

## POETRY.



## Domestic Love.

Should sorrow ever bring to thee  
The burden of its tears,  
And then be doomed to weep the scenes  
Of forgotten years;  
How will the memory smile to think  
That hope has been repaid,  
And that the joys are treasured up  
Where they will never fade.

I had a dream of home in youth,  
A long deep dream of love,  
I will not say how well its truth  
Has been my lot to prove;  
But for within my dearest heart,  
Some joys will ever remain,  
Dwelling so strongly with my life,  
For earth to read in vain.

No—Time can never take away,  
Full reason leave her seat,  
Nor even then—the memory,  
So holy and so sweet!  
For virtuous, true and honest love  
Is next to Heaven a kin,  
And when such faith abides the heart,  
Such grace the soul may win.

Oh, altar of Domestic Love!  
Far, far too seldom sung;  
And all too sacred e'er to dwell  
Upon unhallowed tongue!  
Ordained by Heaven to be a man  
The highest bliss of earth;  
The portal may, then prove to scenes  
Of more exalted worth.

## The Partisan.

I knew, I knew the end would come,  
And then hast'ning, and we must part,  
But, oh! though banished from thy home,  
Thou canst not thrust me from thy heart.  
No; vainly wide with all its storms,  
Between us rolls the distant sea,  
Though many a mile divide our forms,  
Thy soul shall still be full of me.

When the glad daylight shall arise,  
And wake to life thy troubled breast;  
Oh, then shall miss the laughing eyes  
That long enamored o'er thy rest;  
When from the midnight blue and deep,  
The sad moon gleams o'er land and sea,  
The night-winds in their rushing sweep  
Shall bring the back the thought of me.

And then shall shrink before my name,  
And sigh to hear the lays I sung;  
And curse the lies that date to blame  
Her, whom thine own reproaches wrung.  
Thy life is charm'd! a weary spell  
Shall haunt the spirit day by day—  
And shadows in thy home shall dwell  
Of scenes for ever past away.

Years—of living years—shall slow glide by  
And fade like lonely, joyless still;  
And thou shalt move fair shall charm thine eye,  
But have no power the heart to fill.  
Even while they pledge thee passion's vow,  
The sudden pang that none may see,  
Shall darken on thine altered brow,  
Thou'lt answer them—but think of me!

When languid sickness nimbly each limb,  
Fancy shall bring my stealing tread,  
And weary eyes, with watching dim,  
To visit thy forsaken bed,  
Go, rove through every clime on earth,  
And dream thy falsehood sets thee free;  
In joy, in pain, in love, or mirth,  
I will be burnt thy memory.

## A GENTLE REPROOF.

There is no sound which greets more harshly on the ear of a man of a feeling, generous disposition, than to hear a brutal husband speak harshly to an amiable wife. The wretch who can treat a woman ill, deserves the contempt of his fellow creatures—but when that woman is one who looks to him for support, for kindness and protection—one whose path through life he is bound by every noble principle to strew with flowers, the brute who plants the thorns instead, like Cain, should have a mark set upon his forehead, that he may be known, and shunned by every honest man. But there is many a worthy woman who could tell an affecting tale of patient suffering under unmerited abuse.

Zachariah Hodgson was not naturally an ill-natured man. It was want of reflection, more than a corrupt and ungenerous heart, that led him to consider his wife in the light of an inferior being, and to treat her more like a slave than an equal. If he met with any thing abroad to ruffle his temper, his wife was sure to suffer when he came home. His meals were always ill-cooked, and whatever the poor woman did to please him was sure to have a contrary effect. She bore his ill-humor in silence for a long time, but finding it to increase, she adopted a method of reproving him for his unreasonable conduct; which had the happiest effect.

One day as Zachariah was going to his daily avocation after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish and sent it home with directions to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode was prescribed, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it, or fried, or made it into chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once if possible, and therefore cooked

portions of it in several different ways. She also with some little difficulty procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plunked it into the pot. In due time her husband came home—some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it—I will bet any thing that you have spoiled it for my eating—[Taking off the cover.] I thought so. What in the d—!—is name possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You did not think any such a thing. You know better—I never loved fried fish—why did you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it better fried. I did it merely to please you. But I have boiled some also." So saying she lifted the cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod nicely boiled were neatly deposited on a dish; a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish this!" exclaimed he; "Boiled fish! Claps and porridge. If you had not been one of the most stupid of woman-kind you would have made it into a chowder."

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder!

"My dear, said she I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed," grumbled the discontented husband. "I dare say it is an unpalatable, wishy washy mess. I would rather had a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish at her husband's right hand, and there was a *boiled-frog* of portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprang from his chair not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"Why dear," said his wife in a kind, entreating manner, "I hope you will at length be able to make out a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong—and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such another lesson. And he was as good as his word.

Lowell Journal.

From a Philadelphia paper.

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

EXTRACT TO THE EDITOR, DATED Philadelphia, Sept. 9th, 1860 & 33.

Mr. Editor.—You may think it a little queer for me to write you a letter here, seeing I don't often leave the General of late. You see now I've dropped down upon you just like a shower in April without ever saying any thing about it. I know'd very well if I had writ on to the copperation that I was coming, I should a had as big a crowd round me as the General had, and musta eat peaches and water-melons enuf to give any body the colery. Besides I should'n't a got to Downingville till after punking time. So if you'll just have a little patience, I'll tell you in a crack of a cow's thumb, what I cum for, and where I'm goin and all about it.

We've had hot times at the White House since we cum back from the Rap Rips. Me and Mr. Vanburen had a reel fallin out, and he's gone off in a huff to Canady or sum of the other Mexican states. Sum time ago I went into the east room, and there I saw Mr. Vanburen and Billy Lewis and Blare and all the rest on'em, sittin in a corner in a kind of kawcus. I never let on I see'em, but went rite up to the General and sot down by his side. He was reedin noospapers to kill I tell you—he had well on to a cart load on'em be-hin. Says I, "Gin'l, what's the noos?" "Nothin," says he, as I know on, but ther's been a mail robbery. "Spose you jine a hand, Major." So I tuk up a noose paper and look'd as if I was reedin very bizzzy, but every now and then I gin a side look across to the corner. There they all sot as thick as a basty puddin. Blare was pickin his nails, and Lewis scratchin his head. Mr. Vanburen did not say nothin, but he had a little masken in his hand full of springs and wires, and I tuk notis that every time he tuk'd one on'em, Blare would git up and whisper sumthing to the rest. After a while the General tuk off his spectacles and walked three or four times a cross the floor winkin his eyes prodigiously. Says I, "Ginral what's the matter?" Says he, "Major I've been reedin and reedin 'till I'm so blind, I could hardly tell a hen coop from a saw mill." "Then," says I, "Ginral, give me your spectacles and

that'll keep you from reedin any more. So I tuk 'em in my hand and put 'em on myself, and sot down in the General's chair. Says the General, "Major you don't look slow I tell you." Then he brush'd back my hair, and powder'd it over rite slick so 'sto make it look like his'n. Then he stepp'd a cross the room and turn'd round to look at me, and the mint he see me, burst rite out kaffin with all his mite. He jump'd jult three foot from the floor and shook the whole room till I tho't he'd break the winders. When he'd fairly done, says he, Major you beet snakes, but I surely felt sumthing give way.— And sure enuf, when he cum to look, his trowsers was ript from the flap most down to the knee. Says I, "Gineral, we must send them ar briches to Gov. Marcy. At that he roared out again, louder than ever, and fell flat on the floor—there he kicked till I most tho't he had an ecliptic fit. However, he soon cum too, and when he got up, the other leg was torn clean down to the foot. Says he, Major this is too mach in a christian country—I'm off like a flash of lightning. \* \* \* All this time I tuk notis that Mr. Vanburen had the studs on him. He was in a fever to see me and the General so mighty thick: So I got into a pot of bilin water with him. As soon as the General had gone, Mr. Vanburen begin to walk up and down the floor, stompin and stompin, like all wrath. Says I, Mr. Vanburen, what cud is that you're chawin at. He never let on he heard me, but kept on mutterin sumthing to himself. Directly he cum rite up to me and tried to speak. He roll'd his eyes, and grit his teeth, and bit his lips. Then he said, Major Downing, Major Downing, says he, if it had'n't been for you, them ar Deposites would a been in the Safety Fund, long ago. You're an ignorant teller—you dont know no more about ricketts than a gray goose does about strenonony. This kinder raised my spunk—Says I Mr. Vanburen, them ar big words off a weak stom-ach. If I git any dander up, and lay my flipers on you, you'll stand no more chance than a bob tail'd hoss in fly time. With that, he tried to bite me. Then the rest on'em cum up and got all round me. Blare flung a chaw to-bakur at me, and Lewis gin me a crack aside the head, that made my ear hum like a spinnin wheel. Findin I was in the enemy's camp, and bayonets pinted at me on all sides, I made up my mind to retreat: so I bolted out the door in less than no time. I soon heered that Mr. Vanburen had backed out, but yit I felt a little nettled at the General, for allowin me to be serv'd so ruff in the White house: so I staid away some time. At last the General sent for me, and says he, Major what's the rubbub between you and Mr. Vanburen: says I, Ginral, that ar Kinderhooker is al-ways at me about the Bank, and I'm determin'd I wont take it no longer, no how. I looked over them ar accounts a whole week, and they're all as strait as a three foot rule. I defy Mr. Vanburen or any body else, to find a single mistake in 'em. Well, well, Major, says the General, I find no use. Go to Downingville, Major and hunt Kiddle and when you find him, bring him back, and I well have peace once more at the White house. So I started off the next mornin early, and travell'd so fast that I'm all out of breath now, Mr. Editor, while I'm riting you this letter.

Yours, to eternaty,  
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

P. S. if the Editor of the Portland Currier should take it hard that I had this printed in your paper, just tell him how it happened, will you?

TO YOUNG MEN.  
Modesty is considered one of the chief ornaments of youth, and has ever been viewed as a presage of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part not to assume the reigns of government as yet, into your own hands; but to commit your selves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blot the prospects of its future prosperity and greatness, more than *self-conceit*. By checking its natural progress in improvement, it fixes it in long maturity, and frequently produces misery which can never be repaired. Yet this is a vice too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprise, and elated with hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves.—

Having confidence in their own abilities, they treat with contempt the admonitions given them by their friends, thinking them to be the rash counsels of a moment, or the timorous suggestions of age. With too much wisdom to be learned, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge headlong with precipitate indiscretion, into all the dangers with which life abounds. Positive as you now are in your own opinions, and your own assertions, be assured the time will approach when both men

and things will appear to you in a different light. Many characters which you now admire, will by and by, sink in your esteem; and many opinions, of which you are at present most tenacious, will alter as you advance in years. Distrust, therefore, that glare of youthful presumption, which dazzles your eyes.—Pride yourselves not in your own sense. Put not yourselves forward with too much eagerness; nor imagine that by the impetuosity of youthful ardor, you can overturn customs which have long been established, and change the face of the world. "Seem not to think more highly of yourselves than you ought to think, but to think soberly. By patient and persevering progress, in improvement, you may in due time command lasting esteem. But at present assuming a tone of superiority, to which you have no title, you will disgust those whose approbation is most important to gain. Forward vivacity may fit you to become companions of the idle. More solid qualities must recommend you to the wise, and mark you out for importance in subsequent life. "There is nothing better calculated to preserve you from the contamination of low pleasures and pursuits than frequent intercourse with the most intelligent and virtuous of the other sex. The society of well educated ladies is sure to add dignity and refinement to the character of a young man. Without such society, his manners can never have the true polish of a gentleman, nor his mind and heart the truest and noblest sentiment of a man. Make it an object, therefore, to spend some portion of your leisure time in the company of intelligent and virtuous ladies.

Few young men in our happy and free country, are so situated as not to have access to such society; but if you should be so unfortunate as not to be able to number among your acquaintance any ladies who answer this description, do not solace yourselves with the society of the ignorant and vulgar; but wait patiently till your own industry and good conduct shall give you admission to the most respectable domestic circles; and in the mean time cultivate your mind, so that when admitted to them, you may be able to contribute your share to the social and intellectual pleasures which are there to be found."

The Shakers.—Amidst all the singularities of the Shakers, they have some rules which it would be well for the people of all denominations to adopt. It is contrary to order, or the gift, as they call it, (says Professor Silliman,) to leave any bars down or gates open, or to leave any thing they use out of its proper place; consequently, they seldom have any thing lost. Cleanliness in every respect, is strongly enforced. A dirty, careless, slovenly or indolent person, they say, cannot travel in the way of God, or be religious. It is contrary to order to talk loud, to shut doors hard, to spit on the floor, or make unnecessary noise.—Every man and woman must be employed, and work steadily. Trifling as these rules may appear, their adoption would have a very important effect upon any household or community.

Original and true.—A servant woman, near our office, was employed to do the cooking for a family. When the hour for dining arrived, the landlady inquired whether dinner was ready? "No mam," was the reply—"I have not yet finished stringing the beans." The cook was industriously at work sewing the beans on strings. "Lord, what shall I do, the company are waiting." "Indeed, mam, I don't know; you told me to string the beans, which I am doing with all my might." *New York Gazette.*

John Randolph of Roanoke.—During the delivery of one of those tedious and interminable speeches that are often inflicted upon the house of representatives, a member who had occupied the floor for many hours was called to order, on the ground that his remarks were not pertinent to the question before the house. "I know it," said he,—I am not speaking for the benefit of the house—but for posterity. "Speak a little longer," said John Randolph, in an under tone, and you will have your audience before you."

Anecdote.—"Friend Franklin," said Elijah Tate, a celebrated Quaker Lawyer of Philadelphia, one day, "thou knows almost every thing; can thee tell me how I am to preserve my small beer in the back yard? my neighbors are often tapping it of nights." "Put a barrel of old Madeira by the side of it," replied the Doctor, "let them but get a taste of the Madeira, and I'll engage it will never trouble thy small beer any more."

A Good One.—"Mister," said a Johnny Raw, from New Jersey, who lately visited the office of the Eastern Argus, "don't folks pay for the paper without dunnies? I guess if I was a printer, I'd

tickle 'em with an oat straw! Why father takes a paper, and I've heard him tell mother he'd just about as lief cheat the Parson as the Printer."

A New Adventure.—We heard of a little occurrence which took place in O-wego, some day last week, which is too good to be lost. It is something after this sort: An Irish woman, in the upper part of the village, who had more children than spare moments to take care of them, bethought herself, at a busy moment, of a way in which she could keep one of her little 'blessings' out of mischief; so, with all a mother's care, she put him very snugly in a barrel near the door, the lower portion full of rags. For some time the little fellow was as happy as could be desired, and the good woman almost banished the thought of him from her mind. But, at length, thinking to go out, and praise him for his stillness, she looked about for the barrel—but lo! it was not! Barrel, child and rags, had all vanished together! She became alarmed—and for some time ran about, inquiring for 'the dear little jewel, sure that he was'—until after some time spent in this way, it was recollected, by one of the neighbors, that the barrel had been seen an hour or so before, rolling with considerable speed down the bank adjoining the house into the river. All at once the whole flashed across her mind—the barrel had been carelessly placed upon a pole on the verge of the hill—by the merry movements of her boy it had been started from its place, and the little darling was probably before that time a lifeless corpse beneath the waves. She hastened down the bank, which at this place is not far from one hundred feet in height, with a descent of from 60 to 80 degrees—and there found her little fellow just crawling from his play house which was partly floating in the water. What adds to the singularity of the affair is the fact that just before touching the water, the barrel must have a leap off an abrupt cliff, of about 10 feet, and it is one of the remarkable things that the little fellow's life was preserved; but not only this, we believe he received not only this, we believe he received not the slightest injury. Mothers should take this as a warning to be cautious how they 'barrel up' their children; for although in this case it did not end fatally, yet it is not every boy that will bear such a banging as the one in question must have experienced.

Auburn Journal.

## NEW GOODS IN JACKSONVILLE.

THE subscriber having purchased of Messrs. STOREY & CASE their store, and having just received a large and splendid assortment of

## GOODS,

suitable to the country and season, he offers them to the public on as reasonable terms and as cheap as can be purchased at any other store in the country. Among his articles are the following—

Black, Blue, Brown, { BROAD  
Bottle Green, Drab, { CLOTHS.  
Dark & light steel mixed, }  
Dark & Light steel mixed, } Cassi-  
Saff colored and Striped, } nets.  
FLANNELS.

Red, Yellow, White, Green, Canton.  
Green Baize, Velvets,  
Sattins, Circassians,  
Bombazett, Bombazines,  
Ginghams, Crapes,  
Silks, Pads,  
Shirting, Checks,  
Sheeting, Robinet.

CALICOES, of different figures, qualities, and prices.

Dress Haverchiefs, Pocket Handkerchiefs, and Cravats.  
Silk and Cotton Hose, JACONETTS, Ribbons and Laces side and hair Combs Parasols, Beads, ladies and gentlemen's Gloves, &c. &c. &c.

A general assortment of  
Hardware & Queensware,  
Iron, Steel, Nails, Trace Chains, Locks and Hinges, Penknives, Handaws, Andirons &c. Gift China, &c.

Cuttlery, Glassware, &c.

A good assortment.

GROCERIES.

Young Hyson, Hy-

son Skin and Bohea

TEAS, Wine, Gin,

Rum, Brandy,

Ginger, Alspice, Pepper,

And, in fact, he believes he has almost every article usually called for in a country store—and he would respectfully ask for a share of the patronage of the citizens in this part of the county—and those who may favor him with their custom may rest assured that he will sell his goods low.

In short, his motto shall be—"Good faith, honor and honesty."

MOSES CHAMBERLIN.

Jacksonville, Sept. 10th, 1863.

NOTICE.

SUBSCRIBERS to the "Messenger"

residing in Craig township, wishing

to pay the amount of their subscriptions in

grain, are hereby informed, that they can

leave the same with Col. Hurey, at Bel-

mont, who is authorized to receipt for the

same. KEEN & CHILDS,

Sept. 21st, 1863.