



Poetry.

TO MY MOTHER. My Mother! many a burning word Would not suffice the love to tell...

Select Tales.

OUR MARY

"Put on your India-rubbers, Louise," said aunt Catherine, as I was going out. "Oh, I don't want to, auntie. It's only a bother. The ground isn't much damp, and if I do get my feet wet I can dry them..."

It is not strange that I, her god-child, should look up to her with such tender reverence. This night of which I am speaking, when Betty had brought the lights, and heaped the fire for the evening, I sat down on a low stool at aunt Catherine's feet, and petitioned for the story of—"Our Mary."

And Mary went. At first we missed her sadly, and her letters were like wails for the free sunshine, the fresh air, and the glad birds of heaven. She longed to get back to us, to kiss our well remembered faces; and to kneel beside us in the great country church.

standing there sometime. At last, as you mother and Annie were fastening her sleeves, and I was standing behind her, watching the effect in the large sized mirror opposite, I noticed that she grew deathly pale. A moment more and she would have fallen, had I not caught her in my arms.

The next Thursday he came down to stay until Saturday, and my mother resolved to give a party in his honor. It came off on Friday evening. Our house and the grounds adjoining it were by far the handsomest in Ryefield, for at that time, your grandfather was very rich.

The walls were covered with studies in all stages of progress: from the first rude outline to the finished painting. Here, a crucifixion sketched in crayons, was pinned by the door; here, a half-length portrait of a Spanish dancing girl; a little farther on, a representation of a dead body extended on a bed, looking almost real in the distance; in one corner, a lay-figure, draped in a long scarlet mantle, was leaning awkwardly against a hobby-horse, whose sole duty appeared to be the patient endurance of rusty chain armor and tarnished velvet housings; another corner was heaped up with broken plaster casts of the Apollo and Laocoon, torsos, masks, rapiers, lutes, gigantic hands and feet, bronzes, helmets, targets, foils, empty frames, lances, foils, color-boxes, canvas rolls, and all the multifarious rubbish that crowd the painter's atelier; another figure in a suit of polished steel, stood like a dumb sentinel near the entrance; close beside it, on a shelf with some dusty books and a broken hour glass, a human skull and a broken hour glass, a human skull and a broken hour glass, a human skull...

ly he covered the precious painting, and resigned his pencils to the slave; slowly he wrapped himself in his cloak, girt his rapier to his side, and moved towards the door. "Senior," said he, "you will be here in the morning." Then, turning to the attendant, "To-night, Pareja, place everything in order, and make the studio as neat as possible. His Majesty the King will visit us to-morrow." The door closed upon the master, and then upon the young girl, and the mulatto was left alone. For a long time he stood thoughtful and silent, as if pondering upon the last words of the artist. Then suddenly clasping his hands, and looking fervently upwards— "Blessed be our Lady and holy St. Jago," he exclaimed, "for these good tidings! The time is at last arrived, and to-morrow's sunset will see my fate decided. Come what may, be it fame or disgrace, it will be better than suspense. But time is short; much remains to be done; courage, amigo, all may yet be well!" He flew to the door of the studio, and drew a heavy chain across it; then struck a light and placed an oil lamp upon the table; hastily cleaned the room of the disorder in which the students had left it; drew the curtain closely before the skylight; and then, from behind a mass of lumber in a distant corner, drew forth a small painting and placed it on an easel before him. It was the figure of a Madonna, with the child Jesus in her arms. She was sitting in a small dark chamber of a mean cottage; everything around was wrapped in black obscurity, but one single ray of dazzling sunlight came through an aperture in the thatched roof, straight down upon her head, bent lovingly over the babe, and over her golden hair. Nothing could be more simple than the picture; and yet the expression of maternal affection the bright thread of radiant light, the patch of blue sky peeping through the broken roof, and the dark comfortable apartment, had something infinitely touching, and almost sublime in its effect. The mulatto stood for some seconds looking at his work with honest pride, and then actually bent down and kissed the picture. It was his child, the child of his soul. No model had sat for the poor mulatto; he had owed nothing to opportunity and instruction; nothing to imitation or to art. His picture was the true outpouring of his artist nature: painted by stealth in the night hours; hidden from every eye; finished and colored by the light of a feeble lamp; all was his own; and his Madonna was modelled on the beautiful of his thoughts. Hours passed on, the morning advanced slowly, and the slave was yet busy at his toil. At last the sunlight struggled through the blind, and paling his lamp, warned him of the arrival of day. He rose with a sigh, replaced the brushes and colors, extinguished the light, and drew back the curtain. "Now for the hazard of success," he murmured; "would that the moment were come." So saying, he laid the picture against some others near the door, but turned the face to the wall. A painting thus placed is sure to excite curiosity, by the show of avoiding it; and the mulatto estimated aright the inquisitive disposition of the royal amateur. He then unchained the door, and the master soon after arriving, found him busily preparing the students' palettes for the day's employment. One by one they came, chatting and laughing merrily at the door of the studio, but silent, diligent, and respectful the moment they entered it. Respect all had arrived, the noiseless work was going on again; not a sound was heard save the light touches of the pencils, the soft footfall of the slave, or the whisper of the master as he praised or condemned their efforts. No one observed the picture laid against the wall. The sun rose higher and higher in the sky, noonday came and went, and the time drew near when the council separated, and the royal visitor generally came. Pareja's heart beat fast, and he would now have removed the painting if it had been possible, but it was no more in his power.—The king might resent his temer-

It? would Velasquez ever forgive him might not the picture, after all, be a mere daub?

Footsteps came hastily across the yard, there was the murmur of many voices, the ring of golden spurs; the door was thrown widely open, and a voice announced—  
"The King!"

The students all rose up, the painter bent his knee before the monarch, and the slave retreated to a distant corner.  
Philip the Fourth of Spain, was then young; and, though never handsome, had a noble presence. His rich riding dress, his glittering star and jeweled cap, the throng of courtiers that poured after him into the room, the suddenness of his arrival, all combined to throw the slave-artist into an agony of apprehension. He became pale and red by turns, and was obliged to lean for support against a chair.

"Ah!" said the king, "our painting progresses rapidly, and methinks it will crown the splendor of our gallery. Observe, my lords, the pillars of the Cathedral, how they stand out from the canvas, and those streams of colored light pouring through the painted windows upon the principal group! Then the grand altar, and the Corinthian screen, and the vaulted roof! 'Tis a royal picture, royally painted! But what have we here, Velasquez—another gem?"

"Indeed, sire, I know not," replied the artist, as he turned it to the light, "probably one of my scholars—but no—it is masterly!"

"Alas!" said the King, "and you would have hidden this treasure from us, Señor Velasquez, the fruit of your leisure hours! And yet—by St. Diego, 'tis not your hand either!"

"I protest, sire, that I have never held the picture till this moment," exclaimed the master; "but if any gentlemen here present" and he glanced round upon the students who pressed anxiously forward—"if any gentleman will claim this painting, I shall be proud to acknowledge him as my pupil."

There was a dead silence.  
"And I will purchase it from him with six hundred crowns," said King Phillip.

No reply.  
"And he shall have the first place in my studio, at my own right hand," said Velasquez.

"But if it were a poor slave! If it were Pareja!"

The artist turned. The mulatto was kneeling beside him, his hands clasped to gether, and the big tear drops rolling down his swarthy cheeks.

"If it were Pareja, would you pardon him, master?"

Velasquez was silent—from surprise, not anger.

The King extended his hand to the slave:—Señor Velasquez," said he, with a benevolent smile, "you see that a painter like this must not remain a slave!"

Juan de Pareja kissed the royal hand and rose a free man.

The reader will be pleased to learn that this story is a true one; and moreover, that the hero of it, after this event, rose rapidly in fame and fortune. His attachment to his former owner was not weakened by prosperity. The grateful mulatto never left his house, but remained with him to the day of his death. The portrait of Juan de Pareja, painted by Velasquez hangs in the gallery of Lord Radnor.

**THE BABY'S COMPLAINT.**

The following is a specimen of Fanny Fern's last prauk, "LITTLE FERN'S FOR FANNY'S LITTLE FRIENDS," what we have not yet received from the publishers. But we know "Fanny," well enough to commend her books and to wish for ourselves and for everybody's children a copy of this.

Now, I suppose you think, because you never see me do anything but feed and sleep, that I have a very nice time of it. Let me tell you that you are mistaken, and that I am tormented half to death, although I never say anything about it. How should you like every morning to have your nose washed up instead of down? How should you like to have a pin put through your dress into your skin, and have to bear it all day till your clothes were taken off at night? How should you like to be held so near the fire that your eyes were half scorched out of your head, while your nose was reading a novel? How should you like to have a great fly light on your nose, and not know how to take aim at him, with your little, fat, useless fingers? How should you like to be left alone in the room to take a nap, and have a great pussy jump into your cradle, and sit staring at you with her great green eyes, till you were all a tremble? How should you like to reach out your hand for the pretty bright candle, and find out that it was way across the room, instead of close by? How should you like to fire yourself out crawling way across the carpet, to pick up a pretty button or pin, and have it snatched away, as soon as you begin to enjoy it? I tell you it is enough to ruin any baby's temper. How should you like to have your mamma stay at a party till you were as hungry as a little cub, and be left to the mercy of a nurse, who trotted you up and down till every bone in your body ached? How should you like, when your mamma dressed you all up pretty to take the nice, fresh air, to spend the afternoon with your nurse in some smoky kitchen, while she gossiped with one of her cronies? How should you like to submit to have your toes tickled by all the children who insisted upon "seeing the baby's feet?" How should you like to have a dreadful pain under your apron, and have every body call you "a little cross thing," when you couldn't speak to tell what was the matter with you? How should you like to crawl to the top stair, (just to look about a little,) and pitch heels over head from the top to the bottom?

Oh, I can tell you it is no joke to be a baby! Such a thinking as we keep up; and if we try to find anything, we are sure to get our brains knocked out in the attempt. It is very trying to a sensible baby, who is in a hurry to know everything, and can't wait to grow up.

WINE BREWING.—E. C. Delevan is informed by a workman in a wine brewing establishment, that he has frequently seen \$100 made on a single cask of liquor sold as wine, which did not contain a drop of the juice of the grape, but was made from whiskey and drugs.



**AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL.**

V. B. PALMER is the Agent for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His receipts will be regarded as payments. His office is in No. 101 Broadway, Boston, Tribune Building, New-York, and North-West corner Third and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

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**THE NEW YEAR.**

The sun of to-day will set forever on the year 1853. To-morrow's light will call many to the duties, the cares, the hopes, and the joys of another new year. How swiftly these landmarks in life's journey pass us by, like the milestones of which we catch glimpses from the rushing rail-train. So these mark our speed toward that undiscovered country, upon whose shores are seen no footmarks earthward-bound. The closing of the year is ever a solemn season with those who spare time from life's engrossments to think. The experiences of a year are not without moment to every child of earth; to many how deep and earnest! to none slight or unimportant. In a worldly point of view, this is a season for examination into the state of one's affairs; a time for the settlement of accounts and the squaring of books; a time to look one's business full in the face, asking and receiving with honesty and open mind the question and answer of its abilities to afford means for a proper living and something beyond. Such a review is the dictate of common honesty, if nothing more; for a business that is running behind, is nursing fraud and injustice, to be imposed upon somebody at some future day.

The man who has not the courage for such review, is the veriest coward alive; for he dares not trust himself. If by the beginning of each year were made by every business man, the occasion of a strict examination into his pecuniary condition and prospects, and the result of such examination viewed with wisdom, and honestly heeded, there would be less business for assignees and fewer cases where a "per cent" was made to take the place of the full amount of honest claims. It is also a season for earnest self-examination. Life admits of no season of positive rest, we are either moving up or down in the scale of being daily, constantly.—We can never be to day precisely what we were yesterday, nor to-morrow what we are to-day; a year then has wrought changes in us, have we changed for the better, or have we changed for the worse? These are interesting and important questions to us all. Has the year now closing witnessed in us the formation of any new and better purpose in living, or if having witnessed its fulfillment? Are we better and as a consequence, happier to-day than this day twelve months ago? On the other hand, does the closing year find us with some incipient bad habit confirmed; some good resolutions, made at its beginning unfulfilled, and our power for goodness thus weakened? As we sit and watch with the closing hours of the waning year what answer shall go up from our guardian angels to the cry, "Watchman what of the night?"

But the year has fled with noiseless step along the track of centuries, adding itself to the eternity of the past. To many it is a year to be remembered for its joys, and for the number of its blessings; to others its remembrances will ever be associated with gloom and sorrow; but joy or sorrow avail little with the relentless past.

"Let the dead past bury its dead! Act—act in the living present! Heart within, and God overhead!"

If the past has not been all that it might have been to any one of us, let its faults and neglects be atoned for by greater earnestness now, and in the future. To all our readers and friends we say, we trust you can look back with pleasure and profit to the past, and will awake tomorrow to a bright and happy New Year.

**GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK.**

On Tuesday morning a fire broke out in the building No. 244 Front Street, New York, occupied as a bakery. It resulted in the destruction of several buildings with their contents, and considerable shipping lying in the slip near the place where the fire originated. Among the vessels destroyed was the new and beautiful clipper ship Great Republic, recently launched at Boston. She had just taken in her cargo, which consisted of 896 tierces of beef, 97 tierces of lard, 53 barrels of lard, 23,406 bushels of wheat, 33,500 bushels of corn, 6,620 barrels of flour, 1,023 bales of cotton, 639 boxes of tea, 4,046 barrels of resin, 14 hogsheads of tobacco, 20 casks of Argals, and 367 pieces of maple and cedar wood. The entire cargo was valued at \$250,000, and was bound for Liverpool. The Great Republic was the largest merchantman in the world. She

was 325 feet long, 53 wide, and 37 deep, and measured 4,650 tons.

The New York Tribune notices the loss of this ship as follows:

The destruction of the clipper Great Republic is justly considered to be a public calamity. She was not only one of the most beautiful ships ever built, but her extraordinary magnitude and the anticipations connected with her, had caused her to be regarded with something of national pride and interest. The opinion was very generally entertained that she would outstrip all competitors and carry off the palm from the world, and her loss just as she was about to start for the prize sends a shock far beyond the limits of the commercial class, among the great public of those who are in the habit of watching the progress of industry and enterprise in every department. Besides, she was a scientific experiment. We were to learn from her whether the speed of ships increases indefinitely in proportion to their size, or whether our builders have already reached the maximum of velocity as well as the bounds of safety and economy in nautical construction. In Europe, too, where her fame had already gone, her coming was anxiously looked for, and her untoward fate will be regretted. It is a consolation that her spirited builder and proprietor was insured, and will not be a sufferer by the event. The cost of the ship must have been not far from \$240,000. The insurance on vessel and freight is known to be \$260,000, and it may be more. Being thus sheltered, his energies will not be crippled by this untoward event, which we presume from his past history, will but prompt him to yet higher endeavors. If he does but produce another ship like this now destroyed, he will call into existence a finer specimen of naval architecture than the world has seen from other builders in six thousand years. Success attend him!

We are happy to learn that Santa Claus did not forget our humble village in his annual travelling expedition "going up and down in the world, and to and fro in the same;" but made many a little stocking heavy, and many a little heart light by his mysterious nocturnal visit. We are sorry, however, to learn that one of our young friends, who received only \$3.50 in value from the bag of wonders, was so disappointed at the niggardly character of the old gentleman as to declare that she had a good mind not to touch one of the things he had left.

Well, this is a funny world; this same amount could have been divided up among a score of poor little ones, and have cast a gleam of sunshine upon their shadowy walk in life which would not have faded in many a day. Gratitude dies amidst abundance.

It is said by the weatherwise that if the first snow of the season is accompanied by a high wind, the same will be the case with all the storms of the winter. On the same principle, we suppose that it rains every Sunday in a month when the month begins with a rainy Sunday. The experience of the past week would lead one to a belief in the first proverb, anyway.

**RUM,**

**ITS DOINGS, AND DOINGS RESPECTING IT.**

On Wednesday evening, an American man, named Pierce, belonging to Holyoke, was found lying by the roadside in the lower part of Exchange street, dead drunk. His extreme cold weather, together with his condition, must have inevitably caused his death before morning, had he not been discovered. He was placed in charge of the police, and furnished with proper lodgings. On Thursday he was brought before C. R. Ladd, Esq., and fined two dollars and costs, for being a common drunkard. His wife is employed in the mills here, and rather than have him sent to jail, she paid the fine and costs, amounting to as much as she could earn in an entire month, exclusive of her board. This is a hard case, when looked upon by the eye of man, with his imperfect sense of justice; but what must it be in the eye of Him who is Justice itself, and who does not suffer even a sparrow to fall unnoticed!

Rum has an account of fearful odds to settle somewhere and somehow, and not the least of the items will be its burden of the innocent.

Horace Wright, as agent or employee of Closson Pendleton Esq., of Williamstown, was brought before Justice Morton of Springfield, one day this week, charged with selling intoxicating drink, contrary to law.

One Mallory was summoned to testify on the part of the Government, and stated that he was invited by Geo. W. Philbrick to drink with him; and that the liquor was bought of the defendant, and paid for by Philbrick. Upon calling Philbrick to the stand, he would not swear that he did not buy any liquor, but "could not recollect." Wright was fined \$10 and appealed.

**THE LEGISLATURE.**

On Wednesday next, the Legislature of Massachusetts assembles at Boston. The Whigs having a large majority, will of course control the organization of the two branches. The Whig members have a great responsibility resting upon them, and upon the manner in which they discharge this delicate trust, mainly depends the chances for a continuation of their party in power. We have great confidence that all will come out right. We shall keep our readers informed of the doings of the Legislature from week to week, through the communications of our Boston correspondent of last winter.

We don't say whether we hung up our stockings last Saturday night as a decoy for the Christmas prize distributor, or not; but we do say that if we did, we are none the richer for it. We suppose however, that New Year's was considered a better time to make us happy through the kind remembrances of friends; we shall acquiesce in this opinion if we have abundant reason to do so.

**REPRESENTATIVES ELECT.**—The caucus of the Whig members elect of the Legislature, will be held at Boston, on Tuesday evening next, to nominate candidates for Speaker and Clerk of the House. As the West has a candidate for Clerk—Mr. Stowe of Springfield—it is important that the Whig Representatives of the Western Counties should be present to secure his nomination. If they are all there, his success is certain.—*Northampton Gazette.*

We have before expressed our earnest desire that Mr. Stowe might be elected Clerk of the next House. The advice of the *Gazette* is quite to the point, and if every Whig member from the western section of the State does his duty by word and deed, and that in season, there can be no doubt that such will be the result.

**THE INQUIER**, published at Bradford Vt., commences its third volume with its last issue, Dec. 24. The editorial "leader," considering this event contains some excellent remarks suited to the experience of every country Publisher. We extract briefly where we should be glad to cut deeper.

In the outset let us observe that we regret that we cannot give everybody satisfaction. But it is easily perceived that where there exists in the community such a diversity of opinions upon many subjects, for an Editor to get along without displeasing some, if not many, is utterly impossible, unless he relinquish his independence, and sedulously keep his own ideas to himself. Narrow minded folks will only read views favoring their own notions; philosophers alone delight in reading what is said upon every side of a question; but the trouble in the world is one possessing a philosophic liberality. So friends, you see the Editor's temptation to be a dough-face.

This paragraph, from the German, most happily hits the attributes of wife, mistress and lady. It is just as true as writ:

"Who marries for love takes a wife, who marries for money takes a mistress, who marries for consideration takes a lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and your friends, a lady for the world. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will accommodate you, your lady will manage you.—Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress will visit you, your lady will inquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, ride with your mistress, and join parties with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money, and your lady your debts. If you are dead, your wife will shed tears, your mistress lament, and your lady wear mourning."

The venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, in a recent Lyceum Lecture, accounted for the fact that there was more wastefulness at the South than at the North, on the ground that the children at the North are "judiciously whipped," while at the South they are not whipped at all!

Edwin, the comedian, towards the close of his life was a great drinker, and being ill of a fever, attended with great thirst, a consultation of physicians was called; who debating among themselves how to cure the fever and remove the thirst,—  
"Gentlemen, said the patient, "do you cure the fever, and I shall remove the thirst myself."

A New Orleans paper tells us of a man who has worn out four pair of boots in two months, all in trying to collect money to pay for them! Really these are "times to try men's soles!"

**GREAT MEN.**—A great man is the one who in some sense or other, adds to the world's possessions; be it in government, in poetry, or in philosophy, he is a bringer into life—a builder a creator, a planter, an inventor—in some sort a doer of that which nobody else has done before him, and which nobody, then, besides himself, seems willing or prepared to do. Now, it is very certain that the world really loses none of its possessions. A truth once known is known forever.—*Simms.*

It is said that Dr. Dunlop, being present at a party where one of the company had made several puns on the names of persons present, remarked that he never heard his name punned upon. "There is nothing in the world more easy, sir," replied the punster, "just lop off half of the name, and it is *Dun*."

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter—"Be sure, my dear, that you never marry a poor man; but remember, the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else."

A bickering pair of Quakers were lately heard in high controversy, and the repentant husband exclaimed:

"I am determined to have one quiet week with thee."

"But how will thou get it?" said his taunting spouse—a "reiteration," which married ladies so provokingly indulge in.

"I'll keep thee a week after thou'rt dead," was the rejoinder.

A poor Yankee, upon being asked the nature of his distress, replied, "that five outs and one in,—to wit,—out of money and out of clothes; out at the heels, and out at the toes; out of credit and in debt."

**CHANGE IN THE EARTH'S ELEVATION.**

We have been favored with some observations made by Baron de Terloo, a Belgian naturalist and traveller, now residing in our city, showing that an important change has taken place in the level of the ground about the Mission. During the last twenty months the surface at the Mission has been elevated about eighteen inches, but the change was not accompanied by any perceptible quake or subterranean noise.

It is well known that very remarkable changes of this kind are constantly going on in South America. In the Straits of Magellan, the earth has been raised more than 16 feet; the islands of Chiloe and Madre de Dios have raised 10 feet; Talcahuano, 17 feet; Vina, 12 feet in 12 years; and Copija, 5 feet in two years. The earth has likewise been perceptibly raised within a few years at Panama, Viejo, and San Blas.—*Ala California.*

**THE ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP AN IRISH GIRL FOR HER SUSPECTED PROTESTANTISM.**—We have already told the story of the infamous attack made on a poor Irish orphan girl in Chelsea, by two of her own relations, and of the trial of the assaulting parties, the fine inflicted on one of them, and her appeal from this judgment. We have now a brief chapter to add to the story. Last evening, agreeably to previous arrangements, the sister of the little girl visited the house of Mr. Huntington, in company with a Police Officer and one of the Sletmen of Chelsea. The two sisters had a long private conference, from which the younger came out protesting firmly her unwillingness to go with her Catholic sister and friends, and expressing her desire to remain where she then was. Mr. Haskell, one of the Sletmen of the town, then took the child into a room, and interrogated her, and received the same firm answer, that she could not go with her Catholic friends, and chose to remain with Mr. and Mrs. Huntington. The sisters then took their leave of each other, the elder declaring that if the younger persisted in her Protestantism, the separation should be total and forever. The child, though saddened and distressed, still remained firm, and the sisters parted. Steps are to be taken immediately to have a guardian legally appointed to protect the child, and it is hoped and expected that her Roman Catholic friends will hereafter leave her in peace with God and her own conscience. The cousin, who so ferociously assailed the poor orphan, seized by the hair and dragging her upon the floor, has thought better of her appeal to the Municipal Court, and paid the fine of \$20 and costs.—*Boston Traveller, 23d.*

**REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF THE LIFE OF AN INFANT AT SEA.** About ten months since, the captain of an East India ship, in company with his wife, and an infant a few days old, left the port of Calcutta for Boston. After being at sea two days his wife died when he put back for a nurse. With much difficulty he procured one, and again put to sea. When three days out, the nurse was taken with the scurvy, of which disease she was afflicted the whole voyage, and consequently was unable to give the slightest attention to the child. In this emergency the milk of a goat was resorted to as food for the babe.—After a few weeks the goat died, and from that time till the arrival of the ship at this port, a few days since, the only food the infant had partaken of was hard sea bread soaked in water, the father acting as nurse and discharging the duties devolving upon him as captain of the ship during a long and stormy passage.

On arrival, the nurse was taken to the hospital, and has since died. The captain went at once to his home with his child and the remains of his mother, which were interred in Pilgrim soil on Sunday last. The child, now about ten months old, appears to be in good health, notwithstanding the hardships and sufferings it has passed through during its brief "Life on the ocean wave, And home on the rolling deep."

*Transcript.*

A few nights since, the wife of A. F. Towne, of North Adams, dreamed that her son, a lad of nine years, was kicked in the breast by a horse which he was leading to water, and was brought to the house with his cap drawn over his head, and with a presentiment that he should not survive his injuries. Four days afterwards the lad was brought to the house in the precise condition prefigured in her singular dream.—Instead of being kicked by a horse, however, he received his injuries by being crushed between a wagon and the barn. In all other respects the dream was but a type of the reality.

**SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.**—A Brazilian newspaper publishes the following particulars of a bill which was adopted last year by the Chamber of Deputies, but which failed in the other House.

1. That all children born after the passage of this law shall be free.

2. All those shall be considered free who are born in other countries, and come to Brazil after this date.

3. Every one who serves from birth to seven years of age, any of those included in article 1, or who has to serve so many years, at the end of fourteen years, shall be emancipated, and live as he chooses.

4. Every slave paying for his liberty a sum equal to that which he cost his master, or who shall gain it by honorable or gratuitous title, the master shall be obliged to give him a free paper, under penalty of Article 179 of the Criminal Code.

5. Where there is no stipulated price, or fixed value of the slave, it shall be determined by arbitrators, one of whom shall be the public promoter of the town.

7. The government is authorized to give precise regulations for the execution of this law, and also to form establishments necessary for taking care of those who, born after this date, may be abandoned by the owners of slaves.

8. Opposing laws and regulations are repealed.

Were it not for imaginary evils, the lives of many would be much less miserable.

**LITTLE GEORGE'S STORY.**

My Aunt Libby patted me on the head the other day and said, "George, my boy, this is the happiest part of your life." I guess Aunt Libby don't know much. I guess she never worked a week to make a kite, and the first time she went to fly it the tail got hitched in a tall tree, whose owner wouldn't let her climb up to disentangle it. I guess she never broke one of the runners of her sled some Saturday afternoon, when it was "prime" coasting. I guess she never had to give her biggest marbles to a great lubberly boy, because he would thrash her if she didn't. I guess she never had a "hockey stick" play round her ankles in recess, because she got above a fellow in the class. I guess she never had him twitch off her best cap and toss it in a mud-puddle. I guess she never had to give her humming-top to quiet the baby, and have the paint all sucked off. I guess she never saved up all her coppers a whole winter to buy a trumpet, and then was told she mustn't blow it, because it would make a noise. Now—I guess my Aunt Libby don't know much; little boys have troubles as well as grown people,—all the difference is they aren't complain. Now, I never had a "bran new" jacket and trousers in my life—never—and I don't believe I ever shall; for my two brothers have shot up like Jack's bean-stalk, and left all their out-grown clothes "to be made over for George;" and that cross old tallness keeps me from bat and ball an hour on the stretch, while she laps over, and nips in, and tucks up, and cuts off their great baggy clothes for me. And when she puts me out the door, she's sure to say—"Good bye, little Tom Thumb." Then when I go to my uncle's to dine, he always puts the big dictionary in a chair, to hoist me up high enough to reach my knife and fork; and if there is a dwarf apple or potato on the table, it is always laid on my plate. If I go to the playground to have a game of ball, the fellows all say—"Get out of the way, little blip, or we shall knock you into a cocked hat." I don't think I've grown a bit these two years. I know I haven't, by the mark on the wall—(and I stand up to measure every chance I get.) When visitors come to the house and ask me my age, and I tell them that I am nine years old, they say, "Tut, tut! little boys shouldn't tell fibs." My brother Hal, has got his first long-tailed coat already; I am really afraid I never shall have anything but a jacket. I go to bed early, and have left off eating sweet-meats. I haven't put my fingers in the sugar-bowl this many a day. I eat meat like my father, and I stretch up my neck till it aches,—still I'm "little George," (nothing shorter; or, rather, I'm shorter than nothing. Oh! my Aunt Libby don't know much. How should she? she never was a boy!

**DIPTO.**

An honest old farmer, rather ignorant of the improved method of abbreviation, went to a certain store, with which he did his trading, to make his annual settlement.

On looking over the books, he occasionally found charges like the following—"To one pound ditto." Not knowing the meaning of the term "ditto," he concluded the account was not correct, and posted off home to inquire into the affair.

"Wife," said he, this is a pretty piece of business; there is Mr. S.—, he has charged me with several pounds of ditto. Now, I should like to know what you have done with so much ditto?"

"Ditto, ditto?" replied the old lady, "I never had a pound of ditto in the house in my life."

So back went the farmer in high dudgeon that he should be charged with things he had never received.

"Mr. S.—," said he, "my wife says that she never had a pound of ditto in her house in her life. The merchant thereupon explained the meaning of the term, and the farmer went home satisfied. His wife inquired if he had found out the meaning of ditto.

"Yes," said he, "it means that I'm a darned fool, and you're ditto."

**ALTERED BILLS.** A large number of bank bills, altered from one to ten dollars, are in circulation. Most of the bills are of Boston banks, there being less danger of their detection as they do not pass through the Suffolk. In one instance within the past week, we saw a one dollar bill bearing the new gold dollar vignette, just issued by the New England Bank Note Company, so adroitly altered to a five as to pass through the hands of a most skillful bank officer. These alterations can almost always be detected by holding to the light, but are so nicely made as almost to render detection with the naked eye impossible.

*Traveller.*

**BE CAREFUL TO WHOM YOU TALK.**—Two young ladies were once singing a duet in a concert-room. A stranger, who had heard better performances, turned to his neighbor, saying: "Does not the lady in white sing wretchedly?"

"Excuse me, Sir," replied he; I hardly feel at liberty to express my sentiments, being not impartial in the case; it is my sister."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," answered the stranger in much confusion, "I meant the lady in blue."

"You are perfectly right there," replied the neighbor; "I have often told her so myself; it is my wife!"

"Samuel, my darling little sonny," says the good mother, "I've not seen your book for several days or more—where is it?"

"I know where it is."

"Well, where?"

"Why, it's only lost, a little kinder—in the house, down sular, in the barn, or round out doors, summers, I guess; pre'aps up garret or ahind the wood-pile!"

**MEANNESS.**—In Cincinnati, according to the newspapers of that city, beef and pork, which has become so tainted as to render it no longer merchantable, is purchased and prepared so as to divest it of offensiveness and appearance of decay, and after such preparation packed and sent to the markets on the seaboard. One of the journals of that city says this has become an extensive and profitable business.

At Athens county, Ohio, a few days since, two intoxicated men, father and son, took the child of the latter to a wood pile and chopped its head off with an axe, because it was fretful.

**THE CAPE COD RAILROAD** is actively progressing. The cars commenced running to West Barnstable on the 19th inst., and in a few days they will run to Barnstable. The road is now being graded within one mile of the landing of the Nantucket steamers.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

A serious accident happened to Mr. Henry A. Gay, depot master at Quincy, on the Old Colony Railroad, on Monday morning. He was engaged in shackling two freight cars together, and was jammed between them.

A meeting has been held in New Bedford, Mass., to obtain subscriptions to the "Million Fund," to enforce the liquor law. Mr. Dunbar, of Easton, said that \$200,000 had already been subscribed towards it in other parts of Bristol county. A committee was appointed to visit those who sell liquor, and warn them of the impending danger, if they continue the traffic.

Taking the last census as the basis of the calculation, there are at this time about six hundred million dollars' worth live stock in the United States. Their value exceeds that of all the manufacturing establishments in the country, and also exceeds the capital employed in commerce, both inland and foreign.

Rev. Thomas F. Norris, publisher of the "Boston Olive Branch," died on Wednesday.

**SNAKEY.**—A black snake some six or seven inches in length, as large around as a goosequill and having a white ring around its neck, was lately ejected from the stomach of Miss Pamela Dumas, of Strykersville, N. Y.

**FIRST ICE OF THE SEASON.**—Mr. Tudor commenced the work of cutting ice on his artificial pond, in Cambridge, yesterday morning, for the purpose of doubling it. It was probably about three-inches in thickness.—*Bunker Hill Aurora, 11th.*

A number of licensed taverns in Philadelphia is 1,965, which is one tavern to every forty-four and a half of the 86,943 taxable inhabitants of the city and districts.

The button factory of the Pomeroy Manufacturing Company at Wallingford, Ct., was destroyed by fire on Tuesday. Loss from \$6,000 to \$7,000—insurance \$4,000.

Five burglaries of stores and dwellings at Albany, on Sunday night, realized \$500 to the rogues.

On Sunday night, Mr. Hayes, keeper of the poor farm in Groton, murdered his wife and three children and then cut his own throat. No particulars.

**A SAD CATASTROPHE.**—A man with a pale white horse and a suspicious looking wagon, was discovered in Haydensville, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 21, in the act of making spiritual manifestations to some true believers, when there appeared those (that were not expected. The spiritual man took fright, and started so suddenly that a barrel rolled out upon the ground, the head burst out, and Mother Earth took in the contents at "one fell swoop."

*Hampshire Gazette.*

Massachusetts, with a population of 994,504, has but 1861 native-born adults who cannot read and write: while Virginia, with a population less than one-half greater, shows 77,005 in the same ignorant condition. Louisiana, with a population of 255,491 whites, shows 21,221 natives who do not read or write, against nearly 30,670 in New York, which has a white population of 3,048,325—nearly twelve times as large as that of Louisiana. Comparisons of this sort, however disagreeable to States where education is limited in its sphere, cannot fail to induce profitable reflection, and stimulate to efforts for improvement.

"There is mischief at the bottom of every mischief," said Joe. "Yes," replied Charley, "when I used to get into mischief my mother was at the bottom of me."

Don't always look for mere beauty in a woman. Those who think a girl



