



From the Westmoreland Intelligencer.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MIRANDA.

All around us, all above,
Witnesses a mother's love,
And her tresses thin and hoary
Are they not a crown of glory.

Montgomery.

'Twas she who in my early youth,
First led me in the paths of truth,
And oft would call my infant feet
From wandering to some lone retreat,
And there would teach my lips to say,
The prayer our Saviour taught to pray;
And when I laid me down to sleep,
To "pray the Lord my soul to keep."
Once I remember as we knelt
Beside the bed, (my heart does melt
When scenes like these I think upon;
Though then I knew not why 'twas done.)
All she had taught me when I said
The slowly did I raise my head
And wondered why she still did pray;
And then again my own did say;
And still she prayed—I was too young
To know the words fell from her tongue.
But now I know she did invest,
Our souls with God in her request,
In words like these perhaps she prayed
"When in the urn my body's laid,
Oh thou enthroned in filial right,
Above all creature-power and might;
Thou whom I love but cannot see;
My Lord! my God! (she prayed for me)
Thou on her path in mercy shine,
Prosper this child and make it thine,
Make her path shine like the just
'Till her body turns to dust."
Oak Hall, Pa.

SONG.

He that to your voice is near,
Breaking from his ivory pale,
Need not walk abroad to hear
The delightful nightingale.

He that looks still on your eyes,
Though the winter have begun
To numb his arteries,
Shall not want the summer's sun.

He that still may see your cheeks,
Where all rancor still reposes,
Is a fool if e'er he seeks
Other lilies, other roses.

He to whom your soft lip yields,
Who perceives your breath in kissing,
All the odors of the fields
Never, never shall be missing.

He that question would anew
What fair Eden was of old,
Let him rightly study you,
And a brief of that behold.

MATRIMONY.

- 1.—The man must lead a happy life
 - 2.—Who's free from matrimonial chains.
 - 3.—Who is directed by a wife,
 - 4.—Is sure to suffer for his pains.
- 1.—Adam could find no solid peace,
 - 2.—When Eve was given for a mate,
 - 3.—Until he saw a woman's face,
 - 4.—Adam was in a happy state.
- 1.—In all the female face appear,
 - 2.—Hypocrisy, deceit and pride;
 - 3.—Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
 - 4.—Ne'er known in woman to reside.
- 1.—What tongue is able to unfold,
 - 2.—The falsehood that in woman dwells;
 - 3.—The worth in woman we behold,
 - 4.—Is almost imperceptible.
- 1.—Cursed be the foolish man, I say,
 - 2.—Who changes from his singleness,
 - 3.—Who will not yield to woman's sway,
 - 4.—Is sure of perfect blessedness.

To advocate the ladies' cause you will read the 1st and 3d, and 2d and 4th lines together.

CHEERFULNESS.—Persons who are always cheerful and goodhumored are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.

A TRUTH.—It requires more courage to think differently from the multitude than it does to fight them. The first hero, therefore, was not he who made the first conquest, but he who uttered the first doubt.

Secrecy of design, when combined with rapidity of execution, like the column that guided Israel in the deserts, becomes the guardian pillar of light and fire to our friends, a cloud of impenetrable darkness to our enemies.

☞ We follow the world in approving others, but we go before the world in approving ourselves.

☞ When we despair of the old and obstinate, there are striplings in the nursery which encourage hope.

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

Mr. Thomas Tompkins was a confirmed old bachelor, and had reached the mature age of forty without the slightest thought of what is termed "bettering his condition." He was very shy of womankind, and imagined that every lady who glanced at him casually had designs upon his purse and person.

It was this gentleman, in a quiet dignified and somewhat baldheaded personage, who got into a mail-stage at Washington, one pleasant summer morning, to travel to Baltimore having business in a small village beyond it.—Among his traveling companions was a wild young reefer, under orders to join the flag ship of the Mediterranean squadron, and a middle aged Englishman, not the best tempered nor the best mannered person in the world. To set his two seniors by the ears together was the special business of the middy, who was mischievous as a monkey, and so successful was he in his operations that he not only succeeded in embroiling the peppery John Bull and the quiet bachelor, but he started upon a "point of honor" between them, and when Tompkins went to bed at Baltimore that night, in was with the comfortable assurance that he was to stand up and be shot at in Bladensburg the next morning at sunrise, precisely, the middy seeing "fair play" between the parties.

Just above the spot where General Ross fell the parties met a little after five. The midshipman loaded his pistols and placed his men. Both were rather shaky in their legs; the Englishman's indignation having evaporated over night, and Tompkins never having been troubled with any excess of belligerent spirits.

"Bang! bang! went the pistols. When the smoke cleared, Tompkins was seen standing, and the Englishman lay rolling and writhing on the ground, blood flowing from his forehead.

"You've done for him," said the middy, addressing the horror-stricken Tompkins.

The dying man beckoned his adversary to approach.

"It's half my own fault," said he "Fly! fly! and leave me alone to die. Yet take this letter. Summerville—vite 'ouse top of the 'ill—hold Dr. Blodget's take 'im this letter—it tells all about it. If I'd 'ave lived I vos to 'ave been——"

But he could speak no more, and middy hurried off the homicide.

From the incoherent words of his victim, the horror-stricken Tompkins gathered that he was to call at Dr. Blodget's in Summerville, and deliver the letter; and thitherward he bent his steps, in a more pitiable condition than the dying man.

He soon found the cottage, a pretty residence embowered in trees, and ornamented by several distinguished darkies, who were standing around the door yard grinning to the extent of their ivories. Before he had time to ring the bell, an impulsive old gentleman in black rushed out. Tompkins mechanically extended the letter, not having courage enough at his command to utter a word.

"I see—I see," said the impulsive little old gentleman, who was no other than Dr. Blodget himself. Tompkins, oh? give me your hand.

"Forbear! there's blood upon it!" said the wretched Tompkins.

"Blood? nonsense!" said the Doctor.—

"Come along. My daughter's waiting—and so are the bridesmaids too; and the parson also, you sly dog."

"But sir, what has that to do with me?"

"With you! Why isn't your name Thomas Tompkins?"

"Certainly."

"So this letter says. Do you pretend that you haven't come to fulfil the arrangement of your father to marry my daughter—whom you haven't seen since you and she were boy and girl? Come along sir, are you crazy?"

"I believe I am," stammered poor Tompkins, who was astonished at every thing he heard. "I believe I am crazy."

"Tommy," said the old gentleman sternly, "I believe you have been tipping at the half way house."

"Not a drop, as I live."

"Come along then."

And the Doctor hurried in his victim.— He was soon in the presence of the bride and her relations. There were flowers in porcelain vases, cake and wine upon the table, and music in the hall. Miss Emma Blodget opened her arms, and the Doctor pushed Tommy into them.

As soon as he could extricate himself, which he did, blushing with confusion, Tompkins stammered out:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you see before you an unhappy wretch."

"An unhappy wretch!" shouted the little Doctor. "What do you mean by that, Tommy Tompkins?"

"Your son-in-law, sir is dead," said Tompkins.

"Dead!" said the doctor, "you tell me that with your own mouth?"

"Certainly."

"You don't look as though you were dead," said the Doctor winking to the clergyman.—"Come, Mr. Spintext, let's have it over. Emma—Tommy—stand up here like good children."

Tompkins darted one wild look about him, and then darted through the open window into the conservatory.

"Stop him!" shouted the Doctor.

"There go my camellias and rhododendrons. Now he is into the Hamburgs!—Now, then, Sambo, ah! you've got him.—Hold him tight!"

The wretched Tompkins was captured and brought back by the stout African.

"And now Mr. Spintext—Emma hold him tight—know all men by these presents, &c.—quick sir—you solemnly swear &c."

And thus prompted, the clergyman performed his office, and Thomas Tompkins found himself a married man.

"I wish, he muttered to himself, as he dipped wildly into the cake and Madeira, "that the confectioner and wine merchant had some spite against the Doctor, and had come the arsenic and aquafortis business strong. If I could only drop down dead now it would be extremely soothing to my feelings."

In his desperation, he acted and spoke as if he was in a dream. He said funny things, not intending them, kissed the bridesmaid several times over, slapped Dr. Blodget on the back and called him a "jolly old buffer," and once even addressed the black waiter as "Mr. Snowball," an exquisite and original pleasantry which convulsed the company with merriment.

But the wildest dream must have an end. In the midst of the maddest mirth a double knock was heard and the servant announced Thomas Tompkins.

This is another of your jokes, you mad wag said the doctor, winking at his son-in-law and a very small bridesmaid in blue slippers gave it as her opinion that Tompkins would be the death of some of them.

But the door was opened, and in stalked the Englishman, followed by his second.

"Fake him away!" yelled our hero.— "Bury him decently. That's what he's after. Give him a sexton and let him go about his business. We want no post mortems here!"

"Don't be alarmed," said the midshipman.—"Blank cartridge and bullock's blood do not send men to the other world."

"Doctor," said the Englishman, "you received my letter of introduction from the 'and of this—this person—did you not?"

"Yes, and I thought he was Thomas Tompkins," said the distracted Doctor.

"That's my name," said the bridegroom in spite of himself.

"And mine halso," cried the Englishman.

"What's to be done?" asked the doctor.—"Emmy, my dear, what do you say to being married over again?"

"Oh! no papa its too much trouble.— Besides I like my Tompkins well enough now, and may like him better before this time to-morrow."

"I don't see that we can do anything for you," said the doctor mildly to the new comer; "unless one of the young ladies—"

But they all shrugged their shoulders and shook their heads.

"Sorry for you for you're the son of an old friend," said the Doctor.

"But you'll stay and take dinner with us," said some one.

"I'll sue you for a breach of promise!" yelled the cockney, shaking his clenched fist at the bride.

"That lady is under my protection," said the bridegroom. "She shall not be insulted.—Clear out."

"Clear out," shouted the indignant father.

"Clear out," echoed all the gentlemen.

"It's a conspiracy," shouted the cockney.

"Come along, said the midshipman.— Don't make a fool of yourself. So come along."

Pulled, pushed, and shoved, the indignant gentleman was ejected from the Doctor's cottage; and this feat accomplished, the wedding company sat down to dinner, at which the singular coincidence in the names of the parties formed a principal topic for discussion. Tompkins, the confirmed old bachelor, who had so strangely become a Benedict, sat by his blushing bride, seeming fully alive to the fact that he was soon to enjoy the pains and pleasures of matrimony. These anticipations, added to the fact that he drew pretty freely on the contents of a flagon of Sherry, sufficed to enable our hero to bear up bravely under the open rallery of the men, and the sly innuendoes of the ladies.

The result of this odd affair was a suit brought by the cockney; but he lost his case, and went back to England in the full determination to write a book against this country which should out-Trollope Trollope, and beat the very Dickens.

EXTRAVAGANT CHURCHES.

The authorities of Trinity Church, New York, have decided to erect another church in that city at the cost of \$1,000,000.

Upon this statement, the Portland Transcript thus comments: Eighteen and a half centuries ago, a wanderer was seen in the East, who required no particular form of worship—no particular edifices built of the sweat and blood of the poor—to be "dedicated" to him or by him. He was odd—very odd—he did not follow the fashions of his times—did not cringe at the foot of power, but made himself obnoxious to Kings and Princes because he preached unpopular doctrines. He was poor and lowly, and was not deemed worthy to enter the temples of the rich and fashionable.— The poor and lowly are now denied the privilege of entering Trinity Church; and were he to appear in his humble garb, unknown and without an admission card, he would be ejected from the present and prospective haunts of the merchant princes of Gotham. Men woman and children have starved to death within the reach of the shadows of Trinity steeple. Thousands are now toiling and dying by inches, in part for these same temple builders who pretend to be worshippers of him who said of himself, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

The Princes and Judges of old, bowed to the multitude and gave up this troublesome person to be killed according to the customs of his times. They thought his seditious doctrines would die. One of his greatest heresies was that of preaching glad tidings to the poor, a heresy by the way which there is no danger of the preachers of Trinity Church or their congregation being hung for, unless they very materially change their course. The doctrine of the peasant of Natheroth; the carpenter's son have, at this day, made some progress in the world, but we rather think that were he to look in upon a congregation worshipping in a church whose cost is a million of dollars, and on the preacher whose salary is six thousand a year, he would point to the poor, ignorant, starving creatures around the church, and say, 'I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me not, and inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'

A man has not the least right to expect a good fortune unless he goes to work and deserves it.

Obeying Orders.

The "oldest inhabitant" perfectly remembers the Widow Trotter, who used, many years ago, to occupy a small wooden house away down in Hanover-street, in somewhat close proximity to Salutation-alley. Well this widow was blessed with a son, who, like Goldsmith, and many other men, distinguished in after-life, was the dunce of his class. Numerous were the floggings his stupidity brought upon him, and the road to knowledge was with him truly a "vale of tears."

One day he came home; as usual, with red eyes and hands.

"O, you Blockhead!" screamed his mother—she was a bit of a virago, Mrs. Trotter was—"you've been gettin' another lickin' in I know."

"O, yes," replied young Mr. Trotter: "that's one uv the reg'lar exercises—lickin' me. 'Arter I've licked Trotter,' says the master, 'I'll hear the 'rithmetic class.' But, mother, to change the subject, as the criminal said when he found the judge was getting personal, is there emy arrent I can do for you?"

"Yes," grumbled the widow; "only you're so external slow about any thing you undertake—so get a pitcher of water, and be four years about it, will ye?"

Bob Trotter took the pitcher, and wended his way in the direction of the street pump; but he hadn't got far, when he encountered his friend, Joe Buffer, the mate of a vessel, issuing from his house, and dragging a heavy sea-chest along after him.

"Come Bob," said Joe, "bear a hand, and help me down to Long Wharf with this."

"Well, so I would," said Bob, "only you see mother has sent me after a pitcher of water."

"What do you care for that. Come along."

"Well," said Bob, "first let me hide the pitcher where I can find it again."

With these words he stowed away his earthenware under a flight of stone steps, and accompanied his friend aboard ship.— The pilot was urging the captain to cast off and take advantage of the wind and tide, but the captain was waiting the arrival of a boy who had shipped the day before, and wishing no good to his eyes for the delay he had occasioned.

At last he turned to Bob, and said—

"What do you say, youngster, to slipping with me? I'll treat you well and give you ten dollars a month."

"Should like to go," said Bob, hesitatingly, "but my mother—"

"She'll be glad to get rid of you.— Come will you go?"

"I haint got no clothes."

"Here's a chest full. The other chap was just your size, and they'll fit you to a T."

"I'll go."

"Cast off that line there!" shouted the captain, and the ship fell off with the tide, and was soon standing down the bay with a fair wind, and every stitch of canvas set. She was bound for the Northwest via Canton and back again, which was then called the double voyage, and usually occupied about four years.

In the meanwhile, the non-appearance of Bob seriously alarmed his mother. A night passed, and the town crier was called into requisition a week, when she gave him up, had a note read for her in the meeting, and went into mourning.

Just four years after the above occurrence, the ship got back to port, and Bob and his friend were paid off. The wages of the widow's son amounted to just four hundred and eighty dollars, and he found, on squaring his accounts with the captain, that his advances had amounted to the odd tens and four hundred dollars clear over the fruit of his cruise.

As he walked in the direction of his mother's house, in company with Joe, he scanned with a curious eye the houses, the shops, and the people that he passed.— Nothing appeared changed; the same signs indicated an unchanging hospitality on the part of the same landlords, the same loafers were standing at the same corners—it seemed as if he had been gone only a day. With the odd sights and sounds, Bob's odd feeling revived, and he almost dreaded to

see, debouching from some alley, a detachment of boys, sent by his ancient enemy, the schoolmaster, to know why he had been playing truant, and to carry him back, to receive the customary wallopping.

When he was quite near home, he said, "Joe I wonder if anybody's found that old pitcher."

He stooped down, thrust his arm under the stone-steps, and withdrew the identical piece of earthenware he had deposited there just four years ago. Having rinsed and filled it at the pump, he walked into his mother's house, and found her seated in her accustomed armchair. She looked at him for a minute, recognized him, screamed, and exclaimed:

"Why, Bob, where have you been!— What have you been doing?"

"Gettin' that pitcher of water," answered Bob, setting it on the table; "I always obey orders—you told me to be four years about it, and I was."

A Philadelphia Quaker.

A certain Friend, whom we very well know, was recently at a distant place of summer resort. He stepped into the post office one morning, and while there the Postmaster asked him if he knew any English people staying at the hotel? "Why does thee ask?" said the Quaker. "Because," said the Postmaster, "here are half-dozen letters directed to England by the next steamer, and as the postage to Boston is not paid I cannot send them. If I cannot find the writer of them, they will be forwarded to the dead-letter office, Washington." Our "Friend looked at the letters. They were all double, and he remarked, "They appear to be family letters, and no doubt will be most welcome if received, or may cause great anxiety if they should not be." "I cannot help it," said the Postmaster. "Well, I can, if thee cannot; what is the postage?" "For six double letters, three dollars." "Well, here is the money, thee will please mark them "paid," and send them to Boston." And with this injunction the Philadelphia Quaker left the post-office, his pockets not quite so heavy as when he entered, but his heart, we are sure, a great deal lighter.—

N. Y. Gazette.

MINERAL RICHES.

More of the Mineral riches of California. Wm. M. Stewart, Esq, formerly of Georgetown, D. C., but for several years past a citizen of California, has shown us a specimen of the bituminous coal recently discovered in that State. The beds from which the piece was taken are situated in a range of hills parallel to Suison bay; a sheet of water divided from the Bay of San Francisco by the Straits of Harquinez, and into which Sacramento and San Joaquin discharge their waters. The discovery of these coal deposits was made in the course of a scientific exploration for that mineral. The beds appear to be most extensive and valuable, about seven miles from Benicia, and they are stated to be within half a mile of water carriage.

The lands containing the coal, so far as the deposit has been developed, belonged, to General Vallejo, but have been purchased from him by parties who are making preparations for mining, for the purpose of supply to the steamers which ply in the waters of California and on the Pacific. The United States mail steamers have their principal station at Benicia, and if it should become, as may be expected from its position, a central point for the internal steam navigation of that region, it is evident that the value and importance of these mines must be very great.

Mr. Stewart has also brought specimens of the sandstone which is found at and about Benicia. Its specific gravity is said to be greater than that of any other variety of the same stone heretofore known in the United States. It is of a light brown color, pleasing to the eye, and is coming into general use, in the vicinity where it is found, for building purposes. It is also used for grind-stones and whetstones.

If the supply of these two articles is as abundant as is now supposed, they may be looked upon as the guaranties of the continued and increasing wealth of California.

[New York Evening Post.]