

POETRY.

[From the Novascotian.]
WRITTEN IN MAY.

BENSHUBEN.*

Benshuben! I have sat upon thy brow?
And gazed upon thee in thy solitude,
Ere the wild flowers were gathering;
Upon thy sloping sides were gathering;
Or from thy green and distant wood
The robin's note was heard—no more
The nestling's notes of Spring's early bird,
Far down thy green and briery steep is heard.

And I have climbed me to thy topmost height,
When thou wert in thy sunny summer pride—
To list the sabbath morning bell,
With its sweet and sober swell—
Or watch the white-wing'd vessel o'er the tide—
To gaze upon the distant sea—so smooth, so bright,
With all its hosts of waves, in tranquil sleep!
The calm—the beautiful—the deep!

To thee I've wandered oft at evening hour—
And clamber'd far upon thy wild and rugged brow,
To wake the bugle-blast, and hear
Its thrilling tones sound loud and clear,
Upon the silent air—or echo in the vale below—
To gaze upon a world of twinkling stars, which pour
Their dreamy light on rock, and glen, and lowland
leas,
And watch the blue mists creeping silently.

And I have seen thee in thy loveliness!
Beneath the glowing tints of Autumn skies!
When o'er thee gleamed afar
Bright sunset's crimson car,
And thou wert in thy garment of a thousand dyes,
I lo'd thee then, nor shall I love thee less,
When winter's chilling blasts sweep o'er thy head,
And thy green leaves, and wild-flowers all are
withered.

OSCAR.

Saint John, N. B.

* Benshuben is a rising ground in the immediate vicinity of this city from its summit the eye ranges over a vast extent of land and water, forming a scene grand and magnificent in the extreme. To the lover of the picturesque, it affords a rich treat, and cannot fail, at all times, to repay the labour of those who may ascend to enjoy the view.

THE MOURNING OF RACHAEL.

Matthew 11, 13.

By the Reverend Thomas Dale, A. M.

"Oh! whither, whither shall I fly,
My beautiful, my best beloved?
I hear the tread of warriors' iron,
Men of stern mood and fearless eye,
Even by a mother's prayer unmoved,
Soon will they stand and battle thee?
Where shall thy mother hide thee?"

Cleave, cleave, thou solid earth! and yield
A shelter in thy central cave:
Heaven! be thy red arm revealed,
Avert the tyrant's wrath, and shield
My last my sole one from the grave—
The foe, the foe are near him,
O whither can I bear him?

A curse upon thee, ruthless king!
A mother's with a nation's prayer
Mount on the tempests rapid wing,
And to the eternal presence bring
The frantic accents of despair!
Now is the avenger nigh thee!
Let not his soul pass by thee!

Again—again—my babe, again
I clasp thee to this bleeding heart,
They come—and are they really slain,
And dost thou still, O God! restrain
The avenger, ardent to depart
Or have the lightnings pass them?
Which thou hast sent to blast them!

They come! they come! Hold, hold thine hand—
Thou canst not shed an infant's blood—
Sheathe, murderer, sheathe thy reeking brand—
Thou wilt not?—Is the Fiend's command
Fulfill'd by his own demon-brood?
Or if ye will not spare him,
Strike first at her that bare him!"

There's blood upon that mother's brow,
Blood of her child by ruffians shed—
A voice is heard in Rama now,
A voice of wailing loud and low—
"Thou Rachel weeping for the dead,
The mother, broken hearted,
Calls on her babe departed."

'Twas vain to bid her weep no more—
Only the dreamless grave shall bring
The rest she cannot feel before;
But when thy reign of blood is o'er,
What doom is thine, detested king?
Guards, sceptres, left behind thee,
The mother's curse shall find thee!

MISCELLANY.

THE EXILE.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

[From Ackerman's Forget Me Not for 1830.]

"I'll tell you a short tale."