

By the quiet hours when hearts unite
 In the parting prayer, and the kind "good night;"
 By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
 Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,
 A guardian power and a guiding light!
 It hath led the freemen forts to stand
 In the mountain battles of this land,
 It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,
 To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
 And back to the gates of his father's hall,
 It hath won the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray,
 From the loves of its guileless youth away;
 When the sullyng breath of the world would come
 O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home;
 Think thou again of the woody glade,
 And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
 Think of the tree at thy parent's door,
 And the kindly spell shall have power once more.

THE WIFE OF THE POLISH PATRIOT.*

It was on the night of the memorable 14th September, 1812 that Aimee Ladoinski stood watching from her window the advancing troops of the great Emperor of the West, as they pushed their way through the silent and deserted streets of Moscow. The French were entering as victors; but it was not this circumstance—although Aimee was a native of France—which caused her bosom to throb high with expectation. Her husband had been a Polish settler at Moscow, but, on the first news of insurrection in his native land, had hastily, and in disguise, quitted the Russian capital, and repaired to what he deemed the scene of his country's political regeneration; and now, in the armed train of the conqueror, he was returning as a victor to the captured metropolis of his country's oppressor. To Aimee's inexperienced eye, it seemed as if those long files were interminable—as if Western Europe had poured her whole population into the drear and uninviting dominions of the Czars. It was almost nightfall ere the tread of arms in Aimee's dwelling, and the sound of a voice, commanding, in a stern tone of discipline, the orderly conduct of his military followers, announced the arrival of Captain Ladoinski. Night fell, and the boy sunk to sleep in his father's arms; while

* It is proper that the reader should be informed that this sketch is not a fictitious narrative of adventures, but that it is derived from a personal knowledge of the lady whose escape it records.