

Poetry.

OUR HOME.

BY MISS L. B. ADAMS.

A lowly, willow home is ours, No spacious halls, no lofty towers, No gardens gay, with lattice bowers...

THE RUNNER'S SONG.

The dew is in the grass, and just begun to sing, The dew is in the grass, and just begun to sing...

Miscellaneous.

THE BANKRUPT HUSBAND.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"It'll have to go, Mary; there's no help for it." She looked up the lady to whom these words were addressed...

en, roared themselves; the waves went over her but one moment, and then Mary Malcolm forgot herself, and rose up to the height of her true womanhood...

word with a tone which gave it a sweet flavor of home. "I can get a clerkship, and we can contrive to live on a small salary until the war is over, which God grant may not be long...

his success will not be so immediate nor so easily achieved as it would have been if his plan had not been thwarted by the Secretary of War. When McClellan left Washington, it had been arranged that McDowell should follow him with his whole corps d'armee...

solation, and fall back seriously upon guerrilla warfare, if outnumbered and beaten by land as by sea. The South, if compelled to land to inevitable fate, must be made indeed not to perceive that its sole chance of restoration to moderate prosperity lies in its making a virtue of necessity...

ly received a letter containing a check in blank, drawn in his favor on both the banks in question, which he would lay before the House, and which he supposed had been sent for the purpose of bribing him against the performance of his duty...