

## LINES TO A MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

BY COWPER.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass'd  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,  
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"  
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!  
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.  
I will obey, not willingly alone,  
But gladly, as the precept were her own:  
And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed!  
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?  
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.  
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
But was it such?—It was. Where thou art gone,  
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!  
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,  
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.  
By expectation every day beguiled,  
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.  
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,  
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,  
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;  
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,  
'Tis now become a history little known,  
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.  
Short lived possession! but the record fair,  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced  
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit or confectionary plum;  
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:  
All this, and more endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love that knew no fall,  
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,  
That humour interposed too often makes;  
All this still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,  
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,  
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,  
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
Wouldst sottly speak, and stroke my head and smile.)  
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?  
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.  
But no—what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Allion's coast,  
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd,)  
Shoots into port at some well-hav'n'd isle,  
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,  
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
Her leucous form reflected clear below,  
While airs impregnated with incense play  
Around her, fanning light her streamer's gay;  
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,  
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"  
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
Of life, long since has anchor'd at thy side.  
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—  
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,  
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost,  
And day by day some current's thwarting force  
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.  
But oh the thought that thou art safe, and he!  
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.  
And now farewell—time unrevoked has run  
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.  
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;  
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,  
Without the sin of violating thine;  
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,  
And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—  
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

AN HONEST BOY.—That "honesty is the best policy," was illustrated some years since under the following circumstances, detailed by the Rochester Democrat. A lad was proceeding to an uncle's to petition him for aid for a sick sister and her children, when he found a wallet containing fifty dollars. The aid was refused, and the distressed family were pinched for want. The boy revealed the fortune to his mother, but expressed a doubt about using any portion of the money. His mother confirmed a good resolution—the pocket book was advertised, and the owner found. Being a man of wealth, upon learning the history of the family, he presented the fifty dollars to the sick mother, and took the boy into his service, and he is now one of the most successful merchants in Ohio. Honesty always brings its reward—to the mind, if not to the pocket.

ANGER.—Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that revenges knows no rest:  
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—We were awakened from a deep sleep early this morning by the curses of a wretch who was whipping his poor horse in the street, near our window. The animal seemed to have been made angry by the unnecessary goadings of its master, and the human brute had seized a club and was striking it across the head with all his might. The horse, though its nostrils were blown abroad by the pride within seemed to turn a beseeching look upon its master, who only answered it with another and a heavier blow. The consequence was, the animal commenced bleeding at the nose, reeled to and fro for about a minute, and then fell to the earth—Dead!—*Cin. Chron.*