

Betty.

Love—A Child.

FROM THE FRAGMENT OF A NOVEL.

My mother, dear good creature, says
That Love with all his coaxing ways,
In love is any feat.

But, Lord, she'll never prove to me
That such a little child as he
Can last a girl of spirit.

I am sure she's wrong before last,
The choicest, sweetest whippersnaw'd
Beeswax—but that's no matter;
I know, I thought Love very charming,
And not by any means alarming;
For all my mother's clatter.

However, just to ease my mind,
(Though we must keep my mother blind,)
I'll search for Love with Thomas;
For even if her fears are true,
An infant is no match for two;
He'd meet with something from us.

The Shepherd's Daughter.

Where the golden band of morn
Touches light the sleeping woman,
There a maiden lowly born.

Guides her flock along the mountain,
Beautiful as the fawn, and fleet,

She invests the world with beauty;
Smiles, and makes a meadow sweet;
Dignify her lambside day.

Sudden light has wreathed the earth,
Robed the daisy and flowers in gladness;

New delights, too deep for mirth;
Gentle grief too sweet for sadness,

Who this sudden charm hath wrought?
Sent this flow of bright revivings?

Must that spring with joyous thought;
Hearts that glow with heavenly feelings?

Surely, 'tis some angel stray,
Not a shepherd's daughter solely,

Who hath earth like heaven arrayed,
In a light and love so holy!

Oh! when stars, like drops of pearl,
Glimmer o'er the shining water;

There I'll woo my mountain girl,
Proudly wed the Shepherd's daughter!

Imitation of Anacreon.

ODE VII.

DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRESS.

Rise, master of the painting art!
Ere thy glowing genius to the skies;

And, while the daisy Rhodan touch his still,
Form, my dear dove, obedient to my will.

In graceful motion let her ripples flow,
As jetty beauties to a breast of snow;

Pain her all-breathless with the voice of love,
And all the living colours of the rose;

Paint her with blushing cheeks and waving hair,
And leave her forehead as the e'ry fair.

This, this alone, a love cannot please,
Unless to love is join'd a lovely ease;

To all alike a human form is given;
'Tis her soft smile that makes Heaven's

If with your art, you could enslave my eyes,
Form Venus beauties, and Minerva wise;

Let roses blossom o'er her nose and cheek,
And Cupid's wand in the dimple sleep;

On her sweet lips let nervous sweetness play,
As the child's violet lark the day;

Let the dear grass round her bosom toy,
Blythe as the air, and as the zephyr o'er;

'Tis youth to draw the cynosure, and the vest
Of beauty lavish, and in purple dress;

'Tis mine to bid the lovely vestment flow,
And light the very charms we wish to know.

Enough—the beauty stands before my eyes,
She speaks a goddess and a lover dies!

From the London Court Journal.

Glances at Life in City and Suburbs.

BY CORNELIUS WREBB.

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"Yes, I'll go out; for it is safe out of

doors as in. More wind! there's a gust!

It's a fine day, but that's no matter;

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For all my mother's clatter.

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was passing across the floor of one of the

small rooms, when he was accosted by an

Englishman, the bright eye of the latter

glancing at the hand of the clock, and

glancing intently in his face. The latter

glanced at his watch, and said, "I know your

name, I know your name, I know your name,

I know your name, I know your name, I

know your name, I know your name, I

know your name, I know your name, I

know your name, I know your name, I

know your name, I know your name, I

know your name, I know your name, I

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imaginary obstacles between. If the

servant is given the best part of her work

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