THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER — "FEARLESS AND FREE." — TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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The Fireside Circle.

When loud howls the tempest, and fierce rolls the storm,
And the wild winds of winter are wing'd to deform—
When a mantle of snow clasps the once blooming earth—
How bright are the joys that surround the dear hearth!
The bleak blasts may scatter the blossoms away,
But the fireside circle is cheerful and gay.

There, tottering age, with its white locks, is seen,
Recounting old stories when lifetime was green;
There, the pleased eye of boyhood past glories can see,
And infancy sports round its grandsire's knee;
And the fond mother looks, through a smile and a tear,
On the fireside circle, so precious and dear.

And there the gay lover, when day tasks are done,
May seek at the hearth stone his heart's chosen one—
May clasp the fond hand that ere long is to bind
Yet tighter the chain that has linked them in mind,
And hail the bright smile that no clouds ever dim,
That shall hallow the fireside circle for him.

And there the lone wanderer, far o'er the main,
Comes back to the fondly loved circle again—
Like a dove to the ark, from ocean's rude breast,
He flies to that heaven of blessings and rest—
No longer he hears the wild sea's sullen roar,
For the fireside circle hath claimed him once more.

The play-ground of children that meet in their mirth,
The best, dearest spot for old age upon earth;
The tryst-place of lovers, the mother's fond shrine,
The seaman's first half, as he quits the blue brine,
The one ready altar devotion uprears;
Is the fireside circle time closer endears.

[From Wolfert's Roost.

THE BIRDS OF SPRING.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

My quiet residence in the country, aloof from fashion, politics, and the money market, leaves me rather at a loss for occupation, and drives me occasionally to the study of nature, and other low pursuits. Having few neighbors, also, on whom to keep a watch and exercise my habits of observation, I am fain to amuse myself with prying into the domestic concerns and peculiarities of the animals around me; and during the present season, have derived considerable entertainment from certain sociable little birds, almost the only visiters we have during this early part of the year.

Those who have passed the winter in the country, are sensible of the delightful influences that accompany the earliest indications of spring; and of these, none are more delightful than the first notes of the birds. There is one modest little sad-colored bird, much resembling a wren, which came about the house just on the skirts of winter, when not a blade of grass was to be seen, and when a few prematurely warm days had given a flattering foretaste of soft weather. He sang early in the dawning, long before sunrise, and late in the evening, just before the closing in of night, his matin and his vesper hymns. It is true, he sang occasionally throughout the day; but at these still hours, his song was more remarked. He sat on a leafless tree, just before the window, and warbled forth his notes, few and simple, but singularly sweet, with something of a plaintive tone, that heightened their effect.

The first morning that he was heard, was a joyous one among the young folks of my household. The long, death-like sleep of winter was at an end; nature was once more awakening; they now promised themselves the immediate appearance of buds and blossoms. I was reminded of the tempest-tossed crew of Columbus, when, after their long dubious voyage, the field birds came singing round the ship; though still far at sea, rejoicing them with the belief of the immediate proximity of land. A sharp return of winter almost silenced my little songster, and dashed the hilarity of the household; yet still he poured forth, now and then, a few plaintive notes, between the frosty pipings of the breeze, like gleams of sunshine between wintry clouds.

I have consulted by book of ornithology in vain, to find out the name of this kindly little bird, who certainly deserves honor and favor far beyond his modest pretensions. He comes like the lowly violet, the most unpretending, but welcomest of flowers, breathing the sweet promise of the early year.

Another of our feathered visiters, who follow close upon the steps of winter, is the Pe-wit, or Pe-wee, or Phœbe-bird; for he is called by each of these names, from a fancied resemblance to the sound of his monotonous note. He is a sociable little being, and seeks the habitation of man.—A pair of them have built beneath my porch, and have reared several broods there, for two years past, their nest being never disturbed. They arrive very early in the spring, just when the crocus and the snow-drop begin to peep forth. Their first chirp spreads gladness through the house. "The Phœbe birds have come!" is heard on all sides; they are welcomed back like members of the family; and speculations are made upon where they have been, and what countries they have seen, during their long absence. Their arrival is the more cheering, as it is pronounced, by the old weather-wise people of the country, the sure sign that the severe frosts are at an end, and that the gardner may resume his labors with confidence.

About this time, too, arrives the blue-bird, so poetically yet truly described by Wilson. His appearance gladdens the whole landscape. You hear his soft warble in every field. He sociably approaches your habitation, and takes up his residence in your vicinity.

The happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the Boblincon, or Boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets. With us, it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this general interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweet brier and the wild rose; the meadows are enamelled with the clover blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the Bobolink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a rich succession of tinkling notes; crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstacy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the Bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in that purgatory of boyhood—a school-room. It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no tasks, no hateful school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:

Sweet bird thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy note,
No winter in thy year.

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, on joyful wing,
Our annual visits round the globe,
Companions of the spring!

Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my schoolboy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted, he was sacred from injury; the very school-boy would not fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits; doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a "bon vivant," a "gourmand;" with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while he grows tired of plain homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical tour in quest of foreign luxuries. We next hear of him with myriads of his kind, banquetting among the reeds of the Delaware; and grown corpulent with good feeding.—He has changed his name in travelling.—Boblincon no more—he is the *Reed-bird* now, the much sought for tibit of Pennsylvania epicures; the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

Does he take warning, and reform?—Alas, not he! Incorrigible epicure!—Again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the south invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous *Rice-bird* of the Carolinas.

Last stage of his career; behold him spitted with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up a vaunted dish, on the table of some southern gastronome.

Such is the story of the Boblink; once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little sensualist, who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral, worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits, which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence, which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

PROFANITY AND NEWSPAPERS.—The police of the Sixth district in New York have adopted the following novel plan for providing themselves with the news of the day:—"Each and every policeman using profane language in the station-house will be fined 6¼ cents for each and every offence—the fines thus collected to be applied toward paying for the newspapers used in the station-house."

A whisperer separateth friends.

A Winter Story.

A cold night! The wind, sharp as a Damascus scimetar, cuts through the fine chinks in the windows, causing my mother continually to change her seat, to avoid what she calls the draught; but as the draught comes everywhere, she is at length fain to come to a settlement close to the mantle piece, where she keeps cutting out mysterious hexagons and rhomboids from some linen stuff, hereafter to be united by cunning fingers into some wonderful article of female apparel. My two sisters are playing chess. Fanny, triumphant over a check mate, leans back on her chair, and watches with an air of proud pity, the frowning and cogitative countenance of Lizzie, whose little brain is throbbing with a thousand stratagems by which to extricate her unhappy queen from the impending disaster. I, wrapped in all the dignity of nineteen years, am absolutely smoking a cigar in the sacred chamber, (a privilege awarded to me on rare occasions by my mother, who would generally dismiss me to my own room the moment I displayed a Havana,) and reading Sir Thomas Brown's poetic essay on Urn Burial. There is a solemn quiet reigning through the room. The pine logs on the hearth fling out spasmodic jets of fire, and hiss like wounded snakes, as the bubbling resinous juice oozes out from each gaping split. The click of my mother's scissors snap monotonously, and at regular intervals. The wind screams wildly outside, and clatters at the window pane as if it was cold and wanted to come in. Through the dusty panes themselves, half revealed by the partially drawn curtains, glimmer whitely the snowy uplands, and on the crest of the ghastly hills a bare old oak lifts up its naked arms, like an aged Niobe frozen in an attitude of sorrow.—The smoke of my cigar goes curling ceiling-ward in eccentric rings of evanescent vapor, and I am whispering to myself one of those sonorous and solemn sentences with which the old knight of Norwich terminates his chapters, and which, after one has read them, reverberate and echo in the brain, when—rat, tat—there comes a faint, irresolute knock at the hall door.—My mother shuts her scissors, and looks up inquiringly, as much as to say 'who in Heaven's name, is out on a night like this?' The chess players are immovable, and seem as if an earthquake would be a matter of perfect indifference to them. I lay down my book and go to the door. I open it with a shiver, and a resolution to be cross and uncivil: the wind rushes triumphantly in with a great sigh of relief, the moment the first chink appears, and I look out into the bitter ghastly night.

What a strange group stands on the piazza.

Winter seems to have become incarnate in human form, and, with the four winds as his companions, come to pay us a visit.

There is a tall, old man, with a long grey moustache, which, as it hangs down his jaws, the rude breeze snatches up, and swings about, and pulls insolently, as if it knew he was poor, and could be insulted with impunity. He looks bitterly cold! His long, arched nose is as blue as the blue sky above him, in which the stars twinkle so clearly, and he has on a scanty little coat, on which a few remnants of braid flutter sadly, like the shreds of vine that hang on walls in winter time, which they, in the golden summer, hath wreathed with glossy leaves so splendidly. He holds a little child in his arms—a little, shivering child, that trembles almost incessantly, and tries, poor thing, to put its head in the scanty and threadbare folds of that insufficient coat. By the side of this pair is another effigy of poverty and winter. A small, pale, delicate woman, with great blue eyes—profuse hair, which, matted in frozen intricacies, burst out from beneath a most remarkably shapeless bonnet—a shawl so thin that it must have been woven by spiders; another little shivering child clasped in her arms, and carefully enveloped in the poor old shawl, though one can see by her blue neck and blue dress, that she is sacrificing herself to keep the little one warm. A huge umbrella dangling from one of her hands, and which she leans on occasionally with great dignity—and the icy picture is complete. But the main picture is not yet finished. A girl about ten years old, standing a little back, cling to her mother's skirt with one hand, while with the other she tries to keep something that looks like a pair of trousers wrapped roung her neck. She is shadowy and pale, and seems like a Northern mirage, ready to dissolve into cold air at a moment's notice.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" I said, in a gruff tone; for the wind blew bitterly on my cheek, and I made up my mind to be cross.

The old man inclined his head slightly, and spoke.

"We are Poles," said he, in excellent English, with a slight foreign accent; 'we wish to go to Boston, which we hear is but one day's journey from this, but we do not know where to lodge to-night.—We are here to ask you for a night's shelter."

"Pooh!" said I, swinging the door almost to, "we know nothing about you, and never admit beggars. We cannot do it."

The man fell back a pace or two, and looked at the little woman with the great eyes. Heavens, how full of despair those great eyes seemed just at that moment!—I saw his arm tighten convulsively round the litle shivering child in his arms. A sluggish, half-frozen tear rolled slowly down that blue nose of his. He brushed it away with his cold, shrivelled hand, and nodded mournfully to the little woman who clutched her umbrella firmly, and then turned to depart without a word. As the door was being closed, he shook his head once or twice, and said in a very low voice, "God help me!"

These words had scarce been spoken, when I felt a light touch on my shoulder.

"John," said my mother, "call those people back."

I never felt so relieved in all my life.—When that old man turned away in silence at my sudden refusal of his prayer, disdaining to address himself to me, but whispering his mercy to God, a pang of remorse shot through my heart; I would have given worlds to have called him back, but the hideous, sullen pride, which through life has chained up my nature, until it has become like a cooped bear, put a padlock on my lips. How glad I was when my mother came and dissolved the bonds with a touch.

"Come back, my friends," said I, "we wish to speak to you."

I am sure my voice must really have been very gentle, for as the old Pole turned, his rugged cheek semed to soften, and the great eyes of his pale wife actually flashed through the dim night, with the fire of hope. They had landed from an emigrant ship in New York, with only a few dollars in their possession, which was dwindled away to a few shillings.—They could find no employment. The old man was a modeller of medallions, and said bitterly: "They don't care about art in New York." So they made up their minds to go to Boston; there they heard that such things find encouragement. With a few remaining shillings, and what money they could obtain by pawning their little wardrobe, they struggled thus far on their journey.—They were now penniless, and scarce knew what to do; but the old man said proudly: "If we can only get through to Boston to-morrow we have nothing to fear."

My mother shut the door; by this time the old man, and the little pale woman and three shivering children, were on the inside, and Fanny and Lizzie had left their game of chess with their poor queen still in prison, and were passing round the pale little woman, whose eyes were now bigger than ever, and shining with tears of joy; and they soon how had got hold of the two youngest children, and they were petting them and talking to them in that wonderful language, supposed to be the tongue commonly spoken by infants, the foundation of which is substituting the letter *d* for the letter *t*, and smoothing all the *ls* and *ks* in a remorseless manner. The poor little foreigners were therefore informed, confidentially, by the young ladies, that "dey was dood little tings, and dey muzn't gry so, for dey would ave a nize vorm zupper." And whether they understood it or not, the "little tings" ceased to shiver or cry, and looked wonderingly about with small editions of their mother's great eyes; and the old man twirled his moustache as it thawed in the heat of the pine fire, and made many bows and looked that worldless gratitude which cannot be interpreted.

But the little wife said nothing; only she leaned on her umbrella and gazed at my mother as she gave her orders to the servants for the preparation of a sleeping room and a liberal meal for the way-farers; and she gazed at me, as I stirred up the fire with immense energy, (between ourselves, I tried to bustle off the recollection of that cruel speech with which I first met their appeal,) and made her husband sit down so close to it that his legs were nearly scorched through his threadbare trousers; and so she continued gazing at every one, until at last she could stand it no longer, and flinging away, for the first time, that ponderous umbrella of hers, she cast herself on my astonished mother's neck, and sobbed out a heap of Polish blessings, that, if there is any virtue in benediction, will certainly canonize her when she dies.

I swear to you, that when all was over, and they were sleeping soundly, I went into a remote corner and wept bitterly for the wrong I had so nearly done.

Well, they staid with us that night, and the next, and the next; and my mother got up a little subscription among the neighbors. And we rigged them all out in good warm clothing, bought them tickets on the cars to Boston, and one fine, frosty morning, we all sallied down to the depot, and saw them off on their journey, and I tell you there was a waving of hands and Polish jesticulations, and far, far away in the distance, we could catch a glimpse of that great umbrella, with the little woman still flourishing it by way of a farewell.

We heard nothing of our Polish friends for a whole year. Often, over the fireside, we would talk about them, and our neighbors sneered at us and wondererd if our spoons were safe, and moralized upon foreign imposture and ingratitude. My mother got much for her charity; but none of us minded, for there was something so true in the ways and manners of those poor wanderers, that it would have been impossible to distrust them.

Well, Christmas came. Winter again, now, huge logs glowing fiercely on the hearth, and mistletoe and ivy swinging merrily in the hall. Again the uplands were sheated in white; again the old oak was naked and sorrowing; again we were all seated round the fire, listening to the snorting of the wind as it tore over the hills like a mad steed. In the midst of a deep silence that fell upon us all, there came a rat-tat tat at the hall door. It was an enthusiastic rat-tat-tat. It was strong, determined and eager. I went to the door. I had scarcely unbarred it, or took a peep at the new comer, when it seemed as if a wirldwind with a bonnet on his head scoured past me and swept into the parlor. The next moment I heard a great commotion. Sobbing and laughing, and broken English, all swept along as it were, in a cataract of Polish. It was the little pale woman with the great eyes. No longer pale though, but with ruddy cheeks and the eyes, this time, looked larger and brighter than ever through their tears.—They had been over since in Boston, she breathlessly told us, and had been doing well, thanks to the blessed lady who helped them to get there. The husband modelled medalions, she composed polkas, and their only daughter taught music, and they had saved three hundred dollars, and bought a piano with it. And she had said to herself that on Christmas night she would come and speak her gratitude to the blessed lady who had sheltered her and her little ones; so she set off in the cars, and here she was. And then she commenced pulling things out of her pockets. Christmas presents for us all! There was a scarlet fortune-teller for Lizzie, and a curious card case for Fanny, and a wonderful embroidered needle case for my mother; and there was a beautiful umbrella for Mr. John, she intimated, producing an enormous parachute. She knew he would like it, because when she was here last year—thanks to the blessed lady who had sheltered her—she had seen him looking very much at her umbrella, and she would have offered it to them then, but was ashamed, it was so old. But this was a new one and very large!

And then she kissed us all around, and produced an elaborate letter from her husband to my mother, in which she was compared to Penelope, and one or two classical personages, and told us everything that had happened to them since they had left us, until, having talked herself into a state of utter exhaustion, she went off to her bed room, where she was heard praying in indifferent English that we might all ascend into Heaven without any of the usual difficulties.

She and her family are still in Boston, where they make quite a respectable income. And every Christmas sees her arrival with presents for the blessed lady, and her eyes and her gratitude are as large as ever.

It is, you see, a simple Winter Story.

REMARKABLE PROPHECY.—The following remarkable prediction was made by Friar Bacon, who was born in the year 1214, some 640 years ago. "Here," says a certain writer, "is poetry and philosophy wound together, forming a wonderful chain of prophecy:"

"Bridges unsupported by arches will be made to span the foaming current. Men descend to the bottom of the ocean, safely breathing, and treading with firm steps on the golden sands, never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret powers of Sol and Luna into action, and behold a single steersman sitting at the helm guiding the vessel, which divides the waves, with greater rapidity than if she had been filled with a crew of mariners toiling at the oars; and the loaded chariot, no longer encumbered by the panting steeds, shall dart on its course with resistless force and rapidity. Let the simple elements do thy labor: bind the eternal elements, and yoke them to the same plow."

England and France.

Some very spiritual lines, evidently springing from the heart of Martin Farquhar Tupper, bring out finely almost the only bright light in the dark picture of the war.

WATERLOO AVENGED.

We thank thee, gracious neighbor! we thank thee, glorious France!
We praise the greatness that made haste to seize that golden chance,
The chance of taking vengeance, as of old ye swore to do,
And well redeemed at Inkermann,—avenging Waterloo!

O this indeed is chivalry, returning good for ill,
(Though we—we know it—in those days did only duty still.)
This is the way to be revenged, the noblest and most true,
Returning France's Inkerman for England's Waterloo!

Our gallant guards not overmatched, though barely one to ten,
Could fight and die, but could not fly,—were demi-gods, not men,—
From foggy dawn to noon they fought that furious Russian crew,
Till France avenged at Inkermann her rival's Waterloo!

Avenged!—in course and common hate, by planting blow for blow!
Avenged!—in humbling Englishmen!—No! grateful England, No!
They heaped the coals of vengeance, as only Christians can,
And for our old-time Waterloo they gave us Inkermann!

So then, O brothers reconciled for ever and a day!
We own that you have conquered us, and in the grandest way;
Our patriot fathers made you bleed at Waterloo's red van,
But you more nobly bleed for us, their sons, at Inkermann!

Yes; this is glory! this is conquest! this is fame indeed!
For you henceforth old England's heart is vowed to fight and bleed,—
Not front to front, like Waterloo,—but on the better plan
Of side by side, as when you bled for us at Inkermann!

The following brief article from the Moniteur is an appropriate pendent:

"All France will be deeply affected by the thanks which England has just voted by acclamation to General Canrobert and our army, to Admiral Hamelin and our navy, for their valiant co-operation and their cordial assistance in the war of the East.

"To this important and hitherto unexampled manifestations of the sentiments entertained by a great people towards its royal ally, France has already replied by its admiration of the brilliant valor of the English army and fleet. France has warmly applauded the eulogiums which our generals-in-chief, after the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann, bestowed on the intrepedity of Lord Raglan and his troops. The two nations, like the two armies, have done each other the most frank, the most cordial justice. While their soldiers and seamen vie with each other in courage and devotion, the two nations appear to rival each other in generosity, each giving the other the greatest share of the glory acquired in common. Nothing is better calculated to cement their alliance than the exchange of these noble sentiments, nothing can better assure them of the sympathies and concurrence of all civilized nations, nor more speedily effect the final triumph of the sacred cause they defend."

A young gentleman at a ball, in whisking about the room, ran his head against a young lady. He began to apologise.—"Not a word, sir," cried she, "it is not hard enough to hurt anybody!"

Winter and Spring.

"Adieu," father Winter gravely said
To the world when about to quit it.
With his old white wig half off his head,
As if never made to fit it.

"Adieu, I'm going to the rocks and caves,
To leave all here behind me,
Or perhaps I shall sink in the northern waves,
So deep that none can find me."

"Good luck, good luck to your hoary locks,"
Said the gay young Spring, advancing.
"Go take your nap 'mid the caves and rocks,
While I o'er the earth am dancing.

"There is not a spot where your foot has trod,
You hard old clumsy fellow;
Not a hill, nor a field, nor a single sod,
But I have got to mellow.

"And then I shall spread them o'er with grass,
That will look so fresh and cheering,
None will regret that they let you pass,
Far out of sight and hearing.

"The fountains that you lock up so tight,
When I shall give them a sunning,
Will sparkle and play in their gladdening light,
And the brooks will set off a running.

"I'll speak in the ground to the hidden root,
Where you have kept it sleeping,
And bid it send up the tender shoot,
And set the wild vine creeping.

"The boughs that you caked all o'er with ice,
Till it chilled us to behold them,
I shall stick about with buds so nice,
That will laugh as I unfold them.

"And when the tree is in blossoms dressed,
The bird, with her song so merry,
Will come on its limbs to build her nest,
By the sign of the future cherry.

"The air, and the earth, by their joyfulness,
Shall shew the good I am doing;
And the skies bend down with their smiles to bless
The course that I'm pursuing.

Said Winter then, "I would have you learn
By me, my gay new comer,
To push off too, when it comes your turn,
And yield your place to Summer."

John Hanson's Night-Work.

John Hanson was a bluff boy of fifteen. He was a smart, active, fearless fellow; the boys thought a good deal of him, and he thought a good deal of himself. On one occasion his father had buisness which call him to a distant city, and he left John to "take care of the family." John felt very proud of his trust, and did well for several days, acting under the counsel and advice of his mother, just as he ought to have done. By and by he grew impatient of his mother's restraint, and did many things quite independent of her. The younger children did not like his sayings and doings at all; "he orders us round," they said, "as if he were a king." At last he took the complete management of things, and one day acted not only against his mother's wishes, but talked very ill-temperedly to her. Going to bed that night, he could not sleep. His conduct towards his mother troubled him, and he tossed from one side of the bed to the other, trying to get an easy place. He blames the bed, and Bridget who made it, and then he tho't he was sick, and worried along for some time; in fact, John suspected what the matter really was, only he was too proud to own it. He knew it was his treatment of his mother that troubled him, and for a long while he tried to sleep it off, or think of something else, or excuse himself in some way or another. Happily John did not succeed. Conscience would do its work, and John listened to all it said; and the consequence was, that pretty near midnight, for it was as late as that, the boy got up, stole to his mother's chamber, and with tears in his eyes and penitence in his heart, begged her to forgive him—"And O," he says, now that he is a man, "it was the sweetest moment of my life, when I was forgiven."

That hour was the turning point in the boy's life. If he that night had *hardened himself*, the next day he would probably have behaved worse than before, and so on and on until the bad boy became the bad man. But John yielded to the voice of conscience, and he made thorough work of it. He confessed his fault, and asked to be forgiven, and experienced the sweets, they are real sweets, of forgiveness. The next day John's management was improved. He was more kind and considerate towards his brothers and sisters, and respectful towards his mother; and he was prepared by it afterwards to taste the sweets of God's forgiveness and favor.—And his word to every boy now is, "If you have wronged your mother, be sure to own your fault, and ask to be forgiven. *Harden not your hearts, boys.*"

CHEAP SHIRT MAKING IN NEW YORK.—A legal investigation now going on in New York, discloses some curious facts touching the manner in which the seamstresses, of that city, are imposed upon.—The matter under investigation has special reference to shirt makers, of which there seems to be a very large number there, and their condition may be judged of by the miserable price paid for their labor.—The standard price is twelve and a half cents per piece, and the garment must be well made, as it has to undergo a thorough inspection, with bosom and collars—bringing from one dollar twelve and a half cents to one dollar twenty five cents at retail.—The material in these shirts cost probably about thirty-seven and a half cents, so that the total cost is fifty cents, which leaves a clear profit to the employer of one-half at least, for the purchase of the material, the cutting, and the sale.

The offender in this case was the proprietor of an establishment which employs from 300 to 500 seamstresses to make shirts at 12½ cents. The cause of this particular complaint was an attempt to defraud a sewing girl out of $2. The mayor severely reprimanded the man for his conduct, and asked what he could expect from poor creatures whom he and others of his class compelled to labor three days and nights for three shillings. He perfectly understood the atrocious system—a system that did much to drive poor and decent girls to infamy and ruin—and he was determined to put a stop to the practices and impositions of those engaged in it.

The Maine Liquor law has been adopted by nine States—Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Michigan, Wisconsin, Connecticut, Indiana and Illinois.

A Night in the Life of a Physician.

I was sitting dozing in my chair, when a tremendous knocking was heard at my door. The servant opened it when a man rushed in, in the wildest disorder.

"For God's sake, doctor," said he, "come with me! it's a case of life and death. A young girl has stabbed herself; she is bleeding to death. One thousand dollars if you save her! Come, oh do not delay!" and he rushed toward me, as if to drag me along.

I hurried away with him, snatched my instrument from the table as I passed it.—I think I never saw before such convulsive grief as this man's face expressed.—He was a handsome man, with jet black hair, clustering in waving curls over a white forehead. The lower part of his otherwise feminine features was relieved by a deep jet black beard.

I asked him for the particulars of the case.

"Doctor," said he, "make haste, I shall go mad. Why, I would give every drop of blood in this body to save one of hers. Oh, God!" said he, "preserve my reason. She stabbed herself before I could prevent her. Make haste, doctor—oh! my God! my God!"

We reached the house. On a satin couch in a splendid room—the rich Turkey carpet covered with her blood—lay a young girl. There was a deep wound over her heart, and it was evident that the blow had been given with a right good will. On the floor covered with blood, lay the weapon—a slight damascene dagger, the handle richly set with pearls strongly lit up with the reflection from the blood stained ivory.

I was too late. Alas, the life blood was slowly dropping away. That masterpiece of creation was soon to be cold and inanimate. She slowly opened her eyes and fixed them with dying love upon the young man who had summoned me to the scene of death. She sank back, and death closed upon its victim.

My companion sat for some time strangely staring at the lifeless form upon the couch. I could preceive that reason was tottering on its foundation. I was fascinated by his strange look. At last I went up to him. "Sir," I said, "she is no more. Death has released her from her troubles.

"Dead! did you say she is dead, doctor? said he with a strange and curious stare at me. "Ah, you have murdered her," yelled the mad man—for such he was now.—"You have murdered her and I—I—shall murder you. Ah! ah!" it will be rare sport."

Before I could prevent him, he had picked up the dagger. "Yes," said he with a yell, "I murder you with her dagger. Oh, it will be rare sport to see you groan and struggle like she did. Ah! ah!" and he made a bound at me.

Now this was far from pleasant. In fact it was a very awkward fix to be in.—I did not know how to act. The madman made a grab at me, but fortunately I eluded his grasp, and thinking it better to fight in the dark, I seized the lamp and cast it on the floor. The room was now dark.—The mad man set up a terrific yelling, and I could hear him lock the door and put the key in his pocket, while he kept muttering, "I will kill him: I will kill him. Oh, it will be rare sport to see him die as she did." I felt my courage rise with the emergency. I half determined to try a struggle with him, but I knew the increased strength which the insane possess, and I thought it scarcely prudent. What should I do? I must do somthing. I would again be in his power. I felt for some weapon with which to defend myself, and as luck would have it, found a heavy dumb bell in the corner where I lay concealed. Presently, I heard the mad man slowly searching for me. I raised the dumb-bell:—"may God forgive me," I said; it descended, and I was free, the madman lay stunned on the floor. I rushed to the door, smashed in the lock with the heavy metal, and rushed down stairs. Presently, the house was all in commotion. Oh! what a scene—the girl dead in a pool of blood—the man insensible, with the dagger firmly clutched in his hand! I bled him and he slowly recovered. But his reason never returned. He is a madman to this day. I never heard the history of my patients of that night. They were strangers in the house. I never will forget that night's adventure.

Chronological Record for March.

March 2, 1825. An earthquake at Algiers. Of a population of 15,000 persons in the town of Blide, scarcely 300 were left alive.

March 3, 1825. First stone of the tunnel under the Thames laid.

March 5, 1770. Massacre of Boston.

March 7, 1804. Bible Society commenced by Granville Sharpe.

March 9, 1820. Inquisition abolished in Spain.

March 11, 1789. 72,000 pounds of powder exploded at Corfu, killing 180 men.

March 13, 1809. Revolution in Sweden, Gustavus IV. deposed.

March 14, 1812. Stones fell in Calabria with a storm of red snow.

March 16, 1781. Battle of Guilford.

March 17, 1779. The kings troops evacuated Boston.

March 18, 1766. Repeal of the American Stamp Act.

March 19, 1822. The independence of Columbia, Mexico and Peru recognized by the United States.

March 22, 1765. American Stamp Act passed.

March 23, 1810. Bonaparte published a decree against the Americans.

Mayor Conrad is carrying dismay into the dens of prostitution which infest Philadelphia. He is determined to break them up root and branch. On Saturday he issued to the police of the different wards an order, making it incumbent upon them to prosecute and break up all policy, gambling, club, dance, and other disorderly houses. A neglect of the performance of this duty will be to lose their office.

The man who had no music in his soul wore seasoned leather.