

A LOVE FOR WINGED THINGS.

[XXXVII., April 12, 1840.]

My love flowed e'er for things with wings.

When boy I sought for forest fowl,
And caged them in rude rushes' mesh,
And fed them with my breakfast roll;
So that, though fragile were the door,
They rarely fled, and even then
Would flutter back at faintest call!

Man-grown, I charm for men.