

Where shall my grief a solace find ?
 Oh ! when shall sorrow cease to be
 The inmate of my harassed mind
 And bleeding heart, that beats for thee.

My sky by clouds is overcast,
 And, like a solitary tree
 Exposed to winter's biting blast,
 I trembling stand and weep for thee.

Oh ! that I ne'er had loved at all—
 A heartless wretch I fain would be—
 Oh ! would that I could ne'er recall
 The blissful hours I spent with thee.

THE BOMBARDED CITY.

How trim the vessel looks, as to and fro
 She swiftly glides upon the mighty main !
 She seems so peaceful that she would disdain
 To stir those homes that sit like drops of snow ;
 Surrounded by a garb of softest green,
 And harmless as a babe's delightful dream.

But hush ! list to that dreadful thund'ring boom
 That makes earth quake ; and hear the fearful crash
 That breaks the air at each successive flash ;
 Which tells too plainly that the sudden doom
 Of some bright home is met : then all is still
 The vessel reels : she's struck from yonder hill.

She struggles bravely and overcomes the stun,
 When boom on boom breaks forth with vengeful ire,
 Till that vast city teems with specks of fire,
 Which, with forked tongue doth spread and wildly run
 To play with frantic glee, its savage game,
 Till block on block melts in a sheet of flame.