"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."-James Buchanan

McCollum & Gerritson, Proprietors.

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Select Poetry.

WINTER. RY ZEKE.

A sight stanneh King is Winter Old, Majestic in his might; Though years and years have onward rolled. His glory still is bright.

Rrom his home near the northern star. His cohorts sweep again, Fleetly rushes his icy car. Over the drifting plain.

> The sparkling frost gems deck his crown. Undimed by jaundleed gold: His dancing plumes float gently down, Unsullied as of old.

His snowy locks float wildly out, And mingle with the gale, His spotless tobes along his route, Are spread o'er hill and vale.

His battle cry's the howling wind, An ice shaft forms his spear. His banner broad is gaily twined, With snow wreaths bright and clear. His locks are stern, severe and cold,

When on his yearly race, But still I love his bearing bold, When storms sweep o'er his face.

Sublime and fierce when in his wrath. He rages in the fight, Rushing on in his trackless path. Unwearied through the night.

Old years may speed on tircless wing, To "new years" giving birth. Still this old brave and dauntless king, Shall rule o'er "Mother Earth."

Then here's a health to Winter old. King of the frosty star, Whose white scarf waves its silv'ry fold Over his icy car.

THE PRESS.

The Southern Cross, the Northern Bear, The trembling sisters Pleiades, The many spangled stars above,-The ebb and flow of purple seas -The pulse of flowers that throb thro' Earth, The lovely seasons changing place. And all that God from Chaos wrought, Are but the tors of Time and Space !

The Mind a wider Orbit has. Than Sun, or Moon, or Earth, or Mars! A Thought can grasp Immensity, And wring the secrets from the stas! The Elements are slaves to Man: He links the hills, he spans the Sea. And he has made the Thunderbolt, A tame and servile Mercury!

His hand has taken the shapeless ore, And with a subtle skill, designed A little "Font of type" to bear The impress of the deathless Mind! Go forth a pure evangel, Thought ! Let War's red gonfalons be furled! Go forth, and with thy teachings break The manacles that bind the world!

Go forth with boly lips of peace! Speak golden words of God and Death! And, like the good Samaritan, Pour oil upon the wounds of faith! A poean for the Printers Art!

The toiling Brain! the ready Pen! The hand that holds the peerless cup Of Knowledge to the lips of men!

Miscellaneous.

REMORSE.

spray to mingle with the driving rain which turn. bests against my windows. It is a pitiless night-a night to draw round the fireside with those who are near and dear to one, and to-

as lonely as it is wretched. The wildest storm panion he was bringing with him. that can rage is calm compared with the storm long life agony of toy soul.

There are terrible voices for me in these

which won from me my misery and beguiled see still the sunny smile with which she nurse, Bianca, would remain with her, and I ed to fulfil the trust she had committed to me. drawn. She gazed at me in wonder, and she attempt at an earthquake was not a tright. ness for a time. Never again may one ray of I can hear still her joyous exclamations as dead to me, and all the world. peace penetrate my despair; never again may she gazed for the first time on the beauties one moment's calm still the tumult in my of her English home. I can see still the child-

this terrible suffering. of suffering which remorse brings to the hu until I found a life-companion I must make she had left me, with a vague expectation of sweet face I saw all my guilt recorded. days and feelings of innocence which no time. plete his happiness. no repentance can ever restore to the once sinstained soul.

tell how there have been days when my ceaseiess contemplation of my guilt and its conseslumber which nothing but exhaustion ever brings to me, and the slumber has come, with it has come some voice, some memory, out of which so soon followed. childhood's home, and I the careworn man, have started from my sleep, more agonized by that old memory than by the constantly present agony of brooding over my sin. I have heard my mother's voice at these times, and no spirit of evil could be so terrible to me as would otherwise have been consigned. the memory of that gentle mother who little dreamed of such a life as this for the child on whom her looks rested with equal love and pride. Would that her care and tenderness had been less! Would that I had died then! Alas! mothers know not when they soothe their infants to rest, and still their murmurs | She was very young; she was a child in one starts again to the full sense of memory, serving them for trial, for guilt, for unspeakable misery!

my earlier life; its history would be merely an The man whom she had married was singu- could not rouse myself. I had no one to account of affection and care lavished by fond larly ill-calculated to watch over and guard watch me, or attempt to rouse me; I had not could come calmly to her—and so it proved. her ends. She coaxed and she threatened; pective revenge to mitigate the difficulty; parents on an idolized son, the one hope of their her. Guileless and unsuspicious himself, he proud family, the bearer of their ancient name. These years I may pass over.

loss. Darkness fell upon my home the day she died. My father never held up his head again; and on the day I became of agea day often fondly and proudly anticipated by those who never lived to see it—I was an orphan.

I do not mean to offer it as the slightestextenuation of my crime that I was left alone, unguided, master of a princely fortune, and free to make what use of it I pleased; and it is a position of trial and temptation.

I believe I passed well through the ordinary trials of such a lot. Dissipation had no charms for me; and whilst I associated with many whose tastes and pursuits were too often of a class to be condemned and shunned, I can still look back on that period of my life with-

out self-reproach. Amongst my many acquaintances I had one friend-one true friend. We had been at school and college together; we had traveled together, and the tie between us seemed It was a month of most unutterable mi-ery, side me roused me. drawn more closely by the fact that he also I speak not of my own sensations. I say not stood alone in the world. He had lost both

his parents in his childhood. About three years after my father's death, Henry Mortimer was again going to travel. He wished me to join him, but I declined. Home seemed to have claims upon my time at the moment, and I resolved to devote myself during that month when I thought her sufferto the improvement of my estate and the ings must end in loss of reason. She never welfare of my tenautry.

wrote to tell me he was married; that he had band. On the contrary, she said constantly married an Italian, and intended returning that she had no right to remain there in her home immediately. His estate was situated sinful state of feeling. She could not have The temptest is raging wildly around my in a distant county, and he asked me to go deceived him although she deserted him. lonely dwelling. I can hear the mighty waves there to overlook the necessary preparations But how niteously she would express herself furiously against the rocks, sending showers of home, and to meet them there on their re- entrance into her soul !-- how she would call

request. I carefully followed his many di- she would return to me, weeping bitterly, and rections with regard to beautifying the house implore my pardon for her sorrow. gether to pray to heaven out of loving bearts for his young bride's reception. I pleased myfor those who are on the broad reas at such a self by devising various arrangements in the Italy, and she entreated my permission to abtime. The more wild the scene without, the gardens and grounds calculated to please her more strongly do the peace and serenity of eve and taste. I superintended the rethe feelings; and truly this is a night to turn which Mr. Mortimer had desired should be thankfully with fond words and looks to the done in the most lavish manner. I was incessantly occupied in his service during the nurse who had brought her up and followed miserable man who sets alone at his cheerless turn, and I have remembered since that time hearth? There are deep lines of care on my with some little surprise how exclusively my woman's presence enabled me to give the debrow-my hair is silvery white, and I am not mind was filled with thoughts of him and yet fifty years of age. No loving eve watches his wishes, and how few thoughts even of a her own child; I knew that she was safe with me; no loving heart bears for me; my lot is natural curiosity traveled towards the com- ber. I hade them return in one week; I

It was on a glorious summer evening that | tion, but I fancied that it must be Carlotta's that rages in my bosom. The death agony of they returned. Mortimer had particularly early home, and that she would not revisit ing me to her side. Each word that Bianca those who are this night tossing on the path- desired that there should be no demonstraless ocean is as nothing compared with the tion on her arrival from his tenantry, and I awaited their coming alone.

waves-wild reproaches, and passionate cries pest is still roaring round my dwelling-the a few blotted lines from her, telling me she Biancs to seek me. She had told me how that death is preferable to life-and yet the waves are still furiously dashing against the had resolved on leaving me, but she had no she had wept over the unconscious infant, voice that says so is youthful, and life should rocks—the same voice is horne by every blast courage to say so, lest my entreaties, added and I felt that I knew she had sent murmurbe precious to the young. Wild angry eyes to my ear the same strife is raging still in my to those of her own sinful heart, should over ed words of love and tenderness to me seem to be staring at me through the darkness bosom, and yet I can bow down my head, come per resolution. She said that she felt through that innocent medium. of the storm; and yet those same eyes met and closing my eyes I can lose for a moment that she was the most sinful and most miserlittle child cradled in my arms. Oh! that I of the world without—the torture of the world must be one of cesseless prayer for pardon, seemed bound up in her, and I wowed to de I sought Carlotta, and I bade her banish olas is steady on its marble boots, there is no great made in illerature, enteres, philosophy. could forget that time—that I could benish within; and I can stand as I stood that night, and that it was only in secret she dared to vote my life to her happiness. It seemed the him from her mind. I told her lie was un- saying that they will not some day be tum-

I have somewhere read that "remorse" is of a flower. I can see the glance with which alone. the conversive grasp of the mind on the resishe turned to her fond husband as he bade I never found any trace of her. I never treating purities of the past. It is well de- her welceme to her home; and I can hear ceased my search. I wandered in all direcfined thus; for one of the least endurable forms still the words with which he told me that tions, and I ever returned to the spot where bled as I gazed on her, and felt as if in her man heart is that vain yearning for the old C stle Mortimer my home, and thus com- finding her there again.

now. The red sunset is streaming on the with no one, and endured mental suffering little infant—how I should have scorned any spoke of the pride of his family; I spoke of line of fire-proof ferry boats from one side of I can tell it becuase I have felt it. I can old trees of the park; the breath of summer which no language can describe. A change is whispering among the leaves; the stillness came at last. and beauty of the house rests on every quences has turtured me into paroxysms, after thing. I linger for one moment in that repose.

I did make Castle Mortimer my home. business matters, and I staid at his earnest request to prevent Carlotta wearying of the solitude in a strange country to which she

I do not intend to dwell upon these months. do not intend here to detail the steps which insensibly led to frighful crime. I could not when almost unconsciously mind and body do so if I would. I know not now how the give way, and one sinks down in languor until Heaven became capable of admitting evil. dreams which that very languor invites, and with murinus of love, how often they are pre- years and inexperience. The purity was the the quick throbbing of the great agony. purity of Nature, for she had little or no re | Such a pause had come in my search. I ligious teaching. She was strangely untu- was ill, I was weary. I had spent several I was an only child. I have little to say of tored, save where nature had been her guide. days in a kind of apathetic repose from which I knew no suspicion of others. I was to him I was surrounded by foreigners, and I believe died with her mother! Unclouded sunshine streamed in my path after month passed away, and when he was to insanity. do sometimes mourn that utterly irreparable he congratulated himself on having a brother he congratulated himself on having a brother

> ly a very solitary home. from an abscence of unwonted duration, it fuithless, his friend a villain.

events which immediately ensued. I doubt nessed little else. whether my reader would believe that such

should be left of our movements. One month, forgiveness—once to tell her that the crime sixteen when we took possession of our home nurtured her with care, and mocked her with one little month passed away.

whether my passion would not have silenced my conscience, if her misery had been less intense. But no words can describe the agony of that young creature's mind. Helpless and honeless, tossed by ceaseless despair, she refused to be comforted; and there were hours once reproached me. She never once wishon Heaven to direct her, and pardon her :-I gladly repaired to Castle Mortimer at his and then forgetting herself for the moment,

One month passed away. We were in sent herself from me for a few days to revisit a spot known to her in childhood. I did now tell all that led me to grant it; she lef me. accompanied by an old and attached making the companion of her flight. The sired permission. I knew she loved her as could not precisely ascertain their destina-

that with me, although she longed to see it. Whilst I am writing these words, the tem- her again. The week elapsed, and I received agas, and yet how peremptorily she forbade

me-wretch though I had been-into happi- greeted me as her husband's chosen friend. must banish her from her memory. Sho was

Nevertheless, I did seck her. I sought her

Months passed away, most miserable The influences of that evening are on me months, during which I held companionship

so wildly for those whose pulses were stilled which I almost fancied I had no power of suf- It is the closing hour of that portion of my so long ago! Long years have come and foring left; and yet when I had laid down ex- life which will bear dwelling upon. From gone since that sunnv day in Italy dawned hours and days of remembrance when even hausted, trusting to gain forgetfulness in that that scene in my memory I turn back to the upon me. Why is the glare of its snushine my child might not soothe me; but they bereal scene of the present hour. From that dazzling my eyes now! Why am I trem- came rarer as she grew older, and my heart arms; but she had never left her, and had strayed away from home, and is by this time peace and innocence to the guilt and woe bling as with the agony of a new sorrow! clung more and more to her. Why do I again seem to hear the words which told me all? Will the memories of Mortimer was much occupied at first with that day and hour never die away as all human things else fade and die!

I said that my search was ceaseless, that I never relaxed my efforts, and I said truly. But I believe those whose minds have ever been for a length of time strained to one purpose know that moments of lassitude come purest soul that ever was breathed upon by some chord of memory is touched by the

to leave with Carlotta, who might otherwise on-the soft breezes rose from the waters of be sold. I had changed my name, resolved have found even Castle Mortimer in its beau- the glorious bay on which I gazed from the that no trace of my existence should remain, had left Carlotta. I felt anxious and misera- with their jacknives, but if it chanced to be shaded balcony of my room. The villa which I have said that I will not detail the steps I occupied was beautifulty situated. I had had passed from her childhood I should be at rest. I should have foreseen such a wretchby which we passed on to destruction. It is chosen it for Carlotta, and her presence was turn to England and fix our home in some ed state of things; I should never have bro't enough to say that when Mortimer returned still there in the few triffing articles-books remote place where I never might meet again her to England. These were my thoughts was to find his home deserted, his wife short residence there; her voice was ever echoing there; but alas! it came with tears If I were willing to dwell on the scene and and lamentations, for that room had wit- I could surround Carlotta with every luxury

I gazed on the scene before me. I thought things could be. I must hastily mention the of her-of her youth and beauty-of her suf- to make a home for her in our own country, mere facts. I will not undergo the torture fering and self-imposed penance. Oh! how I yearned to see her that night-once to friends. We went abroad, resolved that no trace clasp her in my arms-once to implore her was mine only once to attempt to soothe in the South of England. Wealth can do all Does the reader believe that it was a month the agony of her young spirit! I lost my- things except bring peace to the soul, and as her shame, and have her heart broken !-of guilty joy, where the voice of conscience | self in thought of her. I covered my face | I installed my child as mistress of my home, | Could it be my gentle Carlotta's child who was drowned in the tumult of passion? with my hands, and I started when a step be- I wearied myself in devising what I could spoke thus, and under whose torrent of re-

Heavens! what did I see! Bianca stood before me, her face streaming with tears, and 1 loved so much. in her arms she held an infant-a little in-

I hardly knew how Bianca told me her tale. I know that from that night I forbade how greatly I was changed, and I had chosen her ever to mention Carlotta's name again. I told her that I could not bear it and live-One year elapsed and Henry Mortimer ed that she had not left her home and hus- and live I must for the sake of her child-of early life. Still there were some whom I

bade Bianca seek me, and bring to my care he, was a broken hearted man, and seldom the infant she was leaving motherless. She or never left his desolate home. would not write. She told Bianca she dared roar as they rise one upon another to dash for the reception of himself and wife at in wonder how so sinful a passion could gain not disturb with earthly passion the calm that which was opened to her, and as the heiress was stealing over her dving hours; but she of a very large fortune, and endowed with bade her bear me her full and perfect for- rare beauty and talent, she was much sought, giveness; she bade her tell me she believed and speedily surrounded by those who would Heaven had accepted her repentance, and fain have been encouraged to try and win she bade her charge me to give our child the her. tenderners and devotion which she had not

dared to receive besself. bome and home affections seem to appeal to furnishing of her private suite of spartments, not yield willingly to her request. I cannot wrestle with that sorrow—no comfort—no life! I am now approaching the most terrihope on any side. Her image came un- ble crisis of my life, the most fearful result bidden before me as she was in her husband's of my sin. home in England-loved and honored, so And how is it with me this night?—the short period that was to elapse before his re- her to England, and whom she had insisted on happy in her thoughtless innocence. Scene after scene rose up before me in vivid colors, live amongst such memories? till the fatal day came which changed her from a careless child to a miserable woman. She was before as she left me-and then im- she for the wealth and honors that were laid to assert that there is no news in Gotham, agination saw her in her solitude; suffering at her feet, but she loved him with all the for, since I last wrote an event has occurred, mentally and bodily, longing for my presence. vet resolute not to yield to the desire of callhad uttered seemed to me the token of a scene She left me-one long gaze-one passion- of suffering and self-denial. She had told me ate embrace—and she left me. I never saw how she had longed to place her infant in my.

Thence commenced a new trial of my existence. I cannot say that at first I ever found anything approaching peace or consolation her hesitatingly, and she sprang from her a very respectable performance, and should unceasingly for months. I resolved never to in the task. I worshipped Garlotta's child, breast; never again may I meet a trusting like delight with which she passed from flower leave the spot where we had parted; I felt but I never met her unconscious gaze without eyes she told me she could never believe that atories where we raise figs, oranges pine apglance, a fond word. Alone I live, alone I suf- to flower whilst she exclaimed with indigna- as if she could not be very far away. I fan- fancying that there was something reproach- he had acted in any way unworthy of her, ples, and other products congenial to more fer, and alone I must die, when at last the tion against the false travelers who had cied that a day must come when she would ful in it. I cradled her in my arms, I sur- and that she would submit to no mystery on sunny latitudes, and I see no reason why we springs of life give way under the pressure of spoken of cold England, whose cheerless wish to recall me; her clinging nature would rounded her with my care; she soon welcom- a subject which involved her whole happibreath could never tempt forth the fragrance make it utterly impossible for her to dwell ed me with a baby smile, and held out her ness. little arms to me; but although my life was her to be long out of my sight, I still trem-

> Years passed, and this feeling gradually insisted on knowing it. lessoned as my idolatry for my child increas-When she was first laid in my arms-a when even the memory of Carlotta and her she broke from me, and entreated that I would through the second story windows. Be still, my throbbing heart! Why beat early grave would dim in the light of the leave her alone for a time; she said she love that my child would bring to my tor- could learn to bear it better in solitude; so I

tured heart. Yet so it was. There were still left her, little thinking what her purpose was. day before-named in this letter, and the in:

been beautiful-a fairy child-like beauty friend. which hardly seemed to have attained its had been, both in beauty and character. Her loving in her nature, as her child was impas- family ties as other people had. sioned and independent. I often felt, whilst Carlotta grew up beside me, that when the

as a dear and trusted brother, and month that I was regarded by them as strange even | Carlotta's infancy and childhood was spent | guessed ;—and she was confirmed in her res-The day had been oppressively hot, and I when she was brought to me. I had sent in dent embarrassment and terror lest she should had not quitted the house. Evening came structions to England that my estates should come to me. and music-which she bad used during her with any one whom I had kown in early when the door opened and Carlotta stood

My forturne was very large. I knew that that taste could command, and after the interval of many years I trusted to being able unquestioned by any one as to our family

procure or add to its already faultless arrange- proach I bowed myself down, a crushed and ments, to make it more worthy of her whom miserable wretch, where hitherto-blessed in

It was with fear and trembling that I again fant-which opened wide its innocent eyes, entered into society, from which I had been and seemed to return the gaze of its most so long excluded. I felt confident of remaining unrecognized, even if I were to meet any acquaintance of former years. I knew well a part of the country which was entirely new to me, and where I had no friends in shuddered at the bare possibility of meeting. Carlotta was dead-and her dying word. I knew that Mortimer lived; but I also knew

Carlotta entered engerly into the society

I have said that I knew Carlotta's love would come as an overwhelming passion. And so she died -my victim and my idol. Does my reader think that I have already That a very terrible time. Alone I had to recorded sin and sorrow enough to fill one

The temptest is raging still-that young voice is heard above the storm. How can I

Carlotta loved. She was sought in marriage by the heir to an earldom. Little cared passion of her nature, and he seemed to me to merit her love: but he had still to be tried. her history, and I told him my tale.

He was proud of his name and family, an unsulied name; an ancient family. I awaited his decision with apparent calmness, but I felt that my child's life would hang upon it

He left me, his proposals withdrawn. could not blame him. I only requested him nothing very serious, but then it was only a tons to republish the Encyclopedia American not to see my child again, to leave to me the beginning, a sort of baby earthquake, and al. cana. This useful work was published about I sometimes felt as if I could not look on task of telling her to stiffe her love in its birth. though the Custom House and the City Hall twenty years and was t

Something in my hesitating attempts to height or developed its character when death explain what I dared not explain to Carlotta came to her-but her child was more incom- -something in my allusion to a proud and parably beautiful than any painter's or poet's unsulfied name and ancestry had excited her dream. She was more Italian than her mother | quick notice. Bianca was a garrulous old woman, as most Italian nurses are; and as I large eyes flashed where her mother's had spoke my child must have recalled hints and

Quick suspicion aroused, she sought Bianca, and as I heard afterwards, insisted in her though of what nature she never could have in Italy. I formed my future plan of life clution to learn what it was by Bianca's evi-

I sat alone in my room for an hour after I

She was pale as death, her eyes distended and fixed, and her lips colorless.

I must draw a veil on the scene that followed. : Could it be my gentle Carlotta's child who overmhelmed her wretched father with wild passionate reproaches—who asked him with heart-rending cries, why he had I followed this plan. Carlotta was just not let her die in her infancy-why he had tenderness, that she might live only to learn ber ignorance-I had been a loved and honored father?

She quitted the room, trembling with her wild passion, maddened by her anguish.

Reader-I saw her once again. That same night heavy steps and slow, approached my door. I had never moved during the hours Managers of a Ball at the City Assembly which had elapsed since she left mo. I heard those steps-I heard whispering voices-I heard Bianca shriek-I heard the word "drowned!"

Power came with my agony, and I rushed to the door. I threw it open whilst they were consulting together how they dared to reveal his loss to the devoted father. I saw her. The flashing eyes were closed now; the masses of raven hair hung wet and heavy around her form, her quick pulses never beat

Long years have passed since that awful right. I have chosen my home far from those cenes. It is a solitary sea-shore.

I have suffered here alone. I shall die ere alone. Rage on, fierce tempest!-dash on wild waves! Ye are very terrible in your might and fury; but more terrible still is the might of the guilty man's REMORSE.

Hew Hork Correspondence.

New York, Jan. 24, 1857. Messrs. Editors ;-

It would be a ridiculous thing

which would have thrown any other northern city into consternation and set the entire pop-He came to ask my child from me. I could ulation thinking of death and destruction, not promise her hand until I had revealed but which no more affected the self-satisfied were committed, and an effort has been made rhinoceros. This strange event is nothing ishment, it will, at least, keep them least of less than the shock of an earthquake, which mischief for a few days. was distinctly felt in this city on the afternoon of Friday, January 8th. True, it was importance is the undertaking of the Apple. from my heart the memory of childish tones of and feel as I felt that might, when my glanask it. She teld me not to attempt to seek only offering I could make to her wronged worthy of her; I was obliged to speak vaguebled into the street by a regular volcanic deal of labor necessary to write it up. love, childish looks of trust, childish careases cas first rested on Carlotte Mortimer. I can her. She said it would be useless; that her mother's memory, and very solemnly I resolve live and learn; our first present date. A large number of the most

required me to tell her what had passed phant success, still it was not a mortifying between her lover and myself. I answered and disgraceful failure, it was on the whole place, and standing before me with flashing not be lightly spoken of. We have conserve may not with proper care and attention grow our own earthquakes. If we really make up I asked her if the stranger whom she had our minds to lay out our strength on the probound up in her life, and I could not endure only known for a few weeks were more to be duction of tropical laxuries, you may be astrusted than the father who had tended her sured that we shall find measures to astonish whole life. She wept passionately, but she all skeptical creation. We'll have an intersaid she knew there was a mystery, and she mittent volcano where Grace Church now stands with a fiery stream running the whole I did my best to calm her. I had ill-con-length of Broadway, and emptying into the sidered my task; I knew not what to say. I bay at Castle Garden, then we'll establish a one who had told me that a day would come their ancient and unsulfied name. Suddenly the street to the other, and assist our friends

Seriously, a slight shock of an earthquake was felt in the upper wards of the city on the I had never mentioned Bianca from the habitants were greatly astonished thereal. been to the happy child as she had been to safe in the southern latitudes. No harm was She was named Carlotta. Her mother had the unhappy mother, a faithful and attached done but the curious occurrence caused a good deal of talk and some little newspaper

There seems a slight prospect of a famine here. The ice has so blocked the game of navigation that the supply of Virginia oysters has been sometimes cut off, and Young New York has been put on very short allowance. The crowds of business men of the city melted. Her impulses were rapid and vehe- words unheeded before, spoken by her old who are down town all day, as a general ment and instantly acted upon, where the nurse, which, taken in connection with what thing eat oysters in the middle of the day for mother had turned for advice and support to I said, made her inquire of herself for the first | s lunch" and uncounted multitudes are dewhomsoever was nearest to her; gentle and time what her family was -- why we had no voured every evening of course as So, to cut off in a measure the "feed," of so large a proportion of the population is a very serious business. As it is the doing of the intangimoment came that love entered her soul, it most vehement manner on knowing all that ble Jack Frost, who is not a person to be colmust be a decisive moment for the weal or her nurse could tell of her family. Bianca is lared and cuffed and kicked as he deserves, woe of her whole future life. No emotion now terrified; but Carlotta knew how to gain the evil must be borne and there is no presbut if any public officer, or any fiesh and blood man with nerves to feel, a head to be nunched and arms and legs to get hold of, was responsible for the trouble, the mub would put him to death in five minuter; I am rather of the opinion that they would crucify him or chop him into sausage meat and I determined at that time when Carlotta ble. I knew not how inquiries were to be set an unusually merciful and tender-hearted mob they might content themselvs with caving in all his ribs, and then hanging them to a lamp-post. Under present circumstances it takes three "stews" for a dinner, and a "fry" has dwindled to four small orsters cooked in a profusion of corn meal. Something must be done, and I am not sure but the New Yorker will repeat the experiments lately tried in Paris, and learn to appreciate horse-flesh and mule ment. It may not be many days before Gothamites will say Grace over a breakfast of porker's steaks and return thanks for a good dinner of home-soup and a roast from the delicate part of a mare's fore-

> A very sudden death occurred here the other night at a time and place where death would naturally be the last thing thought of and would seem to be particularly unwelcome and inappropriate. A lady named Fredericks while dancing at a Mechanic's Ball in National Hall, in Forty fourth street. was taken suddenly ill and died before the could be taken from the house. A similar incident occurred here last winter, when a young man was officiating as one of the Rooms, was taken sick at refreshment table, and died in his chair. His mother and sinter were both present.

The policemen of the Fourth and Eighth wards made a grand moral demonstration one night last week and by a concerted movement made a descent upon some of the rum-holes in their respective vicinities. The expedition resulted in the capture of fortyfour thieves of the most desperate stamp. They were not mere pickpockets who accomplish their work by slight of hand and dexterity, but "garrotters," highwaymen, and men of that class who travel in ganga and use brute force to rob people. There were not probably half a dozen in the whole lot who would scruple to commit a murder if there was any change of making mency by it. They were arrested on this occasion for no specified crime, but on account of their known bad character, the whole of them being known to the police as desperadoes They were kent in the station-houses over night, and in the morning were taken to the Mayor's office, and " shown up" to the citizens that they might know them hereafter. and that the police of other wards might have an opportunity of becoming familiar with their beautiful faces. Some of there were discharged, but the majority of them complacency of the New Yorkers, than a to send them to the Island for mixty days, es horse fly would disturb the equanimity of a vagrants: Inefficient as is this slight hem-

In the literary world the newest thing of