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POETRY.

COMIC MISERIES.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

My dear young friend whose shining wit,
Sets all the room ablaze,
Don't think yourself "a happy dog,'
For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,'
Be stupid if you can,
Its such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!

You're at an evening party, with
A group of pleasant folks,—
You venture quietly to crack
The least of little jokes,—
A lady doesn't catch the point,
And begs you to explain—
Alas! for one who drops a jest
And takes it up again!

You're talking deep philosophy
With very special force,
To edify a clergyman
With suitable discourse,
You think you've got him—when he calls
A friend across the way,
And begs you'll say that funny thing
You said the other day!

You drop a pretty *jeu-de-mot*
Into a neighbors ears
Who likes to give you credit for
The clever thing he hears;
And so he hawks your jest about,
The old, authentic one,
Just breaking off the point of it,
And leaving out the fun!

You follow up a stylish card
That bids you come and dine,
And bring along your freshest wit,
(To pay for musty wine.)
You're looking very dismal, when
My lady bounces in,
And wonders what your thinking of
And why you dont begin!

You're telling to a knot of friends,
A fancy tale of woes,
That cloud your matrimonial sky,
And banish all repose,—
A solemn lady overhears
The story of your strife,
And tells the town the pleasant news—
You quarrel with your wife,

My dear young friend, whose shining wit,
Sets all the room ablaze,
Don't think yourself "a happy dog,"
For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid if you can,
Its such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!

MISCELLANY.

A Moment of Horror.

BY AN ARMY OFFICER.

I do not propose to tell a story either either of romance or sentiment, but simply to narrate an incident which happened to myself in the fall of 185—. I was bound westward to the city of New York.

The city was crowded with strangers. After unsuccessful applications at several hotels, at last obtained lodging at ——'s kept on the European plan. Here I was obliged to content myself with a chamber on the fourth floor, only enough arranged in some respects, as, upon going to it after supping, for the purpose of changing my travel-stained dress, I noticed that the room had no window, with the exception of a square opening in the wall through which air and light were admitted from the adjoining room. I dressed and attended the Bowery theatre, reaching my apartment, on returning about half-past twelve o'clock at night.

When about stepping into bed, I observed the wicket open, and a thought struck me to take a look into the adjoining apartment. Why it was I know not; perhaps a sense of my own insecurity actuated me.

I got upon a chair and gazed through a window into the chamber. No one was there. It was furnished like my own.—A lamp was burning upon the table, and upon the table was lying a holster a whetstone, and a pair of large false whiskers.

Well, thought I, these are rather queer articles of wardrobe. After a glance at the premises, I felt anything but easy. I finally got into bed; first placing the lamp on the floor at the foot; and examining my pistol I laid it carefully under my head. At first, though quite fatigued, I could not sleep; and when I did doze my dreams were uneasy and troubled.

Macbeth had been the play at the theatre, and witches and black whiskers, Banquo's ghost with pistol, holsters and the like interesting visitors, were the companions of my dreamy thoughts.

About three o'clock it might have been I was aroused by a somewhat singular noise. On listening, it evidently proceeded from the next room. It could be likened to nothing I had ever heard; it was low but regular and metalic in its sound so to express it, such a sound, for instance, as might be made in cutting glass with a diamond. Suddenly I thought of the whetstone on the table, and at the same moment became convinced the noise was that of a knife being sharpened. My bed was placed in the diagonal corner of the room from the wicket, and I had been lying with my back to the latter. I turned in the bed as noiselessly as possible, so as to face the wicket, grasping my pistol. The lamp was burning dimly, and all was still as death.

As my eye fell upon the window, it encountered first a hand placed upon the sill, then rose by degrees a head, with a pair of glittering black eyes, great heavy whiskers, and a large sharp knife between his teeth. I think I possess the ordinary courage of a man, but I must confess the blood in my veins seemed to curdle as I viewed the apparition. Quick as lightning, I sprang up in the bed, and pointing my pistol cried out,

"If you move a muscle from your position, you're a dead man!"

The eyes glared the head remaining, however, as described, the man not uttering a syllable, I got out of bed, and with pistol still presented and eyes fixed on his, I backed to the bell rope and pulled it violently. In a few moments a servant came up. I called to him to bring a police officer, there is something serious going on here.

In a moment the passage was filled with the inmates of the house. In a short time a star made his appearance and took the man into custody. The landlord said he had arrived that evening without baggage.

The next day a gentleman claimed the supposed assassin as his brother, a maniac, whom he had been conducting to the insane asylum in Philadelphia, and who had escaped from him while in that city. He had made his way to New York and with the well known cunning of a mad man, had managed to avoid detection. I suppose the power of the eye—for I kept mine fixed on his—had restrained him, otherwise he could have easily mastered me in a moment. Since then, whilst in a strange place, I have been careful to examine and secure my chamber before retiring.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

I was in the medical staff of the army during the revolutionary war. I was rather young to be there. My constitution was one of the best. Had it been otherwise, I should no doubt have fallen a victim to the habits which I contracted in early life. My tendencies were convivial; temptations to intemperate drinking and gambling were always present, and importunate; we were a clique by ourselves with no one to molest or make afraid; and no one thought himself degraded by being drunk.

I married very early in life, when I was little better than a boy. The girl that I married was thought to be a great deal too good for me by everybody but herself. I was not intemperate then; and for a time, my wife and our little home seemed all the world to me. She had a little property, and in about a year after our marriage she gave birth to a daughter. Bad habits soon got the mastery of my better feelings. The attractions of the gay circle at the tavern, or the quarters of some comrade became irresistible, and the very consciousness of the neglect to which I was subjecting the woman whom I had promised to love and to cherish, began to make her presence undesirable, and home a place of mental and moral punishment. Qualms and struggles, and gnawing of the worm that dies not, doubtless there were, neither few nor far between but the temptations were irresistible. I was lost. I knew it.

The details of a thousand cases are much the same. The little modicum of property that my wife brought me had dwindled away, piece after piece. Where had it gone? Down my insatiable throat! I had swallowed it, or gambled it away! No memorial remained, but rags and tatters! We were very poor. A more uncomplaining woman God never made. She struggled to hide even her tears to save me from pain, on her account.

Let me pass over some three years of misery, and come at the conclusion of the whole matter. One bleak December morning I was about going forth, as usual from my wretched habitation, when my wife put her hand upon my shoulder, and pointing first to our sick child and then to a few brands upon the hearth, reminded me that those were the last, and that it was bitter cold. As I turned away, I promised to send her some fuel immediately.

I soon met some of my comrades, and resorting to the tavern, we passed the hours, as usual, in drinking and revelry, until near midnight, when I staggered homeward. It was piercing cold. I reached my door-step, and placed my hand upon the latch—then it first occurred to me that I had wholyl forgotten my promise—I had sent home no fuel! I entered the apartment. A light was still burning. The hearth was still cold. My wife sat rocking her sick child in the cradle. She turned her eyes upon mine. The tears were streaming down shivering cheeks. "Wife," said I, "for Heaven's sake, when will you leave off crying?" "Dear husband," said she, "when you leave off drinking." "God help me," I exclaimed, as I put my arm around her neck, for the appeal was irresistible, "God help me, and I will never touch another drop."

By God's help, I never have to the present hour; and from the date of that resolution, the days of our uninterrupted happiness began.—*Boston Traveller.*

COLD WINTERS.

One the 11th of Dec 1861, the Delaware river froze entirely over in one night and the winter was very severe. In Dec. 1704, snow fell to the depth of three feet the Delaware closed, and the whole winter was intensely cold. In March, 1725, snow fell in one night to the depth of two feet. In the winter of 1738, the Delaware was closed with ice for three months. The winter of 1737 was intensely cold, many persons froze to death. The winter of 1740, the Delaware was closed with ice until the 11th of March. The winter of 1741 was intensely cold, many cattle and deer were found frozen to death. Breadstuff and provisions were so scarce, that many persons in this State subsisted on the deer found dead. As late as the 19th of April the snow was three feet deep.—During the winter of 1760, the weather was open, but the spring months were excessively cold. On the 31st of Dec., 1764, the Delaware was frozen from shore to shore in one night, and the winter was severely cold. Snow fell on the 28th of March, to the depth of two and a half feet. The winter of 1771 and '72, was intensely cold, the Delaware closed three months On the 9th of January 1773, the mercury was 9 deg. below zero.—1780 was a memorable cold winter, the ice in the Delaware was three feet thick, and continued fast three months and a half; squirrels and partridges were frozen to death. The winter and spring of 1789 was severely cold, fires were necessary until the 1st of June. 1797 was intensely cold, the mercury frequently sinking from 10 to 13 deg. below 0. A gill of brandy was put in a saucer, and placed in an open lot north of the city, on the 9th of Jan and a ring of ice formed round the edge an inch broad, and a gill of water placed near it froze solid in ten minutes. The winter of 1799 was long and severe. On the 14th of March there was a deep snow, and on the 6th of June a severe frost. The winter of 1800 was very cold from the 6th of January, to the 8th of March, there was snow two feet deep on a level. The winter of 1806, was long and severe; fires were continued in parlors until the 13th of June. The winter of 1809 was mild until the first week in Feb., when cold balanced accounts with ten per cent interest. The winter of 1815 was very cold and fuel scarce and high. Oak wood sold for 14 and hickory for $16 a cord. On the 16th of Feb., 1821, the mercury was 10 deg below zero; in New York, 12 deg. below; in Boston 17 deg. below; in Salem, Mass., 20 deg. below; in Concord N. H., 37 deg. below; and in Brunswick, Me., 39 below. The winters of 1831 and '32, and 1833 and '34 were excessively cold. In the month of Jan., 1831, there was one of the greatest snow storms that had occured for many years. The snow blew into banks ten feet high, and completely buried up the wagons on the north side of Market st., Phila. Another deep snow fell on the 21st and 22d, which so completely blocked up the roads as to prevent any one from entering the city for three days, and the cold was intense. On the 4th of March, 1832, the mercury sank to 0 deg. In 1836, the Delaware was blocked up with ice until the 17th of March. The winter of 1836 and '38 was very cold. In Portland, Me., the snow was six feet deep on a level During the latter part of the winter of 1853, the weather was extremely cold and a vast quantity of snow covered the ground. At Utica, N. Y., the drifts were 40 feet deep. There was more snow in April of that year than any one on record. The quantity that fell during the whole winter and spring was 15 feet. The winter of 1855 and '56 will long be remembered as being exceedingly cold, as well as for the good sleighing that lasted for nine or ten weeks.—The lowest fall of the mercury was from 9 to 12½ deg. below zero. The coldest day on record at Philadelphia, was the 29th of Jan., 1780. The mercury sunk to 18 deg. below zero; but in the State of Maine the mercury sunk to 40 deg. below, when it froze the bulb and burst.—It was supposed to be the coldest winter since the settlement of of the country, and the only one in which there was no thaw. The greatest snow storm on record, was that which occurred on the 18th of February, 1717, and continued for four days without ceasing. The account is in the Mass. Historical collection. When it ceased the snow was about eight feet on a level, and in narrow streets much deeper. In many places it was blown into banks of a wonderful height. The day after it ceased snowing, it rained sufficiently to wet the snow about four inches deep, when it cleared up intensely cold and froze hard enough to bear both man and beast. In Boston, paths were dug out under the snow, so that opposite neighbors could pass across the street to each others houses and they would also cross on the crust to their chamber windows to visit each other. It was in vain to try to make roads through the snow. Vast numbers of animals of all descriptions perished.

Many persons who had not a supply of wood laid in were compelled to burn their furniture. Snow was melted for drink and cooking, and what few mails there were compelled to stop for a long time.—*Village Record.*

Written for the Kent News.

Thoughts for Consideration.

No. 3.

MR. EDITOR:—Probably we have said enough (at least for the present,) about the groggeries in our midst. We earnestly desire to see these dens of wickedness converted into respectable abodes. Surely the men who now stand behind the counter, dealing out ardent spirits, to the poor wizen-faced drunkard, would look much better, and I venture to affirm feel much better, were they to engage in something more respectable and honorable We are extremely sorry that the merchant is also guilty of the same crime. Behind his groceries &c., we may find the whiskey barrel deposited. O yes, he can accommodate the poor inebriate, as well as those who deal exclusively in the article. When he is questioned upon the subject, he will gravely tell you, that if he did not keep the *crater* his friends would go elsewhere to make their purchases. Of course his establishment is kept in good order, he will not allow any man to get drunk on his premises; no, not he. He merely keeps the article to accommodate, that is all. Now, Mr. respectable merchant we don't believe a word of the above apology, no we do not; you deal in whiskey, &c., to make money that is all; and we know that you do make money at the business. We do not mean to affirm that all our merchants are guilty in this sense. We are happy to know that a vast number of our Chester Town merchants would rather suffer actual want, than deal out the poisonous drug; others have no scruples respecting the matter. I propose to all the merchants who fill their coffers with the tiplers pence, that they have a sign put up in a conspicuous place with the following inscription, in red and black letters:—Messrs. Zaco will sell, in any quantity, to all who may call, white or black, rich or poor, a beverage commonly called *whskey;* this valuable drug has been known to rob the domestic circle of peace, to blunt the senses of the husband and father, as to cause him to perform the noble acts of whipping wife, cheating creditors; and what else it can do, we will leave the happy purchasers to find out by making a trial of the article. Would you Mr. merchant wish to exhibit such a sign board as the above would make? We think not; although if the truth were told you are accomplishing all the evils enumerated above. So long as you keep on sale such *stuff* as make men demons and fools, so long will you be the instrument of augmenting crime and every species of wickedness. Remove the cause and the effect will cease at once. Here we would enquire after the Sons of Temperance; what has become of the noble band? Are they dead or sleeping? Come brethren, don't forsake the battle field, while the enemy is advancing, and thus allow him to gain the victory. The trumpet again sounds, dont disregard it; come hurry, hurry, to the scene of strife; let us one and all take the shield and sword, and march boldly up to the long featured giant and bid him yield the field or die. We do not intend to give him any quarter, now is the time to strike the fatal blow; if we allow him to march unmolested through our streets, he will walk into our families and mark our favourite sons as his lawful pray. We will now drop our pen, but dont understand us to mean that we have said all we can say on the subject. Volumes might be easily written on the evils of drunkenness. The cry of the inebriate's orphans is wafted by every breeze; the wailings and sobs of the drunkards wife are heard in every village as well as in the city. Let us who reside in such a favored place as this, forever banish from our midst the destroyer of peace, and the promoter of all evil.

A LOVER OF GOOD ORDER.

Chestercown, March, 1857.

A GOOD RETORT.—A Foreign Editor in Georgia, when it was ascertained that Buchanan was elected, and that Fillmore had carried but one State, was crowing over the American party, in a public crowd on the street. An American faced up to him and remarked:

"But numbers are no mark,
That men will right be found;
A few were saved in Noah's ark,
While many millions drown'd!"

He continued, "When Noah's Ark rested on the mountain of Ararat, and waited patiently for the flood to subside, Noah and his family, *eight* in number, went forth and re-peopled the earth! The American Ark of this day rests on the Mountain of *Maryland*, and Fillmore with his *eight* votes is waiting for the flood of Foreigners to dry up, when he will go forth and re-people the earth, and arrange for Americans to rule America!"

NEW YORK "INSANITY."—*Shopkeeper.*—"Halloa, there, you nigger, what are you doing with those boots?"

Nigger.—"Sah, I'se only takin' 'um away."

Shopkeeper.—"Taking them away, you scoundrel, don't you know that is stealing?"

Nigger.—"Be keerful, massa, how you accuse this nigga of steelin'. I'se morally insane."

THE WORLD.

If the world be our portion here, hell will be our portion hereafter.

We must neither leave the world, nor love it.

The world promises comforts, and pays sorrows.

Riches and prosperity will either kill with care, or surfeit with delight.

Be not proud of riches, but afraid of them, lest they be as silver bars to cross the way to heaven.

We put a price upon riches, but riches cannot put a price upon us.

We must answer for our riches, but our riches cannot answer for us.

Riches are as indifferent things; good or bad as they are used: Be then as indifferent to them as they are to you.

If there be too great an affection for any thing here, they will be an answerable affliction.

Love the men of the world, but not the things of the world.

To have a portion in the world is a mercy; to have the world for a portion is a misery.

Whatever we make an idol of will be a cross to us if we belong to Christ; a curse to us if we do not.

We should endeavor to pass through this world with a cheerful indifference.

Covetousness betrayed our Saviour, envy accused him, and the friendship of the world condemned him.

Man is not made for the world, but the world man.

It is our business in this world to secure an interest in the next.

As you love your soul beware of the world; it hath slain its thousands and ten thousands. What ruined Lot's wife? the world. What ruined Judas? the world. What ruined Simon Magus? the world. What ruined Demas? the world. And, What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and loose his own soul?

To speak the truth freely; riches are dust, honors are shadows, pleasures are are bubbles and man a lump of vanity, compounded of sin and misery.—*Rev. John Mason.*

LEGAL PROCEEDINGS.—Action for work and labor done in cutting ditch on defendent's land. Plea Payment and set off, in Bacon and corn meal. Plaintiff's son on the stand—recollects the ditching perfectly, but seems to forget all about the bacon.

"You say your daddy did all this ditching? Do you know what he got in pay for it?" inquired Col. B. for defendent.

"He never got nothing, as ever I heard on—that's what he never got," answered the witness.

"Didn't your daddy get corn and bacon from defendant, in pay for that ditching?'

"Never heard of his gettin' no corn nor bacon."

"What did your daddy and his family live on that summer?"

"Vittles, most."

"What sort of victuals?"

"Well, meat and bread; and some whiskey."

"Where did he get that meat and bread?"

"Well, fust from one, and fust from another."

"Didn't he get some of it from the defendant?"

"He mought."

"I knew he might, but did he? that's the question?"

"Well, he mought, and then agin, you know he mought'nt!"

(With considerable excitement and in tones of thunder.) "Answer the question sir, and no more of this trifling with your oath. Did your daddy or did he not get corn and bacon from the defendant for ditching?"

"Well, now he mought; I don't occur adzactly, you know."

Here his honor interferes, and, with a stern, injudicial frown, addresses witness thus:

"Witness, you must answer the question, or the court will be compelled to deal with you. Can't you say yes or no?"

"I reckin."

"Well, then, answer yes or no. Did, or did not, your daddy get corn and bacon from the defendant at the time referred to?" inquired the court.

(Now fully aroused and conscious of his danger)

"Well, judge, I can't adzactly amember, you know; seem' as how its all dun bin gone and eat up; but," (planting himself firmly, as one determined to out with it,) "to the best of my reckerlection, ef my memory sarves me right, he mought, and then agin he moughtn't."

The plantiff saved his bacon. Verdict accordingly.—*Ashville Spectator.*

Matteson (M. C.) and His Jury.

A capital story is told in the following extract from the letter of the Washington correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial, at the expense of an M. C., from Oneida county, New York, apropas of the corruption bills passed of late years by Congress:

A case was tried at Grand Rapids, Michigan, a few years ago. A man who had previously borne a rather suspicious character, was indicted for stealing a large quantity of pork. He employed a lawyer of considerable local reputation to defend him; and although the affair had an ugly look, he was strongly in hopes of getting clear, but when the testimony on behalf of the prosecution was concluded, his guilt was as clear as the sun at noon-day, and his counsel was about to give up the case in despair. But the prisoner was as cool as a cucumber, and confident of his acquittal. He insisted upon the defense being proceeded with. "Have you any evidence to refute this overwhelming array of testimony?"

"Not a particle said he," said he.

"Then how the d—l do you expect to get clear?"

"Never you mind, Squire—go on with your speech, I shall do well enough."

"I tell you this is trifling and nonsense. You acknowledge you stole the pork, and they have proved it upon you to the entire satisfaction of every man in court. Now, what can I say?"

"Make 'em a good speech, Squire, and I'm sure to get off."

"Impossible—there is nothing to be said."

"I hired you, and I intend to pay you but not a cent shall you have unless you give the jury a talking to."

Under this inspiration the lawyer made a rambling, incoherent address to the jury, in which everything was discussed except the case under consideration. On concluding, he whispered in the prisoner's ear—"You infernal scoundrel, I ought to be sent to the State prison myself and what you expect to gain by this strange proceeding I can't conceive."

"I'll tell you when the jury come in."

After the charge from the Judge, in which his criminality was distinctly asserted and maintained, that intelligent part of the "palladium of our rights" retired for consultation, and in a short time came back with a verdict of "not guilty."

"What in thunder does this mean," inquired the lawyer of his client.

"Oh, I wanted you to make a small fuss to pull the wool over the outsiders, but 'twas a sure thing from the start, for *three of them jurymen had some of the pork!*"

A NUT FOR THE DOCTORS.—One of the most eminent French physicians and physiologist says medicine is a great humbug. Magendie, whose treatises are regarded as standard works the world over, says he knows nothing about medicine, and don't know anybody that does know anything about it! In one of his lectures he asks:

"Who can cure the gout? or disease of the heart? Nobody. O! you tell me the doctors cure people. I grant you people are cured. But how are they cured?—Gentlemen, nature does a great deal.—Doctors do devilish little—when they dont do harm. Let me tell you, gentlemen, what I did when I was the head physician at the Hotel Dieu. Some three or four thousand patients passed through my hands every year I divided the patients into two classes; with one I followed the dispensary, and gave the usual medicines, without having the least idea or wherefore; to the other I gave bread pills and colored water, without, of course, letting them know anything about it—and occasionally, gentlemen, I would create a third division, to whom I gave nothing whatever. These last would feel they were neglected (sick people always feel neglected, unless they are well drugged—the fools!) and they would irritate themselves until they really got sick, but nature invariably came to the rescue, and all persons in this third class got well. There was little mortality among those who received but bread pills and colored water, and the mortality was the greatest among those who were carefully drugged according to the dispensary."

MUTTON VS PORK.—Physicians recommended mutton as the most wholesome meat—the easiest digested, and best suited to invalids, while pork, as every body knows, is the most unwholesome flesh eaten. In England mutton is a favorite dish, and we apprehend it is in this, rather than to roast beef, that the Englishman owes his robust health and rosy complexion. Our people eat too much pork and too little mutton. And yet, as a cotemporary well remarks, "mutton can be produced pound for pound at less than half the price of pork; yields more nourishment when eaten, and keeping sheep does not exhaust a farm to the extent feeding hogs does. Sheep can be kept during the winter on hay and turnips, or mangel wurtzel, or sugar beat, while hogs will not do without at least some corn." We would like to see the papers fewer accounts of big pigs and more fat sheep.—*Portland Transcript.*

A GOOD ONE.—Not many months ago, it happened at Benicia, California, the headquarters of the United States troops, Captain Jodes, of the U. S. A., a Virginian by birth, was ordered to that point, whither he went accompanied by a faithful body servant, named Joe. The Captain was startled not long after by the news of Joe's having shot another negro. As soon as he was brought into his master's presence, he sternly asked him how he dared act in the manner he had done. Joe seemed at first cast down, but rallying himself, and looking the Captain full in the face, replied—"De fact is, massa, dat ar nigger was one of dem New York free niggers. He 'sulted me, and I had to take high ground wid him."—*Exchange.*