

To the Publisher of the Border Tales—

Sir—I am glad to find that the popularity of the "Border Tales" is increasing as they are better known: and I hope that their success will be co-equal to their intrinsic merit—and then, of course, you will have no cause to regret being their publisher. Within my circle of acquaintance, many have suggested that a department devoted to local Literature, would be very acceptable to the general reader, and have a tendency to elicit much literary talent that would otherwise lie dormant, as also contribute to give a zest to your publication. And as I

" Sometimes seek the Muse's pow'r
To wile a leisure, lonely hour,"

I send you the following specimen of my lucubrations, in which I have not attempted to mount a Pegasus, but merely sailed in a poetic skiff through some twenty stanzas; and such of your readers as have ever felt the delicious agony and rapturous wretchedness of love, may be interested in the excursion.

Trafalgar, Gore District.

W. A. STEPHENS.

THE TIDE OF LOVE.

Floating down the tide of love,
Steering just as Passion pleases,
We sail through many a flow'ry grove,
Fann'd by Hope's bewitching breezes.

—Now we're in a magic lake,
Careless if becalmed or sailing,
Hope, her strains of joy awakes,
Spite of Disappointment's wailing.

Hush—she sings the charms of Love,
And spreads her fascinations o'er us;
While Beauty's form is seen above,
Joining in the thrilling chorus.

—Now we'll clasp her glowing charms:
No—she's vanished like a vision!
Vacancy is in our arms—
Despair in dark'ning gloom has risen!

Clouding all our brilliant sky,
Gardens bright to deserts changing—
Where Hope's bright palaces rose high,
Gloomy, craggy mountains ranging.

Fiercely now the currents pour,
—Now to ice our blood congealing!
Dark! the mis'ry of that hour—
Deep the agony of feeling!

Anger, Disappointment, Pride,
With Love, a fearful war are waging,
Who the trembling bark may guide,
While such combatants are raging.

Shall we unto Prudence flee?
Has Prudence ought to do with Passion?
As well the world might hope to see
Propriety controuling Fashion!

O! where is Hope—I see her, bright,
Through yon rocky opening gleaming:
Avant! Despair! from beauty bright,
The light of Hope again is beaming.

Forward, like the arrow's flight,
Down the headlong torrent dashing!
'Mong rocks just seen by fitful light
From electric bat'ries flashing!

Again, Hope's music's in the air,
And the horizon is bright'ning;
"Faint heart ne'er won lady fair,"
Vanished is the storm and light'ning.

Follow then, Hope leads the way—
Beauty will not fly for ever—

Love will bid her feet to stay—
Love, and Hope! Oh, who would sever!

Love, led by the hand of Hope,
Makes our Earth a blooming Heaven;
But when led by dark Despair,
Happiness from hearts are riven.

—But—what means that double tide!
'Tis the stream of love dividing;
One, is rapid, rough, and wide,
One, o'er pearls in chrystal gliding.

Bearing many a shallop light—
Each, with a lady and a lover—
Honey-moon is shining bright—
Disappointment's reign is over.

But—look down the other stream—
Many a shallop there is scatter'd—
Lured too far by Love's bright dream,
'Till on sunken breakers shatter'd.

Some essay to struggle back,
Fearlessly with Love contending—
Every nerve is on the rack!
Agony each fibre bending!

Others, from their woes to flee,
Down the headlong torrent rushing!
Split on the rock *felo de se*,
See—O see their life's blood gushing!

Hope promised fair she'd safely lead
Them all to Hymen's bright dominion;
But left them in despair to bleed,
And fled on evanescent pinion.

Thus, when we launch on Love's bright tide,
Our breasts with hope and ardor glowing,
'Mong bow'rs of bliss we lightly glide,
On sorrow not a thought bestowing.

Hope, promises the tide will flow
Clear and evenly for ever:
But her vot'ries shortly know
Breakers through the current ever.

Her promises we fain believe,
Because they are so fairly spoken—
She does not willingly deceive—
'Tis want of pow'r her words have broken.

And when on earth, her word is given,
'Tis often folly to believe her:
'Tis only when she speaks from Heaven
That truth and power will never leave her.