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Thursday Morning, Dec. 28, 1854

To the First Snow.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

Fairy like, fleeting, thou fall'st from above,
Emblem of innocence, beauty and love,
Riding the winds in all thy wild mirth,
Madly careering above the cold earth.

Crystal and dew-drop come hurrying past,
Driven along by the dark mountain blast,
Gracefully eddying, whirling around,
Falling so gently all over the ground.

Strange are the thoughts that our bosom now fill,
Watching the storm-king pass by at his will,
Robing the vall ey and decking the heath,
Crowning the trees with a bright snowy wreath.

Beautiful snow-flake! in all thy wild mirth,
Emblem of innocence, purity, worth,
Why hast thou come from the place of thy birth,
To tarnish thy beauty by contact with earth?

DARLING LOTTY:

—OR—

THE PERILS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE DIME.

When a young couple in New York, choose to bring their love affairs to the recognition of the minister or magistrate, and becomes man and wife, according to the statute made and provided, housekeeping does not follow, as a necessary consequence. They live with the 'Old Folks;' or find a room in a 'genteel boarding house;' or, if able, take apartments at some fashionable 'Family Hotel.'

Had the country at large been supplied with these conveniences for young couples, our heroine would have avoided, and we should not have recorded, the perils of housekeeping.

Miss Charlotte Jones was the daughter of a worthy and enterprising carpenter, who, settling in a thriving village, became, in due time a builder, contractor, and forehanded man. His wife was as industrious as himself, and more ambitious; and among their other blessings, they had one fair daughter, Miss Charlotte, who was as pretty, as amiable, as charming indeed, as was necessary to make the smartest and cleverest young man in the place, to fall in love with her—which he did.

Of course he did. He was a medical student in the doctor's office right opposite. As he sat there studying anatomy or making pills, he could see Miss Charlotte in the parlor or garden. He could hear her play on the piano forte, and sing; he could see her doing all sorts of wonderful worsted and crotchet work, and he came to think that parlor, one of the most delightful places in the world.

Well—it was a love-affair, all mutual and pleasant; calls and moonshine, music; billets, blushes, boquets, long Sunday evenings, and finally, 'Ask Pa!'—and then a wedding—but of course the diploma came first, and the petted child of the successful carpenter, became Mrs. Dr. Simmons.

And Dr. Simmons, who had received the honors of a medical college, rather young, and who thought it needful to raise all the whiskers he could by industrious shaving, and a course of Macassar, and to mount a pair of spectacles beside, to make him look old enough, had decided to commence business in a small but growing village. in a neighboring county; where, as it happened, Mr. Jones owned a neat cottage, of which, with its acre garden lot, he made his daughter a marriage present; and there, on the termination of the wedding tour, they took up their residence. The good Mrs. Jones had put everything 'to rights.' It was in the most exquisite 'apple pie order;' and no young couple, just beginning housekeeping, was ever any better fixed.

Mrs. Jones, good soul, had always done her own work. Help was a dreadful bother. Charlotte had been carefully educated. She could do everything; that is, everything that is ever taught to young ladies. She knew all sciences, and nearly all languages; that is a little. She could do all kinds of fancy work. Her worsted cats, and wax flowers were wonderful; so were her water color drawings, and her monochromatic sketches were 'high art.' Everybody said so.

But, somehow, Mrs. Jones, from the habit of doing everything herself, had not given Miss Charlotte a fair chance in kitchen and laundry, and in other housekeeping accomplishments; while Charlotte had a vague idea that all those common things were perfectly easy, and as they were not taught at school, she concluded that they came by nature. She commenced her housekeeping in a dream of blissful anticipations.

They took possession of their own nice little house, one fine summer's evening.—Mrs. Jones saw them properly fixed and had gone home.

They awakened with the early birds. Dr. Simmons dreamed that somebody was thundering on the door, to call him up to see a patient. It was his horse pawing to be fed.

'Well Lotty dear,' said the grave doctor, who was in his twenty-third year, to his wife of seventeen; 'shall we make a-beginning now; rise early, and attend to business?'

'Oh, by all means. I'll jump up and get breakfast.'

'And I'll feed Pomp, and weed the garden.

So the doctor watered and fed his horse, and hoed his potatoes a little, and then took a peep into the neat little kitchen, to see how the 'Darling Lotty,' was getting on with breakfast. Her face was very red, and her hands very black, her hair was powdered with ashes. It was plain that she had trouble; but she spoke pleasantly, for all that; when she said—

'Do go away, Charles, that's a dear, till you hear the bell ring. Breakfast will soon be ready.'

Well he waited. He read, then he whistled, then he figited, then he wound up his clock, then he looked at his new case of instruments, and wondered how soon he should cut off his first leg; then he got very hungry, and at last the bell did ring, and he went to breakfast.

The Darling Lotty was looking a little better, but still rather anxious.

'Have you had a hard time, darling?' inquired the Doctor, cautiously.

'Oh, not very. The fire did not kindle well at first, and the stove smoked.'

'Did you open the damper?'

'Damper? why no. Has it got a damper? Well, I'll remember next time. Now have some coffee.'

The Doctor took his cup, stirred it about, looked rather hard at it; and then at Darling Lotty.

'Well, what is it? I'm sure I don't know what makes it so full of those specks, I boiled, and boiled it.'

'Yet, it don't seem to be settled. Did you put in any fish skin?'

'No, I forgot.'

'No matter, it will do very well. Now Darling Lotty, I'll take an egg. Why! it's as hard as a brickbat.'

'Hard! Now how can they be hard, when they were boiling all the time I was making the coffee and toast?'

'Ah! toast; let us try that. A little burnt, but very good; there don't cry darling; it'll be all right next time.

After showers come sunshine, and this one cleared off. The Doctor laid aside his dignity, and helped wash the dishes; and then put his horse in the new sulky, took the new saddle-bags, and drove off furiously, to see some imaginary patients, till dinner time, while Darling Lotty blocked out a worsted paroquet, that bid fair to be the wonder of her next winter parties. But this like all pleasures, came to an end, for there was dinner to get, and that dinner was to make up for the breakfast. The Doctor liked a nice piece of boiled vituals—so she made a fire, peeled the potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, parsnips, and put them with a nice spare-rib of fresh pork into the kettle, and set them to boiling. There was a rousing fire; the water boiled furiously, and she went up stairs to put a few stitches into the paroquet. Presently she became conscious of an unpleasant odor; she snuffed, and wondered, and then put in the eye of the paroquet. But the unpleasant odor became stronger, and at last she thought proper to go in the direction it seemed to come from and that happened to be the kitchen. The stove was red hot; so was the kettle of boiled victuals; and a nice smother was rising from it. The Darling Lotty dashed a dipper of water into the kettle; Bang!—and such a cloud of steam! The kettle was cracked, but the Doctor had just come home hungry, the table was set and the dinner was dished.

The Darling Lotty took her place at the head of the table. She was flushed and nervous, and ready for a fit of hysterics; but the Doctor was so cheerfull, and tender, that she began to feel quite happy.—But the poor dinner. It did not seem exactly right; it seemed to have caught at the bottom of the kettle, the Doctor said; then the potatoes were boiled unto a pulp; while the beets and turnips were quite hard.—The fresh pork rather wanted salting.

'Charles, dear!' said Lotty very sadly.

'Well, Lotty darling, what is it?'

'I'm afraid the dinner is not very nice.'

'Well, it is a little scorched, and not exactly managed all regular, and all that sort of thing, you know; but what signifies?—We'll try the desert.'

'Oh!'

'Well, darling, what's the trouble?'

Lotty ran into the kitchen, and there was her poor, forgotten plum-pudding, in the stove oven just burnt to a cinder. It was as black as coal; a fine carbonacious specimen, as the Doctor learnedly remarked; as he finished, or rather made his dinner on some bread and butter.

The Darling Lotty mourned over her disasters, but took comfort in the brilliant plumage of her paroquet, which Dr. Simmons could not sufficiently admire. She was also comforted with the thought that the next meal was tea, which she felt sure she could accomplish. And when the hour drew nigh she made up a fire; and by this time she had learned to manage that. Then she took some flour, milk and butter, with plenty salaratus to make them light, and mixed up some nice buiscuits, and put them in the oven, and then she made tea; and when all was ready she rang the bell with great emphasis. And, truth to say, the table was very nicely arranged, and the tea service of gold band china was beautiful.

Dr. Simmons smacked his lips with great gusto. He took a cake and tried to break it, but it did not seem to break readily. Then he tried his knife. It cut like cheese; also, it was very yellow, and smelt, and tasted rather strongly, the doctor said, of free alkali. So it did, in fact, for there had been no acid to neutralize the salaratus, and set free its carbonic acid, and of course nothing to make the cake rise. The Doctor explained it all very learnedly, and then as if he felt dry, took a sip of his tea, of which he was very fond. But he made a wry face.

Lotty was in consternation. 'Is not the tea right? It *must* be! I put in a great deal, and boiled it ever so long. I'm sure if it hasn't got the strength, it soon will have.

'My darling Lotty, tea is a delicate and odoriferous plant; and should be prepared as an infusion, and not as a decoction.—Bring me a little tea, darling, and some hot water; and I will soon make me a good cup of tea;' and he did.

The poor darling Lotty. It took all the endearments of a tender husband in the honey-moon to keep her from downright despair. But the day's lesson had not been lost, and she had determined to have such a nice breakfast as should make up for all.

Morning came; and our young doctor gallantly offered to assist in getting the morning repast; but no; Lotty was determed to do her own work. She mixed her cakes according to the learned suggestions of the evening previous. She boiled the eggs three minutes by the clock. The coffee was clear—greatest comfort of all.—She rang the bell, and sat down in triumph.

The Doctor broke a biscuit—it was capital. The egg was just right. Then he tasted the coffee—and it came out of his mouth as soon as it was in. And such a face! Doctors are not squeamish; young doctors particularly. They know what bad tastes and bad smells are; but this—

'Why Charlie!' cried the darling Lotty, 'what is the matter with the coffee?'

'That is what I would like to know, Lotty darling. I know you do your best, and the biscuit and eggs are beautiful; but what did you put in the coffee?'

'Why Charlie, you said it must have some fish skin to settle it; and the only fish in the house is some herrings, so I skinned two of them and put the skin into the coffee!' and poor Lotty burst into a paroxysm of tears. But there came sunshine soon that made it all pleasant weather. Lotty had invited an old school friend to visit her. She came soon after breakfast, and as it happened, her housekeeping education had not been neglected. She absolutely knew everything. Mrs. Hale, Miss Leslie, even Mrs. Glass or Mrs. Rundell could not excel her. She was a walking cook book, and a lively little treatise on domestic economy.

Never was a visitor more welcome, and now the darling Lotty learnt everything—to wash and mend, and bake, and cook everything; and become the nicest little housekeeper extant, while the Doctor, by the aid of his venerable appearance, and rapid driving in the sulky, rode into an extensive practice, and was never tired of boasting of the excellent cookery of his darling Lotty.

Try Again.

When the little bairn first commences putting one of its tiny feet before the other, and totters and falls, we say 'up and at it, try again.' When the young student cannot manage his proposition in Arithmetic, we say 'try again.' When the lover fails, and his pensive eye bespeaks a sorrow that he thinks the sorrow of a life, we tell him to 'try again, faint heart never won fair lady.' When the young and ambitious man enters business without experience, or general knowledge, or stability enough to meet the responsibility of his position, and fails, we are ready to say to him, 'try again.'

But do older and should-be wiser heads always practice it? We have now, hard, griping times—our money market, like others in the country, is tight—hard up. The manufacturer, the merchant, and the mechanic find it hard work to get in as much as is necessary to meet the demands of their business. It is tight times; but don't give up—'try again.' If you fail on one hand in meeting your wants, 'try again,' try another.

The laborer has a hard time. Just at this period everything he consumes is high, and cash and his labor is low, and but poorly paid. Doubtless many are disposed to yield in despair and say to themselves they cannot get along Hoot awa', man, up and at it. Try again. Stop all the little leaks where money goes out, economise, get what work you can—if you fail once, try again. Never be discouraged, and above all never try to feel rich on a 'dime.' The poorest way in the world to get rid of sorrow or trouble is to try to drown them. They will not be drowned. The moment you plunge them under the fire-water, you open the Pandora box and all the ills of life fly out in quick succession. No, no. Keep trying—try again. Meet the enemy of difficulty, of want, and of trial, with a bold front, and you will conquer.

What is true of the material is of the spiritual world. Often the spirit will feel oppressed under the trials and temptations of life. Holiness will lose its beauty—heaviness will rest upon the wings of the soul, and even the thought of heaven itself clouded and covered as with an eternal pall. But despair not. Try again, and you will throw off the leaden weight, you will raise above the cloud into the pure sunlight of the immortal and the true.—Never yield. Try again, and while life lasts the trial will be a help, a surety of success, and a glory of the highest and most beautiful type.

Thus philosophises the Wheeling Gazette, and we heartily endorse the good common sense put forth in it. There is no doubt but a little prudence and economy, coupled with determined industry and perseverance, will enable any one to pass comfortably through the present hard times and high prices.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity that she cried out:

'My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible for you to be so calm in such a storm?

He rose from his chair, rushed to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it to the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

'Are you not afraid?'

She instantly answered 'No.'

'Why?' said the officer.

'Because,' rejoined the lady, 'I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me.'

'Then,' said he, 'remember I know in whom I believe, and that he who holds the wind in his fist and the water in the hollow of his hands is my father.'

[From the Macoupin, Ill., Statesman.]

EIGHTEEN YEARS CAPTIVE AMONG THE INDIANS.

We were visited, a few days ago, by a man by the name of Joseph Barney, who says that he is in search of a son, whom he supposes to live somewhere near Alton.—He made his escape, on the 15th of last May, from the Flat Head Indians, near the head of Flat Head River, in Oregon. He stated that he had been with this tribe of Indians eighteen years. We listened for some length of time to his history, many portions of which are truly thrilling. He was taken prisoner in 1836, on the Upper Missouri river, while in the employ of a fur company. He is a native of France, and speaks English but poorly; but we give what he communicated to us as nearly as possible. He was in company with a man named John Robertson, both of whom were captured. They attempted to defend themselves, and killed two Indians, but they were overpowered—there being twenty-five Indians ta contend with They were secured hand and foot, and placed on ponies, and started to the north westward, and traveled five weeks, when they came to the hunting grounds of the tribe, where they were given up to the chief, who shook hands with them, and manifested much joy at their capture. They were unbound and confined in a hut, where they were fed, but not allowed to escape. The chief offered them his two daughters if they would marry and remain with the tribe. Finding escape utterly impossible for the time being, the terms were accepted, and the marriage took place. The fruits of this marriage were two children, both of which are still living; a daughter of sixteen, and a son of fourteen, both of which he left with the tribe. Two years ago, Robertson attempted to escape, but was retaken, scalped, and burned alive, leaving three children with the tribe. Seven years ago, Barney attempted to escape, but was recaptured, and would have been put to death but for the interposition of his wife, who was the daughter of the chief. During the time of his captivity, Barney states that he was engaged with his tribe in three battles—two with the Black Feet, and one with a tribe the name of which we do not know—in one of which he says over seventy Black Feet were killed.

The most of the time of his captivity he lived at the head of the Columbia river, and, at times, as far up as the head of Flat Head river. During these eighteen years, he saw neither salt, bread, potatoes, coffee, tea, or any thing of the kind, living upon meat of moose, deer, skunk, rattlesnake, turkey, prairie-hen, &c. At the time he made his escape, he was near Lake Superior, about sixty miles from a trading post of the American Fur Company. The Chief (his father-in-law) was a doctor, and on the 16th of May left; and while he was gone, Barney succeeded in making all the Indians dead drunk with the whisky which had just been received, giving one and a half pint to each Indian. After they were asleep, he took his bow and arrow, tomahawk, pipe, two and a half pounds tobacco, flint and steel, and two and a half pounds of meat, being all there was in the hut.—He started and traveled all night, having his dog along; the next morning he killed the dog, to prevent his returning to give a clue to his trace.

About 11 o'clock the same day, when about 35 miles off, he was overhauled by his father-in-law's (the chief's) dog, which he killed with his bow and arrow, and carried his carcass away from the path, and then concealed himself in the brush.—While he was thus concealed, the chief passed by him; as he passed, the chief muttered to himself, in his language—"I will pass this mountain, and at the foot of it I will take the left hand." Overhearing this, Barney availed himself of this information. Following the chief to the foot of the mountain, he found, sure enough, that he had taken the left hand road, which he ascertained by the track of his pony. He continued his journey to the east until about two hours before daybreak on the next morning, when he sat down, fatigued and hungry; after daylight, he killed a rattlesnake, eight feet four inches in length, which he roasted and ate for breakfast.—He kept on the same direction, when, about 5 o'clock, he was overhauled by his brother-in-law's dog, which he killed immediately, and passed on. On the next day, about 5 o'clock, he was overhauled by another dog belonging to the tribe, which he dispatched in the same manner as the others, after which he proceeded without any molestation, traveling four days without daring to build a fire only in the day.—He was seven weeks traveling before he came to any tribe of Indians, during which time he had spent one week in dispair, not traveling or expecting ever to reach a habitation of whites.

At the end of the above time, he came to a tribe which he calls the Tomahawks. He was kindly treated by them. For fear of being taken again, he assured them that he belonged to the Flat Heads, and was in search of two crazy Indians, who had made their escape. After asking some questions in English about the "crazy Indians," he departed, and after nine miles travel, came to the Missouri river. He made a raft of logs and crossed over. Traveling due east, he continued his journey nine weeks before he arrived at White Lake, in Minnesota, during all of which time he had subsisted upon game, which he had killed with his bow and arrow. He remained there three days, and sold his accoutrements for clothing, and then made his way for this State. He arrived here in the cars.

Barney is a man of considerable intelligence, and seems to have a vivid recollection of nearly all that passed during his captivity. He seems familiar with indian life, and gives many of their signs for determining courses, cures of disease, &c. He would like to see his children again, but would rather forego the pleasure than to go back and remain with the tribe. He was married soon after he came to this country, and lived in Ostego county, New York, where his wife died, after which he was employed by the Fur Company. He is sixty-three years old, but still seems active and hardy. He describes the country where he has been, as being the handsomest he ever saw. Truly, he has "seen the elephant!" and if his history is correct, he can tell of more trials, tribulations and adventures; than any one now living.

New Central American Republic.

The expedition of Col. Kinney and his fellow adventurers to the Mosquito Territory for the establishment of a new Central American Republic has assumed a consistency that shows that it will soon become one of the actual facts of the age. A grant of the greater portion of the Mosquito Territory was made many years since by the King of the Mosquitoes to Samuel Shepherd and two associates for a pecuniary consideration, amounting to about thirty thousand pounds, and it is under a transfer of that title, that the present company, consisting of some thirty gentlemen, among whom are Senator Cooper, of Pennsylvania, and William Cost Johnson, of Maryland, are acting. Col. Kinney goes out as the agent and representative of this company. He is well known as the leader of the Texan Rangers in the Texan struggle, and is noted for his resolution and energy. The members of the expedition will number about a thousand, and each will receive, on landing, a certain allotment of land from the company's possessions. All pretence of fillibustering in connection with the enterprise is disclaimed. The design of the parties to the enterprise is explained to be, to found a new independent republic on the Mosquito coast; then to take measures for a convention from the republics of Nicarugua, Honduras, San Salvador, Costa Rica, Veragua and New Grenada, in order to adopt a Federal Constitution and establish a Government, analogous to that of the North American Union.

It is stated that the most enlightened men in these various countries are decidedly in favor of the undertaking, and have confidence in its practicability. The lands originally ceded to Shepherd and his associates comprise about thirty millons of acres and its transfer to the present owners has been pronounced by high legal authority to be perfectly valid. If successful in forming a convention with the States mentioned above, the new Republic would extend over an aera of five hundred thousand square miles. The enterprise, if it can be peacefully and legally carried out, promises to be of immense benefit to Central America, as well as to our own country. It would give value to territory that is now almost useless provide stable institutions for a country that has been desolated by revolutions and changes, and settle for ever the troublesome questions between our own government and that of Great Britain, of which Central America has been the fertile cause. The only opposition arises from Nicaragua, the government of which claims proprietorship of the soil ceded, and threatens to protest to our own and other governments against the allieged invasion of her rights. In regard to this phase of the case the Washington Union says:

If the government of Nicaragua shall object to the enterprise, it will present a question between the colonists and that government, with which the United States will have no connection. The colonists do not violate any laws in voluntarily expatriating themselves and seeking a residence in Central America. They will not go as an organized military association, but as individuals, upon their own responsibility, and at their own risk. They do not constitute a secret band of adventurers, but they make their claim to the soil in open day, point to the evidences of their title, and avow their plans and purposes in the most public manner. Their expedition is purely peaceful and undertaken in no spirit of aggression. They do not go as American citizens, either instigated or encouraged to emigrate by our government, but they voluntarily determine to change their residence and citizenship, and to do so publicly and peacefully. In this view we cannot see that our government can be complicated in any way in the enterprize. But, to avoid all misrapprehensions, it is proper to remark that we know nothing of the views of our government on the subject, and the sentiments we express are our own.—*Baltimore American.*

SCHOLARS.—No one can be made a scholar; almost all persons can make themselves scholars. Labor-saving machines do not apply to the mental world in the same sense as to the physical. It is not among vast libraries, surrounded by numerous teachers and professors, that prodigies of learning are produced. The person who in youth learns to exercise his own powers of mind, is sure to turn out a scholar, and a useful, practical man, if he lives to the middle period of life. If he does not learn to think for himself, as well as to read books and receive facts from others, he will never become really learned. Who ever heard of a schollar made by lectures, or by teachers in any form? Has not every scholar who has yet appeared in the world became such by his own efforts—by personal application—by the patient and persevereing use of the machinery within him? Who ever heard of a hereditary learning, or of ideas manufactured like cotton cloth—by steam or water power? The history of American colleges for the last ten or twenty years fully proves that students who perform the most mental labor for themselves, and not those who hear the greatest number of professors, make the strongest and most valuable men. A large *library* is another faculty in education, which by abuse is likely to do injury to the students. A great reader, and especially a miscellaneous reader, is seldom a good scholar or useful man. He may have a large mass of materials collected but he has no power to use them, either for himself or his fellow men. His mind is a mere lumber yard, and himself an intellectual miser—a blank in the beautiful and harmonious creation around him.

Vanity is the great commanding passion. It is this that produces the most grand and heroic deeds or impels to the most dreadful crimes. Save me but from this passion, and I can defy the others.—They are mere urchins but this is a giant.

What May be Ours.

Thou that dost pine, indeed,
For wealth more precious than rich gems or gold,
Learn how to seek it ere thy heart grows cold;
And take this for thy creed;—
Not who loves us, but whom we love are ours.
So shalt thou know thy yet undreamed-of powers
Be thine no doubting mind;
More than thine eager hands can grasp,
More than thine outstretched arms can clasp,
Thou needest, and shalt find.
Thy treasures shall be countless and unknown.

Thou shalt break off the chains
That bind thee to the present; for, though Time,
Between us and his elder-born, appears,
Like a huge bulwark, days and months and year
The bond of brotherhood remains;
And o'er that towering wall we, if we will can climb.
Thus, more than those who share
With them the gentle air,
Shall yield to the strong magic of the spell
That lies in love, and in thy heart shall dwell.

And distance shall not limit thy deep love,
If from the human flowers that flourish there
Some wanderer chance, like Noah's gentle dove,
To thee a token of their bloom to bear.
Far-off their home may be,
Beneath the glory of an eastern sky,
Or where bright isles amid blue waters lie
And then may'st never see
The forms that are their spirit's earthly shrine;
But oh! if thou canst love them, they are thine
Yed thine to joy in, thine to prize,
To weep for—if dark years
Should dim the light that on them lies—
But they are worth thy tears!
And as within thy heart thy treasure grows,
Think whence all good, all truth, all beauty flows;
For Love, th' adoptive spirit, was not given
To find all wealth on earth, & seek for none in heaven.

A Mother's Love.

Bright upon the altar of every heart should burn the holy fire of a Mother's love Akin is it to that of Deity itself, filling the soul with holy aspirations, which lead us heavenward, and teach us that beyond the darkness of the sombre grave, its fullness shall be only felt.

Black, indeed, is that soul that has not some time known the soothing comfort of a Mother's love. When bowed down by care, or racked with pain, has not the gentle voice of thy sainted Mother whispered sweet comfort and ministered like an angel of mercy to thy relief? In moments of reflection, and when alone, has not memory brought back the gentle echoes of her voice, which, falling upon thine ear, like the murmuring of the gentle brooklet beneath the calm soft moon-light; or the dulcet strains of the æolian's softest cadence—bathed thy soul in bliss, and given thee a peep into the brightness of Heaven, which she awaits to share with thee?

Gentle reader, if thy mother live, love, cherish, honor and obey her; and by acts of kindness smooth her path to the "grave, whither thou goest!"

If she live in eternity, remember her undying love for thee! Remember her sainted look as she knelt by thy bedside and poured out at the throne of the everlasting, her heart's most earnest prayer for thy happiness present and to come! Remember this, and show by every act of thine that thy mother "being dead, yet speaketh" unto thee with a voice of an unsullied and translated soul!

THE BLACK-EYED BOY.

Two or three years ago, I went into a town in the State of New Hampshire, to give a temperance lecture. There were a good many persons in the town who drank intoxicating liquors. But many came to hear me, and I noticed, just as I commenced speaking, a little black eyed boy, just about seven years old, who came into the hall, und sat down near the door. He listened very attentively; and when I spoke of the cruel treatment of wives and children from intemperate men, I saw him more than once take his handkerchief and wipe away the tears. I told them the pledge would prevent all this, and make them kind and pleasant; and told the children to sign it if they would prosper and be happy in the world. This little fellow was the first to put his name down, and when I asked them who he was, they told me he was black-eyed Joe, and that his father was one of the worst drunkards in town.

It was his custom every morning to mingle rum and sugar with water, and pass it around to every one of the children, who took a little, as well as their father and mother. He would drink again at eleven o'clock, at noon-time, at four o'clock, and at supper time, so that when evening came he would always be intoxicated, cruel and revengeful; sometimes he would beat his wife, and sometimes his children, or shut them out in cold storms. It was this that made Joseph weep when I told of cruelty to children, and it was this that induced him to sign the pledge.

He went home from the meeting and determined to keep his resolution. The next morning, as usual, the father took out the brown jug, mixed the pitcher of poison and handed it to Joseph first. He shook his head, and declined taking it.

'Drink, Joe!' said his father.

"I do not wish any again, sir,' replied Joseph.

His father looked at him for a moment, and then said, roughly, 'Did you go to that temperance meeting, Joe?'

'Yes sir,' he replied.

'Did you sign the pledge?'

'Yes, sir.'

'What did you do that for, Joe?'

'Because, father,' said Joe, hesitatingly, 'if ever I am a man, I do not want to be as you are.'

His father blushed, turned pale, stood confused a moment, and then opened the door and dashed both jug and pitcher into pieces, saying:

'You shall have a father that you won't be ashamed to be like.'

From that hour he has not taken anything that can intoxicate; and is happy himself and renders his family happy besides; and I will venture to say that Joseph will have an answer ready for any one who asks him 'What good will it do to sign the pledge?'

'Uncle Edward, you may put my name down,' said Henry, 'and I thank you for telling me that story.'

So saying, he put on his skates, and went upon the ice with a swift motion, to tell the story of black-eyed Joe to his companions.

If thou hast fear of those who command thee, spare those who obey thee.

The Strawberry Boy.

The following simple and unvarnished story is strictly true. It is given as a horticultural item, to illustrate the progress in early life of a young horticulturist in that branch of industry.

Fourteen years ago last May, on Saturday at noon, a boy called at my dwelling house, to sell strawberries. He was of slender form, apparently about fourteen years of age, with a bright and intelligent countenance. The fruit was beautiful and tempting, but I had bought enough at market in the morning for dinner and for tea, and refused to purchase more. He observed that his strawberries had just been picked from the vines, and would keep for the Sunday. My wife was much pleased with his gentle and pleasant manners, and decided at once to purchase, and to engage a daily supply from him for the season. Upon inquiry we learned that, with his father and young brother, he cultivated vegetables and fruit to sell in the Cincinnati market, on a small place near Newport Kentucky, that he had a taste for horticulture and for books, and that no effort was spared to improve his knowledge in both. In summer he cultivated the soil, in winter the mind.

For three years we were regularly supplied by this boy, from the earliest to the latest period of the season, with strawberries freshly gathered, of fine quality, and at moderate prices; then with raspberries in succession.

The fourth year we missed him on his accustomed round, and feared that we should see him no more. My wife felt disappointed a good deal about it.

He was so intelligent and obliging, so gentle and engaging in his manners, that she had taken a great fancy to him. Beside all this, where could we supply our table with such fine strawberries, brought daily to the house? Various inquiries were made, but nothing could be heard of him. She only knew his Christian name; the other, if she ever heard it had escaped her memory. She recollected to have observed an occasional hectic flush on his cheek, and feared that the fell destroyer, consumption, had marked him for its own. Poor boy! she said, we shall never see him again, he has run his race, and will soon be forgotten.

Years had passed away and we had ceased to speak of him, when one day a young man of genteel appearance called at my store and, presenting his hand, asked if I remembered him. In the hurry and bustle of business life, one forms so many acquaintances that it is not easy to recollect every name or face at first sight. I therefore answered that I did not. He replied that when a boy he used to supply us with strawberries, and he then inquired kindly for my wife and children.

He stated that, by diligence in his horticultural pursuits, he had saved some money and was then interested in a small store in a neighboring town. I was delighted to see him, and to hear of his prosperity, and gave him a cordial invitation to my house but he pleaded want of time, and departed. On reaching home in the evening my wife was much pleased to hear that her young friend the 'Strawberry Boy' was living and well, but felt rather slighted at his not calling to see her.

Two years ago, when I saw him again, he was comparatively rich, worth some fifty thousand dollars, had married the daughter of a late distinguished lawyer, and had purchased and was then residing in his fine mansion, in one of the cities opposite our own. Occupied in business of public trust and responsibility, he lives respected and esteemed by all his neighbors. He is well known to many of our citizens of Cincinnati. With all this prosperity, he has the good sence to remember that he wss once the little 'Strawberry Boy,' and, no doubt, feels prouder of being the architect of his own fortune, from that foundation, than if he had inherited ten times as much from his ancestor.—*Horticulturist.*

Another Know Nothing.

COM. STOCKTON, of New Jersey, a prominent Democrat, and, for six years, a Senator in Congress from that State, has written a letter to Mr. Robbinett, of Wilmington, Delaware, wherein he fully commits himself to the doctrine of the American party. We clip a few paragraphs from his letter, that our readers may see to what Locofocoism is tending.

But as I approved of the principles of the American party when in its infancy, I am unwilling that it should be believed now, when it exists in the vigor of manhood, that I have become derelict to those principles, or that I can refuse, on any proper occasion, to avow myself an American Democrat, or shrink from the fraternal recognition of those who espouse my principles, no matter under what designation they may have formerly acted. No, Sir; the history of our country, since I first approved your principles, has only strengthened and confirmed the opinions which I entertained at the period to which you refer.

To your first interrogatory, therefore, I answer and say: I am in favor of confining all executative and administrative functions of office to American-born.

In relation to your second interrogatory, I answer that I am in favor of "an extension of the period of residence previous to naturalization, to at least twenty-one years, or a total repeal of the naturalization laws, as, in the wisdom of the people, may seem fit."

Demagogues should no longer be permitted to manufacture hordes of freshly imported aliens into voters, to nullify the voice of Americans in the ballot-box.—The Corrupt rivalship of parties for the purchase of foreign-born voters must cease. It never will cease, however, until the swarms of emigrants who monthly land on our shores shall cease to be offered, in the political market, to the highest bidder.

We should manage our fortune as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply lent remedies, except in [illegible] sity.

[illegible] worst colors in use, [illegible] received at the Gazette [illegible] 1854 S. S. MUNGER.