

gladly know the name of which she is yet in ignorance. And now, my true and actual friend, (the same—dead or living), good-bye for a season, and when I have any new pleasantries for your benefit, you shall hear again from

MAUDE.

SCENES FROM "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

ELIZA CROSSING THE ICE.

SHE has laid her weary child to rest
Upon the stranger's bed,
And at the window anxiously
A watchful hour has sped.

She has turned her gaze adown the street,
But her ear is watching too,
And sudden she springs from the window back
At the timely cried 'Halloo!'

Her sleeping child in her arms she's caught
Nor a moment stays to think
But she rushes down the sloping bank
Down to the river's brink.

Right on behind pursuers come,
'Tis a fearful gulf before—
But with one wild cry and wilder leap
She springs the dread gulf o'er.

The ice is smooth and floating loose,
A dark deep stream's beneath,
As headlong she leaps from cake to cake—
Nor pauses for look or breath.

Her tender feet are cut and torn,
Yet still she struggles on
Till she falls on the firm rough earth and knows
The Ohio shore is won.

Oh! wondrous love—that mother's love
Which a dreadful death can brave,—
Can peril and pain so great endure,
Her helpless child to save.

Oh! mothers of Columbia!
That such a need should be:
Rise up and *all* be heroines
To fight with Slavery.