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BY JOHN B. BRATTON.
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Poetical.

THE DYING CHILD.

BY C. ANDERSON.

Mother, 'tis I, and I would fain be sleeping;
Let me not hear thy weeping,
For thou art weeping, and I would fain be sleeping;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall but on my cheek.
Here I lie cold—thou art weeping,
But in my dreams all is so wonderful bright;
I see the angels shining round my bed,
When from my weary eyes I shut the light.

TO THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

Like the eagle that soars
Above the mountain tops,
Thou hast no partner in thy state,
No crows to share thy fate.
Thy majestic flight,
Thy solitary height,
Thy eagle's flight is free,
Thy eagle's flight is free.

Miscellaneous.

THE MARKED BALL.

OR
THE PRIVATE'S REVENGE.

BY R. PROCTOR JONES.

You look over the dark waters of a foreign land
In search of romance; land a listening ear to hear
Of the legends of Italy's Bravados and dwell with rapture
Upon the legends of the old world, while you think
Not of the tales which could be told of the early days
Of young America.

agrieved, and would try for vengeance, only at being approved for neglect of duty. The offences of these men are of a different nature; the latter are the rebels, Pietro Leone, has dared to raise his hand against my respected and gentlemanly officer, Lieut. Morton; and his companions who are to suffer by his side, encouraged him in so doing. They have been tried by a court-martial composed of men of humane and charitable dispositions, and would rather forgive than condemn, but the proof against them was too clear—justice must be done—the criminals must undergo the severe sentence, and receive what is worse than death—dishonor. Let this terrible example cause you to treat the commands of your superior officers with that respect which is due them from soldiers and men. Hear now the sentence by which these men must die: Sergeant read the law in regard to the punishment of offenders. It reads thus:—If any soldier belonging to His Majesty's troops shall revolt, desert or refuse to obey the commands of his superior officer, he shall be arrested and brought to trial before a court, composed of military officers, and if found guilty shall be punished with death by the musket, in presence of the regiment to which he belongs. In case he escapes the fire of the first and second platoon he shall be free; both from punishment and the service.

The Sergeant obeyed the command and read the law in regard to the punishment of offenders. It reads thus:—If any soldier belonging to His Majesty's troops shall revolt, desert or refuse to obey the commands of his superior officer, he shall be arrested and brought to trial before a court, composed of military officers, and if found guilty shall be punished with death by the musket, in presence of the regiment to which he belongs. In case he escapes the fire of the first and second platoon he shall be free; both from punishment and the service.

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the dignity of himself and sex; although thus repudiated, he still kept on persisting in his insults, until he was obliged to call for assistance. The father, hearing of the matter, and burning with indignation, hastened to Morton's headquarters to demand satisfaction. The haughty Lieutenant treated him with contempt and imperatively ordered him to mind his business and return to his duty; he would have him punished. The proud spirit of Pietro could not bear this. The puny thing of duty spread as a dark cloud upon his olive cheek, and he seized the insult by the throat and threw him on the ground. The noise occasioned by the strike alarmed the camp, and Pietro was obliged to relinquish the victor's rage. Here the cause which prompted him to act thus, and some of the standers-by, commended him for so doing. For this they were arrested and condemned to die. For this was the bloody tragedy of Long Island enacted.

On the morning of the 30 of January, six months after Pietro had stood a condemned man on Long Island; two armies could be seen approaching each other, and a deadly conflict began. The fire was poured from the musketry, and the cannon sang the requiem of the victims of that bloody strife. Rank after rank fell from the British Legion, and the discipline of the victor's ranks. The man in scarlet uniform saw him advancing and strove to fly, but the pursuit gained rapidly upon him, and he was forced to fight with sword and bayonet. He fought with fending-like fury, but the dark-skinned man soon unarm'd his opponent. Again did the vanquished one try to escape, but a bullet from the pistol of his enemy laid him prostrate in the dust, to be trampled under the feet of his fleeing brethren.

THE THREE LOVERS.
A very beautiful youth with more charms in his appearance than money in his pocket, became most desirably in love with the daughter of a rich neighbor. The father of Antonio was dead and the young man had specifically dissipated the little fortune which he had inherited. He was a dissolute and dissipated man, and his tendencies never overcame anything against Antonio, excepting a few extravagances and follies, which perhaps, were more failures in an otherwise amiable character. Finetta, the object of his affection, was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, and her father, under a penalty, to think of Antonio, when in fact, she could think of nothing else. Love is the parent of more inventions than necessity. Antonio put on the appearance of a rich man, and so got employed. He was the flatterer of the rich father, never were the flowers known to flourish so luxuriantly, for were they not to form bouquets for Finetta, who was never seen without a fresh one in her bosom?—She took lessons, besides, of the garden in Antonio's house, and he was very successful in his teaching. The mother of Finetta complained that the embroidery frame had been deserted. "When," exclaimed her daughter, "would I hope to equal the beauty of nature's lovely tints?" Embroidery is an unhealthy amusement, and Antonio, in his unbecoming dress, and his dissipated habits, was an object of derision to the neighbors. He was a flatterer of the rich father, never were the flowers known to flourish so luxuriantly, for were they not to form bouquets for Finetta, who was never seen without a fresh one in her bosom?—She took lessons, besides, of the garden in Antonio's house, and he was very successful in his teaching. The mother of Finetta complained that the embroidery frame had been deserted. "When," exclaimed her daughter, "would I hope to equal the beauty of nature's lovely tints?" Embroidery is an unhealthy amusement, and Antonio, in his unbecoming dress, and his dissipated habits, was an object of derision to the neighbors.

THE LIP AND THE HEART.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

One day between the Lip and Heart
Was a serious strife arose,
Who was to be the victor,
His purpose to disclose.

The Lip said to the Heart,
"I will have my way."
And bade him vanish—
"I will have my way."
The Heart to speak in vain essayed,
"Nor could his purpose reach—"
"I will have my way,"
"I will have my way,"
"I will have my way,"
"I will have my way,"

to the most provoking man I ever saw in my life. So you must be handling the smoke leaf, and the crackers, and the toast, to Miss Bink, and smile and simper at everything she said at the table to-night, when you know it was only yesterday that she told me that my new silk dress was rather skimp in the skirt. Let me tell you, Mr. Jones, you have a very shrewd look when you are trying to make yourself agreeable.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.
A Jeweller of this city who shall be nameless, was lately applied to by a nice looking man, to make a gold ring for him, having it in a blade, very delicate and keen concealed, except on a narrow scrutiny and opening with a spring. The bargain was made to furnish it for thirty dollars. On the appointed day the purchaser appeared, paid the stipulated price, and the Jeweller, who was a man of a high order of satisfaction put it on his finger. The Jeweller, of course very innocently, asked what he wanted to do with such an article, to which the reply was to cut open pockets with it. "Ah," replied the Jeweller, "doublets in amazement—how can you do such a thing with such an instrument, and not be detected?" The performer replied that his art consisted in diverting the attention of the people from everything that looked like a design upon them—that he rubbed the forehead, adjusted his first knot, and that discovery came too late. He then snatched an ignorant man left alone in the most to be pitied.

in an amazed—horror-struck—appalled at this charge, and in a low, meek voice, replied—
"Mrs. Jones, you know—you ought to know—that I have not been out of this house since the night for two months, except last evening, when I was compelled to go to the office to make up our balance sheet."
"What was that play-bill—(sob)—doing in your hat last night—(sob)—if you were at the of-of-of—(sob)—and and prolonged sobbing."
"The truth dashed across my mind in a twinkling. I had purchased a bunch of cigars on my way home the preceding evening, and the heartless scoundrel of a tobacconist had wrapped up the 'high flavored' in one of the small bills which had been issued from the Wall Street Theatre that morning. On my wife's dressing bureau—crumpled and ragged—reposed the evidence of my seeming guilt. 'Great Attraction'—'Public opinion challenged and required'—'First night of the Humane Footpad'—'Mr. Finetta in his place'—"
"Many a man has been imprisoned for life, or suspended by the neck, on circumstantial evidence less clear and conclusive. What was to be done? Ascertaining my innocence was out of the question, with that play-bill staring me in the face. Like a Christian and philosopher, I implored forgiveness—promised amendment—and accepted the proffered proposal of peace with a promised indemnity in the shape of a silk dress, which should have a skirt of sufficient dimensions to satisfy the capacious notions of even Miss Bink herself.

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