







POETRY.

From the Greenest Arbutus.
THE BIRD.
A call on the water-worn way...
A thousand leagues on every sea...
Where morning breaks his sick again...
And what is like the green's sight...
And what is like the lonely ship...
With bow and steady motion...
Or as 'twere Nestle's...
White as the snow-winged Albatross...
In youth like a lovely crane...
The lines of beauty through her...
Oh! in a youthful person's hand...
And yet it is a beauty's hand...
The angel mail that shrouds a hand...
Beside its sister; and you weary of the sea...
Nestle's day, long days of breathless calm...
And a mass of wretchedness...
And a despair of a fearful doom...
And a death to the same loathsome tomb...
And lay you upon the wave...
The day that living gave, with vengeance...
Where the sear'd, chained, and sickening slave...
Troy's eagle he preyed: only for leave to down.

And, as a white, the slave forgot the tyrant and his chain.
A memory laid his mind away from the surrounding scene.
I will forget all he was now, in what he once had been.
I live again the blessed year, when all beneath the palm,
The spirit of a parent smiles on him a bright and happy child.
And God and nature, heaven and earth, around him glow.
His feet, again he felt, the thrill, that bode young love awake.
Like the first ripple of the breeze, upon his native shore,
And, again, he saw, the maid—the wife—he loved so dearly,
And his own dear, and his dark cheek confessed a burning blush.
When, he saw a tempting orb, of some new apple,
Awoke him, and smiling, and ready took the gift.
When the twilight had just rose above the horizon,
A line of darkness stretched along beneath the netting,
And these whom years had taught to read the signs of sea and sky,
Knew that the long and prayed-breeze had lengthened to you, and that the cry, which had been once a joyful shout,
And only they who long have lain upon a breastless sea,
Beneath the tropic sun, can know a breast's luxury:
'Out'! 'out'!
'On deck, there I fight in the sun's wake, I see a sail!
And every eye of the wild crew to that one point did strain,
For well they knew they were doomed to share the fate of the crew.
Like him, they had broken in upon both God and nature's plan.
Their hands were against man—against their kind;
And as the coming breeze bore on that cloud of sail,
A heavy veil sufficed above them as a ship of war.
'Out'! 'out'!
'Out'! 'out'!
His orders were obeyed like thought, man, woman, and child,
And as the coming breeze bore on that cloud of sail,
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FROM THE CHRISTIAN GAZETTE.
AN OLVEN-DYER.
FOR THE AMERICAN PRESS.
ONE WORD MORE FOR POOR IRELAND.
FRIENDS OF HUMANITY!
Let me address to your hearts one word of sympathy for the poor, famine-stricken, and desolate island of Ireland.
I live again the blessed year, when all beneath the palm,
The spirit of a parent smiles on him a bright and happy child.
And God and nature, heaven and earth, around him glow.
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