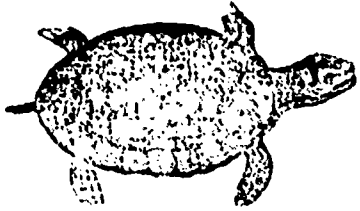


THE FROZEN STAR.

A snow flake left its lofty home,
In fleecy clouds afar,
And gently dropped upon the ground,
A perfect little star.

Its tiny points grew thin at first,
Then melted quite away,
And soon a sullied, shapeless thing,
The hapless snow flake lay.

The soul is like that starry flake,
A thing of heavenly birth,
Its holy beauties fade away,
Beneath the touch of earth.



THE TURTLE.

The muscular power of the turtle is so very great that, when wounded, he is a first-rate tug. A rather curious proof of this was received in the year 1693, by a slave, who was fishing alone in his little canoe off the island of Martinique. The men fell in with an immense turtle lying fast asleep on the surface of the water, and conceiving that he had stumbled upon a prize, he drew near cautiously, and passed the boat's painter, with a running knot, round one of the creature's flippers. The sleeper awoke, and seeing something near him that was not an honest-looking turtle like himself, he took to flight, drawing canoe and man in his wake, without seeming to feel that he had any burden at all. The slave was nothing daunted by a proceeding which he of course had expected, and he sat very quietly in the stern of his skiff, steering with his paddle, and hoping every now and then that the turtle was getting tired, or was near drowning. But the courser, whose services he had thus treacherously impressed, was restive, and in one of his vagaries the canoe was capsized. This was too common an accident to be thought anything of; and after some trouble, he righted his boat, and took his seat in her as before but with the loss of paddle, knife, fishing-lines—everything, in short, it had contained. Having now no paddle to steer her with he was at the mercy of circumstances, and the capsize occurred again; and again, the turtle always taking advantage of his fare being engaged in turning up the canoe to rest himself on the surface of the water, and get into wind for a new career. On they skimmed along the liquid plain, till the sudden night of the tropics came down upon that desert sea, and the slave found himself whirling in the dark at the tail of what must now have seemed a marine demon. The sun rose again upon his fate, and seemed to lend fresh vigor to his ravisher. Fain would he have dispensed with the services he had of his own will enlisted; but without paddle or knife, he felt himself even too happy in being allowed to cling to the boat at all. On, therefore, they hurried, on a journey which seemed to have no end, and which was diversified only by the occasional capsize of the canoe, and the simultaneous lull and refreshment of the turtle. Incredible as it may appear, the second night arrived, and was passed in the same manner; and it was not till the next morning that the animal exhibited symptoms of weariness and stupefaction and allowed himself to be stranded on a shoal. The slave by this time was half dead with hunger, thirst, and fatigue, but yet he had energy enough left to kill his enemy, and feast on his spoils.

GREAT CURIOSITY.

The Boston Post states that a Bosjeman, or Bushman, from South Africa, the first specimen of the race ever brought to this country, is now in that city, and will shortly be exhibited to the public. This race of men, certainly one of the most curious in their physical organization and habits, on the face of the globe, inhabit a district or country lying some 1500 miles northeast of Cape Town. The region of country which they inhabit is mountainous and difficult to approach. The Bushmen have manifested the strongest dislike to an intercourse with other people. They are exceedingly shy, and always fly at the approach of a white man. They have no law, no chiefs, no language, except a kind of guttural utterance, very disagreeable to the ear. Their food consists of reptiles, lizards, ants, &c. In stature they seldom exceed four feet four inches in height. They live in the bush, having no shelter of any kind and dress in skins of the rudest description.

The Boston Post, in speaking of the Bushman now in Boston, says;

“He has been taught to speak a little English, and we understand that arrangements are now being made to exhibit in this city, a part of the funds arising therefrom to be appropriated to the education of this specimen of nature's production—this evidently connecting link between the animal and rational works of the great Creator. When we take into view that he is a fair sample of a race of men inhabiting our globe and not a dwarf of that race, he is truly a great curiosity. He is about 18 years old, 3 feet 11 inches in height, and of the medium stature of his tribe. Great animal propensities are developed in the formation of his head: low forehead, high cheek bones, small black eyes, flat nose, small ears color light chocolate—hair black and curly, but growing entirely differently from the negro, sticking out from the head in little bunches, leaving other parts of the head entirely bare; his limbs are perfect in their shape, and well proportioned in every respect.”

PRESERVING THE DEAD.—Mr. Schofield, it is said, has patented a chemical process for embalming, which will preserve the human body fresh and unaltered, for an unlimited period; and by which it is hoped that the mandate of Omnipotence, “dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return,” may be indefinitely postponed, or defeated altogether.

The preservation of the human remains may seem desirable in particular cases, but to make it general or universal, would be to defeat the order of nature. Constant production requires constant decay. The bodies of men and animals, by decomposition, furnish the material for other bodies. The same matter enters into the composition of thousands of successive generations. We may even suppose that in a densely peopled country, such a suspension of the natural laws, would not only fill the land with corpses, but would soon exhaust the stores of nature for the composition of human bodies.

It matters little what becomes of our bodies, when their animating principle has left them. The sooner they are resolved back to the pure elements the better; and it is by no means certain that the practice of burning is not, all things considered, the one to be preferred. The ashes might then be preserved in an urn, or vase, as the most beautiful of memorials, and we might be rid of ostentatious grave-yards in large cities, which it is well known are opposed to all sanitary considerations.

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BEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

Of beasts of prey, the principal are the jaguar or spotted leopard, the puma or American lion, and bears—black, brown and grisly. These three specimens of the bruin family differ greatly in their habits and degrees of ferocity. The black and brown bears are peaceable, well behaved animals, whose principal occupation seems to consist in furnishing amusement for the hunters by their comical antics. At night they came round the fires; “but you need not trouble yourself about a dozen of them, as in most instances, they will let you alone, and keep a respectable distance, sitting on their haunches, scratching themselves with their fore-paws, wondering what brought you here, and taking a look round to ascertain whether you have any spare meat left for their supper.”

The grisly bear is of a far more formidable character. Swift on foot, very powerful, and of enormous size, he jumps on the back of the largest Buffalo, and kills him with apparent ease. He walks out from a rock or thicket, drives the hunters from their fire, and if they have not left him the materials, of a hearty meal, follows him with much alarming boldness and rapidity. Dr. Coulter relates a running fight he had with one of them, who pursued him and his companion for nearly a mile, and fell early when he had received fifteen rifle-balls in his head and body. They do not always take so much shooting, one ball or two are sometimes sufficient as a quietus; but this fellow was unusually large and tenacious of life. “The hunter said, when he tried his tomahawk in the skull of the brute, as he yet tho' blind with the shot, kept upon his haunches,—‘I'm opinion, grisly bear, your the biggest and hardest critter of your kind to kill I ever shot at.’ The Indians cut off the claws of the beasts, and wear them on a string round their necks as trophies of bravery and prowess.—[Blackwood's Magazine.]

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ALL FOR LOVE.—The strongest case of love and devotion of which we recollect to have heard, says an exchange, is that of a Kentucky gallant, who got in a hollow tree, where he lived a whole week, peering through a knot hole at his true love, as she sat a sewing skins into petticoats at her window.

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