

May,—and morrice-dancers in the sunshine, have drawn their images from the Southern poets.

In such a season, which makes us linger over our fires when we ought to be strolling in the shade of bright green lanes,—or loitering by the gushing rivulet to watch the trout rise at the sailing fly, some nameless writer has seen a single feeble swallow,—and has fancied the poor bird was a thing to moralize upon!—

#### THE FIRST SWALLOW.

He has come—before the daffodils,  
The foolish and impatient bird;  
The sunniest noon hath yet its chills,  
The cuckoo's voice not yet is heard;  
The lamb is shivering on the lea;  
The cowering lark forbears to sing,—  
And he has come, across the sea,  
To find a winter in the spring.

Oh! he has left his mother's home:  
He thought there was a genial clime  
Where happy birds might safely roam,  
And he would seek that land in time.  
Presumptuous one! his elders knew  
The dangers of those tickle skies;  
Away, the pleasure-seeker flew,—  
Nipped by untimely frosts he dies.

There is a land in youth's first dreams,  
Whose year is one delicious May,—  
And life, beneath the brightest beams,  
Flows on a glad some holiday;  
Bush to the world, unguided youth,  
Prove its false joys, its friendships hollow,  
Its bitter scorns,—then turn to truth,  
And find a lesson in the unwise swallow.

Away with these wintry images. There is a south wind rising; the cold grey clouds open; the sun breaks out. Then comes a warm sunny shower. A day or two of such showers and sunshine,—and the branches of the trees that looked so sere

“Thrust out their little hands into the ray.”

The May of the Poets is come;—at any rate we will believe that it is come.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,—  
And from the stately elms, I hear  
The blue-bird prophesying spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new: the buds, the leaves,  
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,—  
And even the nest beneath the eaves,  
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight,  
And learn, from the soft heavens above,  
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden—that read! let this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For, oh it is not always May!

Enjoy the spring of love and youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest;  
For time will teach the soon the truth,  
There are no birds in last years nest!

LONGFELLOW.

## Chinese Embroidery.

We are indebted to Mr. Trediscant Lay, for the following interesting account of the art of embroidery, as at present practised by the Chinese. “For twenty-two cash, or tseen,” he says, “I purchased an elegant book, filled with choice subjects of the graphic art,—as patterns for the use of the young needle-woman. She is assumed to be poor,—and, hence, the little manual is priced at about one penny of our money. It has a cover of a fair yellow, studded with spangles of gold, and contains between two and three hundred figures, culled from the varied stores of nature and art. In fact, the objects are so well selected, and so numerous, that they might serve as illustrations to a small encyclopædia. One acquainted with Chinese literature and natural history, might deliver several lectures, with this book before him. The meadow, the grove, the brook, the antiquary's museum, and the pages of mythology, with the adornments of the house and garden, are all laid under contribution. The book is said to be for the use of the person who belongs to the *green window*, which is the epithet for the dwelling of a poor woman,—while the *red gallery* denotes the residence of a rich female. The industrious poor plies her task near the green lattice, which is made of earthenware,—and lets in both the light and breath of heaven,—while the rich dame leans upon the vermeil tinted balusters of the gaudy verandah,—and gazes carelessly at the sunbeams, as they sparkle among the flowers, or woos the soft breeze which agitates the green roof of the Italian fig-tree. The title-page presents us with a venerable man, in the weeds of office, holding in his hand a scroll, with this motto, ‘Heaven's magistrate confers wealth.’ Over his head are bats disporting among the clouds,—an emblem, I suppose, of wakefulness, for these animals are on the alert, while men sleep. ‘Her candle goeth not out by night,’ is what Solomon tells us of the needle-woman, whom he eulogises in the last chapter of Proverbs. I once saw two girls at this work in the village of Monghoo. They were seated upon a low stool, and extended their legs across another, twice the height of their seat. In this way, a support was provided for by the