

I'll muse on thee my mirror sweet,  
 And stretch thee from my dreary cell,  
 Thou'lt show to me the ocean deep,  
 Where the lost stores of nations dwell.  
 I turn thee right—I turn thee left—  
 I turn thee up—I turn thee down—  
 Thou picturest well the rocky cleft,  
 The sky, and breakers' foaming crown.  
 I often view where pleasures pass,  
 O'er an expanse of heaving sea ;—  
 They're but a shadow in my glass !  
 The originals are barred from me !  
 While the gay forms across thee glide,  
 My tearful eyes with anguish gleam ;  
 To view where pleasure spreads her tide --  
 I cannot mingle in the stream !—

I had laid up my glass one night,  
 In sleep I did reposing lie,  
 And, in a dream, beheld a sight,  
 As would ensnare a youthful eye.  
 A female form in rich array,  
 In spangles drest from top to toe,  
 She seem'd an angel gone astray,  
 To man a fascinating show.  
 A golden chain hung round her neck,  
 A splendid crown was worn before,  
 But oh ! behind, appeared a wreck !  
 Which spoil'd the beauty of this flower.  
 The figure fair to me drew up—  
 WANT and FOLLY, was her name !—  
 She cried, " I love a flowing cup,  
 Here youngster take this flow'ry chain."'  
 O'erjoyed to seize the glittering prize,  
 I starting, made an eager spring,  
 And woke ! when to my sad surprise,  
 It was a cold, cold, iron ring  
 Which round my arm she had entwined,  
 And plucked me far from freedom's wing.

Oh ! Folly, Folly, fair thy face,  
 A gaudy artificial show !  
 Thy arts have placed me in disgrace !  
 To far Bermuda I must go !  
 Whene'er I look into my glass  
 Pale Want and Folly I can see !  
 And through the world the same shall pass,  
 When in the darksome grave I'll be."

*Meadows.* A simple, highly imaginative, and strikingly original specimen.—Let us review it—first the mirror is prettily apostrophized, and then the convict is vividly portrayed holding his glass beyond the bars of his cell, that he may behold in it, scenes hidden from his direct glance—a picturesque and natural thought, but one not likely to occur to a person who had not chanced on the experiment himself. We then have the pleasure which the convict feels in getting a free gaze at the sky and ocean—but immediately a damp falls on his heart, he recol-