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HERALD JOB & BOOK PRINTING OFFICE, S. E. Cor. of the Square, Main St.

THE WRECK.

For the Herald. BY FRANK. He gazed the night who roams to-night...

The lowering clouds—thick cable shrouds— Fall round us thick and fast...

The wind is high—a ship is high— You're right, my dear one...

Another flash! Another crash!— And night is light as day— While the sea-lark's cry...

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THE ORPHAN.

For the Herald. I saw her sitting all alone, She had no one to care...

Up on her knees she lay, Her face was pale, and in her eye I saw a gliding tear...

The soft sighs she heaved, And all around her face, The soft light of her eyes...

But all her eyes were dim, Which nature's love alone, And in her heart, the words of love...

No spring day's voice no bird's song— No sweet wind's sigh— No soft light of her eyes...

Her head she bowed, Her face she hid, Her heart she hid...

Her heart she hid, Her face she hid, Her heart she hid...

Her heart she hid, Her face she hid, Her heart she hid...

Her heart she hid, Her face she hid, Her heart she hid...

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THE MYSTERIOUS PIANO.

Not long since I was invited to visit some friends out of town. In the family were three young ladies, besides...

They were all very musical, and I was much amused to see them play. One of them was playing a piano...

The piano was very old, and I was much interested to see it play. It was a very beautiful instrument...

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