

THE DIVOUCO OF THE DEAD.

The conclusion of the first stanza of the following poem is used as a description for some of our national ceremonies, and there has been considerable inquiry as to its origin. The poem was written by Captain O'Hara, of Kentucky, on the occasion of the removal to the cemetery at Frankfort of the remains of Kentucky soldiers who fell at Buena Vista.

No rumor of the foe's advance No swoops upon the wind; No troubled thought at midnight haunts, Or loved one's least behind.

Their shivered swords are red with rust, Their plumed helmets bowed, On fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread, And glory guards with solemn round, The divoquo of the dead.

For, like the dreadful hurricane That sweeps the high plateau, Flashed with the triumph, yet to gain, Came down the serried foe, Who heard the trumpet's fray, Break o'er the field beneath, Knew well the watchword of that day, "Victory or death!"

Long had the doubtful conflict raged Across the surging plain, For ne'er such fight before had waged The wary sons of Freedom slain, And still the storm of battle blew, Still swelled the gory tide, No long, our stout old chieftain knew, Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command Called to a martyr's grave, The flower of his noble band, The nation's flag to save, By rivers of their father's gore, His first-born laurels grew, And well he deemed that sons would pour Their lives for glory too.

Full many a Northern breath hath swept O'er Angostura's plain, And long the pitying sigh hath wept Above her moldering slain; The ravens' scream and the eagle's flight, O'er shepherd's penance lay, Alone awakes such sunless height, That frowned on that dread day.

Sons of "the dark and bloody ground," Ye should not slumber there, Where stranger steps and tongues resound, Along the heeded path, Fortune at one and the same, Your own proud land's heroic soil Must prove your sinner grave; She claims from war his richest spoil— The ashes of the brave!

Who has forgotten that execrable fraud, the bargain which the six Clerks of Chancery, conducted by the keeper of the Queen's Conscience himself, or that other of the annuities to the Proctors of Doctors Commons, who were allowed to withdraw their income tax returns, solemnly declared, and to fabricate them, not only without the punishment for their constructive perjury expressly imposed by the act, but with the reward of receiving pensions according to their own substituted valuations. The patronage department of the law and equity courts is an Augean stable of the dirtiest jobs, in which offices are created by Act of Parliament by the very judges themselves, and then abolished apparently, only to quarter themselves on the public purse.

West-India, Brougham—need we swell the list? The last proceeding to which Lord Chelmsford put his signature before rising for the Long Vacation was to raise the salaries of redundant clerks nearly three hundred per cent., and to increase rate for all the years that his predecessors had refused to lend themselves to the transaction. That the public should be forever deprived of the power of doing itself justice against the parasites of the Exchequer, the Duke of Grafton's annuity, wholly illegal and unconstitutional from the date of its origin by Charles the Second—in itself indeed, an abominable outrage on public justice—has been capitalized and "commuted" into a lump commutation of £200,000—while the Schombergs and Fitz Hums of the pension list have been dealt with after a similar fashion. Need we, after what Mr. Seely has exposed, dwell upon the accounts of the Navy, as interpreted by the House of the First Lord, that we are still without a fleet? Have we to remind our readers of the Weedon inquiry—of the 13,000 errors detected in the accounts of one year in a single locality—of the fact that the War Office accounts had a twenty years' arrear of audit, the task of overhauling them being at last officially abandoned in affected despair? As for the Ordnance Department, who that has anything to say can forget Shoeburyness, Bute, Armstrong and Co., and Coles? or Copwer and the Brompton Boilers? or the Hon. F. Cadogan and the Cook?

If we digress from the astute official apathy which "regulates" the integrity of Government to the wisdom of Parliament, to the analysis of a great transaction which had the benefit of the supervision and criticism not only of the entire body of our administrators, but of every member of both Houses of the Legislature—we shall have equal reason for amazement. Three-quarters of a million was an enormous estimate for the erection of a single building, even though that building should be the Senate House itself. But Barry drew up official incompetency and legislative folly on to a million, then to a half more, then to two millions, until at last it has come to this, that the capital account will never be closed, and will wholly inefficiently be displayed by alterations of the climate of Calcutta and Siberia in the shape of Dr. Reid's experiments, which have excited the shiverings of the shiverers, and a sweat; next came the illustrations of those varied theories of light which illuminated or obscured the Senate at the pleasure of the gas man. Dare we recall the "Sons of the Bell," that revived the story of the Clock and the Tower, or re-situate the controversies of Fitz Tom and Mr. Denison? At least between them—architects, builders, members and Ministers—it surely could not be but that they would contrive that for £2,000 a head, each intending tenant would be decently accommodated. Bah! That would be barbarously unscientific. The House must be made to possess as not to hold its occupants, and so 650 members must squeeze themselves into the room of 470; on "full nights" they must sit on the floor, or snore in the galleries; and when Her Majesty desires the attendance of the faithful Commons they must draw lots out of a hat to determine who will "serge" the Speaker, there not being room in the House of Lords for a tenth part of the "representatives of the people." I say nothing of the transposition scene-shifter, genius that has inspired the painters of the hidden frescoes of the lobbies, to pass on to the notice of the finishing touch just given to all these extravaganzas. "The architect who has been called upon to appropriate statues to the statues ordered—when finished they came to be put up—when, and not before, it was discovered that they were too big for the niches left expressly to receive them.

It is not only the unskillful laugh, it cannot but make the indignation of the architect, who has been called upon to appropriate statues to the statues ordered—when finished they came to be put up—when, and not before, it was discovered that they were too big for the niches left expressly to receive them. It is not only the unskillful laugh, it cannot but make the indignation of the architect, who has been called upon to appropriate statues to the statues ordered—when finished they came to be put up—when, and not before, it was discovered that they were too big for the niches left expressly to receive them.

From the altar to the grave—The Cincinnati Enquirer tells the following sad story: One week ago Mr. Tony Lauko was married to Miss Agnes Krief, both of Newport, Kentucky. The young and happy couple enjoyed their honeymoon on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and terminated that on Monday morning they rose at an early hour, and robing themselves in their every day attire, went to breakfast. Each complained of being seriously ill, and neither could eat. The husband was compelled almost immediately to retire, and in a few minutes his wife followed him. In a few minutes his wife followed him. In a few minutes his wife followed him.

AN ARMENIAN WRITER has published a book in Smyrna, to show that Queen Victoria had been increased in her extravagance yearly expenditure. He says that she utilized our terminable annuities? On the contrary, have we not annuities? On the contrary, have we not annuities? On the contrary, have we not annuities?

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of one subject out of every 200 to the volunteer force. Nay, we must place the people face to face with their shoring comings. In the year 1861 the peace establishment of the United States showed a "volunteer force" increased, armed, drilled, equipped, of nearly two millions. Our population, numbering as many souls as theirs; in the midst of a civil war, the Republic contributed but 150,000. The Republic submitted to the most stringent conscription not only without resistance but with cheerfulness, they out-ran Congress in their zeal for taxation to bear the burden of war. Peace has come—exhausted, depleted, bleeding at every pore, the Republic has paid off its huge armies, it has reduced its debt at a rate so substantial in the very first year of breathing time, that it sees its way to a clear balance-sheet. If not a surplus, in fifteen years! When we contrast the Prussian despotism and the American Republic with the British monarchy, and ask where is our statesman, play what can be our answer? It is useless to compare the Prussian monarchy, or hide-bound despotism in any other fact—of comparisons so odious, because so mortifying. We are asleep—we are not dead. We want a statesman, we want only a bureaucrat.

Let us look for a remedy, and Parliament we look for a do, and too many dirty deeds to serve, to undertake its proper work. To begin with the whole of its private business must be kicked into the street, and after that the whole of its public business, of directors, contractors, shareholders and financiers, must be kicked into the street, and after that the whole of its public business, of directors, contractors, shareholders and financiers, must be kicked into the street.

MEMORIAL TO W. F. HARDEEN. A monument to the memory of Mr. William F. Hardeen, who died in 1845, and who was the founder of the express business in Philadelphia, is to be erected near Central Avenue, Mount Auburn. It is of Fitzwilliam granite, in the Italian style, and measures 20 feet, 6 inches in height, 25 in length, and 10 in width. It has a column at each corner, and a pediment at the top. The latter has four pediments, and on the entablature are the words "Justice," "Faith," "Hope," "Charity," one of these on each side. Within the entablature is a tablet, resting on a second platform, is a granite tablet, of secondary size, in front of which a large marble watch dog is reclining, apparently watching the treasure within the monument. The monument is to be erected near Central Avenue, Mount Auburn. It is of Fitzwilliam granite, in the Italian style, and measures 20 feet, 6 inches in height, 25 in length, and 10 in width.

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SPECIAL NOTICES. NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA. OFFICE, 101 SOUTH WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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