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BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY.

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NO. 4.

Vertical.

Our Childhood.

BY GEO. D. FERRIER.

The sad—yet sweet to listen, To the soft wind's gentle avell, And then we hear the wail...

Miscellaneous.

LOVE OF HOME.

The love of home, and the pure enjoyment to be found in the household circle, furnish the most perfect and most endearing...

One by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fall; Some are coming, some are going...

The Winter of the Heart.

Let it never come upon you, Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible winter of the heart...

SQUEEZING HANDS.

BY A LADY.

What an immense difficulty it makes who squeezes one's hand! A lady may twine her arm around your waist...

Do a Good Turn when you Can.

What a glorious moral lesson this line of poetry conveys! Would that it might be written in ineffaceable letters on every heart!

A COON HUNT IN A PENNY COUNTRY.

Really 'tis astonishing what a monstrous sight of mischief there is in a pig run! If one of them was to be submitted to amputation...

Bill Sweeney and Tom Colpepper are the two greatest old cowboys in our country for coon hunting. The fact is, they don't do much of anything else...

A SHY AT THE CATS.

We stated, a long time ago, that there would be a shyness at the cats. It is now a fact...

A MODEL DOOR PEDDLER.

Don't you want to buy the 'Life of Christ,' to-day, Mister? said a determined-looking Yankee door peddler...

TO YOUNG MEN.

We extract the following beautiful paragraph from the Baccalaureate Address lately delivered before the Graduating Class of Rutgers College...

TANKS AND PRAYERS.

When Dr. Ruess was a young man, he was invited to dine in company with Robert Morris, Esq., and with a number of his friends...

PATRIARCH LOCATED.

A clergyman, preaching a sermon on some particular patriarch, was extremely high in his panegyric...

THE LOSS OF FRIENDS.

The loss of friends is a wholesome grief, and the tears of sympathy are like hail to the sufferer...

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fall; Some are coming, some are going...

One by one thy duties wait thee, Let thy whole strength go to each, Let not future dream sleep thee...

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round the desperate demagogue, and introduce them to me as united by triple oaths in inde-soluble bands of woe! I shall not stop to inquire...

Thomas, said we next morning, to the boy who does children for us, there seems to be a cat asleep out of that shed—go up and scare it away...

TRUTH WELL STATED.

We print to-day the main portion of a letter of Prof. LONGSTREETER, and desire to call the particular attention of our readers to it...

FROM THE LANCASTER EXAMINER.

The grand flare up in the National K. N. Convention of Philadelphia, on the 'nigger' question, has had the effect of dampening the ardor of the small fry leaders in this city...

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