HONTROSE

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Chase & Day, Proprietors.

Poetry.

From the Knickerbocker Gallery. The Snow-Shower.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray, On the lake below thy gentle eyes; The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray, And dark and silent the water lies; And out of that frozen mist the snow In waving flakes begins to flow ; Flake after flake, They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come From the chambers beyond that misty veil. Some hover awhile in air, and some Rush prone from the sky like summer hail. All, dropping swiftly or settling slow, Meet, and are still in depth below ; Elake after flake Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud 'Come floating downward in airy play, Like spangles dropped from the glistening crows That whiten by night the milky way; There broader and burlier masses fall; The sullen water buries them all ; Flake after flake. All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some as on tender wings they glide From their chilly birth cloud, dim and gray, Are joined in their fall, and, side by side, Come clinging along their unsteady way ; As friend with friend or husband with wife Makes hand in hand the passage of life; Each mated flake Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste Stream down the snows, till the air is white As, myriads by myriads madly chased, They fling themselves from their shadowy

The fair frail creatures of middle sky. What speed they make, with their grave so nigh; Flake after flake, To lie in the dark and silent lake !

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear; They turn to me in sorrowful thought; Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear, Who were for a time and now are not; Like these fair children of cloud and frost, That glisten a moment and then are lost, Flake after flake,

All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide; A gleam of blue on the water lies; And far away, on the mountain side, A sunbcam falls from the opening skies, But the hurrying host that flew between The cloud and the water no more is seen; Flake after flake,

and virtue debased,-when politics, morals mouth, instead of in the proper place-if the and philosophy shall cease to be false, and the press dare expose its corruptions. Then we will call life what it ought to be, a glorious boon.

It might be a blessing if we would heed part of the toilet of the mother of ten childthe divine teachings of Him who came on a ren, and desired to know my Christian name, as she intended to be very kind and very motherly. "Besides," she said, "I am Mrs. mission to the poor, the oppressed of earth .---He has worn the garb of poverty and of toil. Perkins, and one Mrs. Perkins is enough in a He too has passed the fiery ordeal of hunger, house." Perkins winced a little at this, for thirst and feglect, and He has pronounced it was not the first time that she had told him so. - When I answered that my name his blessing upon the poor, yes the wretched, was Patience, she said -- " Patience ! Humph ! toil-trodden poor, -He came to preach good You are well named, for you will have a time tidings to them, to teach that all men are of it. But la, dear, we must be chcerful, and equals, and brothers, for he is no respector of begin with a cup of tea." And such a pleaspersons, and if we would but receive this ant look as she put on to second her invitagreat truth and follow its teachings, then life tion ! Her face is the habitual incarnation of lamentations, and when she attempts a might indeed be a blessing to man. But smile, her features are so unused to it that it why does wealth, a predominance of paltry seems more like a twist of pain than an exmetal, give man the right to tread his brothpression of pleasure. er in the dust? What, shall we cringe to "You will have a time of it," she repeated the purse proud usurper, because ambition is for my encouragement, as she placed me at the head of the table, behind a wilderness of his idol ? Shall we flatter the rich, or cater eups and saucers, and other tea and toast paraphernalia. "There's no company toto their prejudices because Mammon is their god ! Why, in so short an existance does. hight, Patience ; just ourselves !" man endeavor to possess dominion over his She watched with a hope for contretemps fellow man! Ah! this is life, this is its poeas I proceeded to ten and tonst the little multry as it now exists and ever has existed .-titude, but I survived it. I have learned since that, with malice prepense, she trusted to dis-We turn to the past, its seas of blood, its mar-

gust and force me to surrender to her at distyrs, its groaning, perishing millions, its vic- cretion. The next morning at breakfast she tims of bigoted superstition and fanatacism; hoped to reap the fruits of her manœuvre. Well, Patience," she said" will you sit at is the answer to the question, "What is life ?" the waiter, or shall I ?" (with a motion toward We turn to the present, its thousands of slaves, languishing in the chains of servitude, send sinecure.) "Now or never," thought I, and that coveted post-a dignity perhaps, but no up their cry of misery,--its millions of per- slipped into the seat, with a determination to ishing poor re-echoes the groans of anguish, assert my prerogative once for all.

the oppressed nations, bleeding beneath the "Well, then, I must tell you," says motherin-law, "Mr. Perkins does not take much bloody knowt, and the rod of oppression wielded by merciless invaders, rend the sky with take cream, Will don't take either. Tom has cheani, Tim don't take sugar, James don't their shricks of desparing woe, and this ansmilk and water, Sally has milk, Jane drinks wers the question, "What is life ?" water, John musn't have coffee, and you are not to give Ruth any butter, Sasy has milk It is but a picture of anguish, a contortion: on the face of time,-a cry of terror, and it and water, sweetened, and Lizzie musn't have is gone! We have not pictured life to you hot bread."

" Well," said I, having dispatched Mr. Peras a crystal sea, whose gentle undulations kins's cup, " what does grandmother take ?" softly rocked the boat and lulled the crew into You should have seen her eyes! There a baliny slumber, whose surface glowing in were the seintillations of fourteen furies in hem: "Who? Oh, yes, I understand. I the light was radient with beauty, and ever thus calm; but a sea, lashed into fury by the And then she sobled and sniffled, and Mr. nowing tempest and goaded into madness Perkins was in an unwonted state of excite-by the fierce contending wind, whose roar ment, and the children exchanged winks and dies into a spllen more but a spllen more but a split of the interview. a sullen murmur but to g les, and I-sat still. If a woman with ter grandchildren in one lot; to say nothing of force for a fiercer blast. We have given you a pieture of life as it is, its evils, its miseries, honored name of grandmother, pray who is ? their probable cousins, is not entitled to the and its remedy. W. L. E. So breakfast passed. Mother-in-law recovered her serenity before the meal was over. From Godey's Lady's Book Husband-dear me, what a word that is for LIY MOTHER-IN-LAW. me to write !- husband went about his business, and mother-in-law undertook to invest BY PATIENCE PERKINS. me with the power of the keys, enlivening bur progress through the establishment with I'am the late Patience Price," immortal by some very interesting remarks. " Mr. Perny history of "My Brother Tom," published originally in this magazine, translated and kins is a very fine man, my dear, though I est and best boon bestowed upon man ! Why cockneyized in England, and reproduced in am his mother who says it-a very fine man ; this country as an English affair. I married, but he has a dreadful temper, and you must a widower with ten children. If you wish to not let him get set against you. He is very their days may be lengthened, when it but know why, ask my brother Tom, and he will easy to please, but you must be particular to, composure-brings a succession of scenes of misery and tell you. So much for my antecedents; now get up his shirts carefully, for he will storm like an earthquake at a missing button. He is not at all difficult about his table, but I flatter myself that I have common sense ; even my brother Tom admits that, as a genthings must be served up right, or he will not eat them. I'm his mother, and am used to eral rule, though he cites exceptional circumhis ways. He is very neat and careful, but he never puts anything away, and will keep kitchen impertinence." human misery marshalled up before us. We bus, or spread an umbrella. I have seen a person picking up after him all the time; see the King in his purple robes walking on children before to-day; if never any of my and he wants everything he calls for brought own, actual own, all those of my sister's (not to him just to a minute. He is not at all n few,) and my husband's ten by a former hard to please when one knows him, only it takes all your thoughts to do it; but I'm used their gorgeous apparel, who bind their be-i band's mother might give me credit for some to that." highted slaves in the dark fetters of superstill capacity. If marrying a man with ten chil- This was a pleasant introduction, certainly, to my martial duties. " then there's the chil ple pretend, mother-in-law should, at any rate, dren," she continued ; "a nice family as one need desire. But the oldest, that's Timothy, is to be had. Such is my experience. My be the last to reproach me with it. I do not know how good a meddler among has picked up some bad habits. He will in the name of justice, their hard camed pit- fruits may be, but I do know that a meddler swear dreadfully, but he's a good boy for all must and I must say that I have succeeded do not know precisely what the first Mrs. Per- a fine lad, and willing ; but you must not ex- wonderfully. The children are not at all the I that. And James, that's the second son, is, kins died of, but if ever a coroner's jury sits pose him to temptation by leaving loose mon-represented them. Indeed, they have beupon me, or if, the doctor makes a true re- ley about. Willy is a healthy and well-doing tears shed by the perishing children of pover turn to the superintendent of the health office, boy in the main, but he likes to creep into erty, and want. Is life a boon when its only I know the verdict in the one case or the re- the store room. As sure as he cats a handful gift is toil and strife ! Is it a vast complication port in the other, will be-"an overdose of of raisins, and he will when he can, he goes mother-in-law." Mr. Perkins, my dear lord into convulsions. Tom is quiet, but dreadful and master, is well enough, perhaps I should mischievous sometimes; and there's no harm say, very well. I don't think he killed his in the girls, except that they quarrel, as all gold-into glittering offerings to Mammon, first wife, but do hope I shall never be re- children will, and won't take care of their The wretched masses crushed by Kings quired to declare, upon oath, what are my clothes; no children do. And John, he plagues them almost to death, and Mr. Perkins has no government over any of them, and edge, for guidance, and for food! Life is fulfilling her mission. Such a peaked face! must not be discouraged. I'm here, and if they don't mind, just turn them over to me!" Do you wish to know what I did ? Go look! If she were anybody but my husmarry yourself to a widower, ten children, and band's mother, I could appeal to him for pro. a mother-in-law; place yourself, a foreign tection; but I cannot ask the man to rise in substance, among three generations of cogwhile the weak and the poor, are left to sufa rebellion against his own ficsh and blood, nates, and you'll find out. I "just naterally," fer and die. We have nothing to do with the author of his being. I wish she could be as they say out west, went to my room, threw content with the original production, and not myself on the bed, and cried. Tears won't imagine that he needs her continual superprovide a dinner, I know, and I knew it then : but I did not imagine that any one expected vision, as an author supervises new editions, that I should fall at once into providing for and makes alterations in every one! the household-I, a stranger, and in a strange My welcome to the house was a damper. Perkins, before his marriage, never let me see place-oh, how strange ! I dont know how ciples,-that of treacherous concealment, for his mother. Widowers are prompt and art-often, under a frank and smiling exterior, there ful, Let them but breathe on a maiden with Presently I heard "Mother!" screamed in intent to capture, the proverb says, and the childish treble-"Mother ?" growled in the hobbledehoy accent-" Mother !" whinedend is sure. The fascination of a serpent, ex-" Mother !" shouted-"Mother !" pipederted upon a bird, is not more certain. I am Mother ! Mother !! Mother !!!" "Who is that wretch of a mother ?" I said, angrily, as I bounced from the bed to the tences; the second offence, too, the monster! glass, and then laved away the traces of my A man's children we expect to be plagued robes of Paradise, we will paint you in the giorious with; and perhaps the escape from early nur- tears. "Who is the wretch, and why don't sing, Godfrey's cordial, Dalby's carminative, the answer?" I did not dream that I could tears. "Who is the wretch, and why don't be meant. "What is the matter ?" I asked. opening the door and running out, to find than we now suppose. We are vain to think seven or eight of the Perkins young fry sithand, with a family capital all ready to com- ting on the stairs. " Who calls !" mence married life upon. But why did not "It's all of us," said the oldest, as spokespriestly expression, in the form of tyrants, the creature tell me that he was to be taken man for the whole: "Grandmother said we A single leaf of a boundless forest has fallen

Go then and eat anthing you can find." nose even is that proper place-she is that have the keys. Grandmother said so before person. She turned me round and round, she went out.' and looked me all over with most wonderful

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, January 11, 1855.

"Oh, she did, did she ?" said I, laughing, nonchalance. She wondered whether my eyes were black or dark hazel, suggested caps as has not been in the door since. Leaving the will follow us! The monument itself will was safe. children to discuss their lunch, I walked on to the kitchen. There sat a great lump of a cook, with her feet in the ashes, and her face endures, yet the eye of affection will not en- The innkeeper could hardly believe his eyes; turned to me with an expression which said, 'now for a battle!" "Where's your fire," said I, " and what's for dinner ?"

"Surastourself, that's the new musthress slumberer below. must tell me what. The ould must hress tould me I was to do nothing till you dirhected." "Did she! And why did you not come to me hours ago?" "Sure, and I was tould to wait till you bid

Recall my vanished memory: When we are dead our influence will not me.' " Well, then, I do bid you. Pick up your

be dead. We leave epitaphs upon indistrucmovables and leave the house. Call in the tible materials. Our manner of life has been evening, and Mr. Perkins's mother will pay writing them. We have stirred up thought you your wages." The girl stared, as if and awakened emotion. The wonderful madoubting her senses. "Come! move! You chinery of mind has felt out presence." are in my way !" And she did move, mut have pressed the stamp of character into the tering something about upstarts, which I did warm wax of our moral sensibilities around not heed. As my first order and last to that us. Our places of business, our social resort, ers, it may be necessary to mention that the

little grace she did it. I heard her stop to ble beings feel the influence that involves our water colors, which hall been washed away speak to the children in the pantry. The personal departure. sound of my footsteps approaching was enough, and she was off. "Come, children."

A Child With Two Heads It being reported that a child had been said, "what's to be had ! Your father will recently born with two heads' and that it be home to dinner presently, and we must was still living, we were at the pains this

On my grassy grave

The men of future time will careless tread,

Nor will the sound familiar to their ears,

have it up in a hurry." morning of investigating this not very un-Each did his or her part, highly amused it what they considered a good fiolic. One common freak of nature, of which the anadid one thing, and another something else. I tomical museums present many equally The boys brought fuel and water ; the girls strange examples. On the 29th nlt. the wife liscovered the edibles and comestibles. A of Jacob Jones, a recently arrived German ists, in the far west, and in the territory of fine dish of ham and eggs, a cold joint, a pie emigrant, lodging at 5 Vandewater street

-a decidedly picnic affair-were served up | was attended in her confinement by a Gerto the moment. Perkins came in, and we man physician, Dr. Josephs, resident in the twelve were seated in the best possible hu- same locality, and through his kindness we mor of pleased excitement. I had found my were permitted to see the case. way straight to the hearts of the children, and It was instantly apparent that this instance had no fears for the resti does not materially differ from those known

Mother-in-law walked in as we were enjoy- to the profession as "spina bifida," the "clefting ourselves. A strange expression of dis-spine" of English writers, where, from some appointment came over her face at seeing ev- unknown peculiarity of formation the medierything so comfortable. " I ought to make um line is interrupted posteriorly by a proyou an apology for being late," she said ; trusion of some part of the sheath of the spi-" but I made allowances for a young house nal column, or of the brain and its coverings take them, and they were consequently abankeeper, and did not think you could be so The patient's accouchment was perfectly easy doned. In the territory of Minnesota, elk are hem: "Who? Oh, yes, I understand. I punctual." "No thanks to you," thought I, and natural. oh, never mind me! I'm nobody "_____ but I said nothing. No sooner was mother-____ We found

fill our stations? The world will be a bust- and wind, thunder and lightning, which are cot where love's hand has trained of the hore they rise.

When we are dead, affection may erect a When the inkeeper awoke next morning, and running down stairs over a score of legs monument. But the head that set it up will the sun was shining, the birds singing, and and arms. Now I saw the conspiracy. The soon be powerless as ours, and for the same all traces of the storm had passed away. He pantry was speedily unlocked, and the key cause. How soon they that weep over us looked up anxiously to ascertain that his sign crumble, and it will fall on the dust that There it was, sure enough, swinging to and

covers us. If the marble or the granite long fro as usual, but the bear had disappeared. dure to read the graven letters. Men will full of anger and surprise he ran to the paintgive a glance at the name of one they never ler, and related what had happened. knew, and pass on with not a thought of the painter looked up coolly from his work.

Denidreit.

"A wild bear." "Was it chained or pot?" And read my name upon the sculptured stone: " I guess not ?"

how could you expect a wild bear to remain in such a storm as that of last night without chain ?"

The innkeeper had nothing to say against so conclusive an argument, and finally agreed to give the painter fifteen dollars to paint We him a wild bear with a chain, that would not take to the woods in the next storm

For the benefit of our unprofessional read individual was obeyed, I cared not with how may know us no more; but living accounta- rogueish painter had painted the first bear in by the rain; the second bear was painted in oil colors, and was therefore able to withstand

the weather.

Paradise of a Sportsman The shaggy monarch of the Western praiies, the buffalo, was long since driven from the heritage of his angestors, and forced to seek a home beyond the swift rolling waters of the Mississippi. The race however, yet ex-Minnesota, particularly at a distance of two hundred miles from the bed of the father of Waters, towards the head streams of Missouri, they are still found in almost incredible numbers. Governor Stevens, during his éurvey last summer, of the Northern Pacific Railroad route, passed several hundred thousand of buffaloes. In some instances they were forty or fifty miles in length, and extended. on either side beyond the reach of vision. Several mules and horses became so mingled with the droves that it was impossible to refound eccasionally, and deer exists in great

We found the child asleep on a pillow, ap- abundance. Grizzly bears are few and far quite normal in their development. As to numbers are slowly diminishing from year to

"But everything is locked up, and you ling active world without us. It was so before so common in North America, and which eysuckle over the latticed porch, and plac we entered it. It will be so when we are pass over with almost as much rapidity as ed Æolian lyies in all the casements. "MARRIED YESTERDAY."

There are pearls and gold shining nor amid the flowers that fringe love's pathwa and stars gleaming like a chandeller in th ornament of hope. There are harps tinkling. now whose melody is sweeter than the source of the evening bells, and joy failing like shower of amethysts upon the hearts thatyeterday were wed. Life now has become beautiful. The soul soars upwards from its dust like a dove loosed from its cage. The is melody in every place; yea, there are an gels in every path with crowns for those wh are pressing onward with song and praver

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"MARRIED YESTERDAY." It seems now a long distance to the gravalong road to the final rest. But spon th

shadows will come and life loses its suma: bloom. Then, as the patter of tiny feet heard about the grandfather's kneed the who were "married yesterday," mayhap w turn back to the records of the past, weev silently the while, remembering that the summer is gone, their harvest ended, and it soon gathering up their sheaves, they may pass beyond the gates of pearl, where will the but one marriage-that of the Lamb wi

his chosen people.-Newark Daily Marcury Gutenberg

No fact in history is more interesting the the invention of the printingpress by Gute berg. It is ascribed indirectly to the influenof religion, as is thus set forth :

"Gutenberg traveled alone, on fool cars ing a khapsack containing books and bloth like a mere student visiting the schools, or journeyman looking for a masterwent through the Rhenish provinces. In Switzerland, Germany, and lastly, Holls: not without an object, like a man his imagination wander at the capilic of footsteps, but carrying everywhere with.1. a fixed idea, an unchanging will led by a pr sentiment. This guiding star was the thoug of spreading the word of God and the Day. among a vast number of souls.

Thus it was religion which, in th wandering apostle, was seeking the so in to sow a single seed, of which hereafter was to be a thousand varies s orai It is the glory of printing that it was given the world by religion, not by industry. Ref ious enthusiasm was alone worthy to gi birth to the instrument of truth."

Eighteen Hundred and Fifty Four The year Fifty-Four, says a cotemporary

us. It has been, a good, pleasant year

many of us, strewing untold blessing: on of

The " Was it a wild bear or a tame one?" "Then " cried the painter, triumphantly

At rest in the dark and silent lake. Miscellaneous.

TIFE.

FOR THE DEMOBRAT. Life ! what is it ? 'Tis a fitful dream of

care and sorrow; a bubble cast up by the ocean of Time, to pass away again in a inoment. Why do all men prize it as the deardo they crave as an inestimable blessing, that i anguish ! The word life, is but an echo of for "My Mother-in-Law." the groans of the millions who crouch beneath the lash, or bend beneath the heavy burdens imposed by their taskmasters. We stances. I do know enough to retire into turn in disgust from the sickening scenes of the house when it rains, or to take an omnito power, over the necks of a kneeling and down-trodden people! or the lordly priests in connection; and I do think that my hustion-bind, and then crush them in the dust, dren is any proof of imbecility, as some peobody and soul together ! Or the titled taskmasters who wring from the hands of the poor, tance, to support their own grandeur, or where in one's household affairs is intolerable. pensioned idleness exts the bread that starving industry earns, nor never heeds the bitter ted machine that grinds blood from the hu man heart and coins its precious drops into Priests, and Gold, live only to shriek their firm convictions upon the subject. It might cry of despair as they ask in vain for knowly make a disturbance in the family. meted out to some, but to increase our insane Such a long neck ! such lengthened sourness, worship at the shrine of wealth, while they long drawr, out! Such a lean and hungry exact the utmost farthing of hopeless penury, the rapturous existence painted in poesy,-but life as it is, with civilization. But another word for falsehood and treachery,-the lying conventialisms of social life, countenances, nay, inculcate the basest and worst of prinrankles hatred deadly enough to strike the dagger home to a brother's heart. Kind

words, and friendly greetings are exchanged, half inclined to accuse my husband of duwhile in the dark heart, lurks the bitterest en plicity-of obtaining a wife under false pre-Life, we will clothe you in the glorious

gorgeous colors of the rainbow and bathe the teething, and all that sort of thing, is quite picture in the dazzling effulgence of heavenly an equivalent for any inconvenience which light, when you can shut our eyes to the may grow out of being a mother at second millions of wrongs in the shape of kingly and slave holders,---broken banks, and bankrupt with this other and extra incumbrance i Why were to call you mother." the rich, fattening on the groans of poverty, than of the son. Oh, poor me !

corporations, that are crying for vengeance, is not the marriage-service altered to meet "But she did not tell you to set up such and filling our hearts with bitterness. We such cases, thus : " I, Patience, take thee, horrid concert, did she ? If she did, I forbid When thou art gone ; the solemn brood of care will do it when labor and wealth sit side by Timothy (and thy mother.) to my wellded it. Can me mother, and a not to but never shout the word again, or call me His favorite phantom. Timothy (and thy mother.) to my welded it. Call me mother, and. I'll try to be one; Plod on; and each one, as before will chase, side, when the poor shall cease their shricks hold"—and the innkeeper. knew of hearts in the dim aisles of some noty tem-of woe and misery, and have justice, when hold more, by two-thirds, of the mother speak in your natural voice. Come to me the speak in your natural voice. Come to me the possession of so attractive a sign or on by two thirds, of the mother speak in your natural voice. Come to me the post of the speak in your natural voice. Come to me the post of the speak in your natural voice. Come to me the post of the speak in your natural voice. Come to me the post of the speak in your natural voice. Come to me the post of the speak in your natural voice. Come to me the post of the speak in your natural voice. Come to me the post of the post of the speak in your natural voice. Come to me the post of the

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shall have punishment, when bigoted see-tarians cease to war, and man cease to op press his fellow man, when vice and false-bood shall cease to be exalted, and worth

"What is the matter?" I asked

gravy—and this is stale bread—and—and—and—and and and a base the whole space fill Railroad be constructed, what a opportunity many of us, strewing untold blessing: on of I'm sure my son can't abide at such a table !!" ed naturally by the occipital bone, there will be here afforded for enthusiastic amateur paths, and crowning life with unfading love? "Then if must be ine that he finds fault springs a tumor considerably larger than the sportsmen to indulge their tastes. with. I dismissed Charlotte three-quarters of foetal head.

an hour ago, at which time she had not ta- . This unnatural protrusion is very thinly ken a step towards dinner. Since then, the covered with integument; its contents are, as children and I have got up this, such as it is, impromptu." 'And a very good dinner, too," said Perthinnest, and more lobulated and protruding kins. "I don't desire a better" the resemblance to imperfectly formed eyes Mother-in-law-gave him an angry glance. is a mistake very natural to an unprofession-

and then, turning to me, said, with forced al observer. The child eats and sleeps well. We remember a case in which the pase of "You don't mean that you have turned a the tumor was the deficient spinous processes girl out of duors, without warning, who has of the vertebrae of the neck, and in that case

lived here five years !"

cuisine, with which I inaugurated myself. is usually imperfectly developed.--N. Y. Post. It was effectual. Mother-in-law was completely checkmated, and my authority was established. Perkins is a sensible man. Widowers generally are experienced and wise. As a matter of prudent-investment, let me recommend the young lady who has love to lay out, to expend it upon a widower, if one husband left the whole house to my managenuisances that their affectionate grandparent

ome, in a couple of years, quite models, so Perkins says, that he knows them best, of course. I stick to my text. I had rather have twenty children all "mothering" me at once, than one brother Tom. But the mother-in-law oh, dear! She is the thorn in my side. I can't discharge her

as I did the girl, or manage her as I can the children. Perkins talks of buying her an annuity, that she may set up housekeeping on her own account. I almost wish he would -and yet I don't want her to get up a grand claim for sympathy on the plea that I have separated mother and child, turned her out of doors, and twenty other horrid things, as she would be sure to do.

he lived forever .- Indian Tradition. It is three months, since I saw the prece-

ding till now. I opened my porfolio this fine May morning. Do you know the world looks very cheerful to me now? I have a his easel not a hundred miles from Ontario, new stake in it As I said, I opened my paand inquired for what sum the painter would pers, and have been quite amused at my own paint him a bear for a sign-board. It was nonsense about the old lady, which I had to be a real good one, that would attract cusreally forgotten. Family cares put the pen aside, ond authorship, letters to friends even, are quite unheeded. But I may just remaik "Fifteen dollars !" replied the painter. "That's too much !" said the innkeeper by way of conclusion; that mother-in-law Tom Larkins will do it for ten ." has become useful as well as ornanental,-The painter cogitated for a moment. He did not like that his rival should get a com-She thinks herself indispensable. Well, I've no objection. Employment keeps her out of mission in preference to himself, although it mischief, and I give her the baby to hold. was only for a sign-board. "Is it to be a wild or tame bear ?" he in-

When we are Dead.

quired. When we are dead there will be some "A wild one, to be sure." "With a chain or without one i" again honest sorrow. A few will be really sad, as asked the painter. we are robed for the grave. Fewer, probably, "Without a chain?" "Well, I will paint you a wild bear, withour departure will produce considerable senout a chain, for ten dollars," sation .- But we over estimate it. Out of a small circle how soon we shall be forgotten! That is all. brown bear of a most ferocious aspect,

The gay will laugh

the head, the face is natural, the frontal bone vear before the railroad of civilization. Wolves, nearly at an end. A few days more, and "That stupid girl of ours ! She has put on is conplete, but both parietal bones and the widdents, and various smaller animals, valua- shadow will have drifted forever from amor a dirty table-cloth, and the old knives and occipital bone are wanting, and from the an-I ble for their furs, exist in almost inexhaustithe steel forks; and there's no spoon for the terior edge of what would be the fontanelle, ble profusion. Sho ld the Northern Pacific inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains. The is usual in such cases, quite fluid, and its sur- bear, the buffalo and the deer, would be blot-

know them no more forever.

the child lived (the tumor | resting on a pil-"I did not use physical force certainly, but low) more than a twelvemonth. The most stranger entering in the midst of a sale of We are too strong in young girls to tolerate small of the back; such instances are by no eer produces two small half-sheets of paper, Such was the coup detat, or rather coup de the cranium, the anterior part of the brain it " a most interesting article," and apologises proved, opportunities wasted, energies square for its condition. .Pickering bids 10 lb .-

Indian Theology. The precise idea which the Western Indi-

Art of a Yankee Painter.

ans entertain of a future life is this: As soon as the Indian threw off, the flesh. hammer strikes. he would find himself standing on the bank "hold ! says Mr. Foss. of the river, the current running with great " It is mine," says the amateur. rapidity. Across this river was a slender " No I bid sixty-five in time." pole, stripped of its bark, and lying close " Then I bid seventy." lown to the water. The Indian why had lived a good life, then sees a bright object on the other side; that was " Right." He would per are knocked down, amidst a general then, desirous of embracing the object hecheer, to Payen and Foss, for one hundreg loved so well in the world, walk across the pounds sterling !, On these bits of paper are to spare.

written the first drafts of the Elegy in a counpole, unmindful of the raging torrent beneath his feet, arriving in safety on the opposite try church yard, by Thomas Gray, including shore; and Right would then lead him five verses which were omitted in publication, amongst mountains covered with gold and and with the poet's interlinear corrections silver, into noble hunting grounds, where he and alterations-certainly au "interesting arwould hunt for eternity. But on the other hand, the man who followed "Wrong" all forth a ten pound note, perhaps even twenty. his life, when attempting to cross the pole, after death, would fall into the foaming stream, CARLYLE: Friend Aver :- In this age of

ouacks charlitans and mere windy, gaseous and be swept down into a whirlpool surrounded by rocks : there he would gradually be sucked in towards the centre of the vortex, and finally engulphed in the bottomless hole. What became of the unfortunate sinner, the Indians could not surmise, further than that ridden epoch as this, I say, it is comforting A person who kept an inn by the roadside went to a painter, who for a time had set up

dos and Don Mercurial Jalaps, with their phlebotomies, poisons and warm water. Your Cathartic Pills and Cherry Pectoral ly enough somewhat of that same Life Es-

compounds. You realize to us the visions of those painfulest, smoke-dried Alchymists-bootless seekers-dreamers among retorts and cruci-Lles, touching the Quintessential hidden Virtue of the Universe, which should antidote distemper, and break for man the wheel of from the office of Collector of New You

" "Married - Yesterday."

The bargain was struck, the painter set to first gleam of the sun is flung within our majority. work, and in due time sent home the signboard, on which he he had painted a huge portals, we read the little sentence :-- "Mar-The sign-board was the admiration of all is a wedding feast in some of the mansions of the neighborhood, and drew plenty of custhe earth; a clasping of hands and a union tomers to the inn; and the innkeeper. knew of hearts in the dim nisles of some holy temwhen you want me. Where is your grand- the great machinery will be ungeared when having secured it for the small sum of ten down, like spring flowers upon life's pathway. ployed, saying that he never "set up" with

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ness. To others it has brought only gri. The wild beast of the forest and plains and sorrows, shattering the sweet shrines would soon be exterminated or driven to the Hope, and pulling down from their please niches all the deities of the household. Soface, being somewhat darker in spots where ted from the prairies, which for hundreds of it has brought to the marriage altar; othe vears have afforded them sustenance and a it has carried to the grave, some it has crow

home, and the place that knew them should ed with the halo of conquest, where the reat er's song floats over the summer fields of Life VALUE OF A MANUSCRIPT. The original others it has shrouded in the shadows of manuscript of Gray's Elegy was lately sold feat, and rendered desulate by the bartism at auction in London. There was really a Despair. Many a strange thing and wonder scene" in the auction room. Imagine a ful has there been performed; in the ye I did employ very powerful moral suasion - ordinary situation for the protrusion is the some rusty looking old books. The auction- 1854! The Old Year is going rapidly he -what testimony shall it bear of us at means uncommon. Where it occurs about written over, torn and mutilated. He calls Great Tribunal ? Shall it tell of time unit

> Roods, Foss, Thorpe, Bohn, Holway, and dered ?---or shall it speak our praises as h est men and true, and secure for us the pla some few amateurs quietly remark, twelve twenty, twenty-five, thirty, and so on, till dits of the angels ? If we have done our a there is a pause at sixty three pounds! The ty in all things throughout the year, we as

> not fear unfavorable testimony in the Util Court; but if we have not rightly performe our duties, we should hasten to redeem o errors ere it be too late. The year is alu. "Seventy-five," says Mr. Foss; and fives gone, and they who would earn and receipt are repeated again, until the two bits of pa- its blessing, before it drops away, must man quickly-earnestly. There is not a moment

he came by it.

TIS SAN NOT SAMUEL-In placing name of General Houston at the Head of columns as a candidate for the Presidency 1850, subject only to the decision of the a ple, we made a triffing typographical our in the Christian or baptismal name of Gener Houston; which is Sam not Samuel. pretenders to heai, who blow at every street presume that people generally thought, and corner, and in the face and fars of all men, did that Sam was an American and yuthe their loud, blaring Jerico trampets and other abreviation of the sacred name of Sandarnoisy boisterous wind instruments of marve- but this is not so, General Houston, is lously twisted brass, in such a woefully sham- christianed after the Revolution, and whit "Uncle Sam" was the substituted and cort nay even cheering to the earnest well wisher mon term used for the "United States" of his race to know there has arrived in this his father being one of the patriots, and i world a genuine Physician-to light once rather indigent circumstances, consulted bet more upon something besides mere Sangra- patriotism and economy and called his se-Sam, after " Uncle Sam " feeling himseif to poor to give him a name with more than on syllable. His mother demurred to it, at the carry us forward to Haleyon days-to mille- being a very pious Presbyterian, and having

nial Pharmacopocas, when Science, deep di- a great veneration for the name of Sama ving down into the principles of things, shall, one of the old Prophets-but Sam early with infinite cunning, bring out the genuine hibited some of the boyish sparks kind Elixir Vitae : for of a truth there is manifest- and thrown off in the Revolution, she becau reconciled to the short name of one syliable, sence in your subtle vegetable distillation and and delighted to call him her darling Sam--Exchange.

JOHN VAN BUREN'S LAST .-- John VanBurer says that the administration is the only par that has gained a victory in the New election. Bronson, the man whom it removed appealed to the people on that measure being a candidate for Govenor, and the result is the people have sustained the course of da Every day in our journal that with the Administration by four hundred thousand

> It is pretty evident that when a man buys a hundred dollar himdlerchief for " duck of a wife," that he managese of a hunban 1."