their father's talents. The daughters possessed powerful minds. They, too, had a happy home, but—

"One by one those links were severed,
One by one those ties were broken;
Mother, father, sister, brother,
All are scattered far and wide,
Seas and mountains, streams and wild wood,
Doth this broken band divide."

Miss Ann Grason, who was greatly admired for her intellectual ability, indulged in writing poetry. One of her productions, which has been handed me, I consider very beautiful. It was written at her old home. She signs herself "Junia."

"THE RACE."

This was a famous boat race between Capt. Ogle Tilghman and Mr. Edward Bryan, and was witnessed by a large party of ladies and gentlemen, in olden times:

Like bird that blumes its wing to fly,
Behold, upon the winding "Wye,"
Two little barks their sails unfurl
To meet the winds that gaily curl,
In many a light and graceful spray,
The waves upon their bounding way.

As swiftly from the silvery strand,
As arrows from the archer's hand,
Behold! upon the smiling deep,
Two little barks the billows sweep,
And now ahead the "Hero" flies,
Like lightning in the stormy skies.

She darts along and dashes back—
The angry foam upon her track,
Unto the breeze she lightly bends
With sportive grace—an instant sends
Her sail into the bounding wave,
As if a "parting" kiss she gave.

Oh! wildly now the cruel blast
Has borne away her gallant mast;
Yet soon again the swelling sail,
Is fluttering in the rising gale,
And once again in graceful pride,
Those little barks are side by side,
And once again they part,
While brightly as the dashing spray,
Hope bounds upon their joyous way
From many an anxious heart.