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Maud Muller.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from his hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dare to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

They talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have new toys each day.

And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But the thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold,

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He married a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen-walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned.

And for him who sat by the chimney-lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "it might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

Griefs of Boyhood.—God have mercy upon the boy who learns to grieve early! Condemn it as a sentiment, if you will; talk as you will of the fearlessness and strength of the boy's heart, yet there belongs to it many tenderly strung chords of affection, which give forth low and gentle music, that consoles and ripens the ear for all the harmonies of life. These chords a little rude or unnatural tension will break, and break forever. Watch your boy, then, if so be he will bear the strain: try his nature, if it be rude or delicate; and if delicate, in God's name do not, as you value your peace and his, breed a harsh spirit in him, that shall take pride in subjugating and forgetting the finer affections.

The best thing to give your enemy, is forgiveness; to your opponent tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to a child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of her son; to yourself, respect; to all men charity; to God, obedience.

Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think only what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result.

MITTIE, THE BLIND GIRL.

BY MARY IRVING.

Did you ever thank God for your eyes, dear children? Those two bright, clear, happy eyes, that He has given to drink in the pleasant sunshine, the beauty of the flowers, the glory of the rainbow, and the sweetness of your dear mother's smile!—Listen, now, to the story of a child to whom He never gave eyes to look upon any of these beautiful things.

It was on a sunshiny morning—somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic ocean—that a gentleman, whom sea sickness had imprisoned in his state-room since the first roll of the ship, took courage, from a cup of coffee and the calmness of the sea, to crawl upon deck. As he stood at the head of the narrow stairway, clutching a rope to support his tottering steps he heard a glad child's laugh. Looking up, he saw a little girl, about five years old, quite at her ease, on the turning and rolling floor, trying to "jump rope" with a knotted end of ship rigging, which had been given her by an old sailor. The brisk breeze had brightened her cheeks, and curled her flowing hair in no very orderly manner.—Mr. L. thought of his own little daughter over the ocean, and his eyes filled.

"Come to me, my dear," he kindly called, reaching his hand towards the child.—She stopped her play, looked up as though half frightened, half astonished; and then began carefully to creep toward the outstretched hand. He lifted her to his lap and kissed her coral lips.

"Whose little girl are you?" he inquired.

"I'm nobody's little girl," she replied, in a touching tone. "Only God takes care of me, and sometimes Captain I——."

"How, where is your mamma?"

"Mamma is in Burrampooter. I'm not her little girl any more," and here a tear rolled down her cheek. "I'm going to New York," she said, "to be Uncle's little girl. But New York is a great way off, isn't it sir?"

"Not a very long way, my child—you will soon see your uncle!"

"I *can't see*, sir," she said softly.

Mr. L. started, and looked down into those bright, dark, intelligent eyes.—Alas! it was too true! they were darkened windows, through which the soul could never look!

"Mittie! hey, Mittie!" called a bluff voice, as the Captain's varnished hat appeared from behind the mast. "Eh, birdie, what new nest have you found?" With a start and a bound, Mittie jumped into his rough arms, and laid her cheek upon the shoulder of his shaggy coat sleeve.

"So, her shipmate," continued the captain, addressing Mr. L., "you are aloft at last. Nothing like a stiff nor-wester for taking the starch out of your landsfolk," and he laughed.

"But this little girl, Captain I——, how happens she to be alone on the wide world of waters?"

"Can't say," returned the captain, with a dubious shake of his shining hat. "She's a stray waif that I picked up on the Liverpool docks. Don't know her belongings; she was labelled for New York it seems.—Her name—what's the balance of it, sea-bird?" he asked.

"Mittie Wythe Hamilton," lisped the child, who had already found her way back to her bit of rope, and sat against the ship's railing, tossing up her hands at every new dash of spray. "I was named for Uncle Wythe, and he told mamma to send me." Her face clouded for an instant, then brightened again in the sunshine.

"Poor blind pet! so far as I can make out her story from one thing and another, she is the child of missionaries in India.—Poor creatures, they could not bring her over themselves, and I dare say she was getting no good in that heathenish land; so it seems they put her in charge of an English lady, whose name I've forgotten, who set out to join her husband somewhere in Canada. But she sickened and died before the barque Sally reached England, and the poor thing was left friendless and helpless. What the captain and mate of the Sally was thinking of, I don't know; but they put the child on dry land, with the balance of the passengers, and set sail without so much as looking up a New York packet. Alone in Liverpool, and it's no place for a blind child, sir, to say nothing of one that's got eyes—I found her, amusing herself pretty much as you see her now, with bits of chips, at the corner of a ship's yard! How the creature had lived, I can't say. I'll believe after this, shipmate, there's a God in the sky, who, as she says, keeps watch over children; if He don't over us grown up sinners! It seems that she had never wanted for a berth nor mess. "I want to go to New York," she would say to every stranger who spoke to her. I couldn't have left the little thing—but I don't know where I'm taking her. If I can't anchor her safely, I'll keep her for first mate of the Down; hey, sea-bird?"

"What did you do with her in that terrible storm off Cape Clear? I shudder to recollect that night."

"Well, sir, while you were lying flat on your back, and the rest of us were hurrying, hauling and pulling hither and thither, working for dear life against the winds and waves, the pretty creature was rolling about the cabin floor, clapping her hands as though she were in an apple tree swing and found it capital fun! When I tumbled down to my locker for five minutes' rest, I found her upon her knees in her little night wrapper, saying "Our Father," and I felt sure that no storm would sink the ship with her on it."

Poor mother of Mittie! how her heart was wrung at sending her blind, trusting child from her arms! But her brother in America had written, telling her that he would provide for Mittie, poor, sightless Mittie, who could learn little in that uncivilized land. So, with many tears and prayers, that missionary mother had packed her Mittie's small trunk, and placed her in the care of a friend—the English lady before mentioned—to be transported to our country. What but a mother's prayer guarded the helpless darling in all her lonely wanderings?

On arriving at New York, Captain I——— and Mr. ——— made inquiry everywhere for Mr. Wythe. Directories were searched, streets ransacked, and questions repeated hundreds of times to no purpose. No relative of the poor Mittie could be found.

"Leave her with me, captain," said Mr. ———. "I am soon to return to London, but before sailing, I will place her in an Asylum for the Blind, and see that she is comfortably cared for."

Instead, however, of placing Mittie in the State Asylum of New York, her friend took her to a southern city, where he had business connections, and left her in one of those beautiful retreats which nature and art have combined to adorn for those whose eyes tell not night from day, nor beauty from deformity. Kind voices welcomed the little stranger, but they were voices she had never heard, nor hoped to hear. For the first time since she had sobbed good-bye on her mother's lap, her hope and faith faltered. She felt that she was alone in the world, and she sought out a corner to cry. Had the superintendent particularly interested himself in the child, he would have found out her history, and probably sought some communication with her parents. But setting down her name as a charity scholar, he forgot that she was not an orphan. And Mr. L———? His sympathies had been strongly enlisted, and he really intended to find out the mystery. But he was a man of the world and immersed in its busy cares. Having placed a sum of money for her use in the hands of the director with permission to apply to him in any emergency, he returned to his English home—and only remembered the blind child of the voyage, at moments when his own laughing Carrie climbed into his lap.

One, among a hundred children, Mittie was well educated in all that the blind can learn. She was taught how to read the Bible, from which her mother had read to her, by passing her small fingers over the curiously raised letters. She learned to sew, to braid and to write, strange thoughts that young head used to frame for that unsteady hand to jot down in its crooked wanderings over the paper. She learned to sing sweet hymns of her schoolmates, and to touch for herself the keys of the piano, whose melodies had almost made her fancy herself in Heaven, only she had been told that in Heaven, she should see like other children! Sometimes in her dreams, she would find herself on a soft couch, with strange perfumes and sounds about her, and would feel warm tears dropping one by one, on her forehead, while a dear arm pressed her closely.

"Mother! dear mother!" Mittie would cry, and wake—to find *no mother*. Years had passed—when again a *ship* was nearing the forest of masts in New York harbor. On the deck sat a pale lady in deep mourning, with traces of tears upon her cheeks. Her children clung about her, with wonder in their faces. "Oh, beautiful America! the America you have so often told us about," cried a sweet voiced girl of twelve. "Mamma does it look as it did when you went away?"

"Mamma, did you live in any of those great houses?" "Ma, Ma! plenty *Pagodas* here?" chimed in the youngest boy, whose eye had taken in the numerous church spires. All spoke at once, but the mother answered neither. Her heart was too full. She had gone from that shore, a happy bride, and hopeful; she was returning, a widow, broken in health and spirits, to place her children with her relatives, and then, as she believed, to lay her bones in the tomb of her kindred.—One hope only made her heart bound, and her pale cheek grew paler, as she looked upon that shore of her nativity, for the first time in twenty years.

"Oh, God! could I see all my children before I die!" she faltered.

I pass over the scene of her landing, and welcome to the house of her brother. I will not stop to tell you how many wonders the Indian-born children found in an American city—customs and sights; for I must hasten to the end of my story.

"It is impossible, sister," said her brother to the pale lady, one morning, in answer to some expression. "The child could never have reached this country.—We never, as you know, have traced her farther than England, and if she had been brought here, she could not have failed to find me or I her."

The widow sighed. "God's will be done!" she murmured. "But it is hard to feel that my little helpless innocent—my eldest born—was sent from me to perish alone. Often I feel as if it could not be—as if she were yet alive, and I would find her some day."

Providentially, as it proved, the mother was lead to search the catalogues of various institutions for the blind, long in vain. At length she obtained a circular from a distant city, and glanced over it indifferently, so often had she been disappointed. He heart sprang to her lips as she saw the name, "Meta W. Hamilton."

"Brother," she gasped, and extended the paper to him. He looked and shook his head. "I am afraid you are expecting too much, my poor sister. Matilda was your darling's name, and then, how should she stray to that corner of the United States?"

But the mother's hopes were stronger than her fears. She scarcely ate or slept, weak though she was, until she reached the Southern city whose name the catalogue had borne.

"Hamilton? yes, we have a pupil by that name," replied the bland superintendent, in answer to her first question of trembling eagerness.

"But she is an orphan, madam."

"Are you sure, sir? Oh, I must see her at once!"

She followed him to the door of a large room, where fifty girls sat busied with their books and needlework. The buzz of conversation died, as they heard the sound of strange footsteps—and a hundred sightless eyes were turned towards the door.—Near a table, on which lay a bunch of delicate straw filaments, sat Mittie Hamilton. She had been braiding a bonnet, but her fingers had ceased their work, and buried in a sort of reverie, she was the only one that did not notice the entrance of a stranger.

"Was there any distinguishing feature, by which you would recognize your daughter, my dear madam?" asked the gentleman.

The mother's eyes wandered over the group, as though she dreaded the confirmation of her fears to loose her last hope.

"Show me the child of whom you spoke," she faltered.

"Meta Hamilton!"—but he stopped, for at the first words the lady had spoken, Mittie had sprung from her position, and throwing back the curls from her face, turned wildly from side to side.

"What is this?" she cried with outstretched arms. "That voice—speak again?"

"Mittie, my child!" cried Mrs. Hamilton, springing to her side, and sinking, over-powered, upon her knees.

"Mother, oh mother!"—and Mittie fell into the arms that had cradled her in infancy.

That was a moment not to be forgotten.

Uncle Wythe Harris (for the mistake which had clouded so many years of the lifetime of mother and child, was that of Mittie in substituting—child that she was—the first name of her uncle for the last) found a pleasant cottage on the banks of the Hudson for his sister and her now happy family. What a loving welcome the dear girls and boys, whom Heaven had blessed with the power of seeing their sister, gave to the wanderer, Mittie! How she comforted a mother's heart, making her forget her great bereavement—making her even forget sorrow that she had a blind child, in her joy at feeling that she had another living darling!

The sunshine of Mittie's girlhood came back to her spirit. The dear blind girl was the joy of the house. How could any body cherish a feeling of discontent or peevishness, when that glad voice was pouring out its song of thankfulness from morning until night! Oh, dear blind Mittie, never more—happy spirit that she was—mourned that God had not given her eyes to see. "He has given me back my mother," she once said, "and these precious brothers and sisters, and He will let me see them all in Heaven!"—*Little Pilgrim.*

The Two Voices.

I knew a child who, at an early age, loved to hear about the silent voices.—His dark eye would sparkle with intense delight when I asked him what voice he heard in his heart.

I had told him when disposed to do anything wrong, he would stop and listen, and think he would always hear something that would say in his heart he must not do it; and that was his conscience, which was God's voice, and which he must always be sure to obey, wherever he might be.

And when he heard another voice tempting him to do wrong, and urging him to disobey, it was the wicked spirit, and he must not listen for a moment.

I was truly gratified with the influence which a knowledge of conscience seemed to have over him, and could not but rejoice that such voices were given to us that we may ever know the right way.

I was very busy one Saturday afternoon, and had not seen the children for some time, but thought that they were still in the yard at their play, as they had never left it without permission.

Very soon Willie made his appearance looking as if he had something of great interest to tell me. I called him, and he instantly began:

"Mother, I ran away this afternoon, and never stopped to ask my conscience. I did not think of it until I got almost there, and then I heard it say, 'you have done wrong; you must not go from home without first asking leave;' and, mother, I turned right about and minded the voice, and came home as soon as ever I could."

I kissed his dear cheek, and commended his returning with tears of joy that God's voice had been heard amid strong temptation, and been obeyed by my little child.

A Useful Hint.—The difference between rising every morning at six, and at eight, in the course of forty years amounts to 29,200 hours, or three years one hundred and twenty-one days and sixteen hours, which are eight hours a day for exactly ten years, so that rising at six, will be the same as if ten years of life were added, wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds, and for the dispatch of business.

War.—We look after the particulars of a battle because we live in the very time of war; whereas of battles past we hear nothing but the number of the slain.—Just as for the death of a man; when he is sick, we talk of how he slept this night, and that night, what he ate and what he drank; but when he is dead, we only say he died of a fever, or name his disease, and there is the end.

"Does my son William that's in the army get plenty to eat?" said an old lady to a recruiting sergeant the other day.—"He sees plenty," was the laconic reply. "Bless his heart, then, I know he'll have it if he can see it; he always would at home."

A reverend sportsman was once boasting of his infallible skill in finding a hare. "If," said a Quaker who was present, "I were a hare, I would take my seat in a place where I should be sure of not being disturbed by thee, from the first day of January to the last day of December."—"Why, where would you go?" "Into thy study."

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

Comforting—to lose a small fortune in an unlucky speculation, and have all your friends wonder how you could have been "*such a fool?*"

Origin of Camp-Meetings.

We hear now and then of the strange effects which were produced upon persons and whole communities in olden times, by religious excitement, and the peculiar phenomena, which marked periods of peculiar religious fervor among a simple people. In a recent lecture before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, Rev. William H. Milburn gave a general description of the early preachers of the West, particularly of Kentucky, and made a selection of a few characters, to illustrate the prevailing traits of the whole. No part of the country has witnessed such schisms in the churches and such wild fanatical delusions in connection with religious teaching, as the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. The statements made by Rev. Mr. Milburn, were doubtless correct, so far as they went; but the selection of a few individuals as an index of the general character of the western preachers of that time, gives a very incorrect idea of the actual facts:—

Some years since, during a temporary residence of a few months in the State of Kentucky, I chanced to have an opportunity of examining a historical work, which is there acknowledged as the best authority, in which I noticed many of the incidents described in the lecture of Mr. M., and in which also are found many interesting statements with regard to that early time, which go to indicate that there was a vast amount of imperfection connected with many of those whose characters were delineated under the heading of "Saddle Bags." Some of the incidents of that day and region are scarcely credible, on account of the perversion of the human intellect which they show. The churches were torn and wasted for years by bitter feuds, and in consequence of the dissentions then existing among the churches, infidelity prevailed throughout the whole region. The writer to whom I have referred, says that "nearly half of the ministers of that period, were at one time and another, subject to church censure for various faults."

Camp-meetings originated among the Presbyterians of Kentucky. The first camp-meeting was held near Gonseberry river, in July, 1809. The ministers present, were Messrs. McGready, William McGee, and a Mr. Hoge. The author whose language I quote, says:—"Camp meetings being once introduced, the plan spread like wild-fire. The laborer quitted his task, the youth forgot his pastimes, the plough was left in the furrow, age snatched his crutch, the deer enjoyed a respite upon the mountains, business of all kinds was suspended, dwelling houses were deserted, whole neighborhoods were emptied, bold hunters and sober matrons, young men and maidens, and children, flocked to the common centre of attraction; every difficulty was encountered, every risk ventured to be present at the camp-meeting."

In connection with these camp-meetings a great variety of strange exercises grew up. Children, ten or twelve years of age, were prominent actors. Under paroxisms of feeling, persons fell down, and this was called the "falling exercise."—There were also "the jerking exercise," the "rolling," the "running," the "dancing," and the "barking exercises," besides "visions" and "trances." At Cabin Creek camp-meeting, May 22, 1801, so many fell on the third night, that to prevent their being trod on, they were laid out on the meeting-house floor, like so many corpses. At Boon Creek sacrament, two hundred fell; at Pleasant Point, three hundred, and Cane Ridge, three thousand, August 6, 1801. It is said that children, eight months old, were affected by these strange influences.

The first instance of the "jerking exercise," was a Sacrament in East Tennessee. Persons would be jerked in all directions, and over whatever object happened to be in the way. They were always left to themselves, because the people said that to oppose them, would be to resist the influences of the Spirit of God. Sometimes those who had long hair had their heads jerked so swiftly, that the hair snapped like the crack of a whip. It is said none were injured, except those who rebelled against the operation of the Spirit, and refused to comply with the injunctions it came to enforce. Some who went to the meetings with whips in their hand to flog others, had them jerked out of their hands.

In the "rolling exercise," they doubled up and rolled over and over; and it made no difference whether there was mud or filth of any kind in the way. In the "running exercise," they would run over every obstacle, and keep running till quite exhausted. In the "dancing exercise," a writer of that time says, they had the privilege of exhibiting, by a bold faith, what others were moved to by a blind impulse. In one instance, a Mr. Thompson, a minister, commenced dancing after meeting, and danced an hour and a half; and said he, "This is the Holy Ghost!" A girl danced for an hour, in an empty pew, and others danced in so violent a manner, that they could not be held by strong men.

The writer whom I quote, says: "One might be tempted to think that the climax had already been reached, but there was a piece of extravagance to complete the degradation of human nature. The "barks" frequently accompanied the "jerks"; though of later origin. This exercise consisted of the individual taking the position of a dog, moving about on all fours, growling, snapping his teeth, and barking with such exactness of imitation, as to deceive any one whose eyes were not directed to the spot."

All classes became affected by this degrading mania, and the only method of securing relief was to engage in the voluntary dance. It was supposed first to be inflicted as a chastisement for remissness in duty. Such as resisted the impulse, and declined the dancing, continued to be tormented for months and even years.—From being egarded as marks of guilt, the barks at length came to be regarded as tokens of divine favor and badges of special honor. "Ridiculous as it may seem to us at this distance of time, to hear such extraordinary sounds as bow wow, wow, interspersed with pious ejaculations and quotations of Scripture, we are not at liberty to doubt the truth of the assertion that then the effect, or at least one of the effects was, to overawe the wicked, and excite the minds of the impious."

In the midst of these disorders, those preachers who labored to direct the minds of the people to true marks of grace, were denounced as deistical, and thus their influence was greatly diminished.

Such was the state of things, as they existed among all denominations in Kentucky, in the beginning of the present century.

Bob Wadden's Horse Trade.

"You know Bob Wadden, I guess," said uncle Mike.

"Not that I recollect," I replied.

"Well, Bob was an amazin' hand at tradin' horses, and generally came out ahead too. I never knew him really girdled and the underbrush cut but once."

"How was that, uncle Mike?"

"Why you see, Bob had been gettin' a gray hoss in some of his dealins, that was jist as nice a hoss to look at as ever put his nose through the rack sticks. He was a human lookin' hoss an' nothin' shorter. He was always lookin' arter stars, and carried his tail like the National Flag on the 4th of July. But he wouldn't work—he was above it. He'd almost stop when he saw his shadow follerin' him for fear he might be drawin' it."

"Now, then," says Bob, "some individual is bound to be picked up."

"So makin' an excuse that old Gray's shoes wanted fixin', he sent him to the blacksmith's, harnessed up his other hosses, hitched 'em to a wagon load of stone, drove down to Sam Hewitt's, stopped before the door, took out the near hoss, and harnessed up the gray in its place, went in, took a drink, and waited around till some feller should come along who wanted to speculate. He hadn't waited long when he seen some feller comin' up the road like all creation, his hoss under a full run, while he was sawin' the bits and hollerin' wo! wo! with all his might and main. He managed to stop 'im after he got him a little by Sam Hewitt, and turnin' 'im around, he come up a slappin' his hands and in a tearing passion with his hoss."

"He's never ready to stop," says he, "that hoss ain't—an' though he's the best hoss I ever owned, yet I'm determined to get shut of him."

"Well, just then out comes Bob, and mounted his wagon, just as if he was goin' to drive off, when says he, 'Hallo, stranger, perhaps you'd like to deal with me for a steady one?'"

"Why, yes," says the stranger, "I would like something a little more quiet than that go-ahead snap-dragon rascal of mine."

"So Bob looked at the sorrel, and found him a fine squarebuilt animal, his eye full of fire, and every muscle in play."

"Well," says Bob, after a few words with me, "there's my gray—here's your sorrel. What's your proposition?"

"Now you're talking," said the stranger, examining the gray as he stood hitched to the load of stone. "I'll give you sorrel and the best forty dollar clock in my wagon for the gray."

"Done," said Bob, "just unhitch."

"Neither on 'em had asked t'other questions, 'cause neither on 'em wanted to answer any. The hosses were exchanged. Bob had got his clock, and the stranger got into his wagon, took up his lines, and bidden' 'em good day, was about to start, when gray put a stop to it, and wouldn't budge a hair. In vain did the stranger whip and coax—not an inch would he get. There sat Bob laughing in his sleeve almost ready to burst, to see how the stranger was tryin' to start and couldn't. Not a word did the stranger say, however, but after he had quite tired, an' had given up tryin' it any more, he came an' sat down on the hoss block."

"Bob thought he might as well be goin'; so pickin' up his ribbons—"go along," says he. The sorrel turned his head and looked back at him, so much as to say "don't you wish I would?" but didn't stir or puff. In vain Bob coaxed and patted. Sorrel was there and wasn't no where else."

"Well I reckon it's my turn to laugh now," said the stranger. "I suppose you'll call again when you come to town?"

"Oh, never mind," says Bob, "sorrel will go, or else you couldn't get here with him."

"Oh, yes," says the stranger, "you can start him if you'll only bring some shavings, and kindle a fire under him, as I did."—And then he laughed again, and when I came away they were playin' a game to see who should take 'em both."

Bees and Fruit Trees.—A writer in the literary Journal of Paris, states that the bees greatly improve the fructification of fruit trees. Orchards in which several hives are kept, always produce more fruit than those in which there are none. In the Provinces on the Rhine the fruits are more abundant and finer than in any other part of Germany, and there it is the custom to keep large quantities of bees.—Plants, too, which bees visit, thrive better in the neighborhood of hives.

In Pekin a newspaper is printed weekly on silk, and is ten yards long. An officer once inserted in it some false intelligence, and he was immediately executed

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A teaspoonful of salt dissolved in three pails of water, will make it soft enough for all purposes.

It is said to be an indisputable fact, that taking the whole United States together, much more money is expended for the single article of cigars than for all the common schools in the Union.

At Aleppo one of the best endowed institutions is an hospital for cats, which was founded many years ago, and to which the Mussulmen carry their sick and disabled cats with greater care and affection than wounded soldiers receive in any Christian army.

The Biter Bit.

At seven o'clock the dinner was served up, and a better one never was given in Calcutta: but as every pleasure must come to an end, so this excellent dinner was at last finished. The dessert was also served up, and the Hookahs began to emit their gutteral notes. Many were the subjects broached and got rid of; many the toasts which enlivened the fashionable feast. At length, by the most skillful manœuvering, and with infinite tact, Macaulay brought the beauty of the new tables on the tapis. Every one admired them and felt grateful to them for having so lately supported the rich dinner of their host.

"They are of the finest mahogany I ever saw," said Maj. Briscoe.

"They are perfect," said another. "I never saw any so well proportioned in my life. I must have some made like them."

"They are too high," chimed in Charley Macaulay, with affected indifference—just a little to high. Don't you think so, Gordon?"

"On the contrary," replied the host, "if any thing I consider them a shade too low."

"You are mistaken my dear fellow; I have an excellent eye, and I am sure I am right. No table should exceed two feet six, and these are at least one inch higher.

"You are in error; they are not more than two feet and a half."

"Don't bet, James, don't bet, for I'm sure of the fact. I tell you I cannot be deceived; my eye is always correct."

"Not bet? If the tables were not my own, and consequently I should bet on certainty, I'd lay you a lac of rupees that they are not more than thirty inches in height."

"Oh, if you are willing, I will make the bet, but remember, Gentlemen, I tell you beforehand, that I am certain of the fact. I say these tables are at least thirty-one inches from the ground."

"Done! for a lac of rupees!" cried Gordon.

"Done!" re-echoed Charley.

The wager was duly registered. A servant was ordered to bring in a yard measure, when Charley Macaulay turned round with an air of triumph and said,

"You may save yourselves the trouble of measuring!—ha, ha!" and he chuckled with delight, "I warned you fairly that I bet on certainty, and so the bet must be binding, James."

"I stand to my bet," said Gordon.

"Well then, pay me the money. I measured the tables this morning while shaving, and here is the memorandum of height—thirty-one inches exactly."

And the Colonel burst into a roar of laughter, as he produced the pocket book with the memorandum in it.

"I know you did," said James; "I saw you do so in your looking glass." And the Col. started.

"Yes, I saw you do it; and soon as you had gone away, knowing well your object, I had an inch sawed off of every leg; so for once, my knowing friend, the tables are turned!"

The roar that shook the table would have drowned Niagara. Charley Macaulay left Calcutta the next day ten thousand pounds sterling poorer than he was the day he arrived; and what was still worse, the very youngest ensigns in the army quizzed him forever afterward.—Perhaps he was richer in the end, however; it was his last bet.

An Auctioneering Judge.

The Hon. P. McKenna, the well known Pittsburg auctioneer, who was almost as famous in the "going—going—gone" business as Robbins, the great London Knight of the Hammer, was sometime ago appointed Associate Judge of one of the courts of Alleghany county, Pennsylvania, and the wags of the Press were telling some capital stories at his expense, among them, the following is going the rounds of our exchanges, and if it makes the reader guffaw as it did us, we pity the neighborhood he lives in:

It appears that during the delivery of an unconscionably long, prosy speech to the jury, his honor who for several nights previous had been broken of rest, fell into a comfortable doze, which for some time he was permitted to enjoy, till the attorney, commenting on the prices of certain articles involved in the controversy, had occasion to use the term "sixty-two and a half."—Thereupon his Honor' becoming partially aroused, and fancying himself in his auction-room, hammer in hand, sung out in that stentorian voice for which he is remarkable, "Sixty-two an' 'alf, an' 'alf, an' 'all, all done, gentleman?—an' 'alf, an' 'alf, an' 'alf,—not a third the value of it—an' 'alf, an' 'alf, an' 'alf, why, gentlemen, is it por——" At this stage of the "sale," his Honor was suddenly restored to entire consciousness by the uncontrollable merriment of the audience. He has never since engaged in the business of auctioneering on the bench.

The Best Soil for Fruit Trees.—The Editor of the *American Agriculturist*, good authority by the way, says:

"After almost a half a century of experience in raising fruit, we are decidedly of opinion, as a general rule, that the best soil on which to raise fruit, is that just cleared of a forest. The surface should be rolling or descending, and moderately dry and rich. Such ground needs little or no preparation; the roots of the forest trees, as they decay, keep it loose and mellow, and afford the exact food necessary for a rapid and healthy growth of the fruit trees; and the soil abounds plentifully in those elements which are requisite to form the most perfect fruit. Another consideration, and a very important one is, that fruit trees grown on recently-cleared forest land, are much less diseased than those grown on old land, and the fruit is not near so liable to be attacked by insects."

There is nothing that takes the starch out of an aristocrat so soon as to remind him to some office that comes before the people. He's as fawning as a dog, and as polite and neighborly as a French dancing master. Elections by the people do more to take the starch out of the ruffled shirt gentry than anything else.