

The Maryland Gazette

ANNAPOLES, THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1857.

VOL. XLII.

Printed and published by JONAS GREEN...

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POETRY.

BUNKEY'S HILL.

By JOHN NEAL. No shout disturbed the night, before that fearful light.

There was no laughing high— No rushing of men.

Who'er might meet again— No cry was lifted and quaffed to victory.

No places were there, No names were there.

No trumpet breathed around— Nor the drum's starting sound.

Breaks on the midnight air, 'Twas a sound that was heard!

There was no proud array! No gorgeous show of military power!

'Twas a sound that was heard! And then he passed away.

'Twas a sound that was heard! On that eventful day.

No mourning here the word, No prayers were there.

No pomp nor show, No company of men.

No commander's starting there, No heart of man or strong of hand.

Then and the church bell rang, And a lovely woman prayed.

And the woman's prayer was, 'A lovely woman prayed.'

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the very forests danced in golden robes, responding to the setting sun...

THE GAMBLER'S FATE. 'Another glass of Curacao—then for St. James's and Russell to his friend...

SKETCHES. There have been several sketches of the American Game of R present...

What a mass of representatives there are here! What singular samples of our vast country!

It was the work of a dozen years to find the West, and I turned about in despair.

'What, being again to-night, Hawkins?' said one of the bystanders, addressing me...

And will change again, replied Russell; I know my adversary well—good fortune rarely abates with him.

Half an hour elapsed ere Melvil again pronounced. The gambler's face was flushed with success...

Universal confusion followed, and groups of persons looked to the table, while Melvil gradually shook off the grasp of Melvil...

'You are wrong, whispered Russell, you had better apologize; he is a capital shot.'

'What! you promise what I have asked?' 'I will do more—I will swear!' answered Russell.

'They rushed to the fallen man, and while his second raised high up upon his knee, the surgeon examined the wound...

'It is well,' he said firmly, 'may it be just—You, addressing Melvil, you were right—I did use false dice last night...

POLITESSE MILITAIRE. At a Military Ball given on a certain occasion to the honor of Alabama...

The wandering piper is said to resemble Mr. M'Donald, a singing master at Kew...