

TO—

Fairy quite, I dare not think thee,
Tho' thy fairy form's divine :
Half an angel in thy beauty,
Truth's a gem, by nature thine.

Pure, as is a star's pure light,
E'er'y impulse of thy heart ;
As softly as the moon looks on us,
Thine eyes, thy love impart.

Thy voice so clear ; like dawning spring,
Melting from it's wintry dream.
Nature, claims thee 'mong her flowers,
That are, but what they seem.

Thy smile ! as warm as summer sun,
When all blossoms woo it's gaze,
Carries gladness in it's meaning,
Enchantment in it's rays.

Words of love and fondness spoken,
Borrow sweetness in their sight ;
All sipping as they kiss thy lips,
The dew of chaste delight.

Thy sighs : oh what a heaven
Their trembling meaning breathes :
Thy face : a rose in pride of bloom,
A smile on all it's leaves.

D. E. J.

TO A FRIEND LEAVING FOR EUROPE.

Farewell—

'Tis evanescent in its nature, as are
All things of the Earth—but in that word of
Parting, there is a holy spell, a holiness
Of thought, that we do cling to and retain
Farewell—far o'er the bright blue sea, our
wishes,

Pure from the soul's mould, with thee shall go :
Not with the winds, nor on the rolling wave,
But deeply treasured in the heart's confine,
Secure 'gainst changing tide, borea boisterous.
We are sad, sad at thy leaving, but to joy
'Twill be turned, when we welcome thee back ;
Then thy infants with gladness will prattle thy
name,

And the home of thy loved one, will bright
again be ;

Whilst the halo thou'lt spread round thy dwell-
ling,

Shall beam on for ever, radiant with beauty.
Farewell—we hope to see thee soon again.

E. E. J.

Selected Poetry.

THE ANGEL-WATCH, OR THE SISTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A daughter watched at midnight
Her dying mother's bed ;
For five long nights she had not slept,
And many tears were shed :
A vision like an angel came,
Which none but her might see ;
"Sleep, dutiful child," the angel said,
"And I will watch for thee!"

Sweet slumber like a blessing fell
Upon the daughter's face ;
The angel smiled, and touched her not,
But gently took her place ;
And oh, so full of human love
Those pitying eyes did shine,

The angel-guest half mortal seemed—
The slumberer half divine.

Like rays of light the sleeper's locks
In warm loose curls were thrown ;
Like rays of light the angel's hair
Seemed like the sleeper's own.
A rose-like shadow on the cheek,
Dissolving into pearl ;
A something in that angel's face
Seemed sister to the girl!

The mortal and immortal each
Reflecting each were seen ;
The earthly and the spiritual,
With death's pale face between.
O human love what strength like thine?
From thee those prayers arise
Which, entering into Paradise,
Draw angels from the skies.

The dawn looked through the casement cold—
A wintry dawn of gloom,
And sadder shewed the curtain'd bed.—
The still and sickly room :
"My daughter?—art thou there, my child?
Oh, haste thee, love, come nigh,
That I may see once more thy face,
And bless thee, ere I die!

If ever I were harsh to thee,
Forgive me now," she cried ;
"God knows my heart, I loved thee most
When most I seemed to chide ;
Now bend and kiss thy mother's lips,
And for her spirit pray!"
The angel kissed her; and her soul
Passed blissfully away!

A sudden start!—what dream what sound,
The slumbering girl alarms?
She wakes—she sees her mother dead
Within the angel's arms!
She wakes—she springs with wild embrace—
But nothing there appears
Except her mother's sweet dead face—
Her own convulsive tears.

Fables from various Authors.

WOMAN'S FASCINATION.

(From the *Edenic Review*.)

The Duke de la Force having run through all his property, as dukes often do, died, leaving behind him an only daughter. To this young lady nature had been as unkind as fortune, for, according to the Duchess of Orleans, she was thoroughly ugly. Among the courtiers of that period this was regarded not so much in the light of a misfortune as of a crime; hence everybody appeared to be at liberty to despise and ridicule the ugly. Still Mademoiselle de La Force had not been treated so entirely like a step-daughter by nature as to be left altogether without attractions. Instead of other qualities, she possessed a large share of intelligence, extraordinary powers of conversation, and the most fascinating manners in the world, so that in the blaze of her mental endowments the plainness of her countenance was completely forgotten. It is by no means surprising, therefore, that one of the princes of the house of Conde should have been so enamoured of her as to determine, in spite of her poverty, to marry her. As may easily be imagined, all his relatives became greatly alarmed, and took counsel together respecting the best means of frustrating the lover's hopes. At the court Mademoiselle de La Force enjoyed the reputation of a sorceress, because, without beauty or opulence, she succeeded in casting a spell over men by mere dint of accomplishments. It was not without violence that the scion of the house of Conde could be snatched from her side, and hurried away to the family palace at Chantilly. There, surrounded by all those "potent, grave, and reverend seniors," who constituted the body of his relatives, he was taken to task like a child, and made distinctly

to understand that through their influence with the king the marriage he contemplated with a person so much beneath him should certainly be prevented. Having no other resource, the young man formed the idea of escaping from the dilemma by drowning himself, and, rushing forth into the garden, made directly towards a deep canal, bordered by poplars and willows, which ran and still runs, at the bottom of it.

At this point of the story an incident occurs which has always appeared to us inexplicable. It suggested itself to the mind of this fiery lover that it would be more agreeable to drown himself without his clothes, and so he paused on the banks of the canal, and began deliberately to undress. Among the other things which he took off was an amulet, which Mademoiselle de la Force with her own fair hands had suspended by a ribbon about his neck. The moment he had done this all his love vanished into empty air. He looked at the cold water of the canal with a shudder, and putting on his clothes again, and taking up the sashet, he returned into the palace, and having coolly related what had happened to his relatives, expressed his readiness to abandon his mistress for ever. In this way the young lady was deprived of her expected husband, and left to re-commence her attacks upon the hearts of men. It was not very long before another innamorata presented herself. This was a Mademoiselle de Brion, the son of a person high in office and influence, who, after the example of the Conde, offered the most violent opposition to the wishes of his heir. The plan he adopted promised to be no less effectual than theirs. Though the young man had reached the rational age of twenty-five, Monsieur de Brion shut him up like a child, and positively forbade him to hold any intercourse by letters or otherwise with his mistress. But if in one sense love be blind, it certainly exhibits great wealth of invention and quick-wittedness in others. Mademoiselle de la Force became acquainted with a wandering musician, who travelled about with a troop of tame bears, which he made to dance in the streets as he played. It should, perhaps, be observed that this lady was a writer of romances, and therefore familiar with all the ingenious devices of passion. She now formed a design by which she doubted not she should be able to triumph over the argus policy of the elder De Brion. Her scheme was to get herself sewed up in the skin of a bear, and in this disguise to proceed in company with her ursine friends to the court of Monsieur de Brion's house, there to dance and play tricks for the amusement of her lover, whom she contrived to apprise of her intentions. Her scheme succeeded. The musician played, the bears danced, the ardent lover descended to the court, and there, while apparently engaged in frolicking with bruin, concerted a matrimonial rendezvous. The marriage took place, and the enchanted couple proceeded to Versailles, where Louis XIV. gave them apartments in the palace. But, alas! for the felicity of this world. De Brion, the father, proceeded like a tornado to the parliament of Paris, and there exerting his influence and his eloquence—perhaps also the force of his cash—obtained a dissolution to the marriage. Mademoiselle de la Force, once more become a spinster, abandoned all hopes of connubial life, and betook herself to the uniting of others in the pliant pages of romance, inwardly no doubt detesting that social system which thus enabled the wealthy and powerful to sport with the feelings and happiness of the poor.—*Article: Letters of the Duchess of Orleans.*

THE IDEAL MISTRESS OF ITALIAN POETRY.

(From the *Dublin University Magazine*.)

Still, through Dante's smaller poems chiefly, and through his own comments on them, are we enabled to learn, with any distinctness, the