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THE ANNOYER.

Love knoweth everybody's home,
And every human haunt,
And comes unbidden everywhere,
Like people we don't want.
The turnpike roads, and little creeks,
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice like a thousand bricks,
In the lowing of the herds.

He peeps into the teamster's heart,
From his Buena Vista's rim,
And creaking whips of many men,
Can never frighten him.
He'll come to his cart in the weary night,
When he's dreaming of his craft,
And he'll float to his eye in the morning light,
Like a man on a river raft.

He hears the sound of the cooper's adz,
And makes him too his dupe,
For he sighs in his ear from the shaving pile,
As he hammers on his hoop.
The little girl, the beardless boy,
The men that walk or stand,
He will get them all in his mighty arms,
Like the grasp of your hand.

The shoemaker bangs above his bench,
And ponders his mighty awl,
For Love is under the lap stone hid,
And a spell is on the wall.
It heaves the sole where he drives the pegs,
And speaks in every blow,
'Till the last is dropped from his crafty hand,
And his foot hangs bare below.

He blurs the prints which the shopmen sell,
And intrudes on the latter's trade,
And profanes the hostler's stable-yard,
In the shape of the chambermaid.
In the darkened night, and the bright daylight,
Knowing that he can win,
In every home of good looking folks,
Will human Love come in.

THE KENNEBEC CAPTIVE.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

Some of the most beautiful scenery to be found in this or any land, is to be found in the State of Maine. Her rivers are numerous and great, her mountains lofty and imposing, her sea coast iron bound and rough, boldly looking out upon old Ocean as he sweeps along with tides and storms, and saying, "Come on, sir, and I'll give you a hearty welcome," her inland lakes still sleeping in the wilderness, are large and magnificent, her valleys are warm and fertile, and her forests have yielded to none in the world for the abundance and goodness of their timber. Even now, her rivers send out salmon and lumber for the use of every part of the nation. At a very early period in the history of our country, settlers began to push up her beautiful rivers, and drop down singly or in small groups as they liked. She was a wild province of Massachusetts then and her population, grappling with all the hardships of the wilderness, and of her severe climate was very sparse. Far up the enchanting Kennebec, at a very early day, were two families who had emigrated from the same neighborhood, and who had long been faithful friends.—Old Mr. Redfield lived in a comfortable, but in no way imposing log house, on the banks of the river. He was a kind-hearted, benevolent man, never believing the world to be wicked enough to cheat him, though almost every week taught him the opposite doctrine. He labored hard, was a good husband and father, a warm hearted and humble Christian, and loving all men much, but his God more. He honestly earned property, but could never make it stick to his fingers. His wife was a noble hearted woman, who had relinquished brighter prospects that she might be happy with the man of her choice. And she had been happy. One by one their children had sickened in the wilderness, and they had carried them to the little opening in the forest which they had cleared for a burying-place. It was the first clearing he had made after reaching their new home; the briers and wild weeds were not allowed to grow there. At the time my story commences Mr. Redfield had reached the age of sixty or more. His wife was ten years younger. Only one child remained to them, a staid, sober, quiet, yet courageous boy, of about ten years of age, and he went by the plain name of Daniel Redfield.

Somewhat further up the river was a house of greater pretensions. It was built of brick, gambrel roofed, and was surrounded by fruit trees and gardens, spacious barns and out houses. It stood in a pleasant valley, under the shadows of a lofty mountain. The vale had been cleared up, and the fields of wheat and corn, and the rich meadows of grass, caused the passer by to stop and gaze, and say, "Squire Ordway is well to do in this world." The "Squire" was a man, who, like his neighbor, Redfield, was honest and kind; but in worldly wisdom he was far his superior. They had both come into the wilderness poor, but one was rich, and the other dwelt under the shadow of the hill of wealth without being able to climb it. Mr. Ordway had a large family of boys. They were not very polished, for they had to rough it from their very infancy. Mutual dependence and common privations, teach the pioneers of the forest to be ready for any act of kindness which a neighbor needs; and no kinder neighbors than the Ordways could be found on the Kennebeck. The parents were proud of their boys; for none could prostrate the forest, get out timber-logs for the mills, hunt the moose, or catch salmon with more skill than they. But the pet of the flock was an only daughter, about four years old. She blossoms about them, and as beautiful too. Little Susan was the idle of the family. The father and mother early discovered that she was "a remarkable child," and the boys received it as a fact not to be questioned. Hence they gathered flowers in the Spring, berries and fruit in the Summer, nuts in the Autumn, and planned slides and sled-drawings on the ice in the Winter, for "little Susan." Hence it is not to be wondered at that as she grew up, she found a will of her own, and that her little foot sometimes came down with a decision that was unbending.

As the two families advanced, it was plain that the Ordways were to increase and spread, and grow wealthy. It was as clear that the Redfields never would. Daniel "took to books." Not that he disliked work, but he yearned for knowledge, so that there was not a book in the whole region, of whose contents he was not a perfect master. Happening to light upon a stray Euclid, the parents wondered much over the beautiful figures which he drew on the white birch bark gathered from the forest.—Every pitch pine root which he found was carefully saved to give him light for study after the labors of the day. At the age of seventeen, the father of Daniel began to droop. It was evinced that he must die. Like a wise man, he had set his house in order; and the only regrets which he had on the conviction that he must die, were that he left his widow and child so poorly endowed. But he knew the promises of God to be faithful, and his eye of faith did not grow dim.

A few days before he died, Squire Ordway came to pay his friend a visit. They had never quarrelled and had no malice to overcome. They had lived and loved like brothers, and the tears which they now shed were the true currency of the heart.

"I do not doubt it," said the dying man; "I do not doubt that you will advise and encourage the poor woman as a brother would; and she'll need it. I have my little farm paid for, and the cow and the pony; but that's all neighbor. And then, my boy Daniel! I've tried hard, perhaps not so faithfully as I ought, to wean him from his books; but it's in him, and fire couldn't burn it out of him.—What can be done for him and with him?"

"It's no use in trying, my old friend. It's jest as natural for him to study as for a trout to bite at a fly. Study he will, and study he must, and I'll promise to aid him all I can."

"God bless you for that, James Ordway. And if he don't feel grateful, and thank you, sure you are that you have the thanks of a dying father beforehand."

"Who can tell but that, like one of our own rough logs which we send down the river, and which is worked into a beautiful house at Boston he may yet become something that will honor us all?"

So said the friend and neighbor, and the eye of the dying man kindled with joy, and hope was there to cheer him, and faith to strengthen him, and so his last interview with his old friend was one of deep consolation.

The good man was buried in the little graveyard; and the deep snows soon laid their white sheet over him, and the winds that sighed through the lofty forest, tolled his requiem. In a short time Mr. Ordway went to see the nearest educated mind in the region; a humble minister of the Gospel; who lived in a poor shanty about six miles off through the woods, and who had followed his sheep there to keep them from the wolves. The good man was a finished scholar, and with a smiling face told Mr. Ordway to send the young man without fee or reward. He promised to do so; but the Squire had occasion to go that way often, and it was noticed that he always stopped ostensibly to inquire about his protege, but in reality to drop a bag of potatoes, a quarter of beef, a few yards of flannel, or something to add to the real comfort of the minister's family. Daniel was a good and profitable pupil. Twice a week on his pony, Shag, did he go to recite, and never without stopping at Mr. Ordway's a moment—since he must needs go past his door. It was soon found that Daniel could in a measure compensate Mr. Ordway, for he now gave lessons regularly to "little Susan," as she was still called, though she was now fairly in her teens.—She had never manifested any very great love for books, but under Daniel's supervision, she actually studied and made rapid advances. It is impossible to tell why, but young misses do sometimes. They become apt scholars.

Time moved on, or else our story could not.—The Revolutionary War had broken out, and raged. The call of the infant nation, invoking the spirit of freedom, had penetrated even the wilderness; and the young Ordways every one left the axe, left their clearings, and had gone to join the army of Washington. Young Redfield had completed his college course, within four months, by the great efforts and economy of his widowed mother, and the kindness of her husband's old friend, when the college was broken up by the war, and the students scattered. Daniel returned home to consult his mother and his friend Ordway whether or not he should join the army also. It was a doubtful question; for though he was a good hunter, and a dead shot with the rifle, yet ten to one, but if he got hold of a book the enemy might charge and ride over him ere he knew it. The widow felt that she could not have him go—he was her all. Mr. Ordway hesitated what to advise, and "little Susan," now eighteen, and as pretty and authoritative as ever, declared it was a shame, that he ought not to go and leave his aged mother; that it was lonesome to have everybody go off; and that she was almost ready to enlist and become a soldier herself, rather than stay there in the woods so lonely!

While this great question was undecided, young Redfield one morning took his rifle, and went up the Kennebec to hunt for moose. A moose is a large species of deer. If my readers never saw one, they have to imagine a round, fat horse, cut his tail short off, put an ass's head on him, with immense horns—often weighing ninety pounds—give him long, deer's legs and hoofs, and you have a pretty good moose. They weigh as much, and often more than a horse, and stand as much higher from the ground. Daniel went up the river, but night came and he did not return. This gave no uneasiness. But after he had been gone two, three and four days, the mother's heart began to be alarmed. There had been a great rain, and if alive and well, why had he not come back? She caught old Shag, and went down to consult Mr. Ordway. He at first thought the young man had been unsuccessful, and had determined to hunt until he had got a moose. Susan affected to laugh, and said "he undoubtedly had found moose enough, but probably had thrown a book at them instead of shooting; for her part, she had no doubt he was looking up the book he had thus thrown away!" At the same time the poor girl stopped her sewing, her fingers trembled so! Mr. Ordway procured an old hunter, and they scoured the forest in search. They found his trail, and followed it up to Moose head Lake, where the Kennebec breaks out so boldly and so unexpectedly from the majestic lake. There he had shot a moose, which was lying in the edge of the water where it fell. There they found his hunting knife, as if dropped carelessly; but no further could they trace him. The shore of the wild lake was stony, and no marks of the feet could be seen. In vain they shouted, kindled fires, and fired their rifles; the echos came down far up the lake, but no other response. Had he fallen into the rapid river?—they could find no traces of him. After lingering and searching a couple of days, they returned towards home, occasionally firing their rifles, each in quick succession—the hunter's signal—hoping, though faintly, that he had reached home. But no, he was not there. It was a profound mystery. The widowed mother was almost crushed by the misfortune. Mr. Ordway sent all the way to the army, to see if by any possibility his sons had seen or heard from young Redfield; but they had not. They had expected he would have joined them before this.—So it continued to be a profound mystery. The mother made up her mind that he had fallen into the river some where, and was drowned. Ordway nearly coincided with her in opinion. As for Susan she didn't and she wouldn't believe, that he was, but that he knew enough to keep out of the water, or at least to rise up after he was dead and float! What her theory was she never told; but though she felt bad enough, it was not that choking grief, which the certain death of our friends always brings. The old hunter averred that there was a mighty spirit by the name of Kinnio, who owned that lake, and who sometimes destroyed people who came to his lake alone. His home was on the mountain in the middle of the lake, (now called Mount Kinnio) where he carried his victims and ate them half roasted! And he consoled the mourners with the assurance that he had no doubt but they could find some of the young man's bones the next season, thrown down the mountain!

Young Redfield had been lost, not forgotten about two years, when a suitor, every way prepossessing, presented himself at the "brick house," and in the most proper way possible, offered his hand and heart to Susan. To the surprise of all she civily declined both. The young man besought her parents to intercede for him. They did so, and to no purpose. He then sought the aid of the Widow Redfield, and she had a talk with Miss Susan. To her surprise, the girl would talk of nothing but her son Daniel, his habits, his ability to swim, his power to take care of himself. To her amazement, positive Susan didn't and wouldn't believe he was dead or ever had been. The widow almost forgot her errand, and went home, blaming herself for indulging hopes on the whim of a spoiled child. But she went to work in right good earnest to find Capeeno, an Indian who sometimes came in those parts. After great search, Capeeno was found, and told that Miss Susan wanted to see him very much.

Capeeno was a Canadian Indian, of the Lorette tribe, and though his people were in the service of the British, and were fighting against the Americans, yet he had remained in the forests of Maine, and had not taken up the hatchet on either side.—He had received many kindnesses at the "brick house," and little "Susa" was a great favorite with him. He went to her, and long was their secret talk. Every day for three days, did he come and sit and smoke, and listen to the persuasions of the "teetle squaw." At last he seemed to come to her views, for, on receiving the best blanket from her bed, a pillow case full of flour, a new knife, a strip of lead, which the naughty girl pulled from the roof of the house with her own hands, he left, struck into the woods, and was seen no more.—The next storm that came, told that the lead was gone, but where, guns none knew. Who *could* steal it!

Just at the close of a sultry summer's day, two officers were walking arm in arm on the heights of Quebec, discussing the news of the late victory, which Washington had obtained in New Jersey.—They were amusing themselves at the whipping he was about to receive, evidently greatly mortified that the boot had been on the wrong foot of late.

"What would you give for his neck," said one "should Lord Howe catch him?"

"Just as much as I would for the necks of all Congress, when we had once subdued them," said the other.

"Howe thought he had the rebel army of Washington once so hemmed in that he could not escape, but in the morning he was not there! the theatre had spectators but no actors."

"Tell me, goodly Argia,
Qui credebat tristes undire tragedos,
In vacuo loetus sessor plausorque theatro."

as *Horace*, not Virgil says."

"Who are you?"

"Your honor's humble servant.

"Oh! my young friend, the prisoner, whom I begged out of the hospital, and gave him untold privileges, even when he won't give us his word that he won't run away if he can! Well, I stand corrected as to my quotation and my author, though I should never expect a backwoodsman to be able to quote the classics. But why have you so long refused to give your word, and be treated as a prisoner of war?"

"Because, sir, I am not a prisoner of war. I was captured far from the seat of war, a peaceful citizen by your hired Indians at Moosehead Lake."

"We shall not dispute about it. While I feel sorry for you, I shall take care that you do not get away."

"You have just acknowledged, sir, that we do sometimes escape when your least expect it.

The officers looked at each other and passed on. The young man was left alone. He was pale, sad, and evidently in poor health. From the lofty heights of Quebec, at sundown beat of the drum, he cast his eyes down on the glorious St. Lawrence, and then turned eastward, and sent his thoughts thick and fast through the almost interminable forests, that lay in that direction. He had left the parade ground, and was making his way to the prison yard, when a hand beckoned him behind an angle of the wall.

"Me want see you."

"Who are you? It is so dark I cannot see you."

"Me know you—know your mother—know Shag—know brick house—know Susa. How long 'fore door shut up?"

"Perhaps twenty minutes—perhaps fifteen."

"Good. Me walk on this side street, you 'nother. Keep hees eyes on me, and go where me go."

The Indian shuffled off, saying aloud, "Yankee man mad, say whip me, he catch me, me get canoe and he no find me." So he had the appearance of having insulted a prisoner, and that prisoner had the appearance of following in hot resentment. Down the hill he went faster and faster, till he reached the St. Lawrence, where lay a canoe. In it stepped the Indian, barely pointing to another which lay near it, and pushed off. The young man leaped into the other, and pushed after him as if in a race. Down the river they went a little way, and landed below Point Levy. They leaped ashore just as they heard the alarm sounded from the heights across the river, signifying the escape of a prisoner or of a soldier. The Indian paused a moment, and listened and said, "White men too much noise—too much parade—loose trail while he drum." He led the way among the bushes as fast as the young man could follow. How far they went that night, the prisoner knew not. When morning came, they were by the side of a river, just below some beautiful falls. For more than a mile they had waded in the river's edge, so as to conceal their footsteps. Here, just under the falls, was an opening from the water, which led into a cave. They crawled up, and were soon on a platform, high and dry, with sufficiency of light. The young man was greatly exhausted, and lay down leaning on his elbow. The Indian sat down before him, his feet curled up under him, but upright.—His head was shaggy with hair, long coarse, and turning gray, like the mane of a moose. His only clothing was a dingy red shirt, and trousers of untanned deer-skin. His moccasins were the skin of a moose's hind leg, cut off a little below the joint, sewed up at one end, and drawn on and fitted to the foot while green. His teeth were mostly gone, and he looked as he was, a tough, short, powerful creature, afraid of nothing, have nothing to make or lose. They gazed at each other in silence awhile; at length the young man said; "I have followed you all night. I have put my life in your hands; now who are you, and what do you want of me?"

"You 'fraid of me?"

"No. And now, if you aint the evil spirit who are you?"

"Spose we meet Lorette Indians; they no hurt you. Me run, then you no can say who Indian be?"

"So you want to run if we are in danger, and leave me to my fate, and that, too, so that you can't be known?"

The Indian looked fierce for a moment, and drew out his hunting knife. The young man kept his eye carefully on him. From the bottom of the sheath there rolled out a piece of paper, which he handed to the young man. He unrolled it and read—

"Should this ever meet the eyes of D. R., let him know that bearer is trustworthy. Follow him implicitly.—Susan O."

Young Redfield sprang up, and caught the Indian by the hand, and almost choked question upon question. He was ready to go—felt strong—could travel all day, and then fall back exhausted. The Indian gave him some water, and then some dried venison from his wallet, and bade him lie down and sleep till night, if he could. Redfield did so, but his brain whirled. In a troubled sleep he now dreamed of home, and then of his prison, then of Susa Ordway—then he heard the alarm bell, and the voices of men pursuing, and the baying of bloodhounds hard after him, and then he would awake and find that it was the roar of the falls near him. So he spent the day. At night they came out of their cave, and followed the course of the beautiful Chaudiere river, towards its head waters. This charming valley was already occupied by the French population, and they were compelled to travel by night, and lay by during the day. Their progress was necessarily slow. On the fourth day, the Indian crept out of their covert, and several horseman coming towards them. He knew instantly that they were British soldiers in pursuit. They were in a hill about half a mile distant, and had to descend into a valley, and rise another hill before they reached him. He gazed at them earnestly, till they descended the hill, and then he sprung up like a cat. He made the prisoner run to the roadside and climb up into a thick evergreen, far up out of sight. He then took off his moccasins and hid them; then he turned his red shirt, and it was yellow; he turned his skin trousers and they were a kind of dirty green. He drew a cap so close over his head, that it almost made the head ache to look at it. Then he sat down under the tree, and very composedly began to smoke. The horseman came up to him at a brisk pace, and surrounded him with pistols in hand.

"Move a foot you dog of an Indian, and you are dead. Shoot him if he moves."

The Indian smoked on, evidently not able to understand a word, and as unmoved as a rock.

The commander then interrogated him in plain French:

"Who are you?

"I Lorette Indian."

"What are you here for?"

"Me run catch prisoner, have much blanket when catch him."

"Man," said the officer, "who any Lorettes sent out? This fellow don't look as if he could run much."

"Yes, sir, half a dozen were sent out, but this fellow——"

"You say you are after prisoner. Now speak the truth, or our pistols will make daylight shine through you. What was the prisoner's name?"

"Redfield, Captain say."

"And who do you suppose went off with him? I wish I could meet him!"

"Indians say, strange Indian—Capeeno—short man—no bigger as I. He bad Indian—steal away prisoner."

"Where are the rest of your runners?"

The Indian pointed to a smoke that was rising up among the trees. The soldiers put up their pistols, came into a line, and went away. Poor Redfield in the tree breathed easier, but Capeeno kept on smoking, as unmoved, as if he had been in no danger. Whether the smoke which he saw really did arise from the camp of the Lorette runners, he did not say. But he left the Chaudiere and struck through the woods in a direct line, till they reached the De Loup (Wolf River,) whose channel they followed all night, only stopping to listen as they heard the howl of the wolf, or the crashing tread of a moose. Then they went to the head lakes, from which the Chaudiere rises. Here they paused and built a bark canoe. The cedar for bows and lining, the birch for the bark, and the spruce roots for thread, were all to be found here in abundance. They went through the mighty forest, and lakes which which give rise to the great Penobscot, killing moose and catching trout for food.

The Indian was surprised to find that the young man would stop every seventh day and read all day from a little book, and no persuasions could move him. He wondered too, what made him read that little scroll of paper so often, which he brought in the sheath of his knife. They then struck the Penobscot, carrying their canoe from lake to lake, and from lake to river, till they came down that river to a great island, opposite which there came in a little brook. Up this they turned, and, after one more carrying place, they struck the upper end of Moosehead Lake. How beautiful! how beautiful! In three days more, early in the morning, the Widow Redfield looked out of her door, and saw Capeeno approaching, with a stranger behind him. She shaded her eyes from the morning sun a moment, and then, with a scream of agonized joy fell to the ground. When she awoke, she and her son were weeping in each other's arms. That very day the Indian took Daniel, nothing loth, to the brick house. Susan was glad, and was ashamed to be glad. She laughed to appear indifferent, and wept because her emotions must have some vent. She appeared to know very little about his deliverance, but Capeeno went away in a new suit of clothes, a new rifle, and I know not what besides.

Sehaw! Susan! you need not blush. You redeemed a noble fellow from captivity, and you found that he not only made a great and a good man, but a good husband, as you did a devoted and noble wife.—*Sartain's Union Magazine.*

THE CHARMS OF LOVE.—There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden, but how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty—which objects gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills that we cannot escape, the approach of disease, death, or misfortune, the slendering of earthly ties, the canker worm of grief; but a vast majority of the evils which beset us might be avoided. The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy. There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the deadliest execrations of the human race. It should not exist—it must not. Do away with all this—let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, purity, and kindness mark the intercourse between man and man. We are too selfish, as if the world was made for us alone. How much happier should we be were we to labor much more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home which is not all dark. There is a sunshine every where—in the sky, upon the earth, there would be its most hearty, if we would look around us. The storms die away, and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her silver curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in Heaven. Heaven not as a being so beautiful and we can live happier than we do.—*De La Motte Fogue.*

☞ If you wish to become a great man in this world you must make a great noise. Modest men stand no more chance for success than a bob tail horse in fly time.

It is not the shepherd, but the sheep with the bell that the flock follows. Make a splurge, or you'll never get along.

☞ A wag recently remarked that one of the Siamese Twins had arrived in Charleston, S. C., accompanied by his brother.

What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a thousand years? The letter m.

HABITUAL NATURAL VAY.—"Stupidly," said a testy lawyer. "I believe the jury have been inoculated for stupidity."

"That may be," retorted his opponent, "but the bar and the court are of opinion that you had it in the natural way."

An Intelligent Family.

While travelling in the west I put up at a country hotel, and the proprietor in answer to some interrogatories, informed me that he owned 400 acres of land, had raised the present season 900 bushels of wheat, 650 bushels of oats, and expected to harvest 1000 bushels of corn; that he owed no man a dollar, and never took a newspaper in his life.—I had a curiosity to learn how a family kept up with the current news of the day, when deprived of the only means of obtaining it. Soon after I entered the family circle, which consisted of the parents and six children, the eldest a daughter on the shady side of twenty-five, the mother commenced with—

"Mister, do you know whether that great Mr. Webster, is hanged yet?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Wal," said the daughter, "I'll allow he'll not make any more of them 'ere spelling books."

"I suppose not."

"I've lived so long in the world," said the mother, with a deep sigh, "and have never seed any body hanged yet! I always thought I'd like to see one hanged, but it never happens to come right, and I'm getting so old now, I don't expect I ever will. I've seed the circus and cravas, and sich kind of shows, but I'd rather seed one fellow hanged than fifty of them ar shows."

"Stranger," said the daughter, there's" going to be an animal allow to-morrow down here 'bout six miles—maybe you'd like to lay over and go down. Brother Jemmes says they've got two snaix thar, the same kind as what can swallow an elephant, but I don't believe there ever was any sich ennie, do you?"

"No, miss."

"Well, then, the jeography lies," replied Jemmes, a youth some twenty-two years of age.

"I allow it does," said the mother. "Why shouldn't them jeography folks lie just like other folks."

"Mother," said Jemmes, you don't know nothin' what you're talkin' 'bout. Don't the United States make all the jeographies? What's the use of putting lies into 'em. They send out men all over the country to find out everything—that's what that chap was here for t'other day, asking so many natural questions about."

"Stranger, your supper's ready."

THE BACHELOR'S WOES.—What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is, with his cheerless house, and his rude fire, on a cold night when the fierce winds blow, when earth is covered with a foot of snow. When his fire is out, and in shivering dread, he slips neath the sheets of his lonely bed. And he draws up his toes, all encased in yarn hose, and he buries his nose 'neath the chilly bed clothes, that his nose and his toes still encased in yarn hose may not froze. Then he puffs and he blows and swears that he knows no mortal on earth ever did feel such woes, and with ah's and with oh's! she with limbs froze to his slumbers in silence, the bachelor goes. In the morn when the cock crows, and the sun had just rose from beneath the bed clothes pops the bachelor's nose, and as you may suppose, when he hears the wind blows, and sees the windows all froze why back neath the clothes pops the poor fellow's nose, for full well he knows, if from that bed he rose, to put on his clothes, that his feet would surely be froze.

GOING TO BAD SCHOOL.—The last number of the Knickerbocker had a good anecdote of a man who rarely failed to go to bed intoxicated, and disturbing his wife the whole night. Upon its being charged by a friend that he never went to bed sober, he indignantly denied the impeachment, and gave the incidents of one particular night in proof:

"Pretty soon after I got into my bed, my wife said, Why, husband, what is the matter with you? You act strangely!" "There's nothing the matter with me," said I, "nothing at all." "Yes, sure there is," said she, "you don't act natural at all—so Sham'l I get up and get something for you?" And up she got, lighted a candle, and came to the bed side to look at me, shading the light with her hand. "I knew there was some thing strange about you," she said; "why, you are sober!"

Now, this isn't fact, and my wife will never see it; so don't you slander me, my dears, by saying that I haven't been to bed sober in six months—'cause I have!

We were traveling not long since in Illinois, and called at a house on the roadside to obtain a drink of water, when the following conversation occurred:

"Well, my boy, how long have you lived here?"

"I don't know sir; but mother says ever since I was born."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes a few."

"How many?"

"Ten or leven, I reckon."

"Pretty healthy here, is'nt it?"

"Yes; but sometimes we have a little ager."

"Any of you got it now?"

"Yes, a few on us goin' to have the shakes this afternoon."

"How many?"

"Why, all on us, except sister Nance; and she's such a darnation cross critter, that the ager won't lite on her; and if it did, she's so deuced contrary she'd'nt shake no how you could fix it."

A negro woman, having one day received a reprimand from her mistress for some trifling offence, was so much irritated that she went directly out, kneeled down, and made the following prayer:

"Oh, good massa Lord, come take me nio out ob de world dis berry minit; if you no is coming yourself, send de debble or any body else."

☞ Benevolence is daily more and more generally acknowledged as the true rule of conduct. The maxim "Live and let live," will soon be superseded by a still nobler principle of action, "Live and help to live."