

CORNUCOPIA.

THERE's a lodger lives on the first floor,
(My lodgings are up in the garret,)
At night and at morn he taketh a horn
And calleth his neighbors to share it,—
A horn so long, and a horn so strong,
I wonder how they can bear it.

I don't mean to say that he drinks,
For that were a joke or a scandal;
But, every one knows it, he night and day blows it;—
I wish he'd blow out like a candle!
His horn is so long, and he blows it so strong,
He would make Handel fly off the handle.

By taking a horn I don't hint
That he swigs either rum, gin, or whiskey;
It's *we* who drink in his din worse than gin,
His strains that attempt to be frisky,
But are grievously sad.—A donkey, I add,
Is as musical, braying in *his* key.

It's a puzzle to know what he's at;
I could pity him, if it were madness:
I never yet knew him to play a tune through,
And it gives me more anger than sadness
To hear his horn stutter and stammer to utter
Its various abortions of badness.

At his wide open window he stands,
Overlooking his bit of a garden;
One can see the great ass at one end of his brass
Blaring out, never asking your pardon:
This terrible blurting he thinks is not hurting,
As long as his own ear-drums harden.

He thinks, I've no doubt, it is sweet,
While thus Time and Tune he is flaying;
The little house-sparrows feel all through their marrows
The jar and the fuss of his playing,—
The windows all shaking, the babies all waking,
The very dogs howling and baying.

One note out of twenty he hits,
And, cheered, blows *pianos* like *fortes*.
His time is his own. He goes sounding alone,
(A sort of Columbus or Cortés,)
On a perilous ocean, without any notion
Whereabouts in the dim deep his port is.

Like a man late from club, he has lost
 His key, and around stumbles moping,
 Touching this, trying that, now a sharp, now a flat,
 Till he strikes on the note he is hoping,
 And a terrible blare at the end of the air
 Shows he's got through at last with his groping.

There,—he's finished,—at least, for a while ;
 He is tired, or come to his senses ;
 And out of his horn shakes the drops that were borne
 By the winds of his musical frenzies.
 There's a rest, thank our stars, of ninety-nine bars,
 Ere the tempest of sound recommences.

When all the bad players are sent
 Where all their false notes are protested,
 I am sure that Old Nick will play him a trick,
 When his bad trump and he are arrested,
 And down in the regions of Discord's own legions
 His head with two French horns be crested.

MY JOURNAL TO MY COUSIN MARY.

March, 1855.

Of all the letters of condolence I have received since my misfortune, yours has consoled me most. It surprises me, I confess, that a far-away cousin—of whom I only remember that she had the sweetest of earthly smiles—should know better how to reach the heart of my grief and soothe it into peace, than any nearest of kin or oldest of friends. But so it has been, and therefore I feel that your more intimate acquaintance would be something to interest me and keep my heart above despair.

My sister Catalina, my devoted nurse, says I must snatch at anything likely to do that, as a drowning man catches at straws, or I shall be overwhelmed by this calamity. But is it not too late ? Am I not overwhelmed ? I feel that life is a revolting subject of contemplation in my circumstances, a poor thing to look forward to. Death itself looks pleasanter.

Call up to your mind what I was, and what my circumstances were. I was healthy and strong. I could run, and wrestle, and breast strong winds, and cleave rough waters, and climb steep hills,—things I shall henceforth be able only to remember,—yes, and to sigh to do again.

I was thoroughly educated for my profession. I was panting to fulfil its duties and rise to its honors. I was beginning to make my way up. I had gained one cause,—my first and last,—and my friends thought me justified in entertaining the highest hopes.

It had always been an object of ambition with me to—well, I will confess—to be popular in society ; and I know I was not the reverse.—So much, Mary, for what I was. Now see what I am.

I am, and shall forever be,—so the doctors tell me,—a miserable, sickly, helpless being, without hope of health or independence. My object in life can only