active There the soft birds at more internal and active Reson the thickness at more internal active Reson the shades at more transfer and the resonance in the poets will heart at more anythere the soft birds at more statement and the soft at more . de . Like an exquisite deserving it , very ser at

Like an exquence who had been the factor of the flowers hand like rainbows

On the wildwood and lease the control of the wild wood and lease the control of the wild when the w O, say, wilt thou dwell all all and in that sweet isle with me?

In the depths of the sky . 1 3 10 105 There's & beautiful starp 10 798000 Where no yew coat a shadow ... The bright scenes to mar;
There the rainbows no re fade,
And the dews are no re dry, And a circlet of moons in the sky.

Ever shines in the sky.
There the song of the spheres,
Are unceasingly heard
Through the infinite years.
There the soft air floats down From the amarinth bowers, ... All faint with the perfume Of Eden's own flowers. There troth, love, and beauty Immortal will be

D, say, wilt thou dwell

In that sweet star with me?

FIRST EXPERIENCE OF A DEBT.

BY INCHES.

Never did I feel prouder or richer than when my father said "HARRY, that cuif is yours; I'll give you Bossy; she shall be vours." He was standing whittling in the old barn-door, while I, his oldest son, was marking with delighted interest Bossy's frisky movements in the yard; how she would soull in the sweet morning air, then whisk her tail and caper around, if not with all the grace, with far more gladsomeness and naturalness than a ballet queen. Bossy seemed to think it a very pleasant thing to live. Much as I oved the creature before, I was seized with a fresh puff of love at my father's generous

"Nep!" I cried. !! Nep, that: is my call! see to it, sir, that you treat her like a gentleman, and not bark at her or bite at her wher you letch the cows from pasture."

Neptune looked up, wagged his tail, and glanced at Bossy, as much as to sav, "Yes, yes, I understand the matter." To my brothers and sisters-and there were five younger than myself-I was not long in communicating the important intelligence that "Bossy was my calf: father said so."

"Mother," said I, "look out the window and see this call; well she is mine, Bossy is mine; fether said so." She thought it was a nice little call, and as she was churning, she offered to do my churning for me, when Bossy's age should require such services.

"You shall, mother!" I, shouted with glad laugh at the thought of it, " and though it will be my butter, you shall have it all,' and I am sure the words "my" and "mine" had a significance unknown before. Beside Bossy, we had the old cow, Bossy's mother, "Star," a two-years old heifer, a yoke of oxen, a few sheep and plenty of fowls; these, with six children, made quite a family to be stabled and fed by our little farm among the Vermont bills

I did not go to school that summer, for the boy's services were needed in the fields, -ah. these glorious fields and hill-sides, and maple groves, and fire briers tall and high, what do many boys imprisoned in the city know of the light, and linerty, and lithsomeness of God's free sunshine among the hills. They seldom pass their brick wall-bounds.

To range the fields and treat their lungs with air;" and yet the "country wins me ever," not only as the heritage of my early memories, but the hoped-for retreat of 'life's declining days.

" I never learne a wish or form a plan. That flattered me with hope of earthly bliss, But there I laid the scene."

I think I worked with a new alacrity nov that I owned Bossy; I felt like a man with more than a life interest in the world, for when the farmers grouped together and talked about their stock, I always wanted to add a few words about my calf.

" Mother," I said, one pleasant twilight as she came and sat in the door, while I threw myself on the turf; " mother, I want just one thing to make me just as happy as can

"And that is, I hope," said she, with one of her sweet serious smiles, " to be a good boy like Joseph and little Samuel; then I am

sure you will be a happy child." I blushed and rolled over in the grass, for certainly nothing was then farther away from my thoughts than Joseph or little Samuel. "No mother." I answered at length,half ashamed to own what it was, after this expression of her maternal hope,-" not exactly that, though I do want to be a good boy and nobody can say I don't, but now I was thinking of something else; oh, mother;" mustering up my courage, "I want a pail! a small teats, until forgetting altogether the little tin pail I mine !" squatting on my bare dignity becoming to the master of a drove toes before her and looking carnestly into her face. "And where is it to come from, Harry?" she asked. Alas, it was a question more easily asked than answered.

"The peddlers!" I roared triumphantly, supposing I had gotten over the mount of difficulty; "the pediers I the next time one come's won't you buy me a tin pail-my pail !- to milk my calf in !" "Harry forgets I said, the best and handsomest, if they Sheriff! No, sir !" and I shook my finger thought "my poor mother died of want and how little we have to buy with," said my mother. "But, mother, you know Bossy affluent circumstances I continued for several will give milk soon, and she must have a pail, happy days. ... and then I can milk, and it will help you so, mother."

How weighty my arguments might have seemed had she had the wherewithal for the purchase, I have no means of knowing; as low. I began to drop them into the hills, it was, she patied me on the head saying, and went on dropping, dropping, dropping, begasy, Bassy; and sleep bore me off labor. by and by, Harry will be able to buy one until the basket was quite empty, ever and himself, and that will help mother."

I leaned my head on her lap with a resigned and loving heart, for nothing ever not come, and, having finished this part of conquered my vagrant or rebellious wishes the work, I concluded to cut across the barlike the friendly patting of my mother's hand ley-field and run home for the hoe. In the upon my head.

Typesory of the lex id you in decoil; by

desant that dep smitht. The result creaming revenue from noutly all the orderer

the flock, so that we were, perhaps, some-

times in danger of becoming goats. How I

longed for the close of morning service, and

when over, how I tried to inoderate my ea-

"Here I am," he cried twitching my sleeve,

come;" and he led the way to a neighbor-

ing well, while I lost no time in setting him a

"Well." he cried, impatiently, "I can't guass. Now tell us what it is. I should

think it was most likely a knife, only you say

"No! no!" I shouled, charmed with his

Il success, una Lit is a calf lour Boss!-

Father has given her to me; he said so; she's

mine !!"
"Bose yours !!" and he looked delightfully
"How good

it was, in, your father. I suppose you know that I've got a lamb?" I knew it.
"And now Harry," he stopped and took

me by the sleeves as if a great thought was

striking him, " will the call's calves be yours?

That's the question. Will Bossy's Bossies

"A drove! I shall, shan't I!" starting up

"Now make a good bargain with your fath

er," said my friend, with a shrewd wag of the

head; "tell him as Boss is yours, her calves

"Yes. I will! That's a fact!" And I

felt profoundly that two heads were better

der of the day. Every now and then du-

ring the afternoon service I looked hard into

said-for my mother fixed our attention

and refreshed our memories by making us

review to her the instructions of the Holy

Day-when lo! my drove came rushing like

a band of cavalry upon the field of mental

The great question relative to the disposal

of Bossy's children could not be asked that

day, for the Sabbath was revered and held

as arcred time in my distant mountain home.

And never did it seem long or wearysome,

diversified as it was by the Catechism and

Bible stories, and sweet psalm singing; nev-

er at least until this Sabbath, when I longed

truant heart was more full of Bossy than the

Bible. "To-morrow and that matter shall

I was awakened and up before Monday's

sun, and tumbling over Ben, ran into into the

crying impetously as soon as I saw him,

Father! father, will Bossy's children be

"We'll see about it," was his quiet reply.

"Well, father, but if Bossy is mine, I

don't see why her calves won't be mine,'

determined to bring my father to a definite

"Well; and what does that mean, father

" As likely as not, Harry, but better wait

I jumped enthusiastically up, exclaiming,

over the hills, and tell the satisfactory adjust-

ment of the case to Joshua. But that was

with strutting around Boss, patting her sides,

ber. Bossy, made some show of surprise,

and coquettishly attempted to withdraw from

ters, just as my father had given Bossy to

me; "and they shall choose for themselver,"

One morning in the succeeding week, my

father sent me into the field; with a basket of

anon-looking towards the house, and wonder-

ingywhat had become of my father ... Hadid

yard I saw a man, whom I instantly remem-

mine, father? Won't they be mine?"

agreement in the important point.

all Bossy's children; they are mine."

" Well." he said.

ill they come.'

be settled! was the last waking thought.

will be yours also. Have it understood."

Here unhappily

at the full comprehension of this prolific

soon!" and he gave an emphatic nod.

gerness to find him.

guessing.



Me Krauffelten geringen der Berger der Berger de Argent de Argent de Argent de Argent de Argent de Argent des

Per this Artiston

VOL: Lidoneren de die WELLEBOROUGH GEROUGH GEROUGH DE STORE DE STO

or on the grass grown graves of the church-yard or in the cool shade of the fong shed built for the accommodation of all churchgoing horses. For in these days there were were no Sabbath-schools to pasture the lambs

""She's not yours, my youngster, she's Mr. Gibhs." I have just taken her for a debt. I'm the sheriff, and I shall take you soon, if you don't leave off;" and quicken-

ing his pace, he tugged Bossy after him. 'The sheriff!" I stopped, frightened at my own boldness, and still more for the fate of Bossy. The sheriff was a formidable and dreaded functionary—I did not exactly know how or why, only that he had been mysteriously connected with much agitation on the disappearance of heas from the coop, pigs from the pen, and lambs from the fold.—This, then, was the sheriff! I stood still, neredulous. "You got a call? How good afraid to go farther, and straining my eyes in the direction of my captive favorite, as they were about to make a bend in the road, I roared out in a kind of wild excitement, "Bossy! Bossy!", She pricked up her ears and turned around; then the man jerked the halter, and both disappeared behind the be your stock too? Boy, you'll have a drove trees. I shall never forget my feelings, impetuous boy that I was, when the last vestige of Bossy's tail was lost to my view. I pressed my hands to my eyes to stifle the hot er children were in distance; and I went and read the 5th Psalm aloud to them.

crying. "My son," said she, well divining the the minister's face, and tried to hear what he cause.

Just then the children came running in Oh, Henry!" they began, but she hushed and motioned them all away.

I tried to stop my tears, and sat down upon a block.. "Mother," I at length asked, vision, setting secmon and minister to flight. breaking the mournful silence, "wha did thet sheriff take Bossy off for ?"

"For a debt which your poor father could not pay," she answered, sorrowfully. "And can they take anything for a debt?"

I asked with anxious interest. "Any thing, even to the house over our heads, though I pray God it may never come to that," and her voice trembled a very for the sun to go down and rise again, for my little.

"Then I will never be in debt !" the current of my feelings abruptly turning, " never! never! never!" I cried with a fierce energy; "never! if they can take what we love best," and Bossy's dear image again kitchen shouting lustily, "Father!" He had dimmed my eyes. "And shall I nover see gone to the barn, and away I seampered, her again?" it was some time before I could venture on this question, and then tremulously enough.

"You can go down to Mr Gibbs" and see her, but you must try to keep up heart, Harry, she added with a forced cheerfulness; perhaps things will go better by and by, and maybe if you are a good and industrious

boy, you can earn a calf all yourself.". "And if I do, never a sheriff shall lay finger on her!" and with a proud sorrow I went back to the field. I could not go to pasture that night. BEN and NEPTUNE brought home the cows. Neither could I England, I could not pray to the Lord, with trust myself with a sight of the barn-yard, 'Oh, what a drove!" How I longed to race and slender appetite had I for my bread and what would become of us then." milk, for was it not Bossy's milk? Just before going to bed, I crept round the house to out of the question, and I contented myself take a peap where Bossy used to be. There was the "Old cow" and there "Star," affectionately shaking her tail, examining he chewing their evening cud in sorrowful lone liness. I took a mournful pleasure in going where Bossy had been, and laimost hoped, put my arm round Bosey, s neck and kissed by some strange turn of fortune's wheel, she sold in England for double the price they had might still be found behind the shadows.-MAh, it's no use !" I sighed, leaning against light, joyous heart, he began whis journey. my embrace. Sometime during that day, a post, in the light of a young moon; "It's home; "He saw the cottage where he shad under a generous impulse, I determined to no use; Bossy has gone-my drave is gone, left his poor mother; but the path was all give a calf to each of my brothers, and sis- and nothing is left. When I grow up, no grown over with grass the windows were sheriff comes near me-I'll never be in debt. shut up, the house was empty. Poor John No taking my Bossy, Mr. Sheriff ... No. Mr. | was almost brokenhearted. ... Doubtless !! he please." Never did I feel richer, and; what at the ideal image of that respectable official misery." But he just recognized one of the

was better, generous as rich; and in these in stern defiance. thinking of the day's sad history. "Josuva though in the almshouse." is best off; he's got his lamb; and I-I have lost my whole drove, and Bossy into the John felt when he brought here back to the potatoes for planting, promising soon to fol. bargain. There is one: thing-I'll never be cottage again. It is this greatest delight to in debt. Nevent I wonder where Bossy is take care of her, and to support her with his with Bossy in my heart to the land of dreamers on the work of the art or galica - Such was my first experience of andeble -The Independent of the but of the tree

CHRISTIAN ROTH, aged 40- years, an inmate of the Lehigh county Pour House, was to the world of the county for the world. And this was the first and last of Bossy's bered my father more than once tried to on Friday found frozen to death in North dodge, and I also, instinctively, began to edge Whitehall township. Rum.

man in a surly tone.

I still ran after, hardy knowing what to do or think. To go back and ask of father could get on board of a merchant wester.

He asked a great many captains to take him sight of Bossy, and to lose sight of Bossy and the board of the boar

"Please, sir, don't you want a cabin boy?" "I'm looking out for one here," said the captain."

ptain, in the or of the property of the party of the or of the or

"Show me your jestimonials," ... were "No one knows mo, here, sir tell lawere in my own parish, I could easily get some. "I can't take a boy into my ship without part of my father, and with the occasional any recommendation," a seed a mice and a mice

Oh, sir, I'll be so obedient; I'll do what. ever your bid me." when he was by hills say out not "Oh that's well enough to say, my good fellow; but once for all, I say I'll not have a

Poor John thought a moment; and looked about him with great sadness. Suddealy he recollected he had got his Bible. "He took it out of his pocket, and showed the captain "Well, my boy, I'll take you on that rec-

what was written on the first page." * * commendation. Follow me quick to my John is now on board, on his way to Si

tears, while I manfully tried to master the cry of agony that rushed up my thoust.—
Then I ran back to the house. Father was nowhere to be seen; the voices of the young-confusion and alarm, John took out his Bible. wildly in quest of my mother, "Oh, moth-then knelt down, and earnestly prayed to God er!" I sobbed, and unable longer to res. to make the storm cease, and to save them train my feelings, I leaned my head against from its fury. One by one, the sailors, and prayed with him. It pleased God to hear their prayer; the wind ceased, and the ship went on her way in safety.

"It was happy for me when I decided to take you, my boy," said the captain. "As open porthole near the main chains caught soon as we reach St. Petersburg, you shall have a day on shore, for your prayers have

He kept his promise, and the hoy employed his holiday in going all over that large and beautiful city. He stopped in front of the Emperor's palace, and stood, still, admiring all the magnificent carriages which were passing to and fro. While thus employed, he saw something fall out of one of them. He picked it up; it was a beautiful diamond bracelet.. He ran after the carriage, and called out to the coachman to stop, but it was useless. The carriage was soon out of sight. John went back directly to the captain, and showed him what he had found:

"You're a lucky fellow. John: these are very valuable diamonds."--

"But they are not mine," answered John. "Where did you find them?" >

"They fell out close to me; I picked them ip and ran after the carriage, but the coachman drove on, and neither saw nor heard

" Well, John, you did all you could to give them back to their owner; now they are yours, you can sell them in London, and get great deal of money for them." But John was to honest to be caught by

"No, no, Captain, the diamonds are not mine. If we had a storm in returning to such dishonest intentions in my heart; and

Ah, I had not thought of that," said the captain, who only wanted to try him, " come

we'll try and find the owner. He was soon discovered, and John received £50 as a reward for his honesty. An immense sum for him! At the Captain's advice, he laid it out in .. furs. which he afterwards cost him. With this little fortune, and a neighbors, who run up to him, and told him After going to bed, I could not sleep for his mother was still living and was well, hinking of the day's sad history. "Josuva though in the almshouse." With what delight they met, and how happy and grateful

Now dear children, it was the Bible, that made John an honest, faithful and intelligent youth that gave bim the knowledge of Christ that led him to the Saviort by whose spirit his heart was changed, and he became the joy of his mother's heart, and a blessing

Brag is a good Dog-Hold-fast is better.

W. D. BAILEY, POBLISHER

The period of the property of the purpose, and went being disast, the property of the property of the purpose, and went being disast, the property of the purpose, and went being disast, the property of the purpose, and went being disast, the property of the purpose, and went being disast, the property of the purpose, and went being disast, the property of the purpose, and went being disast, the property of the purpose, and went being disast, the property of the purpose, and went being disast, the property of the purpose, and went being disast, the property of the purpose of the period of the perio tiaved in their respective places. In 12 mil 50 About midnight the wind rose to a gale. accommoded by thick showers of snow, while a Buccession of tremendous thunderings grind-Mg, and crashing noises, gave learful evidence that the lice was an amnion of the vessel received violentaliocks every moment afor he haziness of the almosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what dis

rection the open water lay of it there beliefly was any at all of either side of them. The hight was spent in tacking as offen as any course of danger happened to present tiself, and in the morning the floring abated and Captain Wattern Sound to his great job, that his ship had not sustained any serious injury. He remarked with surraise that the mounting He remarked with surprise that the accurate lated icebergs, which had on the proceeding evening formed an impensionable by her had been separated and disarranged by the wind, and in one place a canal of open sea woon its course among them as for as the eye could discernative miles beyond the entrance of

this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shope; brightly at the time, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. At first some intervening: ice bergs prevented Captain Warrens from distinctly seeing any, thing but her masts; but he was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were her yards and rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained

motionless. Caplain Warrens' curiosity was so much exciled that he immediately leapt into the boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her On approaching, he observed that her hull appeared on the deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He hail ed her crew several times but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board, an bis eye, and on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back on a chair, with writing materials on a table before him, but the fuebleness of the light made everything indistinct. The party went upon deck, and having removed the hatchway, which was closed, they descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Captain-Warrens viowed through the port-hole. A tremor seized him as he entered it. Its inmate retained his fort mer position, and seemed to be insensible bo strangers. He was found to been compre and green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eveballs!-He had a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him, the last sentence in whose unfinished page ran thus :--

" Nov. 14, 1762. We linve now been enclosed in the ice syenteen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief."

Captain Warrens and his seamen hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the principal cabin, the first object that attracted, their attention, was the dear body of a female reclining on a bed in an attitude of deep interest, and attention, Her countenance retained the freshness of life, and a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of an apparently young man holding a steel in one hand, and affint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead in their berths, and the body of a boy was crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered anywhere, but Cantain Warrens was prevented by the superstitions prejudices of his seamen, from examiping the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log-book, already mentioned, and returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the brighter than the hues of silk, and the dew southward, deeply impressed with the awful example which he had just witnessed of the deny your husband the pleasure of smoking danger of navigating the Polar seas in high

northern latitudes, six of against a remain On return to England, the made various inquiries respecting vessels, that had disappeared in an unknown way, and by comparing the result of those with information which was afforded by written documents in his possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and of her unfortunate master, and found that she had been frozen thirteen years previous to the time of his disa covering the among the deel Westminster Review than a contract to say the same all the same and the same

THE young mentleman who saught a los dy'a eye, is requested to return it as it is of no-value to any one but the owner.

Tur papers are full of rum murders, and

"It Was Rum that did it?"

Such was the text from which was preached den was income tour whom was presence a men in artisting tearmonion. Privay lest in pulsation of the present of the private of an gices there was no benedictes sincelly breaking thought retired devous mornippers as house of prayers; but the service was imposingly solemy, and it mak deep into the bearts offen are stricked missingly peating as made and washing the Court of Peating a Chern

ntoodijudice is a singular in the species of the interest in t warrant which commanded him to revenge the inject done to the meace and dignity of society; there were the men of God devoutly asking offended Henvenstdspirily the blood enalt imital voilocate attended victima there was the phalform; the gallows, the rope, the drup, and, observed of olk there stood the cringings shivering oblicast who was to expiate his crime by yielding up this miserable life as the last lesson be could redd to evildoors. in That is eximinal in the Alle, preacher, robed in a frocki of white, girt by a black sash, and on his brow the fatal cape. During this dressing for the grave the distracted man effection i कुमारोम अंदिस को अदिकार कि व्यवस्थान

rate Great God! Oh! mvc God! what an and thave come to be Merciful God; look down on med! "Oh ! Lord have mercy on my sould It was tum that did it has some

To his dying moment did that terrified man proclaim that his murdered wife did not offend him/in: anything that be loved her, and yet under the pinfernal aspell of rum had he imbrued his hand in her; blood gathat hand with which three short months before, be

had pledged her his love and protection. We have never read of a more harrowing seene than the death of Durry ... He shricked with terror and his cries for mercy were pitenus. But he shad beetil guilty of one of the foulest, murders on record, and he must dies the safety of society demanded his life. He could not escape his fate, and he stood with the halter about his neck, and the hatchet was raised to sever the cord-which should launch him with his sins sfull-blown into eternity ig and there; looking upon the terrible pastendadiscalreadful future, did he raise his voice and utter the fearful warning against the use of intoxicating drink.

Will the world hear and heed the words of this despairing man 1 . Oh that I should come to such an end! It was rum that did its de Will those who daily put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains listen to this evoice from a murderer's grave !-Tell them to leave liquor alone; it has been the death of mie!" Weeping and gronning as the grave opened beneath his feet, he screamed, "God help me !" "God forgive disposed; and with the dismantled aspect of me !" "Christ assist me to pass through this struggle l'

This is no fancy picture, but drawn, word for word, from the scene in the prison. "It was rum that did it."-Cleveland Herald,

A good Story.

Two chans came in confact at one of our estaurants some time since, and were regaand bad roads became the topic of the conversation. One observed that several coal teams had been stuck in the mud, axietree deep and that he saw twenty: yoke of oxen straining every nerve but without effect.-The other, no doubt thinking that a very tough yarn, replied :

"That when he was coming to the city he saw a man sitting on a fence cracking his whip and bellowing at a furious rate, he approached him and enquired what was wrong?"

"Oh, nothing much," 'replied the teamster, "only (pointing to the road) I have a wagon and four yoke of oxen somewhere in the mud, and the blaguey brutes won't null

At this moment an old Hoosier entered, who heard only the winding up part of the story, drew up a chair and commenced a yarn about what he had seen.

Says he, "Priend, were you ever on the American bottoms? I crossed there onco. and on wading through the mud, which, as a matter of course, was not the best walking, kicket out a hat, when a voice which said "'Quit that, old fellow," saluted my ears,

"Looking around and seeing nothing, I concluded to give it another kick, which I did, when the same voice was heard to ex-"'Stop, you're kicking my hat!"

"I then discovered that a man was stick. ing in the mud, and observed, f

"" Old fellow; you'd better be gelting out of that before night, or you will be sure to freeze to death ;" he hallowed out,

... I don't care a dara-I've a good mule under me !" 20 ? . . .

HOMELY TRUTHS FOR AVIVES .- Although your husband may neglect to give you a good dress, do not seek revenge by giving him a good dressing. Do not hesitate beteen the choice of an expensive mantle and your husband's affection: the former may be dearer to your back, but the latter should be dearer to your bosom. Should your husband bring a friend home to partake of yesterday's beef, do not be churlish, but let warm smiles sea. . son the cold repast. Prefer country rambles to nown lounges, the colors of the rose are drops couching the jewellers gem. Never a segar by the fire side; it is the domestic calumet of peace. Be careful in hrewing the cup which cheers, but not inebrintes;" strong ten is better than weak arguments. This hand which was pledged at the altar, is not disgraced by sewing on a buttont and, remember, as you sow, so shall you teap.

YOUNG LADY scolding her beau for not sending her the pair of new shoes he promised her, writes in the postscript, as follows: P. S. Them shuz ort to be on hand (1) and he reckellection on em slick out about a

feel instrument made to sound for The propie of Peru are so indolent, that hey open pea pods with an oveter knife. In driving horses, they have two men to each we could about fill our sheet with the various quadruped-one to hold the reigns, and the other to cry, "whoa!"