

*Poetical*

THE DYING GIRL.

Love passes from me, mother, oh! so rapidly away,  
Ethereal voices speak to me, they will not let me stay;  
Oh! there are dark forebodings all entwined around my heart,  
And they tell me, dearest mother, that thou and I shall part.

Oh! let me see the sunshine, and the gay and bright world,  
With all its bright and beautiful, just budding into birth;  
They told me when the spring-time came, with song of birds and flowers,  
That I should rally and revive amid its general hours.

They told me—but it was not true—I feel its falsehood now,  
The sign of the shadowy land is set upon my brow;

It is a long, long journey, I am going all alone;  
The path-way to the spirit-world is distant and unknown.

Nay, mother, dearest mother, nay, I would not have the weep;  
Oh! it is not a gentle thing to lay one down and sleep.

Away from all the weeping, the sorrow, and the pain,  
Which makes the fairest things of life so empty and vain?

I would have the morn for me, and grieve when I am gone,  
For where my sun of life shall set, and death be come;

Thou'll join me where within those realms—those regions of the blest—

The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The shades are gathering o'er me, fast; alas! I cannot see;  
Life's bark is tossed upon the waves of lone Eternity.

The waters rise around me, they engulf my gurgling breath;

O mother! take my hand in thine—that is the night of death!

BROTHMAN.—"MIRANDA."—A London correspondent of the N. Y. Mirror gives an amusing sketch of this distinguished English Peer. He says:

Lord Brothman has been, during the week, almost a great lion as the most brilliant of the eccentric party has shown his velvet peers, and astounded them by a new vagary in the style of his costume, the sight of which is enough to break a tailor's heart. Picture to yourself the venerable, half-witted Earl of Exeter, who, with his coat of arms, a small pocket-handkerchief, purple stockings, red silk stockings, white waistcoat, white cravat, and black velvet coat, is flouting Vixen, reaching his claws! Fancy this attire, surmounted by the most extraordinary fopery in the world, Brothman's face! Then conceive the whole appearance of the Peer, amidst all the glittering and sumptuous paraphernalia of medieval magnificence; the four hours in the afternoon; a midsummer sun streaming through the uncurtained windows; the crimson bosom of the sun itself, reflected in the chivalry of Ramrods, in the Shipping order in very short time; every attire, every motion, every step, a studied walk; and the usual love-pots for cash.

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