

Poetry.

ADDRESS OF THE CARRIER.

January 1st, 1855.

Heard ye the sighing sound— That broke the stillness of the midnight hour...

And did ye see the tears start, And did ye mark the partings of last night— That rose from heart to heart!

To-day dawn— the first page Of a new chapter in the Book of Fate, And Prophet, Priest and Sage...

And since the Old has passed Can we look back and call its course as bright As that we looked on last...

Could but some earthly call Rouse up our fathers from their dreamless sleep, And could their eyes now fall...

The tottering piles they knew Have like themselves passed for the Memory's bound And on their bases grow...

The streamlet of the spring That murmured down the emerald mountain side, Its tribute too shall bring...

And may that soon be dried! May Duty stern within the halls of State Help stem the burning tide...

Our darkened streets shall glow, In ruddy lustre down the new-born light— That gas-y lamps shall throw—

But let us cast an eye Toward events, within the outer world. Mankind we here desery...

In retrospection's glass, Let us scan o'er the fortunes of an age, Let Past and Present pass...

And such has been the fate, Within a TWELVE-MONTH, of the noble band, That filled the CHAIRS OF STATE—

From wily demagogues— Their sovereign rights and sway the people took And cleansed of party clogs...

Are we not happy then, Do not our gates shine with Prosperity? When New Year comes again...

My friends, a New Year's call Upon you yearly has the Carrier made, Your thanks and smiles, have all...

The best outlay of money is on good foods.

Select Tale.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

BY PATIENCE PERKINS

I AM the late Patience Price, immortal by my history of "My Brother Tom," published originally in this magazine...

I flatter myself that I have common sense; even my brother Tom admits that, as a general rule, though he cites exceptional circumstances...

I do not know how good a medlar among fruits may be, but I do know that a medlar in one's household affairs is intolerable...

So breakfast passed. Mother-in-law recovered her serenity before the meal was over. Husband—dear me, what a word that is for me to write!

This was a pleasant introduction, certainly, to my maternal duties. "Then there's the children," she continued; "a nice family as one need desire."

My welcome, as I said, was a damper. She kissed me heartily enough—too heartily—for she smelt horribly of snuff.

Do you wish to know what I did? Go marry yourself to a widower, ten children and a mother-in-law; place yourself, a foreign substance, among three generations of cognates and you'll find out.

My friends, a New Year's call Upon you yearly has the Carrier made, Your thanks and smiles, have all On me a lasting obligation laid.

The best outlay of money is on good foods.

"You will have a time of it," she repeated, for my encouragement, as she placed me at the head of the table, behind a wilderness of cups and saucers...

"Well, then, I must tell you," says mother-in-law, "Mr. Perkins does not take much cream, Tim don't take sugar, James don't take cream, Will don't take either, Tom has milk and water, Sally has milk, Jane drinks water, John mustn't have coffee, and you are not to give Ruth any butter, Susy has milk and water, sweetened, and Lizzie mustn't have hot bread."

You should have seen her eyes! There were the scintillations of fourteen furies in them. "Who? Oh, yes, I understand. I—oh, never mind me!—I'm nobody!"

Each did his or her part, highly amused at what they considered a good frolic. One did one thing, and another something else.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "That stupid girl of ours! she has put on a dirty table-cloth, and the old knives and the steel forks; and there's no spoon for the gravy—and this is stale bread—and—and—I'm sure my son can't abide such a table!"

"And a very good dinner, too," said Perkins. "I don't desire a better." Mother-in-law gave him an angry glance, and then, turning to me, said, with forced composure—

"You don't mean that you have turned a girl out of doors, without warning who has lived here five years?"

"I did not use physical force certainly, but I did employ very powerful moral suasion. We are too strong in young girls to tolerate kitchen impertinence."

Such was the coup d'etat, or rather coup de cuisine, with which I inaugurated myself. It was effectual. Mother-in-law was completely checkmated, and my authority was established. Perkins is a sensible man. Widowers

generally are experienced and wise. As a matter of prudent investment, let me recommend the young lady who has love to lay out, to expend it upon a widower, if one is to be had.

"But she did not tell you to set up such a horrid concert, did she? If she did, I forbid it. Call me mother, and I'll try to be one; but never about the word again, or call me at all when you are near enough for me to hear you speak in your natural voice."

"Go then and eat anything you can find." "But everything is locked up, and you have the keys. Grandmother said so before she went out."

"Oh, she did, did she?" said I, laughing, and running down stairs over a score of legs and arms. Now I saw the conspiracy. The pantry was speedily unlocked, and the key has not been in the door since.

"Did she? And why did you not come to me hours ago?" "Sure, I was toiled to wait till you bid me." "Well, then, I do bid you. Pick up your movables and leave the house."

"I ought to make you an apology for being late," she said; "but I make allowances for a young house-keeper, and did not think you could be so punctual." "No thanks to you," thought I, but I said nothing.

"Then it must be me that he finds fault with. I dismissed Charlotte three-quarters of an hour ago, at which time she had not taken a step towards dinner. Since then the children and I have got up this, such as it is, impromptu."

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generally are experienced and wise. As a matter of prudent investment, let me recommend the young lady who has love to lay out, to expend it upon a widower, if one is to be had.

But the mother-in-law—oh, dear! She is the thorn in my side. I can't discharge her as I did the girl, or manage her as I can the children. Perkins talks of buying her an annuity, that she may set up housekeeping on her own account.

It is three months since I saw the precedent till now. I opened my portfolio this fine May morning. Do you know the world looks very cheerful to me now? I have a new stake in it.

Eloquent Extract.

Mr. Bancroft's Oration

The Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the New York Historical Society, was celebrated on the afternoon of the 20th ult., and an oration was pronounced on the occasion, by Hon. George Bancroft, the historian.

"We are entering on a new era in the history of the race, and though we cannot cast its horoscope, we may at least in some measure discern the cause of its motion."

"Here we are met at the very threshold of our argument by an afterbirth of the materialism of the last century. A feeble effort is making to reconstruct society on the simple observation of the laws of the visible universe."

"The system is presented with arrogant pretension under the name of 'Positive Philosophy,' and deduces its lineage through the English unitarianism of Priestly and Belsham and the French materialism which culminated in Broussais. It scoffs at all questions of metaphysics and religious faith as insoluble and unworthy of human attention; and sets up the banner of an affirming creed in the very moment that it describes its main characteristic as a refusal to recognise the infinite."

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