

"OWED TO JOSIAH.

Josiah I the tale have hurn,
With rigid ear, and streaming eye,
I saw from me that you did turn,
I never knew the reason why.

Oh Josiah,
It seemed as if I must expliah.

Why did you, Oh, why did you blow
Upon my life of snowy sleet,
The fish of love to fiercest glow,
Then turn a dampnar on the heat?

Oh Josiah,
It seemed as if I must expliah.

I saw thee coming down the street,
She by your side in bonnet blue;
The stuns that grated 'neath thy feet
Seemed crunching on my vitals too.

Oh Josiah,
It seemed as if I must expliah.

I saw thee washing sheep last night,
On the bridge I stood with marble brow,
The waters raged, thou clasped it tight,
I sighed, should both be drowned now—

I thought Josiah,
Oh happy sheep to thus expliah."

I showed the poetry to Josiah that night after he came home, and told him I had read it. He looked awful ashamed to think I had seen it, and says he with a dreadful sheepish look.

"The persecution I underwent from that female can never be told, she fairly hunted me down, I hadn't no rest for the soles of my feet. I thought one spell she would marry me in spite of all I could do, without givin' me the benefit of law or gospel." He see I looked stern, and he added with a sick lookin' smile, "I thought one spell, to use Betsy's language, "I was a gonah."

I didn't smile—oh no, for the deep principle of my sect was reared up—I says to him in a tone cold enough to freeze his ears, "Josiah Allen, shet up, of all the cowardly things a man ever done, it is goin' round braggin' about wimmen' likin' em, and follerin' em up. Eenny man that I do that is little enough to crawl through a knot hole without rubbing his clothes." Says I, "I suppose you made her think the moon rose in your head, and set in her heels, I dare say you acted foolish enough round her to sicken a snipe, and if you make fun of her now to please me I let you know you have got holt of the wrong individual." Now, says I, "go to bed," and I acted in still more freezing accents, "for I want to mend your pantaloons." He gathered up his shoes and stockin's and started off to bed, and we haint never passed a word on the subject sence. I believe when you disagree with your pardner, in frein' your mind in the first on't, and then not as be twittin' about it afterwards. And as for bein' jealous, I should jest as soon think of bein' jealous of a meetin'-house as I should of Josiah. He is a well principled man. And I guess he

wasn't fur out o' the way about Betsy Bobbet, though I wouldnt encourage him by lettin' him say a word on the subject, for I always make it a rule to stand up for my own sect; but when I hear her go on about the editor of the *Augur*, I can believe anything about Betsy Bobbet. She came in here one day last week, it was about ten o'clock in the mornin'. I had got my house slick as a pin, and my dinner under way, (I was goin' to have a biled dinner, and a cherry puddin' biled, with sweet sass to eat on it) and I sot down to finish sewin' up the breadth of my new rag carpet. I thought I would get it done while I hadn't so much to do, for it bein' the first of March, I knew sugarin' would be comin' on, and then cleanin' house time, and I wanted it to put down jest as soon as the stove was carried out in the summer kitchen. The fire was sparklin' away, and the painted floor a shinin' and the dinner a bilin', and I sot there sewin' jest as calm as a clock-not dreamin' of no trouble, when in came Betsy Bobbet.

I met her with outward calm, and asked her to set down and lay off her things. She sot down, but she said she couldnt lay off her things. Says she, "I was comin' down past, and I thought I would call and let you see the last numbah of the *Augah*, there is a piece in it concernin' the tariff that stirs men's souls, I like it evah so much."

She handed me the paper, folded so I couldnt see nothin' but a piece of poetry by Betsy Bobbett. I see what she wanted of me and so I dropped my breadths of carpetin' and took hold of it and began to read it.

"Read it audible if you please," says she. "Especially the precious remarks ovah it, it is such a feast for me to be sitting, and heah it rehearsed by a musical voice.

Says I, "I spose I can rehearse it if it will do you any good," so I began as follers:

"It is seldom that we present to the readers of the *Augur* (the best paper for the fire-side in Jonesville or the world) with a poem like the following. It may be by the assistance of the *Augur* (only twelve shillings a year in advance, wood and potatoes taken in exchange) the name of Betsy Bobbet will yet be carved on the lofty pinnacle of fame's towering pillow. We think however that she could study such writers as Sylvanus Cobb, and Tupper with profit both to herself and to them.

"EDITOR OF THE *AUGUR*."

Here Betsy interrupted me, "The deah editah of the *Augah* had no need to advise me to read Tuppah, for he is indeed my most favorite authar, you have devorhed him havn't you Josiah Allen's wife?