



The Literary Gem.

CHILD OF THE COUNTRY.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Child of the Country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed, 'mid the May-flowers, like the bee,
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
Lulled in the breast to that glad tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June
I sing of thee—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the Town! for thee I sigh:
A gilded roof's thy golden sky—
A carpet is thy daisied sod—
A narrow street thy boundless road—
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
Of watchman—thy best light's a lamp—
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines.
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair?

Child of the Country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet:
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throatle sung
In April, while she nursed her young;
The den beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins, the timorous hare;
The knoll wrought o'er with blue bells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
The shill's nest, that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree;
And other marvels which my voice
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the Town! for thee, alas!
Glad Nature spreads nor flowers nor grass:
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run:
A Maypole is thy blossomed tree,
A beetle is thy murmuring bee:
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
The poulterer dwells, beside the hare;
Thy fruit is plucked, and by the pound
Hawked clamorous all the city round:
No roses, twin born on the stalk,
Perfume thee in thy evening walk:
No voice of birds—but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and vassail waken strife,

Child of the Country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn:
Blith as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the wings of Spring
Bright as the sun, when from the cloud
He comes, as cock's are crowing loud.

Now running, shouting 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting Echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree,
For climbing sake. 'Tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the Town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet!
Thy paths are paved for five long miles;
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles:
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
And thou art caged and confined
At once from sun and dew and wind,
Or set thy tottering feet but on
The lengthened walks of slippery stone;
The coachman there careering reels
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels:
While flushed with wine and stung at play,
Men rush from darkness into day;
The stream's too strong for thy small back—
There nought can sail save what is stark.

Fly from the Town, sweet Child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth:
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread,
Are written words, which rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

COLUMBUS.

One of the greatest men that at various stages of time have appeared upon our earth was Columbus. He was original in his thoughts, grand in his conceptions, bold in his actions, and considerate in all he did. Such characters on the ocean of time, stand out in bold relief like pleasant islands on the vast deep, refreshing to look upon.

In olden times we have Abraham, Moses, Daniel, Maccabeus, Pythagoras, Solon, Plato, Confucius, Cicero and others. In more modern times we have Luther, Shakespeare, Bacon, Galileo, Alfred, Milton, Cromwell, Columbus, and Newton. In the generation just past we have Washington, Lafayette, Bonaparte, Howard, Bentham, Jefferson, Franklin, Byron, Scott, Cuvier, and Herschel. In our own day there are prominent individuals, who are leading the minds of men; men progressive in knowledge and opinions Columbus in all his ideas and opinions, was in advance of his time. He had followed a bold and adventurous life, full of heroic actions. His nautical skill was great. He had deeply reflected on the form of our earth, had studied the character of the ocean, and in his lofty and fervent imagination; had conceived that the world must be much larger than men of his time supposed. He had read too of the land of the Atlantides. His eye had followed the setting sun, in thousands of instances, and he had mused on

the distant Hesperides, the land of beauty and of promise. The bold resolve was formed of following this glorious orb, and over a trackless waste of waters, to sail for a hidden world. He had talked of his project for many years to his friends; had been a suppliant at the courts of France, England, Spain, Portugal, and in Italy for aid to commence the grand journey. He had freely expressed the thoughts of his soul to *learned men*, who in their *wisdom* ridiculed his wild *enthusiasm*. By some he was laughed at, by others pitied, and by many looked upon as a bold enthusiast who would do any thing. The kings of the earth could spend their treasures on war, pageants, or worthless women, but they could not appreciate the conduct or thoughts of this son of nature and science. The glory, riches and beauty of a sunny western world were with them a mere dream. A dream to be talked of, but never realized. After many long years of toil and exertion, the King and Queen of Spain, more liberal than their fellows of the earth, agreed to aid this great mariner in his enterprise. His eye had grown dim, his form bent and his locks grey in striving to get up his enterprise. At last the great man commenced his voyage, and sailed with his little fleet and band of heroes, who almost considered that they were sacrificing themselves to the deep, victims of the enthusiasm of one man. For days, and weeks, and months, they sailed westward, looking into the dark and shadowy distance for the land of promise, but in vain. No sign of life or land appeared. The sailors became clamorous and mutinous, and it required all the powers of the mind of this great and original man to still their complaints, which he did from day to day.

Like the Christian mariner of this life, firm in the convictions of the truths and promises of the *Ancient of Days*; looking over the dark things of life, and through the shadowy vista that separates good men from that glorious, splendid, and immortal land of spirits and souls of the departed just; he firm in his conviction of the truths of science, and that his project was one that must result in success, persevered until when all was despair and despondency, in the fleet, except with him, a glorious spectacle burst upon the ravished mind of his crew and upon his. The land of beauty and of promise had appeared; the sweet spicy breezes of the Indies kissed his lips, the soft and delicious music of the tropical birds burst upon his ears, the bright flowers of the sunny south, and the verdure of the waving forest filled his heart with rapture. The big tears of overwhelming joy filled the great man's eyes, and to consummate the glory of the scene, he fell upon his knees, and thanked that God, who in his all-protecting Providence brought him safely to the