B. P. BxOASN Dution folUME 21.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1850.





RUSNESSDREOTOMY
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| say the burial service over it-if so be that you recollectit, sis-l'm afraid 1 don't,""Wo can at least say o prayer." said Rivers, solemnly. |  |
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| "Wo can at least say o prayer." said Rivers, solemnly. "Speak. Nevers, to the old man." <br> Nevers, as the corporal was named touched the futhor |  |
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| the body closer to his breash. "The sun is rising, aud "Your sonicanuot then remain in the boat" |  |
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| they had endured, had affucted those strong nien-Evans, the corporal and the two nther British deserters-while the weak frame of Eraest Rivens seomed to bear upwith great fortitudo, and exhibit little traces of sulfor-ing. |  |
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| God!,' A sudden torrent of tears gasleod from the eycs of the |  |
| A sudden torrent of tears guslied from the eyes of theman, and fell upon the fair face of the dead boy. It was hose synpathiziug companions were drawn toward it |  |
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| those sympathizing companions were drawn toward it.- The soft hair foll damp and henvy about the young brow |  |
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| Once more that father bent ofer tho course, and threwOnis arms around it. He kissed the cold lips, while stiltho hot tears gushed from hiegeyes. Thoso tears were a |  |
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| self slowly on seemed to pray with inward fervor, though hispartod lips omitted no sonnd. Then when his brief pray-parner or was choid the |  |
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| and ma low voice, said:"Bury your dead."Tho heart of tho captain sank within him as ho henrd |  |
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| those words, remembered that but for him the boy mightnow teon alive. Tho quife ghanco of Evans caught tho expression of the young $n$ |  |
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| his hand ho whispered; ":"Not your fault, sir-no, it was I that tempted thopoor lad. And thant God do I tai is free!" poor Jad. And thank God do I that he is free! |  |
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| poral vevers, who had likewise interproted the feetingsof Rivers. Nout of us know, as yel, what that lad hasescaped."The few arrangeneńts for tho burial of the youth |  |
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| of the occan. Not a tear did the heart-broken fathershed during ceremony; it seemed, indeed, as if that lasi'of gush of grief had dricd up the channels of his solal forover. |  |
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| The fragmonts of biscuit were now divided, but whenhis share was proffered to him he put silently away thehand that presented it. Tho flask of wine was placed tohis mouth, but ho drank not, the liguor scarco moistenedbis thin parched lips. |  |
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| Then that solitary share of the biscuit was placed apartby those pigying men for their stricken comrade; theirown scanty portions wore consumed, and the flask passed |  |
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| from lip to lip, each baroly wet by tho fow dropa that wero drank. They had-those wretehed men-but two bis-cuits more, and God only knew how long they wero to |  |
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| were now borno by that gigantic current in which it wasmore than probable thoy should cross, beforo nightfall, |  |
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