

level, from captain this or lieutenant that. He don't let his teeth and stride down to the store like a victim, every time his wife presents him with another little Smith. He gives the female Smiths French gaiter boots, parasols and silk dresses without stint; and the boys new jackets, pop-guns, velocipedes and crackers, without any questions asked. He never breaks the hearts of any of his wife's bullet-doux, or preps over her shoulder when she is answering the same. He never holds the droppings of the umbrella over her new bonnet while his last new hat is innocent of a lam drop. He never complains when he is late at home for dinner, though the little Smiths may have left him nothing but one and crust.

"He never takes the newspaper and reads it, before Mrs. Smith has had a chance to run over the advertisements, deaths, marriages, &c. He always gets into bed at on cold nights, to take off the chill for his wife — he never leaves his trousers, drawers, shoes, &c. on the floor when he goes to bed, for his wife to break her neck over in the dark, if the baby needs some paragon. The children in the next room scream in the night, he don't expect his wife to take an air bath to find out what's the matter. He has been known to wear Mrs. Smith's night-cap in bed, to make the baby think it was its mother.

"When he carries children up to be christened, he holds them right end up, not to tumble their frocks. — When the minister asks him the name he says 'Lucy, &c.' distinctly, that he need not mistake it for Lucifer. He goes home and trots the child till the sermon is over, while his wife remains in church to receive the congratulation of the parish gossips.

"If Mrs. Smith has company to dinner, and there are not strawberries enough, and his wife looks at him with a sweet smile, and offers to help him, (at the same time kicking him gently with her slipper under the table,) he always replies, 'no thank you, my dear, they don't agree with me.'

"Lastly—he approves of 'Bloomers,' and pantaloons, or he says women will do as they like—he should as soon think of driving the nails into his coffin, as trying to stop them.

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise—
When a glance is backward cast,
On some long remembered spot, that lies
In the silence of the past!
It may be a shrine of our early vows,
On the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far off isle to us
In the stormy sea of years.

Wide and wild are the waves that part
Ours steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart—
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
O! friends, we are growing old.

Old in the dimness of the dust
Of our daily toil and care—
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our birthreared memory bears,
Each form may wear, to the passing gaze,
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten the latter days
Which the morning never met.

But the many changes we have seen
In the far and winding way,
The grass in our path that has grown green,
And the locks that have grown grey!
The winter sun on our own may spare
The sable of the gold,
But we see their snows upon brighter hair,
And, friends, we are growing old!

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear,
But where are the living fountains whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear!
If we've won the wealth of many a clime,
O! the lore of many a page,
Where is the hope that saw us tame
But its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew!
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom is deep and blue,
Our souls might joy in the spring-time then,
But the joy was faint and cold,
For it never could give us our youth again—
My friends, we are growing old!

ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

Their superior strength, the skill with which they ward off blows, and even wrench an instrument from the hand of an assailant, and their tenacity of life, render them really a formidable antagonism. We have sometimes been diverted, as well as severely annoyed, by their thievish tricks. In one instance we were followed several days by one of them on our passage up the river, who seemed equally bent on mischief and plunder. The first of our acquaintance with him occurred while encamped at the mouth of a small stream, whose channel we were improving by the removal of large rocks, which obstructed log-driving. Our camp was merely temporary, so that all our goods were exposed. While we were asleep, during the night, he came upon our premises, and selected from the baggage a bundle containing all the winter clothing of one of the men, boots, shaving tools, &c. His curiosity was too great to allow of a far removal of the pack without an examination of its contents, and never did deputy-inspector of customs perform a more thorough search. Duties on the package were inadmissible, the goods were esteemed contraband, and were accordingly confiscated. The wearing apparel was torn into shreds. There was a pair of stout cowhide boots of which he tried the flavor; they were chewed up and spat out. The razor did not escape his inquisitiveness. Whether he attempted to shave we say not, but he tested its palatableness by chewing up the handle. From this position we removed a few miles further up the stream, where we were to construct a dam, the object of which was to flow the lake, to obtain a good head of water for spring driving. This job being somewhat lengthy, we erected a more permanent camp for our convenience. A few evenings after our settlement at this point, while all hands were in the camp, we heard some one moving about on the roof, where a ten gallon keg of molasses was deposited. At first it was supposed to be a trick by some of the crew, but on looking round there was no one missing. Suspecting with more certainty the character of our visitor, we seized a firebrand or two, and sallied forth like a disturbed garrison of ants, when we discovered we were minus a keg of molasses. Following in the direction of the retreating thief, we found the keg but a few rods distant, sitting on one end with the rod torn out. He evidently had intended a feast, but, intimidated by the firebrands and the hallooing, he had retreated precipitately into his native haunts; but only, as it would seem, to plan another theft. About two hours afterwards, when all was still, a noise was again heard in the door-yard, similar to that of a hog rooting among the chips, where the cook had thrown his potato-parings. Peering through the crack of the camp-door, sure enough, there was Bruin again, apparently as much at home as a house-dog. We had a gun, but, improvidently, had left our ammunition at another place of deposit, about a hundred rods distant. Resolved upon chastising him for his insolence in the event of another visit, the lantern was lighted and the ammunition soon brought to the camp. The gun was now charged with powder and two bullets. We waited some time for his return, first removing a strip from the camp-door for a peep-hole. Learning nothing of him, all hands turned in again. About twelve o'clock at night he made us a third visit, in the door-yard, as before, and directly in front of the camp, offering a most inviting shot. Creeping softly to the door, and passing the muzzle of the gun through the prepared aperture, our eye glanced along the barrel, thence to a dark object not thirty feet distant. A gentle but nervous pressure upon the trigger, a flash, a sheet of fire, and the very woods shook with the reverberating report, which sent Bruin upon a plunging gallop. The copious effusion of warm blood which spouted on the chips, was evidence that the laden messenger had faithfully done its duty. A portion of his lights were shot away, and dropped to the ground, which convinced us that he was mortally wounded, and that it would not be possible for him to run far. Seizing as many firebrands as could be procured, with axes,

and the gun reloaded, all hands dashed into the forest after him, half naked, just as they had risen from the bed, leaping, yelling, and swinging their firebrands like so many wild spirits. Guided in the pursuit by the cracking of rotten limbs and the rustling of leaves as he heavily plunged on, we pursued him through a dense swamp. From the increased distinctness with which we heard his step, it was evident we were gaining upon him. Soon we heard his labored breathing. Just before we overtook him he emerged from the swamp, and with much exertion, ascended a slight elevation, covered with a fine growth of canoe birch, where, from exhaustion and loss of blood, he lay down, and suffered us to surround him. The inflammable bark of the birch was instantly ignited all around us, presenting a brilliant and wild illumination, which lent its influence to a most unbounded enthusiasm, while our war dance was performed around the captured and slain marauder. Taken altogether, the scene presented one of the most lively collections of material for the pencil we have ever contemplated. There were uncommon brilliancy, life, and animation in the group. After dispatching, we struck him up, and dressed him on the spot, taking only one quarter of his carcass, with the hide, back to camp. A portion of this was served up next morning for breakfast; but while the sinewy human-like appearance of the fore leg might have whetted the appetite of a cannibal, a contrary influence was exerted on ours.

A BILLION.

Few people have any conception of the stupendous sum which is designated by this term. Some write having stated, in an article headed, "What becomes of all the pins?" "that millions of billions of pins must vanish, nobody can tell how or where, in the course of a year." Euclid, a correspondent of the National Intelligencer, shows us the absurdity of the assertion in the following style:—

"I think, sir, the author of that article thought little of what he was saying, when he said that millions of billions must vanish in the course of a year. Many pins, undoubtedly, vanish every year, but any mathematician will demonstrate to us that a single billion has never yet been manufactured. A Billion, according to Noah Webster, is a 'million of millions'—a number so vast, I say, that the human mind has not the capacity to comprehend it. A manufactory making one hundred pins per minute, and kept in constant operation, would only make fifty two millions five hundred and ninety-six thousand per annum, and would require near twenty thousand years, at the same rate, without a single moment's cessation, to make that number called a billion."

SUBLIME TRUTH.

Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable, if he has a groveling, unlettered mind. Let him have his gardens, his fields, his woods, his lawns, for grandeur, plenty, ornament, and gratification; while at the same time God is not at all in his thoughts. And let another have neither field nor garden; let him only look at nature with an enlightened mind; a mind which can see and adore the Creator in his works, can consider them as demonstrations of his power, his wisdom, his goodness and truth—this man is greater as well as happier in his poverty, than the other in his riches—the one is his higher than the beast, the other but little lower than an angel.—*Jones of Nayland.*

EDUCATION CHEAPER THAN CRIME.

The London Athenæum, in an article commending the public school system of the State of New York, after giving a few statistics, derived from the report of the Board of Education, and the number of scholars taught, and the cost of each, remarks:—

"The 207 schools in the New York district, with their 107,363 scholars, involve a year's outlay of \$274,792. The year at school includes a period of 240 days attendance—so that the average expense of a really good system of instruction for each child amounts to \$6.86 a year, or less than three cents—not quite three half pence—a day. It does not seem to us that this outlay is very extravagant, under any point of view. No system of policy that we are acquainted with, is so cheap. If it prevents only a tithe of what would go to the erection of prisons, and the salaries of police magistrates, it a grand bargain for the community to have made.