

## THE RETURN.

The incident related here, occurred shortly after the second American war in 1812. The hero, Sir William —, lost a leg, in a naval engagement on Lake Erie.

It was the hour of night, and shadows gathered o'er  
The foaming waves, that dashed upon the rocky shore;  
But yet beneath that frowning sky, and near that foam-  
ing sea,  
There lingered one, a lovely form, whose thoughts were  
bright and free.

Her hair was parted o'er a brow, as Parian marble white;  
Dark silken lashes half concealed her eye, so clear and  
bright;  
Her round cheek wore the changeful hue that tells *hope*  
yet is there,  
But that young love is struggling with anxiety and care.

She thought upon the sunny hour, when first she met the  
gaze  
Of him, whose memory recalled the "light of other days;"  
She thought upon the rapturous dawn, of love within  
her breast,  
When, loving and beloved, she deemed earth held not  
one so blest.

The sky to her seemed fairer then, than it was wont to be,  
The sun to shed a richer light, the waves to sport more  
free,  
The valleys bloomed more lovely far, and on the moun-  
tain stream,  
The moon, in peerless loveliness, diffused a purer beam.

But soon a change came o'er the sky, and threatening  
clouds arose,  
And grief, heart-breaking grief, o'er her its darkening  
shadow throws;  
For he to whom her heart is given, the beautiful, the  
brave,  
Is called from her, by duty's voice, to cross the deep sea's  
wave.

"Adieu!" he cries, "though far away, my heart will still  
be here,  
And one sweet hope will nerve me on through scenes of  
woe, and fear,  
The hope to meet thy smile again, to see thine eye once  
more,  
Upturned in confidence and love, to tell that fear is o'er."

Long months had passed since that sad hour, and she had  
frequent heard  
Of his brave deeds, the thought of which had oft her  
bosom stirred;  
While yet her fond heart was oppressed with many anx-  
ious fears.  
And in the night, her wakeful eyes bedewed her couch  
with tears.

But now the toilsome war had ceased, and he was soon  
to come  
From that far off and stranger land, to his paternal home.  
Bright were her hopes, her heart beat high with youthful  
love and joy,  
Yet trembled lest some darkening cloud, these prospects  
might destroy.

But soon he came, and ah! how changed was his once  
noble form,  
And yet his eye was still as bright, his kind heart still as  
warm;  
And with a kindling glance, he gazed upon her form so  
dear,  
And while he spoke, there glistened in the warrior's eye  
a tear.

"My darling one, that thou art loved, I need not say to  
thee,  
Thou know'st it well, but yet I come to tell thee thou  
art free,  
I'm but the wreck of what I was, and will not make thee  
wee!  
(In thy bright beauty) one so maimed, whose youthful  
grace has fled."

Even while he spoke she closer clung, and on his throbb-  
ing heart  
Laid her fair head, and murmured forth "Oh! do not thus  
depart,  
What though the casket fair was marred, thy country's  
cause to win.  
Thy soul I loved, and that's unchanged,—the jewel bright  
within."

Close to his heart he drew her then, and on her polished  
brow  
Pressed his warm lips, and spoke to her in accents kind  
and low.  
"Dost thou say thus, my own sweet one? I bless thy con-  
stant heart,  
And shew thy love is changeless still, I cannot from thee  
part."

M.

## LINES

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY WITH AN EOLIAN HARP.

Remember me, when o'er the silken strings  
Swell the soft breezes of the lonely night,  
When music, "viewless spirit," sweetly sings  
The low-breath'd requiem of departed light.

Then think 'tis Henry's voice that meets thine ear,  
The sigh of one who often sighs for thee;  
And if that thought the simple harp endear,  
Oh! listen still—and still remember me.

## IMPROMPTU.

Thou ne'er wilt know how thou hast driven  
The light bloom from my face;  
For still, when'er I meet thine eye,  
The blush-rose fills its place.

Thou ne'er wilt know how thou hast driven  
Sweet eloquence away;  
For still, when thou art by my side,  
It throws a meteor ray.

And I am changed to other eyes,  
But still the same to thine —  
Thou art the same to other eyes,  
And only changed to mine.