

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine, yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
To the blue sky, that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee,
The Love of Woman; quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
'Midst Life's dark sea.

And faith—oh! is not Faith
Like thee, too, Lily? springing into light,
Still buoyant above the billow's might,
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high thoughts,
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
Till something there of its own purity
And peace be wrought!

Something yet more divine
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,
As from a shrine.

SILVER HORSE SHOES.

It is mentioned by Beckmann, that when the Marquis of Tuscany, one of the richest princes of his time, went to meet Beatrix, his bride, about the year 1038, his whole train were so magnificently decorated, that his horses were shod, not with iron, but with silver. The nails even were of the same metal; and when any of them dropped out, they belonged to those who found them. It is well known that an ambassador from England to France once indulged in a similar extravagance, to exhibit his opulence and generosity; having had his horse shod with silver shoes so slightly attached, that, by purposely curvetting the animal, they were shaken off and allowed to be picked up by the populace.

TO YOUTHFUL BEAUTY IN THE TOMB.

No tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being, seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O blest departed one!
Whose all of life, a rosy day,
Blush'd into dawn, and pass'd away.

Yes, thou art gone, ere guilt had power
To stain thy cherub soul and form:
Clos'd in the soft, ephemeral flower,
That never felt a storm!
The sunbeam's smile,—the zephyr's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb,
No sculptur'd image there shall mourn;
Ah! fitter far the vernal bloom,
Such dwelling to adorn,
Fragrance, and flowers, and dews must be
The only emblems meet for thee.

A MODERN BACHELOR.

In these unconnubial times, a young bachelor of handsome fortune, tolerable good looks, and a title of any sort appended to his name, is so great a *catch*, to use the colloquial term, that the whole world of mannias, aunts, and married sisters, with a pretty girl in one hand, and a hymeneal noose concealed in the other, chase him from morning till night, from the opera to the play, and from the private ball to the public concert, in the hope of securing him; each as indefatigable in the pursuit as the panting groom whom one sometimes sees running from one corner to another of an extensive field, with a shieve of corn and a hidden halter, striving to catch some skittish horse, who, in the wildness of his liberty, scampers backwards and forwards, desiderating the attractive grain, but having a shrewd presentiment that if he offers to taste it his personal freedom may undergo an unpleasant circumspection. Such a bachelor as we have been describing is veritably a lord of the creation; he "be- strides the narrow earth like a Colossus:" he may exclaim with a literal truth, "I am monarch of all I survey!" for he is magisterial, imperial, autocratical! For ever redolent and tassellated is his table with perfumed, many-coloured billets of invitation; on the same day do twenty dejeuner, dinners, and dances court his acceptance; whithersoever he may go he is a sort of Grand Turk, surrounded with a scraglio of beauties, all eager for the honour of his choice. Constantly enjoying the best things in the best society, his winter life is an incessant round of pleasure; and in the summer, what nobleman or gentleman who has unmarried daughters, or sisters, does not feel a disinterested delight in giving him the run of his hunting-box, and the privilege of his preserves, if he be a sportsman; of his marine villa, if he requires sea-bathing; or the best berth in his yacht, if he have any nautical yearnings? Fortunate bachelor! he enjoys every thing without the trouble of ordering or of paying for anything! But what are these gross and physical advantages compared to the moral beauties that form a bright, although, perchance, a deceptive halo around the happy wight who is thus receiving perpetual courtship, not from one but from all; who is spared the annoyance of keeping house, and of returning these civilities; who sees the soul of society, as it were, in a sabbath-dress; and the whole world through a medium of rose colour? Instead of the anger, hatred, and malice, with which others are pestered, he beholds nothing but love, charity, cheerfulness: the women are all amiable, the men all friendly: both parties disinterested! He luxuriates in antepast of the millenium.

SINGULAR OLD SONNET.

The longer life, the more offence;
The more offence, the greater pain;
The greater pain, the less defence;
The less defence, the lesser gain—
The loss of gain long ill doth try,
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!

The shorter life, less count I find;
The less account, the sooner made;
The count soon made, the merrier mind;
The merrier mind doth thought invade—
Short life, in truth, this thing doth try,
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!

Come, gentle death, the ebb of care;
The ebb of care, the flood of life;
The flood of life, the joyful fare;
The joyful fare, the end of strife—
The end of strife, that thing wish I,
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!