

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPORTS ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

By J. K. PAULDING.

"Cold and raw the north windblow,
Bleak in the morning early;
All the hills are covered with snow,
And winter's now come fairly."

Winter, with silver locks and sparkling icicles, now gradually approached, under cover of his northwest winds, his pelting storms, cold, frosty mornings, and bitter, freezing nights. And here we will take occasion to express our obligations to the popular author of the Pioneers, for the pleasure we have derived from his happy delineations of the progress of our seasons, and the successive changes which mark their course. All that remember their youthful days in the country, and look back with tender, melancholy enjoyment upon their slippery gambols on the ice, their Christmas pies, and nut-crackings by the cheerful fire-side, will read his pages with a gratified spirit, and thank him heartily for having refreshed their memory with the half-effaced recollections of scenes and manners, labors and delights, which, in the progress of Time, and the changes which everywhere mark his course will, in some future age, perhaps, live only in the touches of his pen. If, in the course of our history, we should chance to dwell upon scenes somewhat similar to those he describes, or to mark the varying tints of our seasons with sameness of coloring, let us not be stigmatized with borrowing from him, since it is next to impossible to be true to nature, without seeming to have the sketches in our eye.

The holidays, those wintry blessings, which cheer the heart of young and old, and give to the gloomy depths of winter the life and spirit of laughing, jolly spring were now near at hand. The chopping knife gave token of goodly minced pies, and the busle of the kitchen afforded shrewd indications of what was coming by and by. The celebration of the New Year, it is well known, came originally from the northern nations of Europe, who still keep up many of the practices, amusements, and enjoyments, known to their ancestors. The Heer Piper valued himself upon being a genuine northern man, and, consequently, held the winter holidays in especial favor and affection. In addition to this hereditary attachment to ancient customs, it was shrewdly suspected, that his zeal in celebrating these good old sports was not a little quickened, in consequence of William Penn, having hinted, in the course of their controversy, that the practice of keeping holidays savoured not only of Popery, but paganism.

Before the Heer consented to sanction the projects of Dominic Kautwell for abolishing sports and ballads, he stipulated for full liberty on the part of himself and his people of Elsingburgh, to eat, drink, sing and frolic as much as they liked, during the winter holidays. In fact, the Dominic made no particular opposition to this suspension of his blue-laws, being somewhat addicted to good eating and drinking whenever the occasion justified; that is to say, whenever such accidents came in his way.

It had long been the custom with Governor Piper to usher in the new year with a grand supper, to which the Dominic, the members of the council, and certain of the most respectable burghers, were always bidden. This year he determined to see the old year out, and the new one in, as the phrase was, having just heard of a great victory gained by the Bulwark of the Protestant Religion, the immortal Gustavus Adolphus; which, though it happened nearly four years before had only now reached the shores of Elsingburgh. Accordingly the Snow Ball Boule was set to work in the cooking of a mortal supper, which, agreeable to the taste of West Indian epicures, she seasoned with such enormous quantities of red pepper, that whoever ate was obliged to drink to keep his mouth from getting on fire, in into a chimney.

Exactly at ten o'clock, the guests sat down to the table, where they ate and drank to the success of the Protestant cause, the glory of the great Gustavus, the downfall of Popery and the Quakers, with equal zeal and patriotism. The instant the clock struck twelve, a round was fired from the fort, and a vast and bottomless bowl, supposed to be the identical one in which the famous wise one of Gotham went to sea, was brought in, filled to the utmost brim with smoking punch. The memory of the departed year, and the hopes of the future, were then drunk in a special bumper, after which the ladies retired, and noise and fun became the order of the night. The Heer told his great story of having surprised and taken a whole picket-guard under the great Gustavus; and each of the guests contributed his tale, taking special care, however, not to outdo their host in the marvellous—a thing which always put the Governor out of humor.

Counselor Langlanger talked wonderfully about public improvements, Counselor Vartlett, of rather roared, a hundred verses of a song in praise of Rhenish wine; and Othman Piegel, smoked and tiddled, till he actually came to a determination of bringing matters to a crisis with the fair Christina the very next day. Such are the wonder working powers of hot punch! As for the Dominic, he departed about the dawn of day, in such a plight, that, if it had not been impossible, we should have suspected him of being, as it were, a little overtaken with the said punch. To one or two persons, who chanced to see him, he actually appeared to stagger a little; but such was the stout faith of the good Dominic's parishioners, that neither of these worthy fellows would believe his own eyes sufficiently to state these particulars.

A couple of hours' sleep sufficed to disperse the vapours of punch and pepper-hot; for heads in those days were much harder than now, and the Heer, as well as his roistering

companions, rose betimes to give and receive the compliments and good wishes of the season. The sun shone with the lustre, though not with the warmth, of summer, and his bright beams were reflected, with indescribable splendor, from the glassy, smooth expanse of ice, that spread across, and up and down the broad river, far as the eye could see. The smoke of the village chimneys rose straight into the air, looking like so many inverted pyramids, spreading gradually broader and broader until they melted away and mixed imperceptibly with ether. Scarce was the sun above the horizon when the village was alive with rosy boys and girls, dressed in their new suits, and going forth with such warm anticipations of happiness, as time and experience imperceptibly fritter away into languid hopes, or strengthening apprehensions. 'Happy New-Year' came from every mouth and every heart. Spiced beverages and luscious cakes were given away with liberal open hand; every body was welcomed to every house; all seemed to forget their little heartburnings and disputes of yore; all seemed happy, and all were so; and the Dominic, who always wore his coat with four great pockets on new-year day, came home and emptied them seven times of loads of new-year cookies.

When the gay groups had finished their rounds in the village, the ice in front was seen all alive with the small fry of Elsingburgh, gambling and skating, sliding and tumbling, helter-skelter, and making the frost-bit ears of winter glad with the sounds of mirth and revelry. In one place was a group playing at hurley, with crooked sticks, with which they sometimes hit the ball, and sometimes each others shins; in another, a knot of sliders, luxuriating in that most raceful of all exercises, and emulated by some half dozen littleurchins with smooth bones fastened to their feet, in imitation of the other, skating away with a gravity and perseverance worthy of better implements. All was rout, laughter, revelry and happiness; and that day the icy mirror of the noble Delaware reflected as light hearts as ever beat together in the new world. At twelve o'clock, the jolly Heer, according to his immemorial custom, went from the edge of the river, distributing apples, and other dainties, together with handfuls of wampum, which rolling away on the ice in different directions, occasioned innumerable contests and squabbles among the fry, whose disputes, tumbles, and occasional buffetings for the prizes were imitatively ludicrous upon the slippery element. Among the most obstreperous and mischievous of the crowd was the likely fellow Cupid, who made more noise, and tripped up more heels that day, than half a dozen of his cotemporaries. His voice could be heard above all the rest, especially after the arrival of the Heer, before whom he seemed to think it his duty to exert himself, while his unrestrained, extravagant laugh, exhibited that singular hilarity of spirit, which distinguishes the deportment of the African slave from the invariable gravity of the free red men of the western world.

All day, and until after the sun had set, and the shadows of night succeeded, the sports of the ice continued, and the merry sounds rung far and near, occasionally interrupted by those loud noises, which sometime shoot across the ice like a rushing earthquake, and are occasioned by its cracking as the water rises or falls.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

"I am the true laborer. I earn that I eat, get what I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my farm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and lambs suck." *Shakespeare.*

We have come to the conclusion that Nature's truest nobleman is the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his face upon his bought and paid for plantation. An independent farmer may stand upon his own house-top and say to himself as Selkirk did:

"I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there 's none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

He is truly a monarch, with a landlord title more secure than that of feudal lord or baron, more easily preserved and protected, not by deeds of valor, and through the shedding of blood, but by the lawful labor of his hands. His house is his castle, his acres his dominions. His gardens are his parks, his grass plats his lawns, and his forests his groves. His cattle, sheep and poultry are his subjects, and he becomes at pleasure the executioner and the multiplier of such subjects. Tell us if the king upon his throne has more power worth possessing. His happiness we know is less, as he increases toils, cares, and sorrows in proportion as the cultivator of the soil diminishes his.

In the spring he sows, in the autumn he reaps. Providence has assured him that spring time and harvest shall not fail, and he has the assurance of the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that as he sows so shall he reap. His grounds are watered in the season of draught with rains and dews of heaven, and in the damp season the sun shines to cheer, invigorate, and give promise to his labors. The severer tasks of the summer are succeeded by the lighter labors of the winter. As we have said in the words of Will Shakespeare, 'he earns that he eats, and gets that he wears.' He may say truly, and with an honest pride,

"I eat my own lamb,
My chickens and my ham,
I shear my own fleece, and I wear it."

What could a man want more, and how can a farmer, capable of enjoying life, possessed of his farm-house, his farm, and his necessary implements of husbandry, ever sigh for a residence within the enclosures of a city—choos-

ing bricks and mortar for elbow room of a spacious farm house—the dust of a town for a village—the three story brick house for the granary or the hay-cock—for the purest air of heaven, the atmosphere of a thousand unwholesome smoky houses, and ten thousand unwholesome breaths! How could a farmer make such a choice as this? We would pause for a reply, did we not know that the only answer which could be devised after a long study, would be the unsatisfactory one that something better was anticipated only, for it would be a miracle; almost, for a man to find himself happier or in better circumstances after a change of residence from a country to a city. No, no. The true elysium, the real paradise on earth, is the country, the green, fertile, beautiful country. The city for the task-master and his hard-working servant; but the country for the man who wishes for health and leisure, contentment and a long life.

The ancient Romans venerated the plough, and at the earliest, purest time of the Republic, the greatest praise which could be given to an illustrious character was a judicious and industrious husbandman.

From the N. Y. Sun. THE EXERCISE OF THE NATURAL ABILITIES AND POWER OF THE MIND.

There are very few individuals comparatively speaking, who obtain a knowledge of their own capabilities. The desire of whiling away the passing moments with the least exertion possible, and the greatest ease imaginable, is seemingly so incoherent in human nature, that ninety nine out of a hundred individuals go out of the world for the most part ignorant of the full range of their faculties. As far as animal enjoyment goes, man is essentially epicurean in his dispositions; to seize the enjoyment of the passing, is the guiding maxim of his life; and it is, generally speaking, only by the occurrence of some compulsive crisis that he is startled and awakened to the knowledge and use of the abilities with which nature has endowed him. To hear people talk one would be led to conclude that the almighty is excessively partial in the distribution of mental gifts; while instances are every day occurring around us, which prove that the imagined discrepancy rests almost entirely with ourselves. How often have we smiled at such and such an one being pointed out to us as a remarkably clever man; while we were aware that had not circumstances favored him, he would never have been in the slightest degree distinguished above his fellow men.

It is a melancholy truth that the motives which stimulate most men to exertion, and lead them to a discovery of their own talents, are either such as are condemned by the principles of correct morals, or originate in circumstances which they most unwillingly submit to. Vanity, ambition, avarice, or necessity—all these are powerful agents in the good work; but how few proceed upon the only truly commendable principle—the duty incumbent on them to make the fullest and best use of the powers with which they are gifted! How few are they who voluntarily apply themselves to the disciplining and improving of their own minds, as if they imagined that the process was one merely of trouble and inconvenience, without any immediate equivalent benefit or pleasurable enjoyment to be derived from it! We know many men whose necessary daily occupations require little or no mental exertion, and do not engage more of their time than from nine o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon; that is to say, seven hours of twenty-four; the other seventeen are consumed in eating, drinking, sleeping, and other desultory amusements. Yet these individuals regard themselves, and are indeed regarded by the world, as respectably fulfilling all the purposes of life. They are moral in their behaviour, punctual and attentive to business, and maintain themselves in independence—some of them in affluence. But we regret to think there are some of them, who, if they would but dedicate one fifteenth part of leisure time to study and self-improvement, are qualified by nature to become the brightest ornaments of society, and attain distinction in any department of science, to which they might direct their attention; and who will go down to the grave quite undistinguished, and ignorant in themselves of the fine gifts which they have suffered to remain uncultivated and unemployed. It is not so much of the young and thoughtless that we are speaking, as of the great mass of individuals, who without the necessity of laboring hard for their daily bread dissipate their leisure time in the most frivolous, and too often the most pernicious amusements. It is upon these we would wish to impress not only the usefulness, but the positive amount of pure, rational, and satisfactory enjoyment they deny themselves, by suffering their faculties to lie dormant. They neither fulfil the intentions of their Creator, nor do justice to themselves or their fellow creatures; and it is to be feared in this and in other respects, the sins of omission, so seldom and so lightly thought of by mankind, would upon strict investigation, be found even to outweigh those of palpable and actual transgression.

What elevates and adorns a State? An intelligent and worthy people.

What is the highest praise and greatest advantage of a neighborhood? A well informed, industrious, and well behaved people.

What makes property desirable and valuable in a district? The skill, diligence, knowledge and morals of the people.

What makes men happy and useful? The cultivation of the mind, expanding and improving it.

All this depends upon the education of youth.

A party at Lynn, Mass. on thanksgiving day amused themselves with the classic recreation of catching a greased pig.

HONOUR TO WOMAN.

Nay, hear me out, dear nephew. I am not blaming you, but I would have you remember, that though dear Lady Mallory may be a year or two older than yourself, and though you have been accustomed for years to treat her almost as an elder sister, yet she is still most beautiful, young, and deeply interesting; and what is still more to the purpose, Ralph, she is evidently an affectionate, warm, and sensible heart. Now, Ralph, in the good world in which we live, I am sorry to say that men who consider themselves persons of high honor, seem to place their dealings with women beyond that code of laws by which they regulate their dealings with other men. The man who would think himself disgraced, and would be so in his own eyes forever, if he were to tell a lie, to break a promise or a vow—to cheat or deceive in the most trifling particular—to mislead, by any false showing whatsoever, another man—scruples not but too often, to mislead, deceive, to break his promise, to violate his oath to a woman, to cheat her out of that which is her noblest possession—peace of mind and tranquility of heart—to trifle with her affections, to insult, to dishonor to betray. Even after he has done so, he is received in society, courted, flattered, liked, and the acts which should stamp him with eternal infamy, are regarded almost in the same class with some gallant feats performed in the chase—some act of skilful policy, or manly daring. There are some, however, who differ from the creed, and who abhor such conduct. I own myself one. Ralph, I look upon it that the man who behaves ill to a woman, and yet would not do so to a man, only shows himself to be at heart a coward; for the only cause which enables, permits, or justifies any such act is, that woman cannot protect or avenge herself. She is trusted, Ralph, by God, and by her weakness to man's honor; and if we prize our honor—if we hold it really dear as a true and veritable principle for the guidance of our conduct and not merely as a fantastic and relative notion to be formed upon the opinion of others, we should be far more scrupulous, delicate, thoughtful, in all our acts and feelings towards woman than towards man. We know that every gentleman has his sword by his side to redress himself if we do him wrong; but we know that a woman has no redress but silence, sorrow and endurance. Do not look grieved, Ralph, for heaven forbid that I should insinuate such a charge against you, that you could knowingly behave ill, or would ever break a vow, or willingly fail in any promise to a woman! I know you, too well, Ralph, your mother was my sister, it is impossible. But consider sufficiently that the structure of a woman's heart and feelings is as fine, as delicate, as easily affected and injured as her corporeal frame. We may unintentionally raise thoughts and expectations which may be disappointed, for the gratification of a few hours in pleasant society; we may teach a woman to believe that we seek to make that society our own forever. From that belief may grow up feelings deeper, stronger, more enduring; and then, when disappointment comes, sorrow takes possession of the heart where joy once dwelt; shame at having aided to deceive itself, gives an additional pang to the agony of being deceived, an age of regret, and mortification, and cold chagrin, very often succeeds from such causes alone, to a youth of joy and thoughtless happiness.

THE PRINTER.

The 'private griefs' of each one, are best known to himself. This is unquestionably that each one thinks his own the heaviest; and the cause of so little sympathy among mankind. Every department of life has its cares and perplexities; and no doubt exists that they are not pretty fairly apportioned among them.

The merchant thwarted by wind or wave—perplexed by the fluctuations of the market, and ruined by misplaced credit and failures,—thinks no place so trying as his own.

The physician is liable to be called and disturbed at all times and seasons; his repose is broken, and his health is exposed; he has to ward off from his patients, the shafts of a practiced and "insatiate archer;" and if he be not always successful the doom of all flesh is forgotten, and his failure ascribed to his want of skill.

The preacher is grieved and disheartened in vain efforts to make impressions on the frozen and stubborn soil of the human heart as he terms it.

The lawyer is required to make white appear black, or he is no lawyer at all.

The schoolmaster becomes jaded, and perplexed to the bone with spoiled children, and with sawing wood with a mallet, and sighs in his soul for some other troubles.

The printer—what has he to do but to print and pocket money? Dear reader, you know but little of his case, or of the woes that press him down. His griefs have often been groaned forth; but there are thousands that are 'unwritten,' and unprinted. We will not attempt to enumerate them—they are, more numerous than the types in his case. There are some however, which if known and understood by the community, might lead to mitigation. We will cite an example for illustration. A well minded neighbor comes into our office just as the paper is going to press: 'Dear sir' says he at the same time putting his arm familiarly on a column of set up matter and destroying the labor of half a day—"Dear sir, will you have the goodness to just clap into your paper this obituary notice of my late friend, it is rather late I know—I had it prepared—I meant to have had it brought before, it will not make more than half a column." What shall we do? What can we do? Why we must deny him and therefore affront him. Just clap it in!" He little knows the labor of arranging geometrically, grammatically, syntactically, orthographically, sentimentally, and typo-

graphically, some thousands of little pieces of metal. Next comes a half a dozen shop boys with advertisements for the next morning's paper. You are too late—why did you not bring them before? We forgot to,—our masters wrote them in the morning, but they slip our memories. We must again go to work—unlock our paper and new arrange our business or loose our advertising patronage. These are but drops to the bucket full; mere trifles to be sure—they only take three or four hours from our necessary rest and sleep. Were all classes in the spirit of kindness and accommodation more in the habit of looking into and understanding the causes of each other's "private griefs" they might afford much mutual amelioration.

THE ROSE.—I saw a rose perfect in beauty, it rested upon its stalk, and its perfume filled the air. Many stopped to gaze upon it, and taste its fragrance, and its owner hung over it with delight. I passed it again, and behold it was gone—its stem was leafless its root had withered—the enclosure which surrounded it was broken. The spoiler had been there; he saw that many admired it, and knew it was dear to him who planted it, and besides it he secretly from the hand that cherished it he had no other true love. Yet he snatched it secretly from the hand that cherished it, he wore it on his bosom till it hung its head and faded, and when he saw that its glory was departed, he flung it rudely away. But it left a thorn in his bosom, and vainly did he seek to extract it, for now it pierces the spoiler even in his hour of mirth. And when I saw that no man who had loved the beauty of the rose gathered again its scattered leaves or bound up the stalk which the hand of violence had broken. I looked earnestly at the spot where it grew, and my soul received instruction—And I said—Let her who is full of beauty and admiration, sitting like a queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of women, let her watch lest vanity enter her heart beguiling her to rest proudly upon slippery places and be not high minded, but fear.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Captain Trevett commanded the only artillery company in the engagement at Bunker Hill, and after he was seventy years of age, possessing great bodily vigor, he would dance about, with a fine high color like a young man. "Talk (he would say) of the battle of Bunker's Hill; it was no such a thing the battle was fought on Breed's Hill. I was there, commanding the only artillery company on the ground; we had a warm day. On the morning, as I was leaving my home my mother called me to her 'Sam, said she, 'you are to-day going to fight the battles of your country; conduct yourself as becomes a man fighting for his freedom; remember every bullet that will be fired will have its commission from Heaven, and fear nothing, for your fate is in the hand of God! As I went to the scene of action, which was entirely new to me I discovered a large tree right before me and for a while I kept it so. My mother's lecture, however, flashed upon my mind, and from that moment I thought no more of the tree nor of danger during the whole day.

While children are young they may perhaps lean to the parent who spoils them by excessive indulgence, but we have never yet seen an instance of young persons, where the parents differed, who did not afterwards discover a much stronger affection for the one who had reasonably restrained them, than for the other, whose blind indulgence had at once diminished her importance and their own reverence.

IDLENESS.—Time is precious, life short and consequently not a single moment should be lost. Sensible men know how to make the most of time, and put out their whole sun either to interest or pleasure: they are never idle, but continually employed either in amusement or study. It is a universal maxim, that idleness is the mother of vice. It is, however, certain, that laziness is the inheritance of fools, and nothing can be so despicable as a sluggard. Cato, the censor, a wise and virtuous Roman, used to say, there were but three actions of his life that he regretted: The first was, the having revealed a secret to his wife; the second, that he had once gone by sea when he might have gone by land; and the third, the having passed one day without doing any thing.

Rather odd mistakes.—The story of Frederick the Great's recruit is well known. It was the custom of this monarch to ask a new soldier appearing in his guards three questions. 'How old are you? How long have you been in my service? Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?' In anticipation of this usual catechism, a young Frenchman totally ignorant of the German language was taught by rote proper answers.

The monarch appeared, but happened to transpose the questions.

'How long have you been in my service?'

'Twenty-one years.'

As his appearance indicated that he was scarcely past that age, the king, much astonished, said, 'How old are you?'

'One year, an't please your majesty.'

'What, sirrah!' said the king, enraged at the fellow's answers; 'do you take me for a fool or a madman?'

'Both an't please your majesty.'

The mystery was at length explained, and the king laughed heartily: a happy thing for a monarch.

The history of the human race most strongly exemplifies that the blood of martyrs, spilled in whatever cause, whether political or religious is the most fruitful seed for establishing favor towards them, and extending conversion to their opinions, so far as it depends upon feeling.

Vanity makes fools of us all.