The Democratic Watchman.

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Select Poetry.

THE FORSAKEN.

I know the cold world come,
And thou best willet and we must part,
Though cast at not thrust me from thy heart.
No—vainly wide with all its storms,
Between us rolls the distant sea,
Though many a mile divide our forms,
Thy soul shall still be full of me!

When the glad daylight shall arise,
And wake to life thy troubled breast;
Or thou shalt miss the laughing eyes
That hung enamoured o'er thy rest;
When from the midnight blue and deep,
The sad moon gleams o'er land and sea,
The night winds in their rushing sweep
Shall bring thee back the thought of me

And thou shalt shrink before my name,
And sigh to hear the lays I sung;
And curse the lips that dare to blame
Her whom thy own remembrance wrung
Thy life is charmed! a weary spell
Shall haunt thy spirit day by day;
And shadows in thy home shall dwell
Of scenes for ever past away

Years—chilling years—shall slow glide by,
And find thee lonely, joyless, still;
And forms more fair shall charm thine eye,
But have no power the heart to fill
Even while they pledge thee passion's vow,
The sudden pang that none may see,
Shall darken on thine altered brow—
Thou'lt answer them—but think of me

When languid sickness numbs each limb
Fancy shall bring my stealing tread
And weary eyes, all watching dim,
To visit thy forsaken bed.
Go, rove through every clime on earth,
And dream thy fairy hood sets the free;
In joy, and pain, in love, or mirth,
I will shall haunt thy memory

A Historical Sketch.

SIEGE OF FORT BOONESBOROUGH.

When Boone had escaped, it took the Indians three weeks to recover from their surprise. They had to re arrange and re model their campaign. They had believed that they were sure of Boone. Having a prisoner, or being in command of the fort, a brave and desperate leader, was quite a different affair. Impressed with the belief that the Indians would make their boldest endeavor upon Boonesborough, he had sent off an express to the settlements (as the eastern habitations were designated) for assistance. The request was addressed to Col Arthur Campbell—whose name proclaims him of the Highlander settlers—and it became a very important feature in his movements to gain time, so that the gallant Campbell could reach him.

Boone says that when the summons was given, "It was a critical point with us. We were a small number in the garrison—a powerful army before our walls, whose appearance proclaimed inevitable death—fearfully painted, and marking their footsteps with desolation." To Boone, who knew what the terror of the Indian really was, the language was but cold truth. He demanded two days in which he might consider the proposal to surrender. It was everything for him to gain these two days. In them, Col. Campbell or his men might make their appearance, and the enemy find the woods as much a foe as the fort.

"It seems somewhat surprising that Capt. Du Quense and Blackfish agreed to the two days, especially as in them the garrison found means to collect their cattle and horses, and bring them through the posterns into the fort. Certainly, if court-martials were in fashion among the Shawanese, Blackfish deserved one; or if time was granted by Capt. Du Quense, his generalship deserves the same review. What could have induced him to allow the garrison to provision themselves is mysterious, for every day's provision they obtained was a fearful loss to the besiegers.

But men do not act thus without a reason. Du Quesne probably thought that there was very hard fighting to be done before the fort could be conquered, and if he could win it by negotiation, it would spare his force a severe loss. Else, he could not have allowed the provisions and water to be brought in, for the females were actively employed in the two days in bringing water from the spring. Bowman says, that the invaders, as soon as they had raised their flag, called for Captain Boone. They knew that he was the strength of the garrison, and thought it wisest to seek to inveigle or persuade him first. They stated the terms of peace on which they would agree to a capitulation. As the Indians had negotiated with Gen. Clark at the Illinois, there was one reason to believe that the same sincerity might be observed here It is doubtful whether Boone, who knew all their plans, for a moment believed in their sincerity, but time was every thing, and every hour gained was a great gain,

It seems, however, that during these two days, the truce was faithfully kept; else the cattle could not have been brought in so safely. Indeed, Boone's language justifies this belief. Du Quesne, for his own reasons, was able to restrain the Indians: while Boone never so far placed himself in their power but that he could seek at once the protection of the walls. The two days expired. In this time they had become quite familiar with each other, and Boone obtained many of those with whom he had feigned intimacy while at Chillicothe.

All being finished, Boone demanded of his men whether anything like a capitulation should be granted. The conference was that of desperate men. He states that death was preferable to captivity, for he well knew that Du Quesne could not prevent the Indians from cruelty. The determination was to fight—although against such terrible odds—and Boone, who knew that he had the deepest stake in the transaction, for he had most displeased the savage, was probably the first to insist upon holding the fortress to the last.

Standing on one of the bastions, he returned the final answer of the garrison to the captain, who translated it to the Indians. He said, "We are determined to defend our fort while a man is living." Du Quesne, with the courtesy of his lineage, stood in attentive auditory of what Boone was saying. Boone was also courteous, and talked like a brave man. "We laugh at all your formidable preparations, but thank you for giving us notice in time to provide for our defence. Your efforts will not prevail, for our gates shall forever deny you admittance." This was a longer speech than usual with the pioneer. The gratitude expressed for the time and opportunity to provision the fort, may have impressed Du Quesne as ironical It may be asked here, why, if Boone took every precaution, this provisioning was not before accomplished? The expedition to Paint Creek may have been the solution, since it was his bold policy to strike a blow, while the Indian only thought him preparing to receive one.

Boone questions whether his language did not affect the courage of the invaders. It may have fully aroused them to the idea of what folly had been theirs in allowing the garrison this time. Boone thought they would immediately begin the siege but Capt. Du Quesne had not quite exhausted his diplomacy. It is quite likely that Boone's vigor in getting ready had taught him what a formidable task was before him. The next move made by Duquesne was to communicate the instructions of Gov. Hamilton who was in command of Detroit, which, he said, were to take the garrison captive, but not to destroy it, and he requested that the garrison would send out nine of their chosen men to make a treaty, which, if done, the forces would be immediately withdrawn from under the walls, and the Indians and Canadians would return home peaceably. Boone says, "this sounded grateful to our ears and we agreed to the proposal."

Why did Boone accede to this proposal? He had every reason to believe in the cruel and desperate character of the foe. He had insulted and mortified them by his escape, and he could not but see that every thing in the case looked very unlike a peace or an agreement. The solution of all this may have been that in the use of Gov. Hamilton's name, Du Quesne struck a chord which vibrated Boone knew the kindly feelings of the governor towards him It had shown itself in Detroit in a way in which there was no treachery or deceit, and if Hamilton had been allowed to follow the dictates of his own heart, Boone would not have been taken to Chillicothe, but would have been honorably discharged from captivity.

Boone consulted his friends. Gov. Hamilton's name went far with him, and, at last, the selected nine went out. These were, among others, (and of course Boone was at their head,) his brother, Flanders, Callaway, Stephen and Wm. Hancock. To withdraw from the interior of the fort these men of mark, certainly seems to have been unwise, but it seems to be considered that Boone knew just what his men could do, and he knew well—accustomed as he was to the Indian—that the chances were greatly in favor of a safe retreat to the fort in any event.—Those who lived who had mingled in this affair, declared that they knew their strength, and felt confident of success. They know how strong and active they were and from what Du Quense had already lost by folly, they had no very great fear of him.

They met in front of the fort, about one hundred and twenty feet from the walls—space enough for a party to cut them off, but this had not been forgotten, The sure riflemen of Boone's force were in such position as to give them at once the power to pour in such a fire as should prevent a surprise. The table of this conference was spread at the Lick—so Bowman says—and the negotiation began, watched by rifle and by tomahawk, in every minute of its progress.

Boone's language is peculiar. "We held the treaty within sixty yards of the garrison, on purpose to divert them from a breach of honor, as we could not avoid suspicion of the savages." They were to be diverted by a sufficiency of good rifles within fair distance.

He does not suspect the Canadian, because he knew how differently honor was estimated by savage and by soldier. The captain offered his terms, and they were very liberal, yet they contained the extraordinary proposition that the oath of allegiance should be taken to George III., and a submission made to the Canadian authorities. During this they were to be allowed to go with perfect freedom and take all their property. All this was too much, and Boone understood it. He knew that four hundred and fifty savages, who had been preparing for weeks and months for this expedition, did not come in all the panoply of war to end by a signature of the paper which they did not comprehend and concerning which they did not care. They needed to gratify their vengeance—the captive at the stake, and the trophies of scalps. They did not want that Boone should go unscathed and he knew all this. He negotiated, and signed, and diplomatised to gain time. Col. Campbell's troops might at any moment make their appearance, for the express sent had been told of the extremity of the danger. Boone and his fellow commissioners from the garrison, signed the proposed treaty, curious to know what was to come next. But if Boone had not had cause to suspect the whole thing a fraud, and a decoy, his act in signing the treaty might have been considered a desperate one, rendered under the possession of a force exceeding by many times his own. But the first explanation is sufficient. He knew his men, and when after the treaty was finished, his father by adoption—old Blackfish—arose and commenced a speech: he knew the play had another act. Boone had relied on the presence of his good rifles, as the whole affair was in cover of their fire. They were such shots as upon them he could rely. The Indians now stepped to the front. As Du Quesne had been the paper and pen negotiator, their part was to come, and they soon avouched it.

As became those who were engaged in the formation of a treaty, neither had arms. It being an affair of peace, the outward appearances were consulted. The Indians in their figurative language, declared that this was a negotiation between two great armies, and there should be evidence of entire friendship. It was customary among them, they said, on such occasions, for two Indians to shake hands with every white man. Now this was a scheme so transparent that it must have been at once perceived, in all its intention, by Boone and his hardy men at his side. They consented and the grasp was given—the cowardly savages having calculated that if each white man could be brought into contact with two Indians, the surprise would succeed. They mistook their men. These stalwart pioneers and hunters were not easily captured. They were on their guard, and knew what each one could do. Of course, the exigency was one of desperation, and civilized men concentrate their energies tremendously in such cases Bowman relates that Blackfish, after his long speech, uttered as a signal the word "*Go*," and that a signal gun was fired. If he is right in this, the pre-concert of the whole affair is seen at once—"the Indians, fastened on them, were to take them off." The white men began to dispute the matter, though unarmed, and broke loose from them, though there were two or three Indians to one white man. It was the signal for a general firing—Boone's party endeavoring to protect them from the savages, while the Indians poured in to assist their plot. Guns, by hundreds, were fired, but they all escaped into the fort and closed and barricaded the heavy gates behind them, all safe but Squire Boone, that brave brother, who was wounded Never did nine men escape from such crisis or peril

The treaty was forgotten or made into wadding. The besiegers had lost the action and time. Boone and his company had shown the savages, at the beginning, of what lion hearted courage they were made up This display was of the very kind to intimidate the Indian. Any such exercise of great personal strength told upon the savage with a force beyond any other species of reasoning.

Du Quesne and Blackfish now began the siege in earnest. They had a force that could pour into the fort a power of ammunition, that if a white man presented himself within range must be fatal. The siege lasted nine days and nights, for the invader was in number sufficient to take the alternate watches It is easy for us to give these details to the page, or to pursue them, but the reality of that fight never could be effaced from the memory of those who participated in it. It was one of the most heroic of that series of struggles which gave to Kentucky such bloody admission into the family of nations. A few gallant men, trained in a forest school, were shut up in a feeble fort, which, if the enemy had possessed artillery or scaling ladders, might have been knocked to pieces or covered with men. They had around them those whose life was dearer than their own. The balls fell like rain, and there was no hour for rest. It needed such a scene to illustrate the energy of the great Pioneer's character. His conduct on this occasion shows him entitled to rank among the bravest warriors of our country. Indeed, Boone personally enacted an heroism immeasurably superior to that of many to whom history assigns the laurel. Alone or at the head of his men, he ever was the brave man, content to do his duty under every form or circumstance of peril.

The men at the fort fired when they could hit, while the savages seemed to fire away, as conscious of a full treasury of powder and lead on which they could rely. Boone says: "After they were gone we picked up one hundred and twenty five pounds of bullets, besides what struck in the logs of our fort—which certainly is a great proof of their industry!" It was a great proof of the fact that the Indian knew, by fatal experience, that if he showed himself within range he was destined to know the accuracy of a Kentuckian's aim. The picture of the old fort, so accurately given in "Colin's Kentucky," from a sketch by Col. Henderson, shows near it a belt of woods. These probably sheltered the savages who blazed away impotently, only at rare intervals doing any injury. The defenders lost two men, and there were four wounded. Of this loss, one of the killed and one of the wounded was in consequence of a desertion from the fort, of a negro, who had a rifle, and also had been trained to its execution with it, as was the education of all those in the fort. He got into a tree, and having a good aim, was soon one of the most successful of the assailants. Boone, seeing this out, watched him, and when he saw his head, fired. The man was found after the battle—a ball in his head the shot being made at the distance of one hundred and seventy-five yards—five hundred and twenty six feet. In all his best days. Leather Stocking never surpassed this. The Indian felt Boone in every hour of the siege.

One of Boone's daughters remained in the fort. Why she did not accompany her mother in her return to North Carolina, is not from the records apparent: but as it was with her, when married to Mr. Calloway, that he in his old age resided, it may be that her attachment to her father was so great that she preferred the perils of the fort father than to be separated from him. She was a noble girl—

"*Of such a sire, descendant true*"

She labored in the defence as zealously as her strength permitted, and was one of those who supplied the ammunition. She was wounded, and when the annals of the heroic women of America are written, her name deserves conspicuous place. The Indians tried that by which they had often won horrible passage to the dwelling of the white man They threw fire on the fort and it took!—and for a time it seemed as if the fated hour for Boonesborough had come. There was no time for thought. At all risk the fire must be extinguished, and by the boldness and bravery of one young man, who risked and dared all the storm of balls, the impending danger was averted. All these things disheartened the Indians, for they had no resource beyond the immediate act, and when in the conflict of physical strength they were overcome, they could see no recourse but flight; for, notwithstanding all that is said of their bravery, the Indian was quite ready to recognise that there is a time to run. Bowman says the fire was kept up during nine days and nights, if the battle had not sometimes wavered or ceased, the physical endurance of the garrison must have failed

Boone relates one of the best tactics of the besiegers: "The enemy began to undermine our fort, which was situated fifty yards from the Kentucky river. They began at the water mark, and proceeded in the bank some distance, which we understood by their making the water muddy with their clay: and we immediately proceeded to disappoint their design by cutting a trench across their subterranean passage. The enemy discovering our countermine, by the clay we threw out of the fort, desisted from that stratagem."

This device was too good to have been suggested by the Indians. It was a point in civilized warfare and was probably counselled by Du Quesne; but he forgot that the Pioneer had not been an inattentive observer of whatever of war and its incidents he had witnessed at Detroit. The digging was too hard work for the Indian, and so far as he participated in it, he was doubtless quite willing to discontinue the labor.

Experience, Boone says, fully convinced them that neither power nor policy could effect their purpose. On the 20th day of August they raised the siege and departed.

This was a great siege. It is one of the most memorable pages in our military history. While other and minor affairs have placed their chief actors high in fame, the siege of Boonesborough, sustained for nine days four hundred men against fifty—in a wild country—against a selected band of Indian warriors—has been comparatively forgotten. It resembles the desperate valor of the battles of the Old World, and had it occurred in Europe, no honors or reward would have been too great for the bold defender. Boone was not the man to make conspicuous his own achievements.

Boone and others who survived, in their old days spoke with gratitude of their preservation. He was the man to remember, as brave men do, who had been the defender of the oppressed.

In this repulse of the savage, Boone felt the absence of one of his boldest and bravest men—one whose courage and skill would have made themselves visible to the discomfiture of the enemy. Simon Kenton was not a man to be willingly away from such a scene. His absence was owing to the following circumstances:

"Kenton finding Boone about to undertake an expedition against a small town on Paint Creek, readily joined him. Inaction was irksome to the hardy southerner in such stirring times: besides he had some melancholy reflections that he could only escape from in the excitement of danger and adventure.—The party, consisting of nineteen men, and commanded by Boone, arrived in the neighborhood of the Indian village. Kenton, who was as usual in advance, was startled by hearing loud peals of laughter from a canebrake just before him. He scarcely had time to tree before two Indians, mounted on a small pony, one facing the animal's tail and the other his head, totally unsuspicious of danger, and in excellent spirits, made their appearance. He pulled trigger and both Indians fell, one killed, and the other severely wounded. He hastened up to scalp his adversaries, and was immediately surrounded by about forty Indians. His situation, dodging from tree to tree, was uncomfortable enough, until Boone and his party coming up, ferociously attacked and defeated the savages. Boone immediately returned to the succor of his fort, having ascertained that a large war party had gone against it. Kenton and Montgomery, however, resolved to proceed to the village to get "a shot," and steal horses. They lay within good rifle distance of the village for two days and a night, without seeing a single warrior: on the second night they each mounted a fine horse, and put off to Kentucky, and the day after the Indians raised the seige of Boonesborough, they cantered into the fort on their stolen property.—*Collins' Kentucky.*"

This seige culminated the military history of Boonesborough. It was the last attack it sustained, and it was fairly entitled to the title of the Impregnable. Boonesborough now is a small village, and yet it will always remain in the history of Kentucky and of the country, a classical locality. In later days, the voice of eloquence has made the scenes of the Hunter and the Warrior live again. Senator Morehead, distinguished for his intellect in a land where such men as Clay and Crittenden and Breckenridge lived, delivered, in 1840 an address in commemoration of the historical incidents of the place, which is of the most valuable contributions of our annals. Kentucky owes to itself to build, at the site of the old fort, a monument, worthy in its magnitude of the place where brave men laid the corner stone on which the great edifice of the State has been so successfully reared.

After the siege was over, the Indians dispersed. They felt the deepest chagrin that they could not have spirited Boone. He was the noblest prisoner they had ever taken, and twice he had successfully escaped. He had crossed river and swamp—endured hunger and every privation—and after such a march as would have done honor to their best warrior, had disappointed all their hopes of taking the fortress. They had lost the leader and not gained the garrison. Boone henceforth was a memorable word in Indian tradition. Their fire from the fort killed thirty seven, and wounded a great number. When they left, they went in different parties to the several forts and waylaid the hunters. It is quite probable that, had they been successful at Boones'orough, the American cause would have suffered greatly, for it would have been complete encouragement to the British to sustain the alliance with the Indians at any cost,

Curiously—certainly it would be curious under other circumstances—the honor that first awaited this brave soldier, who had conducted himself with a valor worthy the plaudit of a nation, was a—Court Martial. We have had illustrations in our own day of heroism and consummate military skill, receiving the same reward. Four charges were made against him—the first condemning the capture of the salt makers at Blue Licks; the second, a very singular one—"manifesting friendly feeling towards the Indians while a prisoner, and offering to surrender Boonesborough, have the people removed to Detroit, and live under British protection and jurisdiction"—taking off a party of men from Boonesborough in his expedition to Scioto, and thus weakening the garrison, when he had reason to believe the Indians were about to invade the fort—and at the siege of Boonesborough, being willing to take the officers to the Indian camp, and thus endanger the garrison.

It must be that this court was called by his friends, to give him an opportunity to show to the world the consummate skill which he had conducted himself in the most intensely precarious position. Of the most honorable result of this trial, mention has before been made. Mr. Peck says: "After a full investigation, he was acquitted honorably, and the confidence of the people in his patriotism and sagacity confirmed and increased." The reader who has carefully noted the conduct of the Pioneer, will realize how truly he deserved the gratitude of his country for his wisdom and bravery in all these situations.—*Bogert's Life of Daniel Boone.*

Avarice and Crime.

THE AVARICIOUS MERCHANT.

There was once a merchant named Filargiro, one of the most avaricious characters in the world: for though he had realised a handsome property, all his thoughts were bent upon amassing more and more, his avarice still increasing with the increase of his wealth. It happened that on returning one day from a sale of some of his goods, with a purse of four hundred gold crowns, while engaged in transacting other business, he was unlucky enough to lose the whole sum: nor was he aware of his loss until he reached home. Arriving there, he opened an immense chest containing many thousand crowns, and on preparing to add the four hundred to the number, he was struck dumb with astonishment to find that they were gone. He uttered an exclamation of horror every time he put his hand into each of his pockets, till, convinced at last that his loss was but too true, he ran off in great consternation along the path he had come; inquiring of the very dogs on the way whether they had seen or seized upon his treasure. He was quite confounded when he reached the place where he had first received the money, without obtaining the least tidings of it.

Almost overwhelmed with despair, he suddenly bethought him, as a last resource to apply to the magistrate, entreating that a public crier might be instantly sent forth, and offering the sum of forty crowns for the recovery of his treasure. With great courtesy the magistrate accepted to the request; expressing himself at the same time concerned to witness the excessive affliction under which Filargiro seemed to labor. The reward was accordingly proclaimed, and the gold soon afterward made its appearance in the hands of an old lady, who found it on her way home from church. Fearful lest her conscience should be loaded with such a weight of gold, though extremely poor, she would have been very greatly perplexed in what way to act, had she not luckily heard the crier announcing the reward of forty crowns, which she hoped she might receive with a safe conscience.

Observing her destitute appearance, the judge very humanely inquired whether she had any means of procuring her subsistence, and whether she had no one to assist her. "I have nothing," she replied, "but what I can gain by the work of my hands, and the help of one daughter: we weave and spin, signor, to earn as much as we want, living in the fear of the Lord in the best way we are able. My daughter, to be sure, I should wish to see married before I die, but I have nothing to give her for a portion." The judge, on hearing the poor woman's account of herself, highly praised her integrity in thus restoring what she might so easily have reserved for herself and for a marriage portion for her daughter; observing, that it was an action of which he feared that few others, under the same temptation, would have been capable. He then surnamed the merchant, informing him that the lost treasure was found, and requesting him at the same time to put into the woman's hands the named reward.

The raptures of the miser were truly amusing when he beheld and seized upon the gold; but on hearing the demand of the stipulated sum, his countenance again fell, and he began to think how he could possibly withhold the promised reward. Having numbered the pieces once or twice exactly over, though he found them perfectly correct, he turned toward the old woman, saying—"There are four-and-thirty ducats short of the sum which I put into this bag." The old lady appeared extremely confused at this accusation, exclaiming in a distressed tone to the magistrate, "Oh, sir, can that be possible? Is it likely I should have stolen thirty four ducats, when I had it in my power to possess myself of the whole? Not believe me, I swear, as I value my hopes of [illegible] the exact sum which I found on my return from church; not a single farthing have I taken out"

But the miserly old wretch continuing to affirm most solemnly that the ducats were in the same bag with the crowns, and that she must consider them as sufficient remuneration, the affair seemed to perplex the worthy judge not a little. Yet when he reflected that the old miser had only mentioned the four hundred crowns in the first instance, he began to suspect his design of imposing upon the poor woman, in order to save the paltry sum offered as a reward. He felt the utmost indignation at the discovery of this deceit, believing no punishment to be too severe for this despicable breach of faith. But checking the rising passion for a moment, he reflected that the most effectual chastisement he could bestow upon the miser's attempt to impose upon the magistracy would be to make him fall into the very snare he had laid for another. *With this view* he thus addressed the merchant "And why did you not mention the amount of your loss before proclaiming the reward?" "I overlooked it; I quite forgot it," was the reply.

"But it seems somewhat strange that you, who appear so particular about trifles, should have recollected the circumstance of the ducats. And as far as I can understand, you wish to recover what is not your own. I mean to say that this bag of gold could never have belonged to you at all, since the sum you first mentioned is not to be found in it." The judge then turned toward the old woman, observing, "Since it is clear that the money is none of his, and you have had the good luck to find it, pray keep it; the whole is your own, should no owner appear that can prove his right to the property: therefore, giving it as a wedding gift to your daughter. If it should happen that you meet another purse, containing the ducats as well as the crowns, belonging to this gentleman, I beg you will return it to him without demanding any reward"

The wretched merchant, finding that the judge had truly penetrated his motives, and that there was not a chance of succeeding in his nefarious design, he declared that he was now quite willing to pay the reward he had promised, if she restored the remaining money, which was indisputably his own.—But it was now too late; the judge turning toward him with an angry air, threatened to punish him for such a disgraceful attempt to defraud another of so large a sum; since from his own account it could not possibly be his; "Go out of my presence, and beware how you exasperate me further! If this good woman should be fortunate enough to meet with the purse, with the exact amount you mention, she has promised to restore it to you untouched. That is enough."

Without venturing to answer a single word, the unhappy Filargiro was compelled to leave the place, unaccompanied by his newly recovered treasure, and filled with vexation at having refused to fulfill the conditions he had made. The poor old woman, on the other hand, went away overjoyed with her unexpected good fortune; and it need hardly be said, that no claimant for the lost property ever appeared. Her daughter, after having long indulged in a vain attachment, had at length the pleasure of being united to the object of her choice, at the expense of the avaricious merchant.

Youth's Department.

DECEIVING MOTHER.

Kitty Lincoln had been running and dancing in the garden, among the beautiful flowers, till she looked almost like a blush-rose-bud herself. A sweet, pretty little creature was Kitty, and every one loved her dearly, for her heart was full of love, and her clear eyes revealed it, so, of course people could help loving her.

Little children who love every one are always greatly beloved.

But you must not suppose my sweet Kitty was without faults.

Alas, in this world of imperfect things, such are got to be found.

Some there are, so lovely, so nearly like the white winged ones above, that we fear they are to tarry with us but a little season, and when we see them passing from us, we are not surprised or shocked, for they seem to be exhaled like dew from the heart of flowers, and we only glance for a moment at the little grave where repose the precious dust, for we know our treasure is not there, and that in Heaven there is one angel more.

Our Kitty was not one of these. With all her charms, and all her winning ways, there was plenty of earthliness about her young nature, and sometimes, though not often, she did very naughty things, and her bright eyes were wet with rebellious and unhappy tears.

When Kitty came in from the garden that pleasant Saturday afternoon, she hardly looked as if it were possible for her to do any but kind and amiable things. Smiles dimpled all over her round face, sparkled in her eyes, as she entered her mother's chamber.

"Kitty, darling," said her mamma, "I want you to rock baby Walter, while I go in the other room a little while."

Now, if ever a child disliked to do any thing in the world, Kitty disliked to *rock a cradle*. Many a time had she said it before, and now she repeated it *inside*—for she did not say it aloud—

"I wish there was not a cradle in the whole world. Babies ought to sleep without them, and oh dear, dear, I do hate to rock, rock, rock"—but she made no objection to sitting down and rocking Walter. The mother left the room.

"Rock, rock, rock," steadily went the cradle for ten minutes. Then the chubby hands grew tired. "I mean to lie down on the floor, and pretend to sleep," thought Kitty.

"Then Walter will wake up and tease poor, pale mamma"—suggested conscience.

"Well, she might teach him to sleep on the bed then, or without being rocked all the time"—answered Kitty, and she stretched her little figure at full length on the floor.

Pretty soon mamma heard a scuffling sound from the baby.

"Rock away, Kitty dear, baby's waking," whispered she, but Kitty didn't rock.

Mamma stepped in to see what was the reason There lay the rosy cheeks and curling hair, low upon the straw carpet.

"Poor child," said the dear, kind mother, in a compassionate tone, "how tired she must have been."

And hushing the baby, she took a pillow from the bed, and softly and gently moved her daughter to a more comfortable position, placing her shining ringlets and her soft, red cheeks upon the snowy pillow.

"Sleep, little treasure," said the mother, and she seated herself to rock and watch her boy

Ah, if she had watched *Kitty*, she would have seen two large tears force their way through the interlacing of those long dark lashes, which shaded her cheeks, and they were followed quickly by many others, for the heart of the shy little creature was deeply touched by her mother's unsuspicious tenderness.

Never again was Kitty known to say she didn't like to rock the cradle. The lesson of that summer day was never forgotten, and more than once in after years, did her tears fall, as she recalled the sound of her mother's voice, and the touch of her hands that day, and often was her heart sad to remember that act of deception, long after her dear mother was slumbering in the tomb.

MODERATION AND PATIENCE.

There are two things which are admirable attainments for a boy, because they will prove a blessing to him all his days: the first is, to partake of pleasure with moderation; the second, to endure pain with patience.

Who most secure from future ills would share
The joys of life, must be content to bear
Its many sorrows, calmly to sustain
The throes of anguish, and the pangs of pain.
To taste the sweets of life, with life's alloy
Resigned to suffer, grateful to enjoy

Look at the poor fly sipping at a cup of treacle! He is not satisfied with standing on the brink, but he must go further, until his feet are clotted together, his wings are entangled, and he falls a victim to his want of moderation. Look at the poor moth! he is delighted with the burning taper, but he is not satisfied. He flies nearer and nearer to the object of his delight, till his wings are scorched, and he is destroyed by the intensity of what afforded him pleasure. Learn from insects and birds a lesson of instruction—partake of pleasure very cautiously, and beware of danger and temptation.