

Select Poetry.

Poverty's Child. Shivering and cold a young girl stood, With clothing scant and feet both bare, Seeking shelter from the bleak March wind...

Miscellaneous.

The Sheriff's Story. "Every one must die sometime, and I suppose it matters little in what form it end comes." So spoke John Gibson, one of a party of friends who were gathered around a genial fire in the rooms of our mutual friend, the Sheriff of L...

"Wait till you hear it," he began.— "Ten years ago I was elected sheriff of this county. This was my first election, and I have been returned regularly ever since. My first attempt at opening court was made during an important trial. The criminal was a depraved wretch, who had been indicted for a brutal and atrocious murder. The fellow was greatly hardened, and seemed to care but little how the trial resulted; the evidence was strong against him, and when the case was submitted to the jury, they returned a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats. The execution was fixed for a day or two weeks after the trial. Of course it was my duty, as sheriff, to put the rope around the fellow's neck, and launch him into eternity. It was a distasteful duty, I assure you, for, though I knew full well the man deserved his death, I did not relish the idea of hanging him. I got through with it, however, and set him to dancing on air. He did not struggle much, and I thought he had an easy death. After hanging the usual time, and being pronounced dead, he was cut down, and the body given to his friends for interment. I thought I had seen the last of the man, as the wagon containing the body drove out of the jail yard; but I was mistaken. About four months after the execution, I happened to be passing my barn when I saw a man sitting in the doorway, with his head resting on his hands. I did not like his looks, so I approached him, and asked him what he wanted there. He raised his head, and looked at me in silence. I am not given to superstition, and I don't think I'm very timid, but I felt my blood grow cold as I recognized in the man before me the one whose execution I had conducted. His face showed no traces of his violent end, and the only indication of it, now visible, was a slight discoloration of the neck. I hardly knew what to say or think, for I had seen him hang, and heard his pronounced death, and had given his body to his friends for burial, and yet, after a lapse of four months, there he sat, looking at me with a face as white as a sheet. The terror that was exhibited in his countenance convinced me that he was no ghost, so I asked him, with much kindness as I could command: "Jack Carthus, do you know me?" "You are the man that hung me," he replied, doggedly, at the same time moving away. I covered him with my pistol, and told him if he moved a foot I would shoot him. He passed on I looked at me fixedly. "What do you want to do with me," he asked. "Do you mean to hang me again?" "It was, strictly speaking, my duty to arrest the fellow, but I could not do it. The idea of having to hang him again was revolting, and I determined to let him escape. I told him if he promised to leave the neighborhood, I would never come back again, I would let him go. This he readily promised, and assured me that he would never cross my path again as nothing but a mere chance had led him to encounter me this time. "Before you go, Carthus," said I, "I would like to know how you educated the gallows." "You won't peach on any of them folks as helped me, will you?" he asked. "No," I replied, "I will not get them into any trouble. I simply want to know how you felt while you were hanging, and how you were resuscitated." He hesitated for some time, but upon a renewal of my assurance that none of his friends should be molested, told me the following story: "When I put the rope around his neck, and left him on the gallows, he felt a faintness about the heart, caused by his realizing his fearful situation for the first time; but before he had time to think, the trap was sprung, and he fell through the opening. The shock of the fall was rather startling, the painful, and did not produce either insensibility or confusion. His thoughts were remarkably clear, and he seemed to have the power of seeing far above and below, and all around him. Every thing seemed a bright vision, and a soft, dreamy languor gradually stole over him, until he became insensible. There was nothing painful nor unpleasant in what he had undergone. He seemed to be sinking gently into a delicious sleep, and all his thoughts were pleasant. The next thing he remembered was being wrung by the most agonizing torture. The pains were not confined to any particular place, but extended through the whole body. His first thought was that he was in peril, and was suffering the penalty of his crimes. The pains increased every moment, and it has become so intense that he started to his feet with a scream of anguish at the same time opening his eyes. Great was his surprise to find himself in his father's house, in the bosom of his friends and relatives. He raised himself on his own feet, as soon as he was thought safe to do so, his friends informed him that upon bringing his body home, they had determined to try and resuscitate it, although they feared it would be useless. "By the way," said the man, "I am worse than dying." "The man promised to leave the State, and try to do better. I had but little confidence in him, yet I let him go. He kept his word, however, and a short time ago I heard he was a well-to-do farmer in one of the territories. "This, gentlemen, is the manner in which I got my ideas about hanging, and I think you must admit their force."

The Strange Girl of Stockholm. A maid, who lately removed from the country to the city, who never even learned to read a book, gets into a frequent fit of sickness of a peculiar kind, consisting herein—that she is taken with a strong aversion to coffee three or four times a week, in which she is entirely beyond, and quite insensible of herself and anything about her. During such a prostrating swooning she prays and prattles, with no having the least knowledge of it herself. She then sits up, and speaks with one Lord in prayer for herself, for the city and nation, in great fervency. Then she preaches our Saviour, his incarnation, life, sufferings and death, with a loud voice, and with a fervor and emphasis at the same time she places before her brethren, in a friendly and convincing manner, their deplorable situation, sins and corruption, and encourages them to repentance, and to turn to the Lord our Saviour with all their hearts. She also testifies that the Lord has got his chosen ones in this city, whom he cherishes and acknowledges as his children who live in love and peace together and edify one another. Those are hated and despised by people of this world, who gladly would scatter and destroy them; but they must take care, she says, not to touch the eyes of the Lord, whose very hairs are numbered together. An aged man has been gathered to his fathers and brings them to the faith, &c. All this made a great noise in the city, and though it usually happened in the night that she had a prostrating fit, a great many people came to hear her from time to time. The magistrates also sent physicians thither to make trial of the reality of this unusual swooning; which they did by putting the strongest spirits under her nose, and tried all other means to bring her to, in vain, until her usual time to recover approached. Another time a candle was put close to her eyes, but no blinking, or the least motion was perceived, nor was it possible to disturb her in any other manner till she was done; when she stretched out her hand as if receiving something, with which she stroked her eyes and ears, and so came to again. Her hearers were not only common people, but noblemen of the highest rank. Some of these noblemen only came to insure themselves of the fallacy, as they believed, of the report of this wonderful maid; but were entirely confounded.

Man writes continually—does nothing but write—is born into this world with a pen in his hand, on purpose to write his own history. Could he realize that their own history is legible and indubitably written in every one of their lives, that every thought is noted, that upon every garment worn, or every thing handled, yes, upon every foot track, is an indelible and eternally written history, whether they will or no, we would have a different world from this in which we live. Let the world awake to the thought that "the books shall be opened," and every one shall be judged by the record he has made, and there will be fewer blots and smears in the books of the life of the world, than now. The Strange Girl of Stockholm. A maid, who lately removed from the country to the city, who never even learned to read a book, gets into a frequent fit of sickness of a peculiar kind, consisting herein—that she is taken with a strong aversion to coffee three or four times a week, in which she is entirely beyond, and quite insensible of herself and anything about her. During such a prostrating swooning she prays and prattles, with no having the least knowledge of it herself. She then sits up, and speaks with one Lord in prayer for herself, for the city and nation, in great fervency. Then she preaches our Saviour, his incarnation, life, sufferings and death, with a loud voice, and with a fervor and emphasis at the same time she places before her brethren, in a friendly and convincing manner, their deplorable situation, sins and corruption, and encourages them to repentance, and to turn to the Lord our Saviour with all their hearts. She also testifies that the Lord has got his chosen ones in this city, whom he cherishes and acknowledges as his children who live in love and peace together and edify one another. Those are hated and despised by people of this world, who gladly would scatter and destroy them; but they must take care, she says, not to touch the eyes of the Lord, whose very hairs are numbered together. An aged man has been gathered to his fathers and brings them to the faith, &c. All this made a great noise in the city, and though it usually happened in the night that she had a prostrating fit, a great many people came to hear her from time to time. The magistrates also sent physicians thither to make trial of the reality of this unusual swooning; which they did by putting the strongest spirits under her nose, and tried all other means to bring her to, in vain, until her usual time to recover approached. Another time a candle was put close to her eyes, but no blinking, or the least motion was perceived, nor was it possible to disturb her in any other manner till she was done; when she stretched out her hand as if receiving something, with which she stroked her eyes and ears, and so came to again. Her hearers were not only common people, but noblemen of the highest rank. Some of these noblemen only came to insure themselves of the fallacy, as they believed, of the report of this wonderful maid; but were entirely confounded.

Safety for Miners.

The mining interests of the United States are greater, if measured by the value of actual production, than those of any other country in the world. The delivery from our coal mines is about one fourth that of the British Islands, but twice as much as that of France or Belgium. In the precious metals we have exceeded all rivals; for although Australia has sometimes equaled us in gold, she seems to have no silver. We are among the foremost in lead, copper and iron. Yet, with all this, so far as the protection to human life is concerned, our mining system is the worst in the world. We may say that the safety of our miners we have to be whatever, Elsewhere governments give these matters special attention. Men of the highest order of intellect, for instance, Emanuel Swedenborg, have been honored by position in the mining bureaus of European countries. Here, the construction and management of mines is left to the caprice of owners. Official supervision is unknown. Consequently we have mines that are man traps; houses built underground, each one with a wooden chimney for a doorway. The people are let down into a trap, and the chimney takes fire from the bottom. The miners themselves are always indifferent to their own risks. A newspaper paragraph recently described how Farady, when examining a mine, was once provided with a safe, round seat. The philosopher asked some questions about the gaspolder and for blasting, and in reply received the astounding information that the explosion he was sitting on was merely a bag of the powder. When Sir Humphrey Davy invented the safety lamp it was supposed that the day of colliery fires was past. The explanation of the next great explosion of fire-damp showed that a miner unscrewed his lamp and exposed the flame, to light his pipe. The latter lamps were locked by an insect as the workmen entered the mines, and an interval of safety followed. But it was found that by means of the Davy, cuttings could be worked where the fire-damp was constantly present. It may be supposed that the owners of mines insured this exposure of their working territory. They are entering through the meshes of the wires, took fire within them, and flamed around the wick of the lamps. It would have warned, if it did not frighten, any truly bold miners. They rather than the phenomenon; it gave such a splendid light. The wires of the lamps became red-hot, perhaps they were burnt to pieces; the exact particulars are unobtainable; but the result was another horrible explosion. Substitutes for the Davy lamp have not yet proved successful. Two French savants made a bold light of a sort of Aurora Borealis, sent up in a glass tube, worked by an electric battery. It weighed twenty pounds per lamp, and besides, the miners said they could not see by it. The other Frenchmen made a lamp which was air tight, and burned its own gas, condensed by pressure. This was heavier and bulkier than the Davy lamp. Now let some ingenious American invent a lamp that can be burnt, treated, steeled, using oxygen packed in the solid shape of some of its chemical combinations, and producing in combustion no gas that requires an outlet; and he may be enrolled among philanthropists. But even that would be no security against wooden chimneys. They must be prevented by legislation. If wood must be used in our mines, let it be rendered absolutely fire-proof. Soak it in soluble silicates, cover it with stone paint, plaster it over with cement. It was the wood-work, nothing else, that fed the flames in the Neparia silver mines for weeks together. There a miner left a candle stuck against a post, but the system which fills the mines with wooden supporters and framework was the real cause of that catastrophe, as it was of the Avondale disaster.

Poor Little Thing.

Poor little thing! Reading, Geography, History, Grammatical, Latin and Writing, only nine years old. Six hours confinement to the little growing and child brain. "Poor little he's dead." What a dispensation Providence! "say you? Murder phony most impious! Oh my woman! don't you know you loaded that little overtaxed child until you drove Death in piny him? Don't you know you a little one from sunshine and fresh that you claimed him to the school where every symptom of gassing childhood was a crime, every laugh, harmless mischief or thought whisper was deserving of punishment, when the little growing eye muscles were dwarfed by exposure, and the brain urged to progress, and the little one, still but a lay down, and with a weary sigh, the tossings of delirium, and a sleep that knows no waking—rest. God forgive you, parents! How many a young man, with blood-brain and exhausted vitality succumbed to a cold, and left a girl—its and little family. "Another dispensation of Providence." Another innumerable to mark the dead man's childhood, planted for the wife's anguish and their misery, by over-taxing their child, and by confinement checking growth. Oh, parents, when will you be less kind to your children, your cattle! You let your young run, that the sun's rays and the may develop his frame. You in accordance with his year don't shut him up in a hot, dark and work him to the top of his head just as kind to the little one as to your beasts. Let the sunshine and air until for five years or more confinement the schoolroom but half a day, the body what it requires, light, air and exercise, half the time, and by accustom the brain to its work. Remember, you owe a duty to children, not for themselves, but for the unborn to come. First then education; not education, the destruction of health. Do my word for it, you will find have occasion to say, "Poor little or mourn the singular dispensation Providence."—Family Friend.

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