

at length arrived in safety on the tented field. It was evening when they reached the camp, and both soon retired to rest in a soldier's bed. They arose early the next morning, being in haste to return; but were first conducted along the intrenchments and the intervals of the camp. Surrounded by so many of his own countrymen, D'Auville could not restrain the sadness of his heart which their presence occasioned. They recalled to his fond recollection more distinctly than any thing had for a long time been able to recall it, the image of his loved and long absent friend. He had received no intelligence from Marignon, but knew from his disposition, that the clangor of trumpets, the clash of arms, the bloody grapple had for him no allurements. D'Auville had nearly abandoned all expectation of again beholding the friend of his youth; but the language and the features of his country's soldiers, forcibly reminded him of his early days. He walked by the side of his companion, and behind his companion's acquaintances with thoughtful and interested gaze. Carelessly looking onward he beholds at some distance a person dressed in the civil costume, and fixes his eyes on him as a visiter like himself in the tented field. The stranger's countenance is not yet discovered. He however advances, while thrilling thoughts pass through the soul of D'Auville. "Can it be he? It cannot be in this place." D'Auville is not so soon discerned by the stranger. They approach and steadily gaze upon each other's countenance. Alternate emotions of doubt and hope perplex their minds. They pass each other. "No, it cannot be D'Auville, he is yet in France." They still gaze, a strange sensation holds them in suspense; they stop. D'Auville speaks. "Marignon!" "D'Auville!" 'tis even so. My friend! they each exclaim. In an instant they are in each others' embrace, and tears of joy bedew each others' neck. Their emotions forbade their further utterance, until the first gush of joy subsided. They had met, met in a foreign land, met after a long and painful separation.

\* \* \* PHILANDER.



### POCAHONTAS.

The blood-chilling war-whoop is swelling on high,  
 And the pulse of the captive beats quick at the sound;  
 For the gleam of revenge shoots askant from each eye  
 Of the dark-visag'd savages closing around.

The death-song is ended. Pale warrior, adieu!  
 Relentless as death is the heart of thy foe—  
 The death-song is ended. Thy moments are few—  
 The war-club is lifted! Shrink not from the blow.

He shrinks not—yet listen ! What shriek reads the air :  
 Why starts the fell murderer back in dismay !  
 Lo ! a beautiful raven-tress'd maiden is there,  
 A lamb, from the tiger to rescue the prey.

Her arms o'er the neck of the victim are thrown,  
 And a tear-drop bedews the dark fringe of her eye,  
 While she presses his colorless cheek to her own,  
 And whispers him softly—"You live, or I die."

Proud Sachem, forego thy unhallow'd revenge,  
 And suffer the captive in peace to depart ;  
 Then turn and acknowledge the noble exchange,  
 An angelic child, and a humaniz'd heart.

O.



### COLLEGE FRIENDSHIP.

THAT there is a very great distinction between the friend in the splendor of prosperity and in the dark hour of adversity, is a fact which we have not now to learn. We already know that our path from youth to manhood, from the cradle to the grave, is spread with disappointments, and that our dreams of the future, if they are as bright are doomed to be as delusive as the rainbow's hues. Our limited acquaintance with life hath taught us this lesson, while an appeal to the experience of age confirms the melancholy truth. But that all the finer feelings of our nature may not be left without something to call them into exercise, here and there a verdant spot on life's rough path, entices us to linger, while it shows that there is a place yet left unscathed. Melancholy or the sterner feeling of misanthropy may cast their gloomy shadows, and paint with too dark a tinge the picture of life. Disappointed ambition may rail at or suffering virtue weep over the ingratitude of man ; still have we seen the tie of friendship join heart to heart, as closely as the vine clings to its support. We have seen the tear-drop glisten for another's woes, and the hand of charity freely opened for their relief.—But in youth we look for friendship in its fairest form, while there is little to o'ercast the happiness of the present, or to bedim the brighter visions of the future. At that time all the best dispositions of our nature are alive and active, they are moulded to almost any form, and that form whatever it may be is retained forever.

All that reciprocated kindness and affection can bestow, unite in rendering the friendship of the student of a firm and lasting nature. We know that there are ties which join one being to another, of a different and more sacred character. We of