An Incident.

There is always something connected with the death of a young female just verging into womanhood, which excites our warmest sympathies & touches the tenderest chord of our hearts. I never entered a grave-yard, and read the epitaph of a lovely girl, without experiencing a mixture of pity & melancholy, difficult to account for or express.

So extensively indeed does this feeling prevail, that romance is scarcely considered sufficiently affecting, unless it be founded upon, or end with the death of some youthful Heroine. Who can read the tale of Paul & Virginia, without shedding a tear over the untimely fate of that noble girl, without heaving a sigh for the virtuous & lovely?

How intense must this feeling be, when experienced of one we loved - one who was the companion of our youthful days - the subject of our youthful anticipations? Sarah B - was a girl of sixteen, with whom I spent many of the happiest hours of my life. Of a lively, amiable disposition, and of manners graceful beyond what is ordinary, she enchained the heart, and commanded universal love & admiration. Nor was this all that rendered her attractive. Her mind was cultivated, and her intellect lofty, while in perfect unison with these.

"The rose of the summer slept in her cheek,

the lily upon her breast,
And her eyes shone bright as the glorious star
That glitters the first in the west."

Ah! I can never cast a retrospective glance over the past, but her image stands before me in all its freshness and beauty. I look upon the same sweet countenance, beaming with animation & intelligence, the same bewitching eyes; see the same light step, and hear the same enchanting voice falling in soothing accents from her lips.

Oft of a summer's eve, when the last rays of the setting sun were lingering upon the tree tops, when the dusky mists began to rise from the earth, and the last bird of day, wearied of its song, could be seen through the dimmed distance, flying with measured wing & seemingly in cheerless mood to seek its mate - oft at such an hour have I wandered with her alone, & heard in pleasing confidence the bright narrative of her future hopes. Oft have I listened with delighted ear to the melody of her voice mingling with the soft notes of the guitar - oft sought her in the festive hall - oft lead her in the dance.

Such was Sarah C-, and such the circumstances that endeared her to my heart - that invited her upon my memory.

It was in the summer of '36, that she accompanied her father on a tour through the

northern states, and afterwards remained for a time in N. York to complete her education at a boarding school. At length the anxiously expected hour arrived, when she was again to return to the place of her nativity, rendered dear by early associations, and the presence of those to whom she was so ardently attached.

In ecstacy at the delightful prospect before her, she embarked in the ill fated Hbound. Sad hour proved this for her - a home without hope - a home that poisoned all her bliss, & snatched, as it were, from her immediate grasp, the anticipated happiness. Until it was announced that immediate danger threatned the vessel, her conversation had always turned upon her Mother, and the joy which her arrival would produce. Here, however, disappointment usurped the place of hope, and despair came over the spirit of her dream. In an instant she stood upon the deck, at the side of the foundering bark, clinging convulsive agony to the arm of her father. Was only for a moment, and what a moment this! What emotions must have heaved bosom - what thoughts have filled her mind! Here then & almost within their reach, were beautiful hills of her native state - the very where many a summer she had roated health & amusement; while with the eye of

imagination she could almost see in the distance the steeples of her native town. One wild look she cast around and hope departed. The past rose up before her mind with the rapidity and vividness of lightening, and appeared but as a dream. Home, mother, youthful companions, the amusements of childhood, the pleasures of anticipation, years, months & days, — all, all seemed but the pictures of fancy & not reality.

My daughter, my dearest daughter!" said the father, "we perish in sight of our native" shore he would have said, but a wave swept over them & buried them for ever. Who can imagine the horrors of such a death & paint the agonies of such a moment!

To die in the chamber of our birth, with the summer winds breathe softly on the fevered brow, with a mother's eye to watch over a mother's hand to administer relief, and mother's words to offer consolation; surrounded with the companions of our childhood, who shared in our smiles & our tears, can, in some, alleviate the sorrows of the soul. Such was her lot. She perished midst the raging of tempest and the whirlwinds of heaven, dis with alternate frenzy, terror & anguish, whose eye that met her gaze was wild with despair

sound that fell upon her ear was as a wailing from the dead. When even the harsh scream of the sea-bird added to the horror of the scene, and formed the mournful requiem, long after the lovely form had disappeared beneath the wave.

I have often passed the house where she lived, but never without mournful recollections. The sound of the harp and the voice of the lovely, are no more heard within its walls. Its lights have fled, the garden flowers have disappeared, and it presents a mournful spectacle of loneliness and desertion.

Leander.

Nathaniel Hall
April 1st 1840
Thos Barnard