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Select Poetry.

THE GIRLS AND THE WIVES.

Somebody has written the following about the girls and not the adult—
God bless the girls,
Who wear the curls,
Blond with evening dresses;
They hunt our lives
Like spirit wives.

Interesting Miscellany.

Letter from a Dying Wife.

The following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband, says the Nashville Gazette, was found by him some months after her decease, between the leaves of a religious volume which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with her tears, was written ten long before her husband was aware that the grasp of the fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XVI.

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NO. 4.

The Sympathizing Woman.

If we were called upon to describe Mrs. Dobbs, we would, without hesitation, call her a sympathizing woman. Nobody was troubled with any malady she hadn't suffered.

"She knows all about it by experience, and could sympathize with them from the bottom of her heart."

Bob Turner was a wag, and when one day he saw Mr. Dobbs coming along the road towards the house, he knew that in the absence of his wife, he should be called upon to entertain her, so he resolved to play a little on the good woman's abundance of sympathy.

"Why, good gracious! Mr. Turner, are you sick?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, as she saw his position.

"O, dreadful," groaned the imaginary invalid.

"What's the matter?"

"O, a great many things. First and foremost, I've got a congestion of the brain."

"That's dreadful," sighed Mrs. Dobbs. "I came very near dying of it, ten years ago next spring. What else?"

"Dropsy," again roared Bob.

"There, I can sympathize with you. I was troubled with it, but finally got well."

"Neuralgia," continued Bob.

"Nobody can tell, Mr. Turner, what I have suffered from neuralgia. It's an awful complaint."

"Then again, I'm very much distressed by inflammation of the bowels."

"If you've got that I pity you," commented Mrs. Dobbs. "For three long years steady, I was afflicted with it, and I don't think I've fully recovered yet."

"Rheumatism," added Bob.

"Yes, that's pretty likely to go along with neuralgia. It did me well."

"Toothache," suggested Bob.

"There have been times, Mr. Turner," said the sympathizing woman, "when I thought I would have gone distracted with the toothache."

"Then," said Bob, who, having temporarily run out of his stock of medical terms, resorted to a scientific name, "I'm very much afraid that I have got the tethyranus!"

"I shouldn't be surprised at all," said the ever-ready Mrs. Dobbs; "I had it when I was young."

"Though it was with great difficulty that he could resist laughing, Bob continued: "I'm suffering from a sprained ankle a good deal."

"Then you can sympathize with me, Mr. Turner, I sprained mine when it was coming along."

"But that isn't the worst of it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, with curiosity.

"I wouldn't tell any one but you, Mrs. Dobbs, but the fact is, here Hob gave an awful groan. "I'm afraid, and the doctor agrees with me, that my reason is affected, that, in short, I'm a little crazy."

Bob took breath, wondering what Mrs. Dobbs would say to that.

"Oh, Mr. Turner, it is possible!" exclaimed the lady. "It's horrible! I know it is. I frequently have spells of being out of my head myself!"

Bob could stand it no longer; he burst into a roar of laughter, which Mrs. Dobbs taking for the precursor of a violent paroxysm of insanity, she was led to take a hurried leave.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.—There is something sublime associated with the most insignificant gift or token that a mother may present her child. The gift may be some almost valueless texture—worthless to him who knows not its history—but the one for whom it was intended sees in it a remembrance of olden times, wanders back to the theatre of little incidents in earlier days, and by the memento is reminded of blissful recollections which even adversity has been unable to erase from his mental tablet. The boy too often forgets the parent who adores him; his ambition leads him away from the fond maternal thoughts that should ever be his brightest imageries. With the mother case is widely dissimilar; her thoughts are ever with the wandering one; her greatest aspirations, in reality her only ones in many cases, are coupled with the name and career of her boy. No child, save that of death, can ever conceal the transparent fount from which a mother's adoration flows on to gladden her child. No mandate but God's—and he never issued an unnatural one—can still the restless affections that nestle around a mother's heart. A gift from a cherished friend brings with it a key that unlocks the heart's feelings; it opens a path that the benefactions of pomp and glitter could never reach; but a mother's gift to her child conveys an import that has a heavenly impress upon it.

The Migration of Birds, &c.

[From the Germantown Telegraph.]
I thought it was a question entirely settled by ornithologists and the general knowledge of observing and intelligent people living in the country, that migrating birds travel by night. When living in the country, and after riding in a still, starlight night, I have heard their music high above me. Wild geese are constantly heard at night in their migrations; and it not infrequently happens that where some few of the tribe have been domesticated; they answer the call and decoy the travelers to land, where, if they are much fatigued and happen to be seen, they become an easy prey to the farmer and his boys and dogs.

Wilson gives an extract from a letter from a Mr. Platt, a respectable farmer in the State of New York, stating that he wounded a wild goose which proved to be a female; she was turned into the yard with the flock of tame geese, and soon became quite familiar with them, and in a little time its wounded wing entirely healed. In the following spring a flock of wild geese passed over the farm, and the leader sounding his well-known bugle note, our goose, not having forgotten ancient habits, spread its wings, mounted the air and joined the flock.

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"The time rolling sadly on brought us at length to the hour appointed for committing our treasure to the ordinary custody of the grave. The friends assembled, the customary services were held, the farewell taken and the little form securely laid beneath the well-served coffin lid and in due form the grave received its trust."

"We looked on and saw the earth thrown in the mound raised above, and the plates of sod neatly adjusted, and then wended our way to our desolate home. Evening came on and wore away. My wife had gone into an adjoining room to give some directions to a servant, and I unfitted by the scene of the day for aught else, had just laid my head on the pillow, when I heard a shriek, and in a moment more, my wife came flying into the room, and springing upon the bed behind me exclaimed:—

"See there! our child! our child!"

"Raising my head, my blood froze within me, and the hair upon my head stood up as I saw the little thing in grave clothes, and open but manifestly sightless eyes, and pale as when we gave it the last kiss, walking slowly toward us! Had I been alone—had not the extreme terror of my wife compelled me to play the man, I should have leaped from the window and bed without casting a look behind."

"But, not daring to leave her in such terror, I arose, and sat down in a chair, and took the little creature between my knees—a cold sweat covered my body—and gazed with feeling unutterable upon the object before me. The eyes were open in a vacant stare. The flesh was colorless, cold and clammy; nor did the child appear to have the power either of speech or hearing, as it made no attempt to answer any of our questions. The terror of our minds was the more intense as we had watched our child thro' its sickness and death, and had been but a few hours before eye witnesses of its interment."

"What was going on, it and asking in my thoughts, 'What can this extraordinary Providence mean? For what can it be sent?' the servant girl, having crept to the door, after a time suggested, 'It looks like Mrs. —'s child."

"Now, our neighbor had a child of the same age as ours, and its constant companion. But what could bring it to our house at that hour and in such a plight? Still the suggestion had operated as a sedative upon our excited feelings, and rendered us more capable of calm reflection. And after a time we discovered the truth, that the grave clothes were night clothes and the corpse a somnambulist! And it became manifest the loss and burial of its play-mate, working upon the child's mind in sleep, was the cause to which we were indebted for this startling and untimely visit."

"Wiping away the perspiration, and taking a few long breaths, I prepared to counter-march the little intruder back to its forsaken bed. Back we went, it keeping at my side though still asleep. I had walked quite a distance across the wet grass. I found the door of its home ajar, just as the fugitive had left it, and its sleeping parents unconscious of its absence. The door creaked as I pushed it open, and awakened the child, who looked wildly around a moment and then popped into bed."

"Now, if it had not been for my wife, as I have said, I should, on the appearance of this apparition, have made a leap of uncommon agility from that window; and after a flight of uncommon velocity for a person of my age and dignity, I should have been ready to take my oath in any court, either in chancery or on a headboard, that I had seen a ghost."

YOUNG MAN, YOU'RE WANTED!—A woman wants you. Don't forget her. Don't wait to be rich. If you do, remember that, marry while you are young, and struggle up together.—Ec.

But mark, young man! The woman does not want you if she has to divide her affections with a cigar, fancy dog, fast horse, or whiskey jug. Neither does she want you simply because you are a "nice young man"—the definition of which, now-a-days, is too apt to be an animal that sports an immense bicorn appendage, lotof jewelry, kid gloves, a fashionably cut coat, a gold-headed cane, a pipe hat on an empty head, drives a fast nag, drinks like a fish, swears like a trooper, and is given to all manner of licentiousness. She wants you for a companion and helpmate—she wants you if you have learned to regulate your appetite and passions—in fact, she wants you if you are made in the image of God, not in the likeness of a beast. If you are strong in good purpose, firm in resistance to evil, pure in thought and action as you require her to be, and without which inward and outward purity neither of you are fitted for husband or wife—if you are virtuous and abhor vice—if you are gentlemanly, forbearing and kind, not loud talking, exacting and brutal; then, young man, that woman wants you; that fair, modest, cheerful, bright-looking, frank-spoken woman—we mean one who fills your ideal of maiden and wife—it is she who wants you! Marry her when you like, whether you are rich or poor—we will trust you both on the conditions named, without further security.

How to Get Rid of Chicken-Lice, and to Keep Hens Free from Them.
EBS. GENESSE FARMER.—Two years ago my chickens were infested with vermin, and my hen-house (which is also my wood and coal-house,) so overrun with the lice that no one could go into it without being covered with them. They were a great pest. To get rid of them I sifted air-slacked lime over the roosts, floor, wood, coal, and everything in the house, but to no purpose.

Just then, I saw the statement of a woman in one of our agricultural periodicals, saying that she did not know that sassaparilla would prevent the lice from having laid their eggs. She did not know that when she had such roosts her chickens were never troubled with vermin.

Upon this hint I acted. I got some sassaparilla poles for roosts, and scattered the bark of sassaparilla roots among the nests. The result was that the lice soon disappeared.

My neighbor S. was in the same predicament with his hens and hen-house three weeks ago—the nest of one setting-hen being so full of lice that she deserted her eggs. I informed him how I had got rid of them, and he immediately procured sassaparilla poles for roosts, and scattered sassaparilla bark about the hen-house and in the nests, with the same result that followed my experiment. His hens are now free from lice.

To try the effect of sassaparilla upon the lice, he dropped some of them upon pieces of the bark; the consequence was, that almost instantly upon touching it they died. He also dropped pieces of the bark among the deserted eggs, which were covered with lice, and noticed that when a piece fell among them, there was an immediate scampering to get away from it. From these experiments, I infer that sassaparilla is fatal to chicken lice.

WASHINGTON CITY. N. SARGENT.

It is just sixteen years since Professor Morse put up the first Electric Telegraph in America. The first piece of news sent over it was the nomination of James K. Polk for President, made at Baltimore, and announced in Washington "two hours in advance of the mail."

A Strange Apparition.

The New York Presbyterian, of a late date, relates this story:—

We were returning from our spring meeting of Presbytery—one gentleman and two young ladies—in a "rockaway," and the road none of the best. Night, cold and damp, overtook us eight or ten miles from home, but only a short distance from Judge Blank's, who after we arrived at his house, narrated the following unique tale. Said the Judge as follows:—

"Years ago we had in our house a sweet little child, about four years of age, and the object, of course, of a very tender affection. But sickness laid its hand upon it. Remedies promptly resorted to, all proved in vain. Day after day the rose faded from the cheek, and the fire in the eyes burned low; and at length death closed her eyes and sealed her lips forever; and we learn by trying experience how intense a darkness follows the quenching of one of those little lights of life."

"The time rolling sadly on brought us at length to the hour appointed for committing our treasure to the ordinary custody of the grave. The friends assembled, the customary services were held, the farewell taken and the little form securely laid beneath the well-served coffin lid and in due form the grave received its trust."

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Integrity of Character.

There are many counterfeits of character, but the genuine article is difficult to be mistaken. Some, knowing its money value, would assume its disguise for the purpose of imposing upon the unwary. Colonel Charteris said to a man distinguished for his honesty, "I would give a thousand pounds for your good name." "Why?" "Because I could make ten thousand by it," was the rogue's reply. Integrity in word and deed is the backbone of character; and loyal adherence to veracity its most prominent characteristic. One of the finest testimonies to the character of the late Sir Robert Peel was that borne by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, a few days after the death of the statesman's death. "Your lordships," he said, "must all feel the high and honorable character of the late Sir Robert Peel. I was long connected with him in public life. We were both in the councils of our Sovereign together, and I had long the honor to enjoy his private friendship. In all the course of my acquaintance with him I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had greater confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw in the whole course of my life the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not firmly believe to be the fact." And this high-minded truthfulness of the statesman was no doubt the secret of no small part of his influence and power. There is a truthfulness in action as well as in words, which is essential to uprightness. A man must really be what he seems or purposes to be. When an American gentleman wrote to Granville Sharp that, from respect for his great virtues, he had named one of his sons after him, Sharp wrote:—"I must request you to teach him a favorite maxim of the family whose name you have given him—Always endeavor to be really what you wish to appear. This maxim, as my father informed me, was carefully and humbly practised by his father whose sincerity, as a plain and honest man, thereby became the principal feature of his character, both in public and private life." Every man who respects himself, and values the respect of others, will carry out the maxim in acting honestly what he professes to do—putting the highest character into his work, scampering nothing, but priding himself upon his integrity and conscientiousness. Once Cromwell said to Bernard—a clever but unscrupulous lawyer—"I understand that you have lately been very vastly vary in your conduct; do not be too confident of this; subtlety may deceive you, integrity never will." Men whose acts are at direct variance with their words, command no respect, and what they say has but little weight; even truths when uttered by them, seem to come blasted from their lips.—Smiles' Self Help

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