THE MORROW OF THE BATTLE.

The Angel of death swept o'er the plain,
Ten thousand 'mong the dead were lain—
Ten thousand braves—the nation's pride,
Reposed beneath its shadow wide.

Where is that noble, bright array,
That marched in pride but yesterday,
With prancing steeds and garments bright,
And armor glittering in the light?

Behold the scattered fragments! see
The price that's paid for victory!
And paid for what? An empty name—
A conqueror's transient, shadowy fame!

Here host met host, a numerous throng—
The clash resounded far along
The endless line where warriors stood
Astounded at the scene of blood.

And here, promiscuous on the ground,
Lie swords and helmets strewn around.
Here lies the gallant steed that bore
His gallant rider—now no more.

Here youth, in all its native bloom,
Has found the warrior's early tomb;
And there, old age, long used to war,
Has fled to deck Death's triumph car.

The vulture hangs around the place,
Where heroes felt Death's cold embrace,
The ravenous wolf was prowling nigh,
With haggard look and eager eye.

Bright hopes were crushed, and many a breast
That beats at home with fear oppressed,
Will heave beneath the tidings sad—
The tidings of an only lad.

Alas! O War, are such thy deeds?
The orphan's tears, the widow's weeds?
Can nations thus, with courage true,
Claim rights withheld, or justice due?

But rather should they not once yield,
The glory of the battle-field?
For this mankind will joyous raise
Loud anthems to the nation's praise.

Oh! hasten on, thou promised time,
When all the world from clime to clime,
Shall cease to hear of war's alarms,
Nor wake by clarion's voice to arms.

☞ A cotemporary marvels at the phenomenon of myaiads of flies getting upon the telegraphic wires, on a recent occasion; but if he will observe closely, he will probably find it was just after an arrival, when the wires were conveying the prices of sugar and molasses.

☞ Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, lecturing in New York, set his audience agape by declaring that "we eat gas, drink gas, tread on gas, and are gas." "Then it's a great shame," cried a calculating Yankee, "that gas is so dear."

☞ "My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?" "Why, my dear," replied Julia, "I believe I could take him at a *pinch!*"

☞ A schoolmaster in a Western village, where the custom of "boarding round" prevails, received notice from a Dutch matron that she would "sent him, but couldn't sleep him."—He will doubtless be careful not to venture within her reach.

☞ Typographical errors come in odd sometimes. The other day there was an announcement of enthusiastic demonstrations at a political gathering, which read thus—"the air was rent with the *snouts* of three thousand people.

☞ The "Great Eastern" is now "all the go" in New York. She lies at the wharf, where the officers are coining money by opening the mammoth vessel to the scrutiny of the public, at 50 cents a head. They now have Great Eastern lager beer, Great Eastern hats, and ladies.

☞ The Press—Pulpit—and Petticoat—the three ruling powers of the world. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, and the last—considerably.

☞ He who marries a lady for her fine teeth, will be likely to find himself bitten.

☞ To get up the 'Conflict of ages,' ask two rival beauties how old they are.