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The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.
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DEPARTING.
BY MATTIE MAY.
Fancy talks of white doves floating
Through the azure sky;
While a sufferer, warm and weary,
Watches them sailing by—
Smiling sweetly, rolling upward
To the blue ether high—
Loving arms, softly round him,
And a golden beam,
Nestled close to his bosom,
And a child-like voice said:
"Don't, dear father, ever leave us,
I will do nothing."
Oh! those trusting words of sorrow
To a gleaming path,
Which swung out from the drops of anguish
Like a shower of rain,
From the gleaming eyes that never
Would shed tears again.
For Death's shadow, gently falling
On his knees on high,
Told us he was surely passing
From all earthly life;
And he whispered: "God is calling:
I must go to my Father."
"Withered with age and children—
Darlings, do not weep!
For the last time let me bless you;
May the angels keep
Second watch beside you ever,
While in death I sleep."

CROSSING THE CREEK.

An Adventure in the Freshet.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I went up from New Orleans to collect some heavy demands which our house had against a few of the Arkansas planters. It was early in March when I started; and I took this season for two reasons: First, we were anxious for settlements, as it had been whispered that one of our creditors, at least, was about to sell out and move to California; and, secondly, I wished, if possible, to avoid the spring freshets, which would be sure to come in a few weeks at the furthest. At Napoleon I had the good fortune to find one of our creditors, with whom I made an easy settlement. I then went to the Arkansas River, to Belleville, where I found another. From here I was obliged to go across the country towards Manchester. My intention had been to follow the river as far as Little Rock, and then strike down from there upon the Archipelago and Washington highway; but the meeting with the man at Napoleon had rendered it unnecessary for me to go to Little Rock; so I decided to take the shorter route, trusting that I should make my way without much trouble. I purchased a good, stout horse, and set out from Belleville, taking nearly a western course. The road was bad enough, being wholly unimproved, but I found no great trouble on the first day. On the second day the weather was very warm, and towards the middle of the afternoon it began to rain; it did not rain hard, however, and I kept on, reaching a hamlet of some half-dozen dwelling-houses before dark, where I found accommodations for the night. Between that time and morning it rained considerably, so I could hear the heavy drops patter upon the thatches above me. These did not rise clear, but as the day broke it had ceased raining, and I determined to set forth on my journey. When I told my host which way I was bound, he shook his head, and told me that I might find trouble before I got through. I replied that I should go on until I did find it; all of which he said, I had a perfect right to do. At noon I reached a hut, where a rough specimen of humanity, named Blinks, kept a store, a post-office, and a tavern. I saw no other dwellings, but supposed there must be some not far off. Here I got dinner, and had my horse fed. It had been livery all the forenoon, with some slight attempts at rain, but not enough to wet me. As I called for my horse, after dinner, Blinks asked me how far I was going. I answered him by asking another question. I asked if he knew how far it was to Col. Mortier's. "Yes," he replied, "Mortier lives just beyond Big Indian Creek. You ain't a son't that, yer?" "I told him I was." "Taint safe, stranger," he added. "The colonel's place is a good twenty mile away right over the lowest of bottom land." "But why isn't it safe?" "Why, he repeated, seeming to wonder at my question. "I'll tell you why, stranger. It's been a rain; and it's been warm; and I'm rather old in the mind that the snow's been a meltin' on the mountains, and the bluffs. You see we don't catch it here right off; but when it does come it comes with a rush. If you don't find water enough afore ye get to Colonel Mortier's, then my name aint Tom Blinks, that's all." There was some reason in what the fellow said, but still I did not apprehend the danger which he pictured; and I resolved to keep on. He told me that I would find but one more house before I came to the river. "And," he added, "I'll be a lone-some road afore ye leave that. The water's nigh enough, if ye can't only keep it above water; but the trees are big and plenty on the low bottom, and I'm afeared ye'll find it dark enough afore ye come to the creek. Llovsomer, once over the Big Indian, and ye'll be safe enough; for the Colonel's house is on a bluff, an' out o' the way o' danger." I thanked the man for his information, and then set forth. In an hour I came to a place which had been mentioned, where I found an old woman alone at home, the men having gone off with their guns. I got a drink of water for myself and horse, and pushed on. Half an hour afterwards the rain began to fall in good earnest; and by and by I came to a small stream which, from the appearance of the banks, and the color of the water,

I knew must be considerably swollen. However, I forced it without difficulty, and kept on. The land was now lower, and the trees, as Blinks had said, grew thick and large. It was a low, dismal forest, and the great rain-drops came down with a pattering anything but comfortable or musical. Still, the path was plain, and I urged my horse forward. I had noticed that the wind and rain had come sweeping down from the northward and westward, and I wondered what might be the result if the snows had broken loose away off among the peaks of the Masses. But, never mind—if I was lucky, two hours would bring me out upon the bluff beyond the Big Indian, and I should then be safe enough. In half an hour more I came to another stream, which I found much swollen; but my horse forded it without difficulty. The rain now fell in torrents, and the water lay in great pools along the hoof-beaten track; and in a little while I found several small streams washing across my way which had no partition bar. They must, I knew, be streams of very recent formation; but I did not then see their full significance. On I went, the water increasing in my path, and the new-made streams occurring more frequently. I began to wish that I had listened to Blinks; for it was very dark and dismal in the woods, and the storm was on the increase. But the Colonel's place could not be over an hour away, at the outside; and, perhaps, not over half an hour, for I could well judge how fast I had travelled. Ere long the sound of rushing water broke upon my ear, and soon I came to a point where a broad sheet was washing across the road; but I could tell by the trunks of the trees that it was not deep, and I waded my horse through it. Shortly after this I met two men on horse-back, and learned that they belonged at the hut where I had last stopped. I asked them how far it was to Col. Mortier's. "It's only a couple of miles away; but ye aint a son't 'ar to-night, stranger," replied one of them. "Yes, I told him. 'If it's only two miles off I'll soon reach it.' 'It can't be did, I tell ye. The creek's rize, an' the logs an' trees are sweepin' down awful. The biggest hoss that was ever made couldn't cross that creek now. Turn-back with us.' But I was not to be turned back so easily; and I told them that I would push on and run the risk. 'Ye can't stop to argue,' returned the one who had spoken before, 'for that's a heap o' danger afore us; but mind what I tell ye!' And with this he rode on to overtake his companion, who had been jogging along, and who, a few moments I hesitated; but I was too near the end of my journey. Only two miles. No, no—I would not turn back yet. I would go as far as the creek, and see for myself. If it could not be crossed, I could return then, and make the best of my way back. So on I went, and ere long the sound of rushing water struck my ear. In a little while I came to the margin of a turbid stream, which came sweeping down from the top of the deep forest. I wondered if my horse could breast the current. It was not wide—not so formidable as I had expected to find it from what I had heard of the creek. While I was reflecting upon the matter I cast my eyes up and saw, at no great distance above me, a place where several large trees and logs had become jammed in a narrow part of the channel, forming a complete bridge across the stream. If I could reach that point, I could walk across, and guide my horse by the rein while he swam. As I moved along toward it I glanced over my left shoulder and saw, in a distance made dim by the driving storm, a high bluff, with buildings upon it. It could not have been over a mile away, and was, of course, the habitation of the man whom I sought. I took courage, and pushed on. When I reached the jam I at once dismounted, and having slipped the rein from my horse's neck, I grasped it firmly in my hand, and stepped to upon the logs. At first the horse refused to follow, but finally he plunged in, and, as he was under the wake of the jam, he swam without much difficulty. The rushing water bore heavily upon the frail bridge, and swayed it to and fro with fearful power, while the white foam dashed over it the whole length. I had reached the middle, trying every step before I made it, when I thought I felt the fabric giving way beneath me. Another step, and the surging and creaking of the logs told me that they were going. On the next moment the pair behind me went with a crash. A huge log struck my horse in the breast, and swept him away. I could only look out for myself. With a bounding step I leaped forth, reaching the shore just as the last log of the jam went tearing away. I looked for my horse, but I could not distinguish him amid the mass that bore him down. The poor beast was gone, and I was left alone to battle my way. I murmured a regret at the loss—it may have been a prayer for the noble animal— and then I turned my face to the westward. In a few moments I saw the bluff again, through a vista in the trees, and the outlines of the house were marked against the murky sky; but it was not so plain as before. It was not so light as it had been. Night was coming on apace. I said, when I escaped from the logs, that I reached the shore. Ah, but it was a treacherous sunken shoal. The water was almost knee-deep among the great trees, and moving down with much force; so that every step had to be taken with the utmost caution; and at times I was forced to catch at the drooping boughs to steady myself

against the rush of water. But there was high and dry land ahead, for I had seen it. I heard a loud roar, which seemed to increase in volume as I advanced, but at first I did not pay much attention to it, as I thought that the stream behind me was rising. At length, however, a terrible roar began to break upon me. The roar not only increased in volume of tone, but I was assured that it came from the direction in which I was going! A little while longer, and I saw it all. A large stream was before me! I reached its margin and found it to be a deep, dark river, plunging its mad flood along, bearing frogs, and logs, and snags upon its foaming bosom! How sadly had I been mistaken! This was the Big Indian Creek, and the other was only a course which had been made by the freshet! The night was now close upon me, and in a little while it would be dark. I could see the bluff upon the opposite side, and the dwelling of my friend looming up against the fading sky. The water was growing deeper, and I had to struggle hard to move against its tide. What miracle was to save me? By and by I came to a point where a huge tree, close upon the bank of the creek, bent its great branches far over the stream, while upon the opposite side grew another tree, the meeting branches of both forming an arch, below which rolled the dark waters. When I saw this, I saw my only hope. I reached the tree upon my side, and finally succeeded in climbing it. I went up as high as I thought necessary, and then worked my way out upon one of the longest limbs. I went out as far as I could, but the prospect was a dubious one. As the branch bent beneath my weight, I found that the connection of the arch was broken. The branches of the tree upon the opposite bank were not far off, but I could not reach them with my hand. The thought of leaping over the tide, gave my heart such a throb, that for a few moments, I was almost powerless. And yet, I must, if I would be saved. And, moreover, there was no time to lose. The gloom was fast gathering upon objects above me, and shutting them from my vision. It was two-thirds of the way up the tree, and as near as I could judge, some sixty feet above the water. I could make the leap, and I might catch some branch of the opposite tree. I placed my feet carefully, and made sure of my hold upon one of the boughs above me. Then I waited a moment to get breath, and to utter a prayer. Then, with all the nerve I could summon to it, I sprang from the limb, and fell into a branch of the other tree. I grasped it with the energy of a dying man—and my hold was good. But my weight bent it down—bent it down, down—until I hung suspended so near to the boiling, hissing fluid, that one huge log grazed my feet as it went sweeping down. In the startling agony of the moment, I cried aloud to God to save me!

With my death-grip upon that limb I grew calm again. It did not break—it only bent. I summoned my strength back to me, and puffed myself up with my own might. Higher—higher—until I could use my feet. I gained the body of the tree; and then, when I had again taken breath, I lowered myself to the ground. A few steps brought me to land which the water did not reach; and in a little while longer I had dragged my way up upon the bluff to the door of the dwelling I remember that the servants picked me up; and that Col. Mortier came and called me by name. In the morning I had so recovered that I was able to walk and dress; and when I told to my host the story of my adventure, he could hardly credit it. When I looked in the mirror I saw the reflection of a pale, haggard face, looking a score of years older than the face with which I had set out from Belleville. When I gazed out upon the way by which I had come the night before, I saw a wild rushing stream, tearing up great trees in its mad frenzy, while beyond lay a forest seeming to grow up from the bosom of a break sea. The waters covered the bottom, and as with a deluge, and the work of destruction was fairly commenced. I saw it all; and as I shuddered again at the sight, I firmly resolved that I would never undertake another journey across the bottom lands of Arkansas, anywhere near the season of the spring freshets.

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

Many people take newspapers, but few preserve them. The most interesting and valuable, is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its genius, and its spirit, more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take a paper, dated a half a century ago, without the thought that almost every name there printed, is now cut upon a tombstone, at the head of an epitaph? The doctor, (quack or regular), that there advertised his medicines, and their cures, has followed the subtle train of his patients—the merchant, his ships—could get no security on his life; and the actor, who could make others laugh or weep, can now only furnish a skull for his successor in Hamlet. It is easy to preserve newspapers; and they repay the trouble; for, like that of wine, their value increases with their age, and old files have sometimes been sold at prices too startling to mention.

Let a youth who stands at the bar with a glass of liquor in his hand, consider whether he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.

The only persons who really enjoy bad health, are the doctors.

ABOUT EGGS.

All the world and his cosmopolitan wife and family like new laid eggs. Nor do we deprecate their taste; on the contrary, we adore it. The relish of eggs is honorable, and to prefer them fresh evinces a due appreciation of the "fitness of things." Tradition runneth not back to the time when eggs, in this condition, were of evil repute, although the use of the stale variety as a missile has never been popular with the recipients. Probably the antediluvians were fond of eggs, for we are given to understand that they feasted high, and what would a banquet be without the Deluge, and his wife, sons, and daughters, law, doubtless had omelettes for their breakfast occasionally during their providential cruise. That the Egyptians were fond of eggs is beyond peradventure, for one of our archaeologists brought home with him from Egypt some dozens, which had been at least 3000 years in the catacombs, having been placed there for the accommodation of the mummies, in case they should wake up and feel peckish. These eggs, carefully laid over by the hons that flourished in the time of the early Pharaohs—laid, probably, before the children of Israel returned from their exodus by the way of the Red Sea—we have seen, and many of them are as perfect externally as if they had been bought in market yesterday; but although Egyptian wheat of the same date is said to have germinated and reproduced itself, we are not aware that any of the eggs of that ilk have been set upon a hatch.

To leave the ancient heathens and be practical—this is the season when well disposed hens are expected to commence their ovipository operations. Our country friends are either expecting or already receiving these delightful tributes of affection from their feathered dependents. Perhaps we may be able to put them in the way of hurrying up the dilatory Dame Parities. Hens cannot lay unless they can have access to material wherewith to manufacture the white shells in which the golden globes are the albumen in which they are suspended, are enclosed. That material is carbonate of lime. A certain quantity of chalk or lime should therefore be scattered with their food, or old egg shells will do. Professor Gregoro, of Aberdeen, in a letter addressed to a friend, and published in an English newspaper, says: "I have ascertained that if you mix with their food a sufficient quantity of chopped egg shells or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay, other things being equal, twice or thrice as many eggs as before."

CHILDREN'S FACES.

It is interesting to study human nature in children's faces—to see the effects of different modes of education upon diverse developments of mind and body. Many children look sour, willful and ugly; some sad, even; while others look sweet, pleasant and happy, as children should. A nervous or discontented physical nature, proper or improper diet, may have to do in producing these appearances, home discipline and example, as a general thing, have more. Mothers do not realize that they fasten their own feelings, so far as expressed in their offspring. She who scowls and frowns habitually, must not expect her child to look joyful, but gnarled or surly. Like mother, like child; only she who "sows the wind" in the heart of her daughter, may expect to see the whirlwind gather and burst forth, as our harvests are generally more plentiful than the seed we scatter. Select a very pleasant-looking child, and notice if it has not a pleasant-looking mother—one who answers many of its thousand and one questions with a warm, loving smile, instead of turning away the inquiring mind, and frowning at its endless teasings.

Who of us, amid continual irritation, would preserve the same benignity of countenance to our children, as we expect to do better than their seniors and teachers in this respect? How I pity the half dozen offspring of her in whose house there is no acknowledged ruler, save, perhaps, the youngest child! These youth do not look very happy—much less so than though they had been taught obedience to parental authority, for their mother neither feels nor looks very joyful.

But displeasing as is a surly-faced youth, a sad child is indeed a very sorry sight. If its body has much vitality, a sensitive soul breathes an incongenial atmosphere, probably in the very heart of home. Childhood should be laughing, rosy, sunny, and when it is thus, how attractive! I had almost said, how beautiful are they who represent it, though their features be very unsymmetrical! Many a mother is overburdened with care and sorrow, whose, is a continual struggle with the heavy artillery of life, it is true, when it is too hard to wear smiles; yet chafing and fretting cannot lighten her burden. She must look to God, who will do all things desirable for her. He who loves to see his creatures happy.

If falsehood paralyzed the tongue what a death-like silence would pervade society.

It is very possible to be too witty to be earnest, and too earnest to be witty.

The virtue of others is always a terror to the wicked.

MISFORTUNE AND FORTUNE.

AN EVENTFUL CAREER.

John North Fenwick, Bart., now of Fenwick Hall, England, is the subject of a strangely romantic story in the Chicago Democrat, from which we condense an account of the fortunes and misfortunes connected with his wanderings through the world. He is the son of Sir John Fenwick, who, in 1837, married Clara Seymour, a poor clergyman's daughter, against the wishes of his two sisters. The latter revenged themselves by falsely accusing Lady Fenwick, of infidelity with a certain French count, whom Sir John had introduced to her at Venice, during the honeymoon. Lady Clara swooned at the charge, and her husband, completely overcome by passion, and convinced that the story told him by his sisters was true, ordered her and her boy to be expelled from the hall, and immediately hurried to the seaboard, and embarked for the continent. The unfortunate wife became insane, passed some time in an asylum, ultimately recovering under the careful kindness of Capt. O'Neil, who long loved her, and now bequeathed her to his nephew, but he had taken steps to obtain a divorce from her, and that Capt. O'Neil was her only friend, she consented. They went to Galway, Ireland, where they were married privately, and took up their residence. Her son, in the meantime, manifested a desire to travel, and his mother furnished him with one thousand pounds, which she obtained by the sale of her jewels, and placed him on board the steamer Adriatic, with instructions to sail to New York, and from thence to Texas, to visit a cousin of her's, named Somerville, who resided there as a wealthy planter. Without any misfortune, our youth arrived at his cousin's ranch, situated on the frontier of Texas, where he received a cordial welcome. His cousin had a daughter, named Estelle, of about his own age, and very handsome, with whom he fell in love, and in whose society he passed six months. But on one fatal night the ranch was attacked by a party of Comanche Indians, his cousin and Estelle were murdered, and he carried off into captivity. He remained a captive for three months, when, seizing a favorable opportunity and a tomahawk, he killed the Indian with whom he was confined, and determined to return to Fenwick Hall, and claim his rights as son and heir of his lordly occupant.