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Poetry.

Come to Me in Cherry Time.

BY G. P. MORRIS.

Come to me in cherry-time,
And as twilight closes,
We will have a merry time,
Here among the roses!
When the breezes crisp the tide,
And the lindens quiver,
In our bark we'll softly glide
Down the [illegible]
When the stars with quiet ray,
All the hill-tops brighten,
Cherry-ripe we'll sing and play
Where the cherries ripen!
Then come to me in cherry-time,
And as twilight closes,
We will have a merry time
Here among the roses:

SUMMER NOON-DAY DREAM.

BY MISS SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY.

The leaves are still, the breezes hushed,
Or sing a drowsy number,
And all throughout the silent day,
The golden hours slumber.
The ripples idly lapse along
Beneath the noontide's gleaming,
Oh, sure the drowsy summer time
Was made along for dreaming.

Within my open window floats
A slumberous breath of roses,
And in the softly shaded room,
Silence itself reposes;
And liquid lusters on the wall
Cool, rippling waves resemble,
As to and fro, with motion slow,
The leafy shadows tremble.

A sense of silence and repose,
Of slow and tranquil motion,
A murmur as of sleeping winds
Upon a sleeping ocean;
And softly o'er my senses steals
A luxury elysian,
And all delights of drowsy thought
Are mingled in my vision.

Oh chiding voices, wake me not,
Nor turn my rhyme to reason;
For life is mingled work and play,
And each must have its season.
The winter time for study's toil,
The spring for pleasure's scheeming;
Autumn for the poet's thought,
And summer time for dreaming!

AUTUMN.

The fevered days of Summer's reign,
Are o'er and Autumn comes again—
Sweet twilight of the year!
The leaves that deck the forest trees,
And tremble in each passing breeze,
Are turning brown and sear.

And mark as in the groves you tread,
How many leaves, already dead,
Along your path are found!
Like mortal man, they have their day
To flourish, and then pass away,
And moulder in the ground.

The flowers that blossomed in the sun,
Are disappearing one by one,
Like stars at break of day!
They teach this lesson as they go,
That all the fairest things below,
The soonest pass away.

How like the seasons of the year
Our changeful lives on earth appear!
First, Spring, when hopes are green;
Then Summer brings maturer views,
And Autumn, softened, paler hues,
And Winter ends the scene!

The earthly scene—but there shall dawn
Upon the soul another morn—
A never-ending year;
Where Spring and Summer ne'er depart
Nor frosts of Autumn chill the heart,
Nor flowers disappear.

There no rude blasts shall ever blow,
Nor wintry storms of hail and snow,
To light the heavenly sphere;
But glowing in the light of love
Are all the blissful realms above,
Throughout that endless year.

Love Geography.—"Bob, where is the state of matrimony?"

"It is one of the United States, it is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks, and staying out o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is rather sultry, till you pass the tropics of house-keeping, when equally weather commonly sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against!"

DAMASCUS.

Damascus is the largest, most populous, and most splendid city in Turkish Asia. Founded, according to tradition, by a great grandson of Noah, and in all probability justly claiming an origin as ancient, its name is derived from the old Hebrew "Dammesek." It was a city of note in the age of Abraham, and from that day to this it has been great and flourishing. Its rulers have been of many races, and the forms of government very varied. Sometimes it has been caliph, and sometimes it has sunk to the position of a provincial capital.—After its capture by Tiglath Pileser, the Assyrian, it was possessed by Pharaoh Necho; then by Nebuchadrezzar; and then fell under Persian sway. After this the Greek, Roman, and Byzantine, the Arab and the Turk, held it by turns for centuries; but under all these successive changes of dynasty, and whether ruled by a native prince, or an alien conquror, it has never fallen from its high rank, or ceased to be prosperous, populous, and wealthy.

So much for the Damascus of the past. But the great source of her beauty and her pride in all ages still remains to her; and a splendid heritage are those luxuriant gardens which still enfold her, and those clear, cold, dashing streams that bless them with fertility. These gardens are not the trim, well-kept inclosures, of limited extent, to which we give that name, but are forests of fruit-trees, apricot and almond, walnut, olive, fig and pomegranate, beneath whose shade, vegetable and corn-crops are cultivated, or roses, jasmine, and other flowers, run wild in tangled thickets, whilst here and there the palm, poplar, or cypress, tower sky-wards, and break the monotonous outline of the less ambitious woods. The queen, however, of these forest-gardens, is the apricot, and famous throughout the Eastern World is the "mish-mish" of Damascus, and great riches it brings her. Its fruit is dainty, small, and white, except when [illegible] through the leafy lattice, and has left a burning crimson blush upon each cheek his fervid kiss has touched.

There are but few striking relics of antiquity in Damascus. A very handsome triumphal arch and some great columns in the precincts of the great musque, and a portal, and a part of its wall, are splendid edifice, by far, that the city can now boast, is this great mosque of the Ommiades. It occupies the site of the Cathedral of St. John, which again was preceded by a magnificent temple on the same ground; so that it is most likely that from the earliest ages the chief shrine of the inhabitants stood on this spot, and that Jupiter ejected Rimmon, and was himself dispossessed by St. John the Baptist. Then, when the Arabs were victorious, half the cathedral was given up to them, and half still guaranteed by treaty to the Christians, but ere many years elapsed the whole building was taken from them by the Caliph Walid, who lavished immense sums on its adornment. The arcades were wreathed with gold vines, the niches inlaid with jewels, and from the roof hundreds of golden lamps were suspended by golden chains. The gold and gems departed long ago, but the marble tesselated pavements, and the marble colonnades surrounding its vast courts, still remain. One of its three minarets was accidently burnt during the Tartar conflagration, and afterwards rebuilt. Another, the "Minaret of Jesus," is 250 feet high. Close to this mosque is the tomb of the renowned Saladin.—No christian foot dares to enter the mausoleum of their deadliest but most chivalrous foe.

The bazaars of Damascus are of immense extent and very picturesque, and in them the shopping of a great part of Syria and half Mesopotamia is transacted. Many a wild Druse and Bedouin, who never entered a city's gates to shop, scented plunder from afar, and rushed in to complete the works the rascals of the bazaars had so ruthlessly begun.

The sumptuous mansions of the rich present to passer-by nothing but high, whitewashed, windowless walls, but their numerous courts and lofty saloons are rich in marble and fountains, and arabesques and gilding, and fragrant with the blossoms of citron and orange trees, jasmine an flowering shrubs.

Black eyed ladies are most apt to be passionate and jealous; blue-eyed, soulful, truthful, affectionate and confiding; grey-eyed, philosophical, literary, resolute and cold-hearted; hazel eyed, quick-tempered and fickle.

A Canine Boarding House.

At a place called the "Half-way House," situated about four miles from Jersey City, is an establishment for the boarding of canines, conducted by one Oscar Sandford. This is not a new-fangled notion, for Oscar has been in the business for over twenty years Oscar, says the New York Tribune, makes a good thing of it, sometimes as many as thirty canine boarders have assembled around his quadrupedal table. Mr. Sandford gives his personal attention to the canine kitchen, and the up in the highest style by his own experienced hands. The routine is as follows:—As soon as they wake from their peaceful slumbers, which they generally do at a pretty early hour, say 5 A. M., they are turned loose in a small park of three-quarters of an acre, where they are permitted to run and romp for half an hour, being incited to active exercise by the exertions of a small boy, who also has instructions to allow no unfriendly feeling among his little flock. They are then brought in to partake of a plentiful breakfast consisting of mush and milk, of which they have all they choose to eat.

In fact, this homely but wholesome dish is the staple of their food. In summer they have no meat whatever as it has been found to make them feverish and cause the loss of their keenness of scent, but in the colder season they are carnivorously indulged, and have meat once a day, and at night.—In summer they breakfast at half past six, in winter at eight. They are allowed all the water they want. After breakfast they are permitted to roam about till noon in close quarters; at noon they are fed again; after which they have an hour's run over the fields always under the supervision of the attendant. At sundown they are fed again, after which they retire to their various beds, and forget the world til next morning.

The terms are fifty cents a week [illegible] and of course the high price secures the presence of only those animals which hold an aristocratic rank in the world, comm n curs not being able to stand the pecuniary pressure. The elect and chosen ones of the canine society of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania are here, together with a sprinkling of the chivalry from New Orleans.—Political differences are comparatively unknown. North and South dwell amicably together—the most perfect freedom of bark is tolerated, and as yet there has been no instance of the untimely slaughter of a Northern dog for the uttrance of a Lincoln and Hamlin yelp, nor has any Southern animal come to sudden grief by reason of a Breckinridge howl.

An Unfortunate Son.

We clip the following from the New York correspondent of the Boston Journal:

One who frequents Broadway, or any of our fashionable promenades, will notice the daily walk of a gentleman who saunters leisurely along, followed quite closely by a man, apparently bent under seventy years, and stooping so constantly as to seem almost to crouch as he walks. He follows his leader like a shadow, and goes into all possible places with his attendant. The feeble old man is John Jacob Astor, son of the famed Astor, whose name is identified with the Astor Library. He was a bright and promising boy, and till seventeen years of age gave promise of much genius. Reports vary as to the cause of his mental decline; but the best accounts attribute it to the mental forcing system, and to the intense study that occupied his early years. But true it is, that he has been for years a hopeless imbecile, and has been much more care than an infant as a strong athletic person can be. Ample provision has always been made for all the comforts he is able to enjoy. An elegant mansion on Fourteenth street is his abode. It is fitted up with elegance and taste. A yard, comprising an entire square, secures all the privacy that is needed. Room for walking, riding on horseback, and for recreation is afforded. Horses, carriages and servants wait on his call.

The gentleman who has the care of Mr. Astor has long devoted himself solely to him. He has such command over him that he can guide and control him at will, which no one else can do. Ample compensation is given to the attendant. He has the house and all the servants—the equipage and everything at his command. Besides a liberal provision made for him in Mr. Astor's will he receives above the house and [illegible] ving the sum of $6,000 per annum. But he is not alone an hour. Sleeping, waking, walking, at home, abroad or riding, one of the invited guests at all places, and in all his movements follows him. The family of Mr. Astor are kind and tender to their relation, visiting him daily, seeing that all his wants are attended to, and in the most scrupulous manner carrying out all the wishes of the father in regard to one whom he called in his will "his unfortunate son."

For the American Union.

A Voice from the Border.

To the Editor of the American Union:

DEAR SIR.—I send you an article written for the Denton Journal, but as that paper is taken up with the Letters on agitation, I send you the reply, and I trust those papers that have published the Letters, will do the people of our Border the justice to publish the Antidote.

To the Editor of the Denton Journal.

I had hoped that the agitation on the subject of the New Chapter had ceased, and the discussion of it in the Journal was over; but seeing that the commencement of a series of letters has appeared in your paper, another voice is desired to be heard. It is not for itself or for its much speaking, but for the truth's sake and at the request of others. The speaker or writer has mingled in many deliberative assemblies, and participated in many of the reformatory movements of the day, but has never obtruded his views on others or published them to the world. It is only when truth or proper principles are at stake, that he can be drawn forth from obscurity, or presume to be heard. He is an admirer of humilty and if not possessed, at least to be seen in appearance. It is for this reason that he has styled himself a voice; nothing but a voice. A voice like John the Baptist in the wilderness. It is not that he fears to own his name, ashamed of his cause, or afraid of a feather snatched from the wing of time.—This voice did not speak till others had spoken and attacked the unity of the Church of his early love, association and choice.—These voices have dropped to silence; another voice is heard proposing to agitate, and in the silence of others, this voice cannot decline to answer. The Letters proposed and it is to be hoped that those papers will insert what reply we may make. The first letter seems to be a laying out of the ground, choosing positions, defining views &c.; and it may be permitted us to do the same — The writer does not yield to your correspondent in interest, as to the deep importance of the subject now before us. He believes, however, it is not the importance of the Chapter, but what we make of it; it is not in the crisis which WE ARE IN, but a crisis he is endeavoring to BRING ON. We do not believe that the Chapter has such an unfathomable depth that none but the most astute mind can fathom it; that no line and plumet can sound its depth. Truth lies upon its surface, and an Elephant can wallow in it and a Lamb wade over it.—The difficulty is not so much in the thing itself, as it is in our eyesight and the medium of vision, *light*. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light, but if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness?" If men would use that common sense in religion and in the discipline which they do in their worldly business, we should not have such trouble in the Church; what is plain in these to the philosopher is plain to the peasant, and the "wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." It is when men, through worldly wisdom, or by fimagination's wing seek to find out a path that "no fool knoweth and which the vulture's eye hath not seen," that they say there is a lion in the way; or dive down into the depths and bring up sands and pebbles instead of diamonds, or delve into the earth and seek to bring out things that are not there. Let us then, with chastened feelings, survey the variety and contingencies of the field; let us climb the heights where ether pure surrounds us, and reconnoiter our enemy. If we wish to fight against the New Chapter honestly and successfully, we should take proper ground. We cannot fight against it on quagmires, or we shall only be floundering in the mud, and our arguments will not be as clear as sunbeams. We should open the blinds on every quarter, receive the light from every source, divest ourselves of prejudice, take the "beam out of our own eye," clear away the mist and fog of self interest; then we shall bring the light to a focus on this subject, and look the thing through and through. It is easy to write flippantly on the New Chapter, but it is not so easy to reason and write with argument and sound sense. The writer of this first letter, says of this subject:—"There is a a right side and a wrong to it," which I accept, and though he said a little before—"the Chapter is a great deep, no surface views can comprehend it"—he says afterwards, "the right is that which appears directly on the face of the Chapter itself."—This is contradictory; but I infer from it that the truth is on the surface, easily seen even by a common mind, but error and wrong can only be brought out of it by *his* sagacious mind, and other deep thinkers and divers. He says, (speaking of himself)—"and we shall take it then, just as it is, free from all gloss and comment from any other source whatever," and yet he has not left it without gloss, if not of tinsel, I fear of blacking, and if he has no comment he may need one before he gets through. The writer closes his letter with the quotation of the New Chapter. For the better understanding of the subject, I will quote the Old Chapter and the New, as published by the Baltimore delegates, or the Discipline as it WAS and the Discipline as it NOW IS.

AS IT WAS.	AS IT IS.
General Rule—Page 27. *The buying and selling of men, women, and children, with an intention to enslave them.*	GENERAL RULE. Same as before
Section 18—Page 76. ON ORDINATION OF LOCAL PREACHERS. *Provided*, Nevertheless no slaveholder shall be eligible to the office of an elder or deacon, where the laws will admit of emancipation, and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom.	Striken out.
CHAPTER VII. OF SLAVERY. Discipline—Page 209. *Question.*—What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery? *Answer.*—1. We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery; therefore no slaveholder shall be eligible to any official station in our Church hereafter, where the laws of the State in which he lives will admit of emancipation and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom. 2. When any traveling preacher becomes an owner of a slave or slaves, by any means, he shall forfeit his ministerial character in our church, unless he execute, if it be practicable, a legal emancipation of such slaves, conformably to the laws of the State in which he lives. 3. All our preachers shall prudently enforce upon our members the necessity of teaching their slaves to read the word of God, and to allow them time to attend upon the public worship of God on our regular days of divine service.	CHAPTER VII. *Striken out and the following inserted:*— *Question.*—What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery? *Answer.*—We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery.—We believe that the buying, selling, or holding of human beings, to be used as chattels, is contrary to the laws of God and nature, inconsistent with the golden rule, and with that rule in our Discipline which requires all who desire to remain among us to 'do no harm, and to avoid evil of every kind.' We, therefore, afectionately admonish all our preachers and people to keep themselves pure from this great evil, and to seek its exirpation on by all lawful and Christian means.

I leave it with you till I resume the subject, and I think you will come to the conclusion that his revised chapter is less than wise man says:—"The crackling of thorns under a pot," you hear the noise and see the flash and all ends in smoke and darkness.

More anon.

A VOICE FROM THE BORDER.

Anecdote of the Western Bar.

The following anecdote illustrates the ruling passion for "poker," among Western members of the bar. The Court is in session, the Judge is on the bench, and the case of Smith vs. Brown is called up. "All ready!' shouts the counsle for defendant, but the counsel for the p'aintiff does not re-pond. "Whose for the plaintiff?' inquires the Judge, somewhat impatiently. "May it please the Court," says a rising member of the legal fraternity, "Pilkins is for the plaintiff, but I left him just now over in the tavern, playing a game of poker. He's got a 'sucker' there, and he's sure to skin him if he only has time. He's got the thing all set to ring in a 'cold deck,' in which case he will deal himself four aces and his opponent for queens, so that your Honor will perceive he must "rake the presimmons." The look of impatience vanished from the face of his Honor at once, and expression more of sorrow than anger took its place. At length he said, with a heavy sigh, "Dear me, that's too bad! It happens at a very unfortunate time. I am anxious to get on with these cases!" A brown study followed, and at length a happy idea struck Judge. "Bill," said he, addressing the friend of the absent Pilkins, who had spoken, "you understand poker about as well as Pilkins—suppose you go over and play his hand!"

At another time, counsel took some exception to the ruling of the Court on a certain point, and a dispute arose. "If the Court please,' said the counsel, 'I wish to refer to this book a moment,' at the same time picking up a large volume.—"There's no use o'your referring to any books," exclaimed the Court, angrily, "I have decided the p'int!" "But your Honor ——" persisted the lawyer. "Now I dont want to hear anything further on the subject," yelled the Court, 'I tell you again, I have decided the p'int!" "I know that," was the rejoinder, 'I'm satisfied of that—but this is a volumn of Blackstone—I'm certain he differs with your Honor, and I only want to show you *what a d—d fool Blackstone was!*" 'Ah, that indeed,' exclaimed the Court, smiling all over! 'now you begin to talk.'

On a similar occasion the affair did not end so happily. The Court decided a point adverse to the views of counsel. Counsel was stubborn, and insisted that the Court was wrong, 'I tell you I am right!' yelled the Court, with flashing eyes. 'I tell you, you are not!' retorted the counsel. 'I am right!' reiterated the Court, 'damn a nigger if I ain't!' 'I say you ain't,' persisted the counsel. 'Crier,' yelled the Judge, 'I adjourn the Court for ten minutes.' And jumping from the bench, he pitched into the counsel, and after a very lively fight placed him *hors du combat*, after which business was again resumed, but it was not long before another misunderstanding arose. 'Crier,' said the Court, 'we will adjourn this time for twenty minutes!' And he was about taking off his coat, when the counsel said, 'Never mind Judge, keep your seat; the p'int is yielded—my thumb's out o'jint and I've sprained my shoulder.'

A Beautiful Allegory.

Mr. Crittenden was engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offence. After an elaborate and powerful defence, he closed his effort by the following striking and beautiful allegory:

"When God, in His eternal council, conceived the thought of man's creation, He called to Him the three Ministers, who constantly wait upon His Throne; Justice, Truth and Mercy: and thus addressed them: "Shall We make man?" Then said Justice, "Oh, God, make him not; for he will trample upon thy laws." Truth made answer also, "Oh, God! make him not, for he will pollute thy sancturies." But Mercy, dropping upon her knees, and looking up through her tears exclaimed, "Oh, God! make him; I will watch over him with my care, through all the dark paths which he may have to tread." Then God made man, and said to him, "Oh, man! thou art the child of Mercy; go and deal with thy brother."

The jury, when he had finished, was bathed in tears, and against evidence and what must have been their own convictions, brought in a speedy verdict of not guilty.

THINK AGAIN.

It is related that during the first few days of the reign of Queen Victoria, then a girl between nineteen and twenty years of age, some sentences of a court-martial were presented for her signature. One was death for desertion—a soldier was condemned to be shot, and his death warrant was presented to the Queen for her signature. She read it, paused, looked up at the officer who laid it before her, and said:

"Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?"

"Nothing! he has deserted three times," said the officer.

"Think again, my lord," was her reply.

"And," said the veteran, as he related the circumstance to his friends—for it was no other than the Duke of Wellington—"seeing her majesty so earnest about it, I said, 'He is certainly a very good soldier, his good character and he may be a good man for aught I know to the contrary."

"I thank you a thousand times," exclaimed the youthful Queen, and hastily writing Pardoned in large letters on the fatal page she sent it across the table with emotion.

What a world of instruction, goodness and true philosophy is contained in these two words—*think again*. Could we adopt their spirit as the rule of our lives, one and all, what a happy change would come over society. In all our business concerns, in our social and moral relations, our political and religious duties, what important results might follow, if on many, very many occasions, we would think again before deciding upon acting.

A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.

"I cannot believe that the earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness! Else why is it, that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth—there is a realm where rainbows never fade; where the stars will be spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us, like shadows, will stay in our presence forever!"—*Bulwer.*

An Anecdote of Corwin.—Some years ago when Tom Corwin and Tom Ewing were on a political pilgrimage to the north, they were invited to stay all night with a distinguished politician. The guests arrived rather late and the lady of the mansion being the niece undertook to preside on the occasion. She had never seen great men, and supposed they were elephantine altogether and all talked in great language.

"Mr. Ewing will you take condiments in your tea?" asked the young lady.

"Yes, miss, if you please replied the quondam salt boiler.

Will you take condiments in yours, sir?

Peper and salt, but no mustard was the prompt reply of the facetious Tom.

Of course nature must out, and Ewing and the entertainer roared in spite of themselves. Corwin essayed to amend the matter, and was voluble in compliment, anecdote and wit. But the wound was irremediable. The young lady declares to this day that Tom Corwin is a coarse, vulgar, disagreeable man.

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