

*A deceased Friend.*

And since that hour 'midst youth's much fickle thought,  
Time on my soul Some happy hours has wrought.  
Yes! in these seasons when the traveller sees,  
The march of Orion, or the Pleiades.  
As heaven's nocturnal lamp rose off the deep,  
Or from far plains her tragic visage peep.  
Or float all sullen through th' aetherial blue,  
And tinge the edges with a sickly hue,  
My friend and I with flute have play'd the while  
Some Hymn, or Dulce Domum on the style.

\* This young friend died of a deep Consumption his last words were—Happy!—Happy!!

No spot in the suburbs of London, has borne on its bosom, more motley groups from time to time, than Kennington Common. There on the Sabbath day, you may have seen at one time; the Freethinker, the Owenite, the Socialist, the Chartist, the Johanna Southcottite (*Mr. Carpenter*), and the more orderly and consistent Tent Preacher, with their bands of hearers around them. Here too have been erected the Hustings, where the Candidates for Parliament have addressed themselves to to their Constituents. Here too, you may stand as a spectator, and witness the return of the (*Jaded Wretches*) from Epsom Races. Landau's, Chaises, Butcher's carts, Donkey trucks, and even dog carts (if they be allowed), driving through the dust one against another; characters of all grades mingled together; some with rueful countenances, others unholy elated, with the Gamester's gain; all dashing along, from the *refined* din, and 'gentle' confusion of the Race Course.

But here you may enjoy yourself on a more serene opportunity, when in the pleasant month of June you may behold the Amateur Cricketers, the trap, bat, and ball boys, the nursery maids playing about with their little ones, the kites flitting above in the air, and the lawing kine wandering onward. 'Tis here I have watched the lingering and long twilight of a midsummer eve. The lines on this page were composed there in such a season, when youthful imagination removed me from my favorite resort, and placed me beyond my native land. The Terrace referred to was opposite the Horns Tavern, but on the other side of the common, very near it stood a brimstone manufactory; between the two ran a lane which led you to Camberwell Green.

Do you know this spot my Reader; well then now go on a little farther. Let us climb up Denmark Hill, we now pass the Fox under the hill; the steepy part is nearly overcome. Gentlemen's country residences are here on either side, look now over towards

London. Turrets, towers and steeples, are all spread about on the view. St. Pauls stands like a master-piece of the whole. But the thick atmosphere is wending over from the living mass; bearing onwards towards Westminster. The Abbey's pile looks gorgeously, But, we must not stop here, we'll cross over to Champion hill, then pass along by a high fence, shadowed over with horse chesnut and other lofty trees. Turn about right and left once or twice, here then we are with the wide and extended country on our view. Norwood, Sydenham, Streatham, Forest hill, and Dulwich, are before us; far beyond is the quiet village of Beckenham; the white spire may be seen peering up between the trees, In the distance as far as eye can trace, appears a dark woody patch, that is seven oaks. We must now return to the common, and read the fancied Emigrant's complaint, being far removed from his favorite spot.

## THE EMIGRANT'S COMPLAINT.

O dear this is nothing like home,  
Your nature's unnatural to me,  
The thought it is foreign alone,  
Dashes all the bright prospect I see.

Those Groups which hang over the plain,  
Those hills and those dales where I roam,  
They open the cell of my thought,  
And make me hard sigh for my home,

Where the kiln bluely flakes to the eve,  
Where the kite flutters up in the air,  
Where the bellowing cow takes the lead,  
Oh! glad should I be to be there.

Where the willow weeps over the stream  
That shades the low terrace before;  
Where the meek child of poverty plays,  
I fear I shall see them no more.

The remaining pieces are called, TWILIGHT REFLECTIONS. MID-DAY MESINGS. and PILLOW THOUGHTS. They are of a serious character, and written nearly the same time as the former pieces. I have here selected a few of them, and with these I shall finish my SCRAP BOOK!! I hope the Reader will not complain of them being dull or melancholy; though I would not recommend the following lines of the Poet—

'O say 'his madness, call it folly,  
You cannot chase my gloom away;  
There such a sweet in melancholy,  
I would not, if I could be gay.'

Yet a little of the grave, tends to sober us down, when we have become too buoyant; especially, if regulated by true Religion; we are then prepared for all the changes of life, and for the life of perpetual happiness to come.

Spot of my first projects of expectations—fall glides; and with felicity—taught me more contented than he is—butted, more orb since that he entertaining a opinions towards his follies have

The Sun has from the East nature as if in has handed a fair harbinger penetrate the awakened from warblers of you they have the the branches is an unthank him to think? ty soul as ho ever new to appear to d

No hosna without meaning odies are always

O! happy h neither sow no store-houses before the per nacency, to the the fingers

The morning peries of the fence of ma but she may y is balmy and appearance is upon the ea known to me the seat of friendship of a ven that pass shapes in its weep over the friend! the fi self, a burden emotions while