

Thus perished the profligate Lord of the Manor by the hand of violence. From his dreadful fate let us turn our eyes to the happier destiny of Henry and Catharine. They are at length happy. They have taken leave of scenes endeared by early recollections, but deprived of their attraction by recent occurrences, and beneath the blue skies of our own happy America, surrounded by a charming family, they never cast a "longing, lingering look" to "merrie England."

Original.

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The sails are set—the breeze is fair—  
Before us smiles the sea;

Lo, how yon halcyon skims the air!  
As rapid and as free,

Our vessel bends her easy flight;  
While o'er the waves we wait good night—  
Our native land, to thee!

Ah! tingles there no fond regret,  
With this low-breathed farewell—  
Were not our eyes with tear-drops wet,

When last they sadly fell  
Upon thy features, mother earth—  
On scenes familiar from our birth,  
On mountain, wood and dell?

Best there no hearts in this dear clime,  
Whose feelings are our own,  
That we shall meet, unchanged by time,  
When days and years have flown,  
And homeward o'er the flashing deep,  
Our gallant ship again shall sweep  
Like yon swift bird, alone!

Oh, stay thy wing, thou speeding bird,  
And to our native shore

Bear on thy flight the simple word,  
Farewell! when day is o'er—  
When day is o'er, and near thy nest,  
Upon some crag's wind-sheltered breast,  
Thy circling pinions soar.

Yet there is music in the waves,  
Though sad our parting be;  
And joy, deep joy, to him who braves  
The dangers of the sea.

Oh, who would live in peace at home,  
When on the waters he might roam,  
As gloriously as we!

Then let us dash away the tear  
That trembles in our eye;  
There should be nought but happy cheer,  
Between the sea and sky.  
The sails are set—the breeze is fair—  
And like yon bird along the air,  
Still shall our vessel fly!

Original.

BIRTH OF THE CALLA.\*

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

ONE sunny day when things were young,  
And the earth was bright and new,  
The Angel of Flowers sought a shade,  
Where her choicest favorites grew.  
She smiled as they swung in the pleasant air,  
And cherish'd them all with an equal care.

For all were fair, from the blushing rose  
To the dahlia's regal pride—  
From the graceful bell with its azure hue,  
To the lily by its side.  
The violets peered from their grassy nook,  
To catch the smile of the Angel's look.

The woodbine twined its festoons round,  
The tall palm bowed its head,  
The daisy lifted its dewy eyes,  
And each its fragrance shed.  
No jealous pride, no envious glow,  
The grass of the field, and the flowrets know.

The Angel looked on the toilless throng  
Where a thousand hues combine,  
And a thousand forms of radiant grace,  
In their ranks of beauty shine—  
And bright grew the Angel's smile and look,  
And her rainbow wings with delight she shook!

There's a ray of light—and at once she knew  
That her sister, *Truth*, was nigh;  
And she of the spotless robe approach'd  
With a calm and heavenward eye.  
She bore in her hand that deathless scroll,  
Which she ever presents to the human soul.

And long they stayed in converse sweet,  
While *Truth*, in playful mood,  
 Oft rolled the scroll in various shapes,  
In the bower where they stood.  
The Angel saw, and thought the while,  
And her features grew to a radiant smile.

She touched the earth, and upward sprang,  
A form of matchless grace;  
In alabaster glow'd the scroll,  
Unstain'd by a single trace.  
And leaves like the arrows of truth were seen  
To start from the earth, of the deepest green.

As its graces slowly unfurled to view,  
The Sisters smiled to see,  
And call'd it the fairest thing that deck'd  
The vale or the sunny lea.  
And thus, the latest and brightest birth,  
The Calla sprang to the joyous earth.

\* Calla Ethiopica.