## ADDRESS OF THE CARRIER.

January 1st. 1855.

HEARD ye the sighing sound-That broke the stillness of the midnight hour, The murmur breathed around As sobbing winds, when gathering tempests lower? Did ye not hear upon the breeze a sigh As on its airy pinions it swept by? It was the old year's requiem sung again And marked the hour when it passed from men.

And did ye see the tears start, And did ye mark the partings of last night-That rose from heart to heart? Those tears were joyous and those partings bright, But one was sad, between the Night and Morn When the New Year was from the Future born And the Old Year, by Time, was captive led: The dews of heaven were the tear-drops shed

To-day dawns .- the first page of a new chapter in the Book of Fate, And Prophet, Priest and Sage When it has passed, its fortunes will relate, As ill to read or pleasant to review. With fair deeds crowned or those of darker hue. ) may this Year, from out the rounds of age Be known as bright as is the virgin page.

And since the Old has passed Can we look back and call its course as bright thre it was buried in Eternal Night? Were we as happy in the twelve months gone. As joyous, when the previous year had flown? Are we as prosperous new as when the Sun His last year's journey had commenced to run?

Could but some earthly call Rouse up our fathers from their dreamless sleep, And could their eyes now fall Upon our Town, what pleasures would they reap! In silent wonder would their minds be chained, They scarce would know the halls where once they reigned.

furprovements written every where so plain Would awe them to their silent graves again!

The tottering piles they knew Have like themselves passed far the Memory's bound And on their bases grow Huge stately domes with wealth and splender crowned! Both Thrift and Enterprise our townsmen lead, Drive manufactures at a railway speed, Turn groaning mills, blow strong our foundry fires Whirl business o'er the Telegraphic wires.

The streamlest of the pring That murmured down the craggy mountain side, Its tribute too shall bring, That thirsty cits may have their wants supplied. But while that silver runlet harmless flows There is a stream, that rolls its tide of woes And taints our borough, with a withering breath,-R is the stream whose waves are liquid DEATH.

And may that soon be dried! May Duty stern within the halls of State Help atem the burning tide, And other, healthier, stronger laws create: Help bind the curse that withers noble hearts And sears life's hopes with sorrow's poisoned darts; Help bring the gifts of Prohibition down, And gild their brows with an immortal grown

Our darkened streets shall glow, In ruddy lustre with the new-born light-That GAS-sy lamps shall throw-To brighten up the gathering gloom of night. Our streets, once rough, a level face display, Have STRUCK their hideous PLAGS, gave BRICKS the sway, Would not our fathers say, should this they see "You are advancing in Prosperity."

But let us cast an eye Toward events, within the outer world. Mankind we here descry In fortune raised, to ruination hurled. Devots are tumbling, on a tottering throno. And structures rising noble as our own. The stirring fire of growing Freedom thrills From Turkey's groves, to Russia's barren hills.

In retrospection's glass, Let us scan o'er the fortunes of an age, Lot Past and Present pass. Events that dock Time's ever-filling page, The short-lived honor, that but yesterday, Had graced a king, has now all passed away; The boor that scarce could claim four cottage walls Now boasts himself the lord of regal halls!

And such has been the fate, Within a TWELVE MONTH, of the noble band That filled the CHAIRS OF STATE-Within this Keystone of our favored land, Proud in their might and in their purpose strong. Conscious of right they felt intact of wrong. O ovil hour! The polls have set them PREE And raised agair, triumphant Whiggeryl'

From wily demagogues-Their sovreign rights and sway the people took And cleansed of party clogs; Breathed NEBRASKA-LITY a stern rebuke, Have placed Integrity to guard the com-And growing evils of the State to heal. A beacon star now gilds the horizon That soon will blaze into the noonday sun

Are we not happy then, Do not our gates shine with PROSPERITY? When New Year comes again We trust we shall ten-fold more presperous be. Succeeding days will newer fortunes bring, I acreasing months with fresh improvements ring. Each year more prosperous than the former come, Till Freedom shouts its great millenium!

My friends, a New Year's call Upon you yearly has the Carrier made, Your thanks and DIMES, have all On me a lasting obligation laid, So all I have, to you that little give, My wishes, "Health" and "Woalth," and (MANY NEW) years to live. "Sweet dreams to-night," to-day the thought enjoy You've helped to make a happy

The best outlay of money is on good iceds,

CARRIER BOY

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

BY PATIENCE PERKINS

Select Cale.

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

I AM the late Patience Frice, immortal by my history of "My Brother Tom," published originally in this magazine, translated and cockneyized in England, and reproduced in this country as an English affair.\* I married a widower with ten children. If you wish to know why, ask my brother Tom, and he will tell you. So much for my antecedents; now for "My Mother-in Law."

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 know enough to retire into the house when it rains, or to take an omni us, or spread an umbrella. I have seen children before to-lay; if never any of my own, actually own, all those of my sister's (not a few), and my husbard's ten by a former connection; and I do think that my husband's mother might give credit for some cap: c'ty. If marrying a man with ten children is any proof of imfecility, as some people pretend, mother-in-law should, at any rate, be the last to reproach me with it.

I do not know how good a medlar among fruits may be, but I do know that a meddler take?" in one's household affairs is intolerable. I do not know precisely what the first Mrs. Perkins died of, but if ever a coroner's jury sits upon me, or if the doctor makes a true return to the superintendent of the health office, I know the verdict in the one case, or the report in the other, will be-"an overdose of mother-in-law." Mr. Perkins, my killed his first wife, but I do hope I shall never be required to declare, upon oath, what are my firm convictions upon the subject .-It might make a disturbance in the family.

If the woman was born for a plague, she is fulfilling her mission. Such a peaked face Such a long neck! Such lengthened sour, ness, long drawn out! Such a lean and hungry look! If she were any body but my husband's mother, I could appeal to him f. r protection; but I cannot ask the man to rise in rebelion against his own flesh and blood, the author of his being. I wish she could be content with the original production, and not imagine that he needs her continual supervision, as an author supervises new editions, and makes alerations in every one!

My welcome to the house was a damper. Perkins, before his maringe never let me see his mother. Widowers are prompt and artful. Let them but breathe on the maiden with intent to capture, the proverb says, and the end is sure. The facination of a serpent exerted on a bird, is not more certain. I am half inclined to acuse my husband of duplicity-of obtaing a wife under false pretences; the second offence, too, the monster! man's children we expect to be plagued with! and perhaps the escape from early unrsing, Godfrey's cordial, Dalby's carminative, teething, and all that sort of thing, is quite an equivalent for any inconvenience which may grow out of being a mother at second hand, with a family capital all ready to commence married life upon. But why will swear dreadfully, but he is a good boy did not the creature tell me that he was to be taken with this other and extra incumberance? Why is not the marriage-service altered to meet such cases, thus: "I, Pa tience, take thee, Timothy [and thy mother], to my wedded husband [and mother-in-law), to have and to hold"-and the rest of it? I am sure I have and hold more, by twothirds, of the mother than of the son. Oh, poor me!

My welcome, as I said, was a damper.-She kissed me heartily enough—too heartily -for she smelt horibly of snuff. She tasted of it, indeed; and if I could believe that any woman ever put powdered tobacco in her mouth, instead of in the proper place-if the nose even is that proper place—she is that person. She turned me round and round, to me !" and looked me all over with most wonderful nonchalance. She wondered whether my eyes were black or dark or hazel, suggested caps as part of the toilet of the mother of ten | eign substance, among three generations of ten children, and desired to know my Christian name, as she intended to be very kind ally." as they say out west, went to my room, and very motherly. "Besides," said she, "I | threw myself on the bed and cried. Tears am Mrs. Perknis, and one Mrs. Perkins is won't provide a dinner, I know, and I knew enough in a house." When I answered that it then; but I did not imagine that any one my name was Patience, she said-" Patience! expected that I should fall into providing for Humph! You are well named, for you wil' the household-I, a stranger, and in a strange have a time of it. But la, dear, we must be place-oh, how strange! I don't know how cheerful, and begin with a cup of tea." And long I laid there in my half sleep, half sob. such a pleasant look as she put on to second Presently I heard "Mother!" screamed in kitchen impertinence. her invitation! Her face is the habitual in | childish treble-"Mother!" growled in the it that it seems more like a twist of pain than an expression of pleasure.

the head of the table, behind a wilderness of cups and saucers, and other tea and toast night, Patience; just ourselves!

She watched with a hope for contretemps as I proceeded to tea and toast the little multitude, but I survived it. I have learned since that, with malice prepense, she trusted t) disguise and force me to surrender to her at discretion. The next morning at breakfast she hoped to reap the fruits of her ma

"Well, Patience," she said, "will you six at the waiter, or shall I?" (with a motion to ward the coveted poat-a dignity perhaps, but no sinecure.) "Now, or never," thought I, and slipped into the seat, with a determination to assert my prerogative once for

"Well, then, I must tell you," says motherin-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 nilk and water, sweetened, and Lizzie mustn't nave hot bread."

"Well," said I, having despatched Mr. Perkin's cup, "what does grandmother

You should have seen her eyes! There were the scintilations of fourteen furies in them. "Who? Oh, yes, I understand. I oh, never mind me! I'm nobody! And then she sobbed and sniffled, and Mr. Perkins was, in an unwonted state of excitement and the children exchanged winks and must tell me what. The ould musthress smiles, and I-sat still. If a woman with tould me I was to do nothing till you dirhectdear lord and master, is well enough, perhaps | ten gram entitren in one lot, to say nothing | ed." I should say very well. I don't think he of their probable cousins, is not entitled to the honored name of grandmother, prey who me hours ago?"

> So breakfast passed. Mother-in-law re covered her serenity before the meal was over. Husband-dear me, what a word that is for me to write !-husband went about vening our progress through the establishment with some very interesting remarks .-"Mr. Perkins is a very fine man, my dear, though I am his mother who says it-a very fine man: but he has a dreadful temper, and you must not let him get set against you,-He is very easy to please, but you must be button. He is not at all difficult about his table, but things must be served up right or he will not eat them. I'm his mother, and am used to his ways. He is very neat and careful, but he never puts anything away, do it; but I'm used to that."

This was a pleasant introduction, certainly, to my matrial duties. "Then there's the children," she continued; "a nice family as one need desire. But the oldest, that's Timothy, has picked up some bad habits. He appointment came over her face at seeing for all that. And James, that's the second son, is a fine lad, and willing; but you must not expose him to temptation by leaving loose money about. Willy is a healthy and well-doing boy in the main, but he likes to creep into the store-room. As sure as he eats a handful of raisins, and he will do it when he can, he goes into convulsious. Tom is quiet, but dreadful mischievous sometimes; and there's no barm in the girls, except that they quarel, as all children will, and won't take care of their clothes; no children do.and John, he plagues us almost to death, andMr. Perkins has no government over any of them, and you'll have to do it all, my dear but you must not be discouraged. I'm here, and if they don't mind, just turn them over

Do you wish to know what I did? Go marry yourself to a widower, ten children and a mother-in-law; place yourself, a forcognates and you'll find out. I "just nater-"Mother! Mother!! Mother!!!"

"You will have a time of it," she repeated, angrily, as I bounced from the bed to the generally are experienced and wise. As a for my encouragement, as she placed me at glass, and then laved away the traces of my matter of prudent investment, let me recomtears. "Who is the wretch, and why don't paraphernalia. "There's no company to- be meant. "What is the matter?" I asked, to be had. Such is my experience. My husseven or eight of the Perkins young fry sitting on the stairs. "Who calls?"

"It's all of us," said the oldest, as spokesman for the whole. "Grandmother said we were to call you mother."\*

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

"She went out, and said she would not be in till dinner; and there's no dinner getting ready, and nothing to eat, and we're all hun-

"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. Leaving the children to discuss their lunch. I walked on to the kitchen. There sat a great lump of a cook, with her feet in the ashes, and her face turned to me with an expression which said, "now for a battle!" "Where's your fire," said I, "and what's for dinner ?"

"Sure yourself, that's the new musthress

"Did she? And why did you not come to

"Sure, I was tould to wait till you bid me." "Well, then, I do bid you. Pick up your novables and leave the house. Call in the evening, and Mr. Perkins's mother will pay you your wages." The girl stared as if doubt, his business, and mother-in-law undertook to ing her senses. "Come! move! You are in invest me with the power of the keys, enli-my way! And she did move, muttering something about upstarts, which I did not heed. As my first order and last to that individual was obeyed, I cared not with how little grace she did it. I heard her stop to speak to the children in the pantry. The The orator thus rebukes the material tensound of my footsteps approaching was enough, and she was off. "Come, children," particular to get up his shirts carefully, for I said, "what's to be had? Your father will he will storm like an earthquake at a missing be home to dinner presently, and we must have it up in a hurry."

Each did his or her part, highly amused a what they considered a good frolic. One did one thing, and another something else. The boys brought fuel and waters the girls disand will keep a person picking up after him covered the edibles and comestibles. A fine all the time; and he wants everything he dish of ham and eggs, a cold joint, a pie-a calls for brought to him just to a minute. decidedly pienic affair-were served up to pleased excitement. I had found my way straight to the hearts of the children, and had no fears for the rest.

Mother-in law walked in as we were enjoy. ing ourselves. A strange expression of diseverything so comfortable. "I ought to make you an apology for being late," she said ;-"but I make allowances for a young housekeeper, and did not think you could be so punctual." "No thanks to you," thought I, but I said nothing. No sooner was mother in-law down to the table than she was up again, and calling "Charlotte," at the head of the kitchen stairs.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"That stupid girl of ours! she has put on 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 !"

"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 impromptu."

"And a very good dinner, too," said Pertins. "I don't desire a better."

Mother-in-law gave him an angry glance, and then, turning to me, said, with forced

"You don't mean that you have turned a girl out of doors, without warning who has ived 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

carnation of lamentations, and when she at hobbledehoy accent—"Mother!" whined— cuisine, with which I inaugurated myself. It atheist denies the life of life, which is the tempts a smile her features are so unused to "Mother!" shouted — "Mother!" piped — wis effectual. Motherinlaw was completely source of libery. Proclaiming himself a checkmated, and my authority was establish- mere finite thing of to day, he rejects all "Who is that wretch of a mother?" I said, ed. Perkins is a sensible man. Widowers

mend the young lady who has love to lay she answer?" I did not dream that I could out, to expend it upon a widower, if one is opening the door and running out, to find band left the whole house to my manage ment, and I must say that I have succeeded wonderfully. The children are not at all the nuisances that their affectionate grandparent represented them. Indeed, they have become in a couple of years, quite models, so Perkins says, and he knows them best, of course. I stick to my text. I had rather had twenty children all "mothering" me at once, than one brother Tom.

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. I almost wish he wouldand yet I don't want her to get up a grand claim for sympathy on the plea that I have separated mother and child, turned her out of doors, and twenty other horrid things, as she would be sure to do.

It is three months since I saw the preced. ing till now. Io ened my portfolio this fine May morning. Do you know the world looks very cheerful to me now? I have a new stake in it. As I said, I opened my papers, and have been quite amused at my own nonsense about the old lady, which I had really entirely forgotten. Family cares put the pen aside, and authorship, letters to friends are quite unheeded. But I may just remark by way of conclusion, that mother-in-law has become useful as well as ornamental. She thinks herself indispensable. Well, I've no objection. Employment keeps her out of mischief, and I give her the baby to hold.

# Eloquent Extract.

### Mr. Bancroft's Oration

The Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the. Yew York Historical Society, was celebrated or the afternoon of the 20th ult., and an oration was pronounced on the occasion, by Hon. George Bancroft, the historian. We are sure that our many intellectual readers will peruse with pleasure the extracts below. dencies of the age:

\* \* \* "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 uni-He is not at all hard to please when one the moment. Perkins came in, and we twelve verse. The system is presented with arrogant knows him, only it takes all your thoughts to were seated in the best possible humor of pretension under the name of "Positive Philosophy," and deduces its lineage thro' 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. How those who take opinions from Hubbes and Locke, and their continental interpreters, and still adhere to the philosophy which owns no source of knowledge but the senses, can escape the humiliating yoke of this new system, I leave them to discover. But the system is as little entitled to be feared as to be received. When it has put together all that it can collect of the laws of the uniterial universe, it can advance no further towards the explanation of existence; morals, or reason. They who listen as well to the instructions of inward experience, may smile at the air of wisdom with which such a scheme, that has no basis in the soul, is presented to the world as a new universal children and I have got up this, such as it is, oreed-the Catholic Church of the material" ist. Its handful of acolites wonder why they remain so few. But atheism never holds sway over human thought, except as a usurper; no child of its own succeeding. Error is a convertible term with decay. Falsehood and death are synoryms. Falsehood can gain no permanent foothold in the immortal soul, for there can be no abiding or real faith except in that which is eternally and universally true. The future of the world will never produce a race of atheists and their casual appearance is but the evidence of some ill-understood truth; some mistaken direction of the human mind; some Such was the coup d'etat, or rather coup de partial and imperfect view of creation. The Concluded on 3d page