

THE LAST WISH:

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BY ALTAIDA THE SOLITAIRE.

Life is a wildering dream ;
To its reality we wake not, nor
Pause for space as thro' its giddy circles,
Onward we pass, to the sleep that knows
No waking.

I saw a youth upon whose
Brow, the sun of life had brightly risen,
Whose heart beat joyously at hopes of future
Happiness her blithesome bosom filled.
A maiden ! the world was ideal, and
For imagination's sake, the world was
Gather up some fancied pleasure,
In her snowy breast the artless phantom
Lingered, a bright reality. Her spirit
Knew no sadness ; her eyes were ever looked
Gently down on smiling fields, on laughing

Rills and singing birds, that warbled forth
An angelic choir, to the Ruler
Of all things mortal, and to all that dwell
On planets of heaven and earth.

And thus she mused nor heeded once, the
Time in rapid flight was hurrying on,
Till "cuckoo" came—her Maiden, to the part
Of all things mortal, and to all that dwell
On planets of heaven and earth.

Her maiden days were borne;
She stood before the altar a gentle
bride, and sang the vows of constancy
In accents bland with love and true.
Years went by in safe caring course, nor
Thought of the world behind, save the care-furrow
On her marble brow, and the low murmur
Gently flowing on, till lost in the wide
Sea of life's unpopulous, her spirit
Flew afloat, and came to us.

On the lone couch she lay, and
Thoughts of those days came, or her hallo
Went by in recollection of her hallo
Her mind ran back thro' space long since trav
By the winds of time, and for a moment, lingered
There a blissful smile.

heek, as that's wndering thought,
 "I'm a poor man, but I'm a remembrance
 of halcyon days." "I was part of a drop
 flasted in her sunken eye, her voice
 was a low murmur, low as the
 Last wish of earth, when 'neath its cold, cold
 tomb, a Rose of heauty rare to blossom
 on my breast, the murmur, low as the
 Zephyr's tomb, as sighing part it chaunte a
 "Then, I, cry the hectic mantled her
 pale cheek with crimson here, there fading, like
 the rose, the hectic mantled her pale cheek
 Thro' fainter glow, like pearly dew to blossom
 on my breast, the hectic mantled her pale
 Death await stood on the cold, cold
 "Then, I, cry the hectic mantled her
 stood beside her lone sepulchral home;
 Two widows faint, in sorrow came, perchance
 To drop, the hectic mantled her pale
 Mother! mother now I come, thine ardant
 Flower; my mother, spring now, sleep-
 Sleep gently on!"

Ireland—Irish Landlords.
 This unhappy country is to be decimated
 with a dangerously rapid momentum to ruin
 anarchy, ruin and depopulation. The owner

holders of the land are exacting from the tillers of the soil, with a remorseless exactitude, all the rights which in a better state of society would be their rights, without performing any of their relative duties towards the class whom they oppress. It is the result of a centralized system of oppression, consequent upon the despotic rule of a reader prince, and the consequent spoliation of the people. It is the following, from a disinterested source, the English source—and then ask himself can he wonder if the Irish peasant, subject to such a course of heartless cruelty and oppression, sometimes says "the widge justice of revenge?"

From the News of the World.

Let any one now look to the condition of Ireland—the evictions carried on by the landlords—thousands—the poor with their hundreds and thousands—the poor who are driven from their own lands upon the roads—without the means of providing for their subsistence, and without that, what can be expected but the most terrible results?

[illegible]

another by scores, in other districts by hundreds. The smell of the burning trash in some places was so strong that it was necessary to wear a permanent nuisance for miles around. At the same time the work of destruction was going on in the cities. In a stipulated state of distress the people of the cities were ordered to evacuate their homes in the time of pestilence, to certain deaths. They looked on with amazement at the people struggling for a cure. The agent did his work coolly, and with a business like manner. The law was the law, and he netted and carried him on the occasion. There was no pity, no mercy, no compassion. The law had shown repugnance at such employment. I hear people say—Liberals, too, of the first rank—that the people of Ireland—the peasantry who were the victims of the famine—were not so treated; it must perish, and be replaced by another and better! This you will hardly believe; and I assure you that it is not true. The law is true; still I believe there is a God in Heaven.

The letter from which this extract is made is not written for publication; but it conveys a strong and glowing account of the Irish land question, and of the oppression and wrongs which the diabolical conduct towards the unfortunate people here entails, that we could not refrain from inserting the picture it presents before English readers. For these are men, who have usurped the lands of native Irish, and who now treat them with the same inhumanity, of which the most barbarous and Rascally nations are capable. The English and the Irish land owners are backed up by the military power of England. Can this system be maintained any longer? We believe, that it ought not, nor so it cannot be.

☞ The charity of the world, is very cleverly caricatured in the following lines. Many pe-

THE FRENCHMAN'S FITT.
A beggar, crippled, starved and blind,
Rehears his doleful story
To half a score of auditors,
Who have looked vainly for
Some pitted much, some very much,
But not one much indeed!
But not one cent did they bestow
To help the man of woe
At length a Frenchman forward stepped
In pity, half, half, choler,
And said, "I'll give his pangs
I pity you two dollars!"

177 The noblest passages in poetry are
isms; but these traits are the great truths of
mankind; and he is the true poet who draws it

¶ Critics are sentinels in the grand' arm letters—stationed at every corner of newspa-

(and reviews, to challenge every new author.