

old man did the same to a white-headed little rogue, whom they had called Hyppolite, after him, and whom likewise I learned he was doing his very best to spoil. The Notary had been gathered to his fathers long since, but the union between them had been undisturbed to the last. Years have rolled by, yet sometimes I trust to renew those old memories. That may never be possible; still the recollection of those days lightens sometimes a weary hour in my existence. Reader, may I hope the recital has achieved as much for you?

T. H.

OH! FROWN NOT UPON ME!

A SONG.

Oh! frown not upon me, thus lonely and weak;
I am far from my home, and my years are but few;
The softness of girlhood is still on my cheek,
Though sorrow has wilted and wasted its hue.

My betrayer will never embrace me again;
But, oh! if he find in the mercy of Heaven
Such love as this bosom's, now throbbing in pain,
The wrongs he hath done me will all be forgiven.

I loved like a woman—I loved him too much!
He vowed to protect me till life's dream was flown;
And my poor heart believed him—its fondness was such!
But he left me, 'mong strangers to wander alone.

No farewell he gave me—no token to prove
That e'er on his bosom enamored I lay:
Forsaken by kindred, by friendship and love,
No wonder my brain in that moment gave way.

A dark flood of feeling sprang up in my soul;
The world rolled in gloom, and my nature was changed;
My passions grew wild, and defying control,
Like the whirlwind of autumn, at liberty ranged.

I have suffered the censure and scorn of the world,
Till conscience, grown weary, has ceased to upbraid;
Oh! many a feeling, which tenderly curled
Around me in childhood, is sadly decayed!

Like a bird that has strayed from its own native grove,
And dies where rude billows and winds are at strife—
Thus, lured from her home by the semblance of love,
Poor Mary shall sink in the ocean of life.

'Then frown not upon me, thus lonely and weak;
I am far from my home, and my years are but few;
The softness of girlhood is still on my cheek,
Though sorrow hath wilted and wasted its hue.

G. W.