

T H E W I N T E R W I N D .

HUSH! moaning wind, that murmurest past,
With low, sad wailing filled;
Peace! peace to the voice of the mournful blast!
Wind, lonely wind, be stilled!

Some spirit of sadness thou must bear,
O wind! on thy rushing wings;
And this is the wailing sound I hear
When that sorrowing spirit sings:

Thy voice is not that of the gentle breeze,
That breath of the blushing spring,
That sports 'mid the flowers and laughs 'mid the leaves
Where the birds of the summer sing:

Nor the whirlwind's breath in its gathering might,
By the wings of the tempest borne,
When the lightnings gleam through the clouds at night,
O'er the sky, where the storm rolls on.

But thine, O wind! is the chilling breath;
And that voice, so full of sadness,
It speaks to the heart of grief, of death,
Of all—yes, all but gladness.

And it minds us too of the cold, dark tomb,
Where sleep the silent dead;
Of life when 'tis reft of its beauty and bloom,
And its joy and its brightness have fled.

Thou art not heard when the spring is seen
To come with her laughing showers,
When she decks the earth in a robe of green,
And wreathes her brow with flowers.

But thy voice is heard 'mid the naked trees,
When the bright flowers all are gone,
And thou comest to scatter the withered leaves,
When the summer birds have flown.

Thou followest pale WINTER's icy feet,
And thy voice its moaning keepeth,
When the Earth, like the dead in their winding-sheet,
In her cold, white mantle sleepeth!

Thou sigh'st o'er the grave where the lowly rest,
Where no mourner comes but thee;
Thy voice is heard on the ocean's breast,
Far, far o'er the deep, dark sea:

And sad must sound that dreary wail
Around some silent wreck,
As howling through each tattered sail,
It sweeps the lonely deck.

That sigh too is heard 'mid the dashing surge,
 For the sleepers 'neath the wave ;
 That mournful blast is the only dirge
 Above the sea-boy's grave.

M. L. M.

CHINESE LETTERS.

BY FAN-KEUI.

Canton, China, —, 18—.

MY DEAR NED : Here I am, at length, after a most tedious voyage, during which Father Neptune — may the devil some day catch him out of his dominions ! — treated me more like a step-son than one of his own children.

Although, since I last wrote to you, I have traversed a large portion of the route pursued by the early Arabian voyagers, and the famous Venetian, 'Messer Millione,' on their way to and return from the wondrous land of Cathay, truth compels me to acknowledge that I have neither fallen in with the 'negroes who hang strangers with their heads downward, and slice them into pieces which they eat quite raw' ; nor a single one of those dangerously-captivating females 'who kill a man with a glance' ; nor, indeed, notwithstanding I tarried some time in Ceylon, was I able to get a glimpse of 'the grandest ruby that ever was seen, being a span in length, and the thickness of a man's arm' ; or to obtain any certain information as to whether the tomb, which is to be seen 'on the mountain called Rahun,' contains 'the body of Adam' or of 'Sogomon-baschan' — the Musselmans asserting one thing, and the Buddhists another, so that I was at a loss to determine within myself which was the true story. God knows it !

As to the fish which, leaving their native element, 'get up to the cocoa-nut trees, and having drained them of their juice, take to the sea again,' all I have to say is, if there be such, they must have kept themselves scarce while I was about ; for, although I climbed cocoa-nut trees innumerable, in search of them, devil the one could I find ; yet would I not too hastily set this down as a *fish-story* ; for what our same author relates of another species of the funny tribe, which he denominates 'sea-locusts,' is unquestionably correct, as I have seen countless swarms of them flying, not only in the sea of 'Haskand,' but in divers other seas ; and of the truth of this declaration I stand ready at all times to make a deposition, under my own sign manual, before any one of that worshipful body, the separate members of which are by these celestials styled *Laouyay*, and by us terrestrials, Your Honor. But that these same fish do sometimes come aboard-ship, and roost on the hammock-nettings and lower-yards, so that the midshipmen do 'get their shooting up' by popping them over, sitting — as one of their number did waggishly and wickedly tell his elder brother in Kentucky — is by no means true ; and the author of so mischievous an invention deserves to be incontinently clobbered in this world, and 'roasted