



LEVI L. TATE, Editor.

"TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVE IT O'ER THE DARKENED EARTH."

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Select Poetry.

Poem by the Late Col. E. D. Baker.

In my comments upon the lamented Col. Baker, I stated that, in addition to his many other intellectual gifts, he was a fine poet.

TO A WAVE. Doubt thou seek a star, with thy swelling crest, Oh! wave that heave thy mother's breast!

Select Story.

HUSBANDS VS. WIVES: OR, THE GREAT PRINCIPLE.

One of my peculiarities is a strong tendency to differ in opinion from other people upon almost every possible subject.

I had withdrawn, of course. I am a bachelor myself. Certain lectures are not in my way.

And yet metaphysicians and phrenologists ought to know, that it is no affair of his. If a schoolboy have the organ of destructiveness, you may whip him for killing flies, but you must not wonder at him.

called back by an anonymous note, at nine the same evening.

"I am thunderstruck!" exclaimed Fred to me. "The world is at an end. The sun is out. What! Kate—my dear Kate!"

"Come with us," I said. "Perhaps it may be a mistake."

"What are you thinking of Fred?" said I. "Caroline," he answered.

"I never knew—I always thought—I was observing only yesterday that—surely you have made some mistake—see what is that written in the paper?"

"That a man loves only once. I have loved twenty, fifty, nay a hundred times. I always love some one. Sometimes two at a time—sometimes twenty."

"Hark ye," said Fred, "I seldom cease to love. Adding another angel to the list does not infer the striking out of any of the others. There is no limit. A man of soul loves just as he happens to be placed in relation to women. I am warmed by them, as when I stand in the sunshine. Because I have a garden here where the beams of the god of day fall on my shoulders with a pleasing ardor—must I not feel the warmth when I stand in your garden yonder? It is a great principle—should the object of my early love die, must I be ever thereafter dead to the most exquisite of human passions? Death is only absence. I know twelve pretty women. They are better than men. Nature made them so. They are all different—all excellent—all divine. Can I be dead? Shall I deny that their voices are sweet—their hearts tender—their minds clear and intelligent? No. I love them all—Julia, Mary, Fanny, Helen, Henrietta, Eliza. I never think of them without sensations of delight.

"The door was thrown open, and the two officers, with their chapeaux off, were heard giggling and laughing in a most unilitary manner.

"Fellow Citizens!" said a stump-orator, "we have the best country in the world, and the best government. What people on the face of the globe enjoy more privileges than we do? Here we have liberty to speak and liberty of the press, without onerous despotism. What fellow citizens, is more desirable than this. Do you want anything more, my countrymen?"

"The man who was lost in slumber is said to have found his way out again on a night-mare."

"A whole jury," said I. "It is monstrous," said she. "Monstrous indeed," echoed I.

A public speaker, like a hunting dog, should give careful attention to his points. Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it.

Choice Miscellany.

The Charge of Murat at Eylau.

It is at Eylau that Murat always appears in his most terrible aspect. This battle was fought in mid winter, in 1807, was the most important and bloody one that had then occurred. France and Russia had never before opposed such strength to each other, and a complete victory on either side would have settled the fate of Europe.

"I am suffocating," said Fred. "Hush!" I exclaimed, "see there is another. How familiar he seats himself by her side—takes her hand!"

"That I love you I cannot deny. A woman of soul loves just as she happens to be placed in relation to men. She is warmed by their noble characters, as she is when she stands in the sunshine. It is the great principle."

Nothing could be more imposing than the battle field at this moment. Bonaparte and the empire trembled in the balance, while Murat prepared to lead down his cavalry to save them. Seventy squadrons making in all 14,000 well-mounted men, began to move over the slope, with the Old Guard marching sternly on behind.

"I am not to be preached to, traitress," said Fred. "I leave you now, forever; but not till I take vengeance on my new military acquaintances. Where are they?"

"The earth groaned and trembled as they passed, and the sabres, above the dark and angry mass below, looked like the foam of a sea wave as it crests on the deep. The rattling of their armor, and the muffled thunder of their tread, drowned all the roar of battle, as with the firm step, and swift, steady motion they bore down with terrible force on the foe."

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A MAN KILLED BY A SHARK.

On Sunday last three seamen belonging to the American ship T. W. Sears were bathing alongside the vessel, when one of them was seized by a shark. The monster first seized him by the shoulder, but the force with which he rushed on his victim caused him to loose his hold, driving the unfortunate man several feet out of the water.

Several times before it appeared. Thinking the animal had received his death wound, the boat returned to the ship, but scarcely had she arrived alongside, when the shark reappeared as before. A harpoon was now taken into the boat, and the shark allowed himself to be approached sufficiently near to be struck, when he again disappeared. Line was now paid out, and the boat was towed some distance till, assistance arriving the monster was killed by repeated stabs of the lance.

Most of the contents of his maw were disgorged while being hauled on board, and on being opened some fragments which were unrecognizable, an eight pound tin of preserved meat, were all that was found. The shark was of the species known as the ground shark, and about ten feet in length. The girth of the body was immense, and is stated to have been eight or nine feet.— Straits Times Singapore, August 24.

TEN MEN STARVE TO DEATH IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

The whaler Alert has arrived at Peterhead from Cumberland Straits, where she was frozen in the whole of last winter, the crew having suffered great privations, and one-half died from cold and scurvy. The Alert left Peterhead last Summer, not intending to winter in the North—but, after several unsuccessful attempts to get out of the Gulf, was obliged to but back and bear up for Kitterton Island. Here the sufferings of the crew during a long Arctic winter were such as cannot be described. Unexpectedly detained in that dark and desolate region and unprovided with the comforts necessary for subsistence in the intense frost which prevailed, one after another of the crew succumbed to the combined effects of cold and scurvy, until the half of the crew (ten) were dead, leaving only the other ten, much enfeebled by disease. The horror of such a winter may be conceived, as well as the emotions with which the survivors would hail the appearance of this year's ship. Quite unable to bring the vessel home themselves, the Captains of Alibi and Arctic, of Aberdeen, generously sent two boats crew on board the Alert to assist the remainder of her crew, and arrived, as we have stated.—Dundee Advertiser.

Sententious and Sentimental.

Custom in infancy becomes a habit in old age. A man's name passes around most freely when it has a handle to it. Take the world easy, but be careful lest by the world you are easily taken. We may judge of a man's character by what he loves—what pleases him. Small faults, indulged, are thieves to let in greater. Queer kind of love—a neuralgic affection. Moving for a new trial—courting a second wife. State's evidence—a wretch who is pardoned for being meaner than his comrades. Friend—a person who will assist you because he knows your love will excuse him. If you do good, forget it; if evil, remember and repent of it. Love is a compound of honey and gall, mixed in various proportions for customers. Fashionable people are apt to starve their happiness, in order to feed their vanity. Why is the letter G like the sun? Because it is the source of light.

Some people are so obtuse that one would hardly think they could have an acute disease. Those who heed not God's writ are often forced to heed the sheriff's.