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Poetry.

DRIFTS THAT BAR MY DOOR.

The following poem, [illegible] was written by the late ADAH ISAACS MENKEN; and throws a new light on the character of that bad good woman

O Angels! will ye never sweep the drifts from my door?
Will ye never wipe the gathering rust from the hinges?
How long must I plead and cry in vain?
Lift back the iron bars and lead me hence
Is there not a land of peace beyond my door?
Oh, lead me to it—give me rest—release me from this unequal strife.
Heaven can attest that I fought bravely when the heavy blows fell fast.
Was it my sin that strength failed?
Was it my sin that the battle was in vain?
Was it my sin that I lost the prize? I do not sorrow for all the bitter pain and blood it cost me.
Why do ye stand sobbing in the sunshine?
I cannot weep.
There is no sunlight in this dark cell. I am starving for light.
O Angels! sweep the drifts away—unbar my door
Life is a lie, and Love a cheat.
There is a graveyard in my poor heart—dark heaved-up graves from which no flowers spring.
The walls are so high that the trembling wings of birds do break ere they reach the summit, and they fall, wounded, and die in my bosom.
I wander mid the gray old tombs, and talk with the ghost of my buried hopes.
They tell me of my Eros, and how they fluttered around him, bearing sweet messages of my love until one day, with his strong arm, he struck him dead at his feet.
Since then these poor lonely ghosts have haunted me night and day, for it was I who rocked them in my crimson heart tides, and sent them forth in chariots of fire.
Every breath of wind [illegible] and groans
I hasten to their graves and tear back the folds and [illegible] their shrouds and try to pour into their cold, nerveless veins, the quickening tide of life once more
Too late!—too late!
Despair [illegible] and clasps me in his black arms.
And the lamp! See the lamp is dying out!
O Angels! sweep the drifts from my door!—lift up the bars!

"Wonder what makes papa tell such nice stories," said a youngster, "about hiding the schoolmaster's rattan when he went to school, and about his running away from the school-mistress when she was going to whip him, and shut me up in the dark room all day because I tried just once to be as smart as he was."

A youngster was playing in the room where his mother and a lady visitor were conversing. Another friend called in the meantime, and after she left the two—after the manner of the sex—commenced to discuss her peculiarities very freely. Willie was apparently busy with his toys, but after a little, looked up shrewdly and said to the visitor, "Mrs Butler, that's the way mamma will talk about you when you go away!" The youthful philosopher was about right.

A lady had a magnificent cat. Mrs Jones, a neighbor, ordered her servant to kill it, as it alarmed her canary.—The lady sent mouse-traps to all her friends, and when two or three hundred had been caught, she had them put into a box, which was forwarded to the next neighbor, who eagerly opened it, as she hoped it was some elegant present, when out jumped the mice, [illegible] house. [illegible] the box she found a paper directed to her from her neighbor, saying, "Madam, as you killed my cat, I take the liberty of sending you my mice."

RICHARD BUTLER'S ALIBI.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"He's a lazy dog," said old Mr Craft. "The hay is completely spoiled."

"I seen the rain coming, and asked for help, and you said I could easy get in alone," said Richard.

"I'd have done it at your age," said old Craft.

"I've only got two arms," said Richard. "I aint a dragon." Richard's ideas of dragons were vague. "A man's a man, and a steam injun is a steam injun."

"You ain't worth your salt," said Craft.

"No, I don't get paid its valley," said Richard.

"We'd best part, then," said Craft

"Good," said Richard. "I've long thought it."

Then they turned away from each other, Craft entering the kitchen, and Richard marching towards the wet hay field; and Aunty Tuckertown, who had been buying eggs of Mr Craft, trotted down into the village to retail the news that old Craft and his Richard had quarrelled, and were going to part

Meanwhile both the men were well aware that the squabble meant nothing. Such little sparring matches were frequent enough, and yet Richard would not have left his master for any more tempting situation, nor would old Craft have dismissed him for all the hay in his meadow. Yet there was a sort of accepted formula to be gone through with. Richard must sulk, and go without his tea, and the old master growl over his delinquencies all the evening to his wife. And declare that he would keep Richard no longer.

To-night Craft was unusually loquacious as he smoked his pipe on the porch; and it so happened that a neighbor from I—— dropped in to speak about some matter of business, and heard him. He also carried into the village the news that Craft had dismissed Richard. and so the young man found the news at the tavern before him. There he neither denied nor agreed to it, but sulked over his ale until eleven o'clock, and then gave the company "Good night," and went away, turning as they all saw homeward.

He was really more out of temper than usual, and when half-way on his journey, he heard in the distance a cry for help, felt inclined to say that it was none of his business, and keep on But his better nature prevailed The cry was repeated It seemed to come from the wood hard by and feeling his way through the tangled brushwood, Richard came at last to the spot whence the cries and groans proceeded and found a man, who, in the moonlight, seemed old and feeble, bound to a tree. Richard's first act was to untie the rope about his waist, his next to lift him from the ground on which he fell the instant his bonds were unloosened.

"Come now," he said, with his old rough kindness, "Come, granddaddy, who did this to you? What's happened?"

"I've been here an hour," said the old man. "I've been set upon by thieves, and half murdered They took my watch and purse, and beat me terribly beside To be sure I resisted—who would not? Then they dragged me here, and tied me fast I'm thankful to you, young man; very thankful."

"Oh, 'tisn't much to do," said Richard. "Come now, granfather, let's get you home. Why, you can't but jest stand! Hang the brutes! Hold on to me Stand so. We'll get on. Where d'ye live?"

"A long way off," said the old man; "but if I could catch the stage at [illegible] passes at three, I know. It's twelve now; time enough if I could get there."

"We'll get there," said Richard. "Come now, I had an old grandda of my own, and I'll be old myself yet. I'll carry you before you shan't go"

And, in truth, the old man being weak and lame from his bruises, before long Richard did take him on his back and walk off with him. It was a slow journey at this rate with many pauses and a good deal of time passed in taking breath but before the stage passed North Corners Richard had the old man on the spot. A storm was gathering, and the moon had either set or was obscured by black clouds It was as dark as night could be. Neither saw the other's face, as Richard hailed the stage and helped the old man in

But he grasped his hand as they parted

"Tell me your name," he said. "My son could not have been kinder."

"Oh, my name ain't worth remembering," said Richard.

"Good-bye!"

And they parted

Richard trudged homeward It was early dawn when he reached the garden gate Yet, to his surprise, the door stood wide open

In a moment more, as he stalked across the threshold, surprise changed to horror There, upon the floor, lay his old master weltering in blood; and beyond doubled up in a great arm-chair, poor old Mrs. Craft—dead also, with a great rough wound across her forehead! A hatchet, covered with blood and hair, lay near; and the place had evidently been ransacked by the murderers who had left the marks of their bloody hands on everything.

Richard burst into tears, and flung himself on the floor beside his dead master! He bemoaned his own absence with bitter self-reproach Then, before he summoned aid, it seemed best to him to show some respect to the poor disfigured bodies; and, with no thought of the consequences, he carried the old man to the bed, and laid him upon it. He had returned to do the same by the poor old woman, when, with loud cries of rage and horror, two men rushed in at the open door and seized him by the arms

"We've caught you at it!" cried one. "Oh Richard Butler, who'd have thought this of you? These poor old people! But you shall swing for it. I'd string you up to the tree outside, myself, if it wasn't for the law."

Richard was stricken dumb He saw the state of matters at once and was hopeless His accusers were two farmers on their early way to market They bound him, and called for others to aid them

And, followed by a staring village crowd—yelled at, pelted with stones, used as some ravenous wild beasts have been, Richard was dragged to jail The inquest was held The wretched man was charged with the murder; and soon his trial came on. As he stood there, listening to the evidence against him, he felt that it was madness to cherish a hope of acquittal. The quarrel—his moody manner at the tavern—and the circumstances under which he was discovered were all against him. He could only plead; "Not guilty," and had no evidence to give

The murder had been committed between eleven and four in the morning. At eleven, he left the tavern. And so Richard was silent until there came to him that awful question:

"Prisoner at the bar, have you any reason to give why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

Then he spoke:

"I was not there, sir I found them lying dead when I went home."

"You were out all night then?"

"Yes sir," said Richard.

"Then, who can prove this? Why have you not called evidence to that effect?" said the judge.

"I could not, sir," said Richard.

"Where did you sleep?"

"I didn't sleep at all," said Richard. "I was carrying an old man pig a back over the country all night, between eleven and three, to catch the North Corners stage."

Was he mad or could he jest at such a time? A few laughed; others shook their heads. The old judge looked at him gravely.

"Explain yourself," said he.

"It ain't no good" said Richard; "but this is how it was: I heard a groaning and went into the woods. There I found a poor old man tied to a tree He was beat and robbed, and couldn't get along very good. So, seein' he wanted to get to North Corners and catch the stage, I histed him It was a lug It kept me goin' a long spell I was at North Corners at three; and you know it takes an hour after that, fast walkin', to get to our old place. I'll swear to the truth. I'd jest found poor old master and marm when they seized hold of me; but I know how it all looks. I'v got no witness"

The judge leant over the desk.

"Richard Butler," he said, "you gave that old man your name. He certainly asked it."

"No," said Richard "He asked it, but I didn't give it, and it was pitch dark. I've got to hang"

The judge bent lower.

"Tell me what you said when he asked you," he almost gasped.

"I said 'twasn't worth remembering," said Richard faintly.

The judge lifted up his head and laid his hand upon the great Bible The crowd looked at him. All were silent. Twice he strove to speak, but tears choked him At last overcoming his emotion, these words rang loud and clear through the whole court room:

"I, Jonas Ackerman, do solemnly swear that this man Richard Butler has uttered the simple truth God has brought forward a witness he did not expect It was I who called for help as he passed the woods. It was to me that he so kindly came I suffer yet from the effects of those bruises which made me so helpless that night that he actually carried me on his shoulders to the spot where the stage passed; and the words he has repeated are the words he uttered as we parted. So help me Heaven"

And then the old man, arising, went to Richard and gave him his hand, with no attempt to hide the tears that trickled down his face.

No one doubted Richard after this No one could. An alibi was clearly proven, and he was free again, and found in the old judge a friend who never after failed him, and whose efforts, aided by those of vigilant detectives, ere long brought the true murderers of the poor old couple to light, and meted to them the punishment which had so nearly fallen unjustly on the head of Richard Butler.—*N. Y. Ledger*

During the Revolutionary war, La Fayette being in Baltimore was invited to a ball. He went as requested, but instead of joining in the amusement as might be expected of a young Frenchman of twenty-two, he addressed the ladies thus: "Ladies, you are very handsome, you dance very prettily; your ball is very fine—but my soldiers have no shirts!" This was irresistible. The ball ceased;—the ladies went home and went to work, and the next day a large number of shirts were prepared by the fairest hands of Baltimore, for the gallant defenders of their country.

CURE FOR FISTULA—Common smart-weed, boiled and applied hot to the withers of a horse, is a sure cure for fistula It can be applied at any time before the tumor breaks The same application will drive away a bone felon on the finger or thumb

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TO BANISH FLIES—Half a spoon full of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of [illegible] and a teaspoonful of sugar; mix them well together, and place them in a room where flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

A Dreadful Revenge.

Many long years ago, the chief of the district Maclean of Lochbuy, in the island of Mull, had a grand hunting excursion To grace the festivity, his lady attended, with his only child, an infant then in the nurse's arms.—The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the animals from passing; but the animals rushed with such impetuosity that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment, Maclean threatened the man with instant death, but the punishment was commuted to a whipping or scourging in the face of the clan, which in those times was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest of menials and the worst of crimes. The clansman burned with anger and fierce revenge. He rushed forward plucked the tender infant from the hands of the nurse, and bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood upon an inaccessible cliff, projecting over the water.

The screams of the agonized mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their child was placed, may be easily conceived.

Maclean implored the man to give back his son, and expressed his deep contrition for the degredation he had in a moment of excitement, inflicted on his clansman. The other replied that the only condition on which he would consent to the restitution was, that Maclean himself should bear his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been. In despair the chief consented, saving he would submit to anything if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed begged that the clansman might return from his perilous position with the young chief.

The man regarded him with a smile of demoniac revenge, and lifting the child high in air, plunged with him into the abyss beneath The sea closed over them; and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlwinds and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of Mull

Saved from a Terrible Death.

The Elmira *Advertiser* says that on Tuesday morning as the train had left the Smithboro station, on the Erie road, a child about four years old was observed on the track immediately in front of the train. Wm. Homer, the engineer, immediately reversed the engine and Mr. Samuel Andrews, the fireman, heroically ran to the front of the engine, leaped upon the track, seized the child and jumped safely to one side, just in time to save his own life, and that of the child. The whole thing was done in a second. Too great praise cannot be awarded to the engineer, and the heroic conduct of Mr Andrews, the fireman.

Mark Twain says that when women frame the laws, the first thing they do will be to enact:—1. That all married men shall be home by ten P. M., without fail 2. That they shall bestow considerable attention on their own wives 3. That it should be a hanging offence to sell whiskey in saloons, and that fine and disfranchisement should follow drinking it in such places. 4. That the smoking of cigars to excess should be forbidden, and the smoking of pipes be utterly abolished. 5. That the wives should have a little property of their own, especially when she marries a man who hasn't any. "Such tyranny as this," says Mark, "we could never stand. Our free souls could never endure such degrading thralldom. Women, go away."

Squib says he sat down to a thanksgiving dinner where there were thirteen turkey gobblers. Only one cooked.