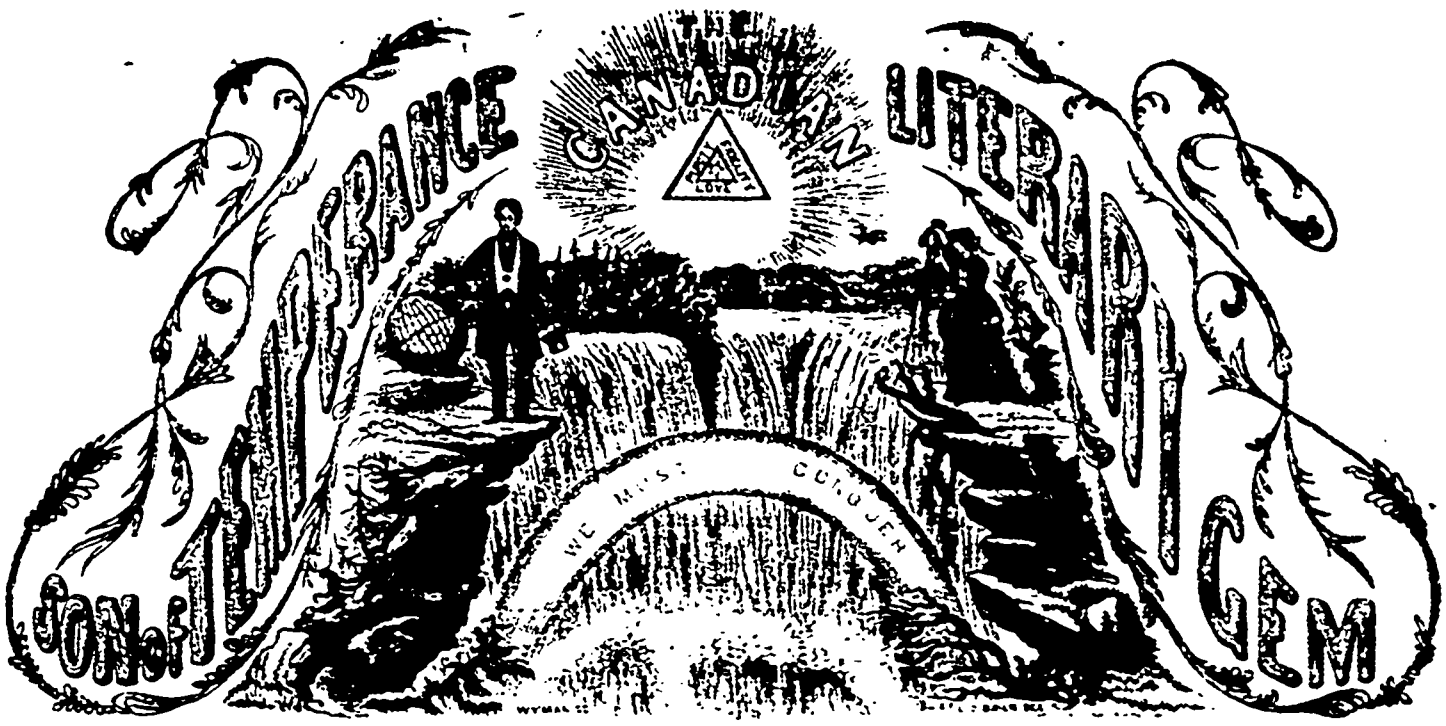

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LILLY DALE.

'Twas a calm still night,
And the moon's pale light
Shone soft o'er hill and vale,
When friends, mute with grief,
Stood around the death-bed
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, sweet Lilly, dear Lilly Dale,
Now the wild rose blossoms
O'er her little green grave,
Neath the trees in the flow'ry vale

Her cheeks that once glowed
With the rose tint of health,
By the hand of disease had turned pale;
And the death-lamp was on
The pure white brow
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, &c.

"I go," she said,
"To the land of rest,
And ere my strength shall fail
I must tell you where,
Near my own lov'd home,
You must lay poor Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, &c.

"'Neath the chestnut tree,
Where the wild flowers grow,
And the stream ripples forth thro' the vale,
Where the birds shall warble
Their songs in spring,
There lay poor Lilly Dale.
Oh! Lilly, &c.

The following thrilling and admirably written story is worth a [illegible] reading. It will meet with a response from every mother's [illegible]

THE LOST CHILD.

BY GRANDMOTHER GREEN.

[illegible] was in the autumn of the year 1826, that I was returning [illegible] the western part of New York, with a heart weighed down [illegible] affliction, which you are too young to understand. It was a cold morning when I reached the steamboat wharf at [illegible], and the scene of gayety which surrounded me was a [illegible] contrast to my own feelings. There was a great festival [illegible] day, on the occasion of joining the waters of the Lakes [illegible] Atlantic Ocean, as it was poetically expressed. In plain [illegible] it was the day of celebrating the completion of the Erie [illegible] whose course and extent you are doubtless familiar with. [illegible] large procession had been gathered from Lake Erie [illegible] the middle course, and also from many other parts of [illegible] and they had just reached Albany on their downward [illegible] Fifteen steamers were afloat on the Hudson. These [illegible] crowded with passengers in their holiday attire, and the [illegible] were arrayed in gay and beautiful dresses. The flags of [illegible] States, and perhaps all nations, decorated the group, while [illegible] and streamers of the most beautiful colors fluttered [illegible] the air. It was a scene of exhilarating and almost be[illegible] beauty; and for a time I forgot my own grief in a sense [illegible] and the life-blood of my country.

[illegible] length a procession was formed in due order, and was led [illegible] boat occupied by the beloved chief magistrate of [illegible] the Hon. De Witt Clinton. A long train of canal boats [illegible] in the rear; and as the procession began to move, many [illegible] music which were stationed on board the different boats [illegible] gaily air.

[illegible] Ranch was moored very close to the wharf, [illegible] plank bridging the few feet that separated it. I had [illegible] my arm, and insisted upon taking it over, so many [illegible] one of the passengers, who, looking over the rail on [illegible] called on me to beware, but my foot was on before I [illegible] them, and in a moment I was safe in the boat, before [illegible] the numerous hands that were reached out [illegible] circumstances of such unusual anxiety, and the expres[illegible] of joy that I had got safely over, would have been [illegible] forgotten, but for the scene which presented itself on my coming into the cabin. The stove was surrounded by persons who were busy drying cloaks and other garments. Another group were condoling with a lady who was reclining in a large rocking chair, looking very pale and sad. She had a loose wrapper thrown about her, and her whole appearance indicated that she had escaped from danger, not without a plunge in the water.

Before I had time to inquire concerning the circumstances, a lady who had followed me from the deck exclaimed, "Only think of it! how providential! This lady," pointing to me, "came over with a child in her arms; and if the plank had slipped with her instead of you, either she or the child must have been lost. You cannot think how frightened the passengers were when they saw her coming."

"Providential, indeed!" said the almost exhausted one, for the first time raising her eyes. "Had not both my hands been at liberty, so that I could seize hold of the plank which fell under me, I must have been lost. She would have clasped her babe—but," she added after a short pause, "she would have had the satisfaction of dying with her child," and she drew a heavy sigh.

I soon saw that something weighed heavily on the mind of the afflicted woman. She listened with an indifference almost amounting to inertness, were it not for her subdued and sorrowful expression, to the congratulations of people, who occasionally looked into the cabin, to see the lady who fell overboard, and to enquire how she found herself. And the spoiling of a very nice cross, lamed. Much voluble expressions of sorrow, gave her no concern. She did not seem to prize very highly the life which had thus been preserved, although she said that she had been several times rescued from death in a very remarkable manner.

Neither of us having any attraction toward the gay company above, the lady and myself remained together in the cabin. As soon as we were left alone, I could not resist a desire to know the cause of her deep melancholy. She told me she had lost her only child, and not by death. Alas! death would have been a blessing to that poor weeping mother; for her child was stolen away from her; and she knew not what dreadful fate might have befallen her.

Expressions of sorrow and sympathy burst simultaneously from the children; and a little Mary wept outright. When I, the lady comforted and quieted her, by saying that perhaps she was found in this time. Grandmother Green went on again.

It happened at the time when the yellow fever was in New York, which was about four years previous to the period I speak of; and yet the wound was still apparently fresh in the poor lady's heart. At the first mention of her loss, pained at every thought of her child it would bleed afresh. People were then flying from the city in all directions. The street where Mrs. Allen lived—for that was the lady's name—was filled from morning till night with passengers and their baggage.

She had arranged to go out of town in company with a friend who lived across the street; and having occasion to send her a hasty message in relation to it, she told the little Ellen to go; and that was the last time she had ever seen her.

Alarmed at her long stay, the mother ran across the way to look after her, when she found that she had done her message and gone, as they supposed, immediately home. An alarm was instantly given, and the neighborhood was searched, and finally as far as possible the whole city; but no tidings came. It was then four years since her disappearance and nothing was heard.

Captain Allen, the father of the child, was a seafaring man; and though he would gladly have given up his employment, to stay at home and comfort his wife, he was impressed that he had a better chance to find his lost treasure, if he continued to sail foreign parts, for so many people were descending the city at the time, that she might have been carried very far away.

The mother had early heard of a child found in Utica, that resembled hers; but she was deceived, to disappointment; and returned more hopeless than ever. To have restored her child dead, would have been bliss, compared with what she suffered; but no power could persuade her of this. I never felt my sympathies so strongly excited. I did my best to comfort, but (poor thing) She would weep out "O! my poor little Nelly! my poor little Nelly!"

On parting, I [illegible] her to take all her mourning, try to be cheerful, and rely more on the goodness of God, who works in mysterious ways, and sometimes brings to pass strange events.

About a year after this, I was in New York, when, one fine summer afternoon, I joined a party of friends for a walk on the battery. I was in a rather abstracted mood, and did not heed much what was going on around me, when suddenly I was recalled to consciousness by hearing a very sweet voice say, "Why mamma! why do you stare so at that lady?"

I raised my eyes, and met those of the questioner. She was a lovely child of some ten summers; but though as it appeared, she was a perfect stranger, there was something in her look that enchanted—not to say enchanted me—I glanced at the lady who was her companion. In a moment I recognized Mrs. Allen. We flew into each other's arms. I comprehended at once how blest she was; for the dark-eyed, gypsey-looking child could be no other than the long mourned Nelly. The first words Mrs. Allen could speak, were, "O, you were a true prophet. God did, indeed, work mysteriously, as you shall hear. But you must come home with us. I cannot yet speak of my happiness without more emotion than is proper to be shown in such a place as this. But come here, Nelly. This is the lady who was so kind to me, and whose parting words gave me so much comfort." I embraced the sweet child; and then it was arranged, as I had no special engagement that I should return, and spend the night with the happy mother.

As soon as we were seated, Mrs. Allen drew Ellen to her side, and thus began: "One day, about a week after I had left you, a feeling of exhilaration came over me, for which I could not account. I really made an effort to be sad. It seemed as if I was cruel and unnatural, for indulging a lightness of heart [illegible] a stranger to for years. But all would not do. I [illegible] about the house so lightly and cheerily, I seemed as if I [illegible] air, I was astonished at myself.

"In this mood I was attracted to one of the [illegible] They had hardly been opened since the time of my [illegible] tune, except to indulge myself in a look down, for the [illegible] movements had become hallowed with the past associations of my [illegible] treasure. I opened the blinds. I opened the window. I [illegible] down; and still I went on humming a gay little air, as if there had never been a mother's heart in my breast.

"Presently there came along a band of strolling minstrels. I would then have retired, for my position was getting public; but it seemed as if I were glued to my chair. They crossed over, and came directly under the window. My hand was in my pocket, feeling for money, for oh! they had a miserable and [illegible] look. There was one little girl—I thought of Ellen—my heart throbbed. The child might have been nearly her age, only that Ellen was a fat little chub—and this was so thin, and miserable looking. Yet what if such a fate were hers! Never before did I have a full conception of the horror of my loss! I thought I should go mad! It seemed to if I should plunge myself out of the window, if I could not escape otherwise; but I could not move a jot. After the tune on the organ was done, the little girl began to sing; and by a strange coincidence the very song was one that little Ellen loved best, and many a time had sung it while sitting on my knee, in the pleasant twilight. I cannot describe how it affected me. It seemed as if I must, as I said before, open the window, and plunge myself out, that I might grasp the child, and compel her to unfold to me the secret of that song. But I feared to move, lest she should be apprised of my intention, and so escape me. A kind of nightmare tempter whispered my wish to fly—to clasp that poor, dirty miserable child to my breast, and take her home—but for the spirit of that song so sweetly, so sadly sung.

"But the idea of Ellen took possession of me. I listened. Again I [illegible] piece was called for, and it was [illegible] distinctly than before. I was unable to dissemble. I gasped for breath, and leaned from the window to get air. The child caught a glimpse of something at the window which evidently excited an unusual interest or curiosity. Hastily the song ceased. She threw her hat, like, plaid, dirty, [illegible] up, with a gesture of almost frantic anguish, and took a full view of the row of buildings before which she stood. It had been nearly painted during the last year, and a thought of danger mantling my cheek at once through my brain and brain.

"But slowly the face was turning half upward. Slowly I could see the profile—the [illegible] pale, and dirty, and hard-worn. It turned—turned—and at last the eyes—large, deep, dark—and O, such full of wonder—of intensity—of inquiry—of [illegible] They looked into mine; and like a flash of lightning, the truth unfolded itself. [illegible] I could [illegible]