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Poetical.

THE CHILD AND THE PEBBLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

I met an infant by a bridge,
With hair of flaxen hue,
Cheeks red and rounded as a peach,
And eyes of blue.

She held a pebble in her hand,
And then in careless glee,
Threw it far out into the stream,
And laughed at me.

The golden fishes dived away,
As fast the pebble fell,
And spreading circles, oozed the waves
With gentle swell.

Fair child, I thought, how blest in life,
If thus thou scatter wide,
The cares and sorrows thou shalt meet
On every side.

Full many gladsome years had fled,
When fancy me beguiled,
And bent my steps towards the bridge,
Where sat the child.

Alas! the arch had felt decay,
The stream a river grown,
Coursed madly o'er the spot where once
The pebble stone.

And 'mid the darkness of the night,
And 'mid the furious storm,
With arms tossed up to Heaven, there stood
A woman's form.

Then with a cry of wild despair,
It plunged beneath the wave,
And foaming whirlpools gather o'er
The lonely grave.

I turned away with tearful eye,
For memory could but own,
The child had flung itself where fell
The sparkling stone.

Miscellaneous.

SPECTRE OF THE WOODS; OR, THE HERMIT'S REVENGE.

BY HARRY HALYARD.

Early on a bright and lovely morning in the month of June 18—, a handsome chaise drove up before the door of farmer Colville, and a young man having quickly alighted therefrom, walked deliberately into the farmer's house, which was a plain looking but substantial building, situated upon the confines of the town of L——, in the eastern part of the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. As the young man in question gained an entrance in the front, or best room, he was met by the master of the house, who, after cordially shaking him by the hand, addressed him as follows:—

'Ah! Henry, my son, I am glad to see you; and as this is your first vacation from college, I hope you intend to spend it with your adopted father.'

'I think I should be a very ungrateful dog if I did not,' replied the young man, smilingly; 'but how is Grace Garland?'

'Oh, she is well and as wild as ever,' answered the farmer, who, by the way, was a hale and fresh-looking man, apparently forty five years of age.

'And as handsome?' said Harry.

'You'd better believe it,' answered Colville; why, she fairly and completely takes the shine off every girl in town. And as I live, here she comes to meet you.'

As the worthy farmer finished speaking, the door of the room was opened by a rosy cheeked young girl of seventeen, who, as she ran up to Henry, and frankly extended her hand to him, exclaimed:

'Oh, Henry, I am so glad you have come once more, that I hardly know in what way to express it.'

'But you forget, Grace,' said the farmer, smilingly, 'that Henry is a couple of years older than he was when he left us, and that the same can be said of ——.'

'Myself, I suppose you mean sir,' interrupted Grace, as, slightly blushing, she withdrew her hand from Harry, and then addressing the last named individual, she continued,

'I really did forget, in the joy of the moment, Henry, that we had both grown older, since the period of your absence.'

'But that is no reason that we should appear more distant to each other; if it is, I am yet to learn it.'

'According to the rules of genteel society, Henry,' replied Grace, 'young gentleman of twenty and ladies of eighteen, should, unless they are engaged to be married, act severely cool towards each other.'

'With such refined rules as these, I never wish to become acquainted,' answered Henry.

'Nor Grace, neither, I'll warrant,' replied farmer Colville. 'But come, my boy, I will go out and see to your horse and gig, whilst you accompany Grace to the breakfast table.

So saying, the worthy farmer left the house, and a moment afterwards Grace Garland addressed Henry as follows:

'Mr. Colville was right, Henry, when he insinuated that I did not like the refined rules which I had just laid before you, as liking would only tend to make me unhappy, but—'

'Me also,' interposed Henry, warmly. 'Have we not, Grace, been brought up together from childhood, almost from infancy?—have we not guilelessly confided to each other all our little joys and sorrows, and just because we have grown older, must we be compelled now to drop this intimacy? I say no.'

'And I say—that I am going to the breakfast room, and I wish you to follow me thither,' replied Grace, as she again blushed, but this time more deeply than before; and then followed closely by Henry, repaired to the kitchen, where they seated themselves at the breakfast table, at which the farmer's wife presided, with as much natural grace and good nature, as if she had been one of the most aristocratic ladies of the land.

'Well, mother,' said Henry, after he had in a measure satisfied the cravings of a remarkably good appetite, 'what is the news? Has anything very extraordinary transpired in L——, since I have been so long absent from it?'

'O, for yes, indeed,' replied the old lady. 'In the first place, there is old Harold, the Hermit, that's come here since you've been away.'

'Who?' exclaimed Henry.

'Why, Harold, the Hermit,' replied Mrs. Colville. 'He's a man that came here about eighteen months ago, from nobody knows where, and built himself a hut away out in the woods, where he lives all alone, and nobody knows for what.'

'A curious character, truly,' replied Henry, 'and I must try this very day to cultivate an acquaintance with him.'

'If you succeed in so doing, you will be much more fortunate than any others have been; for it is said that he refuses to tell his right name.'

'It may be so,' answered Henry, 'but at all events I shall seek him out this very day.'

'Be careful though, Henry, that you do not fall in with another comer, the Spectre of the Woods.'

'Who is that?' said Henry, smiling incredulously.

'She is a female,' interposed Grace. 'The person in question is a woman, tall in form, and wild looking, who has been seen in the forest for a few days, and who is supposed by some to have escaped from the lunatic asylum; whilst there are others who superstitiously believe her to be a bona fide ghost or apparition, and from these she has obtained the romantic appellation of the Spectre of the Woods.'

'Before I sleep again,' resumed Henry, 'I must meet and converse with both these mysterious beings. What say you, Grace, will you accompany me after breakfast to the hermit's house?'

'I will endeavor to meet you there,' replied Grace.

'Ay, but why not accompany me?'

'I will tell you,' answered Grace. 'You must know, then, in the first place, that this singular man makes it a rule never to admit two persons at a time into his house; but as there are two different paths that lead thither, I will take the nearest one, and consequently get there first, whilst you take the other, and arriving there afterwards, alone, will be readily admitted.'

'Well, go ahead then,' rejoined Henry, 'I must abide by your directions.'

At this moment, Mrs. Colville left the kitchen, shortly after which, Henry said:

'My dear Grace, we are both orphans, we have both arrived at what our elders would term years of discretion, and why should we not love each other?'

'Perhaps we do then,' replied Grace, archly.

'I can at least answer in the affirmative for myself,' resumed Henry. 'Can you, dear Grace, answer in the same way.

'As far as love is concerned, I believe I can,' replied Grace, as a deep red blush overspread her fair features.

'Then, as soon as my education is finished, will you agree to become my wife?'

'I shall become no man's wife, Henry,' answered Grace, in an impressive tone of voice, 'until the dark mystery which now hangs over my birth and parentage shall be unveiled.'

'Explain yourself, dear Grace, I do not understand the import of your words.'

''Tis but a few days, then,' answered Grace, 'since I learned from Mrs. Colvill's lips, that I was a foundling. Seventeen years ago, I was left by my unnatural parents to the care and mercy of strangers. Thank heaven, I fell into good and tender hands.'

Here the poor girl began to weep bitterly, whilst Henry spoke as follows:

'But did your parents leave no clue by which at some future time you might be enabled to find them out?'

'None,' replied Grace, 'except a short note wherein they expressed a wish that I should be called by my present name.'

'Well, Grace, renewed the young man, after a short pause, 'let it be as you will. I cannot boast a great advantage over you in the way either of birth or parentage. My mother I never saw, and I have been told that my father cruelly deserted me in my infancy, although he has since, at different times, remitted sufficient funds for my support. So we are not far apart even in these respects.'

'Nevertheless,' mournfully answered Grace, 'I must and shall abide by my first decision.'

Here the conversation of our two young lovers was interrupted by the re-appearance of Mrs. Colville, who, upon learning that her two children, as she delighted to term them, were about to make an excursion into the forest, smilingly said:

'Take care that you do not fall in with the Spectre of the Woods.'

'I wouldn't miss doing so for the world,' answered Henry.

A few moments afterwards, Grace, having signified her readiness to proceed, the lovers left Colville's house together, though they soon separated, Grace taking the nearest path to the hermit's habitation, whilst Henry took a more roundabout way to the same romantic spot.

About an hour previous to the occurrence of the events above narrated, a man whose tall form had become somewhat bent by the weight of years, might have been seen to issue forth from a small hut, situated in the midst of a forest of dark pines, whose sombre, yet ever green branches, almost secluded it from observation.

The individual in question was apparently about fifty years of age, and the long matted beard, which had been suffered to grow until it had reached his breast, fully asserted the claim of the owner to the title of Hermit, which had been applied by the inhabitants of the town of L., wherein he occasionally appeared in order to purchase the few necessaries of life which he from time to time wished for.

During one of these visits he had, upon being asked his name, given that of Harold, and that was all he could ever be brought to say concerning himself or his affairs.

Such is the brief account of the singular person, who, after leaving the hut as above described, walked forth to the top of a slight eminence, and as the song of the forest bird fell upon his ear, soliloquized thus:

'This is indeed a beautiful morning. The sun shines out in glorious splendor, and the face of nature is as calm and serene as that of the sleeping infant. O, how the sight mocks the vivid agony of my seared and broken heart.'

'Who art thou that thus talks of a broken heart?' exclaimed a female voice, as she from whom it emanated approached the brow of a hill, and stationed herself at the hermit's side.

'Woman!' exclaimed the hermit, as his whole frame shook with violent emotion, 'avaunt, and leave a wretched man to indulge alone, in his own meditations.'

'Harold Colville,' replied the woman, in a sad and altered tone of voice, 'dost thou know to whom thou hast spoken?'

'Say, woman,' exclaimed the hermit, as he turned fiercely towards the woman, and laid his brawny hand upon her shoulder, 'are you not, or, at least, were you not, my wife?'

'I was, I am!' replied the female, 'and I have dared thus to brave your just vengeance in order to learn from your own lips where I might find my child.'

'As I live,' exclaimed the hermit, 'there she goes now, along the path that leads to my house. God, I thank thee that the moment of my just vengeance draws near.'

So saying, the hermit flew towards his own house, closely followed by her who had been termed the Spectre of the Woods, and concerning whom it is incumbent on us to say a few explanatory words, before we conclude our strange and romantic story.

Harriet Garland, then, (for that was the maiden name of the female in question) was, during her early youth, celebrated for the rare and extreme beauty of her person, and the extraordinary gracefulness of her address and manners. But, as has been too often the case under similiar circumstances, the beauty of this girl led to her ruin.

At the tender age of seventeen, many young and promising beings of the opposite sex had succumbed to its all-powerful influence, among whom was Horace Harfleur, a young lieutenant of the British navy, who at that time happened to be spending a furlough at the house of his uncle, one of the richest citizens of which L—— could boast.

At first, Harriet received his addresses with favor, but as her parents bitterly opposed the prospective match, she finally dismissed him from her presence, and he soon afterwards left the shores of America.

Well would it have been for her if she could have banished his image from her heart, as easily as she did his person from her presence.

But this was not to be so; for about four months after the departure of the young lieutenant, Harriet's heart and hand were besieged by Harold Colville, a young ship master, whose home was in L——, tho' he sailed generally from the port of Boston. This was a match which suited Harriet's parents exactly, and instigated by them, she accepted his invitations, and finally married him.

It so happened, however, that the very next day Harold was unexpectedly called upon to sail immediately to India; so, after taking his new bride along with him as far as Boston, he there gave her a mournful adieu, and departed upon his voyage.

He had, however, been gone but a few months, when the young lieutenant who had formerly courted Harriet, arrived in Boston, was met by her accidentally, and we are sorry to say that this meeting resulted in a criminal intimacy, the fruit of which was Grace Garland, the heroine of the present story.

This child was born about a fortnight previous to Harold's arrival from India. The first interview between the loving husband and the guilty wife was painful in the extreme.

Unnecessary is it for us to relate the heart-rending details. Suffice it to say, that during its continuance, Harriet Garland not only confessed her guilt, but openly declared to Harold her preference for the young lieutenant.

To all this the heart-broken husband said not a word; but snatching Harriet's infant from her grasp, he hurried away to his native town, and left it with its name upon his brother's doorstep. Then, without discovering himself to any one, he left L——, and for a long time was not seen there again.

His guilty wife, too, upon whose actions, Harold kept a secret espoinage, again received the visits of her first lover, and soon sunk below the level of the worst of her sex. Finally, he got tired of, and left her. She became insane, and for many years was confined as a mad woman.

After roaming around the world till he got quite sick of it, the heart-stricken Harold at last resolved to become a recluse, and in accordance with this resolution, he at last sat himself down amidst the forests of his native place.

Here, whilst brooding gloomily over the destruction of his early hopes, he unexpectedly fell in with their destroyer, at the time and in the manner previously related.

'Woman, behold thy child!' exclaimed the hermit, as Harriet entered his rude habitation which the fair Grace had reached before them.

'Unhand her, Harold!' exclaimed the frantic mother, 'what would'st thou do to her?'

'Kill her! kill her!' exclaimed the infuriated hermit as he drew a dagger from his bosom, and menacingly towards the trembling girl, whom he still held in his iron grasp.

'Madman, desist!' exclaimed Henry Colville, as he at this moment entered the hut, and placed himself between Grace and the hermit.

'Ha! ha! ha!' replied the hermit, with a wild laugh, 'my vengeance must not, shall not, be baulked!' So saying, he rushed upon his guilty wife, and as he stabbed her to the heart, exclaimed,

'This is Heaven's vengeance—not mine!' and so saying, he plunged the fatal weapon in his own bosom.

Harriet Garland died almost immediately, in her husband's house, and in his arms, after which he fainted, and whilst lying insensible it was discovered that his wound was not mortal.

After he recovered, he told to Grace the secret of her birth, and two years afterwards, the fair girl became the wedded wife of Henry Colville; and since that time, her descendants have often been heard relating to the proud beauty, as a warning and a moral, the true but imperfectly told story of the Spectre of the Woods, or the Hermit's Revenge.

The Broken Crutch.

One hot day, in the month of June, a poor sunburnt sailor, with but one leg, was going along the road when his crutch broke into halves, and he was forced to crawl along on his hands and knees to the side of the road, and sit down to wait till some coach or cart came by whose driver he could ask to take him. The first that passed that way was a stage coach; but the man that drove it was a surly fellow, and he would not help in the sailor, as he thought he would not be paid for it. Soon after this the tired sailor fell asleep on the ground, and though a thick shower of rain came on, still he slept; for sailors, when on board their ships, have to bear all sorts of weather; when, the wind blows, the waves of the sea often dash over the decks of the vessel, and wet the poor men to the skin, while they are pulling at the ropes, and shifting the sails.

When the sailor awoke, he found a boy's coat and waistcoat laid on his head and shoulders, to keep him from being wet; and the boy sat by in his shirt, trying to mend the broken crutch, with two pieces of wood and some strong twine.

'My good lad,' said the sailor, 'why do you pull off your own clothes to keep me from getting wet?'

'Oh,' said he, 'I do not mind the rain, but I tho't that the large drops of rain that fell upon your face would awake you, and you must be sadly tired to sleep so sound on the cold ground. See, I have almost mended your crutch, which I found broken; and if you can lean on me and cross yonder field to my uncle's farm-house, I am sure he will get you a new crutch. Pray, do try to go there. I wish I was tall enough to carry you on my back.'

The sailor looked at him with a tear in his eyes, and said—

'When I went to sea five years ago, I left a boy behind me; if I should find him as good a little fellow as you seem to be, I should be happy as the day is long, though I have lost my leg, and must go on crutches all the days of my life.'

'What was your son's name?' asked the boy.

'Tom White, and my name is John White,' said the sailor.

When the boy heard these names, he jumped up, flung his arms around the sailor's neck and said, 'My dear, dear father, I am Tom White, your own little boy!'

How great was the sailor's joy thus to meet his own child, and find him so good to those who wanted help.

Tom had been taken care of by his uncle while the father was at sea, and the sunburnt and lame sailor, found a happy home in the farm-house of his brother; and though he had a new crutch, he kept the old one as long as he lived, and showed it to all the strangers who came to the farm, as a proof of the kind heart of his dear son Tom.

Widow Jones' Cow.

Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before widow Jones' door, and gave the usual signal that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins, and sitting double with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap. 'Good morning,' was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited what was further to be said.

'Well, ma'am Jones, perhaps, you don't want to sell one of your cows, now, for nothin', no way, do you?'

'Well, there, Mr. Smith, you could not have spoken my mind better. A poor, lone woman like me, does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it.'

So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—then at Brindle—then at the widow—then at the Downing cow—then at the widow again, and so through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when the widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday—and had ever so much to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

'That Downing cow is a pretty fair creature—but —' he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked around her—not the widow but the cow—

'That 'ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know—' another look at the widow.

'The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her.' Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones. She sighed, and they both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting movement.

'Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle—but I have none better.' A long stare preceded this speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out.

'Law! Mr. Smith, if I'm the cow you want, do say so!'

The intentions of the widower Smith and widow Jones were duly published the next day, and the reader can judge the rest.

☞All will agree, that if there is one character more hateful than another on earth, it is the slanderer. It is provoked by virtue—it is excited by wealth—beauty displeases and merit excites envy—why is it? Let the slanderer answer; let him look into his own ill heart for a reply.

☞'I think,' said a farmer, 'I should make a good Congressman, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with requests for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months.

☞Why is a cow's tail like the letter F? Because it's the end of *beef!*

☞The man, who thought he could coax a lawyer to take 'a dollar less,' is now trying to set fire to an iceberg with a segar.

From the Pennsylvanian Inquirer.

THE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

THE CONFIDENCE OF SOCIAL LIFE.

"Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own,
Can read a nod, a shrug, or look,
Far better than a printed book,
Convey a libel in a frown,
Or wink a reputation down."

The duties and obligations of social life are often misunderstood, as well as sadly violated. The confidence of friends is abused, and the insidious, the hypocritical and the malignant, take advantage of thoughtless expressions uttered perhaps, in moments of excitement, to provoke distrust, foment jealousy, and thus cause bitterness and ill-will. It has been well and forcibly said, that to "repeat what you have heard in social intercourse, is sometimes a deep treachery, and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish." The idle tatler, who runs from door to door, listens eagerly to all that is said, then repeats, exaggerates, or by wicked insinuation, conveys a meaning that was never intended, is a source of infinite mischief, and often bitter and hopeless feuds between neighbors and families. We can conceive of no treachery more deplorable or more censurable, than that which abuses the frankness and confidence of an honest nature and by persuasion or distortion creates an offence and inflicts a wound, where nothing of the kind was intended. Thus, a confidential conversation will be repeated, with the most solemn injunctions not to betray the mischief maker, who not only tells the whole truth, but adds some authorized interpretation, or describes the manner as having been offensive, when the fact was exactly otherwise. Some dark suggestion, hint or insuendo is also made, and thus a playful remark or frank expression, is tortured into a slander, an insult or a slight. The breach thus created—unwittingly created, so far as the original parties are concerned—is widened from day to day, by a double system of treachery and betrayal—the mischief maker professing to be confidential with both parties, and enjoying secrecy upon both. Hence, hearts become estranged, friendships are broken and affection is stifled. There are, we are aware, many mischief makers, who are so *thoughtlessly, foolishly,* and without any deep, deliberate or serious design of doing evil. They are simply babbles or tattlers, who lack discretion, judgement and common sense, and who have never been able to practice the philosophy of holding their tongues. The infirmity of such is soon detected, and thus by the practise of a little caution, their power to do harm is nullified. But there are others who are subtle, wily and adroit, and who, as if prompted by some incarnate fiend, seek for and study every opportunity to undermine, underrate, darken charity, destroy reputation, impair confidence and sever friendship. We can conceive of no darker illustration of human depravity.

"A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal."

There is scarcely an individual in existence who could not be injured, seriously if not fatally, by such insidious and double faced guile. It is impossible at all times to be watchful and wary, especially in social life, and when the intercourse is free, frank and undisguised. At such moments the thoughts and feelings are apt to be expressed with the utmost freedom, and even the weakness and prejudice of cherished friends to be alluded to, not in bitterness or unkindness, but in confidence, sincerity and sympathy. If however, a malicious mischief maker happens to be at hand, it is the easiest thing in the world to misrepresent the real facts of the case, so as to annoy, irritate and inflame—to create a sentiment of distrusting and of coldness, and thus to lay the foundation of a misunderstanding which, if followed up, is sure to end in enmity and ill-will. Some persons are, moreover, quite sensitive on certain subjects, while others are particularly credulous. The mischief maker is sure to discover all this, and to play his game accordingly. We some time since heard the particulars of a sad case. A young lady was engaged to be married, and the wedding day was fixed. Meanwhile her affianced was accidentally thrown into the society of a former lover, and he either recklessly or maliciously made an insinuation, utterly unfounded, as was afterwards shown—which shook the confidence of the intended husband, provoked a misunderstanding, and led to a final separation. He soon after left the city for California, was seized with illness, and died on the way! Her fate was equally melancholy, and is embodied by the touching lines of the poet:

"A whisper broke the air—
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barb'd with shame and woe—
Now might it only perish there!
Nor farther go—
Ah me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound!
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so it wandered round
From ear to lip—from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And that—it broke!

But who cannot point out illustrations!—The vice is heartless, cruel and dangerous, and its victims, directly or indirectly, may be counted by thousands. It is such an easy thing to wound a sensitive spirit. It is so light a task to stain or soil the reputation! Confidence may be so readily disturbed—suspicions may be so promptly excited! How many merchants have had their credits ruined—how many honest men have had their prospects blighted, and their families subjected to all the horrors of poverty—how many unkindnesses have been provoked—how many ties of love have been severed—how many hearts have been lacerated—how many families have been made miserable—by the thoughtless or the vicious, the heedless or the crafty and malignant propensity of the mischief maker! The poor wretch who, in a moment of necessity, and laboring under all the horrors of hunger, commits some paltry theft, with the object of satisfying the cravings of nature, is promptly arrested, convicted, and sent to 'durance vile,'—but how many destroyers of the peace of families, disturbers of the happiness of households—in brief, moral assassins of character—perform their wicked work so artfully, stealthily and hypocritically that they see the ruin and the wreck they make, and yet contrive to escape the responsibility. Let them be assured, however, that a day of reckoning will come!

☞The Clerk of a village church made the following announcement, one Sabbath, at the close of the service:—'I hereby give notice that a vestry meeting will be held at 6 o'clock, on Wednesday evening, in order to come to a final conclusion, as to *what color this church is to be white washed.*'

BACKING OUT OF A POSITION.—A somewhat eccentric lawyer, being engaged in defending a hard case and not being altogether pleased with the rulings of the presiding judge, remarked, that he believed that the whole court could be bought with a peck of beans.

The judge, of course, took this remark in high dudgeon, and ordered the lawyer to sit down, and demanded of him an apology for his contempt of court, threatening him with commitment for the offence, if he did not apologize.

The lawyer, after a little reflection, remarked that he had said he believed that the court could be bought with a peck of beans; that he said it without reflection, and wished to take it back; but, said he, 'If I had put it at half a bushel, I would have taken it back in the world!'—*Springfield Republican.*

DUTIES.—Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can. Every man ought to help his neighbor—if he can. Every man and woman ought to get married—if they can. Every man should do his work to suit his customers—if he can. Every man should please his wife—if he can. Every wife should please her husband—if she can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue—if she can. Every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth—if he can. Every man should mind his own business—if he can; and every woman too. Every one should take a newspaper, and PAY for it—any how.—*Ex. paper.*

A Bear Story that Bears Telling.

In the Juvenile Wesleyan—but whether original there or not, I can scarcely tell—there appears a story of an adventure with a bear, which, while it furnishes some materials for a good round laugh, illustrates the desirableness of union among members.

At the first settlement of Vermont—so the story goes, three young men left their homes in Massachusetts, with rifles in hand, and each bought a tract of land side by side in the wilderness. They erected a log hut, and agreed to live together, and work first on one, and then on the other's farm alternately.

After a few month's harmonious action, one of them became dissatisfied, and would no longer work only on his own farm. Thus they continued some time without anything to interrupt their course.

One day, the two who were at work together were surprised at the outcries of the one at work by himself. They grasped their rifles, and flew to the relief of their comrade, but when they came in sight of him such a ludicrous scene presented itself to their gaze, that it was sometime before they could restrain from laughing sufficiently to hold their rifles with a steady hand. This man was at work, having placed his rifle against a tree some little distance off, when a large bear came between him and his rifle, and attacked him. Finding there was no time to lose, he sprang for the nearest sappling that the bear could not climb, and was soon up into it; but the sappling was too tender to bear up his weight, and it bent over like a bow, and brought him in such a position, that he had to hold on with his feet and hands, and the bent part of his body, which was covered with buck skin, hung down within reach of the bear while he stood on his hind legs, and with a stroke of his fore paw set him at a swinging motion. The bear very patiently set on his haunches till he became more steady, and then would give him another blow, and the same result followed; but his claws did not penetrate the buckskin, and the flesh was not torn. After the two had indulged in a hearty laugh they drew up their rifles and stretched poor Bruin on the ground. They united again and worked together afterwards.

JOINT LITERARY LABOR.—When the committee of the French Academy were employed in preparing the well known Academy dictionary, Cuvier, the celebrated naturalist, came one day into the room where they were holding a session. 'Glad to see you, M. Cuvier,' said one of the forty, 'we have just finished a definition which we think quite satisfactory, but one which we should like to have your opinion. We have been defining the word crab, and have explained it thus:

'Crab, a small red fish, that only walks backwards.'

'Perfect, gentlemen,' said Cuvier, 'only, if you will give me leave, I will make on small observation in natural history. The crab is not a fish, it is not red, it does not walk backwards; with these exceptions, your definition is excellent.'

☞Cottle, in his 'Recollections of Coleridge,' relates an amusing anecdote of this poet-philosopher. Coleridge was an exceedingly awkward horseman. He was riding one day in a very ungraceful position, along the road, in the county of Durham, when a wag approached him, noticed his peculiarity, and (mistaking his man) thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport. So as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr. Coleridge:

'I say, young man, did you meet a *tailor* on the road?'

'Yes,' replied C., (who was never at a loss for a rejoinder) 'I did, and he told me if I went on a fitting further, I should meet a *goose!*'

The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveler jogged on.

IN A DILEMMA.—We were much amused by an incident which a friend of ours related to us the other day. A gentleman who had been absent for a considerable time, and who during his absence had raised a pretty luxuriant crop of whiskers, moustaches, &c., visited a relative whose child, a little girl of six years, he was very fond of. The little girl made no demonstrations towards saluting him with a kiss, as usual.

'Why, child,' said mother, 'don't you know your uncle Edward? Why don't you give him a kiss?'

'Why ma,' returned the little girl, with the utmost simplicity, 'I don't see any place.'

A PASS WORD.—Mr. Lover tells a good anecdote of an Irishman giving the pass word at the battle of Fontenoy, at the time the great Saxe was marshal.

'The pass word is saxe; now don't forget it Pat,' said the Colonel.

'Sacks! Faith and I will not!—Wasn't my father a miller?'

'Who goes there?' cried the sentinel after he arrived at the post.

Pat looked as confidently as possible, and in a sort of a whispered howl, replied:

'Bags! *yer honor!*'

THE AGE OF SHEEP.—The age of sheep may be known by the front teeth. They are eight in number and appear the first year all of the same size. In the second year the two middle ones fall out, and their place is supplied by new teeth, which may be easily distinguished by their larger size. In the third year two other small teeth, one on each side, fall out, and are replaced by two large ones, so that there are now four large teeth in the middle, and two pointed ones on each side. In the fourth year the large teeth are six in number, and only two remain, one at each end of the range. In the fifth year the remaining small teeth are lost, and the whole front teeth are large. In the sixth year the whole begin to be worn, and in the seventh year, sometimes sooner, some fall out, or are broken. It is said that the teeth of the ewes begin to decay at five or six; those of wethers at seven and those of rams at eight.—Sheep sometimes continue strong and productive until fourteen or sixteen years old and occasionally longer.

WHY AND BECAUSE.—Why does a smith, by hammering a piece of bar-iron, render it red hot? Because he thereby compresses the metal. When air is violently compressed, it becomes so hot as to ignite cotton and other substances. An ingenious instrpment for producing light for domestic uses has been constructed, consisting of a small cylinder, in which a solid piston moves air tight; a little tinder or dry sponge, is attatched to the bottom of the piston, which is then violently forced into the cylinder; the air between the bottom of the cylinder and the piston becomes intensely compressed, and envolves so much heat as to light the tinder.

Why are the scent and hearing of the elephant remarkably acute? Because, living in troops, but often dispersed for food, they may again come together. Elephants are known to discover a tiger-track by the smell.

Why is the cutting down of forests found to diminish the quantity of rain? Because it is supposed to diminish the attraction for clouds.

A COOL JUDGE.—A couple of 'limbs of the law,' who were conducting a suit before a justice in Dorchester, got incensed at the other, and finally came to blows. The Court sat by and looked coldly on until the fracas was over. Then the combatants apologised for disturbing his honor; but the justice, wiping his specks, coolly declared he hadn't been disturbed in the least—he rather liked it.

OH, wondrous age! when want of native charms no longer fill fair woman with alarms; when paint-roses, 'dorn the shallow face, and cotton stuffing gives her every grace; when piles of gold—her sire's ill-gotten gains, make full atonement for want of brain; while solid graces wield a blunted dart, while musk and moonlight win the lover's heart.

☞In your undertakings, if you will be successful, let reason be the precedent of all your actions; miscarriages are the effects of folly; fools are unfortunate because they never consider; and man make Fortune greater than she is, and by their own folly increases their power. Foresight is the right eye of Prudence.

ODDS AND ENDS.

'Twas NIGHT—and Sniggles to his wife
Lay talking as they were in bed,
Of all the ills and care and strife
That fell upon his luckless head.

'Here we have been six years,' quoth he,
'And still we find both ends don't meet;
I've worked as busy as a bee,
And yet we barely live and eat!

Our children have no schooling yet;
Indeed I am ashamed of Ben—
Poor fellow, I'm so much in debt—
He's had no chance, though now past ten.'

'But stop, how is it?' said his spouse,
Our neighbor gets along so well,
Have you not marked how farmer Blowse
What'er he has can always sell?'

'His boys, he says, know far much more
Than those who've been to school a year;
And then he always knows the store,
When goods are cheap, and when they're dear.

'His farm though not so large as ours,
Is fast improving every day—
I'd like to know what magic powers
He has to help him in this way.'

'And I would, too,' poor Sniggles thought,
So next morning forth he went,
To find where Blowse his bargains bought,
And how he had so little spent.

Said Blowse—'dear sir, the thing is plain;
The question, no matter how you take her,
Is answered by the simple words—'
I always take my County Paper!!

A STRONG TEAM.—A temperance festival was held in New York on Wednesday night. Gen. Samuel Houston, Hon. Horace Mann, John Chambers, P. T. Barnum, Rev. H. W. Beecher, were present and made speeches. A gold medal was presented to Hon. Neal Dow, who was present.—There were 1500 persons at the festival.

JENNY LIND'S LAST CHARITIES.—The late Jenny Lind gave fifty dollars to the waiter and thirty dollars to each of the other servants of the house where she was married. She then gave her hand to Otto Goldschmidt, and this is the last of the Lind charities that will ever be recorded. The Jenny Goldschmidt charities have not yet commenced.

LIBERALITY.—Giving fifty dollars to the Hungarian Fund after "beating down" the widow three cents on a string of onions.

COWHIDED.—A young gent, in Baltimore, on Monday week. Cause—Sending a vulgar Valentine. Verdict of community—Served right.

There are several things that look awkward in a woman, viz: to see her undertake to whistle—to carry her dress more than knee high while crossing the streets—to throw a stone at a hog—to chew "patent gum" in prayer time—to smoke a long nine—to climb a garden fence, and to sing bass at a revival meeting.

We like the "new pill" which a distinguished physician has just invented. This invaluable remedy for melancholy is made of "fun and fresh air, in equal proportions, and is to be taken with cold water three times a day."

Can one imagine anything more cheerless than a bachelor's bed chamber? Possibly, the Dismal Swamp may make some pretensions to similarity.

It is stated that the value of labor is so greatly enhanced in some portions of Michigan by the emigration to California, that $26 a month and board is readily commanded.

Four columns of a northern newspaper, printed in very small type, are occupied by the advertisement of a quack doctor, head '*One word to the afflicted.*' A long word, that!

The Cincinnati papers say there was 30,000 persons present at the delivering of Kossuth's speech, in that city, on the 13th inst. What a "sea of upturned faces" there must have been!

John Farrall, the editor of the Pittsburg Daily Tribune, is about leaving for California, and offers his paper for sale.

Mr. George R. McFarland of Hollidaysburg, has given Kossuth a check for a ton of cannon balls.

The principal coin in circulation in California is fifty dollar gold pieces, which they call *slugs.* We suppose the home production is sufficient to supply the demand.

Kossuth, in reply to the address with which he was received at Cleveland, stated that he was there making his one hundred and fifty-sixth speech in the English language.

Business men should as soon think of taking a journey in a car without an engine attached, as to attempt to succeed in business without advertising.

Grasshoppers have made their appearance in Northampton county, Pa. They are regarded as a great curiosity, particularly when the extreme cold is taken into consideration.

The United States have ground enough to be cut up into ninety-five States, each as large as Great Britain proper.

If girls would have roses for their cheeks, they must do as the roses do—go to sleep with the lilies, and get up with the morning glories.

It is all moonshine about the girls petitioning Congress to have leap year come considerably oftener. They merely wish the year made about as long again.

It is better to sow a young heart with generous thoughts and deeds than a field with corn, since the heart's harvest is perpetual.

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

A mad dog passed through the lower end of Lebanon county, last week, and bit several animals that came in his way.

Baltimore is moving strongly in favor of widening a railroad bridge over the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace.

The New York Herald states that one-twelfth of every fifth house in New York is either a grog shop, or a house of ill repute. A terrible state of things.

We believe that every well regulated family ought always to have one baby in it—just for the fun of the thing.

The taxable property of Ohio is set down for this year at four hundred and seventy-seven millions.

Covetousness debaseth a man's spirit and sinketh it into the earth.

A mother's purity refines the child's heart and manners.

Every noble building gives influence to a better taste.

The West Chester people are agitating the subject of lighting their borough with gas.