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| RE-USIOE: <br> An end at last! The echoes of the warThe weary war beyond the Western waves- Dle in the distance. Freedom'a rising ktar Bcacons above a hundred thonsand graven. The graves of heroes who have woh the fight, Who in tho storming of the stribborn tnwn Have rung the marringe peale of might and right, And scalet the clifta and cast the dragon down. Pasans of arwies thrill across the sta, Thill Europe answara- "Leet the trugle cease, The bloody page is tanned; the neat may be The ways of pleasantoess and paths of peace A golien morn-a dswn of better fhings- The oll po branch-clapplag of hands agaln- A noblo lesson read to conquering kingeA sky that tempests had not scourged This from America we hoped and him Who raled her "in the eplitit of his creed." Does tho hope tast when alirit of his eyreed." As history records her darkest deed ? <br> The phlot of thls people through the strifa, Wit hte strons parpose turnlog seorn to pr E'en at the close of hattile ref of ilfe, And falr inlueritarce of quiet dspe! <br> Defeat and trinmph found him calon and just, He rhowed how clemency shodid temper powe And dying left to fitare thme fin trast The memory of hls brief victorinus hour. <br> O'ermastered by the lrong of fate, The last and jreatest martyr of his canse; Slain like Achiles at the 8cresn fate <br> Slain like Achilles at the 8crean kate, He saty the end and 0xed the parer laws. <br> May these endure, aud, as his work, attest The glory of hf honest heart and hand- <br> The simplest, and the bravest, and tha bext- The Moses and the Cromwell of hls land. <br> Too late the pioneers of modern splte, Awe stricken by the nulverral cloom, <br> See his name lastrous to Death's sable, night, And omer tardy tribute at his tomb. <br> Bnt we who haro been with bim all the while, Who knew hie worth end loved hlm long ago, <br> Befolee that in the circult of our isle There is no room at last for Lincolis foe. <br> NEVER MORE MIGHT TEAA DAY. <br> Ab: don't be sorrowfal, dariling, And don't be sorrowfal, pray, <br> Taking the year together, my cear, Tbere isn't more night than das. <br> THs ralny weather, my darling, <br> Ba: taking the year together, my; dear, Tnere lan't more cloud than sun. <br> We are old folks now, my darling, <br> Oar beads aro'growing gray; Bat takine the sear all ronyd, my dear, Yon will always fud a May! <br> We have had onr May, my darling, And out roses, Longe ngo; <br> And the time of the year lis coming, my dear, For the:Allent night of snow. <br> And God lo God, my darlug, Of nirbl as well an day, <br> Of nifht as well an day, And we feed and trow that we can go Wherever be leads the way. <br> A God or the night, my darling, Of the rifigh of death no grim; The cate that lead to ife, kood wifo, Is the gate that teads to Hirm. <br> TEN YEARS, |
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