# CAMBIIDGE, MD. R. S. TALL, EDITOR.

# POETRY.

HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER.

What is home without a mother?

What are all these joys we meet? When her loving smiles no longer Greet the coming of our feet, The days seem long the nights are drear, And time rolls slowly on; And O! how few are childhood's pleasures

Things we prize are first to vanish, Hearts we love to pass away; And how soon even in our childhood, We behold her turning gray; Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow, Her joys of earth are passed, And before welearn to know her, She hath breathed on earth her last.

When her gentle care is gone.

Other hearts may have their sorrows Griefs that quickly die away, But a mother lost in childhood, Grieves the heart from day to day, We miss her kind and willing hand, Her fond and earnest care; And O! how dear is life around us, What's home without a mother there?

# MISCELLANY.

## Personalities of Literati.

JERROLD. Douglass Jerrold, a well known contribone of the most caustic writers of the age, and with keen sensibility, he often writes under the impulse of the moment articles which his cooler judment condemns. Although a believer in hydropathy, his habits do not conform to the internal application of Adam's ale His Caudle Lectures have been read by every one. In conversation he is quick at tetort-not always refined.

He is a husband and grandfather. MACAULY.

The Hon. T B. Macaulay is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to aldermanic disproportions. His head has the same rotundity as his body; and seems stuck on it as firmly as a pin-head. This is nearly the sum of his personal defects; all else except the voice, which is manotonous and disagreeable, is certainly in his favor. His face seems literally instinct with expression; his eye, above a full of deep thought and meaning. As h walks, or rather straggles, along the street he seems in a state of thtal abstraction, un. mindful of all that is going on around him and solely occupied with his own working mind. You cannot help thinking that the literature with him is not a mere profes-Biou or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a part of himself, as though historical problems or analytics criticisms were a part of his daily and intellectual food.

from Nottingham. England, says.

"I have seen Bailey the author of "Fostus" His father is proprietor of the Notting ham Mercury, and the editorial department rests with him. He is a thick set sort of a man; of a stature below the middle size; complexion dark, and his cars reputations and fortunes have been made about eight and thirty. His physiogno- and sustained by the the friendly, though my would be clownish in expression, it unrequitted pen of the editor? How many his eyes did not redeem his other features He spoke of 'Festus,' and of its fame in lished in the United States."

# DE QUINCEY.

He is one of the smallest legged, smalthe human form divine, that one could find zaars of fashion and the haunts of ap- the bowers of love, we give the secret just ther ceremony, the general, who at that in a crowded city during a day's walk .- petite and dissipation, are througed with as it was told us: Mrs. R-invited him moment was writing a private letter on And if one adds to this figure clothes that an eager crowd, bearing gold in their to dinner, and to dinner he went. The his camp chest, replied without so much are neither fashionably cut, nor instidious- palms, and the commodities there needed good things were all dished up, and the looking from his work, "Tell him to go to ly adjusted, he will have a tolerable rough | are sold at enormous profits though intrin- and the party drew around the table. - - "-naming a place seldom mentionides of De Quircey. But then his brow, sically worthless, and paid for with scrup. Mrs. R-hastened to do the agreeable, ed except by hard swearers and clergypart of his head, and his light grey eyes of the newspaper is the seat of jewing, when jolley bones noticed his angel evi- major, "that does not strike me as appro- hood of Auburn, to witness a trial of mowers: that do not seem to look out, but to be cheapening, trades, orders and and pen- dently missing something. Pray, dear, priate language to use in a case of this ries of the most abst: use logic. are some- repudiate a printer's bill. thing that you would search a week to find the mates to; and you would be disappointed De Quincey now resides at Lasswade a romantic rural village, once the residence miles around.

LAMARTINE.

Lamartine is-yes, young ladies, posi- mistress pres away tively—a prim looking man, with a long | The washerwoman, with scarcely a ray in. She is related to the young lady who there is so much nutricious meat for me? face, short, grey hair, a slender figure, and of hope to sheer her in her toils, will live a suit of black. Put a pen behind his ears to see her fashionable sisters all die around and he would lock like a coufidential clerk. her, and the kitchen maid is hearty and Give his face more character and he would strong when her lady has to be nursed rewind you of Henry Clay. He has a fine like a sick child. It is sad truth that fashhead, phrenologically speaking-large and ion-pampered woman are almost worth- the lady who always hung a cloth before round at the top, with a spacious forehead less for all the great ends of human life.and a scant allotment of cheek. Prim is They have but little force of character; is likewise a relative of the lady who refue a benediction: The grace of our Lord sire to employ them upon us. the word though. There is nothing in his they have still less power of moral will, sed to carry a watch in her bosom because gestive of the romantic. He is not even live for no purpose; they accomplish no Byronic tie, he is evidently not the man to the hands of milliners and servants, to be heart and manners,

when he sits for his portrait.

large red, round cheeks stand out till they reared, what are they? What do they ev- Book of books, (the much reglected volseem to stretch the very skin that covers | er amount to, but weaker scions of the old | ume, ) but for fear they may not have the them, and it looks as smooth as a polished stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable article, we quote 1st.—Let the women. aprle. His black crisped hair is piled high woman exhibiting any power of mind for (that means all women) learn in silence above his forehead, and stands divided into which she became eminent? Read the with all subjection. But suffer not a two unequal masses, one inclining to the biographies of great men and women, who woman to teach, nor to usurp authority So Groome is a great man kase hes a "kurnel" right the other to the left. His eyes are had about as little to do with fashions as over the man, but to be in silence dark and his mouth sinuous, but not to the with the changing clouds. degree of vulgarity. His person is large, and his flowing mantle red. He is a gentleman to lay bare his throat and look ro-Yet he looks good humored, and like a man and Mr. Everett. Everett was entertainwhose capacity for physical enjoyment is ed at a public dinner before leaving Bos- defined by the highest authority we are boundless. His negro blood is evident ton, Judge Story gave a sentiment. 'Ge- dull of comprehension. Mercy! what will would not be detected by any one who goes.' Everett responded, 'Law, Equity it that they must haul off the trousers insknew it not It appears in the peculiar and Jurisprudence: tanter, or they'll never see the good counrotundity of the man and all his parts. It The above is not a correct version of try. Woman's Rights! What are they? crisped and heaped his hair; made him the matter. Judge story probably never Just to stay at home, mind their own busdress up in flowing red, to have his por- made a pun in his life, and more proba- iness and leave the men's business alonetrait taken. But his complexion is only a bly never understood the point of one. - and to wear hoops if they are foolish eshade darker than the average. The por- Mr. Everett (from whom the dinner was | nough to do it. trait reminds us of the late Thomas Ham | given,) it is said called on Judge Story blin, the actor.

EUGENE SUE, Is neither prim nor burly. He is a man of large frame, over which a loose black coat is carelessly buttoned. Complexion utor to Punch, and editor of various pub- light, eyes blue, hair once black, now peplications, is a man about fifty years of age, per and salt, whiskers voluminous, eye.. and in person is remarkably spare and di- brows black and thick, good forehead and munitive. His face is sharp, augular and the lower face ample. This conveys no his eye of a greyish hue. He is probably better idea of the man's appearance than a French passport. But the truth is Sue's countenance and figure have none of those peculiarities which make a description possible He looks in his portrait like a com. fortable, careless, elderly gentleman, taking his case in an easy chair and easy coat. -He does not look an author—authors seldom do. His air is rather that of a prosperous citizen. Sue is only forty five years old, but he has lived fast, and looks fiftyfive. Lamartine is 63 and would pass easily for fifty three, Dumas is fifty, and could

What a Newspaper Does for Nothing.

get credit for thirty-eight.

The following article should be read and pondered well by every man who takes a newspaper without-paying for it, as well as those who read their neighbor's paper:

The result of my observation enables me to state, as a fact that the publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any class of men in the United States who invest an equal amount of labor, capital, and thought. They are expected to to do more service for less pay, to stand more sponging, and "dead heading," to puff and desend more people without see or hope of reward than any other class.

They credit wider and longer, get oftner cheated: suffer more pecuniary loss, are oftener the victims of misplaced confidence, than any other calling in the community. People pay a printer's bill more A correspondent of the Tribune, writing | reluctantly; than any other. It goes harder with them to expend a dollar on a valuable newspaper, than ten on a needless gewgaw; yet, everybody avails himself of the use of the editor's pen and printer's ink.

How many professional and political embryo towns and cities have been brought into notice, and puffed into posterity by

# Fashionable Woman.

Fashion kills more women than toil or Obedience to fashion is a greaof Sir Walter Scott, about seven miles from ter transgression of the laws of woman's Edinburgh, Scotland, where an affection. nature, a greater injury to her physical ate daughter watches over him, and where and mental constitution, than the hardship he is the wonder of the country people for fof proverty and neglect. The slave woman at the task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her

appearance which is ever so remotely sug- and quite as little physical energy. They it had hands. pale and as for a rolling shirt collar, or | worthy end; they are only doll forms in

AMERICAN EAGLE think of such things. Romance, in fact, dressed and fed to order. They dress notice the lives by, and like other body and save nobody. They write no men, he chooses to "sink the shop," at least | books; they set no rich examples of vir- rights of women, and yet we do not see that tue and womanly life. If they rear chil- the matter has been settled. That they dren; servants and nurses do it all, save to have rights we do not dispute, but what Kase they couldn't all be delegates had none at al On the contrary, is a burly fellow. His | conceive and give them birth. And, when | are they? If the reader will turn to the

### Judge Story and Mr. Everett

The London Weekly Times of 29th July, contains a good tale of Judge Story 2d chapter, 5th verse. enough to one who knows he has it; but it | nius is sure to be welcome where Everett | become of the women? We insist upon

the day before hand and suggested that something brilliant should be said by them and that be had thought of a toast on, he then read the following:

of fame wherever it goes. But where is the point? I don't un-

derstand it,' says the Judge

however high their aspirations they can- sheets, table cloths, shirts, cloaks, and rugs feetly sober wife. They both worked hard, and not get above one Story.'

ward Everett.

The Lawyer and the Jockey. the Massachusetts bar, and among them seated on a stool, with a paper before him another to win him home an hour or two early

son Gray Otis in a horse case, the latter Pioneer, a paper of a rival city. The cook- occasions. sent him a bill of twenty dollars for advice | ing stove was at his left, and tin kettles plained to him so fully and so blandly the instead of scratching his head for an idea, reason of such a charge, how he had spent as editors often do, he turned the cake and years at study, and thousands on fitting went ahead. himself to advise in such matters, that the jockey was obliged to capitulate and pay the bill. Not long afterwards Mr. Otis was standing in the street, examining a ving is one of the noblest attributes of the horse that he thought of purchasing, and, soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its seeing his client passing, called him up delights; and when the overwhelming burst and asked him what he thought of the an- of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of imal. The jockey set his hat aslant, ex- recollection, then the sudden anguish and amined him on all sides, pronouncing his couvulsive agony is over, the present ruins opinion dogmatically, and thee held out his of that we most loved are softened away hand for a fec. It was Mr. Otis' turn into pensive meditation on all that it was now to expostulate, but it was all in vain; in the day of its loveliness. Who would our jockey reconted to him at what cost of root such a sorrow from the heart, though time and money he had fitted himself for it may sometimes throw a passing cloud judging horseflesh, and ended by saying: over the bright hour of gayety or spread and paid the bill.

Jolley bones says that when he was the press? How many railroads, now in paying attention to the girls he could not In England it has only reached its third successful operation, would have founder- raise courage enough to pop the question, correspondent of the Boston Post is res- more, said he edition, while eight or nine have been pub- ed but for the assistance of the lever that though he tried to do so a dozen times.— ponsible for the following anecdote of Gen. moves the world;' in short, what branch | He would have been a lonely, cadavarous | TAYLOR: of industry or activity has not been prom- dispirited, seedy old beachlor, troubled It is told of General Zachary Taylor us of a series of investments that ultimately a good business. A much better business oted, stimulated and defended by the press with the blues and hypochondriasis, had that when Major Bliss brought him Santa swelled into shop, factory, warehouse, country\_ certainly than being raised by it. And who has tendered it more than a not his adorable come to the rescue For Anna's despatch, proposing that the Amerlest bodied, and most attenuated effigies of pittance for its mighty services? The ba- the benefit of throbbing hearts, sighing in lean army should surrender without fur- John was mayor of his native borough at last. mother, she had arisen, and was going to answer." kitchen for another pot of tea. That night the marriage ceremomy-was dished up, to the mutual satisfaction of all parties.

> main in her room after nightfall. She is the bone may afford me nou: ishment. a cousin to the one who stopped up the key hole for fear she might sleep until after the 'peep of day.' She is also related to the face of the clock before retiring She

### Woman's Rights.

Much has been -aid of late as to the Timothy, 11th and 12th verses. 2nd To be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good obedient to their own husdards, that the word of God be not blasphemed - Titas,

### A FAR WEST SANCTUM.

The Kansas correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer, in a recent letter to that of a lecture delivered in the Liverpool Concert which the Judge should give when called paper, thus decribes the sanctum of the Hall, in connexion with the Church of England editor of the Weekly Herald, printed in institution upon "Popular Insurance," related Fame; applause follows in the footsteps | Levenworth (Kansas) City, at the time he an anecdote strikingly illustrative of the power made a visit:

sketch of the office as presented to the eye dence, if they would only exert it. ereti-my toast in answer to you will be entering the first room on the right hand two half pints of ale a day as her share.

# LOVE FOR THE DEAD.

The love that survies the tomb, says Ir-No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the | 3d.) put it into his hand, exclaiming— A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND. dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living.

GEN. TAYLOR AND SANTA ANNA. -A

retiring she closes the window curtain to a difficulty I lay it aside and call it a bone prevent the man in the moon' from looking Why should I choke on the bone when would not let the Christian Observer re- Some day perhaps. I may find that even

> The last words of Old Testament are a smite the earth with a curse. The Last words of New Testament are

Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen. The last words of Christ before his ascension are a glorious promise:

Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the the world. Amen.

WOULDN'T GO TO MEETIN'.

Tune-Old Dan Tucker. Old mother Scroggins wouldn't go to meetin' Kase she had no shoes to put her old feet in; So, the locos in convention at Rechabite hall, Get out o' the way you 'tarnal sinners,

Get out o' the way you tarnal sinners, Get out o' the way you 'tarnal sinners, You're all too late to get your dinners. Sam Patch was a great man, Konig was another And Cain was a great man kase he kill'd his

And kase he thinks Americans every one infernal Get out the way old Cæsar's coming, Get out the way old Cæsar's coming,

Get cut the way old Caesar's coming,

Their Cecil nag is blind and lame. Get out o' the way old Caesar's coming,&

A bull frog dressed in soldier clothes Went out in the field to drill some crows, At the smell of powder they all fell a squeakin, And that was the way with the locofoco meetin' Get out o' the way, you know you're beaten

Get out o' the way, you know you're beaten Get out o' the way you know you're beaten And this is why you don't go to meetin!

### The Power of Pence.

The Rev. J. B. Owen, of Bilston, in the course which lies in the hands of the working men to It will not be amiss here to give you a promote their own social comfort and indepen-

Never mind, you give that toast it will of a stranger from La. A visit to the A Manchester calico printer was on his wedbe all right, smilingly answered Mr. Ev- printing office afforded a rich treat. On ding day, persuaded by his wife to allow her three law shingles' were on the door; on rather winced under the bargain; for though a 'The members of the legal profession, one side was a rich bed-French blankets, drinker himself he would have preferred a perall together; on the wall hung hams, maps he poor man was seldom out of the public house The Judge cogitated in silence for a venison and rich engraving, onions, por- when the factory closed. The wife and husband suspicious time and then the ray of laugh- traits and boots; on the floor were a side of saw little of each other except at breakfast; but ter that beamed from his face was met by bacon, craved to the bone, corn and pota- as she kept things tidy about ber, and made her a sigh of great relief from the Hon. Ed- toes, stationery and books; on a nice dress- stanted and even selfish allowance for housekeeping case stood a wooden tray full of dough | ing meet the demands upon her, he never comwhile crockery occupied the professional plained. She had her daily pint and he, perdesk. In the room on the left—the sanc- haps had his two or three quarts; and neither in-The Boston Evening Transcript has been tum-the housewife, cook and editor lived terfered with the other, except when at odd times telling some anecdotes about members of in glorious unity-one person. He was she succeeded by dint of one gentle artifice or on a piece of plank, writing a vigorous at night, and now and then to spend an entire of kindness, is remembered with fondness. A Jockey having once consulted Hari knock down to an article in the Kickapoo evening in his own house, but these were rare

They had been married a year, and, on the The client expostulated, but Mr. Otis ex- all around; the corn cake was doin' and morning of their wedding anniversary, the hus- his spirit from its house of clay, and take it to pearance with some shade of remorse to be ob- heart rending was the struggle between them .-

> 'Mary, we have had no holliday since we were wed and only that I haven't a penny in the world, we'd take a jaunt to the village to see thee mother.'

between a smile and a tear to hear him speak so I stood by grave, and heard the frozen clods fall kindly, as in old times. 'If thee'd like to go, on his coffin, I thought what sorrow can be

John, I'll stand treat.' Thou stand treat! said he with half a sneer; hast got a fortune, woman?

Nay, said she, but I ve gotten the pint o' ale. Gotten what? The pirt o' ale!

John still did not understand her, till the Come, come. Mr. Otis, professional men a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom? faithful creature reached down a stocking from must be paid; my charge is only twenty Yet who would exchange it for even the a loose brick up the chimney, and counting out man who is not a monster mathematician dollars. Mr. Otis appreciated the joke song of pleasure or the burst of revely?— her daily pint of ale in the shape of three hunders are a mad philosopher is the slave of some dred and sixty five three pences. (1. e. \$4, 11s, woman or other.

Thee shall have the holliday, John?

smitten, charmed. He wouldn't touch it. Hasn't thee had thy share? Then I'll have no

They kept their wedding day with their old dame, and the wife's little capital was the nucleseal and carriage; and for aught Mr Owen knew

### ----Nearly a Horn too Much.

Mr. J. Stanley Smith, editor of the Auburn American, gives the following amusing account of his chase by and escape from a savage bull, that pushes his obtrusive hat to the back ulous punctuality; while the counting room and all went on nicely until the last course men. "But," remonstrated the gallant during a recent visit to a farm in the neighbor-The bull was one of them. 'He was monarch' turned inward, sounding the depths of his nice. It is made a point of honor to li- what shall I help you to? said Jolley sort—It's a formal, official despatch, and of all he could eat, chase or gore. Being deeply imagination, and searching out the myste- quidate a grog bill, but not of dishonor to bones. I really don't know; then glanc, requires, 1 suppose written answer." Tell interested in the apple crop, we wandered out of ing towards the head of the table she ad- him to go to-"reitreated the general, the field in which the mowing was going on, in- to the philosopher, when I am asked what ded, Mother, do you think a little marriage clamly-"put it in proper diplomatic to friend Shotwell's orchard. Fat and handsome is my age, what answer shall I give?"ceremony would hurt me? But before phrase and all that sort of thing, accord- blood cows were lying about, chewing their 'Say madame,' replied he, 'what I believe Jolly bones had turned his eyes towards ing to your own taste,—but that is my cuds, and utterly indifferent as to what was go- to be the truth, that you have not yet come ing on. We wandered from tree to tree in the to the years of discretion.' large orchard; and while critically examining BIBLE BONES -An old man once said: | some fine looking fruit, were suddenly and rath-For a long period 1 puzzled myself about er unpleasantly startled from our train of thought | East, has invented what he calls the "Patent the difficulties of the scripture, till at last by the bellowing of Mr. Taurus, whose majesty The invention consists of a small instrument, There is a young lady up town so I came to the resolution that reading the had been reclining, and of whose august presexcessively modest that every night before Bible was like eating fish. When I find ence we were unaware. He elevated his tail, which is attached to the hind part of the hen's made the earth fly with his 'awful paws,' and leg, pointing to an angle of forty-five degrees having thus manifested his hostility, and given instrument on her legs, enters the garden in the tone, if not color, to his idea that we were an in- spring after see Is, and puts her foot forward to terioper made a plunge towards us. A moment's | scratch, the 'walker' catches in the ground and view of our antagonist was just about enough. His eyes flashed fire He roared like a Bull of That will do! fearful threatening: 'Least I come and Bashan.' We did not at all fancy the style of his horns. They were as straight as needles, and about as sharp. He exhibited unmistakable de-

> Knowing that it was expected of us to report the test trial going on in another field, we re-We scampered. He scampered. He made bet- of one another.

ter time than we could bottom out. He gainer on us rapidly. We could almost feel his warfe breath on the back of our neck. It was neck or nothing. Rail fence twenty rods off. Bull in high spirits! Give up for a goner! No such thing! Friendly apple tree, with low branches! Clutched two of them and lifted our precious body into the tree! Taurus arrived just as we had cleared the ground!

Our enemy pawed around the tree, bellowed after the manner of 'Boangeres, the Son of Thunder,' glared at us, and finally turned and wandered off about the distance of three trees. Thinking all was right, we slid down vertically and put for the crazy old rail fence. The dis tance from tree to bull, and from tree to ferce If you don't look out he'll send you a hum- was just about an even thing. But our assailant saw the movement, and at once again the chase was hot one. But this time we distauced the 'horned critter,' and scaling the fence; landed in a field of rye at about the same moment that our pursuer's horns struck the top rails of the fence and sent them flying. Separated by the fence, we read the scoundrel a lecture that we hope he will remember to his last

### WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A FATHER?

If any of our readers can read the following touching article without deep emotion for departed loved ones, it must be because of their good fortune in never having been called to part from dear relations. But he who has a treasure beneath the sod, may have to brush aside an unliden tear as he makes this description of a "home without a father" his own case:

What is home without a father? Sad, dreary and cheerless! I have sung in days gone by, days when I was merry and light-hearted "W hat is home without a mother?" though 1 did not realize its meaning. But I have realized from the very depths of my soul, that home without a father is lonely, gloomy and mournful beyond description. Two weeks from to-day he sat by the fire, and we were all happy then .-Now he 'sleeps the sleep that knows no waking,' At twilights soft and pensive hour we gather around the old stone hearth; and listen to the crackling of the glaring fire, but it has ceased to be cheerful. No sound is heard but the wailings of our mournful mother, or the prattie of our sweet little sister, asking in childish accents 'if papa has gone to live with God.' The family circle is broken, and our dear father has been borne to that land from whence no traveler returns. Now that he has gone, how every little We remember, too, how happy his laugh would ring out, as seated around the supper table he

would relate some amusing anecdote. But it pleased our father who is in heaven to release came with his scythe in his hand, and hard and But death was the strongest, and in a few short hours those sparkling eyes, that ever looked on us with delight, were closed forever; those hands which had ever clasped our own with such warmth and affection, were cold and stiff; and that heart that had loved us so fondly from earliest infancy, was pulseless and still by death 'Would'st like-to go, John?' asked she softly, We buried him near our own Forest Home. As greater than this! Now he sleeps on the cold hill top, where the January wind howls and shrieks among the branches of the stately oak that stands near by, as if to protect that sacred spot from the wild freaks of the two rough winter's blast. 'Home is home, be it ever so homely." But oh! how sad to know we have a home without a father!

A writer in blackwood says that every

When we see a pretty female foot, we John was ashamed, astonished, conscience naturally conclude that it belongs to a beautiful woman, on the principle that all is well that ends well.

> The question is dicussed in some of the Missouri papers whether raising hemp is

Why is a hungry boy looking at a

pudding in a cookshop window like a wild

horse? Because he would be better if he had a bit in his mouth. See here my friend, you are drunk,-·To be surt I am, and have been for three

years. You see my brother and I are on a temperance mission; he lectures and I set a frightful example! 'Pray, Mr. Hume, said Lady Wallace

Some man from a considerable way down something like a spur, only considerably longer her efforts to scratch, entirely out of the garden,

The Roman forum is now a cow market; the Tarpeian rock, a cabbage gar den, and the palace of the Cæsars a rope walk. This is the end of human glory.

THEFT is a fellow 'down east' who has a membered the prior and pressing interests of our soul so small, that a dozen of them might friends, and set up a smart run, So did Mr Bull. | hold a jubilee in a pint cup and never hear