

When arrived at home, fearing he might notice the traces of weeping on her countenance, she immediately passed to her own room, where, dismissing the girl in attendance, she flung herself on a couch, in uncontrollable emotion;

"Such another night would kill me," she at length murmured, "and yet they call this pleasure; oh! what mockery!" and as she spoke, she tore the wreath from her hair. It became entangled in her curls, and she approached the mirror to unfasten it. She involuntarily recoiled, and covered her face with her hands, as her eye fell on the wan corpse-like figure, it shadowed forth. Falling upon her knees, she asked for grace, to bear her trials with more fortitude; and after humbly imploring forgiveness for her failings, and praying that she might learn to forget that being too dear to her faithful heart, she arose, at least calmer, if not as yet resigned.

(To be continued.)

## NIAGARA.

BY C. F.

'Tis the voice of many waters—  
In hoarse and ceaseless flow,  
Bursts on the sight the wave-capped height,  
The sheet of living snow.

Nearer, its thousand cataracts,  
And gushing on the view,  
Whirling their wreaths of snow-white foam  
O'er their tides of ocean's hue.

'Tis the voice of many waters—  
Thou may'st catch each varied tone,  
From rock, from steep, from eddy deep,  
Ere they mingle into one.

'Tis the voice of many waters—  
From where Superior fills  
His cavern'd hold in earth's deep breast,  
From a thousand thousand rills.

'Tis the voice of many waters—  
Echoing wide on either shore,  
Where still the red-cross banner streams—  
Where it shall stream no more.

'Tis the voice of many waters—  
List!—for it sinks and swells,  
Of impulse caught from shores remote,  
That awful cadence tells.

'Tis the voice of many waters—  
The whirling eddies deep,  
In hoarse and ceaseless roar respond  
To the falling torrent's sweep.  
Would'st thou behold those waters meet?  
Go, from yon flat rock's brow,  
Mark how the fallen torrents greet  
The eddying whirl below.

Thy foot is on the dizzy deep,  
On thy brow is moistening dew,  
But that meeting of the waters  
No mortal eye may view.

High o'er them floats a plume-like shroud,  
An ever-waving veil,  
Fair as the fairest summer cloud,  
And restless as the gale.

Still the voice of many waters sounds  
From beneath that restless shroud,  
Deep calling unto deep,  
Answering aloud.

Float ever thus thou misty shroud,  
To tell the race of men,  
How much there is beneath their view,  
And yet beyond their ken.  
O, fair as slumbering innocence  
Upon a throbbing breast,  
Calm, beauteous, bright, the rainbow lies  
Athwart that tossing crest.

Niagara! Niagara!

For ever rolling on,  
Earth has no sight to rival thee,  
No echo to thy tone.

Has ocean's self thy life-like spell?  
Not when round verdant isles,  
Gay gleaming to the summer sun,  
All tranquilly he smiles.

Has ocean's self thy life-like spell,  
When tempests o'er him sweep?  
Then 'tis the wild wings of the air  
That rouse the troubled deep.

O thou, in might and majesty  
Forever rolling on,  
Earth has no sight to rival thee,  
No echo to thy tone.

## "MY NOSE."

MY DEAR GARLAND,

Your pages not unfrequently contain verses which their authors suppose pretend not a little to the title of poetry; but I doubt much whether the whole that has previously appeared in them, can boast of nearly as much as is contained in the following lines. The poet is occasionally permitted to wander from the strict line of truth, giving full scope to his imagination; hence the adage, "there is more truth than poetry, &c.;" but in this instance the poetry consists in its positive truthfulness. I mean not to shock the modesty of your readers, but I assure them, as well as yourself, that the following lines were really received from a witty clerical patient, and were a reply to a suspicion "that he was studying nosology," written on the paper containing directions for the proper employment of a prescription sent for the purpose of relieving an inflamed condition of his nasal appendage:—

"You're the *Nosologist*, but don't suppose  
You know the anguish which my poor nose knows,  
Puff'd like a dumpling, red as any rose,  
Purple at point as from a shower of blows;  
Throbbing and aching as each minute goes,  
Burning like fire, you'd think it had been froze.  
And, worst of all, suspiciously it shows,  
Its blushing point to every wag who goes;  
And instantly the wicked scoffer crows,  
Winks with his eye, and hints of Athol brose.  
Such thoughts distract, they banish all repose,  
Prompt the disease, and turn my rhyme to prose.  
Have pity then, compassionate my woes,  
Exert your skill—in mercy dose my nose.

The swelling continues—although I have faithfully used your wash—I am anxious to have the swelling reduced before my public appearance to-morrow—can you help me?

You may suppose,  
I don't want comments on my nose."

In my opinion, my dear Garland, the above is a gem. Certes, no physician ever before received a similar note from a patient; and thinking it too good to be lost, I send it to you to be immortalized in your pages.

Very truly yours,

M. D.