|  | "On the Aay of solemn" procession in $\mathrm{P}_{\mathrm{i}}$ <br> ris, the thiole city was aibroad, and Napole | From the Vocalist.The Farmer trirned Soldier.My fathet was a furmer goodWith corn and beef in plenty ;I muped, and hoed, and beld the plowAud lunged for one-und-twenty. | BANK NOTE LIST. <br> wexcy pan per frorkst |  | GOODS FOR THE PEOPLE $\because$ HEAD @UARTERSB <br>  D $\qquad$ |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | on in the heivht of his power never had re cenved more distinguished honor, than when dead he was bone through thic capital of |  |  |  |  |
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| ${ }_{\text {ded }}^{\text {fid }}$ |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | nation't woe, filled every heart with the most profound grief. |  |  |  |  |
|  | "There, beside the coffin, walked phe remmants of the Old Guafd, once the pitide |  |  |  |  |
| ams | and strength of the Emperor, and the terror of Eurcpe ; and there, too, was his old war- |  |  |  |  |
|  | liorse, , coevere with the, trapery of mourring, on: wilose hack he thadid gulloped dirouyh |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | of Friance, heary with crape-all-all nourning in silence for the mighty dead." |  |  |  |  |
|  | "The church that was to receive the bo- |  |  |  |  |
| pur |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | visage, and seemingly ready himsif the laid in the tomb, was lorne through the |  |  |  |  |
|  | He left of the main altrat beside the throne. |  |  |  |  |
|  | Covered with decorationd and honers, that contrasted strangely with his withered form |  |  |  |  |
|  | and almost lifeless features, he sat and lis- |  |  |  |  |
|  | terred to the mighty dirgd that came sweep- ing through the church, ns if memory was |  |  |  |  |
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|  | solid edifice, blending intheir roar with the strains of martial music, They too seemed |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | the loud trumpet of war is never heard. "As the coffin approached, the old, inva- |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | last tiune these brave men had seen their emperor, was on the field of battle, and now |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | of martial inusic brought back the days of |  |  |  |  |
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|  | the enotions star nemoty had mes suddenty |  |  |  |  |
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|  | gled to rise. The sond abakened from its torpor, and the dying veteran kuew that Na- |  |  |  |  |
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|  | (ulcetion: |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  |  | Sctuen imaries. |
|  |  | One thow neted me whit thad | So for |  |  |
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|  |  | Inte |  |  | SELLING OFF CHEAP! |  |
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|  | Where Frace herself? Whiere weak dind |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  | they were noe fif orit it He evold probatly |  | D. POST; JR. \& CO., |  |  |  |
|  | der of div |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | - | THE ARCADE <br> IV FULL BLAST! <br> REC'D this tweek from the city a fresh nal inter- <br> chaned nt unusubily chenp, gates-cingigting of Or- asgas, Lemons, Cocoanves, Freah; Ruinins, \&c. Sc. <br> Montrose, June 15, 1846. |  |  |
|  | cause of widich lil |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | Eegpi or hidden apitations of. Vesusus, | the sampe in the puth of virtue;' and they |  |  |  |  |
|  | France was frra wakened hy the Rerotu- |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  | anbition of one nation is jany better or more legitimate than another. |  | HORT \& SWEET |  |  |  |
|  | SAnNss.-There is is Apy |  | Horl \& SILEL? |  |  |  |
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|  | eati-knell, overshading nebigh hopes describe it? And yet who has not filt its <br>  unshide on the riser, athiough eauging a nomentary shade of gloon, it peanty of returnaug brightimess. |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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