

Select Poetry.

HOME SICKNESS.

By HENRY WALKER, ST. PAUL.
I breathe with a sigh, and I weep,
I long for the dark, the old, the deep.

Choice Miscellany.

THE CHILD SEER.

By HENRY WALKER, ST. PAUL.
I have seen many a child,
In the arms of his mother's hand.

had inherited martial tastes from a long line of warlike ancestors, and who had been instructed by his father in military rules and evolutions, soon became a captain of a company of boys, armed with wooden guns, and fully equipped with military tactics.

One bright May morning, as these young amateurs were parading on the green before the fort, they had spectators whom they little suspected. Upon a hill, about a mile from the fort, stood a large party of the by-standers, and encircled by the thick woods, they were looking down on the settlement. It had been his intention to attack the fort that night, but this grand parade of the boys had so completely deterred the attack that he could not do so.

of either father or child not darkened and sideled with grief. When they had taken the last look, the last kiss, and had completed their mound of bouquets and leaves, the two children knelt beside it and prayed. Better in his sight, the fatherless was not dead, than the pompous funeral obsequies sweeter to him the simple prayer they sobbed into his ear, than the proudest requiem.

It was nearly noon when the boys left the little valley, and took their way towards the fort. They first visited the ruins of their house, and searched around them and the garden diligently, but vainly for any trace of their mother, and then, and sister, from a tree in the apple orchard they filled their basket with apples, ready for their journey.

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MR. BROWN'S LAST ASCENT.

(From Chamber's Journal.)

One fine summer-morning, a few years since, there was wonderful excitement in the Irish village of Ballydooley. All the idle men, women and children in the neighborhood—comprised about nine-tenths of the population—were assembled on the large level common which served as a race course and balling-green; and all thronged towards some object in the centre, which formed the nucleus of the crowd.

A Romance.

The day on which the Queen of England visited the Exposition for the second time, a considerable number of ladies were by special favour seated upon the divans which surrounded the central fountain in the great, capacious hall. They had been banished from this privileged position by the Emperor and his courtiers, and they were compelled to resign themselves to the pain of sitting alone within the enclosure along which the Imperial and Royal cortege had to pass; thus they were isolated from wives, sisters, mothers, daughters, aunts and friends—and in some cases from those whom they loved more than all else.

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