



"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves, to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfumes of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

ODES FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

I.

Columbia's sons, with loud acclaim,
And patriot ardor fired,
Your bosoms glowing with the flame
Which WASHINGTON inspired;
Unite to consecrate this day
To FREEDOM'S bold emprise,
And annual orisons to pay
To HIM who rules the skies.

This day the great decree was past,
Which gave an empire birth,
This day was founded Freedom's last
Asylum upon earth;
While joy and gratitude inspires,
We'll welcome its return,
As long as Freedom's sacred fires
On hallowed altars burn.

No longer war's dread thunder roars,
Nor lowers the tempest nigh;
Through peaceful climes our Eagle soars,
And cleaves a cloudless sky:
And we will dedicate this day
To Freedom's bold emprise,
And annual orisons will pay
To HIM who rules the skies.

II.

By the Rev. Mr. KNOWLES of Boston.

Thou God of our sires, whose counsel and might
Through tempests and foes bore them over the sea;
Whose cloud through the day and whose pillar by night,
Have guarded and gladden'd this home of the free:
Our land, in her youth and her weakness, sought
A refuge beneath thy sheltering wings;
In battle's fierce onset, her patriots fought,
And triumph'd, confiding in thee, King of Kings.
On this hallow'd day, when joy's thrilling tone
Is wafted o'er plain, and valley, and hill,
With gladness and praise we repair to thy throne,
And now with thanksgivings thy temple would fill.
All praise to the Lord! the anthem should swell,
And peal through Columbia, from sea to sea;
Oh, still be our God! for if here Thou shalt dwell,
Our nation will ever be happy and free.

From Willis' American Monthly Magazine.

THE ABSENT HUSBAND.

Wife, who in thy deep devotion,
Pustest up a prayer for one
Sailing on the stormy ocean—
Hope no more—his course is done!
Dream not, when upon thy pillow,
That he slumbers by thy side,
For his corse beneath the billow
Heaveth with the restless tide.

Children, who, as sweet flowers growing,
Laugh amid the sorrowing rains—
Know ye many clouds are throwing
Shadows on your sire's remains!
Where the hoarse, gray surge is rolling,
With a mountain's motion on,
Dream ye that its voice is tolling
For your father—lost and gone?

When the sun looked on the water,
As a hero on his grave,
Tinging with the hue of slaughter,
Every blue and leaping wave;
Under the majestic ocean,
Where the giant currents roll'd,
Slept thy sire without emotion—
Sweetly by a beam of gold.

And the violet sunbeams slanted,
Waving through the crystal deep,
Till their wonted splendors haunted
Those shut eyelids in the sleep.
Sands, like crumbled silver gleaming,
Sparkled through his raven hair,
But the sleep that knows no dreaming
Bound him in its silence there.

So we left him; and to tell thee
Of our sorrow, and thine own,
Of the wo that then befel thee,
Came we weary and alone—
That thine eye is quickly shaded,
That thy heart's blood wiled down,
That thy cheek's clear blood is faded—
Are the fruits of these new woes.
Children, whose meek eyes inquiring,
Linger on your mother's face,
Know ye that she is expiring?
That ye are an orphan race?
God be with you on the morrow!
Father—mother—both no more!
One within a grave of sorrow,
One upon the ocean's floor.

J. O. R.

THE MOURNER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

"Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove."

I stood beside the parting bed
Of all I ever loved below;
I gazed until the soul had fled
From earthly pangs, and earthly woe:
Then the first tears were fast to flow
Which thou, sweet angel! didst not share;
Then, first, my heart was doomed to know
The loneliness of cold despair!
'Till then—though many a grief were mine,
That well might wring the sternest breast—
With loveliness and love like thine,
I was not—could not be—unblest;
For when, with causeless wrongs oppress,
From the false world I fled to thee,
Thy smiles could soothe the thought to rest
Which—but for them—were agony!
Now I am left to beat alone,
A shattered bark on life's rough sea:
To muse on pleasures fled and gone,
On hopes that ne'er can beam for me!
Once to have been—and not to be—
This wakes the pang that cannot die;
As none, but those who once were free,
Feel the full weight of slavery!
But oh! I may not thus repine,
Guilt mingles with the vain regret;
And, though the gem that once was mine
I cannot—save in death—forget,
E'en while the mourner's eye is wet,
With nature's tears for nature's woe,
There is a balm—a solace, yet,
For all that wrongs or wounds below.
My griefs remain—but thine are o'er!
My loss thy endless gain shall be!
I weep—but thou canst mourn no more!
I still am bound—but thou art free!
My joy was ever bliss to thee,
—Then be thy bliss my solace now;
Until thy perfect charms I see
In happier regions—blest as thou!

From the Episcopal Watchman.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

"The first fruits—shalt thou give Him."

Young and happy while thou art,
Not a furrow on thy brow,
Not a sorrow in thy heart,
Seek the Lord, thy Maker, now.
In its freshness bring the flower,
While the dew upon it lies,
In the cool and cloudless hour
Of the morning sacrifice.
Life will have its evil years,
When its skies are overcast;
All the present thought with fears,
And with vain regrets the past.
Let him tremble, who his heart
In an hour like this would bring,
Lest Jehovah say—"depart!"
" 'Tis a worn and worthless thing!"
But the first fruits of the year
Have been chosen by the Lord;
And the first fruits of the heart
On His altar should be poured.
Thus the blessing from above,
On life's harvest shall be given;
Sown in tears, perhaps, on earth,
Reaped in joyfulness in Heaven.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ELEPHANT.

The following is related in the "Memoirs of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in the 87th Regiment:"
"In the year 1804, when we were in pursuit of Hoolkah, there was in our encampment a very large elephant, used for the purpose of carrying tents for some of the European corps. It was the season in which they become most unmanageable, and his legs were consequently loaded with huge chains, and he was constantly watched by his keepers. By day he was pretty passive, save when he saw one of his species, when he roared, and became violent, and during these moments of ungovernable phrenzy it was dangerous for his keepers to approach him, or to irritate his feelings by any epithets that might prove repugnant to him. On the contrary, every endearing expression was used to soothe and appease him, which with promises of sweetmeats, sometimes succeeded with the most turbulent to gain them to obedience, when coercive measures would have roused them to the most desperate acts of violence. By night their extreme cunning told them that their keepers were not so watchful and vigilant. The elephant here alluded to, one dark night, broke from his chains, and ran wild through the encampment, driving men, women, children, camels, horses, cows, and indeed every thing that could move, before him; and roaring and trumpeting with his trunk, which is with elephants a sure sign of displeasure, and that their usual docility has deserted them. Of course no reasonable beings disputed the road he chose to take; those that did soon found themselves floored. To record the mischief done by this infuriated animal in his nocturnal rambles, would fill a much greater space than I can afford for such matter. Suffice it that in his flight, followed by swordsmen and spearmen, shouting and screaming, he pulled down tents, upset every thing that impeded his progress, severely wounded and injured many, and ultimately killed his keeper by a blow from his trunk. He was speared in some 20 places, which only infuriated him. His roaring was terrific, and he frequently struck the ground in indication of his rage. The instant he had struck his keeper, and found he did not rise, he suddenly stopped, seemed concerned, looked at him with the eye of pity, and stood rivetted to the spot. He paused for some seconds, then ran towards the place from whence he had broken loose and went quietly into his piquet, in front of which lay an infant, about two years old, the daughter of the keeper whom he had killed. The elephant seized the child round the waist, as gently as its mother would, lifted it from the ground, and caressed and fondled it for some time, every beholder trembling for its safety, and expecting every moment it would share the fate of its unfortunate father; but the sagacious animal having turned the child round three times, quietly laid it down again, and drew some clothing over it that had fallen off.—After this it stood over the child with its eyes fixed on it, and if I did not see the penitential tear start from its eye I have never seen it in my life. He then submitted to be re-chained by some other keepers, stood motionless and dejected, and seemed sensible that he had done a wrong he could not repair. His dejection became more and more visible as he stood and gazed upon the fatherless babe, who from constant familiarities with this elephant seemed unintimidated and played with its trunk. From this moment the animal became passive and quiet, and always seemed most delighted when the little orphan was within sight. Often have I gone, with others of the camp, to see him fondling his little adopted; but there was a visible alteration in his health, after his keeper's death, and he fell away, and died at Cawnpore six months afterwards, people well acquainted with the history of the elephant, and who knew the story, did not scruple to say, from fretting for his before favourite keeper."

THE MOCKING BIRD.

Mr Rennie, in an article on American song birds, in the January number of the Magazine of Natural History, has an interesting account of the mocking bird, which he says seems to be the prince of all song-birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent