THE OLD FOLK'S ROOM. The old man sat by the chimney side. His face was wrinkled and wan; He leaned both hands on his stout oak cane, As if all his work was done.

His coat was of good old fashioned gray, The pockets were deep and wide, Where his 'specs' and steel tobacco box Lay snagly side by side.

The old man liked to stir the fire, So near him the tongs were kept; Sometimes he mused and gazed at the coals, Sometimes he mused and slept.

What saw he in the embers there ! Ah! pictures of other years : And now and then they awakened smiles. But oftener started tears.

In a high back, flag-scat chair, I see 'neath the pile of her muslin cap . The sheen of her silvery hair. There's a happy look on her aged face.

His good wife sat on the other side,

As she busily knits for him, And Nellie takes up the stitches dropped, For grandmother's eyes are diln. Their children come and read the news, To pass the time each day :

How it stirs the blood in the old man's heart, To hear of the world away. Tis a homely scene, I told you so,

But pleasant it is to view, At least I thought it so myself. And sketched it down for you.

Be kind unto the old, my friend. They're worn with this world's strife; Though bravely once perchance they fought They stern fierce battle of life.

They taught our youthful feet to climb-Unward life's rugged steep ; Then let us gently lead them down, To where the weary sleep.

THE BEGGAR.

A True Tale.

One cold winter morning, the last Sunday of December, 1348, a half naked man timidly knocked at the door of a fine, substantial mansion, in the city of Brooklyn. Though the weather in the city of Brooklyn. Though the weather was bitter, even for the season, the young man had no clothing but a pair of ragged cloth pants, and the remains of a flannel shirt, which exposed his muscular chest in many large rents. But in spite of this tattered apparel, and evident fatigue, the leaned heavily upon the railings of the she leaved heavily upon the railings of the basement stairs, a critical observer could not fail to notice a conscious air of dignity, and the narked traces of cultivation and refinement in his

pale, haggard countenance. The door was speedily opened, and disclosed to die of hunger in the streets a large, comfortably furnished room, with its the literature is Arthur Willetter glowing grate of authracite; before which was a luxuriously furnished breakfast table-a fashgown and velvet slippers reclining in a faufeual, busily engaged in reading the morning papers.

The beautiful young wife had lingered at the Table, giving to the servant in waiting, orders for the household matters of the day, when the timid rap attracted attention.

She commanded the door to be opened, but the young master of the house replied that it was quite useless being no one but some thtevish beggar; but the door was already epen, and the sympathies of Mrs. Haywood enlisted at

once. "Come in to the fire," cried the young wife, impulsively, "before you perish."

The mendicant, without exhibiting any surprise at such unusual treatment of a street beggar, slowly entered the room, manifesting a pain ful weakness at every step. On his entrance, Mr. Haywood, with a displeased air, gathered up his papers and left the apartment. The unwise lady placed the half frozen man near the fire, while she prepared a bowl of fragrant coffee, which, with abundant food, was placed before him, but, noticing the abrupt departure of her husband, Mrs. Haywood, with a clouded countenance left the room, whispering to the servant

to remain until the stranger should leave. She then hastily ran up the richly mounted stair case, and passed before the entrance of a small laboratory and medical library, which was occupied solely by her husband, who was a physical chemist. She opened the door and entered the room. Mr. Haywood was sitting at a small table with his head resting on his hands, apparently in deep thought.

"Edward," said the young wife; gently touching him on his arms, I fear I have displeased you; but the man looked so wretched, I could not hear to drive him away,"and her sweet voice trembled as she adoed, "You ought to know that I take the sacrament to-day.'

"Dear Mary," replied the really fond husband, "I appreciate your motives. I know it is pruc goodness of heart which leads you to disobey me, but still I must insist upon my command that no beggar shall ever by permitted to enter the house. It is for your safety that I insist the house. It is for your safety that I insist upon it. How deeply you might be imposed to its eternal roar of waters; here is sublimitupon in my frequent absence from home, I ty—but mechinks not that felt in beholding shudder to think. The man that is now below these frowning heights,—these bald pinmay be a burglar in disguise, and already in nacles. your absence taking impressions in wax of the different key holes in the room, so as to enter credit so much depravity. It is no charity to give to the street beggars; it only encourages These mountains were vived dearest."

that made us is Divine!"

These mountains were vived dearest."

+4t may be so," responded Mrs. Havwood. and want, even if the person has behaved bad-ly—and we know it. But I will promise you not to ask another in the house.

At this moment the servant rapped violently at the door, crying out that the beggar was dy-

ing. Come, Edward, skill can save him, I know," said the wife, hastening from the room.

The doctor did not refuse this appeal to his professional vanity, for he immediately followed his wife's flying footsteps as she descended to the basement. They found the medicant being

pale and unconscious upon the carpet, where he had slipped in his weakness from the chair where had slipped in his weakness from the chair where Mrs. Haywood had placed him.

We started from Worcester, Mass., July ably in any part of the State. Here you are Mrs. Haywood had placed him.

"He is a handsome fellow," muttered the R. This railroad traverses a sterile part of the stopped, or you do stop, at seeing the little Burlington, which is 103 miles distant. For mountain girls, who present themselves by the last 50 miles, following the Woncoske, doctor, as he bent over him to ascertain the the State of Massachusetts, running nearly mountain girls, who present themselves by the the last 50 miles, following the Woncoske, state of his pulse.

And well he might say so. The glossy locks of raven hair had fallen away from a broad white forehead; his eyelids were bordered by long raven lashes, which lay like a silken fringe upon his pale, bronzed cheeks, while a delicate acunitine nose, and a source massive chin displayed a model of manly beauty. "Is he dead ?" asked the yeung wife anx-

"Oh, no, it is only a fainting fit, induced by sudden change of temperature, and perhaps the first stage of starvation," replied the doctor,

"he must be carried to a room without fire, and sheet of water, and speculation as to the read for the twentieth time; but not until placed in a comfortable bed." room in the chambers, where the doctor administered with his own hand strong doses of port wine sangarco. The young man soon became

can; should he awake in our absence, give him always the Wiers of one's imagination.
beef, tea and toast ad libitum," said the doctor
Lake Winninsinger or Wentworth onally, as he left the room.

In less than an hour afterwards, Dr. Haywood

of "the most Holy Trinity."

Amid the hundreds of fair dames that entered its portals, dressed with all the taste and magnificence that abundant wealth could procure, not one rivated in grace and beauty, the orplian bride of the physician. Her tall, graceful figure was robed in a violet silk, that only heightened, by contrast, her large azure eyes, bright with the lustre of youthful happiness; yet there was a touch of 'tender pity' in their drooping lids that won the confidence of every beholder. The spowy ermine mantilla, which protected her from snowy ermine mantilla, which protected her from the piercing wind, revealed, but could not sur pass, the delicate purity of her complexion. Many admiring eyes followed the faultless figure of Mrs. Haywood, as she moved with unconscious grace up the central aisle of the church, but not in the bottom of the immense valley below, one with more heartfelt devotion than the young. wayward, but generous man, who had recently wed her, in spite of her poverty and the sneers or two of its arms were partially concealed

distant arches, when a stranger of venerable aspect, who had previously taken no part in the services of the altar, rose and announced for his text, the off-quoted but seldom applied words of tively straight. This was centrally, a vast the Apostle: "Be not forgetful to entertain column, if I may be allowed the term, 23strangers, for thereby some have entertained miles in length, and from 6 to 8 in breadth, angels unawares." Dr. Haywood felt his fore-shooting out with inimitable beauty a suchead blush painfulte; it appeared to him for the noment that the preacher must have known of his want of charity toward strangers and wished to give him a public lesson; but he soon saw, from the tenor of his remarks, that his own guilty conscience had flone made the applica-tion in his particular case. I have not space dor indeed the power, to give any synopsis of the sermon; but that it, combined with the incident of the morning, effected a happy revalution in the mind of at least one of his hearers. So much, that on the return of Dr. Haywood from church, he repaired at once to the room of the mendicant, to offer such attentions as he might stand in need of. But the young man seemed and left this vast field of water unoccupied to be much refreshed by the rest and nutritious between them. Their length was universally food, and commenced gratefully thanking the at right angles to that of the lake, and they host for the kind attentions he had received appeared as if several chains of hills, originalwhich, without doubt, had saved his life.

"But I will recompense you well; for, thank God, I am not the beggar that I seem. I was shipwrecked on Friday night on the Occan Wave, on my return from India. My name was doubtless among the list of the lost—for I escaped then after escaping from the perils of the ocean, cloud peninsulas, fitted to become rich and ourselves meanwhile to die of hunger in the streets of a Christian "My name is Arthur Willet," added the

slranger. "Why, that is my wife's family name. She ionably attired young man,in a brocade dressing will be doubtless surprised at her agency in your recovery. "Of what State is she a native?" asked the

Arthur Willet, eagerly. "I married her in the town At this moment Mrs. Haywood entered the room, surprised at the long absence of her hus

Arthur Willet gazed at her with a look of the of the Lake into the Merrimack. wildest surprise, marmuring :

"It cannot be—it cannot be. I am delirious

Mrs. Haywood, with little less astonishment. stood motionless as a statue. "What painful mystery is this?" eried Dr. Haywood, excitingly addressing his wife, who then became conscious of the singularity of her

ly, "only this stranger is the image of my lost brother, Arthur." And Mrs. Haywood, overcome with emotion,

turned to leave the room.
"Stay one moment," pleaded the stranger,taking a ring from his finger and, holding it up.asked if she recognized that role?

"It is my father's gray hair, and you are-

"His son Arthur, and your brother." Mary Willet Arthur fell upon the mendicant's

oreast, weeping tears of sweetest joy and thanks-Dr. Haywood retired from the room and left sister and brother alone in that sacred hour of re-union, saying to himself: Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for

A Week among the White Moun-

tnins. Who that has ever passed a week in the midst of this grand, this sublime scenery, does not feel that he knows better than before, what sublimity of feeling is ! Perchance you have gazed upon "Niagara," and listened

You gaze in silent wonder and adoration You love to stand alone and think-and as some night at his leisure. Your limited experience of city life makes it difficult for you to you think—they whisper to you—"the hand

These mountains were visited as early who gave romantic accounts of their adven-"but it seemed wicked not to relieve suffering ture, and of the extent and grandeur of the mountains which they called "The Crystal Hills." These mountains are among the highest in the United States, east of the Mississippi. They extend about twenty miles from SW to NE. The highest peak is Mt. of the ses.

It was the privilege of the writer in company with a friend, to visit, a couple of weeks since, this region of inimitable beauty and thirty or forty miles below; this with the hill- Rivers R. R., to White River Junction. Here,

interest. 26th, taking the Nashua and Worchester R. ably in any part of the State. Here you are Now we make an angle north-westerly for north until it reaches the Merrimack River on the southern border of N. H. We follow the river some distance, passing through are so unobtrusive that you can hardly resist ly varied and fine. The mountains clothed Concord, the capital of the State, and several their little birch-bark boxes, and you throw with verdue to their summits, stretching along. towns of manufacturing notoriety. The cars down the "four-pence-ha'-penny," receiving as far as the eye can reach; the thrifty villeft us at 4 o'clock P. M. at a place called a modest curtesy in return. After entering lages, dotting here and there the fore-ground, Wiers on Lake Winnipisiogee. Wiers is a the "Notch" the scenery becomes more and the numerous hillocks reminding one of the place of no note whatever. There is a steam more bold and grant. boat landing here and a store house. We made ourselves some impromptur seats upon House," about 53 miles from the foot of Mt.

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We made ourselves some impromptur seats upon House, about 54 miles from the foot of Mt. a wheelbarrow and while awaiting the move that same time as any other fowl, except a ments of our steamer, Lady of the Lake, we have form the same time as any other fowl, except a tired and so are we-so "Alabama."—Corsympathizingly. He had forgotten for the moments of our steamer, Lady-of the Lake, we asympathizingly. He had forgotten for the moment had ample time for a view of this beautiful slide. This is a matter of history you have respondence of Ponghkeepsic Democrat:

east part. Its form is very irregular, surrounded by hills and mountains, and dotted with numerous Islands, supposed to be 365 in number. One is forcibly reminded in the ten miles sail from Wiers Landing to Centre Harbor of the scenery in the river St. Lawrence. As you sail up to Centre Harbor, Red Hill stands out in bold relief on the right. This mountain is the resort of many for the view from its summit. Dr. Dwight thus speaks of Lake Winnipisankee, as seen from the top of the mountain. 'Immediately at the foot of the height on which we stood, and spread south-easterly the waters of the Winnipisogee in complete view, except that one

of his aristocractic acquaintances.

The stately organ had peeled its last rich notes, which were still faintly echoing in the notes, which were still faintly exhering the notes. and western excursions, were all of them undivided masses bordered by shores comparacession of arms, some of them not inferior in length to the whole breadth of the Lake. They were fashioned with every elegance of figure, bordered with the most beautiful winding shores, and studded with a multitude of islands. Their relative positions also, could scarcely be more happy. Many of these is lands are large, exquisitely fashioved and arranged in a manner not less singular than pleasing. As they meet the eye when surveyed from the summit, they were set in groups on both sides of the great channel, summits. Of those which by their size and bath, choosing that for the first mile, to in-

> into the Lake." springs. Its depths in many parts has not one more so has not, this season, paid its reyet been fathomed; it abounds in excellent spects to Mt. Washington! fi-h, and its waters are pure and salubrious.

of which is 500 acres in extent.

We landed at Centre Harbor, at the head and dripping sheets. of the northwestern arm of this lake, at 7 The next morning sees us booked for we took a stroll down to the Lake.

appreciated, must be seen. The next morning other beautiful sheet of water, but having no cellent road before us. islands. It covers about 7000 acres, and empties into the Saco River.

at the junction of the Swift and Saco rivers. thereby some have entertained angels una-(Great Bear) and Mt. Kearsairge. Next the White Mountains. morning we passed North Conway, which is The place, π village i a very pleasant village of a few hundred in among the mountains. La Fayette and Canhabitants, and the resort of famileis from the non tower above you, and the "Old Man of city, who pass several weeks there during the Mountain" keeps ceaseless vigil at his post. the warm weather. Besides the Hotels, many private boarding-houses are filled to overflowing. From a town called Bartlett, our er's own significant language, "God's sign," course was north-westerly, approaching the may be described, but we doubt if it is in the Notch'-and here let me say in parenthesis -if you wish some genuine indian bread, such as New England dames know how to Lake, but in consequence of the sudden de mers, Charles. Cen't you do an errand make, call on the Landlady of the Half-way-House, and while your coach is being supplied with fresh horses, you may refresh your. "hullaballoos." The repercussion of sound self with this good lady's bread, et ceteras, here is wonderful, and though but novices at and if you wish a piece as a souvenir she will the tir horn, we tooted quite to our own satis-1642, by Messrs. Neal, Jocelyn and Field, put it in a little paper bag to carry along faction and amusement. Among our many Here, for the first time since the commence elocutionary feats we tried the efficacy of ment of our ride, looming up at a distance, "Lager Beer," but though our gnome evinced and cloud-capped, appears Mt. Washington. a decided gusto therefor, he was not to be From this point the range appears unbroken, allured from his fastness, so we left him with and as we wind around, taking different "Lager Beer forever!" to which he reviews of the same mountain, we almost sponded most emphatically! The pext mornimagine a succession of mountains within a ing, with a full coach, and a short ride before Washington being 6,428 feet above the level short distance. At the foot of these mound us, we are on our way to Littleton, the northmeadows, which almost take you by surprise; travel by rail, brings us to the Wells River. side reflection enables the farmer to produce for 40 miles, through the valley of the Conroad-side with their wares, consisting of blue- with Mansfield, the highest peak of the Green berries and wild rasp berries. Their manners Mountains, on the left, the scenery is extreme

probable pedigree of the word 'Wires!' as you stand upon the spot, do you have any our countryman porter called it and I fear adequate idea of the catastrophe. Not until for by the Missouri correspondent of Harthe athletic stranger, who was soon carried to a we indulged our risibilities somewhat at his you see the mountain at the back of the expense. We left the 'Wiers,' thinking, house, that you see what a "slide" might be, truly "appearances are decitful"—for judging. There you are told that you have five or ten from the foreign air of Wiers on the map, we minutes to look about; and you improve the partly conscions; but all conversation was forbade him, and he sunk quietly to sleep.

He is doing well—let him rest so long as he the moral deduced was, that real Wiers is not ments thinking of their unhappy occupants; always the Wiers of one's imagination.

Lake Winnipisiogee, or Wentworth—or in the Ltd an tongue—Winnipisankee—is the when within a few yards of the house, thus largest Lake in the State, and situated near- leaving it a rad monument of the fate of his In less than an hour afterwards, Dr. Haywood and his lovely wife entered the gorgeous church of "the most Holy Trinity."

In less than an hour afterwards, Dr. Haywood and his lovely wife entered the gorgeous church of "the most Holy Trinity."

At some distance from the be become of this fair widow, that he left a house a rude pile of stones mark the spot lucrative practice at home, and followed her where the group having fled together at mid-

night met their doom.

From here to the "Crawford House" 53 and ample accommodations, an excellent ta himself as fresh as a May morning. The ble, attentive servants, and last, though not widow exclaimed as she met him : great business to be done at Crawford's, is ing to return to Louisville?"

the ascent of Mt. Washington, which occupies "Mrs. Jackson, my dear madam," replied the ascent of Mt. Washington, which occupies a day, the distance up and back being 18 the lawyer, "I am here to renew the offer of miles. We had no incident to mark the day, my hand, and beg of your acception." except an unmitigated rain storm, which, of course, prevented a view from Mt. Washing- explicit, and that you had no encouragement ton. So befogged and beclouded were we, to pursue the matter." and so thoroughly drenched; that we fain belooked as though he wished he were down; than to prosecute this suit? another as though he wished he weren't up; convenient, just then, to be near the level of ful eyes; which the lawyer mistook for a the sea! After hovering for a couple of hours sweeter passion, "then, my dear sir, you around the wood and charcoal fires, our shall be rewarded. Tell me now as a gentleourselves to the now partially dried sacques, this tour?" appeared as if several chains of hills, original-bay states, &c., which had festooned our ly crossing the country, in that direction, had by some convulsion been merged in the start at least. We took up our line of march bay states, &c., which had festooned our Hotel, time being, giving promise of a dry water so low that no part of them was left with a decidedly hydropathic prospect livisible except the oblong segments of their Some of us commenced with the cold-foot

situation, were most conspicuous, I counted curring the risk of a tilt over our horse's head. 45 without attempting to enumerate the Governor, with his ambitious equestrain lady, smaller ones, or such as were obscured. The led off, followed by Fred, Robin, Peacock. points which intrude into the lake, are widely &c., &c., Gen'l Scott bringing up the rear. different from those of Lake George; bold The rain knew no abatement, and no protecmasculine bluffs, infringing directly upon the tion from it; so we made a virtue of necessiwater; these, in several instances, were spa- ty, taking it very philosophically, solacing This Lake is 472 ft above the level of the alighted at our Hotel at 8 o'clock, to the bride she was at least fair game. sea; it receives the water from several small abundant amusement of our fellow boarders, streams, but is supplied chiefly by subjacent a most forlorn looking company, than which,

Our wet clothing disposed of, we were Many of the islands contain large farms, one ready to do ample justice to the tea table, after which we retired to dream of rugged The outlet passes from the south-west arm | mountains, of impenetrable ravines, and lastly, but not leastly, of spray baths, of douches,

o'clock, P. M., and having refreshed ourselves Franconia; coach, as usual, filled to replefrom the abundant table of the Sentee House, tion; nine passengers inside, sta out; trutks without number, some of these without meas-Lake Winnipisankee, at twillight, to be ure; valises, carpet-bage, satchels, "great box," "little box," hand box and bundle, besides a party consisting of seven, ourselves of the sundry nondescript parcels, and at your feet, +Offi, no mystery," she replied, sighing deep. number, procured an extra to take us to if an outsider, a bag of grains, and Uncle Crawford's, at the foot of Mount Washing- Sam's reticule to boot. These all stowed away, ton. The first thirty miles, to Conway, laid the practiced eye of the driver sees, nobody through rather a poor section of country; else sees, a place on the outside for a man! there is, however, some fine scenery, to make a boy! or a bundle! Him or it disposed of, amends. Our route was-north-easterly, leave here yet is place for an umbella! there one tog Squam Lake on the left. Ossippee Lake, for a fishing pole! Now we are all au fait, at the foot of the Ossippee Mountain is an and set off with six good horses and an ex-

The ride to Franconia is delightful, keeping Mts. Washington, Crawford, Kearsearge We reached Conway at 1 o'clock, P. M. and Pleasant, with others of the range, in This place is in Carroll County, and situated sight, for many miles. You feast the eye till distance shuts out the view, but not the Here we were doomed to disappointment, recollection! The mountains at Franconia We could go no farther that day, and had to strike the beholder with a feeling, perhaps beguile in looking out upon 'Old Checorna' more of grandeur and less of sublimity than

The place, a village it is not, nestles down This wonderful conformation of the rock; this natural profile, called in Rev. Mr. Beechpower of any pen to do justice to its grandeur and impressiveness. We visited Echo parture of our "operator" that morning to parts unknown," we had to make our own tains before entering the "Notch" are fertile western outlet from the mountains. An hour's he soil being evidently better than that Here we take the Connecticut & Passumsic

Decidedly Cool. The truth of the following story is vouched

per's Monthly: Not a hundred miles from here, some six months ago lived a fair widow, possessed of those shining qualities that most dazzle and decidedly German in his modes of expression. Charm the bachelof. She was young, hand, The Sheriff proceeded to look round the some and very wealthy. Mrs. Jackson took an eastern tour last summer, and was beset by many stitors-ardent and anxious levers among whom was a Kentucky lawyer, quite a promising man, but so, enamored through the entire route of fashionable travel. He met her at Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York; he danced with her at Saratoga miles distant, you are passing through a and Newport; and when the season was delightful, shady avenue, gradually growing drawing to a close, he happened to be with more narrow. "Eagle Cliff," a bold bluff on her at Niagara, and on the Ohio river, and the left, looks tantalizing out at you through even at St. Louis when she was almost home. the trees. Farther on—on the left is seen He was always pleading professional business Mt. Willard. Parties often, almost hourly, as the reason for his excursions here and there; ascend this Mt. from the Crawford House, but he managed to plead his own suit out The view from here is said to be very fine. On of court when courting the widow, though the right is Mt. Webster. After passing these ne saw no evidence of a verdict coming in mountains, and ascending a long steep, out his favor. At length Mrs. Jackson stepped of the avenue, the view opens and speads on board the boat at St. Louis, to go up the north-westerly towards the plain. This brings Missouri to her own residence, when, to her you to the "Crawford House," where you surprise, the indefatigable advocate presented

least, a courteous and obliging host. The "Why, Mr. Jones, I thought you were go-

" Really, sir, I think I have been sufficiently

But I hoped, madame, that my devotion took ourselves to the indoors of the summit and perseverance would be finally rewarded." and tip-top to dry our dripping garments, "Do you mean, then," said the widow, meanwhile regaling ourselves with no very evidently softened, "that you really had no night visions of what was yet to come! One other business in going this journey with me

another as though he wished no weren tup, and how correct so eler one might have been ming you."

"Then you shall be rewarded," she replied, "Then you shall be rewarded," she replied, "Then you shall be rewarded," she replied. subject, all evidently thought it would be with a merry twinkle in her rougish, beauti-

cicerone shouted "ready," and we betook man how much money you have spent on "Do you really wish to know?" "Certainly I do."

Mr. Jones took out his note book and soon eported that be had spent nearly five hun-"Well," said the lovely widow, "I do not

trish any to lose by me," extending her purse "Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Jackson."

vourself for you summer's work on my ac been sung, he saidcount, and let us be quits.". And he did take it; and the widow had delightful residences of man, often elevated had on going np. Our horses behaved wor- was taken all back by the lawyer's cool ac into handsome hills, and sloping gracefully the of themselves, inspiring us with confiception of the gold, but he consoled himself dence at every mile passed over, and we with the idea that if she would not be his

Father Moody and the Turkey.

The drawer is indebted to a Pittsburg correspondent for the following capital anecdote of Father Moody, who was born at Newbury 1675, graduated at Harrard College in 1798, settled at York, Maine, in 1700, and died at seventy-two years of age, in 1748 : "Come, Charles, my son," said Deacon Allsworth, 'take one of those turkeys and carry it to Minister Moody for thanksgiv-

'No, father, I don't do that again. I tell vou !' What do I hear now, Charles ? These five and twenty years I have sent the minister a turkey, and Joe had carried them and Tom

and Jerry and you, without ever refusing before. What's the matter now ?' bringing it to him. Besides, he took me to task, a while ago, because I started out of meeting too soon.

Well, son, you know it is the costum for the ministers to go out before any of the Me Fill let top planters anow we are one of congregation starts; this is done as a mark of respect.

'Respect or not, he's nothing but a man and as for creeping for him, I won't do it.' Well, let it all pass, and carry him the turkey, my boy, and if he don't thank you for it. I will!

time was at the minister's house. The minister was surrounded by a number of his with him. The lad entered without knocking, and bringing the turkey from his shoulder heavily upon the table, said-'Mr. Moody, there is a turkey for you. If

you want it, you may have it, if you dont, I'll carry it back again. I shall be very glad of it,' said the mimeter, but I think you might learn a little man-

'How would you have me to do it ?' asked Charles

'Sit down on my chair,' said the nan, and I will show you how. Charles took the chair, while the divine ook the turkey and left the room. He soon returned, took off his hat, made a very low

bow and said--Mr. Moody, here is a turkey which my father sends to you and wishes you to accept as a present. Charles rose from his seat, took the fowl,

and said to the minister-'It is a very fine one, and I feel very grateful to your father for it. In this and many other instances he has contributed to my happiness. If you just carry it into the kitchen, and return again, I will send for Mrs. Moody to give you half a dollar.

The good old clergyman walked out of the room; bis friends laughed at the joke, and made up a purse for the lad, who ever afterwards received a reward for his services.-Harner's Magazine.

AN UNPLEASANT BED FELLOW .-- A boy once complained of his brother, for taking And why not ! said his mother, 'he is enancient tumuli of which we read from a pictitled to half, ain't he ?'

Judge Jones, of Indiana, who never allows a chance for a joke to pass him, occupied the bench when it was necessary to obtain a Juryman in a case in which Land B- were employed as counsel. former was an illiterate Hibernian, the latter room in search of a person to fill the vacant

seat, when he espied a Dutch Jew and claim-

ed him as his own. The Dutchmen ob-

incted : 'I can't unsthand goof English." What did he say ? raid the Judge.

'I can't understand goot Englese,' he re-

o hear any of it!" will say that he was not as competent as any of the "intelligent jury."

STRANGE, if TRUE.—A man was walking there. in his garden, he discovered twoclothes horses. He took them into the stable where he soon broke them. He then put a yolk of an egg upon their necks, attached them to a cart by he bonds of friendship, and threw a sheet of lightning over them, to protect them from the flies. He then leaped upon the cart, set upon the seat of government, took the whip of a top in one hand and the reigns of several kings in the other, and drove off, passing through the gate of a Buffalo, over the ground coffee for three miles; but in crossing the track of a snail he was run into by a train of thought and dashed heels over head into a stream of eloqueuce, where the cart, was broken against the rock of a cradic. By ludustry and frugality he soon gained the shore, where he made a bout of the bark of a prairie wolf, which he fitted by a mast made of the north pole and two auction sales. He then sailed down the river to its mouth, and landed on a tongue of land, where he was seized by a serious sensation and conveyed to profound congee remarked : a cell, where he was secured by a chain of

present, and read him the report of a cannon. The Rev. Mr. Martin, of Burlington, Me., a man of decided talent and worth, was name was Noyes, was desirous, without the somewhat noted for his eccentricty and ceremony of a formal courtship, to ascertain humor, which occassionally showed them her sentiments. For this purpose, he said to selves in his public ministrations. In the her one day, with that kind of air and mantime of the great land speculation in Maine, ner which means either jest or earnest, as you several of his prominent parishioners were carried away with the mania of buying lumber tracts. Mr. Martin resisted this

ed it in his sermons. One evening at his take for an answer.'

The first,' said she in the same tone. several of his prominent men were absent, and he knew at once that they were gone to "I mean what I say; take it, and pay attend a great land sale. After a hymn had Brother Allen, will you lead us in prayer?

Some one spoke up, and said-He has gone to Bangor.' Mr. Martin, not disconcerted in the least,

called out-Deacon Barber, lead us in prayer?' 'He is gone to Bangor,' another an-

swered. Again the pastor asked-

'Squire Clark, will you?' > 'The Souire has gone to Bangor,' said some one; and Mr. Martin being now satisfied, looked round upon the assembly, as if the same reply would probably be given to every similar fequest, and very quietly said-

The choir will sing Bangor, and then w will dismiss the meeting! AN EDITOR TURNED PRINCER.—The Editor of the Pittsburgh Post has been trying his

be "one of them" some of these days. a NeM pri Zer. \ this is our urst effort ut type setting. Me 'Why, father, he never thanks me for presume that it will snow to the can pour other. They did not like the looks of the issi-me wie sElf-tAuchT too! We mant sentinel, and after growling a while one of iss_— Me see sElf-tAuchT too! [We mant them said : no yelp we will have in 1341 wit out as them said : "Come, of, gents; let's go take that for and sisTancE! The droot will neep no connection 'me don't insend se tra Exets pas; but

> ृеш. fust as easy as tolding of a rob.

A PROTESTANT PIG .- An Irish woman in Bristol missed her pig, and after diligent inquiry learned that it was in the possession of Charles shouldered the fowland in a short a highly respectable citizen of the town. She straightway called upon him, when he informed her that the pig had broken through friends, who had come to spend Thanksgiving a window into the Episcopal Church, where his pigship was found, and, if she would pay one dollar damages, she could have the pig. She replied : "The pig and the church may go to the devil! I'll pay no dollar for him if he has turned protestant !"

I say,old boy ! cried Paul Pry, to an excavator, whom he espied at the bottom of a yawning gulf, what are you digging

'A big hole,' the old boy replied. What are you going to do with such a big hole?' he asked.

'Going to out it into small holes,' rejoined the old boy, and retail them to farmers for gate posts. APPROPRIATE .- We see in one of the Pic-

orials an engraving of a fierce looking woman, reaching up to get hold of her bad brat, who, from his high perch, is shaking his fist, and spitting at her most funiously. The medical label would be very appropriate:

"When taken, To be well shaken."

Young ladies should not write poetical love letters. It is dangerous. Such a board, and that he was a money-changer in one was written to a Kentucky beau,not long the temple. since, which so affected him that he stole a horse to go and see the fair writer, and got in jail to pay for getting in love with a poetess. A Quaker having sold a fine looking

blind horse, asked the purchaser in his dry Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault

in him!" "No," was the answer. "Neither will be see any in thee," said old it." Broadbrim. ed thes casmanian

A member elect of the Legislature of a certain State was persuaded by some wags that if he did not reach the State House at ten o'clock on the day of assembly, he would lose his seat. He immediately mounted, with hunting frock, rifle and bowie knife, and spurred till be got to the door of the State House, where he hitched his nag. crowd were in the lower house,on the ground floor, walking about with hats on, and smok-ing cigars. These he passed, ran up stairs into the Senate chamber, set his rifle against the

wall, and bawled out— "Strangers, whar's the man that swore me in ?" at the same time taking out his creden-

'Take your seat,' cried the Judge, 'take our seat, that's no excuse; you're not likely at the same time lighting a real Principe, and he was sworn without an inquiry. When Under that decision he took his seat. Who there was one Senator too many present. The mistake was soon discovered, and the hunts-man was informed that he did not belong

"Fool who, with your corn bread !" he roared. "You can't flunk this child, no how vou can fix it. I'm elected to this here legisyou can not it. It is elected to this here legis-lator, and I'll go agin all banks and internal improvements, and if there's any one of you oratory gentleman wants to get skinned, just say the word, and I'll light upon you like a negro on a woodchuck. My constituents sens me here, and if you want to floor this twolegged animal, hop on, as soon as you like. Though I'm from the back country, I'm a leetle smarter than any other quadruped you

can turn out of this drove."

After this admirable harangue, he put his bowie-knife between his teeth and took up his rifle, with "Come here,old Suke, and stand by me!," at the same time presenting it at the chairman, who, however, had seen such people before. After some expostulation the man was persuaded that he belonged to the lower house, upon which he sheated his knife. flung his gun or his shoulder, and with a

"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon; but if I lightning fastened by a thunderbolt. The did't think that are lower room was a grogisilor gave him his liberty for a Christmas gery, I may be shot;"

How he bid it.—A gentleman feeling a strong partiality for a young lady whose may choose to take it :

'If I were to ask you whether you were under matrimonial engagement to any one, speculating spirit, and more than once rebuk what part of your name (No yes) might I

'And were I to ask you if you were inclined to form such an engagement, should such person who loves you and was not indifferent as to yourself, what part of your name might be then taken as an answer?'

'The last,' 'And if I were to tell you that I loved you. and ask you to form such an engagement with me, then what part of your name may I

takè ? 'O, then,' replied the blushing girl, take the whole name, as in such a case I would cheerfully resign it for yours.' It is almost needles to state that they were

soon afterwards married. WHITE FOLKS GETTING SASSY .-- A few days ago, while conductor Woddall's train was stopping at Xenia, three "cullard gemmen" got abound and attempted to enter the ladies car. The conductor stopped them, and told them that if they wished passage they must go further forward. Rather than to do this, they stepped off. The conductor spoke hand at "setting type." His effort appeared to the brakeman, a stout Golish sort of a fel-under his editorial head a few days since, low, who never objects to a muss, and told and will be found below. He will no doubt him to see that the trio of colored gentility did not enter the ladies car before or after starting. The brakeman eyed the trio, who evidently intended to ride in that car and no

car. White folks gettin' do sassy, now-a-day, that gemmen have no respect shown 'em." They took the forward car,much to the retAnk agont the set of drinting; why its gret of she brakeman, whose huge fists

> PARODY ON HOOPS.—The Boston Post is responsible for the following parodical rhyme. ing on that modern fashion-crinoline : When first we did to maidens kneel.

Their frearts alone they cased in steel, But now more caution they display, And wear steel armor all the way—down. THE REASON WHY .- A small lad asked

permission of his mother to go to a ball. She told him it was a bad place for little boys. "Why, mother, didn't you and father use to go to balls when you was young !" Yes, but we have seen the folly of it," answered the mother. "Well, mother," ex-claimed the son, "I want to see the folly of it. too."

A Scotchman who was troubled with the toothache determined to have an old offender extracted, but there being no dentist near, he resolved to do the job himself. whereupon he filled the excavation with powder, but being afraid to touch it off, he put a slow match to it, lighted it, and then ran to get out of the way.

What, my friends," cried the Rev. Dr. Knoxadus, as be presched on the vanities of life-"what, my friends, is money ?" And he gave the pulpit an awful bang. "Iwo per cent a month," cried Solomon Wall street, waking from a deep dream. But as he looked around, he saw he wasn't on the

My dear, come in and go to bed," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly "how-come-you-so" state; "you must be dreadful tired sure with your long walk of six

"Arrah ! get away with your nonsense." said Pat; "it wasn't the length of the way at all that fatigued me-'twas the breadth of

An Irish servant observing her mis-An exchange tells of an editor who tress feeding a pet female canary, asked How