

is muck and sticks, and in a dilapidated condition. Her bedstead is made of small pine sticks with the bark still on, her couch consisting of hemlock boughs covered with straw, upon which are two or three wretchedly worn bed-quilts. In one corner of the room are two or three shelves, where are displayed her cooking and eating utensils, the original cost of which (and they were very old and worn) could not have been more than a dollar. An old stool answers the purpose of a chair, a board nailed to the side of the cabin is her only table hanging from the logs at the side of the bed are two or three old gowns which help to keep out the air and the rain, and from the crevices of the logs around, above, and everywhere, depend bunches of herbs and faded flowers which she has gathered in her rambles, but there was a taste and neatness displayed in the arrangements of the miserable furniture of the room which gave it a really cheerful aspect.

We asked the old woman if she never apprehended any danger while thus living so utterly alone, and she replied, "of course not, who would harm a poor forsaken creature like me? I ain't afraid even of the bears, for its only last fall that one came down here and scratched up my garden, but I drove him off with a big stick!" Up to this point, everything we saw and heard concerning this aged woman was strange, but when we rose to depart, we were still more astonished to have her rivet our attention by her wild movements and address us to the following effect: "Men, I thank you for your goodness; I cannot read, but my Great Father has told me all in my heart about it. There is a Heaven men, and it's a very happy place; there is a Hell men, and it's a very dreadful place; they both will never have an end. Now, men, good-bye, you have been good to the old woman, but we must part, good-bye; we shall meet once more, at the judgement but for a short time. Live, men that you may get to Heaven." And so we left this strange being, and I am confident that long after her bones shall have mingled with the dust, one trio of travelers, if still living will remember with wonder and pleasure their interview with the *Hermut Woman of the Alleghenies*.

A BEAUTIFUL AND TOUCHING INCIDENT—Yesterday, (Sabbath) morning, at the ringing of the first bells in this city, the congregation of the Rev. Mr. Davis or Freewill Baptist, met around the water where the different denominations usually baptise. The weather was quite cold, it was snowing quite fast—the ice had been cut out and lay in large cake; every thing looked cold and forbidding. After singing, and a short but fervent prayer by the pastor, "for the spirit of God to rest upon all present," he then rose from his knees and led a young man into the water and immersed him. Next followed a young lady. As they came towards the pond, and the snow falling thick and fast, there came a beautiful Dove hovering over the congregation, and actually lit down on the ice and walked around but a little distance from the administrator and the candidate. At the same moment the minister remarked, "And the Spirit rested on him in the shape of a Dove." It was one of the most beautiful and touching incidents we ever witnessed in the administration of a religious rite. Indeed, it seemed to call up to the mind of Christians the time when the adorable Redeemer came up out of Jordan and God set a seal to this sacred rite.—*Manchester (N.H.) Mirror*.

A CURIOSITY—The *Vermont Register* says that at Belden's Falls, two or three miles from Middlebury, a decayed tree was recently discovered, which is a puzzle to all who have seen it. The trunk, which has become thoroughly rotten, is entirely filled with birds' feathers. The downy portions are in a great measure disorganized, leaving the quills, however, in perfect preservation. The tree is evidently maple. How these feathers, of which there is a quantity innumerable, should have been so thoroughly disseminated through every part of the trunk, is a great mystery.

A gentleman presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and in a jocular way said "Do not let any one else rumple it." "No dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

ANIMAL REMAINS—A few days ago, the remains of what is considered to have been a Moose Deer, were found on the farm of Mr. Peter Kerr, a short distance from Lanark. They were partially imbedded in the earth, and the larger bones were in a good state of preservation. The skeleton, as it lay extended on the ground in its natural position, measured twelve feet from the nose to the insertion of the tail.

[ORIGINAL]
MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Mother thou sleep'st in the stranger's land,
But thy child may kneel on the strand;
I know but this; 'tis on Eric's strand,
And my thoughts are often there.
On the still lake's strand,
By Eric's grave,
In the stranger's land,
Is my mother's grave.

In the stilly evening's twilight hour,
When the gentle south wind blows,
Methinks it comes o'er thy deathbed's bow'r,
Where thy sacred virtues repose.
Then Eric's surge,
In each lake-wash'd cave,
Sings its requiem dirge
O'er my mother's grave.

Happy ye who can kneel by the tomb,
Where in death your lov'd ones sleep,
And alone by their graves in twilight's gloom,
May sit you down and weep,
But woe to heal,
Though a world I gave,
I may not kneel
By a mother's grave.

And I'd give a world, if worlds were mine,
(Unseen by earth's eye or ear),
To kneel by her ashes' sacred shrine,
And love it with a tear.
Dear mother flow,
Oft my heart doth crave,
To bow alone
By thy hallow'd grave.

And would thy spirit not meet me there,
To soothe my lone heart to rest?
Ah no, I ne'er may meet thee again,
'Till I meet thee 'mong the blest
Yet thy spirit mock,
A smile might we,
When I would seek
Thy unknown grave.

How oft at evening's silent calm,
When my soul within was drear,
My heart has leapt an ang'ls' balm,
Oh say, wast thou not 'ere near,
When fancy flew
From her mountain cave,
To point me to
My mother's grave

Oft comes a voice on the wind's light wing,
When to me no form is near,
And back the silvery shroud doth fling
From the past, which once was dear.
No fears I feel,
Thus when mem'ry's woe
Oft hurls me back
To thy cold lone grave.

But you dwell not in the tomb's dark night,
That so deep my heart reveres,
Thy home is in bright fields of light,
Among vnder golden spheres.
There command to come,
A Saviour gave,
There's thy spirit's home,
There's my mother's grave.

MILTON'S LITERARY LIFE—The North British Review says. The retrospect of Milton's literary life gives us the following as the facts most proper to be remembered by those who would study his works in their biographical connexion, that from his 17th to his 33rd or 34th year his chief literary exercises were poetry; that from his 34th year, however, on to his 52nd, he laboured exclusively as a controversialist and prose writer, producing during this long period scarcely anything in verse besides a few sonnets, and, finally, that in his old age he renewed his allegiance to the muse of verse, and occupied himself in the composition of those greater poems, the *Paradise Lost*, the *Paradise Regained*, and the *Samson Agonistes*, which he intended more especially as his bequest to the literature of England

Paddy, when told a stove would save
Just half his usual fuel,
Replied, "Arrah, then, two I'll have,
And save all—my jewel."

"I'm not afraid of a barrel of cider," said a toper to a temperance man "I presume not: from your appearance, I should think the barrel of cider would run at your approach," was the reply.

There were only two clocks in England in the reign of Edward I, both of foreign manufacture. One was placed in a old tower at Westminster Hall, and the other in Canterbury Cathedral.

THE TRUE MAHOMETAN SPIRIT

A certain good natured old Vermont farmer, famed for his constant good nature, let turn up what was called One day, while the black tongue prevailed in that part of his men came in, bringing the news that one of his red oxen was dead.

"Is he?" said the old man; "well, he was a breachy ox. Take his hide off, and carry it down to Fletcher's, it will bring the cash" an hour or so afterwards, the man came back with the news that "his back" and his mate were both dead. "Are they?" said the old man; "well I took them of B——, a bad debt that I never expected to get. It's lucky it ain't the bundles. Take the hides down to Fletcher's, they will bring the cash." After the lapse of another hour the man came back again to tell that the high bridle was dead. "Is he?" said the old man; "well he was a very old ox. Take off his hide, and take it down to Fletcher's, it is worth cash, and will bring more than any two of the others." Hereupon, his wife, who was a very pious soul, taking herself the office of elshaz, reprimanded her husband severely, and asked him if he was not aware that the loss was a judgment of heaven upon him for his wickedness. "Is it!" said the old fellow; "well if it will take the judgment in cattle it is the easiest I can pay it"

ASK FOR WHAT YOU WANT.

Several gentlemen of the Massachusetts Legislature, dining at a Boston hotel, one of them asked Mr. Y, gentleman who sat opposite,

"Can you reach them *peraters*, sir?" Mr. Y extended his arm towards the dish, satisfied himself that he could reach the "*peraters*" and answered,

"Yes sir"
The legislator was taken aback by this unexpected rebuff from the wag; but presently recovering himself he asked,

"Will you suck my fork into one on 'em, that?" Mr. Y. took the fork and very coolly plunged it into a finely cooked potato, and left it there.

The company roared as they took the joking victim looked more foolish than before. But when an air of confidence struck him; rising to his feet, exclaimed, with an air of conscious triumph,

"Now, Mr. M., I will trouble you for the fork." Mr. M. rose to his feet, and, with the most respectable gravity, pulled the fork out of the potato, turned it, amidst an uncontrollable thunderstorm of laughter, to the utter discomfiture of the gentleman from B——.

The only money they use in the back part of the consists of live stock—a hog paying for a dollar, a pig paying for fifty cents, turkeys twenty-five cents, and young dogs one shilling each. If Smith owns a pig for \$4 12 he sends five hogs, and receives for change a sheep, one turkey, and one pup

"Why is our marriage like the British flag?" said honest Jack tar to his bride, on their wedding day. "Because it's union, Jack," was the quick reply.

ALARMING—*Hair dresser*—"They say, sir, the doctor's in the hair sir!" *Gentleman, very uneasy*—"I need 'em!" Then I hope you're very particular about the brushes you use." *Hair dresser*—"Oh! if you don't understand me, sir. I don't mean the hair, but the hair hot the hatmosphere!"

A CURIOS RELIC—The poet Rogers has given to the British Museum the original covenant between John Milton, gent, and Samuel Symons, printer, of the sale of *Paradise Lost*, dated 27th April, 1667. The terms of the covenant, Milton was to receive ten pounds after the sale of thirteen hundred copies of the first three editions. The sum actually received by Milton was eighteen pounds, for which the receipt exists.

FOSSIL REMAINS—The *Texas Lone Star* says that the tusk and the portion of the leg bone of a large mammoth was recently discovered embedded in the sand at Hidaiga Falls. They were taken up and carried to Washington. In taking it up, it was unfortunately broken. The tusk and the other bones are in a state of petrification.