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me my dear Girl.

WILEY JOHNSON.

my dearest girl,
heer my heart,
ns fade away,
e depart,
rs of youth so fair,
joys so bright,
swiftly passing from day to night,
and fading into night.

Thou, dear girl, art all that's left
To me, on this earth;
To soothe me in my troubled hours,
And cheer me with thy mirth.
To cool my hot and throbbing brow,
To watch my bed of pain,
To minister with angel hands,
In this cold world so vain.

Thou then, art now, in first of all,
To cheer me with thy smile,
To speak to me in tones of love,
In which there are no guile.
Thy kind words and gentle gaze,
Thou to my fine heart fall,
Sending through unto my weary soul,
And faith more dear than all.

Then smile on me, my dearest girl,
Gladden and cheer my heart,
For earthly visions fade away,
And quickly do depart;
But O, that time to love and me,
And I will ask no more;
But calmly wait till on faith's wings,
To heaven I shall soar.

"I KNOW IT."

BY E. W. DEWEES.

At seventeen years of age I was more of a man than I have ever been since. I wore a long-tailed coat and boots, (to which the appurtenance of spurs was generally added) a moustache was quite visible on my upper lip, and a consciousness of ripe maturity never left my mind. I was studying for the legal profession, but at the time of which I write, was spending my summer vacation at my father's house in the country.

Though so manly, (almost soldier-like, as I fancied,) in my appearance, my *inner* was by no means so stern as my *outer* man. I loved my mother with childish tenderness, and sooner than pain her pious heart, I unmurmuringly accompanied her every Sunday to the village church, to listen to long sermons of which I could not hear a word, for the tremulous accents of the very aged minister, who conducted the services, were so faint as to be inaudible where we sat. Though incited by love and duty to subject myself to this weekly penance, (well deserved by my weekly sins) my conscience yet did not prevent me from whiling away the time by such amusement as lay at hand—that, namely, of observing and speculating on the countenances of my neighbors, an occupation of which I was fond.

The physiognomy which interested me more than all others, was that of a young girl who sat not far from us, and who was accompanied by an aged lady, probably her grandmother—the object of her ever-watchful care. This girl's face, from first eliciting my careless admiration, gradually absorbed my whole attention. It was very beautiful, but apart from that, it possessed the greatest possible interest for me.—Never had I seen a countenance which denoted so much sensibility; each emotion of her mind was plainly written upon it, by its quick, delicate changes; nothing was wanting but the key of a corresponding degree of sensibility in the beholder, to read her tenner, innocent soul like an open book. For hours I gazed, and speculated on that fair young face—I thought how sad would be the lot of so sensitive a being, should fate unite her to one who would not know how to read aright what was so delicately written—to whom the varying expression of that sweet countenance would be but a blank—who should be able to see in it only its coarser part—beauty of feature.—There was no end to the reveries into which those swift-coming blushes led me.

Sometimes, by chance, the fair object of my busy fancy would catch my eye, or, without looking at me, seem to know or feel that I was gazing at her, and I wickedly delighted in noting the blush which deepened on her cheek till I withdrew my eyes.

One Sunday I happened in coming out of church, to be close to my lovely neighbor—immediately behind her—my hand actually touched her unconscious garments. I felt an irrestible desire to force her in some way to notice me—to speak to her—to occasion one of those charming blushes—anything—I know not what. In short, like an impertinent coxcomb as I was, I stopped forward, and with an insufferable insolence, which I blush now to remember, I whispered in her ear,

"You are very pretty!"

Never was I more surprized, than when she calmly replied,

"I know it!"

I was absolutely startled. I had expected a silent, conscious blush—an indignant glance—anything rather than this cool, "I know it."

I was puzzled, but I had plenty of time to turn the matter in my mind, for in a few days I returned to college. I can truly say it was the one problem, which, throughout the term, gave me most trouble to solve, and cost me most thought.

Another year escaped and I returned home, and again sat in the little village church. My personal appearance was, in the while somewhat altered. I still wore my moustache, it is true, but my coat tails were not, or did not seem quite so long, and I had left off my spurs.

My mother and I were early seated in our pew, and I impatiently waited for her arrival of my lovely enigma. I tried to prepare myself for disappointment. "I have been thinking and dreaming about in ideal," I said to myself—"doubtless when the young lady herself appears, all my fine imaginings will vanish—there can be no doubt my fancy has been playing tricks with me, investing a mere country maiden with transcendent graces and charms." While I was reasoning thus with myself, the young lady appeared leading her old relative with tender care.

Worshipping an "ideal," indeed! my most charming remembrance did not begin to do justice to the beautiful reality. A soul full of tenderness and sensibility seemed to have found a fitting home in a person and face of perfect loveliness and grace.

She blushed when, looking around, she chanced to see me, and again the play of expression on her features which had so interested me formerly, charmed me.

The more I studied her face the more I seemed to see into the pure depths of her soul. I could have staked my life on her noble purity of thought and deed.

As we returned home, I described my fair neighbor, and asked my mother who she was.

"Her name," my mother said, "is Grace Denny; and she is the loveliest—the most superior young woman I have ever in my whole life met with. It is too soon to think of such things yet," she continued, smiling, "but some years hence it would make me happy to see my dear son married to just such a woman."

"Not quite so fast mother," said I, laughing a good deal to hide my little boyish embarrassment which I was most anxious to conceal.

I found that Grace had become a constant visitor at my mother's, and I did not fail to improve the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with her.

She was indeed a gifted creature, endowed with all "nature's best." She sang, she danced, she conversed with an indescribable grace peculiar to herself. Though generally thoughtful and earnest in her endeavor, she had a vein of quiet humor, and her strokes of playful drollery charmed all the more from being unexpected. But more alluring to me than all her gifts and accomplishments, was the shrinking sensibility depicted on every feature of her sweet face. I soon found myself deeply—painfully interested in her.—I say *painfully*, for Grace received my assidous attention with a perfect coolness and unconcern which gave me great uneasiness. Sometimes I thought she remembered my early impertinence and was disposed to punish it. But there was a rival, a cousin of Grace's, who always stood in my way, and from whom Grace received, as a matter of course, numberless little attentions which I dared not even offer. I hated this man: I was insufferably jealous, but Grace seemed either perfectly unconscious, or perfectly indifferent to the by-play of animosity which was carried on between us.

Grace, sweet, noble Grace, with her child-like simplicity and sensitive woman's heart—who could resist her? I could not, my whole soul was hers. In vain had I struggled, in vain had I called upon my vanity, (of which I had plenty to invoke) to save me from the mortification of loving without return. I could not stem or control the passion which, strong as a mighty whirlwind, had seized me.

One evening I sat by the piano while Grace sang to me. The cousin was not there, and down Grace's varying color and glistening eyes suggested sweet hopes to my vanity. I fancied I saw *love* in those bright drowsy eyes, and on those soft music breathing lips.

It was the last evening of my vacation, and surely I read a gentle, farewell thought in Grace's face. I was beside myself with joy at the idea, I was as if in a blissful dream, a sweet delirium, a rapture of love. As Grace rose to leave the piano I caught her hand, and, unable longer, to repress the one thought that filled my heart, I exclaimed fervently,

"Grace—dear Grace, with all my soul I love you!"

She lifted her large, soft eyes, and said slowly, while a mischievous smile stole over her face,

"I know it."

She was gone before I had time to prevent it or to recover from my surprise.

The next day I returned to college, expecting to complete my studies in another year. A year how long a time to be absent from the beloved being who was to me, I felt, henceforth and forever, whether he retained my love or not, the nucleus round which all my thoughts would revolve. I had not yet my question answered, and no satisfactory answer tormented me. I pondered in hopeless doubt of the same words, but remembrance of the time she had used them before, and then was just punishment for my insolence. I tormented myself by bringing the whole scene again and again to memory—my passionate declaration of love, and her provoking reply, 'I know it.' 'The deuce you do!' thought I sometimes, 'I would I had possessed the wit to have kissed you a little more vigorously.'

No wonder that I was unable to study at all at this time, for Grace, beautiful, *graceful* Grace, was never absent from my thoughts—she had become the dream of my life—the object of all the love sonnets, which had till now been scattered on promiscuous beauties. I did study however, and study hard, and at the end of the term passed examination with high honor—much to my dear mother's pride and joy.

I determined to be wiser when I saw Grace again—to discover beyond a doubt if I were indeed beloved, before I committed myself as I *had* done by foolish speeches.

In order to satisfy myself on this point, and perhaps also to gratify a little pique, when I returned home I did not go immediately to see Grace as my feelings dictated, but waited till, at my mother's summons, she spent an evening with us. My object was to play a part, and smile as I might I would act it out. There was a young lady staying with my mother at this time who dearly loved to flirt, I was quite ready to contribute to her amusement. I devoted myself to her the whole evening, and felt the sweetest pain I ever experienced when I was, by Grace's dear, alarming, sensitive face, that she was deeply pained and wounded.

When this jealousy had been carried to its height, I persuaded Grace suddenly rise, and step through the open window out on the piazza. In a few minutes I followed her; she had retired to a little distance from the window, and stood with her head leaning against the railing weeping. Stealing softly behind her, I passed my arm around her, and whispered,

'Ah, dearest Grace—do not deny it!—You love *me!*'

There was a little pause—then laughing, yet still half crying, Grace turned aside her head, and said—

'Alas! I KNOW IT.'

'MY LADY.'—We wish the dictionary contained words strong enough to express our detestation of this phrase, as applied by a man to his better half. Why substitute it for the good, old-fashioned honest, loveable, loving word—*wife?* There are no four letters in the language expressive of so much that is holy and sweet. Wife! that is a word claimable only by one. A man can have but one *wife*, in a Christian community. That is *her* proud, undisputed, unarguitable title. Let her hold on to it.

'If ever you marry,' said a Roman consul to his son, 'let it be to a woman who has judgement enough to superintend the getting of a meal of victuals, taste enough to dress herself prudence enough to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say.'

A lady, paying a visit to her daughter who was a young widow, asked her why she wore the widow's garb so long. 'Dear mamma, don't you see?' replied the daughter, 'it saves me the expense of advertising for a husband—as every one can see I am for sale by private contract.'

Why is a dog's tail like the center of a tree? Because it is farthest from the bark. So says spoke-shave.

Why is a horse half way through a gate like a penny? Because it is head on one side and tail on the other.

(From Weld's 'Women of the Old and New Testament')

WOMAN'S MISSION.

An evidence of the Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures is found in their non-agreement with the evil customs of the world. They do not echo its opinions and fashions—they furnish no authority or precedent for the pride of man; pride of power, of wealth, of wisdom, or sex.—And the contrast be we[illegible] the Divine revelation of His Will which God has vouchsafed us in the Book of Books, and the tendencies of the natural heart, as developed in human systems of religion, establish by impostors, or growing up out of the abuse of successive generations,—the difference between the Thought of God, and the wanderings of man, is nowhere more strikingly exhibited than in the position of woman in the Pagan Theories and in the Bible. In Pagan nations, as has been truly remarked, 'Woman are thrice [illegible] their fathers govern them in childhood, their husbands in youth, and their sons in old age.'—The parental despotism [illegible] in the marriage relations signifies the right to a new master at his election, without regard to her choice. Enduring the caprices of the new tyrant with patience which furnishes the only relief for her suffering, she resigns herself to tyranny as the fate of woman, looking forward only to the final duty of the son whom she bore, for her future consolation. Alas, for her hope! When half a century goes beyond, the gathering of the mother, his first lesson in manhood is to deny her authority and to spurn her counsels. The mother, in bondage at first to her father and then to her husband, comes yet a third time under tyranny, her master being her son. In the anguish of retrospection she adds to the present the painful experience—

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—

And her future rest—if the system in which she is educated looks to a heaven, what has *woman* to do with that? Does man who in created religion make his life beyond the grave reprove him for his abuse of her in this world? It is a doubt whether she is admitted there at all—and if that grace be accorded her, it is to minister to his pleasure in another world, who slave she has been in this.

In the Bible we find a far different revelation of the moral accountability and position of woman as the help mate for man, and profitable instruction for the stronger sex also in his relative duties to her whom God has appointed as a proper aid and companion for him. That she was made as an help, as much as for head and direction; but that an help was necessary shows man's need of assistance no less than his right of direction. On the one hand is the trusting affection of her who looks for protection, on the other the grateful love of him who is aided by the help which God pronounced meet. Both were created in the likeness of God, both were called Adam, both were blessed by their Creator. Both have appropriate spheres to fill, and duties to perform, and the requirements of God at the hands of both are of equal importance. Neither can neglect them without peril, for both have immortal souls to save. And in the household and family relations each is equally interested. If one fail, the other is burthened and led into temptation. It is said by the Wise Man, 'Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.' And what friends are closer together, or more dependent upon each other, than man and woman?—United in this life, their destiny is so eternal; and what they sow in this world they will reap in the next, for the Lord of the Harvest is no respecter of persons.

We have spoken above of certain customs as heathen errors. But the errors of false religions, and the perversions of the true, have their origin alike in human nature; and when men in Christian lands wander into evil customs, to their [illegible] as heathen, and to the followers of false prophets. Thus, in despite of the doctrine and authority of revelation, and in forgetfulness of the fact that God created man and woman, blessing *both*, the legislation and the customs and usages of Christian States have too much favored the natural propensity of the strong to lord it over the weak, and the selfish idea that woman is created for the pleasure of her supreme master. But what ever law and conventionalisms may permit us to do wrong, they do not prevent our doing right. Human customs may give us apparent license in following the multitude to do evil—but they do not compel us so to do, and even though a man should be alone in well-doing, as he has the aid of God and his conscience, he is not unsupported.

Beware, then, we say, of those with whom the name of woman is a term of reproach. The foundation of happiness and success in life is laid in pure, virtuous and tender obedience to her who possesses stronger claims upon our gratitude and love than any other human being. Let willings sneer at our deferential respect—for the wise man classes among the generations of evil-doers 'one that hath not blessed his mother.' And against such [illegible] 'eye that despiseth to obey his mother.' Solomon denounces terrible judgment. The pride of a sound superiority of sex was not unbecoming of the king who spoke proverbs concerning all things from the least unto the greatest—'A foolish man,' he saith, 'despiseth his mother.' To whom but to the mother do we owe the formation of the individual, and therefore of the national character? Who can be so deeply bound up in the destiny, who so jealously watch over the character of a child, as she to whom its birth was the throe of anguish, and who received him with joy unspeakable, as a compensation from Heaven for her agony.

'I have gotten,' said Eve, 'a man from the Lord.' Such is the language of every woman's heart. Such is the thanksgiving—such the hope. In the weary hours of infancy, when pain, our heritage from Adam, oppresses the little one—and man would weary with the watching woman, unwed and patient, toils on in the labour of love. She gives her life for the child—for the fountain of its existence is in the mother's heart. The boy may grow up to forget the woman who bore him—the forget him never—never while reason holds its seat, or life courses in her veins. It is found that when a limb is taken from the human body, the consciousness of that limb is never lost. The sufferings are still in the absent member, as if it were yet present with him. So when the child is separated from her who gave him life—removed by circumstances—estranged by folly—nay, alienated by crime, the mother never forgets the lost. She never can cease to pray for him, never as if he were not.

Iron sharpeneth iron—how doth the countenance of the child testify to the presence of his best friend, the mother! She leads his infant thoughts to God—his Father in Heaven. She teaches him that dearer as her love is, there is one whose love is greater, and that as His love is, so is His power. She moulds the tender mind in the first impressions of holiness—to its first mirror of vice. Emphatically true is this of pious mothers, though in one sense true of all. Indifferent and careless though some women may be when they [illegible] a mother's love inspires their prayers when they plead for their children. Thoughtless they may be as to the concerns which make for their own everlasting peace, but they are thoughtful even to the agony of prayer, when their offspring are the subject. Many times does God bless this instinct of parental affection to the benefit of parent and child—especially when parents remember and take home to their hearts the important truth that their actions make a much deeper impression than their words.

THE "INNOCENT" YOUNG LADY

She is very polite, holds her head on one side, and peeps out of her eyes squirrel fashion. She approaches you with a hop, skip and jump, which she imagines is immensely fascinating, and giggles out a silly little laugh, which she fancies is musical. When company is in the parlor, she runs across the room, stopping in the middle of it, with her fingers on her lips, (a favorite attitude,) as if she were trying to remember something, then she tosses back her head, smiles deprecatingly at herself, and settles back again into an ottoman, with the hand her bracelet is upon, uppermost on her lip, and falls into a pretty little reverie. Delicious, small limbs! How interesting it is! One feels like tying a blue ribbon round its neck and—*Strangling it!*

In the neighborhood of the innocent young lady lives an innocent young man. They meet, the guiltless creatures. They love, and the coarse, unfeeling world, eat and drink—eat beans and cabbage all the same, as if *their* daily fare were honey dew and roses. Heart-rending, but true. The scissors-man, and 'pine wood man,' screech under this angel's window. The vegetable man yells herein her ensement, 'tomatoes-es and cow-cumbers.'—Vulgar carts rattle by, laden with odious forequarters, and hind-quarters, of pig and cow. The ash man dumps down the disemboweled barrel of her unsympathising "parient" opposite her area-door, drawing, as he does so, his questionable jacket sleeve remorselessly across his pugnose.

No doubt the early martyrs had their trials; but a star wandered from its heavenly sphere when Arabella alight on "this ere" planet.

FANNY FERN.

Some breakfasts are fit only for those who have much solid exercise to take after them.

The last definition of woman? A nuisance for threshing and cleaning children.

A Yankee doctor has got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' work well worked in.

Jokers Companion.

Courting in the right style.

'Git out', you nasty pup! let me alone or I'll tell your mal—cried out Sally——, to her lover, Jake——, who sat about ten feet from her, pulling dirt from the chimney jaints.

"I ain't askin' on you, Sal," responded Jake.

"Well, perhaps you don't mean to, however—do you?"

"No, I don't."

"'Cause why, you're too darn sweet, you long-legged, lank-sided, weak-sided pigeon toed, gangling-kneed owl—you hasn't got a darnal bit of sense, right along with you.'

Now, Sal, I love you, and you can't help knowin' it, and if you don't let me court you, my daddy will sue you for that cow he sold him t'other day.

By jings, he said he would do it.

Well, look here, Jake—if you will be mine, you had better do it as a white man does that thing—not set off the law on you that I was pizen.

How on airth is that, Sal?

Why, sit right on here, and hug and kiss me, as if you had some of the love and sinner' of a man about you. Do you spose a woman's only made to look at, you fool you? No—they're made for essential results, as Kissinger says—to hug and kiss and such like.

Well said Jake, drawing a long breath, I will, for I do love you Sal.

And so Jake commenced sliding up to her, as a mule picker going to tie a lariat, laying his arm gently upon her shoulder, as though he could hear her breathe.

That's the way to do it, old man, is acting like a white man ought.

Oh, Jerusalem and pancakes! exclaim Jake; of this ain't better than any apple sass ever mam made, a darned sight buckwheat slanjacks and lasses and what long side of you, Sal—how I love you!

Here their lips came together, and report that followed was like pulling horses hoof out out of the mire.

Men brandy drink,
And never think
The girls at all can tell by
They don't suppose
A woman's nose
Was ever made to smell by.

We have no desire to be acquainted with the bachelor who perpetrated the following:

Nature impartial in her ends,
When she made man her stringes',
In justice then to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest.

A country girl recently asked a city acquaintance to go with her to purchase some articles, and to act as spokes-woman. They entered a shop and the city girl asked.

Have you any hose?

I don't want hoes, said the country girl, I want stockings.

Aunt E. was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at such an unseasonable hour, as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. 'Yes,' says Eddy, 'but the old hen always goes with them.'—Aunty tried no more arguments with him.

'Are you in love, Mary?'

'Yes, mother.'

'How much?'

'Well, I don't know exactly; but I should think about a bushel or a half and half.'

Local politics run high in the western country. A candidate for county clerk in Texas, offered to register marriages for nothing. His opponent, undismayed, promised to do the same, and throw the cradle in.

Grant on horseback to boy on donkey—'Get out of the way, boy, boy! get out of the way! my horse don't like donkeys.'

Boy—'Don't he? then why don't he kick you off?'

'So,' said a young gentleman to a lady, at a party in Arkansas, 'you won't take any sardines!'

'No,' said she 'but I'll take some of those greased minnows.'

'I mean to abandon my habits of life,' said a dissipated gentleman.—'Are you sure, sir, that they are not abandoned enough already?'

'The women must think we men are great politicians, we are all the while going about robbing them of their names.

Sambo says, 'Why ain't de behold Dinah like de cloth they make at Lowell? Cos she's an unbleached shesting.

'I am all heart,' said a military officer to his comrades. 'Pity you're not part pluck,' said a superior officer in command.

Four kegs of brandy and one barrel of whiskey were seized at Muscantine on Saturday last by the Deputy Sheriff having been found in the possession of parties not authorized to sell it.

Mrs. Adelia H. Powers, wife of the late Charles Powers of Davenport, has been paid $6,000 of insurance money, on policies insuring the life of her late husband.

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