

DELAWARE SONG.

BY H. J. K.

We've passed the rapid, endless river
Far in the wilderness to dwell,
And to our woods and streams for ever
Have had a last and sad farewell.
The white man's freedom would enslave us,
His customs with us disagree,
So leave the land that nature gave us,
The hunting grounds of Tennessee.

The sunny waves of Susquehanna
By us will ne'er again be broke
Nor trod the hills, nor broad Savannah,
By Potomac or Roanoke.
We seek far West, in land assigned us
An undisputed right of chase,
And there his laws no longer bind us—
We live as suits the red-man's race.

The pale-face yet disease is bringing
And liquors that the heart deprave
To those still near with fondness clinging
Their fathers' council, lodge, and grave.
And thus Micmac and Mingos fading,
Their fate the once proud Huron shares;
While wild woods of the west are shading
The remnant of the Delawares.

YE COWE A'!

BY W. MILLER.

AIR—"Covin' thro' the Eye."

I wiled my lass wi' loving words to Kelvin's leafy shade,
And a' that fondest heart can feel wi' deepest fervour said:
But nae reply the lassie g'ed—I blam'd the water'n—
It's deavin' soun' her voice might drown: O it coves a'!
O it coves a'! quo I; O it coves a'!
I wonder how the birds can woo; O it coves a'!

I wiled my lass wi' loving words to Kelvin's solemn grove,
Where silence, in her dewy bow'rs, hush'd a' sounds but
o' love;
Still frae my earnest looks and vows, she turn'd her head
awa,—
Nae cheering word the silence heard; O this coves a'!
O this coves a'! quo I; O this coves a'!
O wootn' there's some ither way; O this coves a'!

I wiled my lass wi' loving words to where the moonlicht fell
Upon a bank of blooming flow'rs, beside the Pear-tree
Well;
Say, modest moon! did I do wrang to gie her head a
thraw,
And steal ae kiss o' honied bliss? O ye cove a'!
O ye cove a'! quo she: O ye cove a'!
Ye might hae speer't a body's leave; O ye cove a'!

I'll to the clerk, quo I; my lass! on Sunday we'll be
cried,
And frae your father's house next day ye'll gae a dear
lo'ed bride;
Quo' she, "I'd need anither week to make a gown mair
braw."

"The gown ye hae we'll mak it do;" "O ye cove a'!
O ye cove a' quo' she: O ye cove a'!
But wifin' fock maun ha'e their way; O ye cove a'!"

THE DREAMER'S RESCUE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY VALENTINE SLYBOOTS.

Mysterious Sleep! how doth the spirit start
Into new life, when thy dim shadow spell
Stills every sense, and seals the outward eye;
How disenchant'd doth Fancy spread her wing
Of many hues—how fly from grief to joy—
Now brooding over caverns full of death,
Now skimming gaily over scenes of love,
In the soft light of Beauty's dwelling-place!

Methought I lay, sicken'd and sad at heart,
In a deep dungeon of despair—no beam
Of light disturb'd the horrid gloom—nor voice
Of living creature bless'd my longing ear—
An icy coldness chill'd my very blood,
For well I knew the day was waning fast:
And on the morrow I must die! And still
No sound of sorrow pass'd my shrivell'd lips—
Mine eyes were dry as dust—and yet my spirit
In silent anguish, wept within itself,
That I must die so soon! All the fond looks
Of loving eyes, that fed my young heart's hopes
Shut out: so suddenly—and the bright flow'rs
Of life, trampled, and withered away!

The shroud of black despair encircled me,
When suddenly a sound of melody,
Lengthen'd, unearthly, stole upon mine ear—
And voices of much sweetness, in full chorus,
Floated around, from many bright-eyed Ones
Throning my dark and lonely prison-house:
Methought the dungeon open'd, and a flood
Of streaming sunlight banish'd all its gloom—
And I was borne away upon the air,
I knew not how nor whither—till the spell
Was broken, and I lay upon a bank,
Luxuriant with flow'rs, and shaded o'er,
By the green summer boughs of many trees,
Artlessly intertwined. It was no haunt
Of men—but Beings clothed with loveliness—
There made their home—some dancing in the beams
Of the still lin'ring Sun; their graceful forms,
Mirror'd in beauty on the sleeping lake,
That spread its waveless waters at their feet.—
While others, striking harps of many strings,
Filled the still air with music, blended too
With many a song of thrilling tenderness—
And as they turn'd and met my helpless gaze,
Methought a softer measure swept the chords,
As smilingly they sung—

"Sleep, Son of Earth! from the dungeon dark
Our hands have set thee free,
We have borne thee hither on wings of love,
For Spirits of Mercy are we!"

ON BEING EXPELLED A LADY'S COMPANY.

Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven;
Like him I go, though to depart I'm loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both;
Hard was his fate; but mine still more unkind:
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.