

POETRY.

[From the N. O. Delta.]

ON THE DEATH OF MAJ. GEN. GAINES.

Farewell to thee,
Pattern of old fidelity.
He died not on the battle-field,
He fell not 'mid the slain...

JUNE

BY ELLEN LOBANE.

When the low south wind
Breathes over the trees,
With a murmur soft
As the sound of bees...

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Palmetto State Banner.

A MOONLIGHT SCENE.—BY S. M.

'Twas one of those delicious nights,
So common in the climes of Greece,
When day withdraws but half his light;
And all a moonshine, calm and peevish...

scene, diffused and disseminated in its
breath the odoriferous perfume of Flora's
choicest gems.
'Twas night! All nature far and wide
Was wrapt in silent deep repose.

we seated ourselves on the green turf,
why a form, such an angelic form, should
wander as a midnight sprite.
She started; an involuntary shudder
passed o'er her frame; she seemed con-

'Say, squire, them ere cakes is 'bout
cast; fetch an nuther grist on 'em. You'
(to the waiter), 'nuther cup of that air
coffee. Pass them eggs. Raise yew're
own pork, squire?—this is mazin' nice...

Letters
Remaining in the Post Office at Pickens C.
H., Quarter ending 31st March, 1849, which if
not taken out within three months will be sent
to the Post-Office Department as dead letters...