

## M Y D A U G H T E R .

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

PALE and silent HARRIET lies!  
 Folded hands and veiled eyes —  
 Passed from me up to the skies,  
 My daughter — O my daughter!

If an angel hither came,  
 Dwelling in a mortal frame,  
 Thine the blessed spirit's name,  
 My daughter — O my daughter!

Scarce a score of years had run,  
 In number lacking only one;  
 Time with her so early done!  
 My daughter — O my daughter!

Firstling of our household band,  
 To appear in Glory's land,  
 Still I clasp her wasted hand,  
 My daughter — O my daughter!

'Mid the many cares of day,  
 Pressing through them as I may,  
*She* goes with me all the way —  
 My daughter — O my daughter!

Smiling from the glory-cloud,  
 Clad in light instead of shroud,  
 I behold her in the crowd,  
 My daughter — O my daughter!

Wakeful on my bed at night,  
 She is present to my sight,  
 In her look of love and light,  
 My daughter — O my daughter!

If 't were fitting she should go,  
 Should I weakly answer, 'No!' —  
 Though it were a bitter woe?  
 My daughter — O my daughter!

'Let Thy will be done!' I say,  
 In my sorrowful dismay;  
 This the daily prayer I pray —  
 My daughter — O my daughter!

*Philadelphia, Feb. 14, 1855.*

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PRIEST: a Tale of but few Incidents and no Plot in Particular: With Other Legends. By the Author of 'A Stray Yankee in Texas.' In one volume: pp. 258. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD.

THERE is a plentiful supply of lively description of nature and character in this little book; a good deal of bustling and diversified adventure; and not a little humor. We will state its faults (or what are its faults to *our* conception) first, and then all the rest will be plain sailing. The author sometimes 'crowds his compositions,' as the artist's phrase is, too full of objects and events, among which not a few are too trivial for introduction; while his propensity for punning leads him into word-hunting, which in three or four instances diverts the reader's interest from a graphic scene or incident 'then and there' being portrayed. Let us cite two examples. In a 'bit' of capital description, this string of puns is 'lugged in by ear and horn': 'When HARRY spoke of vast quantities of *'blubber,'* the old man imagined that if the whale was really guilty of any such effeminacy, he must be a Prince of *Wails* indeed. The '*spouts*' he deemed only some of HARRY'S '*blowing*'; the '*sea-lion*' passed with him for a tall specimen of *sea-lying*; and the '*seals*' sealed the young sailor's fate.' So also the pun upon the word 'opportunity,' as parsed by the 'pretty girl of fifteen;' it is not only not new, but a pleasant narrative is interrupted to admit it out of its place. But let all this pass: the book has merits enough to outweigh a score of such blemishes. Read the annexed 'argument' why 'Long-Island' rejoices in a very appropriate designation:

'LENGTH is its internal peculiarity, as well as external characteristic; every thing in it is long; the men eat long, drink long, and sleep long; the stages, before the innovations of the rail-road, were universally known as Long-Island rope-walks, and performed long journeys with long-winded horses, terminating (not journeys, but horses) in long tails. They carried long lists of long-legged passengers, generally from twenty to thirty—not in age, but in number—who longed to be at their journey's end long before they arrived there.

'The news of the day is a long time indeed in travelling down upon Long-Island. 'A great fire in New-York, and a great loss of life,' as the news-boy hath it; a steam-boat disaster or rail-road collision, and no body to blame; the elopement of Mrs. SO-AND-SO with her husband's dear friend, or of Miss WHAT'S-HER-NAME with her father's footman; the demise of SMITH BROWN, Esq., the eminent and wealthy butcher, or the birth of another VICTORIAN juvenile, under the conjoined auspices of LOCOCK and LILLY, and other equally important and pleasing items, are telegraphed to New-Orleans and St. Louis, and forwarded by express half-way to Mexico or Santa Fe del Norte, long ere the people of sleepy Long-Island rub their eyes, until a state of semi-wakeful-