

And voice less tempted to accuse.  
 But, O ! may curses deep and strong,  
 Rain on the perverse, poaching throng,  
 Who wreck my pools with torch and glaive,  
 As midnight ghouls ransack a grave.  
 And I have seen my infants rot,  
 In heaps beneath the summer ray,  
 Around the shady woodland spot,  
 Where " Herods " spent their holiday.  
 Yet I'm protected by the law,  
 Though slowly tortured unto death—  
 The warder's sword no strength may draw—  
 Disuse has glued it to the sheath,  
 Enough : 'twould seem the die is cast—  
 Deeper and deeper I must sink,  
 A finless stream, until at last—  
 Deserted even by the mink !  
 Words ceased, but in their place shrill wailings came,  
 And sobs that spoke a grief without a name :  
 And slowly up the stream those weird cries move,  
 As if some matron, mourned her stricken love  
 Behind his bier ; the boiling rapids hush  
 The wild commotion of their foaming rush,  
 To let their Queen be heard, while woods awoke  
 Their echoes to repeat the sobs which broke  
 From that crushed heart, until the coming day  
 Had creamed the east, and then—they died away.

—JOHN CAVEN.

### Two Departures.

**I**T was a courageous resolve which animated and sustained our  
 ancestors through the great ordeal of emigration. Their  
 homes in the old world were dear to them ; but under the in-  
 fluence of this determination they snapped all the ties which bound  
 them to the land of their birth ; faced the perils of the ocean,  
 often in unseaworthy and uncomfortable ships ; and braved the