

"your friend has won the prize, my dear young lady; and, as she owes it to your generosity, you shall have the pleasure of bestowing it yourself.

Kate's face glowed with emotion as she hung the chain around Harriet's neck; and Harriet could not restrain her tears, while she whispered, "I will take it, not as a prize, but as a gift from you dear Kate!"

"And now, Miss Summer," said Mr. Wentworth, "in conclusion, let me beg your acceptance of these volumes, as a token of your teacher's respect and esteem," and presenting her a beautifully bound edition of Milton's works, he bowed his adieu to the retiring audience.

"Will you lend me your prize pencil this morning, Harriet?" said Mrs. Carlton the next day. She was dressed for a walk, and Harriet wondered why she should want the pencil out with her; but she immediately unclasped the chain from her neck, and handed it to her mother without asking any questions.

She was rewarded at dinner by finding it lying at the side of her plate, with the single word "TRUTH" engraved upon its seal.

OLD MAIDS.

I LOVE an old maid; I do not speak of an individual, but of the species—I use the singular number, as speaking of a singularity in humanity. An old maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is an antiquity; not merely a record of the past, but the very past itself; she has escaped a great change, and sympathises not in the ordinary mutations of morality. She is Miss from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I do not like to hear her called Mistress, as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and sounds like the resignation of despair, a voluntary extinction of hope. I do not know whether marriages are made in heaven; some people say they are, but I am almost sure that old maids are. There is a something about them

which is not of the earth, earthly. They are spectators of the world, not adventurers nor rambles; perhaps guardians—we say nothing of tattlers. They are evidently predestinated to be what they are. They owe not the singularity of their condition to any lack of beauty, wisdom, wit, or good temper; there is no accounting for it but on the principle of fatality. I have known many old maids, and of them all, not one that has not possessed as many good and amiable qualities as nine out of a hundred of my married acquaintances.—Why, then, are they single? Heaven only knows. It is their fate!

Original.

The Last of His Race.

BY A. G.

He stood upon a mossy stone,
Where proud Pacific's surges roar;
The setting Sun threw back his rays,
And lingered on the fatal shore.
Clad in the garments of his race,
The Wampum belt and Eagles plume;
He stood, in native manly grace,
And mourned the hapless Indian's doom.
The Sun is setting, yes, Alas!
As night shuts out the cloudless ray,
As speeds the meteor through the sky,
The Indian race has passed away.
What were their faults?—Oh what their crimes?
That thus the white man should pursue,
A race for native virtues famed,
A race whom meanness never knew.
Roll back the tide of bloody lore,
Return the scenes that records trace;
Say, where were red men less than true,
When gave they first a false embrace?
That tide swept on from main to main,
Those scenes dyed deep the sanguine hue;
The bleeding Indian crush'd in vain,
The bow and hatchet bravely drew,
For hearths, for homes, for kindred fought,
For feeble Sire and helpless Son.
The white man's hate and scorn were bought
On fields where laurels have been won.
In vain, in vain, a manly race,
Stemmed hard oppression's bloody tide,
Entwined in freedom's proud embrace,
They fought—they bled—and nobly died.
Their faults! the white man's hand they clasp'd
In fervent friendship, fond and true,
They sheltered from the stormy blast,