

awkward appearance when he walked. His complexion was dark and his eyes penetrating, but his noble intellectual forehead distinguished him from the common mortals by whom he was surrounded. His voice was exquisitely melodious, like that of the Angel Israfel, which charmed all who listened to it.

The house where he lived in Ferrara is still preserved with the utmost care, and shown as a sacred thing, and many a pilgrim has bent thitherward his steps to offer his homage to the home of the poet; and, as he reads the Latin inscription penned by himself, which still remains over the door, has almost fancied he could feel the presence of the spirit which has hallowed the lowly tenement. Ferrara, now lone and deserted, is one of the saddest towns of Italy, and it would indeed be almost one of the *has beens*, without name or place, had not Ariosto there warbled his sweet lays, and Tasso consecrated it by the sad seal of suffering genius.

"HEART'S EASE."

BY ANDREW L. PICKEN.

"A hermit wilding—twined round oaken roots
Found i' the heart of the forest—" FORD.

"You remember that beautiful Scotch girl, who created such a sensation at the ball at Brussels—you must—she was chaperoned by that odious *vieille*—with her green spectacles and gold flagree snuff-box—Lady D——, and you were at the time deeply impressed with her appearance. She died at a religious house (to which she had retired after the battle,) about six weeks ago, of a slow consumption. I remember an affecting incident occurring during the hurry and confusion of our leave-taking. She was leaning in humid despair upon the shoulder of the gallant and unfortunate Norman Ramsay, Major of the —, while he, with an effort at cheerfulness, plucked a bunch of 'Heart's Ease' from one of the vases, and placed it in her bosom. It seems they were betrothed. 'Remember the words of the prophet, Mary,' said he affectionately, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' The withered flowers were found in her bible between the leaves opening upon that text, long after he had perished."

A. L. P.

Seek not for me in the lighted halls,
Mine is no garland for festivals;
Look not for me in the wreaths they twine,
Round urns of perfume, or cups of wine;
Though torn away from my forest lair,
To deck their banquets—I perish there,
'Neath the heated lip and the flashing eye,
I smile—but smiling, I die—I die.

Yet some come there with their cheeks of bloom,
Like roses wreathed round a marble tomb,
Or the soft pink tints in some Indian shell
Lit with the glance of the sun's farewell;
With locks, like the first light clouds of dawn,
With the dreamy gaze of the woodland fawn.
They come to seek me—alas, for all,
Who seek "Heart's Ease" in the masquing hall!

The feast and the feaster have passed away—
The lamps are winking in morning's ray,
And the wither'd chaplets hang idly down,
And the mirror is mocking its faded crown;
And they, that stood 'mid the festal cheer,
Like the wounded palm, or the "stricken deer,"
With their strange bright eyes and their fatal bloom,
Have passed from the revel away—to the tomb.

They found me, they found me, but all too late,
Young Hope had died in the grasp of Fate—
The rich bloom fled, like the last bright streak
In the darkening west, from the blighted cheek;
And the pallid taper and holy hymn,
Were there for rite and for requiem;
And "Heart's Ease," strewed on their bosoms, lay,
When the young heart's longings were hushed away.

Seek ye for me—oh! seek ye for me,
In the bowery shade of the forest tree,
Where the far-off tones of the ranger's horn
Rouse not the fawn from its rest at morn;
Where the joyous brook goes singing by,
Feeding the echoes with melody,
And the lilies, like Brahmins at eventide,
Are bent, as in worship, its streams beside.

Seek ye for me—oh! seek ye for me,
Where the summer birds most love to be,
Where the worn-out wind, with a feeble sigh,
Comes oft, like a love-sick youth, to die;
And, gather'd the old oak boughs among,
The wild-wood doves, like a vernal throng
In some ancient cloister, all dark and dim,
Are lifting to heaven their evening hymn.

Seek ye for me—oh! seek ye for me,
On the morning track of the joyous bee;
Follow the streamlet through wood and glen;
Follow the glow-worm, you'll find me then—
For it loves to roam through bowers at night,
And wave over blossoms its elfin light.
Meet guide of those who would seek for me
In the calm of my forest sanctuary.

MONTREAL.