THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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For the Susquehanna Register.

Saturday Evening Thoughts.

BY LYDIA J. GILES.

Another week is closing fast,
Another day has swiftly passed,
And conscience whispers that the last,
Is coming soon.

Thus hours, days, weeks, and months flit by
E'en years, almost unnoticed die,
So noiselessly the moments fly,
Waiting for none.

Time is—we look—'tis passed away,
Each pulse but marks its transient stay,
And warns us of our sure decay,
Our final doom.

Then may each child of earth prepare
A life of endless bliss to share,
In yon bright land where flowers fair
Immortal bloom.

For on that pure celestial shore,
'Tis said, that time shall be no more,
And change shall ne'er assert his power
Beyond the tomb.

And list, the Saviour's gentle call,
"Return ye wanderers one and all,
Escape from Satan's fearful thrall,
Come hasten home.

O! slight ye not my calls of grace,
But seek—frail sinners—seek my face,
I have for each reserved a place,
And yet there's room."

How sweet those words of warning sound,
O! may the answer loud resound
To Heaven, from earth's remotest bound,
I come, I come.

Since You and I were Young.

I'm standing by the window still,
Where we have stood of yore;
The buttonwood is waving still,
Its branches near the door:
And near me creeps the wild rose vine
On which our wreaths were hung;
Still round the porch its tendrils twine
As when we both were young.

The little path that used to lead
Down by the river shore,
Is overgrown with briar and wood—
Not level as before—
But there's no change upon the hill
From whence our voices rung:
The violets deck its summit still,
As when we both were young.

And yonder is the old oak tree,
Beneath whose spreading shade,
When our young hearts were light and free,
In innocence we played—
And over there! the meadow gate,
On which our playmates swung,
Still standing in its rustic state,
As when we both were young.

I see the little moss-grown spot,
Beneath the yew tree's shade,
Where early friends—perchance forgot,
In earth's embrace are laid.
The early friends of hope and trust,
Round whom our being cling,
All slumber "in the dust,"
Since you and I were young.

But, Oh! there is a pleasing sense,
That hovers o'er the scene,
No matter where our wanderings hence;
Or distant far between;
And memory brings us back to rove
These pleasant haunts among
The faded scene of early love
When you and I were young.

Scolding—An Anecdote.

We will not say that any who have the scolding
censity are absolutely incurable, but we knew
e very obstinate cases. We also know some
sons who have such a happy mental organiza-
that they never indulge a petulant spirit. An
cdote will illustrate these cases.
wo thriving farmers, A and B lived near neigh-
, whose wives were patterns of energy, indus-
frugality, neatness, etc. Each had been mar-
about fifteen years, and the wife of A. proved
a termagant, while that of B had not spoken
arply since her marriage. These men were
in the midst of an interesting conversation,
n the dinner horn from the house of Mr. A was
ded, and he said to B, "I must go at once, or
wife will give me such a lecture." "I really
," replied B, "that I could hear my wife scold
ours does, for five minutes, just to see how it
ld sound, for she has never uttered a crooked
d since our marriage." "O," said A, "get your
a load of crooked wood, and you will hear it,
rrant you, for nothing makes my wife rave
ll to that."
armer B kept his own counsel, and when he
to the forest to prepare his year's supply of
d, he was careful to cut each crooked stick on
side of the curve, so as to preserve it entire
throw all such sticks in a separate pile sub-
to his order. When his old stock of wood was
med, he collected an entire load of these crook-
cks and deposited them at his door, and said
ing. When he came to his dinner the next
e expected the verification of the prophecy;
the meal as usual was well cooked, and in good
, and his wife came to the board with her usual
scent smile, and said nothing relative to the
. As the wood wasted away, his curiosity
anxiety increased, till his wife one day said to
"Husband, our wood is nearly exhausted, and
o have any more like the last you brought me,
n you would get it, for it is the last I ever had,
round the pots and kettles so nicely."—*Mass. Ploughman.*

e mass of mankind hate innovation; they hate
learn what they have learned wrong, and they
to confess their ignorance by submitting to
anything right.

e young should be spared from sorrow as
as possible. Never give the sunshine of hope
, so as to leave them without even the mem-
of its glory.

Jenny Lind.

BY FREDERICA BREMER.

There was once a poor and plain little girl dwelling in a little room, in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. She was a poor little girl indeed then: she was lonely and neglected, and would have been very unhappy, deprived of the kindness and care so necessary to a child, if it had not been for a peculiar gift. The little girl had a fine voice, and in her loneliness, in trouble or in sorrow, she consoled herself by singing. In fact, she sung to all she did; at her work, at her play, running or resting, she always sung.

The woman who had her in care went out to work during the day, and used to lock in the little girl who had nothing to enliven her solitude but the company of a cat. The little girl played with her cat and sung. Once she sat by the open window and stroked her cat and sung, when a lady passed by. She heard the voice, and looked up and saw the little singer. She asked the child several questions, went away, and came back several days later, followed by an old music master, whose name was Crelius. He tried the little girl's musical ear and voice, and was astonished. He took her to the director of the Royal Opera of Stockholm, then Count Pucke, whose truly generous and kind heart was concealed by rough speech and a morbid temper. Crelius introduced his little pupil to the Count, and asked him to engage her as "elve for the opera." "You ask a foolish thing!" said the Count, gruffly, looking disdainfully down on the poor little girl. "What shall we do with that ugly thing! See what feet she has! And then her face! She will never be presentable. No, we cannot take her. Away with her!"

The music-master insisted, almost indignantly. "Well," exclaimed he, at last, "if you will not take her, poor as I am, I will take her myself, and have her educated for the scene: and then such another ear as she has for music is not to be found in the world!"

The Count relented. The little girl was at last admitted into the school for elves, at the opera, and with some difficulty a simple gown of black bombazine was procured for her. The care of her musical education was left to an able master, Mr. Albert Breg, director of the song school of the opera.

Some years later, at a comedy given by the elves of the theatre, several persons were struck by the spirit and life with which a very young elve acted the part of a beggar girl in the play.—Lovers of genial nature were charmed, pedants almost frightened. It was our poor little girl, who had made her first appearance, now about fourteen years of age, frolicksome and full of fun as a child.

A few years still later, a young debutante was to sing for the first time before the public in Weber's Freischutz. At the rehearsal preceding the representation of the evening, she sang in a manner which made the members of the orchestra at once lay down their instruments to clap their hands in rapturous applause. It was our poor, plain little girl here again, who now had grown up and was to appear before the public in the role of Agatha. I saw her at the evening representations.—She was then in the prime of youth, fresh, bright and serene as a morning in May—perfect in form—her hands and arms peculiarly graceful—and lovely in her whole appearance, through the expression of her countenance and the noble simplicity and calmness of her manners. In fact, she was charming. We saw not an actress, but a young girl full of natural geniality and grace. She seemed to move, speak, and sing without effort or art. All was nature and harmony. Her song was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell in her tones. Her "mezzo voce" was delightful. In the night scene where Agatha, seeing her lover come, breathes out her joy in rapturous song, our young singer, on turning from the window, at the back of the theatre, to the spectators again, was pale for joy. And in that pale joyousness she sang with a burst of outflowing love and life that called forth not the mirth but the tears of the auditors.

From this time she was the declared favorite of the Swedish public, whose musical taste and knowledge are said to be surpassed nowhere. And, year after year, she continued so, though, after a time, her voice, being overstrained, lost somewhat of its freshness, and the public, being satiated, no more crowded the house when she was singing. Still, at that time, she could be heard singing and playing more delightfully than ever in Pamina (in Zauberflote) or in Anna Bolena, though the opera was almost deserted. (It was then late in the spring, and the beautiful weather called the people out to nature's plays.) She evidently sang for the pleasure of the song.

By that time she went to take lessons of Garcia, in Paris, and so give the finishing touch to her musical education. There she acquired that warble in which she is said to have been equaled by no singer, and which could be compared only to that of the soaring and warbling lark, if the lark had a soul.

And then the young girl went abroad and sang on foreign shores and to foreign people. She charmed Denmark, she charmed Germany, she charmed England. She was caressed and courted everywhere, even to adulation. At the courts of kings, at the houses of the great and noble, she was feasted as one of the grandees of nature and art. She was covered with laurels and jewels.—But friends wrote of her, "In the midst of these splendors she only thinks of her Sweden, and yearns for her friends and her people."

One dusky October night, crowds of people (the most part, by their dress, seemed to belong to the upper classes of society,) thronged on the shore of the Baltic harbor at Stockholm. All looked towards the sea. There was a rumor of expectance and pleasure. Hours passed away, and the crowds still gathered, and waited and looked out eagerly toward the sea. At length a brilliant rocket rose joyfully, far out at the entrance of the harbor, and was greeted by a general buzz on the shore.

"There she comes! there she is!". A large steamship now came thundering on, wheeling on its triumphant way through the flocks of ships and boats lying in the harbor, towards the shore of the "Skeppsbeen." Flashing rockets marked its way in the dark as it advanced. The crowds on the shore pressed forward as if to meet it. Now the leviathan of the waters was heard thundering nearer and nearer: now it relented, now again pushed on, foaming and splashing; now it lay still. And, there on the front deck, was seen by the light of lamps and rocks, a pale graceful young woman, her eyes brilliant with tears, and lips radiant with smiles, waving her handkerchief to her friends and countrymen on shore.

It was she again—our poor, plain, neglected little girl of former days—who now came back in triumph to her fatherland. But no more poor, no more plain, no more neglected. She had become rich; she had in her slender person the power to charm and interest multitudes.

Some days later, we read in the papers of Stockholm an address to the public written by the beloved singer, starting with noble simplicity, that "as she once more had the happiness to be in her native land, she would be glad to sing again to her country men; and that the income of the operas in which she was this season to appear, would be devoted to raise a fund for a school where elves for the theatre would be educated to virtue and knowledge." The intelligence was received as it deserved, and of course the opera was crowded every night the beloved singer sang there. The first time she again appeared in "Sonnambula," (one of her favorite roles,) the public, after the curtain had dropped, called her back with great enthusiasm, and received her when she appeared, with a roar of hurrahs. In the midst of the burst of applause a clear and melodious warbling was heard. The hurrahs were hushed instantly. And we saw the lovely singer standing with her arms slightly extended, somewhat bowing forward, graceful as a bird warbling, warbling as no bird ever did, from note to note—and on every one a clear, strong, soaring warble—until she fell into the retournelle of her last song, and again sang that joyful and touching strain,

"No thought can conceive how I feel at my heart."

She has now accomplished the good work to which her latest songs in Sweden have been devoted, and she has again left her native land to sing to a far remote people. She is now in the United States of America, and her arrival is welcomed with a general feeling of joy. All now hear of her whose history we have now slightly shadowed out;—our present guest, the poor little girl of former days, the celebrated singer of now-a-days, the genial child of Nature and Art, is—JENNY LIND!

Occupations.

The following excellent remarks from the Waverly Magazine, are so strongly characterized with good sense and practical every-day applications, we have at once set them down as sound doctrine:

There is a most radical error pervading society at present in regard to plain, honest, hardy industry. A greater or more foolish mistake never associated itself with the popular prejudices, than that it is his avocation that gives character and dignity to the man. For our part, we should be sadly puzzled to discover the distinction between any two of the varied occupations which employ the industry of man, that would raise the operative in the one case above the one in the other. One occupation is precisely as creditable in itself, and as commendable to its industrious pursuer as another, provided it be honorable and in perfect harmony with the laws of God and man. It is the man that ennobles the occupation, not the occupation that dignifies the man. It is well that we are not all fitted, by habit, education, and taste, for the same avocation. However, these natural divisions are by no means distinctions. It is the diversity of taste, together with good and wholesome laws and regulations, that harmonize this vast workshop of intricate industry, the world. Without this diversity, all would be riot and confusion, and physical power alone would reap the benefit of labor.—As it is, the weak and strong have each their several and appropriate allotments.

The man who follows in the wake of the plowshare, in his striped frock, and with bronzed and toughened hands plants his seed—the man with smutty hands and leather apron, who, with strong and vigorous sinews, swings his clanging sledge from early morn to twilight eve—or the man who bends over his ringing lapstone the live-long day, is not one whit below the smooth-faced, keen-eyed merchant, who follows the feminine employment of measuring tape and ribbon—the eagle-eyed barrester, who expounds, or rather mystifies the law, or he whose stately tread resounds in our halls of legislation. Still, there exists in the community a low and baneful prejudice in regard to this matter of labor. Why, fathers now-a-days must keep a sharp eye on their sons, lest they stray from "the learned profession," and take up the degrading occupation of a mechanic, and thus entail a calamity upon the family which can never be wiped out.—The daughters, too, must have a maternal spy upon their every glance and footstep, lest she be "tipping the light o'her'ee" upon some poor mechanic! Horrible! Why, the good lady would as soon think of linking her daughter with a Patagonian heathen as a mechanic.

Are not the use of the trowel, the anvil, the spade, and the hammer, just as laudable employments wherewith to build up our comforts of life, as the yard-stick, the pestle and mortar, or library? Equally honorable and respectable, since they are all employed for the same purpose. Labor is labor, whether performed in the field and workshop, or behind the counter and in the study. Honesty and honorable labor are the same, whether performed by the king or peasant, by the priest or layman; it is just as honorable in the one as the other, and as worthy of the respect and admiration of the world.

Valuable Dreams.

Sir William Johnson obtained from Hendrick nearly one hundred thousand acres of choice land, now lying chiefly in Herkimer county, N. Y., north of the Mohawk, in the following manner:

The Sachem being at the Baronet's house, saw a rich embroidered coat coveted it. The next morning he said to Sir William:

"Brother, me dream last night."

"Indeed," answered Sir. William, "what did my red brother dream?"

"Me dream that coat be mine."

"It is yours," said the shrewd Baronet.

Not long after Sir William visited the Sachem, and he too had a dream.

"Brother," he said, "I dreamed last night."

"What did my pale face brother dream?" asked Hendrick.

"I dreamed that this tract of land was mine," describing a square bounded on the South by the Mohawk; on the east by Canada Creek, and North and West by objects equally well known.

Hendrick was astonished. He saw the enormity of the request, but was not to be outdone in generosity. He sat thoughtfully for a moment and said—

"Brother, the land is yours, but you must not dream again."

The title was confirmed by the British Government, and the tract was called the Royal Grant.—*American's Own.*

CHARITY.—Men measure their charity by a peculiar standard. A man who has not a dollar in his pocket, would give a penny for almost any purpose. If he had a hundred dollars he might give one; carry it higher and there comes a falling off.—One hundred dollars would be considered too large a sum for him who has ten thousand; while a present of one thousand would be considered almost miraculous for a man worth one hundred thousand—yet the proportion is the same throughout: the poor man's penny and the widow's mite is more than the rich man's sounding and widely-trumpeted benefaction.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—We see it stated that the Supreme Court of this state has decided that an Administrator to an estate, who fails in a suit instituted by himself, is personally liable for the costs. This is a decision which it is important should be generally known.

A Yankee editor says he'd like to die a ladies to see a drinkin' chap trying to pocket the shadow of a swinging sign for a pocket handkerchief.

Sketch of Mahomet.

In the year 569 Mahomet was born at Mecca, the chief city of Arabia. Two months after his birth his father died, and though his relatives took care of him and he had the advantage of living in a "sacredotable household," his education was neglected and he had to struggle for his subsistence.—Under an uncle, he became the leader of a caravan visited Syria as a merchant, and extended his journeys over all Arabia joining his tribe in their wars, and acquiring a knowledge of the manners superstitions, and religious creeds of various people. He was distinguished by activity, probity, personal beauty, and courteous manners: and at length a rich widow, whose agent he was, bestowed herself and her property upon him by marriage. He was honored by his fellow citizens and had all the ease and comfort, and dignity which would belong to one of the foremost men of Mecca; when he began his mission as a teacher and a prophet.

What was at that time the actual extent of the religious knowledge he had derived from others in the course of his journeys, is like all the particulars of his early life, much obscured by fable. How long previously he might have brooded over his project, is unknown, for he had neither confederate nor coadjutors; but in the 40th year of his age, when his position was respectable, and he had the prospect of becoming like his uncles, the guardian of the idolatrous temple of Mecca, and one of the chiefs of his native city, he announced a revelation that entirely changed his own life and the condition of his country. He received the revelation, he said in a cavern of Mount Hara, whither he was accustomed to repair to indulge in religious meditations. He was commanded to teach the world a new faith, which involved the destruction of the idolatry of which he was a chief. From that time his life was an incessant battle. His family believed in him, his wife encouraged him; his townsmen, as he extended his teachings, derided and persecuted him. He lived twenty-three years after the announcement. For thirteen years he resided at Mecca, making some converts, but falling into poverty and disfavor with his townspeople, he was so harassed and threatened, that he fled for safety to Yathreb, or Medina, about 260 miles from Mecca. There he fixed his abode, there he established his mosque and his power, and there he died at the age of sixty-three. The flight is called the Hegira;—from that all true Moslems date their calender; and it corresponds to the 633d year of the Christian era.

The ten years that Mahomet lived at Medina sufficed to extend his doctrins over all Arabia. His native city, most of the Princes of the country with Syria and other places, submitted to his sway. Persia and the Greek empire had received his embassies, and Egoedt had acknowledged his influence.—He created, "under the ribs" of that long "death," which had been the lot of Arabia, a new "soul," which lived in his successors for ages. Before a century had elapsed, the Arabians, hardly known before the time of Mahomet, had spread their faith or carried their arms to Spain on one side, and Hindoostan on the other. They gave laws and religion to a large part of Asia, Africa and Europe; and at this day the creed of Mahomet has more votaries, with one doubtful exception than any other—very nearly two hundred millions of people daily declare that "there is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." For upwards of twelve hundred years that faith has been preserved, and continues to be the creed of nearly one fourth of the human race. Bonaparte was at the head of the great French nation about fifteen years; he was willingly followed from the first and for all that time by nearly thirty millions of people. His conquests were not equal to those of Mahomet, and his power then crumbled to nothingness, leaving behind only a disjointed political and military organization, that is fast disappearing, being at variance with man's nature and of the universe. Nobody thinks of calling Bonaparte an imposter. He was an erring, short sighted, guilty man, something vain and boasting indeed, but a true man. How much less, then, ought we to call the Arabian an impostor, who awakened his countrymen to a new life, made their name famous over all the civilized parts of the earth, and established, growing entirely from himself, a faith that has commanded and preserved the assent of a large part of the human species for twelve centuries? If his teaching be not in conformity to man's nature and the laws of the universe—if he were not sincere, wise and enlightened, according to the knowledge then extant—if he were not a great moral hero—in what page of the world's history shall we find one?

Washing made Easy.

Washing fluid.—One pint pure alcohol, one pint spirits of Turpentine, two ounces ammonia, one ounce Gum Camphor.

Put the above in a tight bottle keep tight—shake before using.

Manner of using.—Three table spoonsful of the mixture to one pint of soap, or its equivalent of bar soap dissolved in water.

For 5 gallons of water this is enough. Put clothes to soak in water to which you have added the mixture, and soap. Let them soak 20 or 30 minutes. Bring them out and boil in PURE water, use no more soap.

Rinse them and hang them out no rubbing needed.

N. B.—Colored clothes put in the same water in which the white were soaked.

As dollars aint plenty with those who do the washing for this world, I offer this and vouch for it for the good of the poor.

Lowell, Mass. W. H. BREWSTER.

A Runaway Locomotive.

A catastrophe which it is fearful to contemplate was recently averted in London by the aid of the telegraph. A collision had occurred to an empty railroad train at Gravesend, and the driver having leaped from his engine the latter started alone full speed for London. Notice was immediately given by telegraph to London and other stations; and while the line was kept clear, an engine and other arrangements were prepared as a butteress to receive the runaway. The superintendent of the railway also started down the line on an engine, and on passing the runaway he reversed his engine and had it transferred at the next crossing to the up line, so as to be in the chase, and on overtaking the other he ran into it at full speed, and the driver of the engine took possession of the fugitive, and all danger was at an end. Twelve stations were passed in safety. It passed Woolwich at fifteen miles an hour, and was within a couple of miles of London when it was arrested.

Mr. Willis speaks of a handsome girl whom he met in an omnibus in New York, as one "the dimples at the corners of whose mouth were so deep, and so turned in like inverted commas, that her lips looked like a quotation." We should like to make an extract from them.—*Punch.*

THE SMALL BILL LAW IN WAYNE COUNTY.—At the Court of Common Pleas, the Grand Jury of Wayne county brought in a bill of indictment against the small bill law of this State as a nuisance, notwithstanding the charge of Judge Eldred in favor of the law.

The Power of Kindness.

"Tom! Here!" said a father to his boy, speaking in a tone of authority.

The lad was at play. He looked towards his father; but did not leave his companions.

"Do you hear, sir!" spoke the father more sternly than at first.

With an unhappy face and a reluctant step the boy left his play and approached his parent.

"Why do you creep along at a snail's pace, said the latter angrily. "Come quickly! I want you when I speak I look to be obeyed instantly. Here take this note to Mr. Smith, and see that you don't go to sleep by the way. Now run as fast as you can go."

The boy took the note. There was a cloud upon his brow. He moved away, but at a slow pace.

"You Tom! Is that doing as I ordered? Is that going quickly!" called the angry father, when he saw the boy creeping away. "If you are not back in half an hour, I will punish you."

But the words had but little effect. The boy's feelings were hurt by the unkindness of his parent. He experienced a sense of injustice; a consciousness that wrong had been done to him. By nature he was like his father proud and stubborn, and these qualities of his mind were aroused and he indulged in them, fearless of consequences.

"I never saw such a boy," said the father speaking to a friend who had observed the occurrence, "My words scarcely make an impression on him."

"Kind words are often most powerful," said the friend.

The father looked surprised.

"Kind words," continued the friend, "are like the gentle rain and refreshing dews, but harsh words bend and break like the angry tempest. They first develop and strengthen good affections, while the others sweep over the heart in devastation, and mar and deform all that they touch. Try him with kind words. They will prove an hundred fold more powerful."

The father seemed hurt by this reproof. But it left him thoughtful. An hour passed ere his boy returned. At times during his absence he was angry at the delay; and meditated the infliction of punishment. But the words of remonstrance were in his ears, and he resolved to obey them. At last the lad came slowly in, with a cloudy countenance and reported the result of his errand. Having staid far beyond his time, he looked for punishment and was prepared to receive it in a spirit of angry defiance. To his surprise, after delivering the message he had brought, his father, instead of angry reproof and punishment, said kindly, "very well, my son—you can now go to your play again."

The boy went out, but was not happy. He had disobeyed and disobliged his father, and the thought of this troubled him. Harsh words had not clouded his mind but aroused a spirit of reckless anger. Instead of joining his companions he went and sat down by himself, grieving over his act of disobedience. As he sat thus he heard his name called. He listened!

"Thomas my son," said the father, kindly. The boy sprang to his feet and was almost instantly by the side of his parent.

"Did you call, father!"

"I did my son, will you take this package to Mr. Long for me!"

There was no hesitation in the boy's manner. He looked pleasant at the thought of doing his father a service, and reached out his hand for the package. On receiving it he bounded away with a light step.

"There is a power in kindness," said the father, as he sat musing, after the lad's departure. And even while he sat musing over the incident, the boy came back with a cheerful, happy face, said—

"Can I do anything else for you, father!"

Yes, there is a power in kindness. The tempest of passion can only subdue, constrain and break, but in love and gentleness there is the power of the summer rain, the dew and the sunshine.

Village Aristocracy.

Many are the follies and weaknesses of human nature. But none are more contemptible than those acted out by the scrub aristocrats of our towns and villages. These are to be found in all the relations of life. A young man, whose father was a hard working mechanic, either has a moderate fortune left him, or he marries a few thousand dollars—and forthwith he puts on airs, and assumes an importance, perfectly disgusting to all who are acquainted with the circumstances of his "rise and progress," in the world. Such young men regard as beneath their dignity, the vocation of their parents and not unfrequently avoid letting it be known that they sprang from such sources. We have met with some who have looked upon the vocations of an humble mechanic, as beneath the dignity of a gentleman, forgetting meanwhile that the taint of the father attaches to the son! Pride of this kind never finds a resting place, save in a weak brain and manifests itself in a perverse temper.

There are many young men in our towns and villages, (and some young ladies too!) who seem to be proud of the wealth of their parents—while their own reputation would be soiled by associating with the sons of mechanics. In their strange infatuation it never occurs to them, that their fathers made all their property by stealing, cheating and lying—while their grandfathers were sold at public auction in our sea-ports to pay their passage across the ocean! See the number of young men in our country, who endowed with scarcely common sense, and no sort of love for genuine republicanism, resort to the study of the learned professions, such as Law and Medicines, while every mark about them declares in terms which cannot be misunderstood, that the God of nature intended them for bricklayers, housecarpenters and blacksmiths! Many of these ought now to abandon their professions for the more profitable and equally honorable fields of labor where their fathers made money enough to educate them, and thus elevate them to stations in which they never can move with ease or grace. God deliver us from *bastard* aristocracy of our little villages, and *Codfish* aristocracy of our larger towns! Among these hateful *funguses* on society, re-spectability is based upon the nature of a man's vocations instead of the manner in which his duties are performed. The only sentiment which well regulated society recognizes, is in that sound maxim:—*Act well thy part—there all the honor lies.*"—*Parson Brownlow.*

THINGS THAT COST NOTHING.—Sunrise and sunset cost us nothing, all glorious as they are. Colors that are only to be seen in the heavens, and bright suns beyond description, are profusely spread, and we have sight to behold them, pulse to throb, hearts to beat, and minds to contemplate with wonder, thankfulness and joy. Rising and setting suns are common place exhibitions, when, were there only one such exhibition to be witnessed in a century, multiplied millions, nay, almost half the population of the globe, would behold it with rapture.

We give money and time and labor for many things of little value, but we never give either the one or the other for the cheerful sunbeams and the grateful shower; the gray of the morning, the twilight of evening, the broad blaze of noonday, and the deep silence and darkness of the midnight hour. The poorest of the poor have these, and they have them for nothing!

Two hundred and nine condemned Hungarians have been pardoned by the Emperor of Austria.

Beautiful and Affecting Incident.

The Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, in his letter of the 2d inst. says:—

A young man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage in the open field, and stopped to beg something to eat, and concealment while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner; the mother was weeping and tearing her hair, and the father walking the floor in agony. The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors because they could not pay their rent.

"You see me driven to despair, said the father, my wife and little children without food or shelter, and I without the means to provide any for them."

The convict listened to the tale with tears and sympathy, and then said:—

"I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner, is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to!"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well, said the other, put a cord around my body, I will follow you to the city, they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No never, exclaimed the astonished listener: my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would give himself up if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city, and to the Mayor's office. Everbody was surprised that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong fellow; but the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone the poor father felt so badly, that he asked a private interview of the Mayor to whom he told the whole story. The Mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs more to the fathers purse, but wrote immediately to the ministers of justice, begging the noble young prisoners release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was comparatively a small offense which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time he ordered his release.

Spelling "Psalmody."

An amusing story was told us recently of J. F., an old friend of ours, who is pastor of an orthodox church in this state. Many years ago, before our friend donned the black suit and white neckcloth and had begun to "allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way," he discharged the humble but honorable functions of pedagogue in the village of H., Maine. Though not a *plagosus Orbillius*, or a severe disciplinarian in any sense, he yet held to Solomon's doctrine regarding the use of the rod—believing it the only way to make laggard boys *smart*, sometimes; and now and then, in the case of a very stubborn and refractory pupil, he would make the tingling birch travel up and down his back with "extreme unction." Among the most troublesome of the congregation of raw youths over whom F. was called to preside, was one *Sam G.*, a sly, crafty, mischievous rogue, who kept the master in continual hot water. Not a day passed but Sam's wits were racked for some new trick by which to tease and worry the latter; and, as a matter of course, when discovered, the young reprobate was thwacked most soundly.

Finally, Sam's deviltries became so frequent, that he was flogged daily by a sort of rule; and to have omitted the customary thrashing for a single day would have seemed to the pedagogue an innovation upon the established order of the school.

To all this our urchin got as used as cela to being skinned; but, on one occasion, when smarting under an extra-severe flagellation, he became intensely exasperated, and inwardly swore vengeance, though he should be flogged within an inch of his life. An opportunity soon presented itself. The pedagogue was known by all the school to have a "sneaking notion" after one of the pretty girls in town, Sarah Moody by name, with whom he had been for some months "pretty thick"—so much so that it was confidently whispered they were engaged—and having a few hours after Sam's last chastisement, called on the "class in spelling" to stand out on the floor, he proceeded to give out the words, one after another, till he came to the following:

"Spell psalmody, Samuel."

"P-s-a-l *Sal*, m-o-d-y—SAL MOODY!" slowly and distinctly ejaculated Sam, in tones loud enough to be heard in the neighboring houses, while the face of the pedagogue turned to the deepest crimson, and the boys, though biting their lips most sorely to prevent laughter, nearly burst their sides with merriment.

Sam's revenge was complete, but the green-lading that followed he has not forgotten to this day!

HAVRE DE GRACE BANK.—Great excitement and indignation have been caused in the northern part of Ohio, by the failure of the Havre de Grace Bank. A day or two before the failure, large numbers of cattle had been bought up, and these notes given in payment. Subsequently the fraud was discovered and the duped dealers, with a party of friends started in pursuit of the swindlers, whom they overtook and after a desperate fight, succeeded in seizing the cattle. The authorities interfered and arrested portions of both parties, who were lodged in jail.

LARGE STATE.—The area of N. Mexico, if the bill passed by the Senate a few days since goes through the House, will be not far from one hundred and fifty thousand square miles. The territory will be over three times as large as the State of New York, which contains forty six thousand square miles. The area of Texas, if the Senate's boundary bill for that State passes the House, will be about two hundred thousand square miles.

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.—"My love," says Mrs. Foogle to her husband, "oblige me with twenty dollars to-day, to purchase a new dress."

"Shan't do any such thing, Agnes—you called me a bear yesterday."

"Law, love, that was nothing; I only meant by it you were very fond of hugging."

"You're a saucy little puss, (sound heard like the explosion of a pistol,) but here's fifty dollars."

As there are some faults that have been termed faults on the right side, so there are some errors that might be denominated errors on the safe side. Thus, we seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too humble; but we often repent having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

STOLE HIS CHRISTIAN NAME.—Wm. Scully, the man who was arrested last week, through the vigilance of Officer Thornton, for stealing a watch from Mr. Lord at his father's in Millville, about midnight. On his examination, the complaint of stealing six shillings being read to him, he said he only stole *four*. He was sent to the jail for ten days.—*Broom Republican.*