

LITERATURE.

ALBERT.

DECEMBER 14, 1861.

How should the driver die?

With no more sleep in crossing charger's flank.

Leaving the man that flames the team's rank.

And shouting some three times battle cry.

Do you please die?

Do you please die fully drained, and out.

While we wait, hands, eyes, and mind at rest.

And you, too, horses, which they long to pay?

Do you please die?

Do you please die, for the fate that falls.

On him who, and you need equal words.

Heads, as he goes, the plash of Thames's tide.

Do you please die?

O, had he but been seen in warrior days.

Had he but been seen in the midst of the prize.

Then he, for whom the last reward banners wave.

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Frankfort. The forces of these three emperors are daily increasing, and the military arts...

Our party at the battle of the Clouds, on the arrival of the train, we found standing-room in a car crowded with soldiers...

Do you think the Yankees are going to whip us? "I don't care, sir; they can't do it. If they beat us in the field, we'll take to the woods, and shoot them down like squirrels."

Amongst the dangers which we had heard at New York threatened the South, a revolt of the slave population was said to be the most imminent...

On the bank of the Alabama river, which winds its way eastward through a dense growth of maple and pine, thickened with tangled copse...

At length the fifth day came, and we were still careering along with the same mad speed, and in utter ignorance whether, for the thick masses of snow were dashing and whirling...

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Ten times during the past winter had they swarmed in yelling hordes around our paddies, and more than half as often attacked our blockhouse...

Everything that skill and experience could devise had been effected. Our blockhouse had been strengthened, our palisades doubled; armed parties had been left in the forest...

Such was our position when, one day, a sloop bearing the British flag glided into our little bay. Some of our messengers had reached their destination, and the vessel had been sent in reply...

The recall was as unwelcome as unexpected; we would rather have braved every danger than beaten a retreat. But we had no choice; neither was there time for delay...

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should endeavour to reach the colony, to speed our mishap and seek assistance. To reach the point of the utmost consequence, we carried nothing but our blankets and rifles, and a small portion of provisions...

As being frost from impediment, we travelled along the icy margin of the lake, between the restless deep-water waves and the wild rugged land, which at times grew almost sublime in its wintry desolation...

In a nook among the rocks and brushwood, we sat and waited, and our little camp, strewn with the snow, was a scene of desolation...

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where poor K'nanna met his fate till I should reach the lake, and the windings of the shore, trusting by reducing the diligence to make up the increased length of the journey...

The shape of the snow was more difficult than I had counted on; the hundred intricate branches above my head sent the sublimations in as many different directions, and often the thickness of the towering pines obscured them altogether...

Suddenly the track of footprints in the snow before me arrested my attention. I looked at them closely, as men do in the woods, to endeavour to decide who had passed before...

With redoubled zeal I followed on that line of ruffled snow, heeding neither danger nor weariness, neither the vanishing sun nor the darkened sky, in my eagerness to overtake the stranger...

I was bitterly disappointed. Not only had I lost time and wasted strength in a delusive chase, but the hoped-for companionship and aid had vanished also. The next moment a loud blast of wind surged by among the trees...

No wonder that, weary and heartless, I shrunk into the nearest thicket, to escape the pursuit of the pitiless storm which followed. I was too unhappy to care for the snow...

When I again recovered consciousness it was to a prolonged moan, and to a sensation of being closely pressed against by some furry animal, but it was repulsive. A than a full wrapper to protect me from the intensity of the cold...

The little garrison of Mingino lost no time in answering my appeal, and at once started across the country to my relief. A than a full wrapper to protect me from the intensity of the cold...

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near presence; and hence the shield became dignified as the arms of the country. With these two exceptions, we meet with no other references to the character of equal importance, in a historical point of view...

It is probable, say some authorities, that a common species such as *Carduus lanceolatus* is most deserving the name. Some have fixed on doubtful native species, such as *Silphium Marianum* and *Onopordum Acetabulum*...

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