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American Volunteer

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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Portial.

WHAT WE ALL THINK.

That age was older once than now, In spite of locks unmanly shed, Or silvered o'er the youthful brow...

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Summer moonbeams softly playing, Light the woods of Castly Keep, And there I saw a maiden straying...

Miscellaneous.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be And freedom find no champion and no child...

The revolution was over. The eight years conflict had ceased, and warriors were now to separate forever...

The details of the condition of many of the officers and soldiers at that period, according to history and oral tradition were melancholy in the extreme.

A single instance as a sample of the situation of many of the officers, as related of the conduct of Baron Stouffer...

When the good old soldier left them, their countenances were warm with gratitude, for he left them all to be as they pleased.

What's the matter, brother soldier? Why, Master Baruch, was he sent home with, now the Congress has no further use for me?

The Baron was absent a few moments, and returned with a silver dollar which he had borrowed.

public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the arms he has long had the honor to command...

That mother, sister, wife or child—The dear woman, who has known, Were schoolboy half so wild?

That when like babies with fingers burned, We count one bitter tear more, Our lesson all the world has learned.

That when we stand with fearless eye, And turn the beggar from our door, They still approve us when we sigh—

Though temples crowd the crumbled brick, Or changing tints the eternal flow, Their tablets hold what we think—

That one questioned tear we read, All doubt beyond, all fear above, Nor grudging pilot nor cursing crew...

He is courtly, she is simple; She is doubtful, she is bold; She is wearing hood and wimple—

Behind the curtain of a blue dress; The old, old story, surely, Running on like time and tide, Maiden fair, oh! have a care;

It is courtly, she is simple; She is doubtful, she is bold; She is wearing hood and wimple—

When the last of the officers had embraced him, Washington had left the room, followed by his aide-de-camp...

Washington grasped his hand in convulsive emotion, in both his. All discipline was now at an end, the officers could not restrain the tears...

Contrast the farewell of Washington to his army at White Hall, in 1783, and the adieu of Napoleon to his army at Fontenoy, in 1814!

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Love in a Printing Office.

I once heard an old jour remark, that a printing office was no place for love making, and I have since experienced the truth of the observation...

It was my fortune to sojourn for a few days in the city of B. Directly opposite the office was a pretty white cottage...

The closing of this "military scene," I am about to relate. New York had been occupied by Washington on the 23d of November...

The morning of the 4th of December, 1783, was a day of heavy rain, and the American army in the city of New York...

As the hour of noon approached, the whole garrison, at the request of Washington himself, was put in motion...

Assembled there were Knox, Green, Stuenkel, Gates, Clinton, and others who had served with him faithfully and truly in the "contested field."

Washington entered the room—the hour of separation had come. As he raised his eyes, and glanced on the faces of those smiling...

Albeit untuned to the melting mood, stood round him, whose uplifted hand to cover his eyes, and whose head was bowed...

After a moment's conversation, Washington turned to the officers, who stood around him, and said, "I have a few words to say to you."

Gen. Knox, who stood nearest, burst into tears, and advanced—incapable of utterance—Washington grasped him by the hand...

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THE YANKEE FOX SKIN.

'Mornin' Squire,' said a down-caster, giving a nod and a wink to Lyman & Towle, as those gentlemen stood in their store one morning...

'How are you, sir?' said the merchant. 'Pooty well, considering the state of things in the city of B.'

'Wal, so I calculated; buy fox-skins then, I reckon?' 'Sometimes. Why, have you got some for sale?'

'Yes, I guess I have one; it's some ten or twelve years old, and it's a fine specimen of the kind.'

'O! you're a good fellow, I tell you; I'd just cleaned out my old shootin' piece for 'rade on the glorious anniversary, and along comes the old critter, and I just gave him a rip in the gizzard.'

'Well, I guess it wasn't so darned fat neither, as you think about it, 'twas another fox our Squire shot last fall.'

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View of the Sixteenth Congress.

The Congress was that of 1820—21, the first under the second administration of Mr. Monroe, himself the last of the Revolutionary Presidents...

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Gardening for the Ladies.

We wish to say a few words, this month to our lady readers about gardening. As we have looked into your houses the past Winter, we have noticed your attempts to make home cheerful by cultivating a few house plants...

Some of you had the skill and good fortune to make a fine show; others have succeeded but indifferently. The verbenas would dry up, or the geraniums would drop their leaves...

Our little sermon to you, now, is suggested by the sight of the early bulbs just peeping up in the warm border on the south side of our dwelling.

Now is the time, also, to prepare for improvements in your grounds at large. Have you a front lawn? Trim up the lawn, and prune out the dead branches of those rose-bushes...

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Trid Bravery.

In the long and terrible story of the Indian Mutiny, there are episodes of individual heroism and daring, which will be remembered for many a year to come.

Among the instances of daring which marked the recent struggle, there are a few of a more interesting character than that which is presented in the following. It is just one of those stories that would win attention of listeners round a Christmas fire...

It was one of the engagements before Calcutta, and the British were in a desperate straits. The British had been much hard fought, and a great number of brave fellows had fallen...

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