

## POETRY.

## ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

'Tis o'er—in that long sigh she past—  
 The enfranchised spirit soars at last!—  
 And now I gaze with tearless eye  
 On what to view was agony;  
 That panting heart is tranquil now,  
 A heavenly calm that ruffled brow,  
 And those pale lips which feebly strove  
 To force one parting smile of love,  
 Retain it yet—soft, placid, mild  
 As when it graced my living child!  
 O! I have watch'd with fondest care  
 To see my opening flow'ret blow;  
 And felt the joy which parents share,  
 The joy which parents only know.  
 And I have set the long, long night,  
 And mark'd the tender slower decay;  
 Not torn abruptly from the sight,  
 But slowly, sadly waste away!  
 The spoiler came, yet paused—as though  
 So sweet a victim check'd his arm;  
 Half gave, and half withheld the blow,  
 As forc'd to strike, yet loth to harm.  
 But the sad conflict's past—'tis o'er,  
 That gentle bosom throbs no more!  
 The spirit's freed—through realm's of light  
 Faith's eagle glance pursues her flight  
 To other worlds—to happier shies;  
 Hope dries the tears which sorrow weepeth,  
 No mortal sound the voice which cries,  
 "The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth!"

## MY SISTER.

One morning in my early life, I remember to have been playing with a younger sister, not then three years old. It was one of those bright mornings in spring, that bring joy and life to the heart, and diffuse gladness and animation through all the tribes of living creatures. Our feelings were in perfect harmony with the universal gladness of nature. Even now I seem to hear the merry laugh of my little sister, as she followed me through the winding alleys of the garden, her cheek suffused with the glow of health and animation, and her waving hair floating in the wind.

She was an only sister, the sole companion of my childish sports. We were constantly together; and my young heart went out to hers, with all the affection, all the fondness, of which childhood is capable. Nothing afforded me enjoyment in which she did not participate; no amusement was sought which we could not share together.

That morning we had prolonged our play till near the hour of breakfast, with undiminished ardor, when at some slight provocation, my impetuous nature broke forth, and in my anger, I struck my little sister a blow with my hand. She turned to me with an appealing look, and the large tears came

into her eyes. Her heart was too full to allow her to speak, and shame made me silent. At that moment the breakfast bell summoned us away, and we returned to the house without exchanging a word. The excitement of play was over, and as she sat beside my mother at breakfast, I perceived by occasional stolen glances at her, that she was pale and sad. A tear seemed ready to start in her eye, which all her little self-possession could scarcely repress. It was only when my mother enquired if she was ill, that she drank her coffee and endeavoured to eat. I was ashamed and grieved, and inwardly resolved to embrace the first opportunity when we were alone, to throw my arms around her neck, and entreat her forgiveness.

When breakfast was over, my mother retired with her into her own room, directing me in the mean time to sit down to my lesson. I seated myself by the window, and ran over my lesson, but did not learn it. My thoughts were perpetually recurring to the scene in the garden, and at table. It was long before my mother returned, and when she did, it was with an agitated look, and hurried step, to tell me that my poor Ellen was very ill. I asked eagerly if I might go to her, but was not permitted, least I should disturb her. A physician was called, and every means used for her recovery, but to no purpose. The disease, which was in her head, constantly increased in violence, and she became delirious. It was not until evening that I was permitted to see her. She was a little recovered from the severity of her pain, and lay with her eyes closed, and her little hand resting on the pillow beneath her head. How I longed to tell her the sorrow I felt for my unkindness to her in the morning, and how much I had suffered for it during the day. But I was forbidden to speak to her, and was soon taken out of the room. During that night and the following day, she continued to grow worse. I saw her several times, but she was always insensible of my presence. Once indeed, she showed some signs of consciousness, and asked for me, but immediately relapsed into her former state.

On the morning of the third day I rose at an early hour, and repaired to the sick room. My mother was sitting by the bed. As I entered, she drew me to her, and for some time was silent, while the tears flowed fast down her face. I first learned that my sweet sister was dead, as my mother drew aside the curtain that concealed her from me. I felt as though my heart would break. The remembrance of her affection for me, and my last unkind deed, revived in my mind; and burying my face in the folds of the curtain, I wept long and bitterly.

I saw her laid in the coffin, and lowered into the grave. I almost wished to lie down there with her, if so I might see once more her smile, and hear my forgiveness pronounced in her sweet voice.

Years have passed away, and I am now a man—but never does the recollection of this incident of my early life fail to awaken bitter feelings of grief and remorse. And never do I see my young friends exchanging looks or words of anger, without thinking of my last pastime with my own loved Ellen.

**PUNCTUALITY.**—His late Majesty Geo. III, once ordered Mr. S. a tradesman of some eminence in London, to wait on him at Windsor Castle, at eight o'clock in the morning of a day appointed. Mr. S. was half an hour behind the time; and upon being announced, His Majesty said, 'Desire him to come at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning.'

Mr. S. appeared the next day after the time, and received the same command. On the third morning he succeeded in being punctual. Upon his entrance, the king said, 'Oh! the great Mr. S. What sleep do you take Mr. S.?'

'Why, please your majesty, I am a man of regular habits; I usually take eight hours.'

'Eight hours,' said the king, 'that's too much—too much—six hours sleep is enough for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool, Mr. S.—eight for a fool.'

## MAXIMS.

*The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed.—But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously placed in front for show.*

*Sincerity is to speak as we think; to do as we pretend and profess; to perform and make good what we promise; and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.*

*Never disclose your projects, great or small, when disclosure is not necessary—silence enables you to change or abandon them, according to your convenience or inclination, without incurring the charge of fickleness or irresolution.*

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