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POETRY.

Disappointment and Adversity.

I'm wandering afar like the dove from the ark, I fly, faint and weary, o'er life's billows so dark; O, so dark and so dreary! no rest for me here, For the black clouds o'erhead only mock at my fear. The dove, wet and drooping, and fluttering forlorn, O'er the mad surging deep, through the merciless storm, Is no more disconsolate, no more sick with fear Than I, at this moment, 'mid this tempest so drear. Oh! I thought I beheld 'cross the billowy deep, A far sheltering rock, rising lofty and steep; And that haven, so welcome, my tired soul blessed, That I longed for its refuge, I panted for rest. So I flew to my rock, but 'twas only a wave, Huge and dark, wild and threatening, more terror it gave; Disappointed and weary, still on and still on, O'er the fierce, angry waters, forsaken, forlorn. Still onward and downward I wearily stray, Without even a lone star to lumine my way, Precious Saviour Divine! to thee I do cry, Oh! lead me to the rock that is higher than I, Oh, let me by some of these fierce winds be driven At last to the ark, or to rest, or to Heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Lone Cabin.

A gentleman residing in Vicksburg had occasion a few days since, to make a journey down the river and several miles back from it, using a saddle horse. Darkness overtook him in a bad condition and the evening looked threatening, he halted before a forlorn looking hut, and asked if he could find lodgings. "I reckon you mought," replied the long-haired, sorrowful-eyed squatter, after hesitating for a moment. The Vicksburger found little to eat, and his horse found still less. The squatter and his wife were all alone, and they had but few words for the stranger, and scarcely spoke to each other. When the evening grew old the traveller camped down on the floor on a blanket, and being very tired he fell asleep while host and hostess were smoking their black clay pipes at the other end of the room. He slept about two hours when the squatter shook him by the shoulder and said: "Stranger, I'm powerful sorry to disturb you, but I want to ax a favor." "Yes—what is it?" asked the Vicksburger, as he rubbed his eyes and sat up. "Ye like to see far play, don't ye, stranger?" "Yes, of course." "Well, me'n the old woman can't agree; somehow she's cross and tetchy and I guess I'm a trifle ugly. Leastwise, we don't hug up worth a cent. We've fit and fit; I'm old and she's chuck full of grit, and it's about an even thing!" "Well, I'm sorry," put in the Vicksburger, as the squatter hesitated. "We've been a-talking since you come, stranger, and we've made up to ask ye to hold the candle and let us go in for an old rouser of a fight—a regular old sockdolager which shall settle our fust!—if I lick, she'll go; if she licks, I'll travel!" "I'm sorry if there's any trouble, and I hope you won't fight." "We've got to do it, stranger!" replied the woman; "I won't live with a man who can lick me, and he's just as high-born. Sam's as good as the run of men; he's lazy and sassy, and wants to wear his hat on his ear!" "She's right, stranger," said the squatter, "and this cabin can't hold both of us any longer. It's to be a squar fight—no kicking or clubbing, and we won't go back on your decision." The Vicksburger protested, but the woman put a lighted candle in his hand and posted him in the door, and man and wife stepped out on the ground.

"Suke, I'm going to wallop ye right smart in just four hoots and a holler!" said the squatter, as he pushed up his sleeves. "Sam, ye don't weigh 'nuff into three tons!" she replied in a grim voice, and the battle commenced. The Vicksburger mentally bet twenty to one on the man at the start, but in two minutes had reduced the odds to ten, and in two minutes more he was betting even. The wife was like a wild-cat, springing, dodging, striking and clawing, and pretty soon her husband had to stand on the defensive. "Look out for the Bengal tiger, Suke!" he warned, as he clawed the air. "I can whip the boots off of you, Sam!" she replied, and the battle grew fiercer. One of the woman's sharp nails struck the husband's eye and blinded him for an instant. As he threw up his arms she seized both her hands into his hair, yanked him down, and in another moment had the "gouge" on him. "Sam, do ye cave?" she asked, as they lay quiet. "That's the dead wood, Suke, and I'm a licked man!" he mournfully answered. She let him up, and he turned to the Vicksburger and inquired: "Stranger, was it a fair fight?" "I guess it was." "Then I travel!" He entered the hut, put on his hat and coat, took up his rifle, and as he came out he reached his hand to his wife, and said: "Good-bye, Suke. We agreed far and squar, and here I go!" Then turning to the traveller, he added: "Much obleeged, stranger—ye held the candle plump and far, and ye didn't holler for neither one of us!" And he walked down the fence, leaped over, and was soon lost to sight. "Good 'nuff on the shoot," mused the wife as she gazed after him, "but his fighting weight is clear run down to nothing!"

That Sneaking, Skulking Mr. Jaskins.

[Detroit Free Press.] "Can I be protected here, Mister?" asked a woman yesterday as she entered the office of the Chief of Police. "Yes'm." "Can my family—my innocent children—also be protected?" she demanded, striking the floor with her umbrella. "Yes'm." "If there is any law I want it," she went on, dropping into a big arm-chair; "if there isn't, I propose to take a club to him!" "My dear woman, this world is full of sorrow," said the Captain, as he looked up from his writing; "each one of us has his own separate and distinct grief to groave over. Tell me yours!" "Do you know Jaskins?" she asked. "Jaskins? Jaskins? seems as if I had heard the name sometime." "Man with a limp—one eye gone—red neck—sandy hair—got a skulking, sneaking way with him," she said. "And he has stolen your poultry, eh?" "Poultry? Naw! It's worse than poultry—it's next to arson or murder!" "Go on, madam—go into the particulars!" "Well, he bords next to me. I'm a widow. Been alone these fourteen years, and if I do say it myself, I've always had the respectablest kind of name. I've a daughter Jane. She's seventeen. She's a good girl." "Yes, madam." "And that sneaking, skulking Jaskins is after her!" she exclaimed. "Possible!" "He just is! Was after me first. For weeks and weeks he'd hang around our gate, and smile at me and inquire if I wasn't lonesome, and send up strawberries, and look his lovelingest out of that one eye!" "And then?" "And then, when he found I wouldn't marry him to save his neck, and he couldn't get my property to run through with, what d'ye s'pose he done?" "Cut his throat?" "Naw! He turned right around and went to loving Jane! He has sent notes to her in those long, pink envelopes; he has sent her bouquets and cocoanuts, and perfume and cherries, and he's skulking around yet! I've talked and talk-

ed, but it don't do no good. If sumthin' ain't done I believe Jane'll marry him!" "How does she act?" "She's grinning around and looking soft and loving like, and she won't mind half I say, and is getting notes and writing answers, and—and—!" And she broke down. She wiped her eyes, softly rubbed her nose, and after a moment jumped up and demanded: "Is there any law?" "Lots of law—dead loads, madam." "And you'll put the law to him?" "I will, madam—I'll make this town a volcano for him before he's a week older!" "And you'll break up the match?" "Either that or break his back!" "Good! The police are worth sumthin' after all! If you say you'll wait on him and tell him he's got to back right down or go to jail, I'll chain Jane to the table-leg and sit by her four weeks, but what I'll make her forget him!" "I'll do it, madam." "Think of my Jane marrying a man with one eye! and a red neck! and a limp! O-h-h! when I think of that skulking Jaskins sneaking around my innocent Jane to make her his wife, I could t-e-a-r his house down!" She sat down, and they flexed up a plan, and Mr. Jaskins had best leave for the West this very day.

A Remarkable Case.

I cannot, upon the authority of my own personal knowledge, avouch for the truth of the following; but I can assure the reader that the source of my information was one of the most reliable in the scientific and medical world. Dr. John H. Clapp had been my schoolmate, and we had been friends together. He had studied medicine, or had perfected himself for practice, in the office and laboratory of Dr. Chaplain, of Cambridge, Mass., and it was while he was with Chaplain that the remarkable case, of which he told me, culminated. During the Summer of 1833 a young man named Hait, of Wilton, Fairfield County, Connecticut, who was a devoted student, and who had been striving very hard to keep up his collegiate course of studies and teach at the same time, was suddenly deprived of his reason and memory, dropping back, mentally, upon the plain of absolute infancy. His father, the Rev. Mr. Hait, was for a time almost beside himself with anguish at this fearful stroke. The death of a loved one would not have been so hard. He sent his son to Hartford, but found no relief there. He was recommended to send the young man to Dr. Chaplain, of Cambridge, which he did. Dr. Chaplain made a critical examination extending over two weeks, when his report was, that there could be no present relief. "But," said he, to the father, "between the ages of thirty-five and forty I think there will be a change in the condition of your son." And he then explained that the brain was too much expanded for its cranial cavity; but that, as the mind, in its present condition, was necessarily at rest, nature might perform her own cure. The chances were, that before the unfortunate student should have reached the age of forty, the substance of the brain would contract, restoring it to healthy action. The anxious father and family found but little hope in this, yet they waited patiently, taking good care of the son meanwhile. Nineteen years had elapsed from the date of the visit to Dr. Chaplain, when Mr. Hait came down, one morning from his chamber and asked where his books had been put. They were given to him, and to the great joy of his friends, it was soon apparent that his reason was restored. He resumed his studies of mathematics and the classics, just where he had left them, and showed no break of intellect. There was no trace on his mind of the long blank in his life, nor of anything which had occurred during the dark years, and it was some time before his father dared to tell him that he was almost forty years of age.—S. C., Jr., in the New York Ledger.

Served Him Right.

A gay young blood of Richmond on Thursday wrote a note to a young lady of the same place to meet him at the corner of Fourth and Marshall streets. She came, says the Petersburg Index; and so did her mother, who being armed with a cowhide proceeded to belabor the young blood who tried to give her "leg bail," but she would not have it and after chasing him a square overhauled him and dressed him nicely, leaving great welks on him. He now is willing to affirm that cowhide is the toughest and most durable "vegetable" raised—and that learning to write and public schools are humbugs.

A darkey called at Owensboro, Ky., the other day, and wanted to know "Does dis postorlis keep stamped antelopes?"

A Religious Hen.

The Hen that went to Church and did her Duty, and what Came of her Talking about it.

Quite a disturbance occurred in a Western church, a few Sundays since, the circumstances of which are as follows: Rev. Mr. Moody was just beginning his sermon, and had uttered the words, "Brethren, I wish to direct your attention this morning to the fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of St.—" when a hen emerged from the recess beneath the pulpit. As she had just laid an egg, she interrupted Mr. Moody to announce the fact to the congregation; and he stopped as she walked into the aisle screaming, "Kuk kuk kuk-to-ko! Kuk kuk kuk kuk-to-ko!" The minister contemplated her for a moment, and then concluded to go on. But the sound of his voice seemed to provoke her to rivalry, and so she put on five or six pounds of steam to the square inch, and made such a racket that the preacher stopped again and said: "Will Deacon Grimes please remove that disgraceful chicken from the meeting-house?" The deacon rose and proceeded with the task. He first tried to drive her toward the door, but she dodged him, and still cackling vigorously got under the seat in the front pew. Then the deacon seized his umbrella and scooped her out into the aisle again, after which he tried to "shoo" her toward the door, but she darted into a pew, hopped over the partition, came down in the opposite pew and in the side aisle, and then flew over into the middle aisle again, making a noise like a steam planing-mill. The deacon did not like to climb over after her, so he went round, and just as he got into the side aisle the hen flew over into the middle aisle again. Then the boys in the gallery laughed, and the deacon began to grow red in the face. At last Mr. Binns came out of his pew to help, and both he and the deacon made a dash at the chicken from opposite directions. Then she flew up, with a wild cluck, to the gallery and perched on the edge, while she gave excited expression to her views by emitting about five hundred cackles a minute. The deacon flung a hymn book at her to scare her down again, but he missed her and hit Bill Jones, a Sunday-school scholar, in the eye. Then another boy in the gallery made a dash at her, and reached so far over that he fell on Mrs. Miskey's bonnet, whereupon she said he was predestined for the gallows. The crash scared the hen, and she flew over and roosted on the stove-pipe that ran along just under the ceiling, fairly howling with fright. In order to bring her down, the deacon and Mr. Binns both beat on the lower part of the pipe with their umbrellas, and about forty feet of it came down with a crash, emptying a barrel of soot over the congregation. There were women in that congregation who went home looking as if they had been working in a coal mine, and wishing they could stab Deacon Grimes without being hanged for murder. The hen came down with the stove-pipe, and as she flew by Mr. Binns he made a dash at her with his umbrella, and knocked a hole through a fifteen-dollar pane of glass, whereupon she landed in the street and hopped off clucking insanely. Mr. Moody adjourned the congregation. They are going to expel the owner of that hen from the church when they discover his identity.—Max Adler.

In Bed with a Mother-in-Law.

[Salem Press.] A certain man had occasion to visit a friend in the country one day last week, and during his absence his mother-in-law paid his wife a visit, and not liking the way things were arranged about the house, told her that she thought she would remodel them some, and immediately set to work. In the first place, she didn't like their sleeping arrangements. She said it would be much nicer for them to sleep up stairs in the summer time, and persuaded her daughter to have her bed moved up, which was immediately done. Then she had a bed rigged up for herself in the down stairs bed-room, as she was going to stay several days. Some other changes were made to the satisfaction of the old lady, and that night she retired early, and being pretty tired, soon fell into a sound sleep. Her daughter, leaving the front door unlocked, so that her husband could get in when he returned, went up stairs to try the new arrangement; and, like her mother, being very much fatigued, soon fell asleep too. The man having been delayed by a storm, did not get back till late, and entering the house went into the bed-room; and judging from the snoring he heard that his wife was enjoying her sleep, he concluded not to make any light for fear of disturbing her, and disrobing, he slipped in bed, and being worn out from his day's ride was soon asleep too. The first streaks of morning were just coming in at the window when the old lady awoke, and seeing a man in the bed, began screaming murder. The man being aroused by her cries, sprang up and found himself sitting face to face in bed with his mother-in-law. Springing out of bed, he seized his clothes, and as he left the room he met his wife, who explained to him how the bed-rooms had been changed the day before. It took the old lady several days to get over her fright, and she now says it will be some time before she goes into the remodeling business again.

Notice it.

Notice what? Notice everything that is done by others to contribute to your benefit or happiness. Nothing seems more ungracious than the passing over, without remark, and apparently without thought, the thousand and one little efforts and attentions which are intended to sweeten domestic life. Ingratitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of woman; but are far more frequently observable, we think, in man. A husband returns from his business at evening. During his absence, and throughout the livelong day, the wife has been busy, with mind and hands, preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly sees no more of what has been done to please him than if he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day, from causes like this, until in process of time, the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature have burned out, and mutual indifference spreads its pall over a household. Often, we think generally, inattention to little acts of thoughtfulness and consideration results from a mere habit of carelessness; but, in its effect upon the happiness of a family, it is a most unfortunate habit. A few words of thanks, of appreciative recognition, are easily spoken, and such words are precious to the soul that hungers for them. They are highly prized and not soon forgotten. Take notice of what is done for you. Words of merited praise and thanks exert a kindly and beneficial influence upon both listener and speaker. Gratitude unexpressed seems to others to be unfeeling.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Queer Courtship.

One long summer afternoon there came to Mr. Davidson's the most curious specimen of an old bachelor the world ever heard of. He was old, gray, wrinkled and odd. He hated old women, especially old maids, and wasn't afraid to say so. He and Aunt Patty had it hot whenever chance drew them together; yet still he came, and it was noticed that Aunt Patty took unusual pains with her dress whenever he was expected.

One day the contest waged unusually strong, and Aunt Patty left in disgust and went out into the garden. "That bear!" she muttered to herself, as she stooped to gather a flower which attracted her attention. "What did you run for?" said a gruff voice behind her. "To get rid of you." "You didn't do it, did you?" "No; you are worse than a bar-dock burr." "You won't get rid of me, either." "I won't, eh?" "Only in one way?" "And that?" "Marry me." "What! us two fools get married! What would people say?" "That is nothing to us. Come say yes or no; I am in a hurry." "Well, no, then." "Very, well; good-bye, I will never come again." "Stop a bit—what a pucker you are in!" "Yes or no?" "I must consult—"

"All right; I thought you were of age. Good-bye." "Jabez Andrews, don't be a fool. Come back, I say. Why, I believe the critter has taken me for earnest. Jabez Andrews, I will consider." "I don't want any considering; I am going. Becky Hastings is waiting for me. I thought I would give you the first chance, Patty. All right, good-bye." "Jabez! Jabez! That stuck-up Becky Hastings shan't have you, Jabez, yes! Do you hear—Ye-es!"

Zeb Crummet's Curse.

Respectfully dedicated to the man "who won't pay the printer." May all your eggs be rotten at breakfast, your meat stink at dinner, and you go supperless to bed. May the bed-bugs pull the comforts over your head on hot nights, and walk off with every rag of bed-clothes in the winter. May your wife be cross, your servant girl prudish, and your neighbors' fences high. May your dreams be varied between the embraces of crocodiles and acting back stop to the hind end of a mule. May you have steel filings in your eyes, and be obliged to use chestnut burs for eye stones. May the ghosts of starving editors and printer's devils, gaunt, lean and hungry, haunt you constantly. May your boots squeak, run down at the heel, and pinch your corns horribly. May your horse be balky, your cow give sour milk, your chickens get lousy and your pigs die of the scurvy. May your creditors never let up on you, your friends be sent to an insane asylum, and your enemies prosper. May your wife go away with a circus, your business go to ruin, and you go to—the devil.

Watching One's Self.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching the idle boys. One day he called out to us: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.' 'Ah!' thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his books, I'll tell.' 'It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master. 'Indeed!' said he, 'how did you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' said I. 'You did? And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' 'I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again.' 'If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.'