POETRY.

KATE VAN.

BY THOMAS HOOD ENGLISH

I well remember when at morn
We went to school together,
In sun or cloud, in calm or storm,
Unheeding of the weather.
I think at when I used to gaze
Within thy bonnet on those days,
Perchance to steal a kiss, Kate Vane—
Ah! would that we were young again.

I think of when I did the sums,
That puzzled so thy pate,
And when I went to read my task,
Slipped in thy hands the slate.
Oft would I claim and get for this,
What now were worth a world—a kiss,
Then did not think it harm Kate Vane—
Ah! would that we were young again.

I think of when I halved with thee
My cherished childish store,
And only wished, for thy dear sake,
It might be ten times more.
Our schoolmates, when engaged in strife
With us, would call us 'man and wife.'
None call us so just now, Kate Vane—
Ah! would that we were young again.

I think of when the brindle cow
Along the cattle track
Chased thee and I, with stick and bough,
In triumph drove her back.
Thy trembling form was on my [illegible]
Thy little lips to mine were pressed [illegible]
Ah! would [illegible] again.

I see th[illegible]
Thou art as swee[illegible]
Time has not soiled thy [illegible]
Nor marked thy face w[illegible]
I love thee as I did before,
Yea! better—dearer—stronger [illegible]
Ha! art thou in my arms Kate [illegible]
I think, my love, we're yo[illegible]

Bringing Home.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Home is a magic sound; every [illegible] their stamps upon his page an intense [illegible] ing of its sacred and affectionate powe[illegible] The thousand incidents, interests, and re[illegible] associations that spring thence and [illegible] our mortal life to all its varieties of [illegible] or happiness, or misery, have been [illegible] felt by the strongest and feeblest [illegible] with an equal feeling of pleasure, but with [illegible] different vigor. To my mind, no circumstances connected with home are more attractive and affecting than the bringing thither of individuals in the various stages of existence, under the various aspects of fortune. I have seen the infant, who, to use a Liberalism, was born from home, brought thither. I have seen the eager group of servants, of brothers and sisters, springing forth from the domestic door as the hand of the carriage approached, in which the little stranger and its parents were coming. I have heard the exclamations of delight of loving welcome—seen the eager looks and gestures of curious [illegible]—the crowding round to gaze on the pale unknown face—the snatching up of the long desired prize—the hurrying altogether of the happy family into that abode which, henceforth, is the home of all.

Again, I have seen the boy come bounding in from a half year's absence at school, full of life, all health, all pleasure—seen the glad embraces and shaking of hands—have heard the surprise at his growth, his change, his improvement. I have seen too, the gentle, timid girl return under the same circumstances—seen the mother's kisses, her tears, her proud smiles—seen the former playmate waiting to welcome her; and behold what a change a little time had made even in these young creatures—how the gay familiarity of the days they parted was gone—how they looked at each other, and felt strange, and evidently wondered in their own minds at the alteration to each other, so grown, so different, so unlike the beings of each other's memory, till they became shy and silent.

I have seen the tall youth coming from abroad, from his field perhaps—a boy when he went—now a man, with a lofty, dashing figure, a manly voice; and so grown out of his former self that it required some time and intercourse to discover, in the depths of his heart and nature, the beloved being that he went away. I have stood by the graves of the companions of my youth, who have dispersed themselves into the world and not come home even to die, but have been borne to their native shores on the bier, that their ashes might lie with the ashes of their kindred.

Unanswerably home-bringings are these, and they show the mighty power that resides in that sacred spot. The prodigal in his misery; the conqueror in his bed of victory—the poet in the glorious sunset of his mortal course, all cry, "Take me home that I may die! or, if that may not be, take me home that I may sleep with my fathers!" Though they should have traversed the world—though they should have sojourned long and contented in many nations, so that to other people, other manners, other loves, they may have forgotten for years their fatherland; yet when the last hour comes, the soul arises in its agony, and stretches itself towards the home of its youth, and in the last gushing passion of love, would fain fly hither, ere it quits the earth for ever.

It was but a few years ago that I stood by the grave of one of the greatest poets, and one of the most extraordinary men of this or any other age. It was a little miserable village, and he had gone and dwelt in the lands of his old renown—in the lands of present and perpetual beauty; he had walked with the mightiest and wisest, and most illustrious of the earth; and not only the multitude, but *they* had looked upon him with wonder and admiration; he had desired pleasure, and had reaped it, down to the coarse and jagged stubble of barrenness; he had panted for renown, and won it in its fulness; he had rejoiced to sail on the wide seas; he had sat amid the eternal and most magnificent mountains and gathered up thoughts of everlasting grandeur; all that is lovely in nature and in man he had seen and partaken without scruple, and without measure; he had even turned in scorn from his native land, and sworn that his bones should never lie in its bosom; but death stood before him and his heart melted, and acknowledged its allegiance to the mighty power of nature—to the irresistible force of early ties—and here from all his wanderings, all his speculations, and all his glory, to this little obscure and unattractive nook of earth, he was brought. Not a spot of all those beautiful ones might defraud this of its rightful due; nature was more powerful than time or space, or passion or fame; dust must mingle with its kindred dust.

These things I have seen; these every one sees and almost every day—but it was my lot lately to notice one or two incidents arising out of this strong law of nature that deserves a more particular attention. [illegible] being a rather long story, [illegible] the minutiae of circumstances, and were in the habit of dwelling from the beginning of [illegible] long tales [illegible] I [illegible] a village [illegible] [illegible] dressed in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]