

Philadelphia, and a third is now the wife of Henry K. Hoff, a native of Pennsylvania, and a sea-lieutenant in the service, of eleven years standing. He left his family in easy circumstances, principally the result of his own prudence, forethought, gallantry and enterprise.

At the time of his death, Commodore Bainbridge stood third in rank, in the American navy; having a long list of captains before him. Had justice been done to this gallant officer, to the service to which he belonged, or even to the country, whose interests are alone to be efficiently protected by a powerful marine, he would have won a flag some years before the termination of his career. Quite recently a brig of war has received his name, in that service which he so much loved, and in which he passed the best of his days.

Com. Bainbridge was a man of fine and commanding personal appearance. His stature was about six feet, and his frame was muscular and of unusually good proportions. His face was handsome, particularly in youth, and his eye uncommonly animated and piercing. In temperament he was ardent and sanguine; but cool in danger, and of a courage of proof. His feelings were vehement, and he was quickly roused; but, generous and brave, he was easily appeased. Like most men who are excitable, but who are firm at bottom, he was the calmest in moments of the greatest responsibility.\* He was

\* A singular proof how far the resolution of Bainbridge could overcome his natural infirmities, was connected with a very melancholy affair. When Decatur fought the duel

hospitable, chivalrous, magnanimous, and a firm friend. His discipline was severe, but he tempered it with much consideration for the wants and health of his crews. Few served with him who did not love him, for the conviction that his heart was right, was general among all who knew him. There was a cordiality and warmth in his manner, that gained him friends, and those who knew him best, say he had the art of keeping them.

A shade was thrown over the last years of the life of this noble-spirited man by disease. His sufferings drove him to the use of antispasmodics, to an extent which deranged the nerves. This altered his mood so much as to induce those who did not know him well to imagine that his character had undergone the change. This was not the case, however; to his dying hour Bainbridge continued the warm-hearted friend, the chivalrous gentleman, and the devoted lover of his country's honor and interests.

in which he fell, he selected his old commander and friend, Bainbridge, to accompany him to the field. Bainbridge had a slight natural impediment in his speech which sometimes embarrassed his utterance; especially when any thing excited him. On such occasions, he usually began a sentence—"un-ter"—"un-ter," or "un-to," and then he managed to get out the beginning of what he had to say. On the sad occasion alluded to, the word of command was to be "Fire—*one, two, three*;" the parties firing between "Fire" and "three." Bainbridge won the toss, and was to give the word. It then occurred to one of the gentlemen of the other side that some accident might arise from this peculiarity of Bainbridge's—"one *two*" sounding so much like "un-ter," and he desired that the whole order might be rehearsed before it was finally acted. This was done; but Bainbridge was perfectly cool, and no mistake was made.

## SONG—"I SAW HER ONCE."

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

I saw her once; and still I see  
That placid eye and thoughtful brow;  
That voice! it spoke but once to me—  
That quiet voice is with me now.

Where'er I go my soul is blest;  
She meets me there, a cheering light;  
And when I sink away to rest  
She murmurs near—Good night! good night!

Our earthly forms are far apart;  
But can her spirit be so nigh  
Nor I a home within her heart?  
And Love but dream her fond reply?

Oh, no! the form that I behold—  
No shaping this of memory!  
Her self, her self is here ensoul'd!  
—I saw her once; and still I see.

## SONNET—THE UNATTAINED.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Is this, then, Life? Oh! are we born for this?  
To follow phantoms that elude the grasp!  
Or whatsoe'er secured, within our clasp  
To withering lie! as if an earthly kiss  
Were doomed Death's shuddering touch alone to greet.  
Oh Life! hast thou reserved no cup of bliss?  
Must still the Unattained allure our feet?

The Unattained with yearnings fill the breast,  
That rob, for aye, the spirit of its rest?  
Yes, this is Life, and everywhere we meet,  
Not victor crowns, but wailings of defeat—  
Yet falter not, thou dost apply a test  
That shall incite thee onward, upward still—  
The present cannot sate, thy soul it cannot fill.