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One hundred twenty nine lines or less, (635 lines)	63.50
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One hundred eighty seven lines or less, (925 lines)	92.50
One hundred eighty eight lines or less, (930 lines)	93.00
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Select Poetry.

A LOVE SONG TO MY WIFE.

By JOSEPH BURNETT.

Come to me, darling one; nearer and nearer—
Time only renders you dearer and dearer,
Grief has no chill for the love which is truthful—
Years as they roll find it but a moment's trifling—
Steadfastly scoring a moment's youthful—
Change around, find affection unchanging;
Brightly it silvers the clouds which are o'er us;
Nightly it lights up the pathway before us.

See you that calm and majestic river,
Stealing on tranquilly, ever and ever—
Beautiful always, in sunshine or shadow,
Breasting the tempest or kissing the meadow—
Bountiful, too, in its musical flowing—
Source of the green which beside it is glowing,
Fount of the woods which are so verdantly bound it;
Soil of the flowers which are laughing around it.

Dear! as that river flows onward and onward,
Forcing the seeds of fertility onward,
So has the current of love for you glided;
Brightening the years which are gathered beside it;
Clothing their forms with a raiment of purple;
Gracing their hands with the laurel and myrtle;
Making each hour, which in quiet repose,
Break into beauty and blush into roses.

Surely that stream has a lesson for lovers,
O'er it a silver clad sisterhood levers,
Birds which, illuming the proximate grasses,
Peek into dimples the wave as it passes,
Birds which fulfil their predilection duty,
Lending their lines to completion of beauty,
Bright in the morning, or dark in the eve,
Ultimate state in the landscape of heaven.

Thus, as our love hurries on to its ending,
Beautiful things with its beauties are blending,
Fancies which rest in the years by it, dreaming,
Silver-clad thoughts which are constantly gleaming,
Grief which, at evening, the shadow enhances,
Breaking to joy as the morning advances,
Hope for the future, and fond recollection,
Golden-pled guardians of human affection.

What, if some casual wing of ill omen
Gleams o'er the wave like the shade of the Gnomes,
What if the song which at times has been warbled,
What if the sunshine has not been varied,
What if the buds of our spring, which, departed,
Left us in solitude weak and sad-hearted,
What if we sometimes have moments of weeping
O'er the little ones death has set sleeping.

Soth they sleep on; there are dreams in their slumbers,
Soothed by the angels' most musical numbers;
Lifted by the light of a greatness superior,
Prest by the bliss, which above us is stored,
Let them sleep on; they are happy above us,
Death cannot make them unable to love us;
Weep not for babes which are benighted o'er us;
Give not to babies which are happy before us.

Come to me, darling one; nearer and nearer—
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Surely that stream has a lesson for lovers,
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Imprisoned in a Vault 15 Years.

A newspaper published at Colima, Mexico, on the 24th of October, tells the following frightful story, and calls upon the public to punish the criminals.—When Gen. Puelibita entered the town of Ayo, in September last, he exacted a forced loan from the people, and a share of it fell upon the curate of the place. The curate acted as though he would pay, but he did not make his appearance at the point designated for payment, and Gen. Puelibita ordered him to be arrested. A party of men went to his dwelling and knocked at the door; there was no answer, and they broke in. They found no one in the house, and were about to leave it, when they heard a frightful voice, proceeding from the ground, saying, "I am hungry!" The officer in command went back to Gen. Puelibita and told him about the voice. The General appointed a commission to examine the house. This commission went to the curate's dwelling, and after a careful examination, they found a moveable stone in the floor, and under this was a stairway leading down to a vault, which was entirely dark, and had no connection with the air, save by the staircase, and a small hole that served as a ventilator. In this vault some books, a few articles of furniture, and a woman who had been shut up there for eighteen years. She was taken to Gen. Puelibita's quarters. When brought into the light, where she saw a number of persons, she fainted. After she had returned to her senses, a thousand questions were asked of her, to which she replied only that she had been buried in that vault for eighteen years, without going out for a moment; that she had been married, and had children by her husband, but she knew nothing of their fate; that, while imprisoned in the vault, she had children by the curate, but she knew nothing of what had become of these children; and after saying this much she became obstinately silent. While this was passing, a sergeant of the Puelibita Brigade, then present, discovered that this woman was his mother, and she recognized him as her son and embraced him. The son then ran to his father, who came and recognized his wife. The husband, fifteen years ago, was imprisoned three years under charge of having murdered his wife, this woman.

A Bear Story.

A correspondent of the Louisville Journal adventures with paper with the following adventure with a "bar." "You know that down in Arkansas is a great many bars. Well, last winter, when I was down at Cousin Joe's, I had heard of a bar in that neighborhood that had been round them diggers for some time. A fellow down there had his son cut up by him when he went to gather corn, and he had done considerable other damage in them parts. Well, the boys made up a pus of twenty dollars for any one who'd catch the bar or bring his karkin into town. One night I had started out to hunt some coons, and had a gun, and before going into a little strip of timber, I saw the black, shaggy thief some right arter me. Joe he hollered, "Thar, he's a comin'!" and I fired right at him. This made the damned critter mad, and he drove right at me. I took fur a small bear near-by and threw my gun down and clum up it. Well, gentlemen, that are bar kept me up thar till near daylight, and Joe he had gone on to the house and told how funny it was fixed up thar. I was mighty mad at the fellow, but he only laughed