## AMERICAN VOLUNTEER PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

# JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS. Subscription.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, paid in advance; Two Dollars if paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISEMENTS—Accompanied by the CASH, and not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.

Those of a greater length in

JOB-PRINTING-Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., executed accuracy and at the shortest notice.

## Poetical.

#### DON'T FRET.

Has a neighbor injured you? You will yet come off the best; He's the most to answer for; Never mind it, let it rest,

Has a horrid lie been told? It will run itself to death. If you will lot it quite alone, It will die for want of breath;

Are your enemies at work? They can't injure you a whit;
If they find you heed them not They will soon be glad to quit; Don't fret.

Is adversity your lot?

Don't fret— Fortune's wheels keep turning round Every spoke will reach the top, Which like you is going down. Don't fret.

## THE VOLUNTEER'S BURIAL.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

'Tis eve; one brightly beaming star Shines from the eastern heaven afar, To light the footsteps of the brave, Slow marshing to a command. ow marching to a comrade's grave.

The northern winds have sunk to sleep; The sweet South breathes, as low and deep, The martial clang is heard, the tread Of those who bear the silent dead.

And whose the form, all stark and cold, Thus ready for the research mould, And stretched upon so rude a bier? Thine, soldier, thine! the Volunteer. Poor Volunteer! the shot, the blow,

Of swift disease hath laid him low; And few his early loss doplore— His battle fought, his journey o'er.

Alas I no fond wife's arms carrossed, His check no tender mother pressed, No pitying soul was by his side, As lonely in his tent he died.

He died-the Volunteer-at noon; At evening came the small plateon That soon will leave him to his rest, With sods upon his manly breast.

Hark to their fire! his only knell-More solemn than the passing bell; For, ah! it tells a spirit flown, Unshriven, to the dark unknown.

His deeds and fate shall fade away. Forgotten since his dying day, And never on the roll of Fame Shall be inscribed his humble name.

Alas like him, how man, more Lie cold upon Potomae's sh. 31 How many green unnoted graves Are bordered by those placid waves!

Sleep, soldier, sleep! from sorrow free, And sin and strife. 'Tis woll with thee, 'Tis well; though not a single tear Laments the buried Volunteer!

# Miscellaneous.

# GONE.

Edgar Allan Poe thought the most touch ing of all words, Nevermore; which, in Ameri ca fashion, he made one word. America writers do the like with Forever, I think with bad effect. Ellesmere, in that most beautiful bad effect. Ellesmere, in that most beautiful string transfer that pathetic story of "Gretchen," tells of a sermon he heard in Germany, in which "that pathetic sage in our history in which there were both for when we are gone, my friends, we may be a few second of the sage in our history in which there were both second of the sage in our history in which the sage in our history in which there were both second of the sage in our history in which the word Verloren (lost) occurred many Every one knows what Dr. Johnson wrote about The Last. It is, of course, a question of individual associations, and how it may strike different minds; but I stand up for the unrivalled reach and pathos of the short word

There is not very much difference, you see, between the three words. All are on the suburbs of the same idea. All convey the may be the scene of what are to you great huidea of a state of matters which existed for a man events and interests. It is so with mattime, and which is now over. All suggest ters on a grander scale. How little a space that the inmost longing of most human hearts was ancient Greece—how little a space the is less for a future, untried happiness, than Holy Land! Strip these of their history and

touching of human thoughts, when we run it up to its simplest form, is of so homely a truth of the poet's reflection on the loss of thing as a material object existing in a certain space, and then removing from that space to another. That is the essential iden of Gone.

feel this yet more when some familiar piece of furniture is taken away from a room which you know well. Here that clumsy easy-chair used to stand: and it is gone. You feel yourself an interloper, standing in the space of the interests and cares of human life; in those twelve or fourteen carriages, and filling that little space between the rails. You stand by and watch the warm interiors of the carriages, looking so large, and full, and as if they had so much in them. There are people of every kind of aspect, children and old folks, multitudes of railway rugs, of carpet hazs, of portmanteaus, of parcel, of newspaners, of books, of magazines. At length you pers, of books, of magazines. At length you hear the last bell; then comes that silent, by the word Gone, is one that touches us sooner than a regular north-easter.

A STATE OF THE STA

steady pull, which is always striking, though seen ever so often. The train glides away: it is gone. You stand, and look wacantly at the place where it was. How little the space looks; how blank the air! There are the two rails, just four feet eight and a half inches apart; how close together they look.—

Ches apart; how close together they look.—

You can hardly think that there was so much of life, and of the interests of life, in so little let us suppose, a country parson; you take You can hardly think that there was so much of life, and of the interests of life, in so little room. You feel the power upon the average human being of the simple, commonplace station, and you see them away to the seaside, fact, that something has been here, and is whither you are not to fellew for a fortnight;

fact, that something has been here, and is gone.

Then I go away, in thought, to a certain pier; a pier of wooden piles, running two hundred yards into the sea, at a quiet spot on a lovely coast, where various steam vessels call on a summer day. You stand at the seaward end of the pier, where it broadens into a considerable platform; and you look down on the deck of a steamer lying along-side. What a bustle I what a hive of human with the certain white seaward end of the pier, where it broadens are the pier of soon neeting again—that is, so far as there of so white a warley proceeded to pare, quarter and core the apples in the pan beside hen, wearly proceeded to pare, quarter and core the apples in the pan beside hen, wearly proceeded to pare, quarter and core the apples in the pan beside her, while she discoursed in this wise to the strong, hearty-looking farmer who sat opposite.

"No, John isn't in, Mr. Jones. He's gone to the village to hear about secession—something or other. I can't keep track of it, I'm so hurried and tired. 'Tugged with fortune something sad in it, even with the certainty of soon neeting again—that is, so far as there used to say." down on the deck of a steamer lying along-side. What a bustle! what a hive of human beings, and their children, and their baggage, their hopes, fears and schemes, fills that space upon the water of a hundred and fifty feet were gone, not to return. That is the Gone long and twenty five wide! And what a consumate. All who have heard it know the deatening noise, too, or escaping steam alls unatterable scaness of the farewell of the deatening noise, too, or escaping steam fills the air! Men with baggage dash up against you; woman vociforate above the roar of the steam; it is a fragment of the vitality and hurry of the great city carried for a little to the quiet country place. But the last rope is thrown off; the paddles turn; the steamer moves—it is gone. There is the blank way.

"Now, look here, neighbor," and into Mrs. Brown's pale cheek a faint crimson crept and wavered uncertainly, then stationed itself in the accustomed place. "Look here, neighbor, you know that hen of ourse—that speckled one, is the statement of that consumate Gone. moves—it is gone. There is the blank water, churned now into foam, but in a few min-to a thoughtful person a thing does not be-come commonplace because it is repeated in a corner, was the small wheelburrow with hundreds of thousands of times. There is its wooden spade; and the footprints in thing for the chickens' sake. Well, somehow, something strange and something touch-

And to understand the full force of Gone in such a case, you must see a ship go, and see its vacant space when it is gone, when it goes away for a long time, and takes some with it who go for ever. Perhaps you know by experience what a choking sensation there is in looking at an emigrant vessel clearing out, even though you have no personal interest in any one on board. I have seen such a ship depart on her long voyage. I remember the confusion and hurry that attended her departure; the crowded deck, thronged with old and young; gray-headed men bidding farewell to their native land; and little childen would seem like a dream, even if it had last-would seem like a dream, even if it had last-would seem like a dream, even if it had last-would seem, like for years. And the kind-hearted man sit thing some hay it would seem, like in solitany now, the wind the would seem, like in solitany now, the solitany had far off, mourned. I have thoughts outside of this saway over the sea,." In the deform, like in the common solitany now, the how thoughts outside of this deformed. If would the would seem, like in the common se And who that has witnessed such a scene called the "Scottish Yudow's Lament, who had can forget how, when the canvas was spread the by some nameless poet. The widow had the last rope cast off, the out at length, and the last rope cast off, the out blenk winter they all went together: at length, and the last rope cast off, the outburst of sobs and weeping that arose as the great ship solemily passed away? You could I ettle whiles to spin, the state of the solemily passed away? see that many who parted there, had not understood what parting means till they were in the act of going. You could see that the in the act of going. You could see that the old parents who were willing, they thought to part from their boy, because they thought his chances in life were so much better in the new country, had not quite felt what parting from him was, till he was gone.

Have you ever been one of a large gay party who have made an excursion to some beautiful scene, and had a picnic festival? Not

that such festivals are much to be approved; at least to spots of very noble scenery. Teling-ble scenery is vulgarized by them. There is an inconsistency in seeking out a spot which ought to awe-strike, merely to make it a theatre for eating and drinking for stupid joking and laughter. No; let smalltalk be manufactured somewhere else. And the influence of the onely place is lost, its spirit is unfelt, unless you go alone, or go with very few, and these not boisterously merry. But let us accept the pienic as a fact. It has been, and the party has been very large and very lively .-What a little spot it is that you occupied, and scenery and human life. Or go back after several years to the house where you and is less for a future, untried happiness, than for a return, a resurrection, beautified and unalloyed with care, of what has already been. Somehow, we are ready to feel as if we were safest and surest with that.

It is curious, that the saddest and most the surface of the same and at the first glimpse of the place without them the place looks poor. Let the little child die that was the light and a hope of a tracking of human thoughts.

# 'Twas strange that such a little thing Should leave a blank so large!

even a post is pulled up that you remember gation a very large one, crowding the simple church, you hardly know it again when the congregation is gone. You could not believe that such a vast number of human beings could have been gathered in it. The place is unchanged yet it is quite different. It is a curious feeling to look at the empty pulpit where a very great preacher once was accustom where it stood so long. It touches you still more to look at the ampty chair which you remember so often filled by one who will never fill it more. You stand in a large railway in the nulpit whence Chalmers proached in the nulpit whence Chalmers proached in the nulpit whence Chalmers proached in station; you have come to see a train depart.

There is a great bustle on the platform, and there is a great quantity of human life, and of the interests and cares of human life, in these twelves are considered.

of soon meeting again—that is, so far as there is certainty in this world. You can imagine, distantly, what it would be if the little things

ing about even a steamboat going away from a pier at which a dozen call every day.

But you sit upon the pier, you saunter opnut he heads you went the new read the new read to be a some One Else had wept before him. You as Some One Else had wept before him. You But you sit upon the pier, you saunter opon the beach, you read the newspapers; you
enjoy the sense of rest. The day wears away,
and in the evening the steamboat comes back
again. It has travelled scores of miles, and
carried many persons through many scones,
while you were resting and idling through
these hours; and the feeling you had when
it was gone is effaced by its return. The going away is neutralized by the coming back.
And to understand the full force of Gone in
such a case, you must see a ship go, and see

I cttle whiles to spir,
But wee, wee patterin' feet,
Come runnin' out and in,
And then I just mann greet: I ken it's fancy a' And faster flows the tear,

That my a' dwined awa'. Sin the' fa' o' the year. You have said good-bye to a dear friend who has stayed a few days with you, and whom you will not see again for long; and you have, for a while, felt the house very blank without him. Did you ever think how the house would seem, without yourself? Have you fancied yourself gone; and the place, blank of that figure you know? When I am gone; let us not say these words, untake the place of the pl You have said good-bye to a dear friend less scriously; they express what is, to each of us, the most scrious of all facts. The May Queen" has few lines which touch me there's preserves, and pickles, and cakes and more than these: more than these:

But go back to the place after the party is find something presented to him at a great public meeting in Scotland; something which forgotten; go back a month or a year after pleased him much. "I shall treasure it," he said, "as long as I live; and after I am What a little spot it is that you occupied, and he said, "as long as I live; and after I am how blank it looks! The place remains, but the people are gone; and we so lean to our kind, that the place alone occupies but a Yet the thought at which Macaulay broke Yet the thought at which Macaulay broke he did not speak, she continued: us. It is not for one's own sake, that the your brothers and sisters were children to- Gone, so linked with one's own name touches

get stoppin' at Drumsleekie."

not; as well as the thing or the friend you nost value. And there is the auctioneer's Going, Going, as well as this July sun going Mr. Jones looked up in a wondering sort of down in glory. But I defy you to vulgarize the word. The water which makes the Ather was. "Why, I never thought of this before," the word. The water which makes the Ather was. "I thought womans work wasn't lantic will always be a sublime sight, though you may have a little of it in a dirty puddle. And though the stupid here who comes when est time. We work hard then, as you say, Yet, in the commonest way, there is something touching in that; something touching in the sight of vacant space, once filled by almost anything. You feel a blankness in the landscape when a tree is gone that you have known all your life. You are conscious of a vague sense of something lacking when will (if it may be) often come back;

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my restting-place. Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face; Though I cannot speak a word, 1 shall hearken what you say, often with you, when you think I'm And be often far away.

A HARD FEVER AND A TOUGH STORY .-- An emphatic friend of ours in describing an at-tack of fever, said: The cold stage was so violent as to shake off the plastering of the room; the hot stage so intense that the laths

### THE HOME LIFE OF A WOMAN.

"A woman's work is never done," said Mrs. Brown, as she brought a chair from the rank file against the wall, and offered it to her neighbor, Mr. Jones. It performing this hospitable action, Mrs. Brown called the ghost of a smile to her face, and in the care-worn features could be seen signs of beauty and sweetness that time and trouble were stealing from her. She resumed her seat, and while rocking the cradle, wearily proceeded to pare, quartor and core the apples in the pan beside her, while she discoursed in this wise to the strong, hearty-looking farmer who sat opposite

used to say."
"You mean to say you ain't any patriotism don't care what those rascally fire-caters do, anyhow, I suppose; little odds to you wheth-er Major Anderson holds out or not." Mr.

pelts down upon her, and isn't afraid of any

over the cradle a moment. Farmer Jones didn't notice the tears that fell upon the baby's

put into such kind of lives as these." "Then it's trying to a woman's nervesthe kind of work she has to do. 'Tisn't like plowing, and sowing, and driving horses; that's heavy work, to be strong to do ... But we have particular, careful work. Now, there is bread making—you don't know how much worry there is about it. You must take so much into the account, the For lying broad awake I thought of you and Eme care and trouble it is to get them up so nice, dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here. try and drink the coffee, creamed to the color Lord Macaulay, a few years before he died, it is to feel so much care always on you, no that suits you. You don't know how tiresome how much patience and watching it takes, before a turkey to roast is 'done to a turn.'" Mr. Jones looked stendily at his neighbor

"And so you see, with all these things, don't think much about what's going on out-side, that you and John talk about, though l often wish I could. And I think, somehow, I'm like our old hen, I spoke of, for I don't your brothers and sisters were children together, and you will wonder to find how small and how blank it will look. It will touch you, and perhaps deeply; but still you will discern that not places, but persons, are the true objects of human affection; and you will true objects of human affection; and you will he. "Our minister," said a Scotch rustic. "aye preaches aboot goin' to heaven; but he'll never go to heaven as long as he can get stoppin' at Depundentia" hasn't been a bit of color in them for years. No doubt, that fit of toothache may be John is always good and kind, but he don't gone; or that unwelcome guest who stayed with you three weeks whether you would or when I speak short and fretful sometimes, he

> we're stronger, and have more variety; then at evening we rest. I'm glad you spoke so, Mrs. Brown. I'll be more considerate toward the woman. I'd advise you to keep a hired girl, only they're such cross, vexing things."
> "No, I don't think so," Mrs. Brown replied "Hired girls are abused, too. They have the same troubles that I have, almost. No wonder they complain sometimes, who have cause always: We ought to be sorry for them, and remember their troubles. And then, John can't afford to keep a girl; I wouldn't let him. No, there's no way for me but to keep working and worrying till I can't do any more, and then they'll lay me away where it is quiet, and I shall rest. But" and her eyes grew bright, "my children gill grow up tall and strong, and if life goes to nourish theirs, I suppose it's all the same. And yet I sometimes wish my life had been a brightr one."

> A rough hand fell on the weman's head but its touch was gentle as her mother's might have been; a firm manly voice said: "Your life shall be a bright one, Mary.-God help me make it so." She turned quickly, exclaiming in her sad,

"John, John!"

# RURIAL AND BURIAL PLACE OF PRINCE AL-

We take the following interesting details from late English papers, relating to the burial of Prince Albert's remains in St. George's Chapel, Windsor:

"The opening sentences of the burial service having been sung by the choir, and Margreat effect, the corpse was lowered into the royal vault, and the Very Rev. the Dean, read

At five minutes to one the coffin was lowered into the vault amid the deep and silent emotion of all present. Minute guns were fired during the whole of the coremony, which

concluded at ten minutes after one. sia, the son-in-law of the deceased Prince, were the objects of sympathy to all. They this feeling was quite manifest as the remains of the late Prince were lowered into the royal

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg has left for Osborne. His feelings of grief during the ceremony were most intense, and the Prince of Hesse was also deeply affected. The Prince of Wales remains at Windsor.

and Wellington, the Marchiore s of Ely and Countess Desart, witnessed the ceremony rom one of the galleries. The most remarkable features of the proceedings were their extreme simplicity and the entire absence of omp or display within the chapel.

With scarcely an exception, the mourners vere dressed in black and white cravats. The procession was picturesque. Only two or three hundred privileged persons were admitted within the Castle walls, while scarcely

one thousand persons assembled outside.
Prince Arthur was dressed in Highland costume, and his tears and sohs excited the

greatest sympathy. When all was over, and the last of the long, lingering train of mourners had departed, the attendants descended the entrance to the grave with lights, and moved the bier and offin along the narrow passage which le d coffin along the narrow passage which is do to the entrance to the royal vault. At the bottom of the grave down which the hier was lowered is a stone passage, about six feet broad and some eight or nine feet high. On the right, in a little niche, stands the very simple machinery used for lowering the biers, and a little beyond this, in another niche, a roy of very tall black grant-looking tworow of very tall, black, gaunt-looking, two-armed wooden candelabra, employed for toreles when the royal vault itself is opened. For some twelve or fifteen feat beyond this the passage continues descending, and turning a This is the entrance to the royal vault. It is difficult without strong lights to pierce the incense gloom which always envelopes this last resting place of royalty, and even when its southers content to the carpenter, "you'll find the min the bill."

or nails lying about, said to the carpenter exposed in a separate case, placed in a prominent position near to the carpent properly exposed in a separate case, placed in a prominent position near to the carpent properly exposed in a separate case, placed in a prominent position near to the carpenter when it is souther content to the carpenter exposed in a separate case, placed in a prominent position near to the carpenter when incense gloom which always envelopes this last resting place of royalty, and even when its souther carpenter when it is souther carpenter in the bill." its sombre contents are revealed, there is, after all, but little to be see. It is a very its sombre contents are revealed, there is, after all, but little to be seed. It is, a very plain, wide, lofty stone vault, with a ground you may suppose," said a lady to her minister, who called on her during her illness; "for I who called on her during her illness; "for I

the royal family—the centre marble biers for the coffins of monarchs only.

As the light slowly penetrates this dismal chamber, two purple coffins, looking almost black in the gloon, can be distinctly seen, at the farthest end, brightly reflecting back the rays of light as the beams fall upon their rich-ly-gilded ornaments, which shine as though ffixed but yesterday. These are the coffine of George III. and Queen Charlotte. heir heads, but out shining warmly with a bright crimson glow, are the coffins of three of their children, who died young. At their feet, but some distance apart, and quite alone, lies the gorgeous coffin of George IV. On the centre slab, and nearest to the gates, the coffins of William IV and Queen Adelaide rest side by side, the Queen being on the left. The light distinctly shows these coffins, and the velvet is as soft and rich, and the gilded plates and handles as bright, as on the day when they were first laid there, many years ngo. Not even dust seems to have soiled their aneral grandeur; and, except a few stray bits of gravel on and around the centre plates, where the earth was thrown at that solemn passage which commits the body to the ground, and tells how we are all alike before he sight of God, there is nothing to show

side shelves are destined for the members of

that all the remains had not been carefully watched and tonded since the day of their interment. There are no coffins on the right side of the vault, but on the left are those of the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Kent, and the Duke of Cambridge. Strangev enough, the coffin nearest to the gate hat of the Princess of Wales. It is a crimson offin, close in view, and, like the rest, as bright as that which, alas! has been so lately laid there. Along the passage we have described, the bier of the late Prince was wheeled till the foot of the coffin was at the gates of the royal vault. There it remains, though it was not left to the gloom of its dark and aarrow home till some dear memorials of love and fond regret from the bereaved Queen and children, whom he has so untimely left, were deposited by kindred hands upon the coffin. On Monday, a Queen's messenger brought from Osborne to Windsor three little wreaths and a boquet. The wreaths were simple chaplets of moss and violets, with a white camelia in the centre, was sent by the widowed Queen. Between the heraldic insignia these last tributes from his widow and orphan daughters were laid upon the coffin, and the

royal vault was then closed." WHAT A WESTERN EDITOR WANTS .- Wanted at this office, a bulldog, of any color except pumpkin and milk; of respectable size, snub nose, cropped ears, abbreviated continuation, and bad disposition—who can come when called with a raw beefsteak, and will bite the man who spits tobacco-juice on the stove, and steals the exchanges.

In whatever shape evil comes, we are apt to exclaim with Hamlet, "take any shape but that!"

My dear lady, your daughther is lovely—a perfect little pearl." "And pray, sir, what am F?" "Oh, you are the mother of pearl!"

#### Correspondence of the Volunteer. ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP PIERFONT, VA., Feb. 10, 1862. COMPANY H. 1st REG. P. R. V. CORPS.

Friend Bratton: Being at leisure, I thought would pen a few lines for your paper, which I receive once a-week. I assure you it is an ever welcome visitor. I propose to give you tin Luther's hymn having also been sung with a brief sketch of the duties and life of a soldier in this so-called "sacred soil" of Virthe remainder of the service. Garter King of Arms having proclaimed the style of his late title of "sacred soil," as it is the most God-Royal Highness, the procession moved out of the chapel, Dr. Elvy, who presided at the organ, playing 'The Dead March,' in 'Saul.'

We have nothing but rain, snow and upon guilt paper enclosed in sandal-wood upon guilt paper enclosed in sandal mud; the roads have become almost impassi-The Globesays: "The service was very grand and impressive. Lord Palmerston and the ble, and no prospect of a change soon. We The Globe says: "The service was very grand and impressive. Lord Palmerston and the Duke of Cambridge were not present. The Prince of Wales bore the ceremony with great forbitude, whilst Prince Arthur cried and solbed bitterly. The Prince of Prussia was also much moved."

The Globe says: "The service was very grand and impressive to the President and people of the United ble, and no prospect of a change soon. We have not been able to drill any for some time on account of the mud, but guard and picket duffes must be performed, without regard to duffes must be performed become and picket to the President and people of the United States. With the foregoing present came a shabby daguerrectype of Siam, seated with all the trappings of barbaric royalty in the foregoing and picket to the President and people of the United to on the 30th ult., and it was almost an imposalbility to get out to our picket lines, as the The following is from the Express: "The chief mourner, the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur, the sons, the Prince of Pruston Arthur, the sons and property of the order to advance. for the order to advance.

We all place the utmost confidence in Gen. composure and resolution as was possible under the circumstances; but neither rank nor pomp gives any exemption from the sorrows that attend upon the bursting asunder of the sweetest and tenderest of human ties and McClellan. If the few rampant Abolitionto be the "everlasting negro." We did not volunteer to fight for or against slavery, but for the Constitution, the Stars and Stripes.

Two gigantic blue-and-white vases for holdsweetest and tenderest of human ties, and to be the "everlasting negro." We did not

We had quite an exciting time, a few days ince. It was caused by a sword presenta-Yours, &c.

HUMAN LIFE.—" Men seldom think of the their eyes the traces of loved ones whose liv-Death is the great antagonist of life we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows. But the fit of nature is inexorbed-fellows. But the fit of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal from the great law
which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest; and the flow-ers that bloom and wither in a day have not a gard of that exalted official. frailer hope upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and van-ish us the grass, and the countless multitude which fills the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore."

Nor Lost .- A gentleman, whose house was repairing, went one day to see how the job was getting on, and observing a number of nails lying about, said to the carpenter exposed in a separate case, placed in a promi-

who called on her during her illness; "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells hegin to chime, and she tells me who there very wide and massive slabs of marble marked by these very wide and massive slabs of marble marked by the control of the con raised some two feet from the ground. The got anything new on."

An odd sort of a genius, having step ped into a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the movement of the machine when the miller, thinking to quiz him, asked if he had heard the news. " Not's I know on, what is it?"

"Why," replied the miller, "they say the devil is dead." "By jinks," says Jonathan, " is he? Wh tends the mill?"

A pair of stockings sent by the ladies committee for the use of some gallant volunteer, was accompanied by the following verse

Brayo sentry, on your lonely beat, May these blue stockings warm your feet; And when from war and camps you part, May some fair knitter warm your beart.

TAS I was going, said an Irishman "over the bridge the other day, I met Pat Hewings; says I, 'How are you?' 'Pretty well, I thank you, Dolly, says he; says I, 'that's not my name,' 'Faith, no more is mine Hewings,' says he, So we looked at each other, and faith it turned out to be neither of us!"

It is related of the great artist Foussin. that being shown a picture by a person of rank, he remarked, "You only want a little poverty, sir, to make you a good painter."

A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.

The old adage, "that you should no count your chickons before they are hatched, has been rendered by a professor of etiquette:
"The producers of poultry should postpone
the census of their juvenile fowl, until the period of incubation is fully accomplished.

The Spainards do not pay hyperbolical compliments; but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes says "they were in mourning for the murder they had committed,"

Those only deserve a monument, whose virtues and noble deeds have been so imper ishably engraved upon the memories of their fellow men, as not to require one.

A clergyman consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that his mouth." she could not find his equal. "I'll bet I will!" remarked the sobbing fair one. An Irishman at work on a stone wall

caught a small spotted animal which he took to be some neighbor's kitten; but dropping her almost instantly, he alapped both his hands to his nose, and exclaimed, 'Howly mother! what has she been aiting?" "What "Cos them tr Top and Botton .- "Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his servant-girl, as she came up from the kitchen. "It is full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at all on the top," was the

#### [From the N. Y. Post.] Gifts to the Government from Siam and Ja-

NO. 36.

WASHINGTON, January 26, 1852. Upon the occasion of the ratification of the tate treaty with the King of Siam, his Majesty forwarded to the government of the United States the following, presents, which arrived

last week 🖇 A genuine Damascus bladed sword, mounted in solid gold, and exquisitively wrought with the order of the Tower and the Elep (the Siamese coat of arms). The scabbard is also of gold, as are the buckles and fastenings,

upon guilt paper enclosed in sandal-wood boxes, enveloped in golden brocade bage exfant son and heir-apparent in his lap. The Prince wears a look of sulky discontent, and pears upon his tiny nead a tin-cup looking still raining. So there is no telling what depth it may attain. Our men are all well in a special and in all, the picture is a most interest-

JAPANESE PRESENTS.

Five wagons loads of Japanese presents

ing orange trees; four oblong vases of the same color and enormous proportions, for flowering plants; two great candlesticks of since. It was caused by a sword presentation of the prince of lesse was also deeply affected. The Prince of Wales remains at Windsor.

The Duchesses of Sutherland, Buccleuch and Wellington, the Marchiere's of Ely and Countess Desart, witnessed the ceremony rom one of the galleries. The mostremarkation of the galleries. The mostremarkation of the galleries and the entire absence of Yours, &c.

since. It was caused by a sword presentation of presentation of the prince of the with figures and scrolls, upon which are writ-ten the proverbs of the wise spiritual empergreat event of death, until the shadows full ors of Japan who have reigned in centuries across their own path, hiding forever from past; two delicate antique bowls of porcelain their eyes the traces of loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their exist arms of reigning princes. Two bronze vases, arms of reigning princes. Two bronze vases, arms of reigning princes. Two bronze vases, and the dragon ence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go
through the dark valley, although its passage
may lead to puradise; and with Charles Lamb,
we do not want to lie down in the muddy
Richard Cœur de Lion, with scores of pieces of brocade silk, and drapery of every variety

> It is hoped that the people will soon have an opportunity of viewing these splendid ar-ticles at the Patent Office, where the valuable Washington relies lately discovered at Arlington House have keen admirably arranged by Caleb Lyon, and daily attracts hundreds of visitors. If we except the autographic memorials of Washington, those household treatments of Washington, those household treatments.

Dr. Franklin used to say that rich

it is the best thing a nice young man can do. The first of all virtue is innocence; the second is modesty; and neither departs without being quickly followed by the other:

There are great men enough to incite us to aim at true greatness, but not enough to make us fancy that God could not execute his purposes without them

Married life often begins with 1081 wood and ends with pine. Think of that, my dear, before you furnish your parlors.

God's mercies are like a large chain, every link leads to another, present mercica assure you of future ones. What is the difference between John

Iconan and a man with a cold in his head?

Because the one blows his nose, and the other

knows his blows. When some people moke a great deal you-you may be sure they mean to make a deal out of you.

WHAT proof have we that Noah raviated an American river? Because he was on he Ark-and-saw (Arkansas.)

If all our faults, or little tricks, our pretty cozenings, our bo peep moods with truth and justice, could be sent upon us in the blankets, all embodied in floas, how many of us with lilly skins would get up spotted

Nothing is nobler than the aristocracy instituted by God; few things are poorer than that set up by men.

The monument of the greatest should be but a bust and a name. If the name is insuffi-cient to illustrate the bust, let both perish.

A KIND HEARTED WIFE once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for her husbands's eyes, which were sore. "Let him wash them every morning with brandy," said the doctor. A few weeks after the doctor chanced to meet the wife. "Well, has your husband followed my advice?" "He has done everything in his power to do it, doctor, but he never could get the brandy higher than

A Mr. Henn has started a new paper in lowa. He says he hopes, by hard scratching, to make a living for himself and his lit-

Mother, the end of the world is com "What makes you think so, child? "Cos them trowsers what you said ud never wear out has a tarin' big hole in 'em."

Man may suffer without sinning; but a man cannot sin without suffering.

There is more evil in a drop of corrup ion than there is in a sea of affliction,