

General Hamilton, Wash-
ington on the 28th of
November. If he
son it was probably
died.

to, I have been in-
g by the general. So
le to trace it, or a part
attached to this.

ried a second time.
widow lady of Bed-
remarkably fine look-
I understand that he
y years of age, and
enty-five.

ed in the grave yard
I understand that
which is now there,
around the ground
his own burial place.
g, was the first one
grave yard, and per-
ere to find any grave
ood. It was not then
around the dead, or
lies. In their honor,
over or near to their
expensive memorial,
shapeless sculpture

ention of their name
times days; their vir-
claimed; but their
nowledged.

s possessed of amia-
a warm friend, kind,
nd by his neighbors

813, age 73. I have
ned the clock in his
his.

truth may be.
said to me."

ged in commemo-
revolutionary strug-
oblivion or bringing
mes and services of
o risked their lives
y, by many consid-
for a considerable
egan, let us not for-
y others who died in
ship, or the battle
particular services
As to these let us
might have thought:
of the love written

a grave on the stone;
for, let them be our

only by what we have

GEO. W. HAMMS.

PLATO.

*The following, discovered in "The Southern and Western Songster," is the
song sung by Lieutenant Simpson. In sentiment it resembles the poem
repeated, from memory, by President Lincoln, and which was written by
William Knox, of Scotland.*

"SAYS PLATO, WHY SHOULD MAN BE VAIN?"

Says Plato, why should man be vain,
Since bounteous Heaven hath made him great;
Why look with insolent disdain
On those undecked with wealth or state?
Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
Or costly gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The sceptred king, the burthened slave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave
In dust without distinction lie.
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles bore;
The wealth and glory they possessed
And all their honors are no more.

So glides the meteor through the sky,
And spreads along a gilded train;
But when its short-lived beauties die,
Dissolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
Let friendship reign while here we stay;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
When Jove us calls we must obey.