rountain of happiness few m biles up in their hearts and makes them which the keeper cld the trained to be stored, the stored, the stored the stored to be a stored to be them. The gentleman averred to be had the trained it is to be the stored to be them for the stored to be them. This be potested upon search where them for the progress of the stored to be there. Would there were enough to go in the drawer. He looking the to be the stored to be there them, the keeper insisted upon his guin looking in the drawer. He looking the to be the drawer. He looking the to be the stored to be there them, the keeper insisted upon his guin looking in the drawer. He looking the to be drawer were the be to be there the stored to be there the stored to be there the stored to be there were the stored to be there the stored to be there were the stored to be there there the stored to be there the stored to be there there the stored to be there the stored the stored to be there there the stored to be there there there there there there there the stored to be there there

CIGAR STORE OF F. NITCHE,







20

W. T. COX, 1

1.50 PER

How many a traveller To goze upon thy wat

h pleasing memory to M thee, and of thy bea

A sight more glorious Than thy wild dashing

All hail! thou mighty

Full many a big stream

Full many a oig stream In clam'rous homage n Each with its share of Thy high behest. Que For mighty rivers bow While standing on thy And essing on thy way

And gazing on thy way That thy blue bosom he

That I recount thy powe

Thou art the path of co Whiten thy breast. and And as the sun, with by

Glistens upon thy billor So shines the sun of fre

Far other scene wert th

Where once an Indian

There stands a busy to: Where lies the dust of a

The city children shout And once the war-who Which hears but now the

Alas for bygone times!

And hast thou not s bar Pride of the western co To celebrate thee in the Ah no! but there was o Whose sounding harp s Who took upon himself

And worthy was his lay For the "great darknes

And if men call this hur A sacrilege, pardon fron f stood a pilgrim at his l The harp huft on the w Like angel wings, abov I touched the strings—til But faint the sound; an

When in his hand- it the

Hullett, May 31st, 1:6

NEVEL

THE CHILDREN

A TALE OF CHAP

> THE BO (Cont

und him ; but his so

ntiguo

s to thy wate

ue while thy bill and ne'er may War's I

ugh this earth

LAKE

ion, as the manuar of i ance with a man who came with