

SELECT POETRY

From Moore's Rural New Yorker. A. L. O. K. E. Oh morning heart, why dost thou cry With such a bitter moan...

No more than thou the voice sweet In happy childish mirth, No more the patter of the feet...

Alone, alone, with bleeding heart, And crushing, madd'ning pain, And woe, whose burning, fiery dart...

Oh cheer! I then mak't the heavy cross A burden light to bear, And thou dost from our bitter loss...

SELECT STORY

INCH BY INCH

Suddenly a violent shock was felt sending a thrill through my heart, for I expected to see the whole house come falling upon us...

"The Lord preserve us," she exclaimed; "but this is awful. I shall die with fright. If I had never left Aberdeen I should never have—"

"Cough-body!" replied an old woman; you is mad, you let senses wad you picanniny too. Tan till. Garamighty take care of picanniny now—nobody else can."

This, however, did not seem to afford much comfort to the poor girl, who did nothing but sit and wail. My mind had hitherto been so occupied that I had not time to take in the peculiarities of the scene by which we were surrounded...

During more than an hour we remained in a state of uncertainty as to what was going on above us; all we knew was that the noise of the storm had sensibly diminished. At last I could hold out no longer, and mounting the ladder, I endeavored to open the trap, that I might see what was the state of things above ground...

was already covered some inches deep. At first, neither Mrs. Seuter nor the negro seemed to comprehend this; but as the water rapidly increased, Mrs. Seuter became alive to her peril.

"None whatever," I replied. "We are in the hands of God; He alone can help us, if it is His good pleasure."

While all round were crying and wailing, however, Mary and Grace were perfectly quiet. Their courage did not fail them for an instant, though the water had now reached above their knees...

The water had by this time reached almost to our shoulders and I felt my fortitude giving way; I wanted to call aloud, to shriek for help; there was something so horrible in the idea of being thus drowned, like rats in a cellar, that I recoiled from it...

For several hours we remained in this state—part of the time with the additional horror of darkness, for the lights had burned out, and we had no others to replace them. I can't tell if I or any one else slept, but I know that after a time we all appeared in a state of stupor...

"What is it?" asked I. "What is the matter?" "The water coming again! Don't you hear it?" cried Mrs. Seuter.

I listened. There was a noise certainly, but it did not appear to be of water; then it ceased. I felt about me; but my senses were so numbed that I could not tell if the water was rising or falling, or, indeed, if there was any water at all...

Our final deliverance was delayed for some time for the want of a ladder. While one was being procured the negroes and people above were very anxious to know if we were all safe.

And de little buckra, Massa Onzon" (the nearest approximation to Spanish a negro could make,) "he right too!"

"Ah, Psyche!" answered a man's voice from the trap, "you is a bad girl. You let your child in de bed, and you tink nothing ob him, but run way and take care ob yourself; but he all right tank God!"

It is singular, but nevertheless true, that amidst the wreck of the negro village the child was found unharmed, and, in a few minutes after we reached the ground, was in the arms of its mother.

The scene of destruction which baffled description. The whole face of the country was, as it were, changed. It looked as though a burning blast had traversed the island, for, where yesterday everything was green and luxuriant, all was now bare and black.

Mrs. PARTINGTON'S OPINION OF CONGRESSMEN—"What's the matter, dear?" said Mrs. Partington, as she threw the morning paper, that he had been reading, down upon the floor, and stamped upon it.

A wag of the incorrigible school—a regular cuss in fact—was sitting in a company of gentlemen, one of whom was a lawyer of no mean reputation. The wag was talking to another individual, but talking for the ear of the lawyer, who said, stated that he desired the service of a good lawyer, that he had an important case, out of which, if successful, as he could not fail to be, if the case be properly managed, a good thing could be realized for himself and a good fee made to the lawyer.

When Indiana was little more than a wilderness, when Gospel-fire was poured out in great abundance, and rhetorical figures commanded a high premium among youthful preachers, Mr. Smythe was selected to preach a Sunday sermon at a camp-meeting. The audience was large, and the occasion demanded an extraordinary effort.

Daniel O'Connell once saved a cow-thief from hanging, though the fellow was condemned to transportation. He afterwards returned to Ireland, and made himself known to O'Connell, and in requital for his services as counsel, said he would impart a valuable secret.

The Toledo Commercial says the following was written by a gentleman from Germany: You might de oder day ven I was bin awake in my sleep, I hears something vat I tink was not vat right in mine barn, and I ust out shumps to bed, and ven I sees dat pig gray iron mare he vas bin tied luse and ran mit de stable off, and ever who will him back bring, I so much pay him as vat him customary.

THE PRESIDENTS

There have been seventeen Presidents. The subject is interesting to all. The order in which they have occupied the chair, it should be taught children in the nursery and at school.

Great Washington was number one; Then Senator Adams next came on; Jefferson made the number three; Then a Madison the fourth was he; Monroe, the fifth, to him succeeds; And sixth, the junior Adams leads; The seventh, Andrew Jackson came; And eighth we count Van Buren's name.

Happy Women. Impatient woman, as you wait In cheerful homes to-night, to hear The sounds of steps that, soon or late, Shall come as music to your ear:

Advice for both Sides. A countryman walked into the office of a lawyer one day, and began his application: "Sir, I have come to get your advice in a case that is giving me some trouble."

The keen lawyer hesitated a moment before he tackled his ship and kept on: "Ah! well, sir, you say you built a dam across that creek. What sort of a dam was it, sir?"

"You say you have confidence in Cookem, the plaintiff, Mr. Smith?" "Yes, sir."

"State to the court, if you please, what caused this feeling of confidence?" "Why, you see, sir, there's allers reports 'bout eaten'-house men, an' I used to kinder think—"

A lady being invited to send in a toast to be read at the anniversary celebration of the Pilgrim Fathers, furnished the following. It is spicy enough to flavor half a dozen anniversary dinners:

On a certain occasion, one of our Methodist brethren was given, in a religious meeting, the experiences of himself and family; saying, among other things, that his first wife was a very good woman, but she sickened and died in a very happy frame of mind, and he should be rejoiced if his present partner would go just the same way!

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