NAUVOO EXPOSITOR.

THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

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POETRY.

THE LAST MAN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I WOULD not die in battle's van,
The war-steed's shock dismay,
Nor in the mountain pass be slain
By ambuscade.
Nor in the sea be drowned,
Nor yet be caught in fight—the bonds
Of captive man to bear,
Nor in pestilence and famine waste
Away, nor yet in age,
And drop into the dust the staff
Of life, and sink to earth.
But here my country's foe
Shall meet me, and I will not fly,
Nor ask for life,
Nor bribe the king of terrors with
The ransom of a slave.
Here will I stand, and here
Will fall, and here will lie,
Nor will I budge
One inch of earth,
Nor one poor grain
Of sand, that I may say
That I have lived
And died a free man.

Miscellaneous.

ADELINE.

The Two Sisters.

It was on a beautiful evening in the month of June, that a young man sitting his rod and fishing tackle beneath a tree, on the banks of a small river, in a retired recess, a lonely spot, where a small brook emptied itself into the river, and as he disentangled his pearl hook from the line, and put it, together with his rod, in the basket, he

The carriage stopped in the hands of the servant, and, after a short time returned:

"I suppose you reside in L——, sir?"

"Why, not entirely a resident, but rather a frequent visitor, my good man, I suppose," answered the light-hearted traveller, "but why do you ask? and to what attracts me to a lady?"

"And he wrote a note," replied the stranger, with a sigh, "I have been thrown from the carriage, and my body dislocated awhile, and, in return for your kindness in taking me to your house, and during its relation, our horses will run away."

"About a year ago, there came to Eagles an old gentleman and his wife, who was an invalid, and a lovely daughter. They purchased one of the farms in which I resided; I, thereby, became acquainted with them, and, as I was an unmarried man, who invited me to his house; but to his daughter's attractions I paid no attention as her mother, I never could meet her. I thought her cold, and, for the same purpose, let rest as she thought proper. Shortly after, the old lady died lying, with some other neighbors, one night with the corpse, I saw her then in all the loveliness of woman's sorrowful tenderness, and, from that moment, I loved her. I visited her father's grave, and thought that I had never looked on a lovelier spot. From that moment I loved her, and resolved to make her mine, but, not wishing to allow her grief to subside, I called not for three months, and then I told her the state of my feelings regarding her; but she coldly answered me, for my disappointment, firmly rejected my advances. I left her presence suddenly, and I know not were then I went, but, from a wandering mind, with the intention of again protecting her.

"And if, when you have found her, she is engaged to another?"

The stranger's brow darkened, and he replied, with a frown, "I will call him out." "It should not be! This fiend should not have her! This fiend should not live!"

"What would you endure the wrongs you have loved to undergo?"

The stranger's temper cast the fiery spirit rejected within it, and he replied, in tones of the deepest revenge, "I would endure them all!"

"Well, well! I ask no more answers, and will, if you allow me, mention your name to the lady, and inform her where I shall sleep, probably to be the bearer of a note from you to-morrow."

"Sir, I will thank you for your kindness, and, if you please, my name is Morris, Edward Morris, and, if you