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Select Poetry.

The Robin's First Song.

BY LOUISA FARRIS.

Tell me, bird of the sweet wing, What first with the breath of the early spring...

THE VOICE OF SPRING, the sweet voice of spring...

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Arrested for Treason.

Col. Frank Wolford.

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Mr. Blifkin's First Baby.

BY B. H. SHILLABEAR.

The first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into this "breathing world" as the late Wm. Shakespeare has it...

Mr. Blifkin's, says my wife, "bring the light here, do; the baby looks strangely; I'm afraid it will have a fit."

Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist, like a little white bear that he was.

Mr. Blifkin's, says my wife, "I think I feel a draft of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because the baby might get sick."

Nothing was the matter with the window as I knew very well.

"Blifkin's," said my wife, as I was going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have it, shines directly in baby's eyes—strange that you have no more consideration."

I arranged the light and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping off to sleep again,

Mr. Blifkin's, says my wife, "did you think to buy that aroma to-day for the baby?"

"My dear," said I, "will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?"

She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the escape-goat. I for gave her, and without saying a word more to her I addressed myself to sleep.

Mr. Blifkin's, says my wife, shaking me, "you was not more so—you will wake the baby."

"Just so—just so," said I half asleep, thinking I was alone.

Mr. Blifkin's, says my wife, "will you get up and hand me that warm gruel from the nurse lamp for baby—the dear child! if it wasn't for its mother I don't know what he would do. How can you sleep so, Mr. Blifkin's?"

"I suspect my dear that it is because I am tired."

"O, it's very well for you men to talk of being tired," said my wife; "I don't know what you would say if you had to oil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby."

A Wife's Influence.

Judge O'Neal, in the Yorkville Inquirer, tells the following of Judge William Smith of South Carolina.

He had the rare blessing to win the love of one of the purest, mildest and best women, whose character has ever been present to the writer. He married Margaret Duff. In his worst days she never upbraided him by words, look or gesture, but always met him as he was one of the kindest and best of husbands.

For the first six months of that precious existence he had made me get up on an average six times a night.

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False Pride.

False pride is the parent of many evils—so many, perhaps as any other vice.

We say vice, for such we consider it to be. How many honest men have been made scoundrels by the false pride of a foolish wife and extravagant family!

Who, then, will say that this false pride—for it is false—is not a vice generating many evils? Who will say that it is not a heinous and crying sin? And then, in the same reason, we ask why all this folly?

It will teach a lesson of how much a patient woman's love and devotion can do, as he himself told it.

The evening before the return day of the Court of Common Pleas for York district a client called with fifty notes to be in suit.

Mr. Smith was not in his office—he was on what is called a spree—then a frolic. Mr. Smith receives the notes and sat down in the office to the work of issuing writs and processes.

She spent the night at work—Mr. Smith in riotous living. At daylight on his way home from his carousals, he saw a light in his office, and stepped in and to his great surprise saw his amiable wife, who had just completed what ought to have been his work with her head on the table and asleep.

His entry awoke her. She told him what she had done and showed him her night's work—fifty writs and processes. This bowed the strong man, he fell on his knees implored pardon and then promised her never to drink another drop while he lived.

"This promise," says my friend Col. Williams, he faithfully kept and Judge said to him, "from that day every thing that I touched turned to gold."

"No true eulogy could be pronounced on Mrs. Smith than has just been given in the words of her distinguished husband.

The reformation of such a man as William Smith is a chaplet of glory which few women have been permitted to wear.

To the people of South Carolina, and especially York district certainly no strange argument in favor of temperance, total abstinence, need be given."

AN Eastern paper gives the following reasonable and excellent rules for young men commencing business:

The world estimates men by their success in life, and by general consent, success is evidence of superiority.

Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.

Base all your principles of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on the cost.

Death and Business.

A rich old fellow began following up one of his employees the other day for some seeming neglect, when the clerk accused himself by saying he had had sickness in his family, which detained him from his business.

"Sickness!" said the employer, angrily "what have I to do with that?—business must be attended to."

"I was so distracted by the death of my child," sulked the clerk, meekly.

"Don't talk to me," exclaimed old Hunks; "don't tell me about death—what's that to me!—business must be attended to."

The clerk said no more, and his employer went off in a passion. In a short time after, word came down to the clerk that old Hunks, his employer, soon after reaching his home, fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and died.

Business must be attended to, eh? Yes, and death must attend to his business, too; and he claps his skinny paw upon one of his customers, he must go and leave his business, whether or no.

GOOD ONES.—In Artemus Ward's lecture on ghosts he tells of a haunted man who wouldn't have any glass in his windows; he thought the ash would keep out the coarseness of the cold.

This reminds a correspondent of a story that old Parson H., of P., used to tell of his experiences of the cold on the night of his marriage.

They went on a "bride tower" to his cousin's down on the shore of the Connecticut, and spent the night, which was one of the coldest of the season and being put in a cold spare room they suffered severely.

After a while his wife asked him to get up and see if he couldn't find something more to put upon the bed. After diligent search he could find nothing but his wife's clothing, which he gathered up and packed upon the bed, and got in and tried it again, but still they "grew no warmer" very fast, and his wife begged him to get up and see if anything more could be found and suggested that there might possibly be something in the closet in one corner of the room, so he went and examined the closet, and report to his wife that an old fish-net was the only thing he could find.

"Well my dear," she said, "put it on that will tangle the cold a little."

TWO ROGUES INSTEAD OF ONE.—An amusing incident is related of a woman in England whose husband, a wealthy man, died suddenly without leaving any will.

The widow, desirous of securing the whole property, concocted her husband's death, and persuaded a poor shoemaker to take his place while a will could be made.

Accordingly he was closely muffled up in bed as if very sick, and a lawyer was called to write the will. The shoemaker in a feeble voice bequeathed half of all the property to the widow.

"What shall be done with the remainder?" asked the lawyer. "I'll remember," replied he, "I give and bequeath to the poor little shoemaker across the street, who has always been a good neighbor and a deserving man; thus securing a rich bequest for himself! The widow was thunder struck with the man's audacious cunning, but did not dare expose the fraud; and so the two rogues shared the estate.

MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.—When the promise of marriage has been given, the father summons his daughter, who comes, covered with a linen veil, into his presence and asking her whether she is still minded to marry, he takes up a new red, which has been kept ready for the purpose, and strikes his daughter once or twice, saying; "Lo! my darling daughter, this is the last time that I shall admonish thee of thy father's authority, beneath whose rule thou art free from me. Remember that thou hast not so much escaped from swag, as rather passed beneath that of another. Shouldst thou behave not as thou oughtest toward thy husband, he in my stead shall admonish thee with this rod."

With this, the father, concluding his speech stretches at the same time the whip to the bridegroom, who exclaiming himself briefly according to custom, says that he "believes he shall have no need of this whip," but he is bound to accept it, and puts it under his belt like a valuable present.

A gentleman in Springfield, Mass., was riding on horseback the other day near the railroad, when a freight train came along, the horse became frightened, turned suddenly around suddenly, sprang into a carriage (in which a man was seated) then out on the other side with the rider still on his back, without harming anybody.