

A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

TO MISS ———

Sweet is it thus to sit and gaze
 Upon this vari'd moonlight scene :
 O'er the broad bay a stream of rays,
 Beyond the hawthorn's foliage green ;
 And gliding with the fav'ring gale,
 Majestic view the swelling sail.
 'Tis lovely,—but lovelier is the maid
 Who views it too. Can nature vie,
 In moon lit waves—in hill or glade,
 With Rosa's face and beaming eye.

TO MISS T. AND MISS P.—PERTH.

I've long been a trav'ler on life's rugged way,
 And been jolted and shaken for many a day ;
 But the worst of all roads I ever have seen,
 Is, well I remember, Perth and Brockville between.
 Still we hope that when misery's darkness is past,
 The bright beams of pleasure will reach us at last ;—
 And 'twas so this time,—for I'd cross it again,
 As the pleasure and joy overbalanc'd the pain.
 “ And breathes there a soul,” whom beauty's dear smile,
 Could from him his sorrows and woes not beguile.
 The sparkling eyed maid on the banks of the Tay,
 And the fair maid of Perth, here call forth my lay.

THE FLOWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

TO MISS A. P.

ON RECEIVING AN INTERESTING FLOWER FROM HER HANDS.

Oft in my life's eccentric course,
 Beauty's bright eyes have been a source
 Of anguish to my breast ;
 But thanks! from anguish I'm relieved :
 From thy fair hands I've now received
 Woe's balsam—heart's ease blest.

To be continued.

TO MISS MARY POWELL ;

(On being asked to write a few Stanzas in her Album.)

I thought my harp had now been laid,
 In dull oblivion's torpid slumbers ;
 Then why again, would'st thou, fair maid,
 Call forth its unpoetic numbers.