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Poetry.

PRINTER'S TOIL.

ye stormy winds of winter,
e the chilly, drifting snow,
housed, the busy Printer
is not how the winds may blow.

click his type go dropping
and there upon his case,
stands for hours popping
'avy letter in its place.

send the useful Printer
y comfort mortals need,
r nights were dull in winter,
we not the news to read.

ould be the world's condition
no Printer boys were found—
Ignorance and superstition,
Sin and suffering would abound.

the busy Printer
car of Knowledge on,
ny mental winter
ld reign if he were gone.

ul, yet the winters
so high a place
toiling Printers,
ype before the case.

type they're busy setting,
nankless popinjay
country, kindly letting
istle for their pay.

de! ungracious!
enlightened soil
s so incapacious
Printer's toil?

extremely busy,
e before the case,
s almost dizzy,
uman race.

WN HILL."

e I had occasion to visit
ris, and while conversing
riend I heard the name of
u called.
hard case," remarked my
on the man in the prisoner's
anding up and pleaded
me of theft. He was a
t and infirm, though not
as torn, spare and filthy;
oated and blood-shot; his
dirt; and his bowed form
delirium. Certainly I
more pitiable object. Surely
was born a villain. I moved
to obtain a fairer view of his
saw my movements and turned
He gazed upon me a single in-
then, covering his face with his
sank powerless into his seat.
God!" I involuntarily ejacula-
ng forward. "Wil——."
alf spoken his name when he
ised his head and cast upon me
such imploring agony that my
as tied at once. Then he cover-
e again. I asked my legal com-
the prisoner had any counsel.
no I then told him to do all in
for the poor fellow's benefit and
him. He promised and I
uld not remain and see the man
ears came to my eyes as I gazed
and it was not until I had gain-
eet and walked some distance
d breathe freely.
nderson! Alas! he was asham-
nown as his mother's son! That
is name; but you shall know
other. I will now call him by
the name that stands upon the records of
the court.

* * * * * * *

John Anderson was my school-mate; and it was not many years ago—not over twenty, that we left our academy together, he to return to the home of wealthy parents; I to sit down in the dingy sanctum of a newspaper for a few years, and when I returned I found John a married man. His father was dead and had left his only son a princely fortune.

"Ah, M——," said he to me, as he met me at the railway station, "you will see what a bird I have caged. My Ellen is a lark—a robin—a very princess of all birds that ever looked beautiful or sang sweetly."

He was enthusiastic, but not mistaken, for I found his wife all that he had said, simply omitting the poetry. She was truly one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. And so good, too—so loving and kind. Aye—she so loved John that she loved all his friends. What a lucky fel- to find such a wife. And what a lucky woman to as such a husband; for John Anderson only, high-browed with rich straight curls, and a face as faultlessly chiseled and beautiful as artist copied. And he was good, too; and kind, generous and true.

I spent a week with them and was happy all the while. John's mother lived with them—as fine an old lady as ever breathed—and making it her constant joy and pride in doating upon her "Darling Boy," as she always called him, I gave her an account of my adventures by sea and land in foreign climes, and she kissed me beca- se I loved her darling.

I did not see John again for four long years. I reached his house in the evening. He was not in, but his wife and mother were there to receive me, and two curly-headed boys were at play about Ellen's chair. I knew at once they were my friend's children. Everything seemed pleasant until the little ones were abed and asleep, and then I could see that Ellen became troubled. She tried to hide it, but a face so used to sunshine and smiles could not wear a cloud concealed.

At length John came. His face was flushed, and his eyes looked inflamed.—He grasped my hand with a happy laugh; called me "old fellow," "old dog;" said I must come and live with him, and many other extravagant things His wife tried to hide her tears, while his mother shook her head and said—

"He'll sow these wild oats soon. My darling never can be a bad man."

"God grant it!" I thought to myself, and I knew the same prayer was on Ellen's lips.

It was late when we retired, and we might not have done so even then had not John fallen asleep in his chair.

On the following morning I walked out with my friend. I told him I was sorry to see him as I saw him the night before.

"Oh," said he with a laugh, "that was nothing. Only a little wine party. We had a glorious time. I wish you had been there."

At first I thought I would say no more; but was it not my duty? I knew his nature better than he knew himself. His appetites and pleasures bounded his own vision. I knew how kind and generous he was—alas! too kind—too generous!

"John, could you have seen Ellen's face last evening you would have trembled. Can you make her unhappy?"

"Why should she be unhappy?"

"Because she fears you are going down hill," I told him.

"Did she say so?" he asked, with a flushed face.

"No—I read it in her looks."

"Perhaps a reflection of her own thoughts,"

"I surely thought so when you came home," I replied.

Never can I forget the look she gave me then—so full of reproof, of surprise and pain."

M——, I forgive you, for I know you to be my friend, but never speak to me again like that. I going down? You know better. That can never be. I know my wants. My mother knows me better than Ellen does."

Ah—had that mother been as wise as she was loving, she would have seen that the "wild oats" which her son was sowing would surely grow up and ripen, only to furnish seed for re-sewing! But she loved him—loved him almost too well, or, I should say, too blindly.

But I could say no more I only prayed that God would guard him; and then we conversed on other subjects. I could only spend but one day with him, but we promised to correspond often.

Three years more passed, during which John Anderson wrote to me at least once a month, and sometimes oftener; but at the end of that time his letters ceased coming, and I received no more for two years, when I again found myself at his native town. It was early in the afternoon when I took dinner at the hotel.

I had finished my meal and was lounging in front of the hotel, when I saw a funeral procession winding into a distant church yard. I asked the landlord whose funeral it was.

"Mrs. Anderson's," he said, and as he spoke I noticed a slight drooping of the head, as though it cut him to say so.

"What—John Anderson's wife?"

"No," he replied. "It is his mother;" and as he said this he turned away, but a gentleman who stood near, and had overheard the conversation, at once took up the theme.

"Our host don't seem inclined to converse upon that subject," he remarked with a shrug of his shoulders. "Did you ever know John Anderson?"

"He was my school-mate in boyhood, and my bosom friend in youth," I told him.

He led me to one side, and spoke as follows:

"Poor John! He was the pride of this town six years ago. This man opened this hotel at that time, and sought custom by giving wine suppers. John was present at most of them—the gayest of the gay, and most generous of the party. In fact, he payed for nearly every one of them

"Then he began to go down hill. And he has been going ever since. At times true friends have prevailed upon him to stop, but stops were of short duration. A short season of sunshine would gleam upon his home, and then the night came more drear than before He said he never would get drunk again, yet he would take a glass of wine with a friend! That glass of wine was but the gate that let in the flood. Six years ago he was worth sixty thousand dollars. Yesterday he borrowed fifty dollars to pay his mother's funeral expenses! The poor mother bore up as long as she could. She saw her son—her 'Darling Boy,' she always called him—brought home drunk many times, and she even bore blows from him! But she's at rest now. Her 'Darling Boy wore her life away, and brought her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave! Oh! I hope this may reform him!"

'But his wife?' I asked.

'Her heavenly love has helped thus far, but she is only a shadow of the wife that blessed his home six years ago.

My informant was deeply affected, and so was I, and I asked him no more.

During the remainder of the afternoon I debated with myself whether to call upon John at all. But finally I resolved to go, though I waited till after tea I found them alone. They had both been weeping, though I could see at a glance that Ellen's face was beaming with love and hope. But oh! she was changed—sadly, painfully so. They were so glad to see me, and my hand was shaken warmly.

'Dear M——, don't say a word of the past,' John urged, taking my hand a second time. 'I knew you spoke the truth to me five years ago. I was going down hill! But I've gone as far as I can. I stop here at the foot. Everything is gone but my wife. I have sworn, and my oath shall be kept. Ellen and I are going to be happy now.'

The poor fellow burst into tears here. His wife followed suit, and I kept them company. I could not help crying like a child. My God, what a sigh! The once noble, true man so fallen—became a mere broken glass, the last fragment only reflecting the image it once bore!—a poor suppliant at the foot of Hope, begging a grain of warmth for the hearts of himself and wife! And how I had honored and loved that man, and how I loved him still! Oh! I hoped—aye, more than hoped—I believed—he would be saved! And as I gazed upon that wife—so trusting, so loving, so true and so hopeful still, even in the midst of living death—I prayed more fervently than I ever prayed before that God would hold him up—lead him to the top of the hill.

In the morning I saw the children—grown to two intelligent boys now—and though they looked pale and wan, yet they smiled and seemed happy when their father kissed them. When I went away John took me by the hand, and the last words he said were,

'Trust me. Believe me now. I will be a MAN henceforth while life shall last!'

A little over two years had passed when I read in a newspaper the death of Ellen Anderson. I started for the town where they had lived, as soon as possible, for I might help some one! A fearful presentiment had passed my mind.

I stopped at the stately house where they had dwelt, but strangers occupied it.

'Where is John Anderson?' I asked.

Don't know, I'm sure. He has been gone these three months. His wife died in the mad-house last week!'

'And the children?'

'Oh—they both died before she did!'

I staggered back and hurried from the place. I hardly knew which way I went but instinct lead me to the church yard. I found four graves which had been made in three years. The mother, the wife and two children slept in them!

'And what has done this?' I asked myself. And a voice answered from the lowly sleeping places,

'THE DEMON OF THE WINE TABLE!'

But this was not all the work. No, no. The next I saw—O, God! was far more terrible! I saw in the court room. But that was not the last!

I saw my legal friend on the day following the trial. He said John Anderson was in prison. I hastened to see him. The turnkey conducted me to the cell, the key turned in the huge lock, the ponderous door swung with a sharp creek upon its hinges, and I saw a dead body suspended by the neck from a grating of the window. I looked at the horrible face, I could see nothing of John Anderson there but the face I had seen in the court room was sufficient to connect the two, and I knew that was all left on earth of him whom I had loved so well.

And this was the last of the demon's work, the last act in the drama! Ah! from the first sparkle of the red wine it had been down—down—down until the foot of the hill had been finally reached.

And when I turned away from that cell and once more walked amid the flashing saloons and revel hells, I wished that my voice had power to thunder the life story of which I had been a witness, into the ears of all living men!

He who never looks up to an excellence higher than he has attained; who never regards himself as formed from a pure and generous sentiment; who never admits the thought that exalted goodness is placed within his reach, will never put forth his powers in pursuit of virtue. He will never rise. He dooms himself to his present state. Exertion supposes that good may be obtained, and vigorous exertion supposes that the mind is kindled by the prospects of great attainments. What can you expect from him who sees nothing in the future better than the past.—*Channing.*

STEARNE says, "The grand error of life is, we look too far; we scale the heavens; we dig down to the centre of the earth for systems; and we forgot ourselves.—Truth lies before us; it is in the highway path, and the plowman treads on it with clouted shoes."

CONGRESS.

TUESDAY, January 8th.

In the Senate, after the presentation of petitions and reports, the bill to admit Nebraska into the Union was taken up and discussed, after which various proposed amendments were rejected. Finally an amendment was adopted, by yeas 18, nays 15, that the Territory shall not be admitted until the elective franchise or other rights are conferred alike upon whites and blacks, and providing "that any person abridging or preventing the exercise of such rights shall be punished by a fine of not less than $500 nor more than $5,000, anything in the constitution or laws of such State to the contrary notwithstanding." As thus amended the bill was passed—yeas 24, nays 15. The bill to admit Colorado was next taken up, and after being similarly amended, was also passed—yeas 23, nays 11

HOUSE.—The House adopted a resolution instructing the committee on ways and means to inquire into the expediency of so amending the revenue laws as to exempt all incomes under $2,100 from taxation, and to put a tax of five per cent. on all over that amount. A number of bills and resolutions were introduced and referred. A bill was passed authorizing the purchase of the lower portion of the City Hall Park, New York, for the sum of $500,000, for a post office and custom house. The bill to give additional compensation to certain employees in the civil service of the government at Washington was taken up and discussed until the adjournment

WEDNESDAY, January 9th.

A bill was introduced in the Senate, authorizing the payment of the awards as made by the proclamation of the President for the capture of Jeff. Davis. The bill was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs A resolution was adopted, requesting the President to communicate whether any violations of the Civil Rights' bill had come to his notice, and if so, whether any measures have been taken to protect those persons whose rights have been infringed upon. The bill to provide for the payment of pensions was taken up, and after a short debate laid over. The bill for the admission of Nebraska was then considered at length, and by common consent laid over until Thursday.

HOUSE.—In the House, Maryland came in for a large share of attention. A resolution requesting information from the Secretary of War in relation to the construction and completion of the ship canal of the Patapsco river at Baltimore, was offered by Mr. John L. Thomas and agreed to by the House. The resolution declaring the true intent and meaning of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery was taken up, and elicited a lengthy discussion. The intent of the resolution is to prevent the sale of negroes into slavery upon any pretence whatever, and to punish with fine or imprisonment, or both, any violations of the law. The resolution was passed. The House also passed the District suffrage bill over the President's veto—Messrs. Frank Thomas and John L. Thomas voting in the affirmative, and Messrs. Phelps and McCullough in the negative. The bill providing governments for the Southern States was called up, and after a lengthy speech in its favor by Mr. Broomall, of Pennsylvania, the House adjourned.

MARYLAND LEGISLATURE.

TUESDAY, January 8th.

Leave was granted in the Senate to report a bill appropriating a sum of money to erect a monument over the remains of the late Chief Justice Taney. A bill was passed appropriating $500 to the vaccine agents of the State. A joint committee was appointed to visit and examine all the benevolent and reformatory institutions which are beneficiaries of the State. Among the resolutions offered was one reciting the action of Congress in prohibiting the compensation of loyal owners of slaves who entered the army during the late war, and recommending that the payment of bounties to slaves, authorized by the last Maryland Legislature, be suspended until further action by the present Legislature.

The Speaker of the House presented the report of the State Comptroller, (of which $10,000 copies were ordered to be printed,) and also the testimony in the Allegany contested election case. A bill was reported to repeal the law requiring one of the United States Senators from Maryland to be elected from the Eastern shore. A special committee, composed of the Baltimore city delegation, reported a bill requiring an election for mayor and city councilmen of Baltimore to be held on the first Wednesday in February, the Mayor to enter upon his duties on the second, and the council on the third Wednesday of February.

WEDNESDAY, January 9th.

Leave was granted in the Senate to report a bill to provide for taking the sense of the people upon the expediency of calling a convention to frame a new constitution, and to provide for electing delegates thereto. Leave was also granted to report a bill prescribing an oath for attorneys, in lieu of the present one.

In the House, a resolution was offered and referred to the committee on federal relations, proposing to ratify the constitutional amendment passed by Congress.—A bill was reported to extend the time for the building of a new city hall in Baltimore Leaves were granted to report bills on a variety of subjects of more or less interest.

WHAT NEWSPAPERS DO FOR NOTHING.—The following article should be read and pondered well by every man who takes a newspaper without paying for it: My observation enables me to state, as a fact, that publishers of newspapers are more poorly rewarded than any other class of men in the United States who invest an equal amount of labor, capital and thought. They are expected to do more service for less pay, to stand more eponging and "dead heading," to puff and defend more people without fee or hope of reward, than any other class.

They credit wider and longer, get oftener 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 with more reluctance 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 editor's pen and the printer's ink.

How many professional and political reputations and fortunes have been made and sustained by the friendly though unrequitted pen of the editor. How many embryo towns and cities have been brought into notice and puffed into prosperity by the press? How many railroads, now in successful operation, would have been foundered but for the "lever that moves the world?" In short, what branch of industry and activity has not been promoted, stimulated and defended by the press?

And who has tendered it more than a miserable pittance for its service? The bazars of fashion and the haunts of dissipation and appetite are thronged with an eager crowd, bearing gold in their palms, and the commodities there vended are sold at enormous profits, though intrinsically worthless and paid for with scrupulous punctuality; while the counting room of the newspaper is the seat of Jewing, cheaping trade, orders and pennies. It is made the point of honor to liquidate a grog bill, but not of dishonor to repudiate a printer's bill.

FRIENDSHIP.—How often we speak of friends as though they might be found on every hand; and yet how little real friendship we find in this busy world! A true friend is one who will cling to you in adversity, sympathize with you in sorrow, and rejoice with you in prosperity. He is a being who feels, who thinks, who acts from the purest motives. Friendship is one of the noblest feelings—one of the grandest privileges of humanity; it can only be found in connection with noble souls, of merit and virtue united. In fact, to possess true friends, you need the most complete and nicest power of discrimination in selecting them, a natural gift to cherish them, with the most unselfishness.

Young ladies, young men, and all, be generous; be kind to those around you, especially to those who are the least attractive, and who are often the least noticed. Try to merit the real name of friend: it will fill you with a deeper joy than you have ever experienced. It will cause you to be beloved and esteemed by all around you. Practice self-denial, and you will feel its ennobling influence; it brings the happy consciousness of having given pleasure to others, which is of itself ample remuneration for all the inconvenience you could have suffered by so doing.

Life indeed is sad and dear,
When friendship's voice we never hear;
On rank and wealth what joys attend?
They ne'er can by a faithful friend.
—*Phrenological Journal.*

WEAR A SMILE.—you can, if you will, live among beautiful flowers, and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by our looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy, almost beyond endurance.—Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eye, and love on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed; and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business

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HOW TO KEEP POOR.—There is no working man but would rejoice to have the way pointed out by which he might honestly attain riches No one would thank us for a prescription to insure poverty, and yet there is many a man who keeps himself poor by indulging in the following: Two glasses of ale a day at 10 cents, $73; three cigars, one after each meal, $109.50, board for a big dog, $30—all in one year, $212 50, sufficient to buy six barrels of flour, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a respectable dress, a frock for the baby, and a half a dozen pair of shoes. If you don't believe it, workingmen, figure for yourselves.

Wit and Humor.

Paying an Old Debt.

About fifteen years ago we knew a couple of young men—we will call them Charlie and Ned—who were both fast friends and fast young men, generally.—Ned frequently got hard up, and was frequently in the habit of borrowing from Charlie little sums of from five to twenty dollars, and *wasn't* in the habit of paying it. The last he borrowed was twenty dollars, which he borrowed but a few weeks before starting for California, which distant region he determined to visit. Charlie lent it to him cheerfully, and was somewhat astonished, a few days before Ned started on his journey, when the latter called on him and paid, not the whole twenty, but only ten of it.

'Here, Charlie,' he said, 'is half the sum I borrowed of you the other day. I would pay it all, but I'm about moving and—'

'O, never mind,' said Charlie.

'Well, take this, and I'll soon send the other ten to you. You know I am not usually remiss.'

'No, not at all But never mind, Ned; don't pay any of it now; you may need—'

'No, take this ten dollar bill,' Ned persisted; 'I am sure I can spare it easily but I am not quite sure I could spare the whole.'

Charlie took it, and Ned soon started on his journey. Years passed away; the two friends corresponded regularly, but no remittance ever passed. Recently Ned returned from the land of gold pretty 'flush.' As might be expected the meeting of the two friends was warm and cordial. They spent the time together continually for some weeks after Ned's return and one day Ned abruptly exclaimed:

'O, Charlie, by the way I owe you ten dollars, ever since I went away, I declare! I forgot to send it. Here it is; much obliged.'

'By no means,' replied Charlie, rejecting the proffered bill, 'we're perfectly square.'

'How so?'

'Why, you borrowed twenty, you know?'

'Yes.'

'And you paid back ten?'

'Yes.'

'Well, you dull fellow, don't you see the *interest* on that note just about makes up, by this time, for the ten you didn't pay?'

Ned fancied he did see it, and returned the money to his pocket.

A PARENTAL LETTER.—The following letter was written by a father to his son at college:

"*My Dear Son:*—I write to send you your new socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely, I kept back half, and only send you five. Your own mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teaching; if you do not you are a donkey, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

SCENE IN A COUNTRY INN.—"What are you at there, you black scoundrel? twice you have awakened me from a sound sleep, and not content with that, you are now pulling off the bed clothes. Get you gone sir!" "Well, if you won't git up, I must have the sheet any how, cos dey're waitin' for de table cloff."

"SAMMY, Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head—stir your stumps, or you will make no progress in life." "Why, father," replied the hopeful, "I've often heard you say that the only way to get on in this world was to *scratch a head!*"

"FATHER," said a cobbler's boy, as he was peggin away at an old shoe, "they say the trout bite now." "Well, well," replied the old gentleman, "you stick to your work and they wont bite you!"

"WHAT are you looking after, daughter?" said an old man at a Christmas party.

"Looking after a son-in-law for you, father, was the reply."

SCENE I.—Mother in the cellar splitting wood. Scene II.—Daughter in the parlor singing to Clarence Fitz Noodle the pathetic ballad of "Who will care for Mother now?"

"ARE those bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberias. 'No, indeed,' answered Tibe, 'they have got plenty of fire; the bells are ringing for water.'

A WIT once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life? "I mind my own business," was the reply.

A ROMANTIC young man says that a young woman's heart is like the moon; it changes continually, but it always has a man in it.

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