

A deceased Friend.

And since that hour 'midst youth's much fick-
le 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' netherial 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 Southcott-
ite (*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
rucks, and even dog carts (if they be
allowed), driving through the dust one against
another; characters of all grades mingled to-
gether; some with rueful countenances, others
unholy elated, with the Gamester's gain; all
dashing along, from the *'refined'* din, and *'gen-
teel'* 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 twi-
light of a midsummer eve. The lines on
this page were composed there in such a sea-
son, 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 brim-
stone 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 un-
der the hill; the steepy part is nearly over-
come. 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 West-
minster. 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, shrouded over with horse chesnut and
other lofty trees: Turn onwards 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 Dul-
wich, 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 re-
moved 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, TWI-
LIGHT REFLECTIONS. MID-DAY MUSINGS.

and PILLOW THOUGHTS. They are of a se-
rious character, and written nearly the same
time as the former pieces. I have here se-
lected 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 me-
lancholy; 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
expectations—
pointments—
fall glide; and
with felicity—
taught me no
more content
than he is—bu-
ted, more orb
since that he
entertaining a
opinions towa
his follies hav

The Sun has
from the East
nature as if in
has handed
fair harbinger
penetrate the
awakened from
retiring from
warblers of y
they have the
the branches
is an unthank
him to think?
ty soul as he
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the fingers

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tenance of ma
but she may y
is balmy and
appearance is
upon the ear
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 whic