



A
WREATH
OF
COLUMBIA'S
FLOWERS.
1858.

LC Paine

BY MISS FRANCES J. (CROSBY) Van Alstyne

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TO MR. PERLEY D. WHITMORE.

FROM the forest shades of my own bright land,
Whose leaf-crowned heads in their glory stand,
From the silent dell, and the vine-clad hill,
From the mossy banks of a sparkling rill,
I have woven a wreath in my leisure hours,
A simple WREATH OF COLUMBIA'S FLOWERS.

I have bathed its leaves in a fount that sleeps
Where the spirit of freedom her vigil keeps;
It was born in a land I am proud to claim,
And bloomed in the light of her sacred name—
It was woven for thee in my leisure hours,
Then take the WREATH OF COLUMBIA'S FLOWERS.

With the affectionate regards of the Authoress,

F. J. CROSBY.

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PREFACE:

It may be fairly inferred, from the title of this little work, that the writer, who, from her long connection with the New York Institution for the Blind, is well known to the public, assumes that the productions it contains are the efforts of native American genius, and that this fact claims for it the patronage of those who love to encourage every well-directed effort of their countrywomen. We are too apt to believe the capabilities and endowments of those who come to us from afar, superior to our own; and they are not a few who allow volumes to grow dingy and dusty on their shelves, while they read those of an inferior order, brought to them from foreign lands. It is this prevailing spirit of the times we deplore, and encourage the perusal of American literature—not to the exclusion of anything that is good—but that we may learn to appreciate ourselves, and our own resources, and thus be the better able to test the merits of those about us. For those who have but little fondness for poetry, the writer has diversified her work with stories which are natural and true to life. And she now submits it to the American public, with a heart ever grateful for their patronage, never insensible to their worth, nor indifferent to their highest and best interests.

THE MOUNTAIN CHIEF;

OR,

THE HOME OF MEDORA.

CHAPTER I.

FAR back in the annals of our country's history, though it seems but a little time since, the fair-haired boy broke from the nursery bonds that confined him, to test his untried powers with the fond realities of life ; like the young eaglet, who from his leafy nest, looks into the sun, until his bright blue eye penetrates the shadowy forms at play among the dim waves of ocean ; or as the child waking to sweet consciousness, looks into its mother's eye, and sees a world of tenderness there, till the bright angel of its dreams paints her sweet smile, and the heart of age turns to the picture and feels all the bliss of its happy innocence.

Ages have circled away, and empires with their

regal splendor, like billows, rose and fell, yet, in the mind of unchanging God, dwelt the hope of those that wept, that they might walk with him, and as a shining pledge of his truce, He sat his signal star, whose mild effulgence lighted the mariner to its Indian wilds ; nor have Americans forgotten him who found their forest home, and as our banner's starry field floats o'er old ocean's tide, one thought of gratitude remains, as the heart of age turns to the picture of its earliest joy ; so will the memory of the heroes gone live in our minds, while there is one to share the liberty and peace their valor won, and as their names transcend through distant lines of sons, like jewels found in climes afar, they shall have new lustre with each acquiring year. Let us mingle awhile with the men who were the founders of our land ; the scenes of strife, of peril and of blood, have passed for her more palmy days, and her jewelled hand encloses the future destiny of a world.

In the forest shades of Pennsylvania, not far distant from the Juniata, stood a cabin, in a clearing just large enough to allow its occupants to transact such of their domestic affairs as required an immediate contact with the open air. In this cabin sat two men, who as their dress indicated, were hunters ;

it was constructed of logs, after the usual custom of the early settlers ; and Tom Hale, its owner, had for some time been discussing sundry common-place matters, which, however, were gradually losing their interest for a topic of more importance to him. Jack Kandell was an honest, good-natured fellow, as his countenance intimated, but having from his earliest years been associated with Indians, hunters, and trappers, he had no fixed moral principle to guide him. Tom Hale was known and dreaded as a sly, sneaking, serpentine villain. "Jack," he said, rousing himself from his lethargy, "we have known each other long enough—if we are not friends now, we had better part." Jack, supposing he was to be signally honored by some new trust, looked steadily in the face of his companion as he continued, "you have whimpered and sighed at the feet of old Lyle's daughter long enough, and it is high time you had some settled mode of life, and that these savage devils should be made to feel that they have a master, who is rigid, resolute and exacting, and that the soil which they have held worse than useless, should be turned to our account. I tell you, Jack, I have notions in my heart, like seeds sown in the earth, which need the warm sun and rain to mature them."

"But," said Jack, "I cannot leave Medora, though she has no heart for me now."

"No one asks you to leave Medora," replied Hale; "once made defenceless by the death of her pedant father, and his pupil Warvakenia, and she will cling to you like the bark to a tree."

It sometimes happens, that the most incautious, hit upon the best suggestions. Jack, who, during the conversation, had observed an old squaw lying upon the ground, remarked, that she might betray them, to which Hale, who supposed her to be asleep, replied, "there is no fear of that;" yet a singular twitching about her mouth, and a mysterious twinkle of her eye, showed that she was deeply sensible to all that was passing around her.

Jack mused for some time, while his companion remained silent—at length he said, "How do you propose bringing this about?"

"You have only to follow the trail which I shall point out to you," replied Hale; "the dog never forgets the scent of his master—meet me at the hunt to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

ON the brow of a hill, whose mossy sides sloping downward towards the valley, till hid in a rivulet that sparkled at its base, stood a little cottage, around whose porch, at that early day, the myrtle and the honeysuckle had entwined their tender branches, till the place was embowered in an arbor of roses.

In the midst of this sweet wild of beauty was a solid rock, where Medora, the light of this magic scene, spent the sultry hours of noon, watching the rivulet, which seemed to have tunneled its way through the rock till lost in the shadowy woods beyond.

It was evening now, and the sylph-like form of Medora, loved by the forest sons and their mountain chief, sat watching the moon as she walked up her starry path of light, while the sweet environs of the place lent their soft fragrance to the breeze, that gently curled the river's brink, which was now and then dotted by a light canoe, and whose transparent surface reflected the declining day-beams like a

burnished mirror. There she sat listening to the birds as they chanted their evening song, till wrapt in that sweet extacy of thought, which sorrows when disturbed, like one waking from a delicious dream, till roused by one, whom she was wont to consider as a brother, but who was an adopted son of Mr. Lyle, her father.

"Medora," he said in a kind tone, "papa has proposed a sail this evening.—Will you join us?"

She returned his warm pressure, and throwing back the raven tresses that shaded her snowy brow, with countenance radiant with pleasure and enthusiasm she prepared to follow him.

Mr. Lyle was an English gentleman of fortune, and although without a title, he had gained great celebrity among the diplomatic circles for his knowledge of mining and surveying, and had emigrated to this country under the auspices of the government.

Mrs. Eleanor Lyle, a lady of exquisite beauty, and rare accomplishments, died, when Medora, her perfect image, and to whom the heart of the old man turned, as her own beautiful counterpart, was too young to form any distinct recollection of her.

Clarence Woodville was the son of an English

officer, an intimate friend of Mr. Lyle, who it was supposed had died in service abroad; the boy had been adopted by Mr. Lyle as his own, and the former wishing to shield him from the temptations likely to be met in a country new like ours, permitted him to associate with his daughter as intimately as if she were his sister, hence a strength of affection grew up between them, with which the parent of the young girl was wholly unacquainted.

The parties had by this time reached the shore, where a boat was in waiting for them, and having taken their seats, they pushed off.

The moon rode high in the clear blue vault of heaven, and now, and then, bright jets of light fell amid the opening shadows of the trees, like meteor beams.

"Papa," said Medora, as they passed down the stream, "is it not sad to think, that all this loveliness must, ere long, be despoiled by the rude hand of man?"

"It is," replied her father, "and when we reflect that this people must sooner or later exist only in story, we are reminded of the blessedness of our first parents in the happy Eden which they lost."

As the river widened, and the forest deepened,

a form could have been seen, which, but for its motions evincing life, might have been mistaken for one of the smaller oaks. He was a tall, powerful, athletic man, and seemed familiar with the party, as his round, clear tone made the forest ring with his loud halloo.

"'Tis Warvakenia," said Medora, and they were about to near the shore, in order to receive him, when he sprang into the boat, which dipped deeply beneath the shock, but soon, however, regained its easy motion, when Clarence remarked, that there was another boat near them.

"'Tis Tom Hale, and his party," said Mr. Lyle, who had been watching their approach.

Having exchanged courtesies, the peace-pipe was handed by the Monarch of the wood, who called for one of those sweet songs, which he said the White Swan sang so well. Medora timidly complying with his request, sang the following strain :

Wild is thy mountain home,
Chief of thy warriors' brave,
Where the deer, in its freedom, loves to roam,
And the pines in their beauty wave.

Wild is thy mountain home,
Where the eagle builds its nest,

And proudly dips in the dashing foam,
Its bright and sparkling crest.

Where the dread echoes ring,
Thy nightly couch is spread,
Where the storm-bird flaps its fitful wing,
And the storm-cloud rears its head.

The Indian would have praised the song, but his attention was attracted by a black cloud from the West, that crossed the moon's bright disc, which he said omened ill, as he beckoned them to the shore.

"See," said Medora, playfully, "'tis gone now."

"Yes, my child," he replied, "the hand of the Great Spirit has brushed it away."

As the boats were about to separate, Tom Hale remarked, that there would be a hunt to-morrow, to which he cordially invited the parties.

Warvakenia said, that he should be happy to meet them on their return, at the council-fire, where he should address his warriors.

Medora sought her home along the crystal waters. It was late ere the young people left the porch that night, and as they parted, their eyes told how much their young souls felt of love.

CHAPTER III.

THE morning broke clear and bright ; but scarcely had the gray dawn given place to the opening day, when Mr. Lyle and our young hero were equipped for the hunt.

Tom Hale and his party, consisting of himself, Jack Kandell, and a few Indians on foot, were on the spot.

They breakfasted at the Home, whose beauties we have described in a preceding chapter of our story, and then Warvakenia led the way to the hunting-grounds.

The riders changed places several times during the morning, and at last Tom Hale found himself at the side of our young hero.

"A fine morning, this, for the hunt," said Tom. Clarence nodded in the affirmative.

"Ride leisurely along, my boy," he continued ; "I have something to say to you. Our horses are fleet, and we can easily overtake them at any time."

Clarence consented to the proposal of Tom, and the latter looking him steadily in the face, said :

"Are you sure that your confidence has not been misplaced at home?"

"I do not know what you mean," replied Clarence.

"What I mean," said Tom, "you will the better understand in time ; when you have known the world as I have, you will put a higher estimate on integrity, and the more pity those who fall."

"If you mean me to infer," replied Clarence, "that you think me dissatisfied with the conduct of my foster-father, then I must frankly tell you, that a life-time devoted to his service, could not repay his care."

"Then I have nothing more to offer," said Tom. "Let us catch up."

"Mr. Hale," said Clarence, in a respectful tone, "I should be happy to hear anything you may have to say."

"You are a frank, open-hearted, disingenuous boy," rejoined Tom. "I could do you an invaluable service, but it would enrol a compact, into which you would not enter."

"Tom," said Clarence, "you knew me years ago, it was your hand that first led me through these forest-wilds, and you ought not thus to distrust me now."

"It is not distrust," answered Tom, "but as you

would hesitate in giving me your confidence, in this matter, I have no disposition to incur the censure and ill-will of your friends."

"Tell me all," said Clarence, "and I promise that it shall be forever locked in my own bosom."

"Swear, then," replied Tom, "that you will not only keep my secret, but, in whatever step you take, you will be guided by my council—what I tell you, that do."

"I do swear," said the boy, "in the presence of the omnipresent God."

"You did not know, then," said Tom, "that Mr. Richards, the mail-carrier, was here this week, and that your foster-father intends making a midshipman of you?"

"I must have further proof of this," replied Clarence.

"Then read this," said Tom, handing him a letter, which a single glance convinced him was the handwriting of his foster-father.

The letter, addressed to Captain Arthur, contained an account of his father's will, of which Mr. Lyle was made the sole executor. It empowered him to take legal measures to adopt the boy as his own. It stated that the large fortune, of which he was

the trustee, should be used with care during his minority, and at his adult period, such investments should be made as in his judgment were best calculated to advance the interests of the boy. It further stipulated, that he should receive from the hands of Mr. Lyle, a liberal education, and here that gentleman ventured to insert his opinion, that the best method of carrying out the will of his deceased friend, would be to place Clarence in his Majesty's service, where he would gain a knowledge of the world and navigation; he therefore requested Captain Arthur to procure him an appointment in the navy, where he would receive all the privileges and immunities compatible with his rank.

"How came you by this intelligence?" asked the boy, half angrily.

"Mr. Richards and I are old friends," replied Tom. "I saw him yesterday, and inquired if he had any despatches from your foster-father; he showed me these, which I detained, in order that you might have a glance at their contents before they left."

"Is it possible," said the boy, "that my father could have done so foolishly," and but for his pride he could have wept.

Tom noticed his chagrin with well-feigned sorrow, while he inwardly triumphed at his success.

The boy was giddy with excitement, he felt that he had been wronged by his best friend—the truth flashed upon him in a moment—he thought of all loves of by-gone years, and saw them forever the blighted.

Tom, who seemed to have divined his thoughts while standing there, assured him that all would yet be well. “You will get up a sail to-morrow night ; I and my party will be in waiting ; the old man once secured, we will compel him to give you the will, and the hand of his daughter ; this done, you will need no other proof of my friendship—we will be the only lords in the country.”

Hardly had they time to remount, when the sound of the somewhat distant hunt reached them ; from a little eminence, to which a moment's ride brought them, the chase was in full sight. Tom, who could not resist the pleasure, dashed forward, leaving Clarence loitering behind. On they rushed, dogs, horses and men, with the fearful impetuosity of a torrent—now leaping over precipices, now darting through deep ravines, now bounding over wide gaps and ditches that intercepted their path, while the

wild yells of the pursuers, gave every moment a new impetus to the hunt.

The ardor of the chase was at its height ; they had reached a fearful steep, down which the affrighted deer plunged madly, amid pointed crags and rocks, and as the riders felt the awful descent, their brains whirled, and their eyes closed as if to shut out the terrible danger which surrounded them, at the same moment a sharp, quick report of a rifle, followed by a shower of arrows from a party of Indians, who had anticipated her route, and the flight of the light foot deer, the object of their pursuit, was over.

Scarcely had the work of divesting her of her soft skin commenced, when two white forms, who had probably lost sight of her in the race, darted from a thicket, and one of them with child-like instinctiveness laid its beautiful head at the feet of Warvakenia, while its upturned eyes seemed pleading for protection. Much as the Monarch of the forest was accustomed to the scenes of the hunt, he said, they had enough to grace the council-fire, and that the starry eyes of the Great Spirit would turn away from want and cruelty.

The day had passed, and as the parties returned to witness the Indian camp-fire, Tom found our

hero in nearly the same place where he had left him in the morning. Poor boy ! he was unhappy now !

The council-fire blazed amid the deepening woods, and every wrong and unholy thought slept in that moment of joy ; tawny men were there, over whose silvery locks eighty summers had past, and who had seen the young saplings that now waved their green crowns above them—here they were until far in the east was seen the morning star, and then all eyes were turned to the proud form of Warvakenia, who said—“My children, the embers of the council-fire are dying, the hand of the Great Spirit is shutting the eyes of night, and the west wind is waking up the dewy morn.

“A few more waning moons, and the council-fires will go out for ever, and Warvakenia will go to the happy hunting grounds of his Great Father, that lie far beyond the ‘big sea water.’

“Where are the tall oaks, under whose green branches Warvakenia played ? They have fallen, and the home of the pale-face stands where they grew. So must the red man lie down in his bed of dust—the hunter must cease to bend the bow, and the cry that sounded among the distant hills be heard no longer, for the Great Spirit shall kindle a

fire that shall burn till his red children be no more.”

Most of the young who heard this melancholy speech, attributed it to his dotage, in which they said he was considerably advanced.

Mr. Lyle and Clarence sought their home, and Tom Hale communicated to Jack Kendall the scheme for the ensuing evening.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER twilight came soft and balmy, and as its shadows lengthened into evening, the little party waited impatiently on the shore of the Juniata for their boat to come up. Medora amused herself by gathering wild flowers, and selecting the fairest for her father.

How sweet to behold the heart of age, thus participating in the sports of youth—like one, who in Siberia's wastes of snow, breathes in his dreams the fragrance of flowers that grew in his own dear native clime. While thus engaged, the splashing of oars was heard, and the next moment the little boat lay rocking at their feet.

Not a cloud was to be seen on the blue expanse of heaven, and the moon threw her long pencils of light adown the waving trees, as the boat glided away, bearing all of happiness within, nor thought to meet a foe ;—like one who takes the proffered glass from friendship's hand, nor thinks that in its sweet draught lurks a poison, till it is too late to think.

Warvakenia amused the party with stories of his tribe ; and the peace-pipe, which was said to be given by the author of life, was passed, and Medora, who had woven a rosy chaplet, gave it to the chief, and he promised to wear it near his heart, until the bright children they begat should bloom again.

At this moment a savage yell was heard, and half a dozen Indians sprang into the water, and swam towards them. "Horror ! what is that ? save me, save me," cried Medora, clinging to the arm of her father. Rifle-balls, and arrows fell among them like hail, and the same instant, the oarsman had fallen to rise no more. Warvakenia, who was impatient for the fight, took his place, and turned the head of the boat towards the shore. Mr. Lyle, who saw the form of Tom Hale among the foe, sprang towards him with the alacrity of a tiger, while his daughter

still clung to him for protection. The fatal arrow came—it pierced her—she fell. Warvakenia, who saw it leave the bow of Hale, struck at him with all the native ferocity of his people, and in a moment his scalp hung bleeding at his girdle. No sooner had the Indians beheld the eye of their chieftain, than they fled from the place.

Clarence, who witnessed the fall of the young girl, hastened to her side. "Medora," he said, "my own beloved Medora, mine was the hand that dealt the cruel blow, and must I tell you, in this last parting hour, that the bosom where you have so oft reclined, and where love was wont to gush, like the living stream from a rock, was poisoned by foul treachery and deceit ! yet, the fault was not all mine." Just then her bright eyes opened and looked forth—a vacant stare, and they closed forever in the sleep of death.

There is a grief that brooks no words, nor speech, and as its darkness settles o'er the soul—if not seen the light that shines from Jesus, or felt the hope which alone the Christian knows, the frail bark sinks. Yet it was not so with that father ; to him death came not—once more his heart rose, but not with hope—but to feel the bitterest anguish, and to know that it was just.

"Boy," he said, "it was I who murdered your father—take his paltry gains, and leave this heart to burn in the hell of misery, till it is pure as the tried gold."

Clarence Woodville returned to England, and learned that the will, that placed his father's fortune at the disposal of Mr. Lyle, was a forgery, and that he, Mr. Lyle, had been aided in its construction by Capt. Arthur, who was an accomplice in the murder.

Long was the wail, and many were the stories told of Medora, who sleeps in her little mossy bed, on the green shores of the bright Juniata.

One day, about the close of the Indian summer, Warvakenia ascended one of the adjacent mountains, wrapt in his cloak, from which the Indians say the Great Spirit took him home.

ANNIE HERBERT.

"ONE moment, only one moment, dear mamma," said Annie Herbert, as she stepped from among the roses, with which she had been playing, and looked pleadingly into her mother's face. "These flowers are so lovely, and they have been talking to me so gently that I cannot bear to leave them."

"Talking to you, my child?" said Mrs. Herbert, smiling.

"Yes, mamma, they have been telling me of that great and good Being who gave them such beautiful colors, and who made the bright moon and the pretty stars that shine upon me, when I am sleeping; but, mamma," she continued, thoughtfully, "they will die soon, and I shall be very lonely and very sad, for I remember when poor papa died, and they carried him away and laid him in the old church-yard; and when I wept and begged you to let me stay with him, you told me that only his body was there, and that *he* had gone to be an an-

gel in heaven. Oh, mamma, how I wish I were an angel !”

Mrs. Herbert was silent, for the tender sweetness and the child-like simplicity of Annie's last words, recalled so vividly the memories of the past, that, unable to control *her* emotion, she threw herself upon the grassy mound, and burst into an agony of tears.

How often have I stood at sunset on the green margin of a transparent lake, and smiled as I beheld my own image mirrored in its pearly waters. I have seen the blue waves sleeping so tranquilly upon its placid bosom, that it seemed as if nothing could break their slumber, and yet the light touch of a canoe, or a pebble thrown by a careless hand, has ruffled its whole surface in a moment.

Such at least, in many instances, may be considered a true picture of life.

There are sorrows that lie concealed in the close folds of the human heart, and for a time sleep as calmly as the waves upon the lakelet's bosom, and the heart too dreams on, as if unconscious of its grief; yet let it catch but the sweet tones of a familiar voice, the low breathings of a harp, *any thing* that reminds it of a being it has once loved, and like the stream, ruffled by the pebble and the

canoe, it will instantly become troubled and agitated.

Who has not seen the summer sky beaming with untold loveliness, suddenly overcast with storm-clouds, yet as they passed away, it seemed more calm and serene, more bright and beautiful than before; thus it was with Mrs. Herbert—when her paroxysm of grief was over, her countenance assumed its wonted cheerfulness, and turning to the child she said, musingly—

“I have done wrong thus to indulge my own feelings at the expense of one so delicate, though thou art dear to me as my own life, and the only tie that binds me to earth; yet heaven knows I would rather that even this chord were broken than thou whom I have nursed from thy cradle, shouldst live to be told the fatal secret of——.” She paused abruptly, and taking Annie gently by the hand, directed their steps along the circuitous path which led to her own residence.

This was a beautiful villa, situated at one end of a garden tastefully ornamented with a variety of flowery shrubs and plants; on either side were dense groves of orange trees, with here and there a magnolia waving its delicate white blossoms in

the laughing breeze ; these were met by a range of lofty hills, from which could be distinctly seen wide and extensive fields, teeming with hundreds of ebon forms busily engaged in the cultivation of rice, cotton, &c., while far away in the distance the rude cabin of the slave bore a striking contrast to the elegant mansion of his master.

Half reclining on a little ottoman, at the feet of Mrs. Herbert, sat the fair form of the gentle child ; with one hand she closed the sacred volume, from which she had been reading, then raising her large blue eyes, with a look of angelic purity, she lisped forth her evening prayer, and as the last words died upon her lips, her head sank weariedly upon her mother's bosom, and she was soon in a profound slumber.

Mrs. Herbert listened to her quiet breathings till she became lost in one of those sweet reveries that sometimes unlock the vault of buried years and bring the past before us.

Borne on the sportive wings of imagination, her thoughts went back to the home of her youth, when, like the child nestling on her bosom, she revelled in the sunshine that surrounded her, happy as the bird

that plumes its pinions high in air, nor dreams of approaching danger.

A sharp, quick sound, followed by a strange rustling among the trees which shaded the half-open window, at which she was then sitting, caused her to start nervously, and taking Annie in her arms, she carried her into an adjoining room and laid her on her own couch—then resuming her seat, she was about to relapse into her former reverie, when the same sound was repeated, and this time was accompanied by a deep groan, as if from some one in distress. Summoning all her resolution she arose, and moving cautiously towards the window, drew aside the curtain, and looked out upon the terrace below.

It was one of those balmy evenings so peculiar to a southern clime, when nature seems to regale herself in the cool breeze, as one by one she folds up the tiny leaves of her young flowers, and lays them to rest on her verdant bosom.

There is a silence, which from its very intensity, becomes almost intolerable, and we are ready to rejoice at anything, to relieve its dreadful monotony. So thought Mrs. Herbert, as moment after moment rolled on, and she was still ignorant as to the cause of her alarm ; half smiling at her credulity, she was

beginning to attribute her fears to an over-excited imagination, when the moon suddenly burst forth, in all its majestic splendor, disclosing to her astonished and bewildered eyes, a tall figure, crouching among the shrubs, directly beneath her window.

Drawing a handkerchief from his pocket, he bound it tightly around his left arm, from which the blood was flowing profusely ; then casting upon her a look of inexpressible anguish, sprang into a thicket, and was gone, while Mrs. Herbert, uttering a wild cry of horror, fell fainting to the floor.

At this critical moment, old Richard, commonly called Uncle Dick, returning from an adjacent town, whither he had been sent on some important mission by his mistress, entered her apartment, and finding her pale and almost lifeless, ran in quest of the two female servants, Aunt Mirian and Lucy, who had left the premises only a short time before, on a visit to a neighboring plantation.

These faithful and devoted creatures, had been reared in the family of Mr. Edward Gray, the father of Mrs. Herbert, and at his death, was bequeathed to his daughter. On opening his will, it was found that Mr. Gray had appropriated a considerable sum to be used in case of sickness, or in their declining

years. The will expressly stipulated, that on no condition, they were to pass into other hands, and in the event of Mrs. Herbert's decease, they should be free. With the skill of an experienced nurse, Aunt Mirian proceeded to apply the necessary remedies, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her mistress restored to consciousness.

On opening her eyes, her first enquiry was for Annie, who fortunately had remained in happy ignorance of all that had transpired.

Uncle Dick and Lucy ventured to suggest the propriety of calling in the aid of the family doctor, but Aunt Mirian, whose word was always law in matters of importance, declared that all the doctors in Christendom couldn't do any more than she had done, and in her opinion, such men weren't of much use, after all, for there was poor Massa Gray, who had a doctor for more than a year, and one morning he came in, and told him he couldn't do no more for him, he must die.

"Uncle Dick," she continued, emphatically addressing her husband, "you remember that."

Uncle Dick did remember, but his heart was too full to reply, and burying his face in his brawny hand, he hastily left the room.

CHAPTER II.

It was the close of a sultry afternoon, that a man on horseback might have been seen riding leisurely towards a small town, not far distant from the present capital of Louisiana. He was apparently about thirty-five, or forty years of age, with a strong muscular frame, long bushy hair, a huge mustache, and a pair of small gray eyes, which rendered his appearance by no means prepossessing. His dress consisted of a coarse home-spun shirt, striped pants, and a coat so completely worn, that it was nearly thread-bare.

Ralph Harding had long held the reputation of a most cruel and despicable wretch; so great was his notoriety, that for miles around, scarcely a single crime was perpetrated, that could not in some way be traced to his instrumentality. Yet with the shrewdness and sagacity, which served him on all occasions, he contrived to elude the vigilance of the law, and thus escape the punishment which his infamous deeds so justly merited.

Men of his stamp, however, are seldom found in

utter destitution of those moral qualities which shed a lustre over the dark shadows of their character.

Like the stream, whose pearly waves reflect the sunbeam, pure as when it falls from heaven's resplendent ray, yet for those who would slake their thirst in its cool depths, there lurks a poison, which it imbibes from plants that grow around its green margin. So it was with Ralph Harding, a man whose early years were graced with powers, which pointed to the glorious crown of fame, honor and renown, but in an evil day, they were blighted, and now his hands were stained with blood, and his soul steeped in crime, till every remembrance of the past was lost to him.

Ralph had continued to ride at the same easy pace, for nearly a quarter of an hour, when the sound of horses' hoofs behind him made him quicken his speed.

He had hardly time to examine a brace of pistols, which he kept constantly near his person, when a man armed to the teeth rode hastily up to him, and seizing the reins of his horse, which had accidentally fallen from his hand, held them fast.

Ralph was not a man to shrink in the hour of danger, for he had more than once been placed in

circumstances of extreme peril—in this instance, however, he saw but little cause for alarm. He knew that he possessed a decided advantage over his antagonist, who, he thought, would hardly venture to cope with him.

For some time the parties regarded each other in silence. At length, the latter cried out, "Villain, your hour has come."

No shots were exchanged.

Ralph replaced his pistols, with a coolness that somewhat surprised his combatant. Both drew their polished steel, which reflected the sunbeam, and, as if guided by instinct, made a simultaneous thrust at each other.

Ralph was an adroit swordsman, and as he dealt the blow, managed to place his sword directly under that of his opponent, giving him a fearful blow on the wrist, and inflicting a terrible wound as he did so.

Accustomed to scenes of blood, and for reasons best known to himself, he took no notice of the advantage of his position, but rode hurriedly away in an opposite direction.

When he reached a place which he was accustomed to designate as his home, and which was

known only to his associates, he was met by the pale form of a care-worn woman, over whose fair brow the summer of life seemed to have passed; yet, in her declining days, she had not lost all the beauty of her former self. Throwing her thin, attenuated arms about his neck, she said in a voice passionate with love—

"Dear Ralph, you have come at last, and I am so happy!"

Ralph looked at her for a moment, then leading her to a rustic seat, he said—

"Mary, you deserve a better fate. Would to God it were in my power to restore you to the home and the comforts you have so nobly sacrificed for me. Why will you still continue to lavish your affection upon one who has proved so recreant to the high trust reposed in him, and so neglectful of the charms you gave me on that happy day when I first called you mine?"

"Say not so, Ralph," she murmured, "it is only your absence makes me wretched."

"Then you shall be wretched no longer," replied Ralph. "Henceforth I will endeavor to make your home as happy as the one from which I took you."

"Oh, Ralph!" she exclaimed, "how have I prayed for this. I do not dream—I hear your voice, and see you, too."

Poor soul, her happiness was too bright to last.

"And my brother," she continued, "you will forgive him, and he will forget his animosity, when he sees how blest we are."

"Hush, hush," interrupted Ralph, "you know not what you are saying;" then in a milder tone, he added, "but I am weary now, and must have rest."

CHAPTER III.

A FEW evenings after the events we have just described, Annie took her way from the beautiful home of Mrs. Herbert, to spend as she was accustomed to do, a short time among the flowers. As she gathered their fragrant blossoms, her sweet voice vied with the birds, as they sung among the leafy branches that waved above her head. While thus occupied, and lost to everything that was passing around her, the sun had sunk beneath the western horizon, and the shadows of twilight had faded into evening; yet, she saw not the being who had

cautiously approached her, and who stood watching with interest the dreamy listlessness which lent an additional charm to the beautiful child. He felt a pleasure as he gazed on her beautiful face, and he indulged it, till fearing that she might be missed, he encircled her light form with his arm, and thrusting a handkerchief into her mouth, to stifle her cries, bore her hurriedly away.

"Mary," he said as he entered his dwelling, "I have brought you a little playmate, to beguile your weary hours in my absence."

The child, loosed from his embrace, sprang to the side of the woman, and in a voice that mingled with her tears, implored to be taken back to her own dear mamma.

"Ralph," said Mary, "what is this? If you have robbed a mother of her offspring, I conjure you by the love you once bore the little plant which we have laid away that it might bloom in a brighter sphere, to restore her to that mother again."

"Never mind," said Ralph, affecting an air of indifference, "for the present she must remain here. Be kind to her, and ere long her love will make you forget your sorrow for the little one that is gone."

CHAPTER IV.

IN a secluded spot, where the green shore is laved by the clear bright waters of the Mississippi, and the long dark branches of the willow bend gracefully, as if to catch the wild music of the rolling waves, stood an edifice, which, though somewhat dilapidated in its appearance, still retained much of its original splendor, and stately magnificence. In one of its apartments, through whose gothic windows the crescent moon threw a soft and melancholy lustre, sat a man, from whose dark eyes the light of enthusiasm had fled, and whose countenance wore an expression of such intense grief, that it was painful to mark its workings, and to know that that grief was sapping the very springs of life, and if unmitigated, must ere long doom its victim to a premature grave. Hither he had stolen as if to die, after his fearful combat with Harding. Stunned by the blow, and weakened by the loss of blood, he brooded over the ills of his past life, and sought to make his peace with heaven, whose confines he longed to enter, where there would be no

more strife. In this melancholy frame of mind, the doctor, who had long shared his confidence from the intimate acquaintance with the affairs of his family, found him.

"Oswell," he said, "I am sorry to see you thus; yet, your wounds are in no way dangerous, and with care, and a proper effort on your part, to rouse yourself from your present state of depression, a speedy return to health may be anticipated."

"Doctor," he replied sadly, "why should I wish to live, when the hopes that brightened my youth are all gone? Say, rather, that I shall soon feel the sleep of death stealing over me, and that the silent tomb is waiting to receive my weary head, and it will the better cheer me in this hour."

The doctor, knowing that these feelings were strengthened by some febrile tendencies incident to his disease, left him without saying further.

Mrs. Herbert, who had mused till the dewy twilight had lapsed into the deepening shades of night, was startled a little to find that Annie had not returned. Aunt Mirian was called, and sent in quest of her among the flowers, where she used to play. She did not succeed, however, and returned to tell her mistress that Annie was not there.

Uncle Dick, and the remaining servants of the house, searched every walk and arbor of the garden, but the child could not be found. Thus they passed the night, and Mrs. Herbert, incapable of further action, felt that the arrow that pierced her own heart, was not more keen than the one with which she had pierced the heart of Annie's father. Days came and went, and her sorrow was too deep for speech. The servants, too, caught her spirit, but were unable to learn anything of the missing child.

Ralph, who had been absent from his home for several successive days, returned to find the beautiful little Annie, whom he had deprived of a mother's care, pale and dying. Her dove-like eyes, that shone with such inexpressible brightness, were dim and vacant, and that voice of ineffable sweetness, vying with the birds, as they beguiled the long days of summer with their rural melodies, was soon to be hushed forever; but she was lovely yet, her features, glowing with a hectic flush, beamed with a smile of angelic purity, and the lamp of hope illumined the depths of the soul, when the heart felt that it was parting from all it loved and clung to here, and but for the arm that saved the wanderer upon the deep, it must sink.

Ralph bent over the couch of the little sufferer, and as he gazed upon her emaciated form, he could have wept. At that moment, her large blue eyes opened, and turned their deep, earnest gaze full upon him as she said—

“My own dear mamma, won't you please to bring her to me once more before I die?”

There is no heart so far from good that it cannot be moved by sorrow—so was it with Harding. What at another time he would promptly refuse, was won from him by the tender pleadings of that child.

Though Annie had been but a little time with Mary, she failed not to lavish upon her every care and attention which could contribute to her comfort, and the heart of childhood, more susceptible than that of maturer years, clung to her, and had she lived, would never have forgotten her kindness.

“Mary,” she said, “I am going now. I heard the angels call my name—you have been good to me, look for me in heaven—live and hope to meet me there. Tell him I forgive him—and my mamma, how I loved her.”

As she spoke, her lips parted with the same sweet smile. Her eyes closed, and her pure spirit went up to dwell among the angels.

Ralph and Mrs. Herbert came too late to witness her dying moments, and the latter, made penitent by her death, felt that Mr. Oswell should be made acquainted with the one who had so deeply wronged him ; nor were the scene and its effects lost upon the mind of Harding.

The crescent moon which we saw a few evenings since, shone with a milder lustre on that new-born soul. As he acknowledged the forgery that had separated Mrs. Herbert and Henry Oswell, a mutual reconciliation took place. Mrs. Herbert and Oswell renewed the attachment of by-gone years, and as she once more leaned her head confidingly on his bosom, she told him that she had stolen his child, because it bore his own dear image.

Mary received her brother's forgiveness, and with Ralph, soon removed to the far West.

Mrs. Herbert and Oswell lived long, to enjoy a life of virtue, piety and peace.

PHILLIP SYNCLAVE;

OR,

THE TRAITOR'S REWARD.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of those dingy lanes, which so often attract the eye of the pedestrian, as he saunters carelessly along the thickly peopled streets of London, stood an ancient mansion, somewhat peculiar in its structure and appearance.

It was built of huge massive stone ; its high gothic windows were fortified with strong iron bars, and on either side it was surrounded by a dense wall, so constructed as to render it inaccessible, except by one entrance, which was carefully guarded by an old grey-headed sentinel—who it was said, had kept his post for more than a quarter of a century.

This mansion had given rise to a series of vague and inconclusive conjectures, and was looked upon

by the illiterate, with a kind of superstitious awe. It was rumored that, at different times, persons had been seen to enter its gloomy precincts ; but their fate was curiously interwoven with the clandestine movements of its occupants, and every trace and vestige of them forever lost to the world. The time of its erection, its authors, and the object for which it was designed, are alike matters of speculation ; but at the date of our story the place was uninhabited, and the ivy had long since learned to creep along its dilapidated walls.

Phillip Synclave was alone in his counting room, the business of the day was over, and having collected and arranged several important documents, which lay scattered upon his writing-desk, he put them carefully aside, and wrapping himself in a Spanish cloak, walked hurriedly up the narrow street which led to the mysterious mansion. As he approached it, a shudder passed over him, and for a single moment he stood trembling and irresolute ; then drawing a key from his pocket, he proceeded to undo the ponderous gate, with an adroitness which proved that the task, though somewhat difficult, was one to which he was by no means a stranger. A circuitous path brought him to a large iron door—this

was speedily opened, then with a still, sly, serpentine sagacity, he groped his way up the broken staircase, and at length succeeded in reaching an apartment, whose very atmosphere was pregnant with guilt, and whose appearance told a tale of such dreadful enormity, that its lightest whisper would have tainted the warm blush ere it brightened on the fair brow of innocence ; and yet, amid all the terrors of this unhallowed place—blackened by every species of vice and wickedness, there was one, who with an air of fierce determination, yet cool indifference, sat clutching the weapons that had drank the blood of many an unfortunate victim—but his eye quailed not, nor did his spirits sink within him ; that one was Phillip Synclave.

More than an hour had passed, when footsteps were heard approaching the door ; it was opened by Synclave, and a tall, muscular figure, so completely masked as to render his features invisible, walked quietly into the apartment, and without uttering a word, placed himself in a large unwieldy chair, which creaked beneath his weight ; then staring into the darkness, while a cold horror passed through every lineament of his frame, distorting his features, and stilling for a moment the very pulsations of life, as

if he feared to meet the spirit of some unhappy wretch that had parted there.

Far away in the distance the rumbling thunder might have been heard, mingling with the low murmur of the wind, like the awful mutterings of *Æolus* himself. They mused in silence; and could the light have been there, the dilations of the eye, those windows of the soul, would have disclosed the fearful workings of the demon within. Synclave was the first to speak: "Timpson," he said, "the night wanes, and it is necessary that I proceed at once to the exposition of a plan, in which I consider your aid indispensable; promise me then"—he paused.

The wind, which but a moment before, had been playfully talking to the flowers, now grew more turbulent.

"Go on," said Timpson, "'tis but the wind, go on."

"Well, then," replied Synclave, "the peculiar incidents of our lives should make our fortunes one; the plan which I am about to unfold, may be equally remunerative to both.—Will you share it with me?"

"I am willing to share anything," rejoined Timpson, "that has for its object, friends, fortune, and position."

"Steel your conscience then," hissed the wretch,

"and prepare to steep those hands—that have so often given their palm to the young, the innocent, the fair—in blood, in crime, and in death. Come, Timpson, let's plight our good faith to each other by an oath."

So saying, he arose, and taking a rusty lamp, struck a light from a tinder-box, and placed it upon a table, on which were some bits of parchment and an old dusty volume sealed with a clasp; they opened, and on the inspired page, where the lisping child may read, and as he reads, grow in hope, holiness, and heaven, like Him who was himself a child, their hands were set—the die was cast, and the oath taken, and as it passed their lips, a vivid glare of lightning, extinguishing the lamp which had shed a flickering light through the apartment, was followed by successive peals of thunder, which seemed to rend the very heavens in twain, and shook the old tenement, where they were sitting, to its very center.

"What a fearful night!" exclaimed Timpson.

"It is," replied Synclave, "but let's on.—You are aware of the relation existing between myself and Frederick Walton, and from the mention of his cognomen, you must also be aware that his wealth is the object of my scheme; his death alone can

place it at my disposal ; in this I shall make you my accomplice—you must do the deed ; the plan is facile and easy.

“In the room he occupies, is a closet, where I am accustomed to keep my choice books. I will give you the key, and you can secrete yourself without fear of detection. This done, fix your eye steadily on the aperture through which the key passes, watch his movements in retiring, and be sure he is asleep before making your egress, then creep cautiously to his bedside, and when the bright steel once finds his heart, it will need polishing ere it shines again.”

“The plan,” replied Timpson, “is well drawn, and only remains to be executed. If it find not a faithful friend in me, I have mistaken myself, and you have committed an error for which a life-time could not atone.”

They paused. Then rising from their seats, while a smile of malignant satisfaction lit up the countenance of both, they parted, each congratulating himself that he had made a dupe of the

CHAPTER II.

IN an apartment of a superb mansion, situated near the center of one of the most fashionable streets of London, sat a young lady of extraordinary beauty. She was neatly attired, in a simple white morning dress, and her rich brown hair fell in a profusion of natural ringlets over her neck and shoulders ; her delicately-rounded arms were thrown with a sort of careless negligence over the strings of a harp, and her soft hazel eyes, now drooping beneath their long silken lashes, and now looking up with a half playful and half thoughtful expression, as if she were indulging in some happy dream, too bright and beautiful to be broken. Gracefully rising from the half recumbent position in which she had been sitting, her tiny fingers meandered among the strings of her favorite instrument, and in a voice of angelic sweetness she sang—

Pensively, tenderly on their light wing,
Morning's young zephyrs their aroma fling
Over the fountains that, sportive and gay,
Dance with the sunbeam, and smile at its ray.

Come to me, dearest, where blossom and bee
Merrily warble their music for thee ;
Come to the bank where the buttercups lay,
Weave me a garland of roses to-day.

Her father, who was engaged in the library below, forgetting the business haunts to which he was turning, hastened to the spot, but fearing lest he should break the lyric sweetness of the strain, remained without.

Frederick Walton, who was admitted by a servant just as the prelude wended into the song, remained with her father, spell-bound to the place. When she had concluded, the two gentlemen entered the room, and the young girl, unconscious of their approach, started like a frightened bird.

Sir William Clarendon welcomed the young gentleman to his domicile in a manner which gave great pleasure to both, thus allowing the beautiful little paragon to recover herself.

"Mary," said Sir William, affectionately addressing his daughter, "Mr. Walton."

Frederick bowed and took the hand of the lady addressed, and their eyes beaming with that genial lustre which only young love can impart, told that they had met before.

"Frederick," said Sir William, "you are fast growing into manhood, and the light of my home is fast merging into womanhood."

"Yes," replied Frederick, "and I have often regretted that we should ever grow old—it seems so sweet to be young."

"It does," replied Sir William; then turning to his daughter, he added—"I have long noticed an intimacy springing up between two young hearts, too pure and innocent to be rudely crushed."

"Papa," replied the young girl timidly, "the bird may soar away, but it will never forget the little nest where its mother taught it to sing."

Sir William was pleased with the urbane manners of Mr. Walton, and giving an approving smile to his daughter, politely left the room.

CHAPTER III.

AT the corner of a street, a few days subsequent to the one just described, stood a man evidently absorbed in a topic, which to him seemed a perfect enigma, as he turned it again and again in his mind ;

yet he seemed watching the eager living lane, as it poured like a continuous sea up and down the immense thoroughfare—on, ever and anon they rushed, and the sound of ten thousand wheels, mingling with the noisy pedestrians as they passed, made dizzy the brain of the spectator as he looked : yet, amid all this scene of toil and hurry, he stood like one bewildered ; but it was not the turmoil that beclouded his faculties, but the meshes of a deep, dark, damning plot, he was trying to unravel. Roused from his reverie by a man thrust against him by the impetuosity of the crowd, he turned to extricate himself, and beheld the features of Sir William Clarendon.

“Ha ! ho ! Clarendon !” he exclaimed.

“What, you here, Phillip ?” replied the other.

“Hear,” replied Phillip. “I hear,” he continued, “some rumors respecting my ward, and your fair daughter.”

“What of them ?” inquired Sir William.

“Oh, nothing,” replied Phillip, “except what is perfectly natural, and may be highly advantageous to them and to us.”

“Personal advantages,” replied Sir William, “will never influence me in the arrangements I make, for the happiness of my daughter.”

“Noble Sir William,” replied Synclave ; “you are aware that Frederick is nearing his majority, and I shall be glad to aid you in any plan, which has for its object the consummation of their happiness.”

“Why, Phillip,” replied Sir William, “I thought you hostile to this.”

“Me hostile ! I, Sir William—no, no.”

“Then we may be friends,” said Clarendon.

“Friends, indeed,” responded the other.

The business engagements of both put an end to farther conversation—they shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER IV.

ONCE more did Phillip Synclave seek the old mansion, in the dingy lane, which was so soon to lose its occupants forever.

Seated in the same chair, he awaited his companion, nor did he wait long—the hour appointed for their interview found both in the chamber.

“Timpson,” said Synclave, “I am impatient for the event, which shall place his wealth at my disposal. Are you ready ?”

"Yes," replied Timpson, "if to-night be opportune, I will do the deed."

Synclave could restrain himself no longer, but bursting into a fiendish laugh, he drew from his pocket a key, exclaiming as he did so—"that will admit you to the closet." Nor was Timpson long in catching the spirit of the wretch before him; with one hand he eagerly clutched the proffered key, while with the other he drew a dagger from his bosom, and picked its edge to see if it were true.

"Are you sure, Phillip," he inquired, "that his wealth is at your disposal, and at his death, would really be yours?"

"I am," answered Synclave, "I was with his father during his last moments; it was an evening very much like this—he made me the sole executor of his will. His wife, a Spanish lady, who was of a warm and affectionate turn of mind, lingered a few months after his death, and then pined away, leaving Frederick the only surviving heir to his estate.

There was a time, when Timpson wavered in his purpose, but the demon had gained the mastery over him; the temptation was too much—it overcame him—he fell.

While these scenes were transpiring in the dingy

lane, two happy beings, in the drawing-room of Sir William Clarendon, sat watching the day-beams gradually losing themselves in the quiet and more pensive hues of approaching twilight.

CHAPTER V.

THE wise man hath said, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" so thought Synclave, as he strolled into a gambling-house, to beguile the few tedious hours that intervened between him and fortune. The saloon was brilliantly lighted, and crowded to its utmost capacity. In a retired part of the room stood a table, covered with a black cloth, around which three persons were seated, but there was still a vacant chair; this was occupied by Synclave—the cards were shuffled up, and the game was about to commence, when a man on the opposite side, with a tall, powerful frame, and a keen, searching black eye, said—"Let's wet our lips, first."

"Agreed, Cockleton," replied Synclave, "it will sharpen us for the game."

The liquor was brought, and all drank heartily,

except Synclave, whose glass was hardly tasted. Several rounds were played—he won at every turn.

Cockleton, who was a shrewd player, saw the bright twinkle in the eye of his antagonist, and determined to cope with him. They drank, and played again, and this time Synclave experienced a reverse of fortune—round succeeded round with the same success. Stimulated by the fumes of the wine, he grew eloquent ; swearing it was the first reverse he had ever experienced in his whole life. The excitement ran high—his friends gathered round him, cheering him at every move, and declaring they would spend the last penny of their fortunes, rather than he should be foiled in the game. Another round was played—Synclave saw he was irretrievably ruined, and rising hastily from his chair, he dashed the cards in the face of his opponent, and stalked through the apartment, a raving madman—he was drugged.

Foul blasphemies, which made those tremble and turn pale that listened—burning anathemas, threats and invectives were malignantly hurled at the heads of his competitors ; and it was with difficulty that he could be restrained from venting his fearful insanity upon those who were peaceable lookers on. In the midst of his fearful franticism, he was arrest-

ed by one of his friends, who chided him for his folly, and besought him to quit the place.

A carriage was in waiting to conduct him to his home—as he walked through the court-yard, his friends keeping close by his side, he reeled, staggered, and must have fallen, but for their support. On entering the door, he rushed through the apartments—stumbling here, falling there, and hastily gathering himself up again ; until he entered a room, and without pausing to know where he was, sank heavily on a couch near him. Left by his friends, he talked deliriously awhile, of the scenes in which he had been participating, until overcome by fatigue and excitement, he dropped into a profound slumber.

Timpson, too, had been revelling, but his eyes were steadily fixed on the gold, with the keen appetite of a vulture. Cautiously inserting a key into the lock, he crept stealthily up stairs, and found his victim, an unconscious sleeper,—he paused—he thought it strange to find Walton thus attired, but it was dark, fearfully dark.

“He sleeps—how tranquilly he sleeps.—When shall he wake again ?”

As he spoke, he drew a dagger, and plunged it, to the very hilt, in the heart's core of his victim.

A groan—a struggle, and all was over.

Timpson thought he heard something like prayer, but there was no hope ; the spirit hurried from earth, caught one glimpse of heaven and Deity, and finding no mercy there, dropped into the abyss, downward, downward.

Having completed his work, Timpson left the house cautiously, as he had entered ; as he passed into the street, venturing to look about him, he saw Frederick Walton, on the opposite side of the way, reading by gas-light.

“Horror of horrors !” he exclaimed ; then fearing lest the wind might whisper the tale, he hurried along.

Frederick Walton reached his home, without knowing he had been observed.

On entering his room, he found his guardian weltering in blood, and fearing lest his name might in some way be connected with the affair, hastened to seek the advice and protection of Sir William Clarendon.

Next morning found both in the library. Much time was spent by the two gentlemen in discussing the various points of the law, having an immediate bearing upon the subject, and Sir William saw that Frederick would be the unavoidable object

of suspicion. Mary, in whose mind some fears of the kind were entertained, rushed into the library, and throwing her arms around her father's neck, burst into tears, as she exclaimed—

“Oh, papa ! save him, save him !”

Sir William succeeded, partially, in allaying the fears of his child, and then, with Frederick and the ministers of the law, repaired to the scene of death, to make inquiries respecting the papers relevant to the estates of the young man.

CHAPTER VI.

IN an apartment elegantly fitted up, though somewhat distant from the scenes narrated in the preceding chapters of our story, sat Robert Timpson and a woman considerably past the meridian of life. They had evidently been conversing for some time, for there were traces of tears in her large blue eyes, and she turned them full upon him.

“Mother,” he said, “you have amassed a considerable fortune.”

“Yes,” replied the woman, “I have gained much, but lost more.”

"I have no time to moralize," replied Timpson. "I wish to negotiate with you for a sum of money which I require, in a manner that will be equally beneficial to both."

The woman read attentively the matter submitted to her, and then said—

"For Margaret's sake, I will do it."

"You remember her then?" inquired Timpson.

"Remember her," repeated the woman—"can a mother forget her child?"

And who was Margaret? Oh, it was sad to think that in days gone by, there was a time when Robert Timpson truly loved, and was the suitor for the fair hand of her who now sleeps in the cold and silent tomb, but their light was too soft and mellow, to shine through deeds as dark as his.

They then proceeded to make a trade of notes, in which the woman was greatly benefited, and Timpson received the stipulated sum. The young couple whose sky was so suddenly darkened by the event that had transpired so near them, were destined to see every cloud dispelled by the rising beams of the star of happiness, which brightened their path.

In a safe connected with the office of Phillip

Synclave, was found the will of the deceased father of Frederick Walton.

No evidences of guilt could be legally traced to our young hero. The real perpetrator of the crime, had for this time succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the law.

One bright May day, when the singing birds told that the laughing spring had come, a bride was decked, and the marriage bell called light feet to the merry dance.

And here let us leave them. And may their little bark glide as peacefully down the stream of life as in days of yore.

A Wreath of Columbia's Flowers.

THE CHILD AND THE ANGEL.

A MOTHER sat musing at close of day,
By the cradle bed, where her first-born lay ;
On the dimple cheek of that cherub fair,
Had fallen a ringlet of golden hair ;
And thither a truant sunbeam strayed,
And long with that beautiful tress it played,
Till it faded away, in the crimson west,
And sunk like that innocent child, to rest.

Why trembled a tear in that mother's eye,
As she warbled her simple lullaby—
And her soul-felt prayer, on the breath of even,
Went up to the throne of her God in Heaven !
Can ye fathom the ocean dark and deep,
Where the mighty waves in their grandeur sleep ;
Or number the radiant orbs above ?
Oh ! then may ye fathom a mother's love.

That pearly tear was a gem more fair
 Than the ruby, or the diamond rare,
 For it told what language could ne'er reveal,
 A love, which a mother alone can feel.
 From the fount of life, and the source of light—
 From the sacred fields of Elysium bright—
 Through the cloudless depths of ethereal blue,
 Quickly the form of an Angel flew.

Oh! soft was the breath of the balmy air,
 As it felt the touch of his pinions fair;
 Laden with aroma, sweet from flowers
 Of amaranths, cradled in Eden's bowers:
 A tear was still in that mother's eye,
 As she warbled her simple lullaby;
 For she looked on the angel form that smiled
 On the cherub face of her sleeping child.

And she heard the low music of heavenly joy,
 Wooing the soul of her darling boy.
 There were anxious thoughts in her throbbing breast,
 As his parted lips to her own were pressed;
 A moment his eye grew strangely bright,
 Then closed in a long and last good night;
 The Angel of mercy—the child of Love,
 Together had flown to the realms above.

LINES TO MY MUTE FRIEND,

MRS. E. B.

I FOLD thee to my bosom,
 Yet tears are on my cheek,
 Our greeting is in silence—
 Alas! thou canst not speak;
 I feel the gentle pressure
 Of thy hand fast locked in mine,
 And turn with fond emotion
 My yearning eyes to thine.

Oh! can the deep affection
 Of hearts so closely twined,
 The purest feelings of the soul,
 In words, no utterance find?
 Is there no language in a smile
 To breathe my thoughts to thee?
 Thine own dear eyes would answer,
 But their glance I may not see.

Thus are we doomed together
 To tread life's onward way,—
 For thee, no voice of gladness,
 For me, no starlight ray;

And yet, we both are happy,
 For both I trust have known
 That calm delight so sacred,
 That flows from God alone.

May he who wooed and won thee,
 In life's gay sunny hours,
 Still soothe each anxious sorrow,
 And strew thy path with flowers;
 For though thy ear to earthly sounds,
 Forever closed must be,
 One look of soul-felt tenderness,
 Is all the world to thee.

Then let us never murmur,
 Since God in love denies
 To us those hallowed blessings
 Which others dearly prize.
 There is a world above us,
 A bright and happy shore,—
 There may I gaze upon thee,
 And thou be mute no more.

THE HEART.

THE heart, the heart, oh! wound it not,
 That fond, yet fragile thing,
 Whose tendrils, like the clustering vine,
 Around thy own would cling.

Though sunny beams may o'er thee play,
 Though smiles thy lip may wreath,
 And gentle blossoms, pure and bright,
 Their dewy fragrance breathe:

Thou canst not tell in after years,
 How dark thy fate may be,—
 Then spurn thou not the trusting heart,
 That warmly beats for thee.

The heart, the heart oh! crush it not,
 'Tis but a fragile thing,
 An altered look, a chilling word,
 Might break its sweetest string.

When one by one thy treasured hopes,
 Like scattered leaves, shall fall,
 Then wilt thou mourn, alas! too late,
 What tears can ne'er recall.

A FRAGMENT.

I saw her in the festive hall,
 The gayest of the gay,
 Amid a lovely group she stood,
 More beautiful than they.

Her mild blue eyes, serenely bright,
 Still haunt my memory yet—
 They had a winning tenderness
 That I shall ne'er forget.

And there was one, a noble youth,
 Who lingered by her side,
 And gazed upon her sylph-like form,
 With mingled love and pride.

Then forth he led her to the dance,
 And whispered in her ear
 A trembling thought, a magic word—
 She paused, and blushed to hear.

Oh, lightly beat the maiden's heart—
 Its joy she could not hide,
 As with a half unconscious tread
 Her footsteps seemed to glide.

I left that festive scene awhile,
 To breathe the balmy air,
 And to a rustic bower I strayed
 Of roses sweet and fair.

And as I gazed in pensive thought
 Upon the cloudless sky,
 Where stars like sparkling jewels shone,
 I thought I heard a sigh.

And then, a manly voice, that spoke
 In accents sweet and clear,
 Why dost thou weep, my gentle one?
 Oh, wherefore art thou here?

Speak, I implore thee! let me share
 Thy grief, whate'er it be—
 For well thou know'st how soon this heart
 Would give its life to thee.

He pressed her pallid lips to his,
 She felt the blissful token,
 Then raised her streaming eyes and said,
 "My bran new hoop is broken."

THOU WERT ANOTHER'S.

Thou wert another's when we met,
 I thought 'twould shield me well,
 And as thy voice upon my ear
 In tender accents fell,

I caught the magic of its tone,
 Its pure and gentle flow;
 'Twas sweet to linger by thy side,
 Nor could I bid thee go.

Thou wert another's when we met,
 I knew I was not free—
 And yet I could not break the chain
 That bound my soul to thee.

'Twas wrong to hold thee thus in thrall,
 To gaze upon thy smile,
 When she whom thou didst call thine own,
 Was missing thee the while.

Oh! chide me not, if still my heart
 Clings round thy hallowed name,
 I would forget thee, but, alas!
 Forgetfulness is vain

GOOD NIGHT.

TO E. V. A.

Good night—I would that I were near,
 To whisper softly in thy ear,
 The thoughts that once that little word
 Within my throbbing bosom stirred—
 When from thine own dear lips it fell,
 Like music from some fairy dell,
 Or from those starry Isles that sleep
 In beauty, on the pearly deep.
 Oh! many a hope that years had crushed,
 And many a lay by absence hushed,
 Awake to life and joy anew,
 When time to memory's golden chain,
 With radiant light, and changeless hue,
 Gave back a stolen link again.
 Good night!—the echo haunts me yet,
 And when my soul, opprest with sadness,
 Would turn in silence, and forget
 Its anguish in a dream of gladness—
 That halcyon eve, whose mystic spell
 Perchance we both remember well,
 Comes o'er me like some distant ray,
 The herald of a happier day.

Good night! 'tis murmured soft and low,
 As when in silvery accents spoken,
 Oh! it hath left, too well I know,
 A chain that never can be broken;
 For thou hast taught, by one sweet tone,
 This heart to twine around thine own;
 And, oh! how dark its life would be,
 But for the love it bears to thee.
 That love with more than earthly power,
 Shall keep me ever at thy side,
 Though fortune frowns, though tempests lower,
 Together will we stem the tide.
 Good night! how oft in happier hours,
 We've sported with the summer flowers,
 And when at dewy twilight's close,
 Their balmy breath like incense rose,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 How gently hast thou said, Good Night!
 And still confiding, would I rest
 This head upon thy faithful breast,
 And feel it fondly pillowed there—
 That life had scarce one cloud of care;
 Good night! and may thy slumbers be,
 Pure as the prayer I breathe for thee.

COME BACK TO ME.

THE haunt is desolate where we have strayed,
 No more thy once familiar voice I hear,—
 The wind that rustles through the trembling shade,
 Falls, like a dirge, upon my listening ear;
 The fragrant flowers for me no beauty shed,
 The warbling birds no song of gladness swell,
 I wake to find each airy vision fled,
 In the low breathing of our sad farewell.
 Come back to me.

Oh! I shall miss thee, when at twilight hour,
 I touch the harp, whose chords were once so dear,
 For, oh! I feel how soon 'twill lose its power,
 To calm my spirit, when thou art not near;
 And when at eve, I join the gathering throng,
 Whose social mirth beguiles each anxious care,
 How will I pause, amid the joyous song,
 For then the thought will come—thou art not there.
 Come back to me.

When night's deep silence veils creation's rest,
 And golden stars illumine the azure sky—
 When my o'er-burdened heart, with grief oppress,
 Would lift its earnest, humble thoughts on high,

Oh! then, for thee, my own, my faithful friend—
 For thee, whose sorrows and whose joys were mine,
 From this lone bosom shall a prayer ascend,
 Pure as the incense from an angel's shrine—
 Come back to me.

Come back to me—and bid the happy past
 Its waning lustre once again restore—
 But if this lingering look must be our last—
 If we must part, to meet on earth no more—
 Then, be it so—if I but know thee blest,
 'Tis all I ask—whate'er my fate may be—
 'Twill soothe the anguish of a troubled breast,
 If happiness but weave her smiles for thee—
 Come back to me.

THERE IS NO VOICE LIKE THINE.

Ah! well do I remember
 The hour when first we met,
 And by that mossy fountain
 My footsteps linger yet;
 For in its low, soft murmur,
 There is a mystic tone
 That seems almost a whisper—
 An echo of thine own.

Beside that little fountain,
 There is a sloping hill,
 Where stately pines are waving;
 And there, where all was still,
 We've watched the length'ning shadow
 That marked the day's decline,
 And there my heart first told me
 There was no voice like thine.

And well do I remember
 A tiny flower, that grew
 Beneath a drooping willow
 Impearled with morning dew;

'Twas friendship's purest token,
 A precious gift from thee,
 And now, though pale and withered,
 'Tis sacred still to me.

Ah! thus the merry summer
 Sped merrily the while;
 Each moment made thee dearer—
 I lived but in thy smile;
 And when that smile would languish,
 Beneath a cloud of care,
 I clung to thee still closer,
 Thy inmost grief to share.

A change has since come o'er me,
 A shade is on my brow,
 The summer days are over,
 And we are parted now.
 Yet, part we not forever,
 I know thou still art mine,
 And death alone shall sever
 This trusting heart from thine.

THE CHILD, AND THE CANARY BIRD.

A BEAUTIFUL child with flaxen hair,
 Stood watching a bird with plumage fair—
 And it gaily sang, in its artless glee,
 Come hither, come hither, and play with me.

For the fields are green, and the woods are fair,
 Beautiful child, with flaxen hair!
 List, I am singing a song for thee,
 Come hither, come hither, and sing with me.

Bright are the moments, that o'er us fly,
 As the rosy tints of the summer sky,—
 Thy life from sorrow, like mine is free,
 Come hither, come hither, and play with me.

Beautiful bird, cried the lisping child,
 And she clapped her hands, as she gaily smiled,
 And the bird sang on, in its artless glee,
 Come hither, come hither, and play with me.

SMILE ON.

SMILE on, I heed thee not, for in that smile
 There lurks a poison, which my soul, alas !
 Hath drank too deeply—but the charm is o'er.
 Ah ! thou shalt feel I have a spirit still,
 Whose fire once kindled, thou canst never quench.
 Yet have I loved thee, wildly, madly loved ;
 My very life was thine, and oh ! for thee
 Its dearest drop I would have freely drained
 To spare thy heart one bitter pang of grief.
 And when the light of happiness would beam
 In those dark eyes, I marked their kindling ray,
 And like a timid flower, I turned to thee,
 And hung confiding on thy lightest word ;
 And in that sweet vision of delight,
 I fondly dreamed thy soul's devotion mine.
 Mistaken fancy, and misguided hope,
 To think that aught of real love could dwell
 In anything that bears the name of man !
 Smile on, for thou wilt smile upon the wreck
 Of crushed affections and of withered hopes,
 And think, no doubt, a comfort to thyself,
 The work was thine, and then thou'lt smile again.
 And now farewell, for I must teach my heart
 To loose the chain that binds it to my own,

And sever, one by one, its golden links.
 But oh ! 'tis hard, 'tis cruel thus to learn
 From lips whose accents we were wont to trust,
 The bitter *lesson of forgetfulness*.
 Yet, go ! and when, perhaps, in after years,
 Thy sky may darken, and thy spirit yearn
 For one kind word of tender sympathy—
 Come then, oh ! sad one, in that starless hour
 Come to the bosom where in other days,
 The slightest sorrow ever found a place ;
 Come to the heart, that with its latest breath
 Will pray for thee, and calmly rest thee there.

I CANNOT FORGET THEE.

I CANNOT forget thee, ah, no! in this heart
 For thee is a feeling that will not depart;
 'Tis sacred and pure as the delicate flower,
 That blossoms alone in yon desolate bower.

I know thou hast knelt at a lovelier shrine,
 Thy heart is another's, it cannot be mine—
 On my ear the love tones of thy voice linger yet;
 I have loved thee in vain, yet I cannot forget.

How eager I've listened thy praises to hear,
 And each word to my bosom but made thee more dear;
 I have proved thee a friend, and I value thee yet,
 Though I love thee in vain; yet, I cannot forget.

I have wept when deep sorrow has mantled thy brow—
 Thou hast not deceived, shall I shrink from thee now?
 Ah, no! I will love thee, and cherish thee yet,
 Though I love thee in vain, I can never forget.

COME HOME.

Come home—

The soft winds call thee from the scented vales,
 Filled with the aroma of orient flowers,
 Whose tender blossoms, at thy gentle tread
 Unfold their silken leaves, and fondly smile,
 Then sleep again, like infant innocence.

Come home—

The soft winds call thee, and thy favorite bird
 Thrills its wild songs, and drops its glossy wings,
 The dusky shadows gather o'er the hills,
 And the lone star of Even, all beautiful,
 Looks forth as if to light thee on thy way.

Come home—

Oh, I watched for thee with eager eyes,
 Till every moment seemed a dreary hour,
 And at the rustling of each trembling leaf,
 My heart beats quicker; yet, thou lingerest still—
 What spell hast bound thee? thou who art the light
 Of this fair dwelling, wherefore dost thou stay?

Come home—

It is the hour when we are wont to sit
Beneath the orange-grove, whose clustering boughs
Are lightly waving near the rural cot,
Around whose rustic porch the woodbine clings,
And the sweet jessamine and myrtle bloom.

Come home—

It is the hour, when from thy peerless mind,
Rich with the gem of intellectual thought,
Come forth those lofty sentiments that bear
My spirit to the radiant fields of light,
Where finite in the Infinite is lost.

Come home—

Oh, I am sad without thee, thou whose voice
In tenderest accents ever greets my ear,
Like the low murmur of some fairy lute,
Breathing its music on the calm still air,
How art thou woven with my every thought,
How closely twined around my inmost soul,
Till its existence seems of thine a part.

Come home—

The pale moon calls thee with her silvery light,
The streamlet, winding through the silent dell,
Whispers thy name, and chides thy long delay,
The echoes call thee, and affection weeps—
Come home, beloved and cherished one, come home,

LINGER YET, A MOMENT MORE.

WHAT has changed thy soul's devotion,
Why so altered is thy tone?
Hast thou lost each fond emotion
For a being once thine own?
Must the parting word be spoken.
And my happy dreams be o'er?
Shall each sacred link be broken?
Linger yet, a moment more!

Thou hast wooed, and I believed thee
All a mortal e'er could be;
Thou hast wounded, wronged, deceived me,
But I will not change to thee.
No, the heart that once was given,
And the trust it meekly bore,
Though the fondest ties be riven,
Both are thine, till life is o'er.

Canst thou leave me thus forsaken,
With distracting cares opprest?
Can no sigh or tear, awaken
One kind thought within thy breast?

Oh! by every holier feeling
 We have known in days of yore,
 To thy soul with love appealing,
 Linger yet, a moment more.

I who once had joyed to greet thee,
 When thy accents caught my ear,
 Come, with faltering steps to meet thee,
 Trembling, while thy voice I hear.
 Thou hadst said, we part forever,
 And my dream of love is o'er—
 Yet, 'tis cruel thus to sever,
 Linger yet, a moment more.

MARGERIE;

OR,

THE SYBIL OF THE REVOLUTION.

COME with me, ye who thirst for the music of fancy, as she sings of days and their heroes gone by, to that great epoch in our country's history when the tall oak peopled her wide spreading plains, and the council fires of the red man lit her forest wilds—when her lakes and rivers rolled their restless torrent unmolested to the sea; when men, goaded to the heart with the servitude they bore, heard from on high the great God of Liberty calling them to strike the blow—to that time when the lion frightened the dove from our shores; when the bitter wailing of crushed hearts went up to God; when men felt the yoke of oppression tightening about their necks, and the bloody hand of despotism sealed their lips, and shut their sight, lest they should stray from the chains of the usurper; when men lived whose souls were but the

beam of heaven's resplendent noonday ; and who could die—yes, calmly, sweetly die, for the cause they loved ! Come with me, reader, to times like these. Though the heroes of the Revolution are gone, their spirit yet lives—lives in the memory of a grateful people, and its influence is felt in every clime where the American eagle flutters to the breeze.

On an eminence not far from Boston, from which the eye could command a view of the surrounding country and adjacent bay, stood a tenement occupied by Lord Westfield. No particular taste was displayed in the arrangement of its furniture, as his business relations made him only a transient guest among the colonies at the eventful period of our story. The members of the family were seated in a room which they were accustomed to consider as the drawing-room, though it bore but little resemblance to the one they had left in England. At a little distance from a party who were engaged in discussing the topics of the day, sat a young girl, over whose fair brow some fifteen summers had passed. Near her sat a fine, graceful figure, in whose features could be distinctly traced, the relation of father and daughter.

"Clara," he said, "these are troublesome times. Were you once safe in our own happy England, my fears for you would be at an end. Dever is a man whose wealth and position make him, in an important sense, worthy of your hand, but he is alike unfitted for these bustling scenes. Both in England, there would be no further obstacle to your happiness."

The features of the young girl brightened, and as if chance had thrown him there, the young man who had won her heart, entered the room.

"Rolin," said Lord Westfield, rising to meet him, "I am glad to see you. What is the state of affairs ?"

Without pausing to answer the interrogative, Rolin took the hand of the fair girl, in which she held the half of a broken ring. As he received it, he felt that their union was no longer a matter of doubt, but that it was sanctioned by her father.

"The prospects," he exclaimed, "are decidedly warlike—the affair at Lexington has been noised over the whole country. All attempts to open the port of Boston have failed, and are likely to fail. A growing people like ours cannot long brook their

wrongs, without feeling their injustice, and a spirit of resistance."

"My boy," answered Westfield, "I hope I do not find you sympathising with the rebels and their cause?"

"I do not understand," replied Dever, "the policy of our government in transmitting our offices, closing our ports, denying us the privileges of commerce, and robbing us of those powers and prerogatives indispensable to our national existence."

"My boy," said Westfield, "these sentiments are unworthy of an Englishman; the national existence of which you speak, should always be contingent on the lenity of its parent, and its liberties compatible with its obedience."

"But," said Dever, "has the crown of England ever found more faithful subjects than we? Have we not shared with our own, her perils and vicissitudes in war—drained our coffers to sustain her in the hour of need, and is this our reward?"

"Then you espouse their cause, do you?"

"Cruel injustice and vile usurpation were always abhorrent to me," replied Dever.

Lord Westfield was silent long enough to allow his pride to gain mastery over his rising passions.

"Rolin," he said, "such sentiments will naturally lead to a participation with those who entertain like views and opinions; they must of course alienate you from my house—from your native isle, and its institutions, and the crown of England, its center. Should you infuse these opinions, you will be liable to imprisonment, and treatment consonant with your rebellion." As he uttered the last sentence, Lord Westfield left the room, leaving the young couple to themselves.

"Rolin," said Clara, "will you not go with me to our own dear England?"

"I will," replied Rolin.

"Then let us hasten at once to its green shores," said Clara, "where your talents may be useful in framing a more liberal and enlightened policy, dissuading her from a course inimical to the happiness and prosperity of her colonies."

The affairs of the colonies had reached a culminating point. The people, exasperated beyond the power of endurance, were clamorous for war—a young nation sought to redress their wrongs by an appeal to arms—the efforts which were thought gathering elsewhere, were concentrating at Bunker Hill, and hundreds of auxiliaries and mercenaries

from General Howe, were constantly appearing to convey intelligence of their movements to the English quarters.

The morning at length dawned, and as the sweet minstrel of the wood, cheered by its rose beams, awoke their accustomed melodies, their music was hushed by the booming of the gun.

In the suburbs of Charlestown, on an eminence, from which the beligerents could be distinctly seen, stood a small white cottage, up whose sides the vine had been taught to clamber by Emma, who stood watching the two armies, and communicating their movements to her mother. Edward, her brother, a lad of sixteen, stood by her, watching with intense interest the progress of the fight; and it was with difficulty he could be dissuaded from grasping an old musket, which hung upon the wall, and which had been used by his father in native warfare, and rushing to the conflict.

"See, see!" said Emma, "they are marching up the hill."

A dense cloud of smoke from the guns hid them a moment from her sight.

"What are they doing now?" inquired her mother.

"They are almost up the hill," said Emma.

"Who?" inquired her mother.

"The red coats," answered the girl.

The Americans, who had been told to reserve their fire until they could see the white of their enemies' eyes, now received the command, and a simultaneous burst sent them in disorder down the hill.

"They fly, they fly!" said Emma.

"Who?" inquired her mother.

"The red coats, mamma," she answered.

The boy, speechless with excitement, broke through the window, to join the terrible combat without.

At this moment, a wild cry of horror burst upon their ear. Dense clouds of smoke darkened the clear air—the wind rising to a tempest, added to the fury of the flames; and helpless women and children, driven from their homes, sought protection they knew not whither.

Overpowered by the scene, Emma hastened to the bedside of her mother, where she found her overcome with excitement, pale and mute, as though she were dead.

"Mother!—dear mother!" exclaimed the weeping girl, "speak to me once more—only once more."

But there was no time for grief. The Americans, exasperated by this last outrage, fought like men who struggled, not for liberty alone, but for life itself. Lost to the dreadful confusion around her, Emma was aroused to a sense of her perilous condition, by a man who placed his arm around her waist, attempting to pull her from the couch, and commanded her to fly for her life.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, creeping closer to the bosom of her mother; "let me pillow my head and die here."

The man, sensible of the imminent danger in which they found them, dragged her roughly from her resting-place; and, having succeeded in placing the frail form of her mother in a chair, conveyed them both to a place of safety.

In an apartment, where comfort seemed the only consideration, on a bed neatly clad, lay Mrs. Foster, the mother of Emma. Emma, in whose eyes some tears lingered, like the bright drops in the petals of the rose when the shower is past, sat by her.

"My child!" said Mrs. Foster, "the home where we have spent so many happy hours is gone, and I shall not need another here. When I am gone, you will

go to your uncle—he has promised to care for you; and, oh! if the spirits of the dead are permitted to return to those whom they have loved and left here, I will come to you, to chide you when you err, and lead you in the path of light, that you may be brought to the home where I am, Emma."

The girl was about to reply through her tears, but was prevented by the entrance of a lady and gentleman.

"Margerie," said the girl, "these people are very comfortable here!"

The woman did not answer, but a mysterious twinkle of her eye, told that she was looking for something in the countenance of Dever.

"Have you a son, lady?" she asked, addressing Mrs. Foster; without pausing for a reply, she turned to Dever, and remarked: "He was in the fight to-day."

"There was a boy," said Dever, "who received a shot in one of his limbs; he gave his name as Edwin Foster—he will easily recover from his wound."

A moan—a struggle, and the spirit, soft as the zephyr's sigh, passed to heaven. Margerie closed the eye that grew bright in death, while the countenance wore a placid smile, which the glorified soul

infused, as it bade farewell to its earthly tenement. Edwin, after the excitement had subsided, heartily regretted the rude manner in which he had left his sister and mother. He was miserable, when her death added to his pain; but there was a pair of bright eyes beaming upon him, and one sat near him whose sweet voice soothed his disquietude, and a heart that felt and appreciated his every returning want. In this way the night passed; and in the morning, when Dever assisted him, in taking his breakfast, he ventured to remark, that war was not so pleasant after all.

"The pain I bear," answered the boy, "is nothing to the anguish of my heart. Oh! if I had not left her,—if I could have heard her last words," and bursting into tears, he wept passionately.

Dever was moved at the tender susceptibility of the boy. Oh! it was not strange that he who had been associated with her from his earliest years, and whose feelings had been carefully moulded like her own, should miss her now. The morning after the battle, Lord Westfield sought his daughter, and after discussing awhile about the troublesome times, he said:—

"For your sake, dear Clara, I am sorry that I

have been disappointed in Dever; his sentiments have ripened into deed—he has taken part with the rebels."

"Are you sure of this, papa?" said Clara.

"I found him in the very act," replied Westfield.

"But," ventured Clara, "I see nothing treasonable in the opinions he entertains.—Suppose England were dependent on France or some other country, and suppose she were to oppress her, as he thinks these colonies are oppressed; would not our shores blaze with the spirit of revolution?"

"Clara," said Westfield, stamping his foot vehemently, "am I an Englishman? are you my daughter? and dare you aver such sentiments in my presence! England has not oppressed her colonies, and it is her indulgence that fattens their rebellion. Promise me that you will banish this man, and his mermidons from your mind—I have partly made arrangements for your return to England, on one of his Majesty's ships, where you will be safe from their contaminating influences—do you promise?"

Frightened by his manner, Clara said nothing, which her father understood as her consent.

Dever now saw that his zeal in the cause of the revolution must put eternal enmity between him and

Lord Westfield ; yet he determined to secure his daughter at any hazard, and to do it, through the instrumentality of Margerie. He found her as usual, imparting aid and counsel to those who sought her. On looking at his hand, she told him that the bird whose plumage he so much admired, was well nigh trapped ; but it had flown now, and it would require great care to regain it.

Edwin had by this time so far recovered from his wounds, as to be able to hobble about by the aid of a staff. Dever noticed his convalescence, and remarked, as they sat together one morning—"You will be more cautious how you offend your king. Should you again act in the war, it will be as a pardoned aid-de-camp of one of his Majesty's generals."

This had the effect of the keenest taunt ; his face crimsoned with the flush of ire ; his lip curled with bitter scorn, as he replied :

"No, no, if heaven spares my life—if I ever regain the use of my limb, I will join the patriot army, and if necessary, baptize the cause with the best drop of blood that flows in my veins."

"Good boy," replied Dever ; "but your form is too slight for a soldier—you can serve them better.

I have some business," he continued, "that no one but yourself can do. You are aware of a friendly feeling between Lord Westfield and myself. He has of late assumed a hostile attitude towards me, owing to my participation in the cause of rebels. You must go to his house, however, and manage to see his daughter. This you can do, by acting in the capacity of a pedlar. Let your goods lure the servants, and then insist that their mistress should see your precious merchandise. This done, you can contrive, by a dexterous movement, to give her my note, and bring back her response."

Edwin smiled, and acquiesced in the plan. Dever handed him a box of jewels and trinkets, which he had procured for the occasion, and he prepared to visit the home of Lord Westfield.

Emma, too, had found new friends. Her uncle, Stephen Howland, had no children, and the hearts of the old couple naturally turned to the young girl, as the only thing in which parental love might center and find a reciprocal return. Yet, she never forgot her mother. She mingled with her dreams at night, throwing around her heart chains of light such as angel forms do wear, weaving garlands for her fair brow, of flowers whose fragrance breathed

of heaven, till awakened by the birds, whose warbling told that the dewy morn had come.

Adjoining the farm of Stephen, was one owned by Solomon Brown, a good old Quaker gentleman. The families were wealthy, and had been on intimate terms for a long time. The latter had been so fortunate as to produce an heir to the estate, and when Emma became an inmate of Stephen's family, Solomon was pleased to see his son paying his addresses to her.

Among those who visited farmer Howland, was a Mr. Ealy, a man who had attached himself to the profession of the law, and though it was not lucrative, he managed to gain a knowledge of the neighbors' affairs. But to the better classes, his officiousness rendered him an object of disgust. One day, as they were walking in the garden, his small, black eyes, long, thin, bony features contrasted strangely with the frank, open countenance of farmer Howland.

"Well, Stephen," he said, "that pretty gal from Charlestown is you niece, I guess!"

"Yes," replied the farmer.

"And friend Solomon's son thinks a deal of her, I reckon."

"I don't know," answered the farmer.

"Well, I suppose it's none of my business, but she is a plaguy pretty critter arter all."

"Rather pretty," answered the farmer.

"And if you allow friend Solomon's son to play in your field of clover, unless he can bring the critter to his way of thinking, he'll be sent down the slippery board."

"That they must manage for themselves," answered the farmer.

And here let us leave them, to mingle in the more stirring events of our story.

The next morning, Edwin found his way to the house of Lord Westfield. He succeeded in attracting the attention of the servants, from the windows below, and of Lord Westfield himself, who was seated at a window above. The servants, intimidated by the approach of their master, withdrew, and Edwin, who was a bright boy, saw in the polished manners of the gentleman, the person of Lord Westfield.

"Perhaps," he said, "some of the members of your family would like to buy of me to-day."

Lord Westfield, never supposing he could be duped in this way, conducted him without hesita-

tion to an apartment, and then sent for his daughter, to examine the merchandise. While thus engaged, an officer, dressed in English uniform, with bright epaulets on his shoulders, entered. He was immediately recognized by Lord Westfield, who motioned him to an adjoining room. Thus Clara and the jeweller were left to themselves. Edwin looked cautiously around, to assure himself that they were alone, and then placed Dever's note in the lady's hand. She was startled at first, but convinced by his kind manner, that all was well, she withdrew for a moment, during which Edwin replaced his merchandise. Returning, she handed him another note, while her large blue eyes filled with tears. Edwin saw her mournful expression, and, as he afterwards said, he marked that to have spoken would have broken her heart, so he passed silently from the room.

After the departure of the stranger, who had entered during the visit of the jeweller, Lord Westfield sought his daughter, and communicated to her the completion of his arrangements for her embarkation on his Majesty's ship. Clara felt that to have betrayed any emotion, would have offended her sire, so she remained calm, fearfully calm, as only

intense grief can. The evening for her departure at length came. The stars were up. The breeze blew soft that was to waft her from all she loved, and as she thought of the sleeping waves, she felt how sweet 'twould be to sink into their calm forever. While she thus mused on her coming fate, a woman, shown by a servant, and clad in rich vestments, entered the room. When left to themselves, she said in a low voice—

“Are you alone?”

Clara answered in the affirmative, and setting silently down, the woman eyed her from head to foot, while Clara was struck with the exquisite loveliness of her person. Drawing near her, she said, “Cheer up, my child, I have come to take you to Dever.” Who has not felt a sweet tone penetrating the heart like a sunbeam; the frost of winter loosening its springs, and laving it in a sweet fountain of tears? Thus it was with Clara, as she wept on the bosom of the sybil, and felt that she was in the arms of her mother.

“Mother,” she said, “let me call you mother—they say she died many years ago, but 'tis not true, you are my mother.”

The woman's eyes moistened as she bent them

affectionately upon the girl, but she checked the rising current of her feelings, and replied—

“I am not your mother—but there is no time for tears, let’s up and away.”

Clara rolled together some pieces of her wardrobe, which had been packed away for the journey, and both descended into the street.

Lord Westfield loved his daughter, but the hour had come when he thought he must part with her, until the colonies should be subjugated, and they should meet again in their own happy England.

When he entered her apartment and found she had gone, now palsied with grief, then frantic with anger, he strode up and down the place, without noticing those who came to counsel and comfort him.

Clara and the sybil reached a place of safety, and Dever and Edwin saw they would be unavoidable objects of suspicion.

The mysterious disappearance of Clara was heralded abroad, and Dever, who was said to be her lover, was implicated in the affair.

Edwin was not insensible to the charms of the beautiful Julia Dever. She was the object of his dreams; he heard her in every song bird that

winged the summer air; saw her in every flower that lent its fragrance to the breeze—yet they both felt that the abduction of Clara must separate them for a time.

Clara and Julia had always shared the love and confidence of sisters, and the former had often declared that if she were married first, Julia should be her bridesmaid.

Margerie, before admitting those who sought her aid, sent for Dever. Motioning him to a seat as he entered, she said—

“Blood-hounds are on your track; they’ll be here to-night. The eagle hunter hath bent the bow. Jehovah hath anointed his king—he hath crowned him with the star of liberty, and its rising beam, ere long, shall bless the nation—but he shall lay down the sceptre and the crown, yet be exalted to the seat of power.”

Dever, who felt there was a truth in what she said, remarked—

“You’ll protect the girl when I am gone.”

The woman brushed a tear from her eye, and Dever took his leave.

Margerie contrived to evade the search, by removing Clara from place to place, and by the influence

she held over the bailiffs and other subordinate officers of the law.

Lord Westfield, who, during the years of the revolution covered by the lapse of our story, was content to be a passive observer of the war, now took the field in person, and aided in furnishing supplies to portions of the English army stationed in the neighboring states. To this intent he made long journeys in the country, acquainting himself with bands of marauders who took no part in the struggle, except to add to its terror by plundering and desolating the peaceful home of the quiet villagers.

Dever, who to avoid detection, was obliged to leave the city, found a home with a good Quaker, who lost no time in telling him how wrong it was for men to fight and kill one another.

One evening, while the two farmers were seated together, a bright fire blazing on the hearth, and in the pleasures of the social circle, forgot that war was raging around, Edwin entered, and in a hurried tone called for Dever.

Dever was startled by his manner, but had courage and sagacity enough to conceal it.

"The dogs have tracked you, at last," he said. "They will be here to search for Clara in two min-

utes. They will pillage the house and appropriate its effects to their own use. Prepare to defend it."

The Quaker, to whom Dever communicated this intelligence, thought it hard that his house should be broken up. Dever was moved by different feelings. He knew that it was on his account they came, and he determined to shed the last drop of blood in defence of the place. Summoning the male members of the family, who were but little acquainted with the use of fire-arms, but who promised to act under his direction, the windows were barred, and the doors secured. Scarcely were these arrangements completed, when the tramp of men and sound of voices were heard. There was a moment's pause, and then a huge rock was hurled furiously against the door, which threatened to demolish it. This was followed by a voice demanding, in the name of King George, to let them in, for they were his Majesty's subjects, and were in search of a person who had been stolen from her home. But for Dever the honest Quaker would have admitted them. As it was, he said—

"I have no one within but my own family, and thee must stay out."

"But we will come in," answered the voice. "In resisting us you disobey the king—do it at your peril!"

"Go tell thy king," replied Solomon, "that honest Quakers never serve or fight until compelled to."

This was answered by the rock, which was again thrown with great violence, and the door threatened to give way.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "I have done thee no wrong, and if there is bloodshed here, be it on thy own head."

Once more was the rock hurled impetuously, and the door fell. A wild yell of triumph, mingled with the shriek of affrighted women, and the combatants met hand to hand. The first shots were exchanged, the first volley spent, men threw away their guns, and as the wretch felt the keen edge of the bowie knife into his vitals, he crept away to die, leaving a bloody trail as he went. Lord Westfield, who caught a glimpse of Dever as he was defending the door, deliberately fired, and missing his aim, drew his sword, and rushed upon him with the ferocity of a tiger.

"Westfield," said Dever, "I have loved you like a father—why is this?"

Westfield heard him not, but made a fearful thrust, which the other was obliged to ward off. At this moment, Dever received a heavy blow on the wrist, which knocked the sword from his hand. Westfield was about to take advantage of this, when Edwin, seeing the imminent danger of his friend, fired. Westfield received the ball in his left side—he reeled and fell. Dever, seeing that he was dying, said—

"I meant not to do this"—and he stood moved to tears. Nor did the Quaker, whose house had been made the scene of blood, forget the offices of mercy in this hour. Raising his head to give him a little water, for which he asked, the eyes of the dying man wandered to the face of the stranger, and he said, "friend, I have wronged you."

"Thou hast," replied the Quaker, "but I forgive thee now, and may God forgive thee to."

As he sunk back, Dever caught some incoherent things about his daughter, and kneeling by him, said—

"Your daughter is safe with the woman Margerie, known to you as the Sybil."

"Poor Clara," replied Westfield, "I thought to have had her near me in my dying hour. Her mother's name was Isabel ; she left me several years since. If she lives, tell her death found me true to her as then."

Clara, during her seclusion, amused herself with books and diaries, which Margerie had no inclination to withhold, but seemed pleased at her perusal of them. One day while reading, she found a manuscript in which she saw the name of Isabel. It was written in curt sentences, and concluded by saying that she had left her daughter, Clara Westfield, in infancy, in consequence of her amorous feelings for a young English officer, with whom she fled to this country. On being left by him, she assumed the name of Margerie, as the one best suited to her profession. While thus engaged, Margerie and Dever entered, announcing the death of Lord Westfield. The former acknowledged the manuscript, and in so doing, lavished upon her daughter caresses mingled with her tears. The war terminated, and electrified the world with its happy results. Dever declared Edwin justly entitled to the hand of his fair sister. Ephraim Brown was content to go down the slippery board for the

beautiful niece of Stephen Howland. Margerie lived to repent the follies of her youth. Early continued to grow in favor with his clients, and the families, strengthened by their union, lived long to enjoy the peace won by the heroes of the Revolution.

THE GLAD SPRING TIME.

BRING back, bring back, the glad spring time,
 With its buds and blossoms gay—
 The robin's note, and the lark's loud chime
 That welcomed the new-born day.
 Bring back, bring back, the summer hours,
 When the fields were green and fair,
 And the butterfly danced in the leafy bowers,
 And the stream went murmuring there,
 And my heart was blithe, as the tuneful bird
 For it knew not a cloud of care.

But the scenes I love, from my gaze have fled
 And my heart is lone and drear,
 For the flowers I nursed are pale and dead,
 And the wintry winds I hear.
 Bring back, bring back, the summer hours,
 With their clouds of golden hue—
 The whispering gales and gentle showers,
 And skies so calmly blue,
 And the dreamy twilight soft and still
 With its pearly drops of dew.

Bring back, bring back, the joyous throng
 That clustered round my youth—
 The merry laugh, the joyous song,
 And the smile of artless truth—
 The dear old home, I remember well
 Where in childhood once we played,
 And the willow, that stood on the sloping hill;
 And there, when the day would fade,
 Sat us down, in our guiltless mirth,
 And sang 'neath its drooping shade.

How vividly still, can my fancy trace
 Each form as I saw it then!
 The tender kiss, and the fond embrace
 That I never may feel again—
 The willow has gone, and a stately dome,
 Near the hallowed spot is reared,
 It hath taken the place of an early home,
 By a thousand ties endeared,
 The willow has gone like the buoyant hopes
 That our youthful bosoms cheered.

The glad spring time, with its blossoms gay—
 The birds with their plumage bright,
 Will call the earth to a gladsome day,
 From a cold and wintry night:

And the summer will come, with its rosy hours,
 And clouds of golden hue,
 Its whispering gales, and gentle showers,
 And skies serenely blue,
 But they cannot recall the loved ones gone—
 The heart so warm and true.

There are some I shall meet on earth no more,
 They are sleeping their last long sleep,—
 But, oh! may we meet on that blissful shore,
 Where the weary forget to weep.
 Bring back, bring back the summer hours,
 With the smiles they used to wear,
 When the butterfly danced in the leafy bowers
 And the stream went murmuring there,
 And my heart was blithe, as the tuneful bird,
 For it knew not a cloud of care.

TO MRS. J. A. MORRIS.

Dost thou sigh for the roses that circled thy way,
 In the morning of youth, when thy spirit was free?
 Dost thou miss the glad sunshine, whose delicate ray
 Immirrored the fountain that sparkled for thee?
 They have left thee awhile, but they live for thee yet,
 Thou art not forgotten! beloved Antoinette.

Dost thou long for the love of a mother to share,
 A sorrow too deep for thy spirit to bear?
 Dost thou miss the kind look of a father so dear?
 They have gone to a brighter, a happier sphere—
 They blessed thee at parting, they watch o'er thee yet,
 Thou art not forgotten! beloved Antoinette.

Nay, think not the voice of affection is mute,
 Or broken the strings of its soul-speaking lute—
 That the friends of thy childhood forever are fled,
 And the hopes thou hast cherished are withered and dead—
 Ah, no! there are hearts that will cling to thee yet,
 Thou art not forgotten! beloved Antoinette.

THE ONLY SON.

TO J. R. W.

THINE *only son*! how doth thy yearning heart,
 Cling round the idol of its dearest hopes,
 'Till its affections warmly centered there—
 Thine only son—oh! thou hast fondly watched
 His infant years with all a father's pride,
 And when reposing on his mother's breast,
 His rosy lips were parted, and a smile
 Would o'er his tiny features softly play,
 As if an angel whispered in his dreams,
 How thrilled thy bosom with extatic joy.
 Thine only son! now in the bloom of youth
 He stands before thee, and his sparkling eye,
 Beams with the sunshine that illumines the soul,
 When pleasure fills her cup, and golden dreams
 Of the bright future weave their magic spell—
 Thine only son—a treasure lent by heaven—
 The stay perhaps of thy declining years.
 God grant that with a love as pure as thine
 His hand may gently guide thee, when thy step
 Is faint and feeble, and the frost of age
 Hath left its traces on thy noble brow.

TO MRS. JANE FARRINGTON.

THERE is a smile that like a ray,
 Just falling from the eye of day,
 Steals o'er the heart oppressed with care,
 And leaves a hallowed lustre there.

There is a tear from Eden's bowers,
 That dropped o'er friendship's drooping flowers,
 Can to each withered leaf restore
 The lovely tints that once it bore.

There is a soft and gentle sigh,
 Whose balmy fragrance cannot die—
 A chain that never can be riven,
 Whose sacred links, were formed in Heaven:

That chain shall bind my soul to thine,
 Close as the ivy to the vine,—
 And still that radiant smile serene,
 Shall light thee with its rosy beam.

That tear shall soothe thy aching breast,
 And hush its rising grief to rest:
 Fain would I shield thy gentle form,
 From every cloud, from every storm.

Yet, should thy way be lone and drear,—
 If then I may not linger near,
 Oh! think, though I afar may be,
 One faithful bosom beats for thee.

OH! HAD WE MET.

Oh! had I met thee in thy youth,
 Before thy locks were gray,
 When hope her fairest garlands wove
 And all was blithe and gay.
 I might have told thee what my heart
 Must now in silence feel,
 For e'en affection's lightest word,
 'Twere madness to reveal.

Oh! had I met thee, ere the chain
 Of love was round thee cast—
 I might have shunn'd the clouds that dim
 The memory of the past.
 Yet will I trust thy friendship still,
 In sunshine and in tears—
 To smooth the rugged path of life,
 And glad my future years.

"TIS I, BE NOT AFRAID."

It was the close of day, the tender flowers
 Had caught its parting sigh, its last farewell;
 And as a dew-drop, like an orient pearl,
 Fell on their silken leaves and lingered there,
 The soft wind kissed them, and they gently slept
 In dreamy silence, on the lap of Earth.
 The scene was passing lovely—far away
 In the clear depths of the ethereal Heaven,
 Rich golden clouds fringed with a crimsoned light,
 In wild fantastic beauty strangely wove
 A thousand shapeless forms, that passed away—
 Dim shadows gathered o'er the vine-clad hills,
 And now the twilight faded into even.
 How still was nature! and the deep blue waves
 Of Galilee rolled on and murmured low,
 As if no angry storm could ever wake
 Those peaceful waters from their calm repose.
 It was the close of day, but with the light
 Of that fair morning came a little band,
 The followers of the meek and lowly One,
 And stood beside the Sea of Galilee.
 Jesus was with them, and his moistened eye
 Turned with compassion to the gathering throng,
 And as they sat upon the verdant lawn
 He taught them lessons of celestial truth,

'Till in the purple West the sun went down,
 And then he kindly bade them go in peace.
 The multitudes had gone, cheered by the words
 Of that pure love that fell from lips divine—
 With lighter steps, and hearts with gladness filled,
 They sought their homes, and many a fervent prayer
 Of humble penitence went up to Heaven,
 From lips that only then had learned to pray.
 The scene was changed. Upon the brow of night
 Hung dark portentous clouds; the storm-bird shrieked.
 And with affrighted wing it beat the air.
 Loud wailed the tempest; ever and anon
 With awful glare, the vivid lightning flashed,
 And peal on peal of thunder rent the sky.
 A lonely bark was on the boisterous sea,
 Tossed by the billows, whose tumultuous swell
 Like mountains rose, and they who long had toiled
 And struggled hard, to stem the boiling tide,
 Grew faint and weary—He, who by a word
 Could in a moment still the raging waves
 And hush the warring elements to peace,
 Had sought the desert's solitary wild,
 Where He at midnight hour was wont to pray.
 But lo! a form is walking on the deep,
 With God-like tread it nears the shattered bark,
 And while in wonder the disciples gaze,
 Lo! Jesus speaks—" 'tis I, be not afraid."
 Oh! when the heart is breaking—when it drinks
 The bitter cup of agonizing grief,

And marks a withering blight on all it loves—
 When tempests lash the frail and trembling bark
 That bears it on o'er life's tempestuous sea,
 How sweet to know, 'tis God who rules the storm—
 To see him near, by faith's celestial eye—
 To hear the murmur of that voice divine,
 That gently whispers to the stricken one,
 And says, look up, " 'tis I, be not afraid."

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

ALL hail! ye noble guardsmen true,
 Whose giant arms are strong to save,—
 On, on, your glorious work pursue,
 And win the trophies of the brave.
 All hail! ye noble guardsmen true,
 Protectors of our city's peace,—
 Each eye, confiding, turns to you,
 The Metropolitan Police.

The cause of justice, truth and right,
 Your courage, and your zeal demand,—
 Oh! then, like gallant heroes fight,
 And to your post unshrinking stand.
 Though wide the field, and fierce the foe,
 Soon will the bitter conflict cease,
 And vice lie crushed beneath your blow,
 The Metropolitan Police.

Think how the fathers of our land,
 At freedom's call to battle flew—
 Think how, with bold and daring hand,
 The glittering sword they proudly drew:

'Tis duty's voice that calls you now,
 Nor will her pleading accents cease,
 Till vice shall to your sceptre bow—
 The Metropolitan Police.

When waking from a midnight dream,
 I watch the moonlight soft and clear,
 When glittering stars around her beam,
 The roundsmen's welcome beat I hear;
 And as I catch the quick reply,
 How doth it lull my soul to peace,
 To know your guardian care is nigh—
 The Metropolitan Police.

All hail! ye noble guardsmen true,
 Whose giant arms are strong to save,
 Oh! on, your glorious work pursue,
 And win the trophies of the brave.
 Bright laurels o'er your path we fling,
 Laved in the sparkling fount of peace,
 And distant climes your fame shall sing—
 The Metropolitan Police.

IMMORTAL LOVE.

IMMORTAL Love! oh, theme of heavenly birth,
 How shall I dare to speak thy matchless worth;
 Source of unending life, celestial dove,
 Fountain of wisdom, who thyself art love—
 Thee I invoke, who only canst inspire
 My languid soul, and touch my trembling lyre.
 Immortal Love! who can thy depths explore,
 Vast as eternity's unbounded shore—
 Thou art the spark that lights the eternal flame,
 On heaven's high altars—thou the sacred name
 That fills those realms no mortal e'er hath trod—
 Thou the pulsation of the heart of God,
 Which to the church, his body here below,
 Doth now through Christ, the great aorta, flow.
 Immortal Love! how gentle, and how mild,
 Appear thy working in a lisping child—
 Confiding, trusting, innocent and kind,
 Thou art the first great impulse of his mind;
 His simplest act displays thy wondrous power,
 Thou art in every leaf, and every flower—
 Each object by his little hand cared,
 No thought of harm disturbs his infant breast;
 Thou art a breath from that untainted clime,
 Where the redeemed their ceaseless anthems chime.

The noblest of the Christian virtues show
 The crown of grace that decks the Christian's brow;
 God's law to man, in thee we comprehend
 Thou its beginning art, and thou its end—
 Jehovah's mighty arm, that dost enfold
 A universe, with tenderness untold.
 Immortal Love! oh, theme of heavenly birth,
 No mortal tongue can speak thy matchless worth,
 Such lofty strains to heavenly choirs belong,
 They, only they, can swell the enraptured song.

TO MY LITTLE FRIEND MAY.

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF FLOWERS.

THEY are lovely—passing lovely,
 Wet with morning's early dew,
 And their velvet leaves are blushing
 In the sunlight's golden hue;
 Pure and guileless, as thy spirit,
 Young and innocent are they,
 To the playful zephyr smiling,
 Like thine own—my gentle May.

They are lovely—passing lovely,
 Nature's children, bright and fair;
 And her hand has kindly nursed them
 With a mother's fondest care:
 Emblems of our happy childhood,
 When the heart is light and gay—
 Now in artless tones they whisper,
 Like thine own—my gentle May.

On the lap of earth reclining,
 Thou did'st wake them from their sleep,—
 How I wish thy precious garland
 Could for aye its beauty keep—
 But, alas! these tender blossoms,
 Soon, too soon, will fade away,
 But their fragrance still will linger,
 Like thy smile—my gentle May.

TO MR. WALTON G. MILLEDOLEN,

ON HIS MARRIAGE.

Lo! on a beam of rosy light,
 Where silvery fountains play,
 A smile that angel eyes had blest,
 Came lightly on thy brow to rest,
 And gild thy bridal day.

'Tis done, the holy word is breathed,
 And now thy gentle bride
 Madora, like a lily fair,
 With sparkling gems, and garlands rare,
 Stands blushing by thy side.

The bird has left her parent's nest,
 Her charms are all thine own—
 For thee she folds her timid wing,
 For thee her gladsome voice will sing
 Affection's sweetest tone.

Joy to you both—may fleeting time
 Unclouded glide away,
 And may that smile by angels blest,
 Still on thy brow as lightly rest,
 As on thy bridal day.

TO MRS. P. D. W.

ON SEEING HER PICTURE.

How beautiful the features
 I in this picture trace—
 They tell me 'tis the image
 Of thy cheerful, placid face.

How like the quiet waters
 Of some transparent stream,
 On which the sunlight lingers
 With mild and tranquil beam.

Thine eyes, with melting kindness
 And winning lustre shine,
 I love, oh ! how I love to gaze
 Upon a face like thine.

And though I ne'er should meet thee,
 Still, with unchanging light,
 Will memory to thy picture turn,
 When years have winged their flight.

TO J. H. C.

ALL hail ! to brave old England,
 Thy father-land so dear,
 Where noble hearts are beating,
 And strains of happy cheer,
 From cottage and from palace,
 From valley, hill and glade,
 Beguile the long, long twilight,
 When its dreamy shadows fade.

All hail ! to brave old England,
 Thy father-land so dear,
 Columbia's daughter greets thee now
 And bids thee welcome here—
 And with a chaplet on her brow,
 Of freedom's peerless flowers,
 She sings her rural songs for thee,
 Amid her native bowers.

All hail ! to brave old England,
 Thy happy childhood's home,
 Where, in her pensive musings,
 Thy Fancy loves to roam.
 Thine aged sire, with tearful eye,
 Still humbly prays for thee—
 Oh ! let the precepts he has taught,
 Thy heart's best treasures be.

TO MR. PERLEY D. WHITMORE,

ON RECEIVING A PIECE OF THE CHARTER OAK.

Lo! from her towering heights the muse descends,
 And o'er my gentle harp she lightly bends;
 Now let its chords their sweetest numbers swell,
 For thoughts like mine their music best can tell.
 Thanks, noble friend! a relic of the past
 For which I long have wished, is mine at last.
 Nay, wonder not, if in her mild delight,
 My eager fancy wings her airy flight
 To that old tree, the monarch of the wood,
 That in its strength two thousand years hath stood—
 The Charter Oak, beneath whose ample shade
 The red man's happy child with nature played,
 Weaving its infant buds and blossoms fair,
 In simple garlands for her waving hair;
 Then taught the eaglet from its nest to fly,
 And marked its course along the deep blue sky.
 The Charter Oak! proud monument of fame,
 How dear to memory is its hallowed name,
 While freedom's lovely goddess, from her throne
 Looks calmly down, and claims it for her own!
 When Andross, in his garb of pomp arrayed,
 To Hartford's sons with regal power, conveyed
 Great Britain's mandate, cruel and severe,
 To rob them of the rights they held so dear.

Immortal Wadsworth! 'twas thy bold design
 That lit the torch whose beams so brightly shine—
 Thy daring hand that burst the oppressor's yoke,
 And hid the Charter in the brave old Oak.
 And still the glory of our favored land,
 That stately tree doth like a giant stand,
 Though darkly o'er it swept a fearful storm,
 And to the ground was hurled its aged form—
 Yet other branches from its center grew,
 Fanned by the breeze, and moistened by the dew—
 The tuneful robin folds her timid wings,
 And there at early morn she gaily sings.
 Thanks, noble friend! yet words can ne'er reveal
 The thoughts that o'er my raptured spirit steal,
 This relic of the Charter Oak, shall be
 Sacred to freedom, friendship, and to thee.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

A CASKET is broken, a jewel has fled,
The mighty is fallen, the peerless is dead,—
And the hearts of a nation are bleeding once more,
For the eagle lies low on our desolate shore.

Oh, WEBSTER! the arrow has pierced thee at last,
Thy sun has declined, and its glory has passed;
But the beam that to us it so recently gave,
Shall hallow thy memory, and brighten thy grave.

Thou hast finished thy course, and hast left us to tread
The path where so nobly thy footsteps have led,—
With laurels of honor we circle thy name,
That unsullied shall live in the annals of fame.

Thou hast finished thy course—can we cease to deplore
That soul-stirring voice that must greet us no more!
With wonder and pride on its accents we hung,
As their deep-gushing tones through the Capital rung.

Oh, statesman beloved! thou wert faithful and true
To the country whose tears will thy ashes bedew,—
Rest, rest where affection her tribute shall pay—
How soon hast thou followed the patriot CLAY!

Ye labored unceasing our rights to sustain,
In you we have lost what we cannot regain;
Though tempests assailed, and the waters were dark,
'Twas the spirit of wisdom that guided your bark.

Farewell! we must speak it, though bitter the word,
O'er the wide rolling billows its tones shall be heard,—
We dare not repine, yet our bosom must swell
With feelings too painful for language to tell.

Though the dark weeds of mourning our country may wear,
But faintly they picture a nation's despair—
Yet rest where affection shall tenderly say,
Peace, peace to the relics of WEBSTER and CLAY.

TO DR. G. McALLISTER

Oh! like the wave, that on the lakelet's breast
 In quiet murmurs, gently sinks to rest,
 Lull'd by the winds that breathe their pensive lay,
 When nature shuts the golden eye of day,
 So may thy life as calm and peaceful glide,
 Without a ripple on its silvery tide.

Oft have I marked yon sky of ether blue,
 Bathed in the light of morning's ruddy hue,
 And as I gazed upon its bosom fair,
 A thousand blushing tints was smiling there—
 Oh! I could wish thy life might ever be
 Bright as that sky, from every sorrow free.

And yet, unknown, the future unrevealed,
 How many a cloud, perhaps, may lie concealed
 In its deep vaults—and should those clouds be thine,
 Oh! look above thee, to that Star divine,
 Whose beams, eternal, shed a holy light
 Amid the wildest storm, and darkest night.

TO COLONEL J. L. G.

No victor's laurel wreathes thy brow,
 No trophies won by fame;
 Yet canst thou boast a gem more fair,
 A pearl thou might be proud to wear—
 A pure, unsullied name.

Truth weaves her chaplet round thy heart,
 There pity's fountain flows;
 Thy mild, benignant eyes, reveal
 How deeply, keenly thou dost feel
 For others' wrongs and woes.

Friend of the friendless, and the guide
 Of those who seek thine aid,
 Thou hast a tear for those who weep,
 And thou a rich reward shall reap,
 Thy trust on God is staid.

For thee the widow's grateful thanks,
 The orphan's prayer shall rise,
 Borne with the rosy light of day,
 On starry pinions far away,
 Like incense to the skies.

No victor's laurel wreathes thy brow,
Nor trophies won by fame,
Yet, canst thou boast a gem more fair,
A pearl thou shouldst be proud to wear—
A pure, unsullied name.