The Recess.

THIS WORLD.

BY THE RECESS.

Lays into this world as noise with noise,
Through which to feel, but hearing none,
With silent new dark and new morning,
Together then and I, some time,
Remaining off on either shore,
Bright upon where we should have to cross,
But Time plus swift as flying out,
And away we speed, away, away.

Should telling winds and some come to,
We'll come the passing quiver the shores,
We close till the morn is gone,
Nor, smiling, was a sudden hour,
And if that morrow dear should close,
We'll know to brightness cannot say,
But hope, while the those and now,
Complete not when it falls away.

So shall we reach to last that fall
Down which this channels all must go.
The dark, the brilliant, dashed all
To rock and the wild below.
We close that then dark wave to chasms,
It side to side will find we hold,
And calmly, in each other's arms
Together linked, go down the deep.

LINES.

A WORD TO THE MINISTRY.

Tell me not that I must sing
While thou prest for away
For indeed I cannot be
Anywhere or not with thee.

But wherever thou shalt wake
I will make thy side my home,
With thee live, and with the dead
Looking on the pearly stone.

In the city, passion-toned
Choked and shadowed also sound,
Falling is with many a sing,
Be to thee, my love, I sing.

Lines to the Modern Highfalutin Style.

OH! nonsensical Muse! thy unbearable lays
Disgusts me the oblivious sphere,
Bombastic nonsense into my ears,
Thy sentiment and pomposity

Perfume through the mind and
Lamentation gives thy gods,
While the higher Science
Experience and take to sees.

All rationale and pagan,
Mortgage enjoy the year,
And against the mandate,
Employment shall cease the

Miscellaneous Articles.

A Romance in Real Life.

Some time since, a young married lady, wife of one of our citizens, accompanied by a sister, then lately widowed, left our city on a tour south. The widow, on the boat for New Orleans, became enamored of a young man of genteel appearance, and prior to her leaving the sunny south, was clandestinely married to him, but owing to the recent decease of her husband, it was deemed expedient to keep the matter secret in the city. She came home, leaving her new husband in New Orleans, until a suitable time came to make the matter public. Meantime the young gentleman of our city were on the alert to secure the hand of our young widow, and were very lavish of their attentions; no ball, party, or concert was complete without her presence; being very lively, pretty, and beautifully supplied with that article the love of which is considered "the root of all evil," nothing was lacking to make her company desirable. After some months, a young gentleman from the south arrived, wooed and won the affections of our young widow. The father, not liking that a stranger, whom nobody appeared to know, should be introduced as a member of their honorable household, without having some knowledge of his standing in society, had respectfully urged his daughter to demand some reference in regard to the matter, but as she declined, the old gentleman took the duty upon himself, and asked some evidence on the subject, but the young man indignantly declined any negotiation with the father. He became resolute, but the daughter being her own mistress, appointed the day for the nuptials. The time arrived, a fashionable company were gathered together, the minister of one of our churches, with prayer-book in hand, was present, ready to perform the ceremony, the happy couple standing up to respond to such questions as are usual on such interesting occasions, when—to the astonishment of all present—the father, in a very peremptory manner, demanded some reference before he could consent to his daughter's marriage to an entire stranger. The stranger was not discomposed in the least at the request, but quietly taking a document from his pocket, handed it to the father, saying at the same time "he hoped that would be satisfactory." The father was awe-struck. The document was a *marriage certificate*, dated in New Orleans some eighteen months before! The worthy divine deemed it unnecessary to repeat what had been legally done before, and retired—as did all the company, save the father, bride, and her husband, who is a very clever fellow, and will doubtless make her happy.—[Philadelphia Dispatch.

Hurrah for young "widders!"

The Hypochrondriac.

We have little more sympathy for this victim of morbid feeling than most people are willing to bestow, because, being an utter disbeliever in what are usually called mental diseases, we feel satisfied there is bodily disturbance, and therefore, claim our pity and consideration.

The singular fancies of the hypochondriac are, nevertheless, very amusing sometimes. It is related of Corvisa, the celebrated Irish barrister, that he labored under the belief, for a long time, that one of his legs was Catholic and the other Protestant, and no inducement could persuade him to put the Catholic leg in bed. A course of mild alteratives, and a short freedom from the cares of his profession, soon restored the healthy condition of the body, and his morbid imaginings disappeared with returning health.

Dr. Badger had a patient who imagined he had a glass leg, and it was the constant care of his life to prevent his fragile limb from being fractured. He was confined to his home some year or two. He was at length induced to get into a country wagon for a ride, under the guidance of the doctor. The Doctor drove him out a mile or two into the centre of a large common, and he lifted his patient out of the vehicle, and carefully placed him on the ground. Without giving the slightest intimation of his purpose, the doctor jumped into the cart and drove off, leaving his terrified patient behind. His cries were unheeded—he was not, however, left unwatched. Night was coming on, and he made a faint effort to get up—he accomplished his purpose. He was astonished to find his leg did not break—cautiously he essayed to walk, at first very slowly—he gradually gained courage and strength—he persevered—and before he was half-way home walked as well as he ever did in his life.

A mist seems to have dissipated from his mind, or rather, we should say, a revulsion had taken place in his bodily system. The circulation restored, invigored his whole frame with new life and vigor.

There is a man in this city who firmly believes that his name is made of wax. He never ventures near a fire, nor will he go into the streets in warm weather, lest it should be melted. We would give a thousand instances of this morbid condition of body, and consequently of mind.

We have alluded to this subject for the purpose of begging for the Hypochondriac a little more sympathy than is usually given, and a more serious consideration of his case by those interested in his welfare. Such a condition of body and mind, indicates a predisposition to insanity, the first approach of which should be met with decisive measures. The common belief in mental diseases prevents that attention to the condition of the body which it demands, for, on its normal or abnormal condition, depends the soundness of the mind. "Mens sana in corpore sano."—[N. O. Delta.

Hurry.

According to the Chesterfield code, a gentleman should never be in a hurry. He should show himself unmoved by what excites and disturbs others. Flurry and urgency indicate a mind somewhat distracted, and seldom betoken progress. Generally, "the more haste the worse speed." Self-possession and calmness are the best assurances of steady advance. In majestic composure, and with wings all but motionless the eagle soars through the airy heights, while infinite rage and with fluttering pinions the crow flits over the surface of the fields. Haste is incompatible with dignity. It argues a mind which has not risen superior to surround circumstances and things. It manifests a disposition ardent and impetuous, rather than a judgment cool and well-balanced. In this busy century, however, it is quite common among most classes of men. It is said we grow up in a hurry, and live in a hurry, and die in a hurry; as if hurry were the great law of our modern life. False and sophistical assertion! Hurry is unnecessary. We go farther. It is harmful. Acting on the rule—"A time to do every thing, and every thing to be done in its time, more may be accomplished with ease in a given period, than by hurried effort in the same space. "Haste makes waste." What it seems to gain in one way it more than loses in another. It wears and fevers the system. It encourages us to trust in special efforts of speed, and to despise the slow and steady but sure plodding of perseverance. It induces an unhealthy habit of excitement. The watch that goes regularly needs to move no faster at one part of the hour than another. Any increased rate of speed we consider evidence of some derangement. Equable motion in business, as in a watch, is the thing most of all to be desired. Except on very special occasions, the quick and flighty step of haste should not be practiced. It usually happens that the time gained by hurry is more than lost in subsequent relaxation or illness. We agree, therefore, with Chesterfield. A true gentleman must be self-possessed, calm, deliberate, in whatever he does. At the same time, it is only fair to state that "hurry" is a relative term. What would be a "hurry" to a child is not so to a man, and what is so to one man is not so to another. If the swine should try to keep up with the ordinary pace of the elephant, it would be in a continual fever of haste. The walk which seems natural and easy to this man, would be a kind of a trot to that. We would not, therefore, erect any absolute standard of haste, and incontinently blame all who approach it. Each one best knows his own character, constitution, and temperament, and should be the best judge also when his movements are hurried and excited.—[Merchant's Ledger.

Rare Fun.

The Cambridge City folks had a bit of rare fun last Thursday afternoon. Mrs. C——, whose husband is a printer and much given to drink, waited dinner for Mr C—— until after 2 o'clock; but as she delayed much longer than usual, she started in pursuit of him. She sought him in the printing office, when she learned, to her grief, that Mr. C., was at the grocery.

She started quickly for that place, with a bit of club-board, and entering it, found C., highly intoxicated. She downed C., then fell on the grocery keeper, and ran him out of the store at the street door. The wife of the keeper entered to his defence, but Mrs C., quickly put her to flight, and having cleared the "tan yard," fell to mauling and pounding the jugs, bottles, kegs and barrels, until everything containing spirituous liquors was demolished. The keeper mouthed many things, while the "hope of his gun" was being ruined, but received no sympathy from the public.

A large sum of money was made up by the citizens of Cambridge and sent to Mrs. C——, and the grocery keeper was informed, that if he did not wish to leave town, on that time-honored, old fashioned, much-talked-of, but less used FENCE RAIL, clad in soft tar and the royal feather of the babbling goose, he would make himself scarce, without redress in any shape or form. May the Lord send more Mrs. C——s.

Right glad will we be when enough such women can be found to demolish every grocery throughout the length and breadth of our land.—[Centreville, (Ia.) Press.

ANTI SWIMMING.—Men are drowned by raising their arms above the water, the enlarged weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither motion nor ability to act in a similar manner therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water, in any way he chooses, his head will rise so as to allow him free liberty to breath, if he use his legs in the act of walking up stairs, his shoulders will rise above the water so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to some other purpose. These plain directions are recommended to those who have not learned to swim, in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life.

THE late storm proved exceedingly unpleasant. We overheard one poor weather-bound individual who was—caught in the rain, humming to himself in a duet way—

"Thy sweet lines from childhood's hour,
Thy charming lute has on me thrill,
Thou always inspire a sinking shrew
When I hear, go so sadness!

A MAN should never put a force of words around his ideas, because many who would otherwise give him a fair hearing, lack resolution to climb over such a fenced enclosure.

H. L. Spencer

INVITES the attention of everybody to a large and well selected assortment of choice and fashionable goods for the approaching holidays, and respectfully and cordially invites the following:

Rich and Light Letter Paper, Superfine Silver Gravers & Steelbeak's Incorrosive White Letter paper.
" " Lime Cone, Note.
Superfine Linen Note Lines.
Rich Gold, Superfine, Gilt and plain.
Gravers & Steelbeak's Incorrosive White Letter paper.
" " " " White Laid Cap.
Commercial Envelopes, 10 per 1000.
" " " Adhesive, $1.50 per 1000.
Light Buff Envelopes adhesive, commercial.
" " " "