

Sweet Kitty, suspecting, laid hold of my arm :
" O tell me," she cried, " for my soul's in alarm ;
Is she lost ?"—I said nothing ; whilst Jack gave a sigh,
Then down dropp'd the curtain that hung o'er her eye ;
Fleeting life for a moment seem'd willing to stay ;
Just flutter'd, and then fled for ever away.

So droops the pale lily surcharg'd with a shower,—
Sunk down as with sorrow so dies the sweet flower ;
No sunbeam returning, no spring ever gay,
Can give back the soft breath once wafted away ;
The eye-star once set never rises again,
Nor pilots one vessel more over the main.

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A CURE FOR LOVE.

TIME once at a synod agreed

To cure the abuses of love ;

For Cupid had wrote such a creed

As none of the gods could approve.

But first, with Prometheus's leave,

A mortal he begg'd to create ;

For as yet not a power could achieve

A conquest o'er love and o'er fate.

As Time in his travels had found

The various specifics of earth,

Experience, with years rolling round,

Had given their qualities birth.

This faithful associate he knew  
 Would cull every simple of use;  
 For Galen had taught where they grew,  
 And what the effects they produce.

Thus furnished from every clime,  
 His arduous work he began;  
 And still, as he tried to refine,  
 Exclaim'd, What a compound is Man!  
 Then flush'd with apparent success,  
 He thought all the hazard was o'er;  
 And, as he had made such a mess,  
 'Twas needless to add any more.

But alas! though the compound was fine,  
 One simple for ever was lost;  
 'Twas Memory, that blossom of time;  
 So Man remain'd dull as a post.  
 Good from evil by chemical art  
 An anodyne extract may prove;  
 But had Time not left out this one part,  
 Absence ne'er had been made to cure love.

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 WHEN NIGHT'S DARK MANTLE.

WHEN night's dark mantle veil'd the seas,
 And nature's self was hush'd to sleep,—
 When gently blew the midnight breeze,
 Louisa sought the boundless deep.