

For 'tis balm to my heart, like soft dew on a flower,
 When I muse on the past, or give fancy full scope,
 In the wild, but seducing, bright visions of hope.

Then I think on the scenes, when in boyhood so gay,
 With the friends of my heart, I have spotted away ;
 Void of care, without fear, full of frolicsome glee,
 I then felt as happy as happy could be ;—
 But, alas, so much alter'd by time is each scene,
 That I now almost doubt that such things once have been ;
 Of the friends of my youth, scarce a trace can I find,
 For they're scatter'd by fate, just like chaff by the wind.

Yet there lingers a feeling time ne'er can remove,
 The fond hallow'd thought of my earliest love,
 Which when thought on by me, in an hour such as this,
 Imparts to my bosom a sorrowful bliss ;—
 'Twas a flame so romantic, so pure in its kind,
 All that charm'd my existence in it was combined ;
 But the heart which to mine I so often had press'd,
 Hath long in the cold silent tomb lain at rest.

As I gaze on that orb, which so calmly doth shine,
 To less happy moments, my cares I resign,
 And my soul, as enfranchised, in rapturous flight,
 Soars to worlds in yon skies, far less fading and bright—
 Oh! it knows, and it feels, there's a haven of rest,
 In that star-spangled ocean, prepared for the blest,
 And it longs for its troubles and faults here to cease,
 To wing its glad way to a mansion of peace.

SKIMMERHORN.

THE BILLIARD TABLE.

A sketch from Nature, by an Amateur.

Some first-rate artists paint with magic art,
 The wondrous workings of the human heart,
 In deepest shade, or else in brightest light,
 Depicting vice and virtue as they write ;
 And some our tenderest sympathy will move,
 By a fond woe-fraught tale of hapless love ;
 Some in didactic verse, and sounding line,
 Morals and criticism, with wit combine ;
 Such I disclaim ; mine be a task more humble,
 I soar not high, and so not far can tumble.
 Content if I an outline true can trace,
 And paint some traits of character and place,