The Sunbury American.

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The Sunbury American.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY H. B. MASSER,
Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued until ALL arrearges are paid.

All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

TO CLUBS.

Three copies to one address,			$5 00
Seven	Do	Do	10 00
Fifteen	Do	Do	20 00

Five dollars in advance will pay for three years' subscription to the American.

Postmasters will please act as our Agents, and frank letters containing subscription money. They are permitted to do this under the Post Office Law.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square of 12 lines, 3 times,	$1 00
Every subsequent insertion,	25
One Square, 3 months,	3 00
Six months,	5 00
One year,	8 00
Business Cards of Five lines, per annum,	
Merchants and others, advertising by the year, with the privilege of inserting different advertisements weekly,	10 00

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JOB PRINTING.

We have connected with our establishment a well selected JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute in the neatest style, every variety of printing.

H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming Montour and Columbia.

References in Philadelphia:
Hon. Job R. Tyson, Sowers & Souderson, Chas. Gibbons, Esq., Linn, Smith & Co.

LOCUST MOUNTAIN COLLIERY
SUPERIOR WHITE ASH
ANTHRACITE COAL,
From the Mammoth Vein, for Furnaces, Foundries, Steamboats and Family use,
BELL, LEWIS & CO.,
Mt. Carmel, Northumberland County, Pa

SIZES OF COAL.
LUMP, for Blast Furnaces and Cupolas,
STEAMBOAT, for Steamboats, Hot Air Furnaces and Steam.
BROKEN, EGG, } For Grates, Stoves and Steam.
STOVE, NUT, } For Stoves, Steam and burning Lime.
PEA, for Limeburners and making Steam.

Orders received at Mt. Carmel or Northumberland Wharf, will receive prompt attention.
M. B. BELL,
D. J. LEWIS,
WILLIAM MUIR.

May 9, 1856.—tf

PHILADELPHIA
Wood Moulding Mill,
Willow Street above Twelfth, North Side.

MOULDINGS suitable for Carpenters Builders, Cabinet and Frame Makers worked from the best and thoroughly seasoned material, always on hand. Any pattern worked from a drawing.

The subscriber having purchased the entire interest, will continue the business with increased facilities.

Agents wanted in the various towns in this portion of the State, to whom opportunities will be offered for large profits to themselves.

SAMUEL B. HENRY.

July 18, 1857.—3m 24p

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT!!
Revolution in the Dry Goods Business!!!
J. F. & I. F. KLINE,

Respectfully announce to their friends and the public in general that they have received at their Store in Upper Augusta township, Northumberland county Pa., at Kline's Grove their Spring and Summer GOODS, and opened to the public a general assortment of merchandize &c.

Consisting in part of Cloths, black and fancy Cassimeres, Satinetts, Checks, Kentucky Jeans together with a general assortment of Spring and Summer Goods adapted to all classes of persons.

Ready made Clothing, consisting of Coats and Vests.

Ladies Dress Goods,

Summer Shawls, Ginghams, Lawns, Ducals, Calicoes, black Silks &c.

Also a fresh supply of Drugs and Medicines, Groceries &c., of all kinds.

A new supply of Hardware, Queensware, wooden ware Brooms &c.

A large assortment of Boots and Shoes suitable for men women and children.

HATS AND CAPS.

School Books, Stationery, Envelopes, Ink, &c.

Fish and Salt.

And all goods usually kept in a country store. Come and see. Come one, come all.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. All of the above named stock of goods will be sold positively at low prices for cash, or in exchange for country produce at the highest market price.

Thankful for past favors we hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

Kline's Grove, Pa., May 16, 1857.—tf

NEW GOODS,
A. J. CONRAD,
HOLLOWING RUN.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he has replenished his Store with an excellent assortment of New Goods just received from Philadelphia, which he will sell on terms as reasonable as any other establishment. His assortment consists in part of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES & SATTINETT, Winter Wears for men and boys, all styles and prices

Ladies Dress Goods.

Consisting of Black Silks, Merinos, Alpacas, De Laines, Calicoes, Ginghams, Muslins, Trimmings, &c.

Also a fresh supply of GROCERIES of all kinds.

HARDWARE and QUEENSWARE,

Cedarware, Brooms, &c. Also a large assortment of Boots and Shoes, suitable for Men Women and Children. Hats and Caps, Silk Hats, and all goods usually kept in a Country Store.

All the above named stock of goods will be sold positively at low prices for cash, or in exchange for country produce, at the highest market price.

Hollowing Run, Nov. 29, 1856.—1y

PATENT WHEEL GREASE.

THIS Grease is recommended to the notice of Wagoners, Livery Stable keepers, &c., as being SUPERIOR to anything of the kind ever introduced. As it does not gum upon the axles—is much more durable, and is not affected by the weather, remaining the same in summer as in winter, and put up in tin canisters at 37½ and 75 cents, for sale by

A. W. FIEDLER.

March 14, 1857.—

Select Poetry

SECRET COURTSHIP.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

[A blind mother sits in a cottage, beside her pretty daughter, and cautions her against love, while all the time, an amatory scene is going on between the girl and the very lover whom the old dame dreads.]

Daughter, while you turn your wheel,
Listen to the words I say:
Colin has contrived to steal
Your unthinking heart away.
Of his fawning voice beware—
You are all the blind one's care;
And I mark your signs whene'er
Our young neighbor's name is heard.
Colin's tongue is false, tho' winning—
Hist! the window is unburred!
Ah! Lisette, you are not spinning!

The room is close and warm, you say;
But, my daughter, do not peep
Through the casement—night and day,
Colin there his watch doth keep.
Think not mine a grumbling tongue—
Ah! here at my breast you hung,
I, like you, was fair and young;
And I know how apt is love
To lead the youthful heart in sinning—
Hist! the door!—I heard it move!
Ah! Lisette, you are not spinning!

It is a gust of wind, you say,
That has made the hinges grate;
And my poor old growling Tray,
Must you break for that his pate?
Ah! my child, put faith in me;
Age permits me to foresee
Colin soon will faithless be,
And you love to an abyss
Of grief will be the sad beginning—
Bless me! sure, heard a kiss!
Ah! Lisette, you are not spinning!

'Twas your little bird, you say,
Gave that tender kiss just now;
Make him cease his trifling, pray;
He will rue it else, I vow.
Love, my girl, oft bringeth pain,
Shame and sorrow in his train,
While the false, successful swain,
Scorns the heart he has beguiled
From the true virtue's paths to sinning—
Hist! I hear you move, my child!
Ah! Lisette, you are not spinning!

You wish to take the air, you say;
Think you, daughter, I believe you?
Bid young Colin go his way,
Or at once as bride receive you!
Let him go to church, and there
Show his purpose to be fair;
But till then, beside my chair,
You must work, my girl, nor heed
All his vows so fond and winning;
Tangled in love's web, indeed!—
Lisette, my daughter, mind your spinning!

Miscellaneous.

DR. WATTS.

An interesting article in a late number of the "North British Reviewer," has Dr. Isaac Watts for its subject. All are supposed to feel some interest in the sacred song writer; all at least, who have been accustomed to visit God's house. For ourselves, we have perused the Reviewer's notice of the good old divine with a kind of holy enthusiasm; the very extracts which he gives from his hymns arousing the loftiest and sweetest memories of the "big 'ha Bible," and fireside observances of the Sabbath, when old folks and young folks sent up with hearty feeling,

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my all."

There was sincere worship at these home gatherings of a Sunday evening, and the inspirations of Isaac Watts as gathered from his hymns, brought it out as much as anything else.

It seems that Dr Watts was a tiny and grave lad with a pale face. In the gloomy reign of James II, he was a diligent boy in a Grammar School, at Southampton. He had a sparkling eye, and though his forehead was far from lofty, his face generally indicated the genius his after life developed. He was a smart lad, quick in the acquisition of French, Latin and Greek. He astonished his companions by acrostics and impromptu stanzas, and delighted his instructor, one Rev. Mr. Pinhorn by his unvarying good behavior.—He was made serious by the fact of the imprisonment of his father for attending conventicles as well as by his own persecution in early life, for on arriving at years of discretion, he had to hide himself very often, or suffer the commotion of Puritans.

Watts' mother taught him his chatechism, as well as how to write verses, so that his pious poetizings were first nurtured by a mother's love. He pursued his studies, after leaving the Rev. Pinhorn, at the Dissenting Academy at Needington, declining to enter a University, though a friend volunteered to pay his way. That he was a hard student, may be gathered from the fact that he talked Latin and read Greek and Hebrew as if they were English. On leaving the Seminary he did not enter at once upon the ministry, but paused for a while to reflect upon the solemn duties he had to perform. He finally became the pastor of a Congregational Church in London, of which Joseph Caryl, Dr. Owen, and David Clarkson had been ministers. For a time he lived alone, but a nervous affection seizing upon him, he was finally persuaded to take up his residence with Sir Thomas and Lady Abney, at their charming retreat near London, where he died November 25th, 1748. At his new home with the Abneys, we are told he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. There, without any care of his own, he had everything which could contribute to the enjoyment of life and favor, the unwearied pursuit of his studies. There he dwelt in a family, which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. There he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages, to soothe his mind, and aid his restoration to health, to yield him, whenever he chose them, the most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enabled him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight.

Nor did the Abneys weary of their guest, nor did that guest, amidst unwonted luxuries, grow soft and idle; and it was in the cheerful asylum which they opened to the shattered invalid that most of his works were penned. During the latter part of his career his congregation, on Bury street, paid a colleague to relieve him of the burden of his duties as their pastor, delighting to hear him preach when he was able. He was not pre-eminent as a pulpit orator, it seems, or, at all events, he would not suit the Spurgeon-fed church goers of our times. He had, to quote the words of another, "neither the material volume and sonorous vehemence which constitutes the modern Boanerges, not the excitable temperament which sometimes makes up for physical defects."

He confined himself, in his studies, not alone to religious subjects, but wrote upon, in succession, Logic, Astronomy, Geography, English Grammar, and Scripture History, and to quote the language of the Reviewer, as, in his "Logic," he had given directions for the right use of reason, so, in his work on the Passions, he gave instructions for the right guidance of man's moral and emotional nature, besides publishing treatises more purely theological, on Prayer and Christian Ethics, and on controvated questions in divinity, and a volume entitled, "Reliquiæ Juveniles," perhaps the most characteristic of the whole, as containing in its miscellaneous pages short papers on all kinds of topics, grave and gay, mental and material, terrestial and celestial, in Latin verse and English prose."

The same writer does not think Dr. Watts was very happy as an abstruse theologian:

"He was neither Joseph Butler, nor Jonathan Edwards, nor William de Leibnitz, but the Isaac Watts, whom the most of good men would have rather been; and it is no reproach to his general ability to say that he failed to ascend those dizzy altitudes, although it might have been more to the credit of his prudence if he had never tried."

The ideas of some of Dr. Watt's most beautiful hymns were conceived when he was a boy at school. To quote the language of the reviewer in the *North British*:

"The stars sang, and he tried to make his brothers and sister understand the tune: it thundered, and he thought of the day when exhausted long-suffering

"Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling His wrath abroad."

He looked out on the surging rain-swept tide on the spot where it had once put to flight Canute and his courtiers, and exclaimed—

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

Or, on some peaceful evening, he gazed across Southampton Water, to trees and meadows steeped in the sunshine, and remembered:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

"There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

He took his walk in the New Forest, and the gipsy outlaws made him thankful that he did not

"Wander like an outcast race,
Without a Father's love;

and the mournful notes and anxious gyrations of the turtle suggested—

"Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widowed state,
Wandering she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate;

"Just so our thoughts, from thing to thing,
In restless circles rove
Just so we droop and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides His love."

He has an Axe to Grind.

"When I was a little boy," said Dr. Franklin, "I remember one cold winter morning. I was accosted by a smiling mab with an axe on his shoulder; "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes sir?" said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with his compliment of "fine little fellow," "O, yes sir," I answered, "it is down in the shop." "And will you my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get a little hot water?" I ran and soon brought a kettle full.—"How old are you, what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply: "I am sure you are one of the finest fellows I have ever seen; will you just turn a minute for me?" Tickeled with the flattery, like a fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with "now you have played the truant; send for school, or you'll rue it." Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal was too much. It sank deep into my mind, and I've often thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, "That man has an axe to grind." When I see a man flattering the people, that fellow will set you to turning grindstones." When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him respectful or useful, "Alas! methinks deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby."

The Harrisburg *Herald* states that arrangements are now in progress for a grand military and fireman's parade here, on the occasion of General Packer's inauguration Several first class fire companies from Philadelphia have signified their intention of being present, and we have no doubt companies from all the neighboring towns will be in attendance. A military company and band from Williamsport will escort the Governor elect to the capital, and an effort will be made to secure the attendance of a large number of volunteer companies from other places.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greatest part of your life.—They appear so when they are passing—they seem to be so when you look back to them—and they take up more room in your memory than all the years which succeed them.

Should Trowsers procured on credit be considered "breeches of trust?"

Advertise if you want business these hard times.

Autumn.

This is the season of the year full of its impressions. And the interest is the greater when we consider it emblematical of the end of life, and as portraying, in its fading hues and falling leaves, the decrepitude of age, and the failing of those faculties which remind one of life's closing scenes. The yellow leaf falling in the forest, the naked branches of shore trees, the sighing of an autumn wind, always impresses us irresistibly with feeling of sadness and melancholy. So emphatical is the language of decay and frailty expressed, that our mind is instantly overwhelmed with ideas of the nothingness and the vanity of earth. We gaze, and listen, in muteness and astonishment, to the sad and sinfully impressive eloquence of nature in her decaying hues. By the blight of one severe frost, what numberless trees, decorated in their rich and gay costumes, are stripped of all their beauty, and stand loafless and naked in the wild solitudes of their forest homes. What countless flowers blooming in the dales and upon the hillside are cut down by this ruthless invador upon the retreats of the beautiful, the fair and the lovely. In like manner, death ofttimes plucks from our firesides, and our circles of beauty and affection, and our flowers and buds of promise.

Autumn, with her sere and sombre prevailings, robes nature in all her gloomy and sadder habilments. Indeed, the very zephyr is changed from the bland and exhilirating breeze to the chill and searching wind, that makes one instinctively shudder, and wrap his vesture more closely around him. The sky wears a less serene and gay attire as autumn advances: the clouds become more fitful, the winds more gusty, and the occasional snowflakes admonishes of the approach of winter. Perhaps the stern old mountain is wrapped in her mantle of white, and dies like a priestess robed for the bier.

It is thrilling and sad to watch the steady tread of the autumnal footstep. First, the tiny and delicate flowers shed its frail petals to the gusty air, and the lyric notes of the early spring bird are trilled no more in the groves. Next, the tender leaf lies scattered remorselessly over forest and field, and the sere foliage which adorns the valleys and hillsides speaks unmistakably that autumn has come. Then, naked branches and leafless trees, with all the sober livery which attires the closing year, crowds on our pensive eyes, and emphatically speaks in all its language of mutation and decay. Such is autumn—the emblem of the evening of life. We have sometimes stood under the cold canopy of heaven, when the frost was sparkling in the starlight, and gazed into the frigid realms of ether, overwhelmed with admiration and astonishment while beholding the twinkling host that deck the brow of autumn night; and gazing, have thought how unlike is heaven to earth. The stars lie twinkling in the far offings of heaven, as delicate and lovely as in olden time. They have shown on a thousand autumns, and a hundred generations of men, and neither dim nor fade in the march of time. Earth is mutable: Heaven immutable. We gaze upon the falling leaves and the dying flowers and feel that when they perish they perish forever. They have lived their day, and are never to live again. But not so with man. For though autumn cast off the calyx from the flower, and the naked and shorn branches lie prostrate; yet, springing from the dust, rises the soul immortal, and wings to a clime which knows no decay and feels no decrepitude.

When we see decrepid years gathering its feeble frame around the fireside in the chilly season—when we mark the furrowed cheek and the wrinkled brow—when we mark the frosty change in those raven locks, and the dim and fading lustre of an expressive eye—we think of the autumns—of the fallen glory and pride of the forest—the fading beauty of the dying year. Autumn hath its lessons of wisdom; and though they be of the sadder and sterner sort, are of the most valuable and lasting in their character.

The vanity of earth, the frailty, the decay, the mutation and change, which is awfully impressive at this season warns man against confiding his trust or placing his hopes in things so fleeing and fading. It serves to wean the spirit from earth, and elevate its affections to things in that realm where time and mutation have left no impressions of decay and death. And as the heart is made better by sorrow, and things mournful and sad melt into tenderness the rough and untameable dispositions of men so hath autumn its hallowed effect, by awakening these sentiments and softening the heart; and though we are admonished by the language of the seasons, and chastened by the hand of Nature, yet are we left to bless the tongue which admonishes and the hand which chasteneth—for God hath made both nature and the seasons.

THINGS TO BE PROSCRIBED.—Every State in the Union should henceforth most rigidly proscribe and prohibit the establishment of the "Mushroom," "Wild Cat," and "One horse" banking concerns which have produced so much mischief and brought discredit on all banking institutions. The breaking down of half a dozen or a dozen of these bubble banks at the commencement of our present financial troubles, spread alarm among the people, and embarrassed the operations of the other banks. The people in every part of the country should set their faces against broken banks—mere shaving shops—who issues have no substantial security for their redemption.—Legitimate banking institutions should also as matter of self-interest, give no countenance to concerns that only prejudice the public mind against all connected with banking operations.—*New York Sun.*

ROTTENNESS IN HIGH PLACES.—A committee appointed by the New York City Councils, to examine the financial records of the corporation have made their return; and it seems from these astounding disclosures, that within the period of five or six years *sums of money, amounting to the stupendous aggregate of eight or ten millions of dollars, have disappeared from the city Treasury, nobody knows how, when, where, or what for.*" The money has been expended but there are no vouchers or specifications, or indications as to the purposes for which it was paid away.

FORNWALDER.—The true name of the apple which a correspondent in Upper Merion asks for, and which he says is sometimes called Fall of Water, Fallawater, Polly Wolly, Folly Wolly, &c., is *Fornwalder*. It was originated by a man so named near Reading, Penna.

CROPS IN NEW YORK.—The crops of the State of New York this year are estimated at 26,000,000 bushels of corn, 14,000,000 of wheat, 30,000,000 of oats, 4,000,000 tons of hay, 1,000,000 hogs, 3,600,000 cattle, 40,000 tons of butter, 25,000 tons of cheese.

A shower of grasshoppers recently took place in Exeter.

A Desperate Duel in California—All about a Young Lady.

The Stockton (Cal.) Argus has the following account of the duel between Mr. C. M. Black and Colonel Casey, which resulted in the death of the latter:

A duel came off at an early hour Tuesday morning, a few miles from the city, between Mr. C. M. Blair and Col. Casey, both of Mercer county. A bitter animosity has for some time past existed between the parties, growing out of a rivalry in the effort to obtain the hand of Miss L——, a young lady of prepossessing personal appearance and accomplishments, at present residing with her father on the Stanislaus. Mr. Blair and Col. Casey met in the bar-room of the Weber House, on Monday morning, each accompanied by friends, where a conversation ensued between them, at first apparently in a friendly manner; but Blair, becoming vexed at the indifference which his rival assumed, made some severe charges which Casey denounced as false, and at the same time, rising from his seat, struck Blair a severe blow with his fists. Casey drew his revolver, but was prevented from using it by persons present. Blair being unarmed, stepped back, but was pursued by Casey, who dealt him another blow upon the face. The friends of the parties, however, succeeded in preventing bloodshed, and restoring order; shortly after which, arrangements were made for a settlement of the difficulty by other means. Yesterday morning was fixed as the time of meeting, at a place three miles from the city, where the parties met at about daylight, accompanied by a few spectators. The ground was measured, a distance of ten spaces, and the word being given shots were exchanged. On the first fire, each party missed aim. The second shot took effect upon Casey, causing a slight flesh wound. Upon attemping a third shot, the cylinder upon Casey's pistol refused to revolve in consequence of an exploded cap lodging upon the tube. Firing was then discontinued for ten minutes, during which time the weapons, Colt's six-shooters, were reloaded in every chamber, and firing was again resumed. Each party exchanged six shots in quick succession without the "word," three of which took effect upon Casey, while Blair escaped without injury.

The most dangerous wound received by Casey was shot which entered the peritoneum or abdominal lining. A ball also passed through the abdominal muscles. Notwithstanding the wounds received by Col. Casey, it is said that he exhibited an apparent unconcern throughout the firing. He was brought into the city by his friends, and is at present at the Magnolia House. Blair, as might have been expected, has made his escape, probably to await the result of Casey's wounds.

We have known Col. Casey for a number of years as one of the earliest settlers upon the farming lands along the Tuolumne river. He is known and esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, as a gentleman worthy of all confidence; and we trust that the unfortunate affair in which he has become involved, may not terminate fatally. The duel is, undoubtedly, one of the most desperate on record, and we only regret the necessity that compelled a resort to such hazardous means of adjusting a personal difficulty.

The San Joaquin Republican says, that badly wounded as Colonel Casey was, he insisted upon having another round of six shots each, which his friends, of course, prohibited.

The Manners of the Mother Mould the Child.

There is no disputing this fact; it shines in the face of every little child. This coarse, brawling, scolding woman will have vicious, brawling, fighting, children. She who cries on every occasion, "I'll box your ears—I'll slap your jaws—I'll break your neck," is known as thoroughly through the children as if her unwomanly manner were openly displayed in the public streets.

These remarks were suggested by a conversation in an omnibus—that noble institution for the student of men and manners—between a friend and schoolmaster. Our teacher was caustic, mirthful and sharp. His wit flashed like the polished edge of a diamond, and kept the "buss in a roar." The entire community of insiders—and whoever is intimate with those conveyances can form a pretty good idea of our numbers—inclusive of the "one more" so well known to the fraternity, their heads, eyes and ears one way, and finally our teacher said:

I can always tell the mother by the boy. The urchin who draws back with double fists and lunges at his playmate if he looks at him askance, has a very questionable mother. She may feed and clothe him, cram him with sweetmeats, and coax him with promises: but if she gets mad, she fights. She will pull him by the jacket, she will give him a knock on the back, she will drag him by the hair, she will call him all sorts of wicked names, while passion plays over her face in lambent flames that curl and writhe out the corners of her eyes.

And we never see the courteous little fellow with smooth locks and gentle manners, in whom delicacy does not detract from courage and manliness, but we say "that boy's mother is a true lady. Her words and ways are soft, loving, and quiet. If she reproves, her language is, 'my son'—not 'you little wretch'—plague of my life—you torment—you scamp.'"

She hovers before him as a pillar of light before the wandering Israelites, and her beams are reflected in his face. To him the word mother is synonymous with [illegible] pure, sweet and beautiful. [illegible] In after life the face that with holy radiance shines on his canvass will be the mother's face. Whoever flits across his path with sunny smiles, and soft, low voice, will bring his mother's image freely to his breast. She is like my mother, will be the highest mood of his praise. Not even, when the hair turns silver and the eyes grow dim, will the majesty of that life and presence desert him.

But the ruffian mother—alas! that there are such—will form the ruffian character of the man. He, in turn, will become a merciless tyrant, with a tongue sharper than a two-edged sword, and remembering the brawling and the cuffing, seek some meek, gentle victim for the sacrifice, and make her his wife, with the condition that he shall be master he is, for a few short years, when he wears the widower's weed till he finds a victim number two.

We wonder not there are so many awkward, ungainly men in society—they have been trained by women who do not care for the holy nature of their trust. They have been made bitter to the heart's core, and that bitterness will find vent and lodgment somewhere.

Strike the infant in anger, and he will, if he cannot reach you, vent his passion by beating the floor, the chair, or any inanimate thing within reach. Strike him repeatedly, and by the time he wears shoes he will become a little bully, with hands that double to fight as naturally as if especial pains had been taken to teach him the art of boxing.

Poetry.

From the Boston Post.

NOTHING TO PAY.

Nothing to wear, and nothing to eat,
Are nothing at all to shinning the street—
There's nothing worth singing at this time of day
But the glorious freedom of "Nothing to Pay."

My friend round the corner, you see by his look,
Is compelled to take care of both sides of the book,
While his neighbor next door is so radient and gay,
You may bet on your life he has "Nothing to Pay."

John Smith in his office sits calm and sedate;
The wave has submerged him, he yields to his fate;
His notes have lain over, they're out of the way;
For some time, at least, he has "Nothing to Pay."

Tim Noolan, his porter, from over the sea,
Is as free from all care as a lark or a bee;
Tim blesses the gods as he moistens his clay,
That, unlike employers, he's "Nothing to Pay."

The school-boy who sighs for the beard of a man,
And to be *independent* as soon as he can,
May comfort himself, that, whate'er the delay,
Until twenty-one he has "Nothing to Pay."

The maiden who weeps for the false one that's gone,
And left her deserted, abandoned alone,
Has this consolation—though lovers will stray,
Lovely damsels, unlike them, have "Nothing to Pay."

The soldier who's gone to the land of the sun,
To fight against Sepoys or demons—all one,
Is lucky, at least, as he come from the fray,
Minus arms, minus legs, that he's "Nothing to Pay."

The pauper in poor-house, who lives without care,
Provided with food and with raiment to wear,
May chuckle once more, that while others defray
His expenses, he only has "Nothing to Pay."

But a truce to all jesting—if matters don't mend
Very soon, Heaven only knows where they will end—
But this much is certain—there'll be in the Bay
State (perhaps there's already) the "Devil to Pay."

Humorous.

An Ignorant Constable.

An interior paper is following up a Justice of the Peace in its vicinity with a great deal of pertinacity. Whenever anything unusual occurs in his Court, the editor reports it at full length. The other day a jury trial was to take place before him, and eleven jurors had been empannuled when the constable of the Court pushed forward the twelfth, a long-legged, slab-sided specimen of humanity, who was addressed by his honor with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"Get up thar, Aleck, and let's conclude this case."

Aleck hesitated and looked steadily at the Justice.

"Come! come!" continued the latter, impatiently. "It's no use; you can't get off; I don't go a red on excuses.—So up with you!"

Aleck, seeing it was little use to talk, hung his head and made a step toward the vacant seat among the jury, muttering as he moved. "The Court might let a feller play his hand out, *any-how!*"

"The Court might do what!" shouted the Justice, fiercely.

"Why, all I has to say is," promptly returned Aleck, "that it's rather hard to make a feller lay his hand down to set on a jury." Then, as a "clincher," he inquired, with a great deal of feeling, "How would your honor like it?"

The Justice looked serious. Calling the constable to him, and asking a few questions in a low tone, he addressed himself directly to Aleck:

"Aleck, I jest dishiver that when the constable served the summons 'pon you thar was a snug little game of 'draw' going on in Beck's tavern."

"A tip-top game, your honor," said Aleck, brightening up; "had as good a thing as I wanted."

"What did you have, Aleck," continued the Justice, "when you laid your hand down to serve on the jury?"

"A beautiful 'full,' your honor."

The Justice became deeply interested. Wiping the perspiration from his face, and looking Aleck in the face, he continued:

"Does this ere Court understand you to say that the constable took you away from a good 'full' to set you on a jury?"

Aleck leaned in the affirmative.

"And you told the constable what you held?"

"I did, your honor."

"And he jerked you away from the table, and left nobody to bet your hand?"

Again Aleck answered in the affirmative.

The Court took a long breath, and then resumed its questions under greater excitement than ever.

"Aleck, did you deal them heards that round?"

Aleck looked up inquiringly, and replied that he did.

The Justice drew back, entirely overcome with the strength of Aleck's excuse.

"Mr. Constable," said he, elevating himself high in the chair, 'this ere Court is half a mind to find you for *contempt*. By bringing this man here, you have perhaps broke up a snug little game of 'draw,' and spiled a first-rate 'full' when he had the dealing of the heards round the table. It's the most 'exasperating' case I ever seed." Then, rising to his feet with a dignified air, he shouted, "Aleck, you're excused! Mr. Constable, give me another juror!"

Aleck vamosed to continue his snug of "draw," while another labored into the juror's seat without a hearing.

"Times are improving and men are getting on their legs again," said a New York gentleman to his friend. "How so?" "Why, those who used to ride down in their carriages now walk."

DIPPING INTO THE GRAVY.—We were not long since much amused by a couple of Hoosier girls who came on board the steamer——at the little town of Mount Vernon Ind.—They had evidently never been a thousand miles from home, and were making their first trip on a steamboat. The elder one was exceedingly talkative, and perfectly free and unconcerned without without regard to the many eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was on the opposite turn of mind incling to bashfulness. At dinner our ladies were honored with a seat at the head of the table and the elder one with her usual independence cut her bread into small pieces and with her fork reached over and enrolled each mouthful in the nice dressing on a plate of beefsteak before her. The passengers preserving their gravity during the operation by dint of great effort. Perceiving that her sister was not very forward in helping herself she turned roused to her and exclaimed loud, enough to be heard by half the table—"*Sal, dip into the gravy—dad pays as much as any on 'em!*" This was followed by a general roar in which the captain led off. The girls arrived at their place of destination before supper and when they left the boat all hands gave three cheers for the girls of the Hoosier State.

A DARKEY'S SPEECH.—In one of the smaller cities of Massachusetts, the colored population held meetings to discuss the propriety of celebrating the anniversary of West India Emancipation, August 1st. At one of these meetings, a very conservative gentleman was exceedingly surprised to see some of the "fair sex" rising and taking part in the discussion. After two or three of the sisters had "freed dar mines" on matters under debate, he sprang up in a greatly excited state, and addressed the audience:—

"Feller citizens! Ef I'd a sposed 'at de ladees wood be p'mitted to take a part in dis yere discussion,—(sensation)—ef I'd a node 'at de ladees could jine in dis yere debate—(all eyes turned on the speaker.)—ef I'd bleeved for one mounent feller citizens, 'at de female sect wood dar to raise deir voice in dis yere meetin', I'd—feller citizens—('Wot I *wot* wood you've a did, ef you'd node it?" shouted two or three of the strong-minded sisters, as the whites of their eyes flashed on the speaker) I—I—(scratching his wool,) *I'd a brung my wife along wid me!*"

Here the discomfitted orator dropped into his seat, completely exhausted.

A friendly correspondent writing from Washington, Pa., says: "Like most other small towns, we have here a 'colored church,' where many amusing things are said, highly exhilarating to the spirits of the few who occasionally visit our 'Hayti' meeting-house. 'Hayti' is the name given to that part of our town where 'pussons of color' reside. One winter evening, when the colored preacher was in the midst of his sermon, making a most violent if not a most eloquent appeal to his hearers, one of the legs of the stove, which had been loosened in some way, fell out, and as a natural consequence, the red-hot stove tipped over at an angle alarmingly suggestive of fire. The audience, of course, commenced crowding out of the door like a flock of black sheep. But the preacher was equal to the occasion. Addressing one of his prominent members, he cried out: 'Pick up de stobe, brudder Bolsh!—pick up de stobe! Da Lor' won't let it burn you! Only hab faith!' Poor brother Bolor had unfortunately *too much* faith, and immediately seized it, all glowing as it was; but no sooner had his fingers come in contact with the fervent iron, than he dropped it again, and dancing around on one foot, blowing his skinless fingers, he exclaimed with all the energy which he could throw into his voice: 'De h—l he won't! De h—l he won't!'"

"So," said MRS. PARTINGTON—raising her benovolent eyes from a two weeks' old newspaper, which had come to her wrapped around her daily herrings—"So they are running Banks again, though why they run him in in New York and Philadelphe I can't well see. Poor man he must be very tired. In Philadelphe he has caved in, they say, and I don't wonder; but in New York and Boston he still holds out. But if he only marks his paper good without making it so he is catsmount to a suspender any how. That would never do in a newspaper." And the old dame subsided into her spelling again.

ANECDOTE.—An instance of absence of mind occurred a day or two since, where an explorer of chemical science burnt his nose by a fluid lamp with which he came in contact. We met him a day or two afterwards, with a large plaster on his nose, and asked him about his hurt. "It looks bad, don't it?" said he. We assured him it did'nt look anything else, and asked him if it hurt him much when it was roasting. "Ne'er a bit," replied he; "in fact I didn't feel it at all, I was so absorbed in my experiments;—and, though I kept smelling something like burnt meat, I imagined it was a dinner cooking somewhere, and kept right on till my student told me my nose was on fire, and, putting my hand upon it, I found it was even so. I thrust it into a bucket of water and extinguished it; but it has left the mark you see.

"Early Rising" is a charming thing for people who go to bed early; but very bad for folks who are compelled to sit up till midnight. "Then keep good hours," says Mentor. But what are good hours?—clearly, those that are well kept whether they be under the sun or moon. A gentleman who sat up with a lady till it was near morning sent her in apology for both these lines:—

Some folks, by the powers,
Call it keeping "good hours."
To be off to their couches at eight;
But people who keep
All their good hours *asleep*,
May fairly complain of their fate!

"John," said a father to his son one day when he caught him shaving the "down" off his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving water out where there are any bare-footed boys, for they might get their feet pricked."

YANKEE POETRY.—A down east poet thus immortalizes the beautiful river Connecticut:

"Roll on loved Connecticut, long hast thou ran, giving shad to old Hartford and freedom to man!"

GOING BACK AGAIN.—It is stated that goods to the amount of many millions of dollars, now warehoused in the United States, will be reshipped to Europe.

"Come under my umbrella and save a ducking," said an impudent fellow to a pretty Miss in the street on a rainy day. "There's one calf's head under it already, and that's as many as it will conveniently cover," replied the damsel.

An old advertisement of 1568 reads: Wanted—a stout, active man who fears the Lord and can carry two hundred weight."