



LEVI L. TATE, Editor.

"TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT OVER THE DARKENED EARTH."

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Select Poetry.

COLUMBIA, BY EDWIN CHAMBERLAIN.

Columbia's shores are wild and wide, And rudely planted side by side, Her forests meet the eye...

A Remarkable Dog.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In the fall of 1843 I made a journey from central New York down through the eastern part of Pennsylvania to the city of Philadelphia in a lumbering stage coach.

As I was the only passenger, and very much fatigued with the ride, I preferred the nearest quarters; and getting the driver to assist me in removing my luggage...

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Page 10th, "Unskilful." It should spell, unskilful.

Page 13th, "Deiveded." Should spell, divided.

Page 15th, "A very small pittance is generally gruded teachers." It sounds as if gruded teachers are a very small pittance.

On such occasions as Teachers' Institutes, there should be appointed, as Reporters, those who are familiar with the principles of Grammar, Orthography and Punctuation, or else blunders will, necessarily, occur.

SIGMA.

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The dog at once advanced to the girl. "I think mother wants it," laughed Hattie.

The dog immediately went to Mrs. Mansfield, who was busy drying some dishes and placing them upon an old-fashioned cupboard.

"Poor Bruno!" said his mistress with a smile; "they are only trying you; but if you will go over to the fire place, and take a seat till I am done, I will relieve you of your charge."

No human being could have shown more ready comprehension of everything spoken in an ordinary tone than did that sagacious brute; and as he walked over with a stately step, and seated himself as directed, with the extinguisher in his mouth, I uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise.

"I suppose you think this a very pleasant trick which he has been taught!" observed the farmer, turning to me with a triumphant smile, but I assure you, upon my honor, I never asked him to do the same thing before."

Of course I was all amazement. What, save the power of speech, was the dividing line between this brute and the human species?

After trying him several times more, in different ways, and thus proving him to have a knowledge of all that was said to him, Mr. Mansfield proceeded to relate the following exciting and interesting incident.

"Six years ago last summer," began the worthy farmer, "on a dull drizzly afternoon, I drove down to the village to get my horse shod, and being detained till near dark, Hattie was sent by her mother to fetch the cows from a distant pasture."

The family of Mr. Mansfield—for such was the name of the worthy farmer—consisted of himself, wife, pretty daughter of fourteen, and a large English mastiff. I have included the dog, because his wonderful sagacity entitled him to a rank much higher than an ordinary beast.

Before I knew anything of the remarkable qualities of this animal, I was peculiarly attracted to him by a certain air of stately dignity combined with gentleness, and the almost human look of intelligence that beamed from his eyes.

"That is a very fine dog you have Mr. Mansfield," I casually remarked, as I drew back from the table and saw the animal's eyes fixed so gently and comprehensively upon me.

"His weight in diamonds could not purchase him sir!" replied the farmer, with enthusiasm.

"No, sir; he is one of us—one of our family I may say—and I would just as soon think of disposing of my wife, or my daughter Hattie there, as of selling him."

"There must be a very strong attachment between you then, certainly," I rejoined.

"Indeed there is a bond of union that nothing but death can sever. A most extraordinary animal, sir, is Bruno; and to him I am under God indebted for the life of my darling child; only for him, sir, this would long since been a house of mourning."

"You excite my curiosity; will you not favor me with the story?"

"Presently I will, sir. But first let me show you how much Bruno knows and understands. Where did you place the candlestick last night when you went to bed, Hattie?"

finding her, gave her up for lost; and completely worn out and heart broken, I threw myself down wishing death to relieve me of my misery.

It was on this evening that a younger brother, who had been away a couple of weeks on a journey up the country returned with Bruno, who had been his sole traveling companion.

The sight of the dog, whose sagacity had long been the wonder of all who knew him, excited a faint hope in my breast that he might yet find his young mistress, either living or dead; and with this idea uppermost in my mind, half insane, as I was, talked to him of the sad affair, just as if he were blessed with the understanding of a human being.

Never shall I forget the sorrowful but singularly comprehensive expression of his brown eyes as he kept them fixed upon mine all the while I was speaking to him; and when I had done, he turned away with a mournful whine, and suddenly disappeared.

Early next morning my brother shouldered his rifle, and announced his intention of trying his fortune in a fresh search for the poor child; but all the men had gone home, and I was too much broken down with grief to accompany him; and so calling the dog, and not finding him; he set off alone.

"It was somewhere about the middle of the day that I was sitting by the bed of my nearly distracted wife, trying to soothe and console her as best I could, when suddenly Bruno, whom I had entirely forgotten meantime, came bounding into the room, looking soiled and fatigued, as if from a long journey, and at once began to bark and whine in a strange, peculiar manner, running to and fro between me and the door.

"I do believe the dog has found the child!" exclaimed I, starting to my feet with a new hope.

"God grant it!" cried my wife, wringing her hands.

"Try and be calm, at least until I return," said I, feeling a new life in all my veins.

I hurried out, the dog preceding me and barking joyously. He then struck off in a direction different from any we had taken in our search for the girl, barking excitedly, looking back at every few steps and thus seeming to urge me to follow him.

This I did, as fast as the nature of the ground would permit, running the most of the way. Into and through a deep, dense wood, down along a gloomy hollow, and up the steep sides of a wild, rocky mountain, the faithful dog led me to a distance of three miles, keeping just so far in advance, and always timing his gait to mine.

"At length we reached a spot more wild, rocky and gloomy than any I have yet seen; and climbing to the top of a sort of cliff, Bruno gave vent to a series of strange sounds, something between a bark, a howl and a wail, alternately looking back at me and down at some object evidently far below him.

Pressing forward, with emotions that I have no language to describe, but which seemed to still the very beatings of my heart and rendered me sick and faint, I gained a footing beside my dog; and looking down into a sort of pit or basin, surrounded on all sides by precipitous rocks—a strange formation of nature indeed—I beheld my poor child, stretched out on the earth motionless, and as I then believed, dead.

My brain reeled at the sight, and it is a wonder I did not fall.—Perhaps I did; for how I got down to her I never knew; but my next remembrance is of sitting on the earth, clasping the poor, bruised, starved creature in my arms, and thanking God with all my heart that I held a living, breathing child.

"I took off my coat, tore it into strips, lashed the child to my back, clambered up the rocks, and thus conveyed her home, fainting with fatigue and emotion just inside the doorway.

"That she eventually recovered, you have an evidence in her to-night.

"In searching for the missing cows, she had wandered off, she knew not whither, and had fallen over the rocks during the night, injuring herself so severely as to be unable to escape from the pit, where she had remained for five mortal days without a morsel of food. Only for this noble animal, her bones might have been bleaching there to this day, and myself and wife been crushed with the calamity that would have left us childless.

The next morning, when the stage came along in good repair, and I took leave of the worthy farmer and his family, I held out my hand to the noble dog, who placed a paw in it, with dignified gravity, and gave me a parting look of intelligence that haunted me to this day, and which, were I an artist, I should have long since drawn up canvases. Had that animal a mind and soul? Sometimes, when I compare him with the human brutes I meet with almost daily, I am tempted to believe he had both, and that the latter have neither.

New York Ledger.

DESCRIPTION OF A CHINESE BATTLE.—A Chinese battle is as good as a farce. Some of the little fights at Shanghai were very amusing. One day when a great many soldiers were out, I saw more of the combat than was pleasant. Having got into a line of fire, I was forced to take shelter behind a grave, the bullets striking the grave from each side every second.

Why, they came my way it was difficult to discover, for they ought to have passed on the other side of the creek, about twenty yards distant, to the people they were intended for; but to see the dodging of the soldiers, then of the rebels, each trying to invade the other, was almost amusing.

One fellow, ready primed and loaded, would rush up the side of the grave hillock drop his match lock over the top, without taking aim, blaze away. There is no ramrod required for the shot they use; the bullet or bar of iron is merely dropped in loose upon the powder. There was a fine scene on an occasion when the Shanghai rebels made a sortie one of the men was cut off by an Imperial skirmish, who had his piece loaded. The rebel had no time to charge on him, as he ran around and around a grave, which was high enough to keep his enemy from shooting him when on the opposite side.

Hare hunting is nothing to it. Red cap described hosts of circles, and the royalists was fast getting down, when the gods took pity on his wild, for, by some unlucky chance, the rebel tripped and fell. The soldier was at him in a moment, and to make sure of his prize, put the muzzle of the matchlock to Red cap's head, fired, and took to his heels as fast as he could go.

It was difficult to say who was the most astounded, when Mr. Red cap did precisely the same. The bullet that dropped down readily on the powder fell out as easily when the barrel was depressed. The rebel got off with a good singing of his long hair. There were frequently, however, some very ugly wounds; and where surgery is at such a discount, the poor wounded must suffer most severely. The Chinese rarely, if ever amputate. They use strong drawing plaster to extract the ball.

The missionary hospitals at Canton and Shanghai, under the able charge of their indefatigable managers, Drs. Hobson and Lockhart, as also that under the good care of Dr. Parker, late Plenipotentiary for the United States to China, did great good. Indeed it is impossible to tell what grand results may follow the labors of these gentlemen.

The hospitals are often crowded with wounded soldiers chiefly being benefitted by their skill. There were frequently fights close to Dr. Lockhart's hospital, and men of both parties had been carried thither. Dr. Hobson received upwards of 1,000 Canton soldiers, and his reputation is far spread. Even the mandarins have deigned to notice his aid. True to their usual policy towards foreigners, they give the barbarian no credit; but his services were so great that they could not be passed over, so they selected a Chinese lad, who was a sort of medical pupil and paid assistant at the hospital, and dubbed him a mandarin of the sixth rank. A grant of land for a hospital would have done much more good.

Twelve Years in China.

GOODNESS.—The wind is unsexed, but it cools the brow of the fevered one—sweetens the summer's atmosphere—and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and, from its effects upon surrounding things, we are sure of its existence.

"BILLY, my boy," said a short-sighted and rather intemperate father to his son, a bright eyed little fellow of about five summers, "did you take my glasses?"

"No, father, but mother guesses as how you took 'em fore you come home."

A CLERGYMAN had just united in marriage a couple whose christian names were Benjamin and Ann. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend. "They appeared both Animated and Benefitted," was the ready reply.

WHISPERING JOHN. In what is known as the "upper end" of the county, there is a man who has the ironical soubriquet of "Whispering John R." This title he has gained from the fact that he always talks (even in conversation) as if he were a major general on parade, or, to use a more common expression, "like he was raised in a mill."

This gentleman mounted his horse one of the coldest mornings last week before daylight, for the purpose of riding down to M—, in time to take the morning train of cars to N—. He rode up to the hotel just as the boarders and travelers had done their breakfast.

He dismounted, and walking into the bar-room, spoke to the landlord in his usual thundering tone: "Good morning, Mr. L—, how do you do this morning?" "Very well, Mr. R—, how do you do?"

"Oh! I am well, but I'm so cold I can hardly talk."

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Just then, a nervous traveler who was present, ran up to the landlord, and catching him by the coat said: "Mr. L—, have my horse brought as soon as possible!"

"What is the matter, my dear sir! has anything happened?"

"Nothing upon earth, only I want to get away from here before that man thaws."

SOME OF THE INSTITUTIONS OF A PRINTING OFFICE.—The "Devil" is an institution by and of himself. He inks the type, or turns the crank, or "lays on the sheets." (Other people sometimes do the latter.) If it were not for him the paper would not "come out." He sweeps out the office. He builds the fire—an appropriate work for a fiend—and swears because some one has "hooked the kindlings." He does the "chores at the house." He "quits the baby." Yet his most important duty is to keep watch on the street corner so as to inform the editor when the sheriff is after him!

With all this, the "Devil" shoulders all the bad or smutty jokes of the editor.—When the mighty man of the pen is ashamed of an expression, and still desires to utter it, he says, "our Devil says thus and so," and the poor devil has to stand it!

Nevertheless, the "Devil" is an important personage in society. He attends lectures. He frequents concerts, shows, and the opera; but—I say it more in sorrow than in anger—he seldom attends church! He presents himself at the ticket office of the "show," with his "linin" reversed by way of a change, (for he seldom possesses more than a single shirt,) as a "member of the Press," and so presses his claims that he is admitted without the accustomed quarter. But our young friend is not alone. He is too much of a gallant for that. His "woman" is with him, and he and his "woman" pass in and enjoy the entertainment, which, whatever it may be, is taken down in doses alternated with peanuts and tobacco. For the "Devil" chews as well as smokes and spits profusely upon carpets when he gets within reach of them.

I never heard of a Priest's Devil who had "risen in life," but I do the class the justice to say that, to my knowledge, none of them have fallen very low. Some of these "Devils" have descended to be mayors of cities. Some of them have even let themselves down into Congress. But I never knew one to degrade himself so low as to become a President of the United States.

So much for the "Devil." I know the "animal." I've been there myself. "Bally for him!"—Artemus Ward.

TO DIE for truth is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the ancient statue of Venus, will pass down in many fragments to posterity; but posterity will collect and recombine them into a goddess.

Why is a man that marries twice like the captain of a ship? Because he has a second mate.

YOUR grape vines, if not trimmed already, should be attended to immediately.

As THE crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool. SPEAK well of your friend; of your enemy say nothing. The Flag which was hoisted on the dome of the State Capitol, at Harrisburg, is thirty six feet in length and twenty feet in width. Men who endeavor to look fiercely by cultivating profuse whiskers, must be hair-em bears em fellows.