

The following is a translation of what is supposed to be Broner's latest composition...

"You cannot pass!" was the stern reply of the Scotch sentinel...

To those who came from England's host, King Edward's terms were not to be trifled with...

"O soldier, ere the dawn light, beware our Sovereign's wrath!"

Beware how you dipate today his army's onward march...

Go tell your chief to send away his forces from this land...

And fold himself, as well he may, to Edward's angry grace!

"You pass not!" was still the cry of the Scottish sentinel...

"The Surrey that his thralls have laid on gallant hearts to quell!"

We throw him stern defiance back about that shaggy head...

Where waters ere the day have closed shall purple be with blood...

We cannot now to treat; we come to win with our right hand...

The newly dechristened of our own dark mountain land...

"Ha! pass we not!" said forewarned; "let then the catkins grow..."

Will three beams from their rocky perch with sword and spear, and bow...

They think, the boons, to emulate the deeds done in the past...

Of old Thermopylae, with great and good Leonidas!

But forward now, gallant bands, ere steam, and bow, and bridle...

And the Scottish rebels see how great is their mistake!

"They must not pass!" now run adown the forming Scottish ranks...

As Surrey's armies spread themselves along the river's banks...

A fierce invader's need be known on this eventful day...

And Scotland, yore a grand renown that never can pass away...

See, ere the Northern hosts they seek; the Northern ranks they gallantly...

Down, Scotchmen, from the crag, and sweep their spears from the plain...

"They must not pass!" was still the cry of Scotia's men-at-arms...

And, rising o'er the clash of steel and war's most dire alarms...

It sounded on the battle plain and o'er their Southern ranks...

And lo! before that autumn day had reached its cheerless close...

Of that great host that crossed the Forth so gay, so full of life...

A shattered broken few were all that scaped the deadly strife...

They did not pass. The North was saved, and Scotland, from that time...

That stirring battle was won, now dates her glorious golden prime...

For on that bloody day was gained the freedom of her land...

And these wreaths around her brows were twisted by Wallace's hand...

By his raised old Scotland's name till Roman stars grew dim...

And monuments required to keep alive the fame of him!

The old observation, one whose recital the grave has so lately closed...

As a matter of course, it is a fact that the great and good...

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The Ontonagon Maritton

We copy the following from the Washington Union...

The copper rock, or boiler, which lies in the path between the War and Navy Departments in this city...

A joke was practised upon a lady of this city a few days ago...

The lady in question always expressed a decided fondness for Italian names...

She received a note from a friend in Baltimore, advising her that...

She started to go to the "palace" and dine. This starting, but no less pleasant piece of intelligence...

She was invited to the house of a friend, and in the course of a day...

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Taxes In—The Petersburg (Va.) Express relates the following episode:

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NEW ORLEANS WHOLESALE CURRENT PRICES

CAREFULLY COMPILED EVERY WEEK.

Table with multiple columns listing various goods and their prices, including items like sugar, coffee, and other commodities.

Schedule of Mails

NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE

From 1st June, to 1st November, 1857.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

OFFICE HOURS—Week days from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M.

For 1st June, to 1st November, 1857.

CRESCENT CITY BANK

CHARTER OF THE CRESCENT CITY BANK OF NEW ORLEANS

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