From The Toledo Radio.

THE CHILD'S PICTURE.

WHAT IT SEEMS TO A SORE HEART.

Little face, so sweet, so fair,
Pure as a star,
Through the sunshine of air
Twinkling afar;
With [illegible]
Sweet as a psalm,
Sing those innocent eyes to mine
Oft as they calm!

[illegible]
God is all to God in thee,
Deep unto deep;
[illegible] is not yet old,
Asking I list,
And thy loveliness behold
Little through a mist.

[illegible] amid my spirit stir,
Fresh in her charms,
Comes my lost wanderer
[illegible] my arms—
Comes my little truant dove,
Seeking for rest,
Tired of airy wanderings
Home to her nest—

Comes to her own nest to stay,
Joy [illegible] here!
But the vision fades away
Into the night.

Little face, so pure that art,
[illegible] and fair,
[illegible] to my heart
Hope or despair!

[illegible] this song,
[illegible] bird's
[illegible] faith grew strong
[illegible] year and law—
"Love not thine!"

May the beauty that was mine
Sleeps 'neath the ocean,
Softly floats thy lay divine—
"Beauty is God's!"

Melts for aye the beautiful flake,
Child of the sky,
On the bosom of the lake—
"Spirit am I!"

Out of longing, loss, and pain,
Is there no gate?
Shall I clasp my own again?
"Silently wait!"

Little face, I see, yet are
Though the dreams come,
God is love, and God is law—
Love [illegible]!

THE CHOIR OF ANGELS.

BY MRS. A. D. A. BAILEY.

[See Luke ii. 13.]

HARK! a spirit-choir is singing,
"Peace, good-will to all below;"
As of old, glad tidings bringing,
To a world once lost in woe.

Lo! amid the angel-voices,
Sweet, familiar tones I hear,
From a dear one who rejoices
Still to meet his school-mates here.

Still to swell the Christmas chorus,
Though we see his face no more,
Yet we know he hovers o'er us,
Lost not,—only gone before:—

Gone to join the class promoted
Far above our little band,
Chanting now immortal anthems,
In the blooming Happy Land.

HERBERT, who with face so smiling
Spoke with us his words of cheer,
In our childish glee uniting,
Round our Christmas-tree last year.

Joineth now the choir of angels,
Who first swelled the strain of love,
Peace on earth, good-will to mortals,
Joy in all the courts above!

And his memory sweetly singing
To our hearts this blessed night,
Cometh like a seraph, bringing
Greetings from his home of light.

the property

I AM LONELY, WIFE, WITHOUT THEE.

BY NAOMI.

I am lonely, wife, without thee,
Falls sweetly on the ear,
For we know we are remembered
When the loving words we hear
And who but loves assurance,
Not once but always given,
That absence makes us dearer still,
Though time has 'gainst us striven?

I am lonely, wife, without thee,
Makes a woman feel that she
Possesses in her husband
A heart of constancy.
Her merits, be they great or small,
Are missed each passing hour,
And her presence like the falling dew,
Holds magic in its power.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

BY W. G. STIFFT.

I laid upon the battle field,
'Mid fresh made streams of blood:—
I saw my comrades rushing by
Just like a mighty flood;
When all at once I ceased to see
The sun's bright yellow beam,—
My head dropped back,—I fell asleep,
And then commenced to dream.

I dreamt of sunny a[illegible] time,
I had in days far gone,
When just beside my mother's knee,
I knelt in prayer and sung.
No warrior's shout, no clash of arms,—
No cannon's stern roar,—
[illegible] for volunteers was heard,
Along our Federal shore.

I dreamt of one long weary night,
I spent with sister dear;—
I stood beside her little cough,—
I saw the falling tear.
I watched her, ere she breathed her last,
In this live world of frown,
Point upward with a blessed trust,
To an immortal crown.

I dreamt of home, and loved ones there,
And friends I bade farewell,
And many other sacred things,
Too numerous to tell.
I saw while rapt in dream-lands shroud,
The past with all its facts,—
I saw each little niche and nook,
Filled up with noble acts.

I dreamt I died from fatal wounds,
Received from cruel hands;
And all at once my soul was borne,
To emerald golden lands:
I passed the portal just this side,
The realm where angels sing,
Then music broke upon my heart,
Which made the heavens ring.

Those voices I had heard before,
When near the old camp fire:
I knew that they were members once,
Of our old army choir.
But now they sing with nobler powers,
In regions miles afar;
They entered that bright summer land,
Through jasper gates ajar.

I saw the souls of noblest ones,
On which the sun ere shone:
Who sleep beneath the crimson soil,—
Whose graves are still unknown.
I rushed up to that soldier band,
I saw the brave and true;
Thank God! they wore a robe of white
Instead of faded blue.

At last I from my dream awoke,—
I heard the bugle sound,—
I heard the pattering of feet,
Both far and near around.
I heard the tramp and loud hurrahs,
Of our great martial host,
I quickly left my sleeping place;
And hurried to my post.

FALL RIVER, MASS., July 24, 1864.

WISE SAYINGS.

When a young lady contradicts you [illegible] company you may be sure she means [illegible] something. Don't be backward about proposing to the young lady if you have [illegible] tender regard for her!

If you are [illegible] for the same thing [illegible] all the world know it. [illegible] deception [illegible] days, therefore [illegible] necessary do go with the multitude.

[illegible] man like a lady [illegible]

The greatest man is he who waits [illegible]

Original Poetry.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ATLANTIC.

[illegible]

Where [illegible]
Beaming [illegible]
That panting heart for glorious duty,
Where those dreams of future fame?

Where [illegible] form,
[illegible] Heart, forebode ill;
[illegible] danger's storm
As [illegible] could still?

[illegible] the young, the [illegible] baby,
[illegible] deep full of waves are they laid?
[illegible] which lower round
[illegible] place of sleep;
[illegible] dismal wailing sound
[illegible] caverns of the deep.

[illegible] night which closed those eyes
[illegible] resistless spell,
[illegible] answering from the skies,
Future alone can tell.

[illegible] the Atlantic's tolling bell
[illegible] by the fitful breeze,
[illegible] requiem it doth swell,
But speaks not God's decrees.

[illegible] and dreams of home
[illegible] charms,
[illegible] deep,
[illegible]

[illegible] for help the [illegible]
[illegible] mingling on [illegible]
[illegible] sounds only [illegible] reply,
[illegible] mocked the [illegible] prayer.

[illegible] whose eyes [illegible]
[illegible] softest [illegible]
[illegible] the taste [illegible]
[illegible] wormwood and his gall.

[illegible] for the quiet peaceful dead?
[illegible] of pity pour,
[illegible] quickly sped,
[illegible] pang is over.

[illegible] they rest,
[illegible]
[illegible] death decreed,
[illegible]

[illegible] flowery bower,
[illegible]
[illegible] love,
[illegible] her child,
[illegible] breast,
[illegible] sleep,
[illegible] night,
[illegible]

[illegible] stay
Which [illegible] bring.

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES.

WRITTEN AND TUNE ADAPTED.

When Night has wrapped her sable robe
And stepped in the [illegible]
And from her palace in the [illegible]
Has [illegible] slowly [illegible]
Retiring to beds of silver light
The [illegible], and grasshopper;
When silence reigns and sought is heard
Of young [illegible] to hunt of [illegible]

When [illegible] that [illegible]
[illegible] to his [illegible]
When [illegible] Nature [illegible] sets
In splendid [illegible]
When in the quiet [illegible]
Are, as I have [illegible]
At such an hour and [illegible]
I generally go to bed [illegible]

CHARADE.

I was born in a forest, and wear a green head,
And with green heads am compassed full oft,
Some younger, some older,
Some sly, and some bolder,
Some harder, and some very soft,
As various specks on my face do appear,
Of different colors and shapes,
So intent on the matter,
Some grin and some chatter,
Like a parcel of monkeys and apes.
By nature I'm harmless, but not so by art;
The art not my own, but my neighbor's;
If you suffer by me,
Your own fault it must be;
And may e'en take your pains for your labors.

CHARADE.

We are airy little creatures,
All of different form and features;
One of us you'll find in fat,
And a second it is in jet;
But a third is set in tin,
And a fourth a box is in;
And the fifth, if you'll pursue,
It will never fly from you.

DOUBLE REBUS.

A town in Connecticut,
A county in Florida,
A group of Islands in the Mediterranean,
A town in Massachusetts,
A town in New York.
My initials form a town,
My finals where situated.

[illegible]

CHARADE.

My first is a verb; add to me one letter, [illegible] becomes an insect; add another, and [illegible] a kind of vegetable; add [illegible] letter, and I become the name of another insect.

[illegible] third [illegible]

CHARADE.

My first is a dweller on the sea,
With flag unfurled to catch the breeze;
My second was with Noah in the ark,
But may be found in market or in park;
My third is a youthful leader and chief,
Who in many hearts has caused lasting grief;
My whole is of man and woman the basest deceiver,
Although in religion a pretended believer.

PROBLEM [illegible]

An old woman, wishing [illegible] neighbor [illegible] daughter [illegible] ket [illegible] house [illegible] she had [illegible] one [illegible] over [illegible] same, and returned [illegible] having broken [illegible] day. How many [illegible] her [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] is utterly destroyed

[illegible] nature and extent [illegible] to the insurrection [illegible] against us to require [illegible] the third from the [illegible] to an establish[illegible] In such c[illegible] If he does not [illegible] obliged to c[illegible] abandon [illegible] obliged to pay

The su[illegible] may be [illegible] deem [illegible] sixty da[illegible] special [illegible] of loss [illegible] A pers[illegible] a part [illegible] To ins[illegible] value [illegible] premiu[illegible] paid [illegible] charge[illegible] 100 dol[illegible] covered [illegible]

He cove[illegible] that [illegible] receive [illegible]

The pre[illegible] and fo[illegible] will [illegible]

ESTABLISHED 1826.

Song of the Homestead Farm.

BY B. W. PEARCE.

The bright Spring days have come, Will Wood,—
The cold, bleak winter is past,—
The husbandman speeds his plow once more,
The Frost-King's gone at last.
The fields have cast their mantle of white,
And are donning their carpet of green,—
The cattle e'en now on the hill-side graze,
And the green bursting buds are seen.

My thoughts go back [illegible] the farm, Will Wood,—
The farm with its [illegible] and trees,
Where, in years gone [illegible] bright boyhood's years—
Our hearts were light as the breeze;
The house by the road, where years it has stood,
Unscathed by the hand of decay,—
The peach and the pear trees' neath whose shade
We went in the sunshine to play.

The hand that set them is cold, Will Wood,—
Is laid 'neath the white marble stone;
But the trees he left bright monuments stand,
To tell of the patriarch gone.
The old well-curb you have taken away,
And a "new-fangled" pump in its stead,
Brings to your hand the pure, cooling draught
From the well that our good sire made.

And don't you remember the oven, Will Wood,
We built 'neath the buttonwood tree?
And how in that oven the apples we baked,
And none so happy as we?
Full thirty years have passed since then,
But the oven remains there still,
Though the soft green sward has covered its sides,
That oven of [illegible]

There is one gentle voice now hushed, Will Wood,
That we all so delighted to hear;
Her form lies cold in the embrace of death
That was wont the household to cheer;
But her memory lives in the hearts of those
Who loved in her presence then [illegible]
She'll mingle no more with the scenes of earth,
But, anon, we shall meet her again.

We're scattered all hither and yon, Will Wood,
We ne'er again shall meet
Around the board on the old homestead
With kindly words to greet.
But our hearts cling fondly around that spot
Where we never shall forget home,
And we joy to grasp thy hard, brown hand,
Will Wood of the homestead farm.

Newport, R. I.

LINES,

ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF ELLIE, BY HIS FATHER.

In a little grave where the fir-trees wave,
'Mid the spring flower's perfumed breath,
There the earthly form of my little boy
Is sleeping the sleep of death!

'Tis a year to-night since we saw the bright
Blue eyes of our boy grow dim;
One year since alone in the midnight hour,
We parted in tears from him!

Now, early and late, with my ear at the gate
Of the world of immortal joy,
Like a watcher I stand and prayerfully wait
For a word from my angel-boy!

And I get so near that I sometimes hear
His voice on the other side,
Come floating out on the inner ear,
From homes where the loved reside!

And the rays of light on the inner sight
Shine now as never before,
And I scar away to those mansions bright,
Where the darkness falls no more!

Windsor, Vt., July, 1864.

WHEN THIS OLD COAT WAS NEW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY LON. J. BEAUCAMP.

I'm looking through the garret, May,
Among the odds and ends;
I've nothing else to do to-day,
Until the weather mends.
Among [illegible] old gray coat,
[illegible] this I've sought,
How many are the changes, love,
Within this old coat wrought.

I wore it when I met you, love,
Beside the babbling brook,
When you were [illegible] your lary,
With dainty [illegible]
I did stoop, you [illegible]
At the beauty [illegible] in you,
But we soon became [illegible]
When this old coat was new.

I came to see you often, love,
And I've never rued it, May,
That I got you to the altar,
On that joyous Sabbath day;
And now she's a [illegible]
We've sailed life's [illegible] and [illegible]
Through all the [illegible] love,
Since this old coat was new.

And thus we'll pull on over, love,
Adown life's pleasant stream;
Our life will be as happy, love,
As heaven's bright life doth seem;
And though the coat is faded now,
Our hearts are still as true,
As many, many years ago,
When this old coat was new.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND HIS DAUGHTER.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

A sound came floating through the air;
"What is that sound?" quoth I.
My blue-eyed pet, with golden hair,
Made answer, presently,
"Papa, you know it very well—
That sound—it was Saint Pancras bell."

"My own Louise, put down the cat,
And come and stand by me;
I'm sad to hear you talk like that,
Where's your philosophy?
That sound—attend to what I tell—
That sound was not Saint Pancras bell.

Sound is the name the sage selects
For the concluding term
Of a long series of effects,
Of which the low's the germ.
The following brief analysis
Shows the interpolations, Miss.

The blow which, when the clapper slips,
Falls on your friend, the bell,
Changes its circle to ellipse
(A word you'd better spell),
And then comes elasticity,
Restoring what it used to be.

Nay, musing it a little more,
The circle shifts about,
As much as it shrunk in before
The bell, you see, swells out;
And so a new ellipse is made
(You're not attending, I'm afraid.)

This change of form disturbs the air,
Which, in its turn, behaves
In like elastic fashion there,
Creating waves on waves;
Which press each other onward, dear,
Until the outmost finds your ear.

Within that ear the surgeons find
A tympanum, or drum,
Which has a little bone behind—
Malleus, 'tis called by some;
Those not proud of Latin grammar
Humbly translate it as the hammer.

The wave's vibrations this transmits
On to the incus bone
(Incus means anvil, which it hits),
And this transfers the tone
To the small os orbiculare,
The tiniest bone that people carry.

The stapes next—the name recalls
A stirrup's form, my daughter—
Joins three half circular canals,
Each filled with limpid water;
Their curious lining, you'll observe,
Made of the auditory nerve.

This vibrates next—and then we find
The mystic work is crown'd;
For then my daughter's gentle mind
First recognizes sound.
See what a host of causes served
To make up what you call the "bell."

Awhile she paused, my bright Louise,
And pondered on the case;
Then, setting that he meant to tease,
She slapp'd her father's face.
"You bad old man, to sir and tell
Such gibbery-gosh about a bell!"

[illegible] AT THE BRAVE [illegible]

[illegible] WIFE.

A young wife stood with her hand on her [illegible]
And looked around the little room;
"Nothing but toil, forever!" she said,
"From early morn till the light has fled.
If you only were a merchant now,
We need not live by the sweat of our brow."
Begging away, spoke shoemaker John—
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A lady stood by her husband's chair,
And quietly passing her hand o'er his hair,
"You never have time for me now," she said,
And a tear-drop fell on the low-bent head.
"If we were only rich, my dear,
With nothing to do from year to year,
But discuss each other—oh, dear me!
What a happy woman I should be."
Looking up from his leather, spoke [illegible]
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A stately form, in velvet dressed,
A diamond gleaming on her breast;
"Nothing but toil for fashion," she said,
"Till I sometimes wish that I were dead,
If I might cast this wealth aside,
And be, once more, the poor maid's bride."
From his easy-chair, spoke gentleman John—
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

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Way