

Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

BY RAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied,
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in its silent skoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff,
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said—
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may—another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion,
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eye confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
Yet, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ah, soldiers! to your honored rest
Your truth and valour bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

—New York Tribune.

Select Tale.

SAVING TWO LIVES.

From his boyhood upwards, Herbert had always had strongly impressed upon his mind, when boating up and down the river, the horrors of the well known rock at the mouth of the river Dart. He knew how many lives had been lost upon it, how much property sacrificed upon its frightful altar; and while it is the wonder of every one who visits Dartmouth, that such a hideous danger can be left unobeyed or unmarked, everybody who passes up and down the Dart, hears some fearful legend of its past misdeeds, and shuddering, gives it the widest possible berth.

While Herbert was straining his utmost glance watching for another gleam of lightning to reveal the scene once more, something like a faint cry was heard.

Starting to his feet, "that cry is from the rock, and it is a woman's voice."

Without further thought, except to get to the scene of danger as quickly as possible, Herbert dashed from his covert.

Headless of the lightning, and regardless of the rain, he was speedily wet to the skin; but that was a trivial matter.

After divers falls and bruises, he contrived at last to get down to the shore opposite to the point where he knew the rock was, and going slightly up the river, so that the wind might convey the cry of the sufferers to him, instead of drowning it, he listened for a moment, and distinctly heard the cries of—

"Help! help! We are drowning! We are drowning!"

"Where are you? Are you on the rock?"

"Yes," shouted back a man's voice, "we are on the rock—the water is rapidly gaining on us, and our boat has gone down."

"Have you time to wait while I run up to Dittisham for a boat?"

"No, no," shrieked back one of the voices; "the water is above our waists already, and sweeping over us with such force that we must be washed away in ten minutes."

"Can you swim?"

"No," was the answer.

"It will soon be over," muttered Herbert, "and

I fear I shall be lost, too. My poor mother," said he, throwing his clothes off one after another; "but it is a duty to try; help me, God of Heaven!" cried the youth, dropping on his knee for one moment; then running down as far above the rock as he thought was practicable, shouted out—

"I will swim to you."
He then plunged boldly into the stream, with nothing on but his shirt and trousers, having previously tied the latter around his waist with his neckerchief.

At the time that Herbert took this leap, the tide was running strongly up the river. He therefore swam boldly down the stream, as if making for Dartmouth, proceeding slantingly across the river towards the opposite shore, where the beautiful woods of Greenaway shaded the boyish steps of the immortal Walter Raleigh.

In the course of a few minutes, he lifted his voice up, "Where are you?" but he heard no answer, for the westerly storm swept up the river at that moment with a fresh gush, and drowned the reply. In another second the heavens were once more brilliant with lightning, and Herbert beheld, two or three yards under his lee, the rugged point of a rock, like some demon, holding up his jagged head, while clinging to it in all the agony and desperation of impending death, was a young man, who clasped in his arms a girl of some seventeen years.

Strange it is, that in that single glance the human mind takes in the whole character of the face on which it gazes. Even in that awful hour, when the fearful grave that yawned beneath them appeared about to swallow these three beings, Herbert detected in the countenance the very face that seemed to have haunted him in all the poetical day-dreams of his soul for years. Large, full, sparkling eyes, delicate face, long, flowing, luxuriant hair, drenched as it was with rain, and anguish-stricken as those features were with the horror of such a situation; that single glance, while it filled his soul with the deepest sympathy for the fate of the fair unknown, nerved him with fresh courage to strive against the elements, and lit in his soul a stern determination to succeed in saving her, or to perish in the attempt.

"Cheer up!" he cried, as relaxing his swimming, he put forward both his hands to guard himself from being dashed too violently by the roaring storm against the sharp and jagged edges of the rock; then as he succeeded in placing his foot, and setting back to the stream, he said to the man, "Cannot you swim at all?"

"Oh, heavens! no, not a bit."

"Where's your boat?"

"She struck and filled, and went down instantly, when the squall came on. We were trying to cross the stream on the Dartmouth side of the rock, when the squall took us."

"Say," said Herbert, "what stick is that, pointing up?"

"Nothing but one of the oars, entangled in the rocks."

"All right!" said Herbert. "Now, listen to me," putting his face close to that of the two unfortunate people, whom he could scarcely see in the dark, further than just to discern the general outlines of their figures. "You have no time to lose, and you must follow implicitly what I tell you, or we shall all be lost. I will pull this car from its sticking place, and while you put your two hands upon it—and nothing more, remember—this lady must place her two hands upon my left shoulder. Now before we start off into deep water, is there any amount of your clothes that you can get rid of? The least thing adds greatly to your weight. Men's clothes are heavy, ladies' are light, and do not so much signify."

"How can I get rid of my clothes, they are all so wet and clinging to me."

"Well, I will help you: first of all there is your coat, can you hold on by the rock with one hand, for a few moments?"

"I think so?"

"Very well, then let go your left hand gently and I with my right hand will pull the sleeve off; then let go your right hand, and we will try to pull that off."

"But there is my pocket book in my coat."

"Has it much money in it?"

"That had better been left on shore in boating. Is it in notes?"

"Yes."

"Well, first of all I will take out the book. Let me feel. Oh, here it is; come, it is not so heavy as I feared, I will just stick that inside my waistband. Now, then, I am ready to push off the rock. So! now hold fast. How the coat sticks. Hurrah! that is done. Now, then, hold fast with your left hand, and let go the right. So! there it goes up stream to Totness," said Herbert, as soon as he had drawn the coat from its late wearer, and thrown it into the bubbling tide.

"Now, what boots have you got on?"

"Oh, lucky, I have got on shoes."

"Well kick them off, directly, then."

"I cannot, they are tied."

"Well put one of your feet out, so that I can get at it and break the shoe string. So! that's it. There, it is gone, now the other."

"Oh, how the rocks cut my feet."

"Never mind the cuts now; up with the other foot. I have it. There goes the second shoe.—Now about gold watch and chain. Have you got one on?"

"Yes."

"Well, give it to me, I will do my best to throw it towards Dittisham shore. If it does not reach the dry ground, we may at least throw it so far into shallow water that it may be picked up next tide."

"Just take it off my neck, will you?"

"I will. Ah! it's a nice watch. It's a pity to use it so roughly."

"Oh, here is my watch, too," said the lady, "if you will take it over my head."

"Thank you," said Herbert; and gathering the two watches up together in the hollow of his hand, he gave them a good vigorous cast towards the shore, and saw them sink a few yards from it.—

"Now these will be easily recovered to-morrow morning. Have you any thing else about you—keys, or anything of that sort?"

"Nothing," said the lady.

"I have some silver in my trousers pocket," said the gentleman.

"Pitch it all into the river," said Herbert.—"This is one of those occasions on which money is a curse to a man."

"Just put your hand in my left trousers pocket and take it all out then."

Herbert did so, and produced a whole handful of silver, which he threw after the watches."

"Now, then, we are as light as we can get. The water is rising rapidly. Be ready to start. You must neither of you attempt to breathe through your mouths, you must breathe through your nostrils and nothing more. Just hold your noses up as much as you can above the water, but do not attempt to lift your hands above it, for you will sink directly. I will take hold of the other end of the oar, and swim with you towards Dittisham; but remember that both lives depend upon not lifting a finger above water. If you do that you will sink; if you do not do that you cannot help floating. Do you understand?"

"Quite," said the lady.

"I will try," said the man.

"Now then, may God help us!" said Herbert, laying one hand on the oar, while he still clung to the rock with the other; after a little difficulty he succeeded in extricating the blade of the oar from the crevice of the rock in which it had stuck, and it once more floated in the water.

"Now, then," said Herbert, getting it round into the proper position, just lay your two hands here, where the leather is.

"But if I let go my sister, she will sink."

"No, please God, she will not. Here, madam, place both your hands on my left shoulder, before he takes the oar. Now rest on me your full weight, and never mind swallowing a little water, both of you."

As Herbert said this, he slipped around to the side of the rock where they were, and placing himself on the lady's right hand, she took fast hold of his dress at the point indicated; and, as she did so, she felt her feet borne away by the river.

"Oh, I am sinking, I am sinking."

"Oh, no, you will not sink. Keep your head down, and rest on me. Now, quick, my boy, clasp hold of the oar."

"I will, I will," gasped the unfortunate man; and the moment he did so, away went all three on the bosom of that angry tide, right into the deep water.

"I am drowning, I am drowning," shrieked the man.

"No, no, you are all right now, keep your courage up—we will soon be on shore." And Herbert, getting sufficiently beyond his reach not to be entangled with him, stuck the blade of the oar between his teeth, and struck out boldly for the little fishing village of Dittisham. Going up the river with the stream and wind, the progress of the trio was very rapid; and as Herbert struck out with the utmost possible energy towards the lights that still gleamed from the cottagers' windows, where the beach shelved down much more gently than in the adjacent parts of the river, he succeeded in about ten minutes in getting them into still water, made by the projecting race, as it advanced out to that narrow strait of the river where this catastrophe happened.

In a few minutes Herbert struck his foot against the shore, and instantly rose up, in water not coming above his waist,

"Thank heaven, we are saved!" said he, for the first time placing his arm around the waist of the gentle being who, without a murmur, had implicitly followed his instructions; but, when he expected some reply, he found the excitement of the scene had ended in her fainting.

Knowing well, from past lectures of his friend Drystick, what was the proper treatment of a lady under these circumstances, and that the best practice was instantly to lower the head, Herbert (no ways reluctant, be it confessed,) caught her light and graceful figure in his arms, and while the long dishevelled hair fell down streaming with water, he raised her little tiny feet, as she lay in his embrace like a pale statue, even in that time of excitement, he could not help momentarily, glancing with an admiring and minute eye on the lovely features he pressed to his bosom; but the darkness was too great to do more than just assist the imagination in believing that nothing could surpass her beauty.

"Come along, quickly, my boy," said he, turning to the brother, who, to his astonishment, was so overcome with the danger through which he had past, that he remained floundering in the water up to his neck, unable to rise.

"Help me, help," cried he, "all my strength is gone."

"I cannot help you boy, I have to carry your sister. Come, jump up like a man; all the danger is over now—put your arms round my waist, and I will walk slowly to the shore. Cheer up my lad; we will go and get a draught of wine and some dry clothes at the village inn, and you will soon be right."

"Oh, I shall die, I shall die!"

"Nonsense, die. You were very near it just now, and that is quite enough for you. Come along—come; put your arm out—that is it. There now clasp me around the waist with the other hand—so, that is it. Make an effort to come along. You will soon be out of it; So, man, that is it.—My eyes what tremendous lightning. Ahoy, there—Dittisham, ahoy, help," cried Herbert, shouting with the voice of a stentor, overjoyed and restrung with the delight of having saved two more fellow-creatures.

The flash of lightning had done good service, for some of the old fishermen looking out from the village, had caught sight of the three stragglers, and perceiving a lady lying helpless in the arms of one, and the other floundering in the water, two or three men rushed down.

"Here, sir, give me the lady," cried one.

"No, thank you—never while I live," said Herbert. "Here, you may take this gentleman off my waist, if you like. That is right. So, well done. Now, run one of you over to the inn, tell them to make roaring fires in their best bedrooms, get plenty of blankets and mulled port wine, and if they have no wine, some hot spirits and water."

"Aye, aye, sir," cried the men, hearing at once from the decisive tone of Herbert's voice, that they were speaking to one accustomed to command, and of a rank superior to themselves: and in five minutes more Herbert bore his lovely burden into the little village inn, and having moistened her lips with wine, she eventually opened her eyes, and uttered the words, "My brother."

"All safe," said Herbert.

A gentle pressure of the hand returned the lady's thanks more expressively than words could have uttered, and if Herbert had doubted how well his heroic labours were appreciated, that doubt would have been dispelled by some words that followed.

"I do not quite hear," kneeling and placing his ears close to her lips.

"See to your clothes before you catch cold."

"God bless you! I will," pressing her fingers to his lips, and then, as he covered them carefully over from the cold, he saw her gentle eyes close, and the big, bright tears gushing from under those long and darkly fringed lids.—From "The Pride of the Mess," a Naval Story of the Crimean War.

IMPORTANT FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The following item of news, taken from the Honolulu (Sandwich Islands,) *Polynesian*, will be read with interest:—

Ua hookohora e ko Kiaaina o Oahu, J. Kaona, i Lunakanawai no ka Apana o Kona ma kahi o J. KAAURI, ka mea i mekee i ho nei.

That is a very definite prescription which one old woman on Long Island gave to another, respecting the mode of ascertaining whether indigo was good or not. "You see, Miss Hopkins, you must take the lumps, and pound 'em a'most to a powder, and then sprinkle the powder on the top of a pan of water; and if the indigo is good, it 'll 'ither sink or swim, and I don't know which!"

"What is the cause of that bell-ringing?" inquired Peter, "It's my deliberate conviction that somebody has pulled the rope," answered Joe.