

Amid the shade of forests dark,  
 Thy loved Isle will appear,  
 An Eden whose delicious bloom,  
 Will make the wild more drear;  
 And you in solitude may weep,  
 O'er scenes beloved in vain;  
 And pine away your soul to view,—  
 Once more your native plain.

Then pause, my girl—e're those dear lips  
 Your wanderer's fate decide;  
 My spirit spurns the selfish wish—  
 You must not be my bride!—  
 But oh, that smile—those tearful eyes,  
 My former purpose move;  
 Our hearts are one, and we will dare  
 All perils, thus to love!—

"Yes, I can and will dare them, dearest husband," said Rachel, carefully replacing the paper. "I am ready to follow wherever you lead, —England! my country! the worst trial will be to part from thee!"

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 THE OLD CAPTAIN.  
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Rachel's reveries, were abruptly dispelled by a knock at the door, and her "come in," was answered by a tall, portly, handsome, old lady, who sailed into the room, in all the conscious dignity of rich black silk, and stiff white lawn.

The handsome old lady, was Mrs. Kitson, the wife of the naval officer, whose ready furnished lodgings they had occupied for the last year. Rachel thrust aside her desk, and rose to meet her visitor. "Pray take the easy chair by the fire; Mrs. Kitson, I am happy to see you, I hope your cough is better?" "No chance of that," said the healthy old lady who had never known a fit of dangerous sickness in her life, "while I continue so weak, Hu, hu, hu, you see my dear, that it is as bad as ever." Rachel thought, that she never had seen an old lady, at her advanced stage of life, look so well. But every one has some pet weakness, and Mrs. Kitson's, was that of always fancying herself ever ill. Now Rachel had no very benignant feeling towards the old lady's long catalogue of imaginary ailments, so changed the subject by enquiring very affectionately after the health of the old Captain.

"Ah, my dear, he is just as well as ever. Nothing in the world ever ails him, and little he cares for the suffering of another. This is a great day with him. He is all bustle and fuss, just step to the window, and look at his doings. It is enough to drive one mad. Talk of women wearing the smalls, indeed. It is a libel on the sex! Captain

Kitson, is not content with putting on my apron, but he appropriates my petticoats also. I cannot give an order to my maid, but he contradicts it, or buy a pound of tea, but he weighs it after the grocer; now my dear what would you do if the Lieutenant was like my husband?"

"Really I dont know," and Rachel laughed heartily; "It must be rather a trial of patience to a good housekeeper like you. But what is he about. He and old Kelly seem up to their eyes in business. What an assemblage of pots and kettles and household stuff there is upon the lawn. Are you going to have an auction?"

"You may well think so. But were that the case there might be some excuse for his folly. No. All this dirt and confusion, which once a week drives me out of the house, is what Kitson calls clearing up the ship, when he and his man Friday, (as he calls Kelly) turn every thing topsy turvy, and to make the muddle more complete they always choose my washing day for their frolic. Pantries and cellars are rummaged over, and every thing is dragged out of its place for the mere pleasure of making a litter and dragging it in again. The lawn covered with broken dishes, earless jugs, cracked plates and bottomless saucepans, to the great amusement of my neighbors, who enjoy a hearty laugh at my expense when they behold the poverty of the land. But what does Kitson care for my distress. In vain I hide up all the broken crocks in the darkest nooks of the cellar and pantry, nothing escapes his prying eyes. And then, he has such a memory that if he misses an old gallipot, he raises a storm loud enough to shake down the house.

"The last time he was in London, I collected a great quantity of useless trash and had it thrown into the pond in the garden. Well, when he cleared the decks next time, if he did not miss the old broken trumpery. All of which he said, he meant to mend with white lead on rainy days, while the broken bottles, forsooth, he had saved to put on the top of the brick wall, to hinder the little boys from climbing over to steal the apples. Oh, dear, dear, there was no end to his bawling and swearing and calling me hard names, while he had the impudence to tell Kelly, in my hearing, that I was the most extravagant woman in the world. Now, I, that have borne him seventeen children should know something about economy and good management, but he gives me no credit for that.

"He began scolding again to day, but my poor head could not stand it any longer, so I came over to spend a few minutes with you,"

The handsome old lady paused to draw breath,