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"DOWN TO SLEEP."

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning's chill,
The morning's snow is gone by night;
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie "down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch,
The forest sifts, and shapes, and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest sweeps
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight;
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight;
I hear their chorus of "good night";
And half I smile, and half I weep,
Listening, while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
Soft, warm, soft bed in field or wood
The mother will not fail to keep,
When we can "lay us down to sleep."

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

Some few years ago I was a resident in Hong Kong, and there became acquainted with the following circumstances. The story itself was related one winter's evening—for even in China there is a winter—around a glowing fire that put one in mind of home. The conversation during dinner had turned upon dreams, and some very curious theories were advanced in support of the interpretation of them. Our number consisted of eight persons; and after a protracted discussion, in which the number for and against there being any truth in dreams stood about equal, Capt. Topham proposed to settle the question by telling us a story of what actually happened to himself a few years previously. The cloth was removed, and at the invitation of our host we each drew our chairs round the fire, lit our cigar or pipe; and, after mixing for himself a glass of punch, the Captain related the following tale as nearly as I can remember:

"It is now, gentlemen, some ten years ago since I was first mate of the opium schooner Wild Dayrell. We were lying in Hong Kong harbor at the time, preparatory to sailing the next morning for Formosa. Then—and, for the matter of that, now—there was a great deal of smuggling done in that beautiful island of the Chinese. Our cargo consisted of $300,000 in syce, 250 chests of Patna and 200 chests of Malwah opium, besides a few sundries, which could be bought cheap enough in Hong Kong or Shanghae, but upon which we turned a good sum. Capt. Wilkes—whom I think you all know, gentlemen—commanded her, and had made many a voyage, and run many a risk for his owners to the same place. At about four in the afternoon the Captain left me to go on shore; but just as he was stepping into the boat he cried out:

"'Topham! Upon second thoughts, I shan't stay on shore to-night, as I intended. I am going to old Douglas' to dine; and as, in all probability, it will be a noisy party, I shall slip away early; so you can look for me about eleven.'

"'Very well, sir,' I answered; and then turned to see that every thing was all right for the morning.

"At six o'clock I and the second officer had tea; and after tea he and I had quite a confidential chat about our voyage, the value of our cargo and the immense risk that was run in not shipping Englishmen. Our crew consisted, by the way, of fourteen persons, including the captain. The captain, myself, and second officer and two sailors were Englishmen; a Lascar, two Manilla men, two Malays and two Chinamen, as seamen; a Chinese cook and Chinese steward—in all, fourteen souls. At about eight o'clock the second officer had retired for the night, and had left me alone on the poop. I well remember how my thoughts then ran. I revolved in my mind the conversation that I had had with Mr. Spencer, the second officer, respecting the immense value of our cargo, and the risk that we ran, both from our own crew, should they turn traitors, and also from the hordes of pirates that continually infest the China seas, notwithstanding our gunboats, and the havoc they make of them whenever they come within range.

"Well, gentlemen, upon that evening my thoughts were especially turned upon home, and to a dear mother from whom I had received a letter by the last mail, and who was then in a very delicate state of health. I had answered her letter only that morning.

"I must have been on the poop about three-quarters of an hour after Mr. Spencer had left me, and was thinking of returning to the cabin to look over some papers connected with the ship, when I observed a sampan, or Chinese boat, hovering round the stern. I called out to the men in the boat, and inquired what they wanted there; but their only answer, when they found they were observed, was to pull away from the ship in the direction of the middle of the harbor. Their movements I did not at all like, and, leaning on the taffrail, I watched them until they were lost in the darkness. I suppose I must have remained in this position—that is, with my arms on the taffrail—about ten minutes, when, without warning, I felt myself lifted off my legs, and some one behind me endeavoring to throw me overboard. I am by no means a light weight, gentlemen, as you can see, weighing, I should say, then something over 200 pounds; but the person evidently depended upon the suddenness of the attack to accomplish his purpose. I struggled violently, holding on by my hands to the rail, and letting fly right and left with my feet; and in the end I was successful. The Chinaman tripped, and lay upon the deck in my power. Without a thought, without a moment's hesitation, I laid hold of him by the trousers with one hand, and took a couple of turns of his pigtail by the other, and threw him overboard. After I had accomplished this, I made for the cuddy. Arrived there, I at once went to Mr. Spencer's cabin; but upon trying the door found it locked! I gave one or two good kicks, at the same time calling out to him to open the door. He sprang from his berth, and called out in reply that it was locked from the outside. I told him to stand clear, and with a good one, two, three, from the shoulder, I burst the door in. There is no doubt I must have looked very pale and very excited, as his first question to me was:

"'Why, Mr. Topham, what in the name of goodness is the matter? You look as pale as death.'

"I told him all that had happened, and likewise my suspicions that we had not seen the end of the affair, and that our best plan would be at once to arm ourselves. I told him to dress himself, whilst I went on deck to rouse our two English sailors, whom we could depend upon, and bring them to the cabin. I had planted one foot in the saloon, the other being still in Mr. Spencer's cabin, and had my eyes directed to the stairs of the companion way, when, in the shade, I thought I descried a Chinaman. Thinking that it might be the steward, I called out to him by name, 'A Tong;' but no reply came, when I felt pretty certain that it was not the steward; in which belief I was not long left in doubt. I had turned my head into Mr. Spencer's cabin to tell him of my suspicions, when I thought I heard steps stealthily approaching me. I gave a rapid glance, and there, not four feet from where I stood, were some five or six as villainous looking Chinamen as I had ever beheld, armed, some with bamboos about ten feet long, and others with swords. In an instant I had sprung into the cabin and closed and bolted the door. With a yell the whole of the gang made one simultaneous rush toward the door; but they had missed their mark by a second. I had planted my back against the door, and, thanks to my weight and the bolts, it resisted their combined efforts to force it. Other measures, however, I knew must be at once resorted to, and that instantly. Calling upon Mr. Spencer to move his chest of drawers against the door, and placing two trunks on the top of them, we patiently awaited the coming events. Spencer very fortunately had a couple of Colt's revolvers in his chest of drawers, with which we armed ourselves. The gang outside were evidently in deep consultation as to their next mode of attack. One voice I heard raised above all the others, and that one voice was without a doubt A Tong, our much respected steward. From the little Chinese I was acquainted with I gathered that they were bent upon the treasure, which had come on board from the Oriental Bank only that afternoon. It had been stowed away in the captain's cabin, and was safely lodged in one of Milner's fire and thief proof safes.

"They proceeded to the captain's cabin, but in a very short time returned, and knocking at the door with their bamboos, demanded it to be opened. At first they used threats, then entreaties, promising us that not a hair of our heads should be hurt. But, though we feared their threats, we had no faith in their promises, and fully determined that, if the worst came to the worst, we would sell our lives dearly. Oh, how we longed for eleven o'clock, for Captain Wilkes' return. How patiently and eagerly we listened for the splash of the oars of the six stalwart boatmen. We heard four bells from the different ships in the harbor, some not a couple of hundred yards away; but it was impossible to reach or signal them. Instead of a large port-hole, there was only the small dead-light, through which we could not even manage to thrust our heads, much less our bodies. Well, sirs, when they found that neither threats nor promises would avail them, they at once commenced their work. I was standing on a camp-stool, endeavoring to see what they were doing, by looking through the iron-grating on the top of the door, when I saw one of them with a spear, at what in military phraseology would be termed 'shorten arms'—that is, with the spear, drawn back to its fullest extent, ready to thrust through the door, I gave one spring from the stool, and lucky indeed I did so, for the next moment the point of a spear grazed my cheek. Another inch to the left, and I would have been a dead man. We both then retired to the further end of the cabin, so as to keep out of harm's way. We knew that they dared not to use firearms, for fear of attracting the attention of the ships in the neighborhood; and no doubt this was our salvation. Spear after spear was thrust through, some almost reaching us as we crouched down on the floor of the cabin, when all at once we heard a crash, and, on looking up, to our horror saw that one of the panels of the door had been forced in sufficiently for a man to thrust his body through. We both immediately sprang upon our feet, grasping our revolvers more firmly, expecting that in desperation some of them would be hardy enough to try and force their way into the cabin. But they were too cunning for that. Two of them now got upon chairs, but taking care to keep out of the line of the fire of our revolvers, and by side-thrusts—by which they were adepts in the use of the weapon—compelled us to kneel and crouch behind the chest of drawers one moment, into the berths the next, and, at last, under the bottom of them, where we were for some time comparatively safe. But, emboldened by their success, they now faced the broken paneling; and we could plainly see that, in another minute or two, the matter would end by our both being speared like wild boars. I whispered to Spencer to fire at the first head that showed itself at the paneling, and I would do the same—he to take the right, and I the left, so that we should not waste ammunition through both of us firing at the same person. I remember as if it happened only five minutes ago, two heads suddenly appearing, and myself and Spencer in the act of presenting our revolvers at them, when, as a flash of lightning, two spears were suddenly thrust through the aperture, and the next instant I felt a twinge in the right side."

Here the narrator paused for a few moments, and after a good stiff pull at his punch, continued:

"I remember no more until six weeks afterwards, when I was lying in bed in a strange room, very weak and very faint. There was my servant keeping me nice and cool with a large fan, whilst on my forehead was a cloth steeped in vinegar. By degrees some slight recollection came back to my mind of the events that had happened on that fearful night; but when I interrogated my Chinese nurse, I could only obtain from him such replies as, 'Me no sabby; doctor berry angry me talkee that pigeon.' By which he meant that he knew nothing about the matter, and that if he did, he was enjoined by the doctor to silence, otherwise he would be very angry with him. However, with a good constitution and careful attention, I was soon able to leave my room; and then, and not before, I gathered from my old friend, Charles Lawrence, one quiet afternoon, the following farther rambling account of the affair:

"'I have no occasion,' said Charley, 'to ask you to remember the 8th of March, for that you will do to the end of your days; but I have also reason to remember it; for on that day, as I learned by a letter from home by the last mail, an only brother was killed on the Great Western Railway, in the collision near Reading. Well, if you remember that evening, we were to have a great spread at Douglas's. Thompson, Wilkinson, and some twenty others were invited, including Captain Wilkes. Of course, you know what a jovial fellow Wilkes is, good for a story or a song, and can take his part in an argument with the best of them. Every thing went off well during dinner; and after the cloth had been removed, and one or two songs had been given, the call was for Wilkes. He, however, who is usually so ready and willing to oblige, made some excuse about hoarseness, which, however, was so palpably fictitious, that we all burst out laughing; and upon being pressed again by some of us, including old Douglas, he positively refused, and intimated his intention of going on board at once. We could see that something had occurred to irritate him, but for the life of us none of us could guess. Before leaving the room, however, Douglas called him to one side, and asked him the cause of his going away so early. He replied that he was uneasy in his mind; that a depression of spirits such as he had never felt before had come over him within the last half-hour, but for which he could not account; and asked Douglas kindly not to detain him, as he wanted to go on board to see that every thing was all right; and if he felt better, they might expect to see him in the course of an hour or so. And in an hour's time he did return, not to join our party, but to horrify us with the details of what had occurred on board the Wild Dayrell. Dr. Anderson, who was one of our party, went on board immediately, to attend to you; and Capt. Wilkes and two or three of us proceeded to the police station to report the matter. The police took the matter up vigorously; and, thanks to a large reward offered by the owners, one of the gang turned Queen's evidence; and in the course of three or four days the whole gang was safely lodged in the Victoria jail. They were brought up before the magistrate, and remanded until you are able to appear against them.'

"But I asked: 'What time did Capt. Wilkes arrive on board the Wild Dayrell? It was some time after ten o'clock—of that I am sure.'

"'Yes,' he replied: 'I believe it was just half-past ten when he pulled alongside, for five bells were struck from all the other ships lying alongside of him but not from his own, which at the time he noticed as very singular. As he approached the ship he saw two boats coming from the direction of her, but at the time he took no notice of them; but there is no doubt, he thinks, that these very boats contained the gang.'

"'But did they succeed in obtaining any of the treasure?' I again asked.

"'No; not a cent of it, thanks to Chubb. They had tried to pick the lock; and when they found that they could not succeed in that, they tried gunpowder, but with the same result. The two English seamen were found tied in their bunks, and quite drunk. They acknowledged that the steward had given them three bottles of brandy early in the evening as a present; and they made good use of it, for they were half-drunk the next morning. The rest of the crew were too much afraid of their own necks to offer any resistance or give the alarm. The Wild Dayrell sailed a couple of days afterwards, but with a fresh crew.' And so ended Charley's account.

"About a week after this conversation," continued the narrator, "I appeared at the police court, and swore to every one of the gang, eight in number. They were sent for trial to the High Court, and were all found guilty of mutiny and conspiracy; and sentenced, four of them to penal servitude for life, two for fourteen years, and the remaining two for seven years each.

"Amongst my letters from home I was not long in noticing one in the handwriting of my mother; this, singular though it may appear, I kept until the last, and toyed and played with it for a minute or two before I opened it. In that letter, gentlemen, occurs the following passage: 'What were you doing, dear John, on the night of the 8th of March, at about ten o'clock, from that to half-past? I will tell you my reason for asking. I had been very poorly during the whole of the day; so much so, that, after a cup of tea, about six o'clock, I retired for the night. I fell asleep very soon, but it was a disturbed sleep, and I awoke two or three times. At about eight o'clock Jane brought me a cup of cocoa, and very soon afterwards I again fell asleep, and did not wake until about half-past ten, when I awoke with a fright. I dreamed that I had seen you walking along some strange street, and following you were three or four Chinamen. All at once they rushed towards you, at which you ran, but they ran faster than you did, and were rapidly gaining on you, when you at once made for the river, which was some hundred yards distant. You had gone about half-way when you slipped and fell down; immediately the Chinamen were upon you, and one I saw with a long knife ready to strike you; but with that I awoke with a scream.'

"Now, gentlemen, I wish to draw your attention to the fact that the 8th of March, as mentioned in my mother's letter, was the same day that the Wild Dayrell affair happened, and also that the time from ten o'clock to half-past was the exact time that we were placed in the most imminent peril by the smashing in of the door-panel. You can call it what you like—a singular coincidence, or any thing else you please; but the fact remains that, while on the very day and hour I was placed in great danger of my life, my mother, fourteen thousand miles away, in dear old England, had a dream in which I figured conspicuously; and although the incidents of the dream did not exactly tally with the actual facts of the case, yet they were so near the truth, that I think you will bear me out, gentlemen, when I state that it was a most extraordinary and remarkable dream."

—*English Magazine.*

MR. DOZE, of Milwaukee, awoke the other day to find that his wife had run away with a sewing-machine "feller." At first Mr. Doze thought he was dreaming, but when he discovered that she had really gone, he could not help feeling sympathy for the sewing-machine agent.

A NEW HAVEN lady recently went abroad in order to take charge of the remains of her husband, who had died there. She is expected back next week, and being a woman of thrift, brings both a live and a dead husband with her.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

RELIGIOUS intelligence in the Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal*: "Her matchless and perfect figure was a model, and never shown to so much advantage as when she knelt for baptism."

DON PEDRO, of Brazil, will bring two hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds when he comes to visit this country. He is going to give them away to young men who part their hair in the center.—*Free Press.*

IT is very desirable to be a good reader. A clergyman is said to have once read the following passage from the Bible: "And the old man said unto his sons, saddle *me*, the ass; and they saddled *him*."

THE women suffragists of New Haven are wrestling with the question, "Who is the superfluous woman?" Of course we can't tell, but we know a number of family men in town, each of whom thinks he has married her.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

FOURTEEN summers ago she went back on a feller because he was left-handed. She now shares life's joys and sorrows with a man possessing an eye of glass, a leg of the finest hickory, with one ear absent, and who is immense in the deaf and dumb alphabet. So much for waiting a few years.

JOHN BRIGHT is reported to have said that girls are intellectually the equal of boys. It must be so, for oft in childhood's sunny hours, when a strategic movement is made for which somebody has to take a licking, it's the boy's back that aches, though the girl puts up the job.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

A NEW ballad is entitled "Tell Me, Mary, How to Woo Thee." And if Mary is a sensible girl she will tell him not to come oftener than three nights in a week, and not to stay later than 1 o'clock a. m. This going seven nights a week, and sitting up till 3 o'clock in the morning ruins the health and augments the old man's coal bill.

"CONDUCTAH," simpered a lady on an out-going Eastern train last evening, "will yeou be so keind as to bwing me a glass of watah?" The polite conductor thereupon marched to the water-tank, detached the German-silver mug from its long, clanking chain, and returning with it filled to the brim obsequiously proffered it to the fair traveler. She took it with a smile; she bowed—and stuck it under the nose of a musty-looking poodle-dog on her lap, who quietly lapped up the liquid refreshment.—*Chicago Journal.*

"You keep postal-cards here, don't you?" asked a little woman of the stamp clerk at the Post-office yesterday. "We do, madam." "I'll take one, if you will write it for me." "All right—now go ahead." "It's to my husband, who is in Chicago,'" she said. "Write like this: 'SIR:—I am most sick, baby is under the doctor's care, and James and the other children have the measles. The rest of us are usually well. All the women are wearing back-combs, and don't forget to write often. We all send love, and our house almost got on fire last night. JANE.'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Balk at a Wedding.

A party came to a clergyman's house one evening to be married. Every thing went on harmoniously until the woman came to the word "obey" in the service. Here a balky scene ensued.

"Never—never!" she said. "I did not know that word was in the service, and I will never say it!"

"Oh, dear," remonstrated her partner, "do not make trouble now. Just say it—say it, even if you don't mean it. Say it for my sake—for your dear John's sake!"

"Never—never!" insisted the high spirited dame. "I will not say what I do not mean, and I do not mean to obey. You must go on, sir," she added, to the clergyman, "without that word."

"That is impossible, madam," replied the minister. "I cannot marry you unless you promise to 'love, cherish and obey' your husband."

"Won't you leave us for a little while together?" interceded the young man. "I think I can manage her after a while."

So the minister went back to his study and wrote on his sermon for an hour and a half, and finally, at a quarter before ten o'clock, there

——Came a tapping—
As of some one gently rapping,

and the mild-mannered Benedict informed the parson that at last, after a long wrestling of spirit, his dear Jane had consented to say obey. But how that compromise was brought about, no one ever knew. I have often heard this same clergyman relate how, after a wedding ceremony on one occasion, which occurred in his own parlor, the husband whispered to his brand new bride, as they approached the door, "Mary, have you got any small change?"

NEW BEDFORD is said to have but one whaler left—a schoolmaster.