

SONG OF THE DEAD BABY'S GHOST.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH. (Suggested by the "Penny Dip" in Blackwood.) The who world says a tender thing Is helpless infancy, Frail as the opening flowers of Spring, 'Ere the earth from frost is free The world is wrong—no stronger thing Belongs to earth or air, And if you listen, I will sing How much a babe can bear.

DISUNION VERSUS LOVE.

BY HAL HEMPHILL. "Great discontents there are, and many murmurs." It was Wednesday. A musical impulse took possession of me; I must go hear, or see those who did, perhaps, go to hear, the music at the Capitol. The disposition would not be shaken by valid or invalid pleas; it prevailed, and I went.

father may relent and let you accompany me. But the interim will pass drearily." "Oh, how drearily!" iterated the lady. "Will you arm me so?" whispered Augustus, stealing an arm around—the cedar bushes, of course. "O! Augustus!" murmured the lady, glancing about and making a show of releasing herself. "You say," was added, after a pause, in a subdued or rather stifled voice—the occasion of which I did not discover—"you cannot return till the spring. Don't you know if there is any danger father will move back to Ohio? Then, how shall we ever meet again?"

cularly, dear friend, from whom the disunion of the states would disunite you?" and she glanced significantly at the young man, standing a little aloof, as she turned away. Query. Why is it that while a majority of the 'dear creatures' can on occasion, speak with a commendable degree of candor, of their love to the object of it, the slightest allusion from a third party, is followed instantly by an increased bloom of the roses on their cheeks?

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

BY SARAH GOULD. Meg Merrilies! my Muse shrinks back abashed, As the black bandit's, when thy anger flashed Lightning upon him, as his purpose foul, With stunning echoes, thundered through thy soul.

LITTLE DAVY AND HIS MOTHER.

A TALE OF MAINE IN THE EARLY DAYS. BY WILLIAM EARLE BINDER. It was in the state of Maine, and a good many years ago, when the settlements were still few and far between, and the pioneers were continually harassed by savage Indians, and savage wild beasts, that the following thrilling incident is said to have transpired.

FIDELITY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON. Though I may roam Italia's plains, And bank beneath her skies,— Yet still my thoughts shall wander back To one I fondly prize.

DOTS BY THE WAY-SIDE.

BY NED JACKSON. Summer is gone! She hath wrapt her flowery robes around her, and left us, that Autumn arrayed in her gorgeous attire, might come to earth, bringing golden fruits and ripening grains to cheer our hearts when stern Winter shall reign over us.

Again the poor creature screamed aloud, but this time with feebler power. "Hope! Hope! I will save you or die with you!" frantically shouted David Hayner. The pioneer was beside himself. His eyes were wildly staring, his face livid, and his whole body shaking with a deep and uncontrollable emotion. The horrible sight below him, tore his heart and maddened his brain.

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