

engaged about railroads or any other matters, to exclude the necessary precautionary measures against invasion or insult, devastation and plunder, and there would be an awful responsibility for any additional blood spilt through such neglect there may yet be time, however, to avoid the Rock even though the coming tempest might reach us.

I don't think I am a croaker, but I do think that it is sometimes better to fear a little too soon, than a little too late. So far as I am individually concerned, perhaps I need not care what may come, for I have nothing to lose except my life, and that is not worth much, albeif my body might yet stop a bullet from a better man, that's all,—for

My face is shrunk, my ha'r is gray,
Of beauty I'm bereft;
I feel I soon must pass away,
But still some blood is left.

Although I'm poor, and sadly used,
I never was a Traitor;
To serve my Queen, I ne'er refused,
Like some I know, who hate her.

But all can fly, to Him on high,
When wealth and weal are taken;
The darkest hour, that e'er did lower,
The FRIEND above can brighten.

HOPE.