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To clubs of five or more sent to one address [illegible]

ADVERTISING

[illegible]

For the Herald.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT. E. HALL.

[illegible]

A noble in moment of the firmest of the [illegible]
[illegible] and the valor of the American [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
Sadly look on the bier,
One we loved both here
[illegible]
His spirit fled

[illegible] we mourn, measured the mead,
[illegible]
Thunder to freedom dear,
Long have we loved thee here,
Woe were the sighs to thee,
But oh, thou art sped

Thunder and the minute gun dread
[illegible]
[illegible]
Sounds to thy mourners dear,
Pallid as lily thy bier,
[illegible]
Yet 'twas ever said

[illegible]
[illegible] we lay down the dead,
Patriot God granted free,
What was ever dear to him,
[illegible]
Long ere thou fled.

[illegible] the organ peals sad now and deep
[illegible]
Calmly now his requiem
Sooner and each one,
Dearer to thy freedom,
For it he bled.

[illegible] majesty of deepest grief
Come to our hearts now a sign for relief;
Patriot from west and east
A friend to each one dear
Model of virtue here,
Thy eulogy meet.

[illegible] fall to bring [illegible] lips said,
[illegible] vanity, live for eternity ere life is fled,
[illegible] [sped,
Where love and mercy dwell,
Where holy anthems swell,
There justice reigns.

[illegible]
[illegible] done the last book, Farewell,
[illegible]
Tears are in mourning [illegible]
Know that life e'er will pass,
Loved dead, farewell.

[illegible] the drum, martial [illegible]
[illegible] honor to the grave dirged,
Waves now the snowy plume
As breaks on the ascent gloom,
The soldier's last tribute [illegible],
Array, [illegible] he rests.

Cincinnati Times.

For the Herald.

A SKETCH

BY WALTER H. HOWARDSON.

I always loved an adventure, and it was owing to my suppositious predilection for the wild and the wonderful, that I once came near losing my life. It was a beautiful morning "in the early month of June," that I set out in company with a congenial mate, for a place in the belief, or, in other words to a beautiful little stretch of water situated a few miles distant from our native village, and surrounded by the most romantic scenery. It was years ago, and we were both young, —both full of a species of poetical enthusiasm, which I believe is very prevalent among the inexperienced. That we came warm and tired, like, off conversation was animated, but as we approached its banks, our thoughts assumed a character commensurate to ourselves, than to each other, and we rode along in silence. For my own part, I was very early absorbed in the contemplation of some to dream extravagantly high-colored pictures, which so often present themselves to the view of the youthful dreamer. All was such happy days — [illegible] like before [illegible] peaceful surface, gently undulated to the influence of the breeze, was a perfect mirror [illegible] and we found, before long, that the future would be as bright and [illegible] as had been the past. Little we thought as we gazed upon the placid scene before us, and listened to the gentle murmur of those clear waters, that we were destined so soon to struggle in the troubled sea of adversity.

* * * * *

We wandered along the shores of the lake, lingering in every bower, or [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]