

Original.

THE OLD DISPUTE OF THE KATYDIDS.

BY MRS. SERA SMITH.

Now, Katydids, I know it all,
That long dispute I've heard;
I listen'd 'neath the old peach tree,
And heard it, every word.

Ye sat, a noisy little group,
And told it all with zest—
Some "Katydid n't," stoutly cried,
And "Katydid," the rest.

The little prudes! I heard them tell
The story o'er and o'er;
And they, no doubt, have done the same
A million times before:—

How Katy went adown the lane
With one I must not name;
And how he kiss'd her cheeks and lips—
Now, pray, was Kate to blame?

I'm sure that I have always thought
A kiss a harmless thing;
So prompt upon the maiden's cheek
The ready blush to bring.

Now, is it thought so very bad
Where Katy's home was hid?
And don't they walk with lovers there,
Alone, as Katy did?

He kiss'd her cheek, and Katy smil'd;
Her blushes went and came;
He kiss'd her lips, and Katy kiss'd—
Now, pray, was Kate to blame!

But up there sprang a naughty elf,
A jealous little sprite,
Who came to watch poor Katy there,
Beneath the starry night.

Away he ran with wicked speed,
And, "Katydid," he cried—
And "Katydid n't," loudly call'd
The lover by his side.

Away they went, a train pursued,
Unknowing what it meant,
And "Katydid n't!"—"Katydid,"
Upon the air they sent.

And thus, for ages, they have been
Disputing all the time,
About that kiss poor Katy gave—
Sure, was it such a crime?

Original.

A BATTLE SONG.

The subject, a youthful knight, receiving his banner from his lady-love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BURTON," "LAFITTE," ETC.

Go, warrior to the battle-field!
With glory crown thy brows—
I, at the shrine of prayer will kneel
And breathe for thee my vows.

Go, take this banner! in the front
Of war, wave, wave it free!
The fingers that enwove its field,
Will then be clasped for thee.

Go! Honor be thy true heart's shield!
Thy true love bear thee on!
This hand which thou hast sought, shall be
A conqueror's alone.

Win honor in the lists of fame—
Reap laurels in the fight—
Bring back a hero's deathless name,
Thy bride I'll be, Sir Knight!

Original.

THOUGHTS AT AN INFANT'S BURIAL.

THEIR hopes have perished, and their hearts are bleeding!

One knows an anguish, e'en for tears too deep;
And Friendship's—Love's—soft accents all unheeding—
The other hath no solace but to weep.

For ah! the sunshine of their home hath faded—
Gone with the closing of their boy's bright eye;
Ere they had thought such brightness could be shaded,
Or dreamed that one so beautiful could die!

Alas for thee, young mother!—thou art tasting
The bitterest drop in life's full cup of woes!—
Full well I know the grief thine heart now wasting—
Grief that the childless parent only knows.

For I have given to the cold grave's keeping—
E'en as thou hast, the joy of my young years—
Mine only son;—I would not stay thy weeping.
For, oh! I know the sweet relief of tears!

The verdant earth—the heaven-breathing flowers—
The wild bird's song from leafy bower and tree,—
These have no charms to soothe thy sorrowing hours,
That song hath lost its melody for thee.

For ah!—the verdant turf before thee spreading,
Is as a pall upon his lonely bed;
The fragile flowers their grateful fragrance shedding,
Only remind thee of the early dead!

Yet, not beneath the grassy turf is sleeping
Him, whom thou loved'st so well—thy darling boy;
'Tis o'er his broken prison thou art weeping,
HE sports with angels in the realms of joy!

Turn from the grave, then, where thy thoughts would linger,

Turn from these earthly bonds that Death hath riven;
And see, where Faith doth point her radiant finger,
Thy boy's bright eyes among the stars of heaven!

MELZER GARDNER.