head of the mountain king,
 And brushed the dew from his sunny wing,
 And wondered to see that form so cold,
 With the eye concealed in its shrouding fold;
 When the cheering sun-beam, so warm and
 bright,
 Beckoned him onward to life and light—
 So he spurn'd the touch of the pow'rless clay,
 And upward roamed on his thoughtless way,
 He knew not that winter would crush his
 pride,
 And soil his wing with the rainbow dyed;
 And lay him, with him of the mountain side.

St. John, August, 1841.

EUGENE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"A Scrap from the Forest," by "K"; and "A Tale of the West Indies," by "W. T." have been received. "Clara's" Sketch came too late for insertion in this number, but will appear in our next.—We hope to hear from her again. "Midnight Musings," has some merit, but will not answer in its present shape—rhymes are *not* poetry. 'Alicia,' is the production of a youthful mind, and exhibits more fancy than judgment.—We think the author might *try again* and be more successful. A great many favors, which we cannot particularise, are under consideration.

The Amaranth,

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