

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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COLUMBUS ON FIRST BEHOLDING AMERICA.

God of my sires! o'er ocean's brim
You bounteous land appears at last;
Raise, comrades! raise your holiest hymn
For now our toils are past.
See o'er the bosom of the deep
She gaily lifts her summer charms,
As if at last she longed to leap
From dark oblivion's arms.

What forms, what lovely scenes may be
Seccluded in thy flow'ry breast;
Pure is thy sea and calm thy sky,
Thou garden of the West;
Around each solitary hill
A rich magnificence is hid,
Thy youthful face seems wearing still
The first fresh fragrance of the world.

We come with hope, our bosom bright,
Like Noah drifting o'er the wave,
To claim a world—the ocean's might
Has shrouded like the grave;
And, Oh! the dwellers of the Ark
Ne'er pined with fonder hearts to see
The bird of hope regain their bark
Than I have longed for thee.

Around me was the boundless flood,
O'er which no mortal ever passed;
Above me was a solitude
As measureless as vast;
Yet in the air and on the sea
The voice of the eternal one
Breathed forth the song of hope to me,
And bade me journey on.

Had 'em on Last.

A young man from the "rural districts" went to the Post Office, the other day, with a bank note, for a dollar's worth of postage stamps. He was told that paper money was not received. He went away, and shortly returned with four Spanish quarters. "We don't receive them now," said the attendant, "for more than twenty cents apiece." The countryman thought Uncle Sam might particular, so he went away again, and obtained a dollar in coppers. "Now," said he, on returning to the office and laying down his "pile" at the window of the delivery, "I guess I can suit ye." The man inside looked at the display of "specie currency," and coolly said, "we never take more than three cents in copper at any one time; it is not a legal tender above that sum."

The countryman looked at the composed official for the space of a minute and a half without stirring; and then he belched out: "Look here, you; ain't you almighty kind of particular, for fellers locked up in such a jail as this 'ere? You don't take only three cents in coppers at a time, hey? Well, then, s'pose you give me three cents' worth of stamps, anyhow." The official very politely cut him off a single stamp, and passed it out, for which the countryman laid down three cents. He was about to pass away, when the latter cried out: "Look here, you! Hold on! That 'ere's one time. Now, s'pose you give me three cents' worth more on 'em."

Uncle Sam's clerk was not slow in discovering that he had "caught a Tartar." He turned back to the window. "How many coppers have you got?" he asked. "Wall, only about ninety-seven on 'em; I had a hundred on 'em when I began." "Pass 'em in!" was the gruff reply. "Pass out your stamps fast, and then I will," said Jonathan; "but I reckon you don't ketch me agin." The stamps were passed out, the coppers were handed over, when the countryman holds off, saying, "I s'pose because a feller holds office under Uncle Sam he thinks he's smarter'n all creation; but I guess they larnt something 'at time."

English Governesses.

"A poor governess" writes to the *Times*: I was one of about fifty ladies (most of whom were accomplished gentlewomen) who applied last week in reply to an advertisement in the *Times*, for a situation as governess in a family in the neighborhood of Kingsland. The applicants went from all parts of London and its environs; many were in consequence quite overcome with fatigue, having walked long distances to save expense. After having been kept standing in a cold draughty hall more than an hour, I at last obtained an interview with the lady, and learned that the duties of the governess would consist in educating and taking the entire charge of the children, seven in number, two being quite babies; to perform for them all the menial offices of a nurse; make and mend their clothes; to teach at least three accomplishments, and "fill up the leisure hours of an evening by playing to company." For these combined duties the munificent sum of £10 per annum was offered. I ascertained for a fact that the two domestic servants in the same family were paid respectively £12 and £10.

INSECT OLOGY.—A single female house-fly produces in one season 20,080,320 eggs. Some female spiders produce nearly 2,000 eggs. Dr. Bright publishes a case of an egg producing an insect eighty years after it must have been laid.

The manners which are neglected as small things, are often those which decide men for or against you.

From "Major Jones' Courtship." MAJ. JOSEPH JONES' WEDDING.

To Mr. THOMPSON—DEAR SIR:—Ever since I writ my last letter to you things is gone on just as straight as a shingle, and the only thing that troubles me is, I'm afraid it's all to good to last. It's always been the way with me ever since I can remember, whenever I'm the happiest something seems to turn up just to upset all my calculations, and now, though the day is set for the wedding and the Stallions is getting everything ready as fast as they can, I wouldn't be surprised much if some bominable thing was to happen, some yearquake or something just bust it all up again, though I should hate it monstrous.

Old Miss Stallions red that piece in the Miscellany about the mistake in parson Miller's fingers, and I do believe she's as glad about it as if she was sure she would live a whole thousand years more herself. She sees she haist got no objections to the wedding now, for me and Mary will have plenty of time to make a fortin for our children and raise 'em up as they ought to be. She says she always wondered how Mr. Miller could cifer the thing out so straight to the very day, without a single mistake, but now he's made such a terrible blunder of a whole thousand years, she says she knows he aint no smarter nor other people, if he was raised at the north.

It's really surpris how mazin popular it does make a body to be engaged to be married to a beautiful young lady. Sense the thing's leaked out, every body's my tickler friend, and I can't meet nobody wherever I go, but what wants to gratulate me on my good fortin, cept cousin Pete and two or three other fellers, who look sort o' like they wanted to laugh and couldn't. Almost every night Mary and me is invited to a party.—Tother night we went to one to old Squire Rogers, where I got my dander up a little the worst I've had it for some time. I don't believe you've ever heard of jest such a fool trick as they played on me. Ther was a good many ther, and as the Squire don't allow dancin, they all played games and tricks, and such foolishness, to pass away the time, which to my notion's bominable sin worse than dancin.

Cousin Pete was there splurging about in his biggest, and with his dandy cut trowsers and big whiskers, and tried to take the shine off of everybody else, just as he always does. Well, bimbe ye see:

"S'pose we play brother Bob—let's play brother Bob?"

"Yes, let's play that," says all of 'em, "wont you be brother Bob, Major?"

"Who's brother Bob?" says I, for I didn't know nothing but it, and that's the way I cum to be so bominably tuck in.

"I tell you," says he, "you and somebody else must set down in the chairs and be blindfolded, and the rest must all walk round and round you, and keep tapping you on the head with something, till you guess who bobbed you?"

"But how bob me?" says I.

"Why," says he, "when any one taps you, you must say, brother I'm bobbed! and then they'll ax who bobbed you? and if you guess the one, then they must take your place and be bobbed till they guess who bobbed 'em. If you'll be blindfolded, I will," says he, "jest for fun."

"Well," says I, "anything for fun," and Cousin Pete set out two chairs into the middle of the room, and we set down, and I tied a handkercher round my eyes as tight as the mischief, I couldn't see to guess no more'n if I had no eye at all.

I hadn't set so no time for cawhalax some one tuk me rite side o' the head with a dented big book. The fire flew out o' my eyes in big coils, and I like to keeled over out of the chair. I felt my blood risin' like a mill-tail, but they all laughed mightily at the fun, and after a while says I, "Brother, I'm bobbed!" "Who bobbed you?" says they. I guessed the biggest-fisted feller in the room, but it wasn't him. The next minute spang went the book agin Cousin Pete's head. "Whew!" says he, "Brother I'm bobbed!" But Cousin Pete didn't guess rite, neither, and the first thing I know'd wlang they tuk me agin. I was dreadf anxious to guess rite, but it was no use; I missed it every time, and so did Cousin Pete; and the harder they hit the harder they laughed. One time they hit me a great deal easier than the rest. "Brother, I'm bobbed!" says I. "Who bobbed you?" says they. "Miss Mary Sheldon," says I. "No, I never," says she, and they all roared out worse than ever.

I begun to get monstrous tired of sich fun, which seemed so much like the frogs in the spellin' book—for it was deth to me—and I don't know what I would have done if Mary hadn't come up and ontied the handkercher.

"Let's play something else," says she; and her lace was red as fire, and she looked sort o' mad out of her eyes.

I eed ther was something wrong in a minnit.

Well, they all went on playin' "pawns," and "pon honor," and "here we go round the gooseberry bush," and "O, sister Feby, how merry we be," and sich nonsense, till they knowed; and when they was playin' Mary told me how Cousin Pete bobbed me himself.

It was the most audacious taken I ever heard of. Do you think he didn't set rite down beside me and never blindfold himself, and hit me every lick himself, now and then bittin' his knee with the book to make me b'lieve he was bob'd too! My head was signin' with the licks when she told me how she done me, and I do believe if it hadnt ben

for her I'd gin cousin Pete sich a lickin rite thar in that room as he never had afore in his born days. Blazes! but I was mad as fast. But Mary begged me not to raise no fuss about it, now it was all over, and she would fix him for his smartness. I hadn't no sort of a ide how she was gwine to do it, but I knowed she was enough for Cousin Pete any time, so I jest let her go ahead.—Well, she tuk the bominable fool off to one side and whispered to him like she was gwine to let him into the secret. She told him bout a new play what she learned down to Macon when she was at the College, called "Introduction to the King and Queen," what she said was a great deal funnier than "Brother Bob," and swaded him to help to git 'em all to play.

After she and him made it all up, Cousin Pete put out three chairs close together in a row for a throne, and Mary she put a sheet over 'em to make 'em look a little grand. Bill Byers was to be King and Mary was to be Queen.

"Now you must all come into tother room," says Cousin Pete, "only them what belongs to the court, and then you must be introduced, one at a time."

"I aint gwine," says Tom Stallions, for ther's some trick in it."

"No ther aint," says Cousin Pete, "I'll give you my word ther aint no trick, only a lile fun."

"Well," says I, "I'd had fun enough for one tite."

Mary looked at me and kind o' winked, and she says, "you're one of the court you know, Major, but jest go out till the court is assembled before the throne."

Well we all went out, and bimbe ye Bill Byers called out lords and ladys what belonged to the court, and we all went in and tuk chairs on both sides of the throne.

Cousin Pete was to be the first one introduced, and Samuel Rogers was to be the feller who introduced the company. Well, bimbe ye door opened, in come Cousin Pete, bowin and scrapin, and twisin and rignlein and puttin on more airs nor a French dancin master—he beat Crockett all to smash. The King set one side of the throne and the Queen on tother, leaving room in the middle for some one else. Sam was so full of laugh at Cousin Pete's antics that he couldn't hardly speak.

"Doctor Peter Jones," says he, I introduce you to ther Majestys the King and Queen."

Cousin Pete scaped about a while and then dropt on one knee, rite afore 'em.

"Rise gallant knight," says Bill Byers; "rise we dub you knight of the royal bath."

Cousin Pete got up and bowed and scaped a few more times, and went to sit down between 'em, but they ris up just as he went to set down; and the first thing he knowed, kerslesh he went, rite into a big tub of cold water, with nothing but his head and heels stickin out.

He tried to kiss Mary as he was takin his seat, and if you could jest seed him as he went into that tub of water with his arms reached out to her, and his mouth sot for a kiss, I do believe you'd laughed mor'n you ever did afore in your life. The fellers was all so specious that some trick was gwine to be played they all left the door open, and when the thing tuk place they all run in shoutin and laughin like they would bust their sides.

Pete got out as quick as he could, and I never seed a feller so willed down in all my life. He got as mad as a hornit, and said it was a mean trick to serve enny body so, especially in cold weather. And he went rite off home by himself to dress.

Mary made the niggers take out the middle chair and put the tub of water thar when we was in tother room. Pete didn't spicion the trick was gwine to turn out that way, he thought the Queen was gwine to sentence every feller what didn't kiss her, as he sot down to do something that would make fun for the rest, and he was jest gwine to open the game. I felt perfectly satisfied after that and I don't think Cousin Pete will be quite so fond of funny tricks the next time.

But I like to forget to tell you, my wedding is to take place—providin ther ain't no more yearquakes nor unaccountable things to prevent—on the 22d of this month, which you know is a famous day what ought to be celebrated by every genuine patriot in the world. I shall look for you to come, and I hope you will be sure to be thar, for I know you couldn't grudge the ride jest to see Miss Mary Jones what is to be. We's gwine to have a considerable getherin, jest to please the old folks, and old Miss Stallions sees she's gwine to give us a real Georgia wedding of the old time fashion. No more from
Your friend till deth,
JOS. JONES.

P. S.—I went over tother nite to see 'em all, and they was as bissy as bees in a tar barrel 'sowin and makin up fiery. Mary was sowin somethin mighty fine and white with ruffles and jingameres all round it.—"What kind of a thing is that?" says I. The gals looked at one another and laughed like they would die, and my poor little Mary (bless her soul) kept gatherin it up in a heap and blushin dreadf. "Tell him, Sis," says Miss Caroline, but Mary looked rite down and didn't say nothin. "I'll tell him," says Kesiah, "it's a ——" "No you shan't now—stop, stop," says Mary, and she put her pretty little hand on Miss Kesiah's mouth, and looked like she'd cry for a lile. I felt so sorry for her I told 'em I didn't want to know, and they put the things away, and bimbe ye I went home, but I kept a thinkin all the way what upon yearth it could be. I s'pose I'll find out some day.

DR. KANE.

The Rev. Charles Wadsworth, in a beautiful and touching discourse preached on Sunday evening, to his congregation, from the text "Jesus wept," John xi. 35, paid the following just tribute to the memory of him over whose early grave a nation is now called to mourn:

"Yes, Death is an evil and a bitter thing! Who does not know it? who has not felt it? and to-night, perhaps, more keenly than is our wont, we know it and feel it. We are, this holy hour, a city of mourners. Before another Sabbath comes with its blessed light, we shall have gone forth to pay funeral honors to one, whom we all loved as a man, and honored as a citizen—in whose living days we are all glorified, and whose early death we deplore with lamentations and with tears. I am not thinking here to utter his eulogy; the occasion does not permit it; the man does not require it; but it was a forgetfulness of God's great voice in his providence not to render here and now a brief and humble tribute to the honored dead.

Dr. Kane's career was a matter of national pride, and his death is a matter of national lamentation. His was character singularly grand in its separate elements, and matchlessly beautiful in the harmony of their combinations. The power of a naturally keen and comprehensive mind had been strengthened by earnest culture, and developed in the wildest range of practical and scientific attainments—and these in all their fullness consecrated to the loftiest aims of beneficent usefulness.

"The intellect was at once strong and beautiful—highly analytical and philosophical—and exquisitely imaginative with the loftiest poetry. The combination of his moral character were still more remarkable and wonderful. To the truest and tenderest sensibility were added the iron will and the most indomitable decision; and with a dauntless bravery that equalled the glorious chivalry of the old ideal and fabulous heroism, was blended a calm, practical judgment—a marvelous and majestic patience—a beautiful simplicity and modesty; all rarely equalled in human biography. Meanwhile suffusing all that character as with a heavenly light, and blending all its rare qualities as with a Divine solvent into one exquisite amalgam—there was a living and controlling purity which made the whole man a living sacrifice to his fellows, and laid down all the spoils and trophies of his triumphs at his Master's feet. Qualities seldom combined, and indeed seemingly antagonistical, were found in his heart and life, each in fullest power, and all in loveliest harmony. He thought like a philosopher—he wrote like a poet—he acted like a hero—he felt like a child—he lived like a man—he prayed like a Christian.

"He was at once the giant oak that battles with the storm, and the beautiful vine that beautifies its gnarled trunk with its green leaves and purple clusters, and makes sweet alike zephyr and storm with its exquisite aroma.

"And as such he has died in the early prime and promise of his manhood—in the morning twilight of his brightening fame—just as his powers were reposing for loftier toils, and his benevolence kindling for broader enterprise—just as we were beginning fondly to appreciate the wonders of his past, and exultingly to prophesy the splendors of his future—just then he died; and we mourn for him—we weep for him—and why should we not weep? Science weeps! Humanity weeps! The world weeps! And it were unnatural—it were ungrateful—it were to prove ourselves cold, stolid, unfeeling, dead to all generous impulses, false to our loftier and holier instincts, if we went not forth to his burial in tearful sorrow. For the Divine man of Nazareth was a pattern in all that is alike lofty and lovely in magnificent manhood, and over a tomb no gentler in its beauty—no loftier in its glory—Jesus wept, Jesus wept."

"Fifty Years Hence."

Right Rev. Bishop Clarke, (says the Baltimore American) is stated to have delivered, recently, a lecture on the above subject, in which occurs the following passage; whether intended for prophecy or satire, we are not exactly able to determine:

"Fifty years hence, the newly married pair will step into an emporium for the sake of houses, look over the book of patterns, select one to suit their taste and means, order it, and it will be sent home in the morning, put together and occupied at night.

In traveling, as great changes will take place, instead of the dusty road and crowded cart, there will be a splendid locomotive hoek, flying over a road carpeted with turf and bordered with shade trees, and heralding its approach with sweet music, instead of the demonic shriek of the steam whistle, and labelled through from Boston to San Francisco in four days.

Instead of the unsightly telegraph poles, there will be, fifty years hence, a net work underground, and under the bosoms of the deep, and it will click off thoughts instead of words. Then the electric battery will light all the street lamps at once, enable all the clocks in the city to keep exact time, and kindle the beacons on the dangerous rocks, where, now, men hazard their lives, and wear out their lonely days.

Then, the author will not write by our slow process losing his rarest faculties, but he will sit down to the newest invented chirographical instruments, and putting his fingers on the keys, write as fast as he can think."

A DILEMMA AMONG THE DESPOTS.

THE SECRET TREATY BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.

Mr. D'Israeli, a member of the British House of Commons, has more than once alluded to a Secret Treaty between France and Austria. On a recent occasion he pressed Lord Palmerston so closely, that the Premier was induced to make some admissions. The charge made by D'Israeli was, that a Convention had been agreed upon, by which Louis Napoleon pledged himself, that if, in consequence of any assistance which Austria should render to the Allies in the Eastern War, the Italian Provinces should revolt, France would immediately furnish troops to put down the insurrection. He (D'Israeli) further affirmed that this understanding was made with the knowledge, if not at the instigation, of Lord Palmerston himself. The latter denied the whole story at first, but Mr. D'Israeli persisted, repeated his assertion, and raised a direct question of veracity between himself and the Premier in the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston, finding it necessary to vindicate his first position, or to make some explanation, made the proper inquiries, and ascertained that some such agreement had been entered into by the two Emperors. But he denied that it was instigated by the British Government, or that England had any knowledge of it, until after the terms had been agreed upon. It appeared in the course of the debate, that Austria was urged by the two great Western Powers, to take the field boldly and actively against Russia. But this she declined to do, for the reason above related, namely, that she was not strong enough to support any serious war, and that troops for such an undertaking, unless at the imminent risk of revolt in her Italian Provinces. The admission was not made openly and in an official form, but it was intimated in distinct and confidential terms, to the Emperor of France, and thus the treaty between the two Powers was agreed upon. Despite this arrangement, however, Austria still hesitated. She was, in all probability, unwilling to encounter risks. The stake involved was her own safety, or at least for that of the Italian Provinces, and fear for the deadly enmity of Russia. The position of this Power throughout the Eastern war, was indeed most unenviable; and her authorities must have rejoiced with the liveliest satisfaction, at the declaration of peace. She was, in fact, menaced from three quarters. England and France coaxed and threatened her, and Russia constantly reminded her of the deep obligation she was under to the Czar, while the dissatisfied among her own people, only waited an opportunity to break out in open rebellion. The reader will readily perceive that even a leading despotism of the Old World may be in a sad dilemma. Only a few years have gone by, since Austria was at the mercy of the Hungarians, and would have been dismembered as an Empire, but for the assistance of Russia. And now we find this same Austria entering into a deliberate arrangement with France, to render material assistance against the Czar, under certain circumstances and conditions! No wonder that Alexander II speaks of his Royal brother, Francis Joseph, not only in terms of contempt, but indignation. The treachery of Austria against Russia was not carried into full effect; but the blackness of the turpitude and ingratitude is not the less palpable.—Many years will elapse, before Russia will forget or overlook conduct so vacillating and apparently perfidious.

Occupation! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancy or idleness. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that mingle with the strong spirit is shown of its might, and sorrow becomes our master.—When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent—rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow man.

Some one has beautifully said that in the life of the good man there is an Indian summer more beautiful than that of the seasons; richer, sunnier and more sublime than the most glorious Indian summer which the world knew—it is the Indian summer of the soul. When the glow of youth has departed, when the warmth of middle age is gone, and the buds and blossoms of spring are changing to the sere and yellow leaf, then the mind of the good man, still ripe and vigorous, relaxes its labors, and the memories of a well spent life gush forth from their secret fountains, enriching, rejoicing, and fertilizing; then the tranquil resignation of the Christian sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul, assuming a heavenly lustre, is no longer restricted to the narrow confines of business, but soars far beyond the winter of hoary age, and dwells peacefully and happily upon that bright spring and summer which awaits him within the Paradise, ever more. Let us strive for and look trustfully forward to an Indian summer like this.

A SHORT STORY WITH A MORAL.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," is the first commandment with promise—promise as beautiful in its exemplifications, as glorious in its conception. A mother's lips first breathed into our ears these words of Holy writ, and explained their general import; and from the time when the story of gray haired Elijah and his youthful mockers first excited my young imagination, the respect then inspired for white hairs of age, has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. We sigh when we think of the days when the young were wont to bow before the hoary head, and by gentle uncelled for assiduous strow rows in the old man's tottering path.

But those kindly customs have passed away. The world grows selfish as it grows old; and age-dimmed eyes must turn homeward for stays to their trembling hands and tottering limbs. Here they shall find fulfillment of their first commandment with promise.

No true womanly soul ever withdrew her gentle hand from her poor old father and mother; no manly heart ever forgot the home loves of his wayward childhood, or ceased to hear the echoes of a fond mother's prayer. Often the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches may choke up the inborn affection of narrow souls; but few and far between is the fondly loved child, who can be so untrue to himself or to his Maker as wholly to forget the mother who bore him.

Yet even with the holiest dictates of our reasons and souls, and with the wider application of this commandment, has Fashion introduced her unseemly influences and her son, perchance, who left his fond parents' home reluctantly and tearfully, to make his way in the world, forgets, when fortune favors, to welcome his rustic mother to his own luxury with the same cordial embrace with which he has left her in his childhood home. Her dim old eyes, perhaps, do not catch readily the meaningless courtesies of life, but they look none the less lovingly upon her child, then when they watched over his helpless infancy. Her withered hand may be large and bony, and never had known a jewel, but none the less gently did they smooth the weary pillow, or batted the heated brow, in the dependent days of boyhood. Ah! she's the same fond mother still—her aged and work-bent form, clad in rustic garb, concealed a heart full of never dying love, and ready for a new sacrifice.

And, thanks to the Great Being who gave us the commandment with promise, and now and then stands up a noble man, true to his inborn nature, who throws off the trappings of Fashion, however wide the gulf that separates, in the world's eye, from the humblest poverty of his boyhood—who is not ashamed to love, before his fellows, the humble mother who gave him birth.

"My Mother," permit me to present her to you," said an elegantly dressed, noble looking young man to a friend, for whom he had crossed a crowded drawing room, with the aged parent leaning on his arm. There was a dead silence for full five minutes.

The moral beauty of the picture pervaded every soul, and melted away the frost work of world-wide hearts. 'Twas the old foreground of a fashionable summer resort, whether lost had come, with all their selfish passions to seek in vain for health and pleasure. But there was variation—a bit of truth to nature—in the motly mingling of colors.

From a little brown farm house, pent in the forest, away up in the Granite State, that young man had gone forth with brave heart and stalwart arm—strong, like his native hills, he had already made a name for himself.—Polished circles opened for him, and gentle lips bade him welcome. Yet none the less carefully did his manly arm support his homely, tottering old mother; none the less softly and tenderly did he call her, queer though she looked, "my mother," amongst the proud beauties who had striven for his favor. Her dress was antiquated, for the gifts of her son had been mutilated by rustic hands; yet only one heartless girl differed, despite the broad filled cap and well kept shawl. Her voice was rough and often her expressions coarse and inelegant. Used to the social mug at horse, she asked for her neighbor's goblet at the table, and was guilty of many vulgarities. She was an uninteresting woman, save in her vigorous age, and her beautiful love for her son.

Yet for a week, the son watched over that mother, and gained for her kindness and deference, in the very face of fashion; walked with her, drove with her, helped her, like an infant, up a difficult mountain side of twenty miles, humored her every caprice, and each day found some new friend, whose heart he might thrill by those gentle words—"my mother."

To him she was the gentle mother who rocked him to sleep in childhood; and, true to the commandments she had taught him, he was making the path smooth to her dependent years.

One there was in the gay throng whose eyes flashed haughtily, as they rested on the toil-worn, homely woman, but she was a noble soul, and truth and right gained a instant victory over life-long prejudices. Quickly and elegantly she crossed the room and laid her hand with a gentle, thrilling touch on the arm of her, and whispered a word in his ear.

Will she ever forget the look of love triumph in his eyes, or the smiling gentleness of his tones, as he presented the beautiful, high-bred betrothed to his gray-haired dotting mother.

No man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.

From the Child's Paper.

The Boy who Broke his Mother's Heart.

I went into the "Toombs" or the New York City prison yesterday, and saw a great many things to make me very sad, but none that excited my sympathies more than a poor weeping woman, who stood looking into one of the cells containing three or four boys from nine to twelve years old. One of those boys was her own and her eldest son; she was a widow, and her husband who was a sailor, had been dead several years.

I spoke to this heart-stricken mother, and inquired into the cause of her sorrows. "Oh, sir," said she, "my boy is here in prison for stealing. Oh, if he were dead and in his coffin, I could bear that; but to have him here in a felon's cell, this breaks my heart. I tried to keep him in, but he would go out into the streets, and there he got into bad company; I warned and entreated him, but he would not do as I wanted him to, and now he is here in this dreadful place!"

No wonder that this mother wept; no wonder that she could not be comforted. Here in a horrid prison, in which were shut up scores of thieves and other bad men and boys, was her own child, the babe that she had nursed and kissed with the love that a mother only knows; the babe that she had a thousand times rocked to sleep singing a lullaby; for whom she had in sickness watched and wept and slept not, and to clothe and feed him had sewed till midnight hours had come. That babe, in rage and disgrace, could now be spoken to only through the iron grating, even by his mother. Poor woman, I did pity her. I wept with her and tried to soothe her anguish.

Let me ask those who read this story, how it is with you. Are you kind and obedient to your mother? Do you mind her quickly and pleasantly when she speaks to you?—Did you ever disobey her? Or are you like the boy who broke his mother's heart? No matter how old you are: be careful, O, very careful you don't break your mother's heart. You will never know in this world how much you owe your mother, how much she has endured and suffered for you. But if you are spared to live until you are grown up, and that dear mother shall live for you to bury her, if you are unkind and disobedient to her now, how will you feel when you come to kiss her cold face for the last time before you cover her from your sight? When I see a boy or girl disobedient and unkind to a mother, I greatly fear they will come to

CURIOUS.

On Monday, the 19th of January, a young gentleman, in company with a friend, entered the church of Dr. Cleveland, near the Tomline building, New Haven, Conn. The atmosphere in the church was very cold, but a stream of warm air rose from the furnaces, the evaporators of which were partly filled with water. Around one of the furnaces snow was gathered to the depth of three or four inches, formed by the crystallization of the moisture in the ascending stream of air forming into bright crystals of beautiful forms, which fell in showers to the floor.—There was nearly a bushel of snow around one of the furnaces, and even on the iron work of the register was piled up,—the air rising from the furnace through a grating of snow.

The word "CREOLE."—Some suppose the Creole to be nearly black, imagining the word to be used as a term of disgrace and reproach. The Spanish word Crillo (Creole) was originally applied to the descendants of whites in Mexico, South America and the West Indies, in whom white blood, unmingled with that of every other race existed. This is still the only acceptance of the term in the West Indies. A Mulatto is the offspring of a white and a negro, a Quadroon, of a white and a Mulatto, being one quarter black, a Mustee, of a white and a Quadroon, or one-eighth black, and a Mustafina of a white and a Mustee, being one-sixteenth black. Terms implying a much less admixture of black blood are prevalent in Cuba. Creole simply means a native of tropical climes.

"Have you," said a young lady, entering a music store in which we were standing and leaning over the counter, and addressing the young man, "have you a Heart that Loves Me only?"

"Yes, Miss," was the reply, "and here is A Heart to Thee, Mary."

Mary took the songs, and was leaving the store, when suddenly she returned.

"Oh, I forgot! I want One Sweet Kiss before We Part!"

We left, and can't say whether she obtained it or not.

BEAUTIFUL SMILE.—The attention of a little girl being called to a rose bush, on the topmost stem of which the eldest rose was fading, but below and around which three beautiful buds were unfolding their charms, she artlessly exclaimed to her brother, "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened to kiss their mother before she dies!"

Becher Cheever, and other Levites of that class, are overflowing with wrath. Stamp speeches against the Supreme Court form their only Sunday labor, and Bilingsgate's is poured out like water.

Set bounds to your zeal by discretion, to error, by truth; to passion by reason, to division, by charity.

The dissipations that persons resort to, are like curtains which children to bed pull down to keep out the dark.