

THE SWEDISH MINER.*

They've borne him from his ghastly tomb
Up to the free, glad summer day.
From the cold cheek, the sunny bloom
Of life hath scarcely past away;
The soften'd flush hath not yet gone
From the death-stricken, tranquil cheek;
That flush! how sweet to look upon!
Like twilight's soft and mellow'd streak,
This dreamless slumberer doth bear
No tokens of the sepulchre.

Brethren! around the dead man's bier,
Dwells there no sorrow in your eye?
Know ye the quiet features here?
The eye, in which death's slumbers lie?
Is there no hoary sire to own
His dead child, 'neath yon folded pall!
No mourning matron, to kneel down
And pray, at her son's burial!
Ye're silent as his death-*quench'd* lip
With whom none claim a fellowship!

There comes an aged woman; slow
Is her weak footstep by the dead;
Time's white and wintry hoar-frosts *strew*
Thickly the faltering matron's head.
She hath seen those grow old and die
Whose feet were with her in life's morn;
Her prayer is, that her dust may lie,
Soon with her brethren that are gone.
Her pilgrimage shall soon draw near
To its calm close without a tear.

She hath bent low—and put away
The dark locks from his snowy brow;
And lo! how softly doth she lay
Her lips to his pale features now.
Methinks some pleasant dream, of years
Long gone, comes o'er her memory;
For smiles gleam o'er her face,—then tears—
Dim tears, o'ershade her kindling eye,
And mournful words come sweet and low
From her sad heart's full overflow.

"And art thou lying here!
Beautiful as thou wert, when side by side
Our wayward feet ranged all the woodlands wide,
In childhood's thoughtless glee!
Yes! my beloved, though gone hath many a year,
I well remember thee!

"Here is the same white brow
That won my simple heart, when life's green path
Was all a paradise; methinks it hath
Its same calm beauty yet.
That cheek! though death hath somewhat changed it now,
I never might forget!

"Thou wearest the red rose
I gave thee, on that gentle summer's eve,
When thou, all bloom, and hope, and strength, didst
leave
Me blushing at the door—

* The body of a young Swedish miner was lately discovered in one of the mines of Dalecarlia, fresh and in a state of perfect preservation from the action of the mineral waters, in which it had been immersed. No one could recognize the body save an old woman, who knew it to be that of her lover. He had perished fifty years before.

Alas! I little dream'd at that day's close,
My love would come no more.

"After the rapid flight
Of fifty years, 'tis sweet to my old age
To see thee, ere I close my pilgrimage;
And now we part! thy cell,
Thy gloomy cell! must shut thee from my sight.
I join thee soon. Farewell."

THE NUBIANS.

The Nubians are a very distinct race of people from the Arabs; their dress is commonly a loose white shirt and a turban; sometimes they are uncovered, except a cloth round the waist. They are very superstitious, most of them wearing charms to keep off 'the evil eye,' or some other apprehended ills.

There is a great difference in the features and make of the several Nubian tribes; the natives of Elpha are tall and good looking; the people of Derry, hideous and deformed; the tribe at Armada are small, but handsome, and well made; they are frugal in their mode of living, subsisting principally on dourou, made into flat cakes, and baked on a stone which is heated, and sour milk and dates.

The women do not cover their faces so scrupulously as the Arabs; they are not ill looking; are generally well made and have good figures. They wear a brown garment, reaching down to the ankles; it is thrown over the right shoulder, comes close under the left arm, the shoulder of which is bare, and has not an ungraceful appearance; they are very partial to rings and bracelets; the former are frequently worn at the nose, the latter are made of one piece of ground glass, which not yielding, and being forced on as small as possible, often cause much pain. They always go bare-footed. Young girls have a covering round their loins made of strips of leather, hanging down, and ornamenting with cowry shells and beads. The hair of the women is plaited somewhat like the men's, and greased with oil. The Barabras, from their frugal mode of life, are subject to few diseases; they are all marked with one, sometimes two scars on the spine of the back; where they have been burnt for the cure of an endemial disease, which attacks them when young; this mode of treatment, by drawing all the humours to one spot, keeps the discharge open till the patient is recovering, and experience has, doubtless, often shewn it to be successful. A boy, while we were at Ebsambal, was in a state of cure, and accidentally injured the part, which caused it to bleed; the father immediately applied a remedy, by throwing some sand, of which article there is no scarcity in the country, on the wound; this soon appeased the boy's cries and pains.

FAR AWAY.

Far away!—My soul is far away,
Where the blue sea leaves a mountain shore;
In the woods I see my brother play;
Midst the flowers my sister sings once more,—
Far away!

Far away!—My dreams are far away,
When, at midnight, stars and shadows reign;
"Gentle child," my mother seems to say,
"Follow me where home shall smile again,"—
Far away!

Far away!—My hope is far away
Where Love's voice young Gladness may restore:
O thou Dove! now soaring through the day,
Lend me wings to reach that brighter shore,—
Far away!