

...y wife,
t she could stoop to bind
n common mind
nhibition, nursed
n her heart, had first
ts Promethean flame
unk her so to shame.

dearest from the dream
low thy powers:
om—hope shad's a beam
cloud which lower:
esent seems so far
goal, the guiding star,
y, would light them on
e way,—
ray, thou'lt ever prove,
WEDDED LOVE.

THE DAUGHTER.

Campbell's Poems.

Highland's bound,
do not tarry!
a silver pound,
the ferry.

would cross Lochgyle,
stormy water?"
ot Ulva's isle,
Ullin's daughter.

er father's men
ve fled together,
d us in the glen,
l stain the heather.

ard behind us ride;
our steps discover,
eer my bonny bride
e slain her lover!"

dy Highland wight,
ef—I'm ready:—
silver bright,
insome lady:

l the bonny bird
not tarry;
aves are raging white,
r the ferry,"

ste!" the lady cries,
est round us gather;
g of the skies:
y father."

a stormy land,
efore her,—
ong for human hand,
thered o'er her.—

ved amidst the roar
prevailing:
ed that fatal shore,
changed to wailing.—

d, through storm and shade
d discover:
she stretched for aid,
ound her lover.

ie back!" he cried in grief,
rmy water:
your Highland chief
oh my laughter!"—

oud waves lashed the shore
reventing:—
went o'er his child—
lamenting.

...tivist's oldest friends, who had come hither
from real and sincere attachment, and who
to take no part in the eager debates of these po-
litical champions.

Among others the Count De M., he whom
I have never seen but as the prime wit of all
joyous re-unions: whose biting sarcasms have
become the terror of the bore and
twaddler, for they cling for ever like burrs
to those against whom they are hurled; the
only man, in short, with whom the prince
himself dared not, upon all occasions, to
measure himself in the keen skirmish of in-
tellect, now sat silent and sorrowful apart
from the rest, apparently lost in thought, nor
heeding the various details of the scene which
was enacting around him, and which, had it
been elsewhere would not have failed to call
forth some of the sharp and bitter traits of
satire for which he is so much dreaded. In
one corner was seated a coterie of ladies dis-
cussing topics entirely foreign to the time
and place. Sometimes a low burst of light
laughter would issue from among them, in
spite of the reprimanding "chat," which,
upon such occasions, rose from the furth-
er end of the room. On a sofa near the window
lay extended, at full length, the youthful and
lovely Duchess de V. with a bery of young
beaux—all robber like and "jeune France,"
kneeling on the carpet beside her, or sitting
low at her feet on the cushion of the divan.

The scene was altogether one of other
times. It seemed as though the lapse of
centuries might be forgotten, and that we
were carried back at a bound to the days of
Louis Quatorze, and to the death bed of
Mazarine. There was the same *insouciance*,
the same weariness of expectation. Some
were gathered there from convenience, some
from courtesy for the rest of the family, many
from curiosity, and some few from real
friendship, while none seemed to remember
that a mighty spirit was passing from the
world, or that they were there assembled to
behold a great man die. Presently, howev-
er, the conversation ceased—the hum of
voices was at an end—there was a solemn
pause, and every eye was turned towards
the slowly opening door of the prince's
chamber. A domestic entered with down-
cast looks and swollen eyes; and advancing
towards D. C. who, like myself, had just
then sought an instant's relief in the drawing
room, whispered a few words in his ear. He
arose and entered, the chamber. The nat-
ural precipitation with which this movement
was executed, but too plainly revealed its
cause. It was followed by the whole as-
sembly. In an instant every one was on the
altar, and there was a simultaneous rush to
the door of the apartment. M. de Talley-
rand was at that moment seated on the side
of the bed, supported in the arms of his Sec-
retary. It was evident that death had set his

...whispering prayers for the repose of his de-
parted soul.

From the Columbia (S. C.) Telescope.

INTERESTING REVOLUTIONARY DOCUMENT.

We have never seen the following docu-
ment in print, which we now publish from
the original manuscript, in the possession
of a gentleman in this town. It gives an
account of a brilliant affair in our Revolu-
tion, drawn up at the time by the chief ac-
tors in it, and expressed in the plain strong
style that belonged to the period. This, with
very many other battles in the South, have
never attracted the applause, or attained the
historical notoriety, which have attended the
Revolutionary incidents of similar magni-
tude in other quarters—and indeed, so much
more has been written concerning the Revolu-
tionary incidents of the North, and so
much more been done by the people and the
States in that section to commemorate and
signalize them, that the present genera-
tion in the neighborhood of Cowpens and
King's Mountain know more about Bunker's
Hill and Lexington, and more of Stark and
Putnam than of Pickens or Campbell.

—No monument inscription stone,
Their race, their deeds, their names, almost un-
known!"

We have always thought that those bat-
tle fields in our State which were illustrated
by the gallantry and devotion of our ances-
tors should be marked by permanent monu-
ments, at the cost of the State—every one
from Fort Moultrie to Kings Mountain.
And he who would carry such a measure
through the Legislature, would himself de-
serve a monument.

"A statement of the proceedings of the
Western Army, from the 26th day of Sep-
tember, 1780, to the reduction of Maj. Fer-
guson and the Army under his command.

On receiving intelligence that Maj. Fer-
guson had advanced up as high as Gil-
bert Town, in Rutherford county, and
threatened to cross the Mountains to the
Western Waters—

Col. William Campbell, with four hun-
dred men from Washington county, Vir-
ginia; Col Isaac Shelby, with two hundred
and forty men from Sullivan county North
Carolina; and Lieut. Col. John Sevier with
two hundred and forty men from Washing-
ton county, N. Carolina, assembled at Wat-
tauga, on the 25 day of September, where
they were joined by Col. Charles M'Dowall,
with one hundred and sixty men from the
counties of Burk and Rutherford, who had
fled before the enemy to the Western Wa-
ters. We began our march on the 26th,
and the 30th, we were joined by Col. Cleve-
land, on the Cataba River, with three hun-