# E JOURNAI.

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### PERMS

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## POETRY.

## THE MERRY TIME OF MAY.

Come glad zephyrs of the balmy west,
Walt on thy wings our thoughts awayBid our sorrow-seeking breast
Hail the happy morn of May.
The warblers of the grove
Sing gaily o'er the green;
The red-breast and the dove Bask in gay nature's sheen.

I'll was der far o'er the wild,
O'er hifl and landscape g ay;
Seek the gushing river's side,
And list the wood-nymph's lay.
And as the stream doth run,
To its eternal home— A mirror of the sun— I'll gaily sport along.

vaunt! then, winter-time, away,
I'll think no more on thee,
will be meek and ever pray,
I'll the face no more to see.
Then for the days of May,
And the merry songster's note,
We'll rouse the slum'bring lay,
As we gaily sail our boat.

## NOT MARRIED YET.

Not married yet! ah, let me think-How horrid is the thought, How hornd is the thought,
That eighteen summers have escaped,
And still I am not caught!
And still—and still—'tis like to be,
If things don't alter soon:
No matter—I'll live on in hope, At least another moon!

No offer yet! ah, what a thought, No offer yet! ah, what a thought,
For a maiden past eighteen,
With face and form as faultless too,
As any ever seen!
Ah, wherefore do they keep me back?
Ah, why this long delay?
No man need ask This maid but once
Fo name the wedding day.

# BE QUIET, DO, I'LL CALL MY MOTHER!!

MOTHER!

As I was sitting in a wood,
Under an oak tree's lofty cover,
Musing in pleasant solitude,
Who should come by, but John, my lover
He pressed my hand, and kissed my cheek,
Then warmer growing, kissed the other,
While I exclaimed, and strove to shriek,
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!"

He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide me,
And wiping from my check the tear,
He sat upon the grass beside me;
He feigned such pretty amorous.woe,
Breathed such sweet vows one on anoth
I could but smile, while whispering low,
"Be quiet, do! I'll call my mother!"

He talked so long, and talked so well,

And swore he meant not to deceive me,
I felt more grief than I can tell,
When with a kiss he rose to leave me!
'Oh, John!' said I, 'and must you go?
I love thee better than all other!
There is no need to hurry so—
I NEVER MEANS TO CALL MY MOTHER!"

#### MISCELLANY.

From Graham's Magazine, for May.

THE REEFER OF '76.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR."

## The Sea-Fight.

"Sail ho!" sung ont the look out, one sunny afternoon, as we bowled along besfore a pleasant gale. In an instant the drowsiest among us was fully awake. The officers thronged the quarter-decks; the fore-topmen eagerly scanned the horizon; the skulkers stole out from beneath the bulwarks where they had been dozing, and the late quiet decks of the schooner, which but a moment since lay hushed in the drowsy silence of a sultry afternoon, now swarmed with noisy and curious gazers.

gazers. "Whereaway?" asked the officer of the

- "Whereaway?" asked the officer of the deck.
  "Broad on the weather beam."
  "Can you make her out?"
  "A heavy square rigged vessel."
  "Do her royals lift?"
  "Aye, sir; but only this moment."
  "How does she bear?"
  "West and by west sou' west."
  "A West Indiaman, perhaps."
  "Ay, sir, I can see her to' gallants now: they belong to a heavy craft."
  "Pipe all hands to make sai!, boat-swain."

swain."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"The strange sail is hauling up intothe wind," sung out the look-out.

"Ay—take the glass, Mr. Parker and
spring into the cross trees to see what you
can make of her. All hands aloft—loose
and sheet home fore and maintopsails.
Merrily, there. How does she look Mr.
Parker?"

"She seems a heavy merchant-man by

Parker?"

"She seems a heavy merchant-man by her rig; ah! now her topsails lift, large and square, with a cross in them. It's not the rig of a man-o'war."

"Ease off the sheet—man the lee-braces—hard down the helm."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the quarter master, as he whirled around the wheel, and the gallant craft danced lightly up into the wind, like a racer beneath the spur; while the men stood at their respective stations reagerly waiting the command.

"Round there, with the foretop-sail—haul it: fore and aft—belay all!" came in quick succession from the quarter-deck, as we bowed before the breze, and dashing the spray on either side our cutwater, went off almost dead in the wind's eye. The sharp wind, as it sang through our cordage, and the momentary dashing of the sea across our bows, as we thumped against the surges, aflorded a pleasant relief to the occasional creaking of the shard, or the dull monotonous sounds of the water washing lazily alongside, which we had been listening to for the last hour. The change had an exhilirating effect upon our spirits, which was perceptible as well among officers asamong men. Besides, we were all eager for a prize. Every man, therefore, was at his station, and a hundred eager faces looked out from the forecastle, the tops, or where ver their owners chanced to be. The captain, too, was upon deck, s.anning the stranger with a scrutinizing eye.

"No, sir—her courses show to the very foot; but here it comes—six ports on a side, sir, though they look Lke painted ones."

"She's setting her light sails."

"Every one of them, sir: and wetting down the mainsail."

"How are her decks?"

"Crowded, sir. There's the glancing of musket as I live; ah, of a dozen. She carries troops, sir, I fancy."

"Aye, sir."

The interest had gone on deepening, during these rapid questions and answers, until a thus last reply a suppressed buzz ran re. und the ship. No one spoke, but cach looked into his messmates' face, and it was obvious that the question, "could we capture our opponents, or would we o

carries troops, sir, I fancy."

"A ye, sir."

The interest had gone on deepening, during these rapid questions and answers, until at my last reply a suppressed buzz ran result the first out cach looked into his messmates' face, and it was obvious that the question, "could we capture our opponents, or would we ourselves become the prey?" was uppermost in every mind. But the person most interested in the event was apparently the least concerned of any; and without moving a muscle of his face, the captain leisurely closed his glass, and turning, with a smile, to his lieutenant, said.—

"We shall be likely to have a sharp brush, Mr. Lennox e in fact, our men are getting rusty, and we want something of a close-contested battle to burnish them up. We shall open the magazine, and go to quarters directly."

Mo sooner had the chase altered his course, and shown a determination to except a challenge, than the firing on both sides ceased, and the two ships steadily but silently approached each other.

The eve of a battle is a solemn time. However men may talk in their jovial hours, or feel amid the maddening excite-thing inversessible awe-inspiring in the consciousness that we are soon to be arrayed in deadly hostility against our fellows gazing, as if spell-bound, upon the capture of the contrast itself, there is some consciousness that we are soon to be arrayed in deadly hostility against our fellows gazing, as if spell-bound, upon the capture of the contrast itself, there is some consciousness that we are soon to be arrayed in deadly hostility against our fellows gazing, as if spell-bound, upon the capture of the contrast itself, there is some consciousness that we are soon to be arrayed in deadly hostility against our fellows gazing, as if spell-bound, upon the capture of the contrast itself, there is some consciousness that we are soon to be arrayed in deadly hostility against our fellows gazing, as if spell-bound, upon the capture of the contrast itself, there is some consciousness that we are soon to be arrayed in

W. BENDENNY LYANIA WORNING TO PROPRIETOR.

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