

Poetry.

THE WELCOME DAY.

And I said who will give me wings like a dove, and I will give you rest.—PESAM.
The psalmist sadly swept the strings,
And sighed his spirit's anxious prayer,
To have the wild dove's quivering wings,
And breathe a calmer, purer air—
When boyhood's dream of glory's fled,
And all our hopes have passed away,
And friendship's joys are with the dead,
Who will not bid the welcome day?

When time has chilled affection's glow,
And damped the noble fire of youth,
Each pulse is beating sad and slow,
And doubts encompass every truth,
Who would not from his inmost soul,
The psalmist's prayer breathe o'er again,
And clove the clouds that round us roll,
Amid the grief and cares of men?

When by a friend's sad corpse we stand,
And think the soul that warmed this clay
Has sought the pilgrim's promised land,
The mansions of eternal day:
Who would not wish to break the tie
That binds the unwilling soul to earth
And mount rejoicing to the sky,
Ecstatic in another birth?

The Eastern War.

SCENES IN THE CRIMEA

LETTERS FROM OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

The following extracts from letters by various officers and privates in the British army embody accounts at once fearful and thrilling of the hardships of the war:

Private Fitzpatrick, of the 88th Regiment writes to his wife on the 28th of November: "You may tell Mrs. Kelley that devil a wound Kelley has got yet. I am happy to hear that mother is still alive, and that she and my sisters are in good health, I am glad to hear that you sent my mother sixteen shillings, and that my little innocent children still pray for my safe return. I still put my trust in God; for he is the only one who can save me. Hardships are wearing down the men till they look so bad you could not tell who any one is, with his poor long hungry looking face. We cannot get time enough to wash our faces or our linen, and we are covered with vermin and dirt. If we are left here for the winter we shall all die. The winter clothing is in harbor, they say. The Russians are fine soldiers, and well clothed for the winter. There is nothing to be got in this place but a small piece of pork and biscuit; but live or die, this is the place that is trying up the men."

Private Wood, of the 41st Regiment, writes to his grandfather on the 29th of November: "So we made great havoc of them; the Russians made a sortie in column; but they were all drunk, and they all ran on us like madmen, but they were soon made to retire. When we started firing, I could not get my piece to go. I tried it three times to go before I could deliver the shot, and was sitting under a rock priming it, when some of the Russian sharpers saw me, and fired on me, and one shot took a piece of stone off the rock not a foot from me. As soon as I got my piece to go, I fired at them below, and killed two of them and wounded one.—I charged again and fixed my bayonet and run the other two and shot one of them, and run the other through the heart; but when I looked round there was not one of our men in sight, and the Russians were coming up the hill, and I had to run, and some of the Russians after me, and the shots fired after me took a piece of the butt of my firelock and broke the bayonet into three pieces.—When I got to my own regiment the Russians were beaten back a second time, and they retired into the city, and they have not been out since. If it was not for grog we should starve, for it is very cold. We have only one blanket a man. We shall have another hard day of it when we storm the city, but I hope to the Lord I shall live to see you all again."

Sergeant Nunnerley writes on the 25th of November to his relatives at Warrington: "I received yours on the 20th November. Never fear. I shall do my best both in action and in other points to be a brave Nunnerley. I had almost forgotten to mention aunt Gill. Tell her she cannot cut cucumbers down like we have done the Russians. Good night; and God protect us all."

A private of the 97th writes to his sister at Warrington on the 16th ult. "Last night I was on guard just under the nose of the enemy, and within a hundred yards of their guns. They are, however, afraid of us, and only show themselves, as Paddy would say, on a dark night. Ont they must come; and we're the boys to fetch 'em. The next go we mean to blow the Russians off the face of the earth; or never more return to England. We are are always

day and night, up to our knees in mud, fighting more or less every day, yet, with this, we are in good spirits, and ready for anything. Thousands of fine fellows now look like half-starved beggars, and their horses are not able to carry them; but we will either beat 'Old Nick,' or die on the field.—Nothing like keeping your spirits up. It is good fun, in the morning, to see the fellows making their fires, and perhaps, as soon as they get them to burn, a visitor, in the shape of a cannon ball, walks in, uninvited, of course, and knocks all overboard. We however, 'try again,' and take the chance of succeeding; as for a cannon ball killing us, we never think of such a thing. The enemy is on the mountain, and I must go to kill or be killed. Dear Anne, give my love to uncle and aunt, and tell them how I am situated; but don't fret about me.—Give little Anne a kiss for me; all the way from Russia. Feel assured that I shall do my best to fight for 'England, home and beaut.'

Private Watts, of the Grenadier Guards, writes on the 25th November, to his brother: "At Inkermann each man fired about 180 shots, besides the execution we did with the butt-end of our muskets and the bayonet thrust. The atrocities committed by the Russians are indescribable; when our poor fellows lay wounded on the ground, these savages were observed stabbing them in all directions; but, Tom, right well did we pay them for it, for when this was seen, all the worst passions of our nature were roused, and revenge did some fearful work; should an opportunity occur again, they will find no quarter—no mercy at our hands; and who can wonder at it?"

The enemy were made all drunk, and came on us like madmen; and I must confess, when I heard their shouts and yells, I did not feel very comfortable; and at it I went, not forgetting a short prayer to Him who is able to protect us in all danger.

"That day indeed was a bloody day, for my clothes, face, and hands were covered with blood, and at times it got into my mouth. You know I am not one to complain at trifles, but we are wretched, wretched, out here; out day and night, and the weather is dreadful.

We are to stop here for the winter, so it is decided; and God only knows what will become of us unless some great exertion is made to make us more comfortable. However, I am determined to keep my spirits, and still cling to the hope that I shall live to see you once more. Now, my dear brother, give my kindest and dearest love to Kate, and a thousand kisses for the children; and do most affectionately remember me to all our relations without exception, and if any of my old friends and acquaintances do think of me and inquire respecting me at times, present my regards to all, and tell all I have endeavored to represent Casnewydd, my native town, as well as I could."

Lieut. Tyrone, of the Rifles, who was killed whilst storming the "Ovens," wrote on the 7th November to widow Lee, of Norwich, announcing the death of her son, a corporal of the Rifles. The letter breathes a spirit of touching kindness both to the brave son and his bereaved mother. Her son was the foremost man at Inkermann when he was killed. He valued her son as a brother.

"The only thing I found on his body," writes the lieutenant, "was a needle, which I enclosed as a memorial, and rest assured that, though he has died so young, his conduct, to the best of my judgment, will secure him a place at the right hand of Him, in whom only consolation is to be found. 'In the midst of life we are in death,' is but too true, and has often been realized here, and is the reason I write; for though I write to-day, there is no reason I should do so to-morrow."

Artilleryman McLeod writes on the 18th from before Sevastopol:

"My deliverance at the battle of Inkermann was so great that I was lost in thinking how it was possible, the enemy's shot hissing so numerously past my head.

"It was a very misty morning, and when we came into action with our guns, thousands of Russians were around us, and we had no infantry to cover our guns, as we did not think they were so near us. Consequently we left our guns in the hands of the Russians. There was no one of us stuck to the guns but me and one gunner named Gordon. He stayed with me, and he was in a minute shot through the heart, and two of the Russians stabbed him in the head with their bayonets, and I drew back to use my sword, but it was for no use against thousands of them, and all of them firing in my face. I was like a man on whom the lead had no power, and one of them rushed at me and made ready his firelock to fire, when he was shot in his brain by a soldier of the 57th regiment, who was standing behind, looking what was to come

of me, and I walked back quietly. Nothing came near my body.

"We took our guns five minutes after that and then the battle began anew. Earth and stones were swept away from close about me; and in four hours, in place of ten men at the guns, we were firing with two men, of whom I was one. I kept firing at them coming upon us in masses, until we covered the ground with the slain. Cannon and musket balls flew like hailstones around our heads. I did not sleep that night, as I worked myself so much through the day. I see the power of the Almighty God in my case. Who is like unto the Lord—who is powerful like unto our God, against whose power no man can come or do harm?"

When the infantry came up on the 5th of November, the enemy and them were falling down in couples, the Russians with their bayonets in our men, and our men's in the Russians, both lying dead, and us sweeping them with cannon case shot, so that the round of case would make an open space in their columns, which was thirty deep. Those that we took prisoners were seized by the neck before they gave up their arms. I got three wheels smashed that day. When the Russians took our guns, Mr. Miller rushed among them on horseback, and killed two of them and saved the guns. We were keeping them back with our sponges, so you may guess what kind of work we had. We pulled off our coats in the heat of the battle. I was scarcely able to walk home that night. Some of our horses were shot in two; some all legs, some head, tail, &c."

Humorous.

SPEECH OF ZACHARIAH SPICE.

"Which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness, the bachelor or the married man?"—That's the question!

Mr. President and Gentlemen—I rise to advocate the cause of the married man. And why should I not? I claim to know something about the institution, I do. Will any gentleman pretend to say that I do not? Let him accompany me home. Let me confront him with my wife and seventeen children, and decide.

High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the Mississippi Valley, does the character of the married man tower above that of the bachelor? What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve?—What but a poor, shiftless, helpless, insignificant creature? No more to be compared with his after self, than a mill-dam to the great roaring cataract of Niagara. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, there was a time, I blush to say it, when I too was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you would hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard, and at night I came home to my comfortless garret—no carpet, no fire, no nothing.—Everything was in a clutter, and in the words of the poet.

"Confusion was monarch of all he surveyed." Here lay a pair of pants, there a dirty pair of boots, there a play-bill, and here a pile of dirty clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming-table and bar-room. I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips, when a knock was heard at the door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my dirty clothes.

"Mr. Spicer," says she, "I've washed for you six months, and I haven't seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are going to do about it?"

I felt in my pocket book. There was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough. "Miss Simpkins," said I, "it's no use denying it. I haven't got the pewter.—I wish for your sake I had."

"Then," said she promptly, "I don't wash another rag for you."

"Stop," said I, "Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold have I none; but if my heart and hand will do, they are at your service."

"Are you in earnest?" says she looking a little suspicious.

"Never more so," says I. "Then," says she, "as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay any other way, I guess, I'll take up with your offer."

Enough said. We were married in a week; and what's more, we haven't repented it. No more attics for me, gentlemen. I live in a good house, and have somebody to mend my clothes. When I was a poor miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel. Now I am as plump as a porker.

In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a poor ragged devil, without a coat to your back, or a shoe to your foot; if you want to grow old before your time, and as

uncomfortable, generally, as a "hedge-hog rolled up the wrong way," I advise you to remain a bachelor; but if you want to live decently and respectably, get married. I've got ten daughters, gentlemen, (overpowering applause,) and you may have your pick.

Mr. Spicer sat down amid long continued plaudits. The generous proposal with which he concluded secured him five sons-in-law.

Miscellaneous.

RULES FOR THE YEAR.

The following rules are intended, mainly for the guidance of young men and women:

Get married—if you can; but look before you leap. Love matches are romantic—nice things to read about—but they have brimstone in them, now and then; as says Ike Marvell, Esq.

Go to church regularly if possible, and under any circumstances at least once a week.

Circulate no scandal.

Avoid all kinds of spirits—particularly spirit rappers.

Never notice the clothing of persons attending divine worship, nor stand in front of the house of God after the services.

Never ask another man what his business is—where he is going to—where he came from—when he left—when he intends to go back, or the number of his dollars. You may inquire as to the state of his health, and that of his parents, sisters and brothers—but venture no further.

Defend the innocent, help the poor, and cultivate a spirit of friendship among your acquaintances.

Never speak disparagingly of women, and endeavour to conquer all your prejudices.

Believe all persons to be sincere in the religion which they profess.

Be economical, but not parsimonious nor niggardly. Make good use of your dollars, but not idols. Live within your means and never borrow money in anticipation of your salary.

HE HAD HER THERE.

A very respectable looking lady stepped into a store on Washington street, a few days ago, to buy a steel reticule; the clerk handed out a variety of sorts, sizes and prices, all of which the lady deliberately viewed, handled and commented upon; until, at length, having made her selection of a small one at \$2 50, she gave the clerk a ten dollar note, to deduct the amount. The clerk went to the desk, and returning, gave the lady her change.

"Why, here's but two dollars and a half," says she.

"Exactly, madam," replies the clerk.

"Well, but I gave you a ten dollar bill sir!"

"Precisely, madam," said the polite clerk.

"This bag is two dollars and a half, is it not?" said the lady, holding forth the purchased reticule.

"Two dollars and a half, is the price, madam."

"Then why did you take out seven dollars and a half, sir?"

"Why, madam, this reticule is two dollars and a half—"

"Very well, sir," says the lady.

"And that one attached to your dress beneath your cardinal, is five more," said the complaisant clerk, raising up the lady's cardinal, and displaying a very handsome steel bead reticule, there secreted. The lady became quite agitated, but the humane clerk assured her that it was all perfectly right.

"You don't for a moment suppose, sir," said the lady, in a low and husky voice, "that I intended—"

"Oh certainly not, madam," said the clerk.

"O, it's all right, madam—perfectly correct," continued the clerk.

"Good morning, sir," said the lady, bowing and grinning a ghastly smile.

"Good morning," responded the gentlemanly clerk, bowing the lady safely off out of the premises. No fancy sketch, this.—Boston Mail.

WHERE HE HAD HIM.—A well known pensive character invited a friend to dinner, and provided two mutton chops. On removing the cover, he said—"My friend, you see your dinner;" which his friend immediately with his knife and fork took to himself, remarking—"I only wish I could see yours."

Here is the eleventh commandment: "Thou shalt not carry off the editors' exchanges, unless thou art sure he is done with them; neither shalt thou talk to him when he is reading proof or writing lest he get angry and order thee out of the sanctum."

Honesty is ever the best policy.

GOINGS ON IN ROME.

From Correspondence of New York Journal of Commerce

* * * You have no idea of the goings on in Rome at the present time. Cardinals' carriages fill up the street. Every Cardinal has a red carriage, and three footmen dressed in red livery. The Austrian Cardinal has two servants with him, dressed as richly as I ever saw any servants in my life. They are both fully six feet tall, very handsome looking fellows, wearing whiskers and moustaches. Upon their heads they wear a Russian cap of fur, and coats trimmed very heavily with silver braid, while from the left shoulder of each hangs another coat trimmed in the same style; their trousers are also heavily trimmed in the same style; their boots are white doeskin, having white leather tops and spurs. Every body took them for some distinguished guests, at the reception given in honor of the Cardinal. Here, amidst all this style that we see every day it becomes much a matter of course. But you can form no idea of the magnificence in which the Cardinals ride. Their horses generally groan under the weight of the plated gold and silver harnesses. As a body the Cardinals look like so many old women dressed up. The English Cardinal, Wiseman is the best looking of the lot. Two churches here have been dressed in magnificent style in honor of this great affair. They are hung with all kinds of colored crapes, and filled with candles from the floor to the ceiling, all burning. The Virgin is dressed in satin and jewels, and wears a golden crown. On the corners of the streets there are generally paintings of the Virgin, and on Friday night every one was lighted with some ten or twelve candles. Rome after Advent Sunday, is generally filled with pipers, who come from the neighboring towns. So of course they are now in their zenith of blowing.—They wear short clothes, colored stockings, and cloaks all in rags, and many are patched with pieces of many hues.

The Roman beggars are also another great curiosity here. At every church door you find them sitting in chairs, with their little tin boxes, which they rattle at you as you pass. A woman went into a store the other day to beg; the man had nothing less than a five cent piece; this he gave her, and she coolly put her hand in her pocket, and gave him four cents back. So you see they make a regular business of it.

There is so much to see here in Rome, that I don't know where to begin to write. St. Peter's is the greatest thing here, but it is too large to write upon. To give you an idea of the size of it, it will hold two hundred and twenty thousand persons upon the ground floor. As large a story as this may seem, it has been proved; we made out an estimate the other day, and allowing two square feet to each person, it will hold one hundred and fifty thousand. Everybody states that no less than forty-two thousand were there upon the 8th. Never has St. Peter's contained so many since the opening. Near the high altar is a statue in bronze of St. Peter. The toe of this statue is nearly kissed off, and on Friday, it was dressed up in gorgeous style, having on one of the Pope's mitres, and being surrounded with candles, and full three inches of the toe, kissed off. In the coldest of weather, this church is always warm, and in the hottest always cool. It is a perfect world in itself, and you can spend a week here, and the seventh day it would appear larger and more grand than ever.

"If ever I'm married," said Ike, looking up from the book he was reading and kicking the stove door so energetically—"If ever I'm married"—"Don't speak of marriage, Isaac, said Mrs. Partington, till you are old enough to understand the bond that binds o'gen'a' souls.—I so le mustn't speak of marriage with impurity. It is the first thing that children think of now-a-days, and young boys in pinafores, and young girls with their heads fringed into spittleon curls, and full of love-sick stories, are talking of marriage before they get into their teens. Think of such ones get married! Yet there's Mr. Spaid, when heaven took his wife away, went right to a young lady's cemetery and got another, no more fit to be head of a family than I am to be the Board of Mayor and Alderman." She tapped the new box that her friend, the Colonel, had given her with her eyes resting upon the gold heart laid in the centre of the lid, as if hearts were trumps in her mind at the time, while Ike, without finishing his sentence, kept on with a pedal performance on the stove door, and a chatter upon the round of his chair with the handle of a fork in his left hand.

Why are the United States colors like the stars in Heaven?

Because they are beyond the power of any nation to pull them down.