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W. T. COX, Edit

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Poetry

A MARINER Out on the ocean, away from In our swift bounding bark o'e Careering in tempest how pro Oh what so sublime as a life out on the ocean, away on the We race with the dolphin and how tense are the deserted. How tame are the pleasures of To the soul-stirring joys which

Majestic our freedom! unforde We course as we list by a stro So gallantly borne o'er the foat We dread not the Storm-face Pach mast bending freely—an How buoyant we leap o'er the Huzzal how we rush o'er the Far out on the ocean, away fre Away from the land, with its c Its toys and its temples, its thr Its timsel'd delusions, its lusts : And its altars, which gory am! From its turmoils, its vices, its And its passions that gloat on t From its vortex of souls that c

Oh how pure is the ocean! he We once loved to roam on the To cull its gay blossoms and al And still there's a ray in our d That heacons our course to sa We count on the blessings wh When the friends of our hearts. Tis for these hallowed feelings broad on the ocean, away or WILL

NEVER

-OR,-THE CHILDREN OF ATALE OF KE CHAPTER MARTIN HIG

(Continue Tired of inaction, and a ship that was not cordial, thimself by long rambles ang one of these rambles, iag, he sat down beneath to rest. A large grape virunk, and spreading upon es, formed a grateful proheat of the sun. While diamself upon the happy (to this agreeable bower, the alert. Parting the looking back, he saw Maing cautiously upon his trage of the same was the same and the same saw Maing cautiously upon his trage of the same was the s

So I am watched!' sais self.

Martin evinced much i was doing, peering this weagerness that Theodore hibit on any other occas nearer, it was also obvious pale and he was conside dark suspicion whirled the mind. No common pur footsteps of Martin Higs The borderer took off the muzzle of his rile, and the foliage to about the made a slight rustling of feet. The eyen of Martin object with a savage gle stantly a rife ball went and the foliage to the complex of the said of the work of th Theodore threw himself user are an and a heavy grorifle fall heavily at, his sibarrel with a nervous, tre
drops of perspiration stoor
It is done! he excla
Waldron is his murdere!
He drew a long breat!
ward as if to examine the change his purpose, and
agitated. While his step
voice said:
"Lockwood!"
It was the voice of Neved hurriedly, and with soner. Theodore threw hin

Lockwood !' 'Lockwood!'

Safe!' answered the b
'Rifdes and Redskins!

none of us is parfiet; a
ian't by the good will of y
watched you, and I wai
game was fair for him, it
was tempted to draw Sure
resisted, hopin' you had
though the chances looke
'I discovered the villair
catastrophe. If you'will
will see a mark of the ge
Higsby.'

will see a mark of the get Higsby. Yes, I see; a hole just would have been, perviding on. You outwitted him of jealousy. I aint parfic I have my eyes about make such use of em as the first thing he's done the's attempted to do, agin ye a long time. I have observed with just a conveying collapses as

Tanva ouserves with it on a growing coldness a Fort Waldron. I hav that I am an object of sumone, at least—from we have expected something on the sumone, and it is that I am an object of sumone, and it is the sumone of the sum