



CHOICE POETRY.

A WORLD OF LOVE AT HOME.

BY J. J. REYNOLDS.

The earth hath treasures fair and bright, Deep buried in her caves, And ocean hideth many a gem With his blue curling waves;

True sterling happiness and joy Are not with gold allied; Nor can it yield a pleasure like A merry fireside.

I envy not the man who dwells In stately hall or dome, If 'mid his splendor he hath not A world of love at home.

The friends whom time hath proved sincere, 'Tis they alone can bring A sure relief to hearts that droop 'Neath sorrow's heavy wing; Though care and trouble may be mine, As down life's path I roam, I'll heed them not while still I have A world of love at home.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE YANKEE GIRL.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTIN.

The long winter evening was drawing to a close—the books and work had been put by—the "big ha' Bible" reverently deposited in its accustomed place at the close of family worship, and the cheerful circle that surrounded the family circle of farmer Lee, after an affectionate good night, had retired to their respective apartments. The farmer himself rose from his chair, and carefully covering up the glowing coals which sent a fitful light through the now darkened room, was about to retire, when a sudden rush of emotion seemed to overpower him and throwing himself on the wooden settee which occupied one corner of the huge chimney, he covered his face with his hands, and wept aloud.

"Father," said a soft voice at his side—"dear father, you are not well. What can I do for you?" "How is this, Grace?" he answered, almost sternly, "I thought you were all gone; why are you still up at this late hour?"

"Because I could not go to rest while I know that you are suffering. Father," she continued, "I have watched you and mother all day, and I know you have some sorrow of heart which you are hiding from us, while it is sinking you to the earth. May I not know what it is, if I cannot assist, I may at least have the privilege of bearing it with you?"

"Oh, do not say so, dear father—I am almost eighteen, and you must not look upon me any longer as a child to be petted and cared for, but a woman, who is both able and willing to take her share of the burdens which may please God to lay upon you. Tell me what it is that afflicts you, and do not fear that it will make me unhappy; I can bear anything but to see you miserable, while I am ignorant of the cause?"

"Child, you know not what you ask—are you prepared to hear that your father is a beggar—that we must leave the old homestead—where you were all born, and where we have been so happy?" a choking sensation prevented farmer Lee from proceeding, and Grace slowly repeated, as if mechanically—"Leave the old homestead, and for what? Why must we go?"

"You were a child," her father answered, "and do not remember your uncle Barker. He was in trouble, and I tried to help him out, but in some way, before the business was ended, I was obliged to mortgage my farm for a small sum which could be raised in no other way. The interest has been regularly paid until within the last four years, and I have always hoped to get together enough to pay the principal, but some how or other, instead of this, I have got behind hand, and now the man who holds the mortgage threatens to foreclose, unless the interest, which amounts to more than two hundred dollars, is raised immediately, and this is impossible, as even you must know."

"But your brother—uncle Thomas," said Grace, eagerly, "he has money enough, will he not help you in a case like this?"

"Perhaps he might, but he would want better security than I can give him; and, moreover, if I cannot now pay the money on that bond, what reason is there to suppose that I could raise it any better next year to repay your uncle? No, no, Grace, there is no help for it, and we must bear it as well as we can, but the hardest part of all, is the thought of poor Philip, who is doing so well in his college studies. Poor fellow, I can do nothing more for him now, and he must come back and try

what he can do for the rest of you, by keeping school or in some other way."

During her father's brief narration, Grace had remained gazing at him, every faculty absorbed in deep and painful interest, but as he ceased to speak she started up, and with sparkling eye and glowing cheek, exclaimed, "Never shall Philip be called home on such an errand while I live to prevent it. I am young and strong, and can find a way of helping you all little as you may believe it. Nay, hear me," she said, as she saw that her father's face expressed strong incredulity—"it was only yesterday that Sarah Carter, who has just returned from Lowell, told me what high wages some of the girls earn, who are not older than I, and which of them do you think would have a dearer object to work for than I, with the old homestead and dear Philip before me?"

A tear had been slowly gathering in farmer Lee's eye while his daughter spoke, and it fell on her neck as he kissed her, and replied to her fervent appeal—"you are too young, Grace, to know how impossible it is for you to do all that your love for me dictates—but I thank you for the will, and I shall never forget it."

"But you surely will not refuse to let me go dear father. I have been for some time thinking about the factories, and now I am so certain that I could help you, and Philip too—it would be cruel to deny me. Mother, will you not plead for me," asked the ardent girl, "you know not how my heart is set upon this thing."

Mrs. Lee had been apparently intent on some household duty during the conversation between her husband and child, but thus addressed, she took a step toward Grace, and only replied by inquiring in a low voice, "And what do you think Lewis Dayton will say to such a plan, Grace?" Poor Grace! The blood rushed over cheeks, neck and brow, at this question, and a convulsive movement of the lip told that a chord had been touched to which every heartstring vibrated—but it was only for a moment, and then she said rather proudly, "If Lewis Dayton cares anything about me, he will like me the better for doing my duty as a daughter—and if his love cannot stand this test, it is better to know it now than hereafter."

"Grace is right, wife," said the farmer more cheerfully—"no man deserves our girl who thinks the less of her for any kind of honest labor, and though I have little confidence in her plan of helping her old father, I am willing she should go and try her fortune, since she wishes it."

"Now bless you for that word, dear father. I am certain of success if I only have your approval and that of my mother, whatever others think or say."

It was with great difficulty that Grace obtained a promise from her father to wait six months before anything was said to Philip about leaving college, but he yielded at last, and through her agency, an arrangement was made with uncle Thomas, by which the interest was paid up, and the troublesome creditor quieted for the present. Farmer Lee was certain that it was all nonsense, and that he was only getting more deeply into trouble by this respite but it was hard to deny anything to the favorite child, who had never seemed so dear to him as now, when she was so soon to leave him. The pleasant farm on Beech Hill had been in the Lee family for two generations, and they were respected and beloved by all the inhabitants of the little town of Meredith, in which it was situated. The news flew swiftly that Grace Lee was about to leave home, to go into a factory, and in that quiet community it occasioned quite an excitement. It was not, a few years since, as common for the daughters of respectable farmers to enter the mills for a season, as it now is, and Grace Lee, though a hardy mountain maiden had been so much the household pet, that few imagined how much quiet energy lay concealed beneath her gentle and lady-like demeanor.

"I always knew that pride must have a fall," said Miss Priscilla Jones, whose envy of our sweet Grace had been nourished until it became an absorbing passion—and who had hastened to the store of young Mr. Dayton to tell him the news. "Grace Lee has held her head so high that people thought she was the only girl in Meredith. I wonder what she will say now, don't you, Mr. Dayton?"

The young merchant only smiled, and said he presumed the whole affair was a mistake, but it was nothing to him certainly, what any young lady thought proper to do. But though he affected great indifference on the subject, he was far from feeling it, for he admired the wild flower of Beech Hill more than he would have chosen to confess, and his attention had been so marked, that neither Grace nor her parents could misunderstand them. But to marry a factory girl—this, his foolish pride whispered, was not to be thought of, so he hastened to the house of farmer Lee, to hear the report contradicted by the lips he loved best. It cannot be denied, that the heart of the young girl fluttered so wildly at his entrance, that she could hardly speak to bid him welcome, nor that a strange thrill of pain convulsed it, as he spoke of his surprise at hearing the rumor of her intended departure. But it was with a calm brow and firm tone that she assured him he had heard only truth, and that she was indeed to leave home for Lowell, perhaps to be absent for some years. There was no mistaking the expression of her lover's face as she said this—it gave the death blow to all the hopes she had unconsciously cherished, and taught her that henceforth, Lewis Dayton must be to her as a stranger. After an ineffectual attempt to induce her to relinquish the idea, and a few common-place remarks about other things, he took his departure, leaving Grace in a tumult of contending emotions among which, gratitude that she had so soon learned the hollowness of his professions, became predominant. "Better now than later," she said to herself, while the tears of wounded feeling gushed from her eyes—"I might in time have loved him

so well, that the discovery of his character would almost have broken my heart. I have now only to think of my duty to my parents, and dear, dear Philip."

Philip Lee was two years older than Grace, and though an invalid from childhood, was a young man of uncommon strength of mind, and loveliness of character. From his inability to labor on the farm, it was early decided that, if possible, he should have an education; and it was the first wish of his heart to become qualified for the gospel ministry. By great exertions and self-denial on his own part, he had succeeded with the little aid his father could bestow, in fitting himself to enter college one year in advance, and the whole family were looking forward with eager anticipation, to the time when they should listen to his voice from the sacred desk. To Grace, particularly, who idolized her brother, this hope had become a part of her own existence, and she felt that no sacrifice was too great, no labor too severe, to ensure its accomplishment. But Philip possessed a portion of her own independence, and she must conceal her plans and wishes from him, or he would have refused to profit by her generous affection.

The day of parting at length came, and accompanied by her father, Grace Lee left the beloved home of her childhood, to enter on the new and untried scenes that awaited her. All was at first strange and unpromising, and with a heart sickened never before felt, she sought the solitude of her own apartment, that she might weep without restraint. But she was young and hopeful, and the morning brought happier thoughts and renewed courage, for she was not there to help those who were dearer to her than life itself—and would not this alone make every thing tolerable and even pleasant? It certainly was so, for the light of love shone on every object around her, gilding with its own radiant hues the monotonous labor in which she was engaged—and making even the ceaseless hum of the machinery sweeter music to her ears than the warbling of the songsters in her own native groves. It was important for her to secure high wages, and she did so, but not even for this would she neglect the cultivation of her mind, in the few leisure hours she might call her own. Her little room was a sacred spot, where order and neatness presided, and carefully-tended flowers, well chosen books, and a good collection of music, spoke the taste and refinement of its occupant. Without in the least neglecting her daily duties, she was enabled, by a judicious improvement of time, in attending lectures, and following a course of reading, to acquire an amount of useful knowledge, far exceeding that of many a young lady who has spent years at a fashionable boarding school. Her manners, too, though perfectly simple and unadorned, were graceful and dignified, and no one could look on her sweet face, through which heart and mind were ever speaking, without a feeling of deep interest and involuntary admiration.

Four years had now passed away since Grace Lee became an inhabitant of Lowell—and in that time, the mortgage on the "home farm" had been paid off by her, and her father now sat in his accustomed nook, with the glad consciousness that the inheritance which had descended to him, would go down to his children, unincumbered by a single debt. Besides this, Philip had been compelled, by her sisterly affection, to accept of her assistance in his course of study, and was now, thanks to her generosity, a licensed minister, looked up to by all who knew him, as a young man of more than ordinary promise. Once a year she visited, for a few short days, the dear spot where her affections were garnered, and it always seemed to the household, after her departure, as if the sun shone less brightly than usual, when they missed the light of her smile and the music of her voice from their midst.

But now the farmer and his wife were growing old, and could no longer spare her, and on the next Sabbath her brother was to preach for the first time, in the old church of Meredith, so Grace Lee bade farewell to the spot endeared to her by many recollections, and at the close of a bright summer day, found herself once more amid her earliest and dearest friends, under the paternal roof from which she had so long been an exile. It was a happy circle that surrounded the family altar that night, and as the young clergyman, in a deep, rich voice, that trembled with emotion, thanked God for the way in which he had led them, and above all, for the safe return of her whom he had made the messenger of mercy to her father's house, Grace felt that such a moment more than repaid her for all the sacrifices she had made.

"Grace," said a younger brother to her, a few days after her return—"Mr. Dayton doesn't dare to look you in the face, though I saw him steal a glance when he thought no one was observing him. Poor man—his wife is anything but a treasure, if report speaks truth, and if he did not sell run to money speakers, he would have to shut up his store. How glad I am that you did not have him—but are you really going to be an old maid?"

Before the quick blush that crimsoned the cheek of our heroine, at this simple question, had subsided, Philip exclaimed with a smile—

"I must not divulge the secrets of the confessional, but if common fame speaks truly, a certain manufacturer, whose wealth is his least recommendation, is about to visit Beech Hill on a special errand. Our dear Grace has performed her part so admirably, in his mill, that he wishes to try her services as a house-keeper. Is it not so, my dear Grace?"

"Never mind," said the fond father, who saw her embarrassment, "what common fame says—Hear the voice of experience, while I say, that the woman who as a daughter and sister, has like our own Grace, been dutiful, affectionate, and self-sacrificing, will certainly, whatever her station in life, make a virtuous and excellent wife."

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

"The mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love; She knew she'd find them all again In the fields of light above."

The death of a little child is to the mother's heart like dew on a plant from which a bud has perished. The plants lift up its head in freshened greenness to the morning light; so the mother's soul gathers from the dark sorrow through which she has passed, a fresh brightening of her heavenly hopes.

As she bends over the empty cradle, and in fancy brings her sweet infant before her, a ray of divine light is on the cherub face. It is her son still, but with the seal of immortality on his brow. She feels that heaven was the only atmosphere where her precious flower could unfold without spot or blemish, and she would not recall the lost. But the anniversary of his departure seems to bring his spiritual presence near her. She indulges in that tender grief which soothes like an opiate in pain, all her passages and cares of life.—The world to her is no longer full of love and hope—in the future, so glorious with heavenly love and joy, she has treasures of happiness which the worldly unchastened heart never conceived.

The bright fresh flowers with which she has decorated her room, the apartment where her infant died, are emblems of the far brighter hopes now dawning on her day dream. She thinks of the glory and beauty of the new Jerusalem, where the little feet will never find a thorn among the flowers to render a shoe necessary. Nor will a pillow be wanting for the dear head resting on the breast of a kind Saviour. And she knows her infant is there, in that world of eternal bliss. She has marked one passage in that book—to her emphatically the Word of Life—now lying closed on the toilette table, which she daily reads:—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

What do Men Fight For?

"What do men fight for?" said a little girl, in our hearing, after reading an account of a bloody battle. Alas! that question has puzzled many a wiser head than the little child's. What they get by fighting, we more readily perceive. Misery and death, crime and debt, are as constant attendants upon war, as vultures and beasts of prey upon the battle field.

One of the most remarkable illustrations of what men get by fighting, that can be found in the world's history, is seen in the case of the Hessians used by England in the revolutionary war. Their Elector sold them to England for a price. They were dragged from their homes and families, and sent thousands of miles to murder a people of whom they had scarcely ever heard or thought. During the war they suffered the utmost extent of misery. On their marches they resembled gangs of beggars, rather than troops of soldiers. The sword and disease rapidly decimated their numbers, and but few of them ever returned to their native land. What did they get by their sufferings? Wherein was their country benefited by their death, and the misery entailed upon their families?

Near Cassell, in Germany, there is pointed out to the traveller, a palace of the Elector. The grounds are ornamented with an artificial cascade, and on the summit of the hill is a huge image, called Hercules. This monstrous figure is so large that eight men can stand upon the club with which he is armed. And this is what the Hessians got by fighting against our forefathers! This man-of-war monster was built with the money paid by England to the Elector for their services. Thousands of men were torn from their native land, and sent to fight and die in America, that a senseless image might be raised upon a hill! Was there ever a more fitting emblem of the results of war? And are not the nations of the earth, to a greater or less extent, worshipping that image to-day? Verily, Juggernaut is not the only idol that crushes its devotees beneath its tread.

A Cure for a bad Temper.

A cheerful temper—not occasionally, but habitually cheerful—is a quality which no wise man would be willing to dispense with in choosing a wife, is like a good fire in winter, diffusive and genial its influence, and always approached with a confidence that it will comfort and do good. Attention health is one great means of maintaining this excellence unimpaired, and attention to household affairs is another. The state of body which women call billions is most inimical to habitual cheerfulness and that which girls call having nothing to do, but which I call idleness, is equally so. I have always strongly recommended exercise in domestic usefulness, which, without exceeding that in the open air, is highly beneficial to the health both of mind and body, inasmuch as it adds to other benefits, the happiest of all sensations, that of having rendered some assistance or done some good.

Let me entreat my young readers, if they ever feel a tendency to causeless melancholy, if they are afflicted with cold feet and headache; but above all with impatience and irritability, so that they can scarcely make a pleasant reply when spoken to, let me entreat them to make a trial of the system I am recommending, not simply to run into the kitchen and trifle with the servants, but set about doing something that will add to the general comfort of the family, and that will at the same time relieve some member of that family of a portion of daily toil. I fear it is a very romantic conclusion to come to, but my firm conviction is, that half the miseries of young women, and half their ill tempers, might be avoided by habits of domestic activity.

Rousseau says: "The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address, of complacency. Her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears."

AN AFFECTING STORY.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

The Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Republican relates the following:

A young man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulon. He was strong and vigorous and soon made his way across the country, and escaped pursuit. He arrived next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat and concealment while he rested a little. But he found the inmates in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner, their mother was weeping and tearing her hair, and the father walking the floor in agony.—The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors, because they could not pay their rent.

"You see me driven to despair," said the father, "my wife and children without food and shelter, and without the means to provide any for them."

The tender-hearted convict listened to the tale with tears of sympathy.

"I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the convict, "put a cord around my body; I will follow you to the city, they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never," exclaimed the astonished listener. "My children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city and to the mayor's office. Every body was surprised that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young man, but the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys.

But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview with the Mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The Mayor was so much affected, that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was comparatively a small offence, which condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time, he ordered his release.

A Hoosier in Boston.

The Editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, writing from Boston, tells the following story: Western folks feel in this city as though in a strait waistcoat for their personal beauty is so hedged in, that freedom of action is gone. Those addicted to smoking especially feel twice the desire to promenade the streets, cigar in mouth, from the bare fact that the enemies of the fragrant weed have forbid its use in the streets of Boston. I heard an excellent anecdote of the adventures of a live Hoosier in this city which illustrates the municipal regulations of this mummy dissecting city, better than a book. After a few steps a policeman tapped him on the shoulder and informed him that the penalty was two dollars for the offence of smoking. He promptly pulled out a five dollar bill and received a three in change. Proceeding on his walk, he next met a beggar girl who asked for something to eat.—Recollecting that he had the remains of a hunk of gingerbread, the peculiar diet of Hoosierland, in his pocket, he generously proffered it to the mendicant. Again he was tapped on the shoulder by the policeman, and it was against the laws of Boston to give away alms, as it belonged to the city, and requested two dollars for his grave offence. The three dollar bill was drawn out, and when the policeman tendered one in change, it was refused by the Hoosier with the cool remark, "No keep it, I shall want to whistle in a few minutes."

Death in a Family.

The St. Louis Intelligencer of a late date relates the following sad story:—

A family called Kauffmann, consisting of five members, part of whom reached this city last week have all, with the exception of one, been swept into eternity since leaving their home in Germany, a period of about fifty or sixty days. As they embarked at Havre for this country, an older son who had just finished his education for the practice of medicine fell overboard and was drowned. Three or four weeks after, as the vessel neared New Orleans, the father, Mr. Philip Kauffmann, fell a victim to ship fever. The mother, almost heart-broken immediately on reaching the city, brought her youngest son a boy 12 years of age, to the hospital laboring under the same disease, and the day following she and a young daughter, the only surviving child, accompanied his remains to the cemetery. Three weeks only elapsed, and the two had got to this city, when the fell destroyer again made his appearance. The mother expired last Saturday of a violent typhoid fever, induced and much aggravated, it is believed, by her sorrows. A little girl, five or six years of age, homeless and penniless, is all that there is now left of the family. A Mr. Lumsden, a worthy mechanic, has adopted the child and intends, we learn, to raise it as one of his own. His course does him honor, and is indeed worthy of imitation.

A fellow, while voraciously devouring a piece of cheese belonging to a friend, kept declaring continually that he didn't like it.

"One would suppose so," his friend replied "seeing how you run it down."

Yankee Doodle with Variations.

We have a young lady acquaintance, who is a very fine performer on the piano. Calling at her house the other afternoon for a few minutes, she entertained us with a few favorite pieces, together with two or three of the most admired songs of the day. While in the midst of her musical efforts, a tall young Kentuckian, who had just made his egress from the "barrens" where he was born and raised, chanced to saunter along the street, and charmed with the novel music, but rather uninformed as to the conventional rules of city society, approached the parlor window, and, with eyes dilated, and mouth extended, stood there enraptured, while she sang—

"Give me a cot in the valley I love," "Are you fond of music?" inquired the lady, who can relish a bit of sport.

"Well, I am, of very thing," said the blunt Kentuckian.

"Do you play?" asked our friend in a quizzical manner.

"I can play right smart of tunes on the fife," said the countryman, "but—me, if I ever saw any body play a baruca before!"

"This is what we call a piano, sir," said the performer; "did you never hear of such an instrument?"

"No, sir-ee!" said Kentuck, "there's no such critters in our parts as that, but it makes mighty nice kind o' music! Can you play Yankee Doodle on the machine?" said he, suddenly, and with much earnestness of manner.

The lady answered in the affirmative, and this popular national air, with variations, was performed in truly artistic style. But the uncultivated ear of the rustic could hardly discover, through the "variations," a single strain of his much-loved tune, and at the close of the piece, he exclaimed, with astonishment:—

"Is that Yankee Doodle?"

"Yes, sir, that is Yankee Doodle with the variations."

"Well!" ejaculated Kentuck, thrusting each hand in a pocket preparatory to a start, "that may do for you city folks, but give me the naked doodle." And off he went.

The Power of Temptation.

Temptation is a flattering evil, to which the foolish are inclined to yield. It is this foe to purity and peace that rules with diversified tyranny over all classes of mankind. Some it arrogantly compels; others it with blandishments beguiles; some it captures by surprise; and others it rules with false shame or slavish fear. But why, under all its forms, is temptation a power so strong? Because it is congenial with their sinful nature, in which everywhere it acts. "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation," were among the Saviour's last words to his disciples. The heart must be perpetually fortified by wise counsel and high moral principle, or it will inevitably submit to the invasion of the vilest foes. The smallest sin, when indulged, acts the part of a little thief who opens by stealth the doors of the soul to the whole multitude of grosser accomplices.

Punctuality.

A committee of eight gentlemen had appointed to meet at 12 o'clock. Seven of them were punctual; but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind time.—"The time," said he, "passed away without my being aware of it. I had no idea of its being so late," &c. A Quaker present said, "Friend, I am not sure that we should admit thy apology. It were matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but there are seven besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one-eighth of it only was thine own property."

EARLY RISING.—"Mr. Smithers, how can you sleep so? The sun has been up these two hours." "Well what if he has? (hiccup.) He goes to bed at dark, while I'm on a bender till midnight, (hiccup.) People talk about the sun's being so smart, (hiccup.) I should like to see him shine so late in the evening as I do, I would.—(hiccup.) He can't keep awake till 9 o'clock if his life depended on it.—(hiccup.) People say, look at the sun! and I say the same: but it's all my old man's son.—(hiccup.) It's me they ought to look at—as a sun that's to be found in his orbit as long as the charlies are?"—(hiccup.) Here Smithers fell back on the others and took another nap.

In the canton of Basle, in Switzerland, there is a law which compels every newly-married couple to plant six trees immediately after the ceremony, and two more on the birth of every child. They are planted on commons, frequently near the high road, and the greater part of them, being fruit trees are at once both useful and ornamental. The number planted is said to amount to 10,000 annually.

Judge Thompson, of Worcester, Mass., being unable to attend the citizen's celebration of Fitchburg, as an invited guest, sent the following toast:

"The only tolerable form of Slavery—that where one woman holds captive one man—in which the victim not only hugs his chain, but the little tyrant that rivets it."

The town of St. Paul's the present capital of Minnesota, which three years ago had no existence, now has a population of upwards of 1500. No place in the Western country is said to hold out greater inducements to farmers than the fertile plains of Minnesota—the soil being extremely rich the crops always heavy.

Fontenelle was told that coffee was a slow poison. "Very slow, indeed," he replied, "for it has been eighty years in killing me."

A new daily paper is talked of at Washington City, to advocate the claims of Thomas H. Benton for President.