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THE GAMESTER.

I saw a fair and flaxen-haired boy, Shed kindly tears upon a wounded dove, And press to his innocent young lips, Striving in vain to give reviving breath.

Hot thin pale hands, that cannot now support The steps of her dear infant; her soft voice, So touching in its melody, hath lost Its silver clearness; a faint hectic flush Spreads sometimes o'er the whiteness of her cheek.

Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he replied, instantly, "No I'll not leave you; come along, and I'll take care of you."

gashes were inflicted, but the Indian succeeded in throwing Higgins from him, and ran to the spot where he had thrown down his gun.

sentiments fully upon that policy, at the present meeting. It was not the cruel measure—as represented by the political foes of the president.

Since the above took place, he has been confined to his house in consequence of the lameness occasioned by the great exertions he must have made in accomplishing so curious a midnight enterprise.