

Choice Poetry.

FANNY WILLOUGHBY.

This pretty poem was published many years ago in the Liberator Magazine, anonymously. It was probably from the pen of a...

I love thee, Fanny Willoughby, And that's the way, ye see I was there, Fanny Willoughby, And ever there I'll be...

I love thee clear and hazel eyes— They say the blue is rarer, And I thought the blue the rarer; But when I saw thine eyes so clear, Though perfectly as blue as I, I did not know, and I did swear...

Select Story.

A VIRGINIA HERO.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Among the earliest settlers of Augusta County in the State of Virginia was a family from Ireland, of Huguenot descent, by the name of Lewis; and a more Spartan-like family of le-

And when the day of battle came, he was the first to lead his men into the fray, and he was the first to fall. He was a hero, and he was a hero's son.

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guards or our dangers, till they are revealed to us for our benefit or our injury, our salvation or our destruction.

While Lewis thus stood, with his gaze bent low, he was suddenly startled by the whoop of savages; and glancing quickly around, he saw them bounding from the rocks behind him, and spreading out to the right and left as a cyclone of his escape in either direction.

But Lewis was not to be deterred. He was a hero, and he was a hero's son. He was a hero, and he was a hero's son.

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under an older brother, who was the commanding General, and who, while coolly lighting his pipe, gave Charles the order to advance upon his enemy, in the execution of which he lost his life.

Colonel Charles Lewis lived beloved by all who knew him, and died lamented by a host of friends.

Miscellany.

AN EMIGRANT'S BLESSING. BY CHARLES MACART.

"Farewell, England!—farewell to thee, Harshly, mother, thou hast said me. 'Tis I who go, but I'll not be long. Dear again will I come to thee, And long will I have to say."

"Other regions will provide me Independence for my age; But here, my dear mother, I'll not be long. Dear again will I come to thee, And long will I have to say."

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DRUNKEN VICE-PRESIDENTS.

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OUR DEEP OLD WELL.

BY HENRY H. PAUL.

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GREELY AND THE PRESIDENCY.

THE PRESENT OF A WEDDING TO TWO DEAD SOLDIERS.

From the La Crosse Leader. EDITOR LEADER:—I am a lady, sixty-three years of age, and a widow. This is the first time I ever attempted to write an article for publication.

Two previous ones remained to me, while the grass was growing green over the graves of all. When the first call was made for volunteers—after the fall of Sumter, among the foremost to rush forward and give his name, was my darling boy—literally a boy—only nineteen years of age.

When I read of Horace Greely's nomination for the Presidency, I was reminded of the fact that he was a man of the same name as the man who had been my darling boy.

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WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME.

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