# The Rutland County Herald.

VOL. LXI.-- NO. 29. RUTLAND, VERMONT, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1853. WHOLE NO. 3042.



## THE RUTLAND HERALD,

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

BY L. BARNEY.

Office in the Tontine Buildings, on Main Street.

TERMS PER YEAR.

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| Village Subscribers, served by Carriers, | $1,75 |
| If not paid in advance, | 2,00 |
| Mail and Office Subscribers, | 1,50 |
| If not paid in advance, | 2,00 |

TO CLUBS, BY MAIL.

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| Five Copies, the same address, | 6,00 |
| Ten Copies, " " | 12,00 |
| Twenty Copies, " " | 20,00 |

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Out of the County, but within the State, 12 cents per year, payable in advance; and out of the State, 20 cents per year, are the rates of postage on newspapers, prepaid by the late law.

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THE HERALD

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All kinds used for Concerts,
All kinds used by Traveling Exhibitors,
All kinds used by Patent Medicine Dealers,
All kinds used by Theatrical Companies,
All kinds used by Druggists,
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All kinds used by Express Men,
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*CUTS FURNISHD TO ORDER.*

"Multiply the means and you multiply the results," is one of the established maxims in business that has made the fortunes of thousands of men that have commenced with nothing but their individual enterprise to depend upon. The spirit of the age positively demands that a man to insure success in business should use more than usual exertions to merit it. Customers never come to a man's shop if he sits down quietly and waits for them, without letting his business be known. He might as well light a candle and place it under a bushel.

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It is useless to enumerate further. All work will be done correctly, expeditiously, and cheaply, and a fair share of public patronage is respectfully solicited on these grounds. All orders addressed to the proprietor of the Herald will receive prompt attention.

tf L. BARNEY.

MORTIMORE'S.

RHEUMATIC COMPOUND.

This truly celebrated remedial preparation, efficacious alike for each and every description of Rheumatic Complaints, is already too well known and esteemed throughout the United States to require any lengthy notice of its paramount virtues. It eradicates this heretofore incurable and distressing disease from the system, and stands unrivalled in the pharmacy of medicine.

We do not propose to make unqualified statements, or to force a nostrum before the public, but simply to request those most interested,

SUFFERERS THEMSELVES,

to procure from the Agent in their vicinity a circular, and not only read the testimony of those who have experienced its invaluable curative powers, but to write to, or call upon, the gentlemen, so that the statements may emanate from the fountain head. A course which will satisfy the most fastidious, and one by which the reputation of the Remedy is certain of being sustained. Write also to the Proprietors, who will accord every information, and furnish names of undoubted character from every section of the Union, numbering among them some of the most eminent Physicians, Clergymen, Editors, and prominent citizens, rendering the reliability and efficacy of the remedy beyond the reach of doubt or distrust.

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RHEUMATIC COMPOUND

is a vegetable extract, an internal remedy, prepared expressly for this one disease, and this it will cure in every form, Inflammatory (Acute) or Chronic, no matter of how long standing.

Sold in Rutland by POND & MORSE.

The above have also for sale

*THE GREAT ALTERATIVE,*

MORTIMORE'S

BITTER CORDIAL

AND

BLOOD PURIFYER.

This valuable preparation has obtained a popularity wherever introduced, unprecedented in the history of any other preparation brought before the public. The multiplied thousands who have used it, and have witnessed its astonishing effects in the most aggravated cases of "Scrofulous Disease

And Restoring the Nervous System,

now herald it to the world as possessing the most superior virtues known to the Materia Medica. Physicians rank the first standing in the profession use and prescribe it as the most effective

*Alterative and Blood Purifyer ever known.*

Neuralgia, General Debility and Nervous Affections, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Nervous Headache of Every Kind to the Head, Costiveness or Disorganization of the bowels, Piles, Pleurisy in the Side, Pain in the Back, Palpitation of the Heart, Difficult Breathing, Prostration of the Nervous System of Numbness, Night Sweats or Affections of the Lungs, Jaundice, Dropsy of the Kidneys, Derangements, Irregularities, especially with Females, producing Debility and Prostration of the Nervous System, Unknown Emptyness or Hemorrhage of the Stomach, Certificates are readily produced by the use of this Cordial.

To the Industrious it has proved itself

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Especially to Females.

In every recommendation of life, it recommends itself as the superior in point of efficacy to any of the numerous compounds documented under the comprehensive name of "Sarsaparilla."

It acts as a Gentle Purgative, invigorates the tone of the stomach, regulates the digestive organs, stimulates the liver to healthy action sufficient to rid it of the impure and poisonous secretions, imparts purity, richness and vitality to the blood, circulates it freely, invigorates and restores the vital energies, strengthens the nervous system, renders the constitution in all its strength, and imparts a glow of health and beauty of complexion.

The is a Vegetable Spirit, pleasant to take, and perfectly safe to be used in any state of health, even by the most delicate female or child

Price One Dollar per Bottle

☞ Sold by druggists generally. Wholesale and Retail druggists will be supplied on application to the Proprietors.

PONDS & MORSE, Agents, Main and Washington streets, Rutland, Vt.

W. W. ALEXANDER & CO., Proprietors, Sole No. 1 Hartley st., Astor House, New York.

JOHN C. MILLER'S

Patent Pulling, Washing and CHURNING MACHINES.

The undersigned, having purchased the above right in Rutland County, Vermont, and being now manufacturing and selling the machines, is prepared to assure all those that may favor him with a call, that they will be sold on the following terms, viz: Two Machines for $5 each, or one for $5 with the right to sell the machine in Rutland County, Vermont, with the exception of the towns of Pittsford and Brandon. He refers the public to the following testimonials, which speak for themselves. JAMES H. BENNETT.

Brandon, Vt., March 16, 1853.

We, the undersigned, having used John C. Miller's Patent Washing Machine, find it a durable and efficient Machine for washing, and we have every reason to believe that they will be perfectly satisfied with its performance, although they have been frequently disappointed before by purchasing and receiving for trial machines, which were no machines.

[illegible]

Brandon, March 17, 1853.

Crossett's Cornet Band,

F. M. CROSSETT, LEADER,

Would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Rutland and vicinity, that they have recently reorganized and are now prepared to furnish music for military parties, balls, serenades, &c. All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention. F. M. CROSSETT.

Brandon, April 15, 1853. 15-1y


## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.


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☞ All kinds of meats usually kept at such establishments, supplied to order. Particular attention paid to packing. 17-1y

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GEO. H. COLE & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, RENNINGTON ENAMELED, PARIAN, GLASS AND STONE WARE, FLUID LAMPS, CAMPHENE, AND BURNING FLUID, No. 1 Merchants' Row, Near the Depot, RUTLAND, VT. 19-1y

H. T. DORRANCE, MANUFACTURER OF HARNESSES, SADDLES, BRIDLES, HALTERS, SURCINGLES, &c., &c., No. 2 Park Row, RUTLAND, Vt. 7—1

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☞ English Books imported to order. 7—1

H. G. & A. W. CLARK, DEALERS IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, FANCY GOODS, &c., Perkins' Building, near the Depot, RUTLAND, Vt.

☞ Repairing neatly done at short notice. 7—1

JOHN COOK, MANUFACTURER AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN HATS, CAPS, FURS, and READY-MADE CLOTHING, No. 1 Daniels' Block, RUTLAND, Vt. 7—1

J. R. BARNES, MANUFACTURER AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN STRAW BONNETS, FASHIONABLE MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS, Union Building, Main Street, RUTLAND, Vt.

☞ Old Bonnets dressed over. 7—1

BARRETT & SON, DEALERS IN HARDWARE, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, &c., &c., West Street, RUTLAND, Vt. 7—1

BARRETT SON & Co. COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND DEALERS IN FLOUR, SALT, IRON, STEEL, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, DOORS, SASH, GLASS, &c., &c., Washington Street, RUTLAND, Vt. 7—1

MARTIN G. EVERTS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. Office in the Court House, RUTLAND, Vt. 7—1

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☞ Repairing done at short notice, and all work warranted. 7—1

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BOSTON TYPE FOUNDRY, JOHN K. RODGERS & CO. No. 4 Spring Lane, Boston. Types, Presses, Ink, and other Printing Materials. K. PRENTIS. J. K. RODGERS. D. WATSON, Jr.

D. K. WORLEY, TEACHER OF MUSIC, Whitehall, N. Y. Piano Forte, Vocal and Organ. Residence 4th door south American Hotel, Williams street, Whitehall, N. Y. 43-tf

G. L. ROBBINS, DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARD WARE, IRON, STEEL, AND NAILS. 2 Doors North of Court House, Opposite the Park, RUTLAND, Vt. 19-1y

HENRY EDGERTON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office over Barrett & Son's Store, West-street, RUTLAND, Vt. 19-1y

A. G. STALEY, Agent, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN TIN, SHEET IRON AND COPPER WARE. Also, agent for Stove Range in Rutland County, for the SALE OF THE STOVE CALLED "THE TROY STAR." First Door East of Dyer's Hotel, RUTLAND, Vt.

LANDON & GRAVES, DEALERS IN FURNITURE, PROVISIONS, Iron, Cross Nails, Mahogany, Veneers, and Glass. Near the R. & B. & R. R. Depot, RUTLAND, VT.

F. MOWBREY, DAGUERREAN ARTIST, Rooms over the Post Office, RUTLAND, VT. Where pictures in every variety of style, with or without Cases, of people calling from 10 to 4 o'clock. 16-1y

W. T. NICHOLS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office in the Court House, RUTLAND, VT.

E. A. POND, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office at the New Drug Store under the Rutland House. Hours

WARREN H. SMITH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery, Rutland, Vt. Also, Pensions and Bounty Land Agent for Rutland County, and a county Agent for Rutland County and a county Agent for Bates County, Mo. Office first door north of the Post Office.


## Choice Poetry.

### THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

A youth, light hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,
And straight again is furled.]

Yet oft I dream that once a wife
Close to my heart was locked;
And in the sweet repose of life,
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake! Away! that dream—away!
Too long did it remain!
So long, that both by night and day
It never comes again.

The end lies even in my thought—
To a grave so cold and deep,
The mother, beautiful, was brought,
Then dropped the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe mine eyes and see,
And wander through the world once more
A youth so light and free.

Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—
Left me that vision mild;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening red,
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

## The Family Circle.

### CHARITY.

BY MAY MEADOWS.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up—Cor. XIII. 4.

"Good morning, Milly, have you procured the requisite sum?"

"Not quite, Mrs Lisle; I thought I would just call in and let you know how I progress; and she handed the lady a paper containing a list of names. A complaisant smile overspread the countenance of Mrs Lisle, as her eye glanced over it.

"Ah no one has exceeded me yet, I see," she said.

"My dear Mrs Lisle, your name truly stands at the head; and, true to my promise, you shall be informed if any go before you, and then you can cosily jot down another five or ten."

"Why here is Mrs Brewster, only five dollars. Good—don't you remember Milly, when we gave Mr. Hamilton the white velvet bible, she subscribed more than I. Now thanks to my kind stars, she must succumb to me; she dare not own that her husband is a bankrupt;" and the light of charity (?) beamed from her eyes. "Have you solicited Mrs Vane?"

"Mrs Vane? No indeed. Why should I? We know we can get nothing from her. Her purse strings are as tight as a miser's."

"That is true, certainly; but let her have an opportunity to say she was called upon, and let Mrs Hamilton see how benevolent she is."

"Well, be it so; but *en passant*, as a friend, how do you afford to subscribe so much?"

"O, I economise; I can save in little things, here and there in a few months, sufficient to cover half of my subscription, and none will be wiser."

*None will be wiser!* There is *One* who is all Wisdom, who knows, who counts every tear that falls from aching eyes; who hears every sigh from breaking hearts.

It is a *little thing* for that pale, worn music teacher to be deprived of a few dollars, that half prolong her sad existence! *None will be wiser.* She has no friends. She must submit through fear of losing her situation. She must have bread or die.

It is a *little thing* that the poor, wretched washerwoman goes faltering home, after a toilsome day to her supperless children, because Mrs Lisle has not the change just then?" Day after day passes; 'tis forgotten; "she is quite sure she has paid all her dues."

Is it a *little thing* for that lone, orphan sewing girl to toil night after night by the dim candle, on the rich embroidery that will cover Mrs Lisle's fair shoulders, and receive less than half the value of her work? She must submit—work or die. Let us see.

Milly leaves to seek "aid" of "miserly Mrs Vane," while Mrs Lisle reclines languidly on the gorgeous fauteuil and speculates on the rapid advancement she will make in the esteem of Mrs Hamilton and minor personages when she is interrupted in her pleasant reverie by the entrance of a servant, "Fanny, the seamstress is in waiting."

"Wants her money, I suppose; send her in," said Mrs Lisle, in a vexed tone.

Alas, an unfavorable moment for duty to triumph, when self aggrandisement stands so firmly in the foreground. Even conscience's stings are powerless.

Fanny, a pale, fragile girl, entered, bearing her week's labor.

Mrs Lisle raised herself from her recumbent posture, and with an air of annoyance, as she took the package from the hand of the girl, said:

"So you have finished the work!" and then began to inspect each article, with a scrutinizing eye, while the sweet eyes dimmed by incessant toil, eagerly watched her every motion, and the pale, thin hand grasped more firmly the chair against which she was leaning. No wonder those eyes were dimmed and faded, if one short week had seen the completion of the almost innumerable stitches now passing under the eager gaze of Mrs. Lisle.

"Pretty well," at last she slowly articulated, carrying depreciation in her very tone; "for it will not do to praise her or she will slight the work," thought the economizing woman.

The pale lip of Fanny trembled as she simply answered, "I tried to suit you, madam."

"What is your price?" said she, in the tone so oppressive to the poor and dependent.

"Eight shillings for the fine ones; I was obliged to set up two nights in order to finish them," the timid girl ventured to add.

"*Eight shillings!* I will pay you but six," said the lady in a decided voice, "I can give no more."

A bright flush overspread Fanny's pale cheek, and her eyes moistened, as she falteringly replied, "I have always had eight; you said you did not mind the price, and I believed you would give it to me."

"I said," returned the lady, "never mind the price, I will pay you well; and I will. Six shillings is paying you well—all the work deserves, and all I will give; you can go;" and Mrs Lisle waved her delicate hand, and sunk back on the soft cushions.

Fanny hesitated and looked imploringly at her, and her lips moved as if to speak.

"You can go," said the lady, in a quicker tone, and with a knitted brow; "I cannot pay you to-day, it is not convenient."

Fanny turned with wavering steps, while a silent prayer went up from her bursting heart, "*O God! have mercy on the orphans.*"

O! was it a *little thing*, and was *her* heart at ease, who had thus saved a few shillings? *God knows.*

But to return to Milly.

She meets Mrs. Vane with a careful salutation, and after a few fluttering remarks, proceeds to say:

"I am to-day soliciting, from the particular friends of our beloved Mr. Hamilton and wife, money for the purchase of a rare old painting, (you know how fond he is of paintings)—only two hundred dollars; an elegant portfolio, with gold clasps—only fifty; and a lovely statuette, which Mrs. Hamilton fell in love with the other day at Brusk's—only thirty; and bijoux for her sweet little boudoir, twenty or twenty-five more; and we felt sure of your ready assistance knowing your benevolence and ample means," said the crafty lady.

"I think you mistake in attributing so much benevolence to me," ingeniously returned Mrs. Vane, "as I rarely give to such objects. Therefore, I must refuse you aid, cognizant as I am that Mr. Hamilton's study is now well filled with valuable paintings, and that he possesses a portfolio of beauty and capacity sufficient for all his purposes; and believing Mr. Hamilton would prefer our bounties should flow in channels that would serve a more useful end."

"How mean!" said Milly to herself, as she passed into the street, "and to talk as though she was doing so much. I should like to see her good works manifest."

Ah, Milly, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth," "and thy Father who seeth in secret, Himself shall reward thee openly."

The elegant articles were purchassed and presented—"To our beloved Pastur and wife, from their affectionate—," and Mrs. Lisle's name stands FIRST. Even the kind minister and his gentle wife cast looks of doubt on Mrs. Vane. So truly "man seeth not as God seeth."

One cold, wintry day, Mrs. Hamilton set forth on errands of love, for she was truly a servant of the Lord, visiting the sick and needy, and ministering to their wants.

After wending her way through several dark and narrow streets she paused at a poor, miserable, dilapidated dwelling, the abode of Fanny and her aged grandmother, her only friend and relative; and Fanny supported that loved one in her helplessness by unmitigated toil. But alas! a meagre pittance she gained: and cold, cold winter was starring her in the face, accompanied by its train of terrors; and she, poor girl, knew that by her incessant labor her hours were shortening, and she might soon leave her helpless friend to an unpitying world. But she dare not look to the future; 'twas dark, O how dark! Present food and shelter she must gain, and leave the rest to God.

"Mrs. Hamilton hesitated for she heard a voice, in no pleasant tone, saying, "they are all wrong; you must alter them," when she meekly replied, "I made them like the pattern you gave me."

"Well, they are wrong any way, and I must have them completed this week," sharply returned the lady.

"I cannot finish them this week, as I have work engaged which will occupy all that time, for which we are to have the money; and we need it," said Fanny, in a choking voice, "for our rent is due next week, and if we do not pay we shall be turned away."

"I must have them this week, or I will secure the services of some other person; you can do just as you please," coolly replied the lady.

Fanny was silent a moment, and then casting a glance to the poor, lone being, shivering at her side, she felt that she must not lose it, though it would bring but little.

"I will do it for you," she replied, while she forced back the tears that were dimming her eyes.

Mrs. Hamilton had stood riveted to the spot, for she had recognized the voice of Mrs. Lisle, she so lavished with her smiles and gifts. She was shocked and grieved. One bright star in her galaxy of friends fallen to rise no more; she felt that charity had never been as intimate of Mrs. Lisle's heart. But there was destined a star to beam on her pathway, whose shining she had never seen, for a silver cloud had screened it from her vision—but the star was there. She turned from the door for she could not meet Mrs. Lisle at such a moment, and strolled down the street, till she saw the rich furs and silks of a lady floating in an opposite direction. Then she retraced her steps, but the gentle voice and loving heart of Mrs. Vane had entered before her, and again she was an unwilling listener.

After Mrs. Lisle left, Fanny burst into a flood of tears. She who had always been the comforter in their numerous trials, was now overwhelmed, for she knew she could not complete the work she had engaged, (which was Mrs. Vane's) and she must take the few dollars she had little by little reserved for a warm shawl, to protect the shivering form of her grandmother from the bleak, cold blasts of winter, to take out the little she had accumulated for rent.

The aged woman tried in vain to console her, by bidding her trust in the God of the Fatherless, as she always had done; till at last she felt that her trust in heaven had failed, and said, "Dear child, it may be that Mrs. Vane will advance you the money, she is so kind."

"I cannot ask her," said Fanny, "I cannot so intrude on her generosity who has so blessed us—saved us from death, No, I cannot."

Mrs. Vane had heard Fanny's last vehement words, and entered with dewy eyes.

"Fanny," she said, "I grieve that my kindness injures you; I hoped to be so kind a friend that you would not fear to repose in me all your necessities. Tell me your wants and they shall be supplied."

Fanny threw herself on the bosom of her friend, and relieved her overburdened, tortured heart in passionate tears, while her clasped hands and the tranquil countenance and moving lips of the aged woman betokened that their hearts were communing with Him who looked smilingly on.

Mrs. Vane was laden with a message of love. She had closely observed, week after week, month after month, the industry, virtue, and fidelity of the lovely girl. Her integrity and modesty had won her admiration, while the fading cheek and lip and dimming eye touched her heart. She came to offer a home to her grandmother—a home without dependence, for that she well knew she could not brook. Mrs. Vane felt that she should be fully compensated in entrusting her darling children to her care, and she could safely do it.

We leave the scene—for who can picture the joy of those hearts? Undivided in sorrow and poverty, they were united in happiness and prosperity, while Fanny felt her prayer was answered.

God had mercy on the orphan.

Mrs. Hamilton went home a wiser, if not a better woman. She found that all is not gold that glitters, and the purest jewels are often farthest from the surface; that the lowliest flower is often the sweetest.

And so Mrs. Vane's charity flowed on, like little rills meandering here and there, marking their course by their green and flowery banks, and who shall say but that those little streams shall swell that river clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

### A Trifling Mistake.

Several newspapers, formerly advocating whig principles, have, since the recent Presidential election, dissolved their connection with the Whig party, and are now "neutral" papers. Among them is one of our esteemed exchanges, published a long distance beyond the center of "down east," which in addition to deserting the party, joins in the very ridiculous cry, that "the Whig party is dead."

We cannot help being reminded, by such an indiscreet and ill-judged course, of the story of a man in New Hampshire, "once upon a time," who made a similar "trifling mistake." The story goes thus—

Billy P——, was making a journey, in a stage coach, over the hilly roads of New Hampshire; and amused himself on the way, by frequent resorts to the comfort of a mysterious black bottle which he had with him.

Suddenly the coach came in contact with a large stone, which, without doing any other damage, deprived Billy of his "equilibrium," and so down he rolled upon the stony ground.

"Wot's thunder yer doin?" said Bill, "how come yer to tip over?"

The driver informed him that the stage had not been overturned; and the passengers assured Billy that John was right.

Billy approached the vehicle again, and remounted slowly to his former seat outside.

"Didn't upset, d'you say?"

"Not at all," replied the driver.

"Well—if I'd a know'd that," said Billy—"*I wouldn't ha' got off.*"

HIS OWN COIN.—One of the habitues of the theatre, in Dublin, the other evening, talking of female authors, said, that though they have tact, grace and finesse, they have no creative genius, and seldom produce any perfect work. "It is easy to see," said Mrs. L., the actress, "that it was a woman who gave you birth!"

### AN EXQUISITE STORY.

In the tribe of Neggleh, there was a horse, whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out to him in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me and heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied "I cannot rise; I have no strength left." Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on his back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.—*Lamartine.*

### An Unreasonable Sheriff.

Some years ago, a sheriff, in the northern part of Vermont, held a writ of execution against one of his neighbors, which, as usual in cases of this sort, with the debtor in question, he had a good deal of difficulty in collecting, and, indeed, was compelled at last to resort to the most stringent provisions of the law. The debtor, though a man of limited means, was a person of unlimited hopes and expectations, and gave his parole of honor to the officer that he would certainly pay the debt by a certain day, but the day came and so did the sheriff, but no money. Again and again a day was fixed for payment of the execution, but no advance was made towards "liquidation." At last, as the execution had well nigh "run out," the sheriff told the debtor that the debt must be paid at once, or he should proceed immediately to advertise and sell his personal chattels. The debt was not large, but the money was not an easy one to raise on the spot, and the debtor begged for a delay of one more day. The sheriff was inexhorable. "I give you my word of honor," said the debtor. "It wont do," said the sheriff. "I'll pledge you this Bible," said the debtor—offering a large family Bible worth more than the amount of the execution. "I don't want it," said the sheriff. "Well then," replied the debtor indignantly, "if you won't take *my* word, nor the *word of God* for you debt, you may go to the devil.—[Boston Post.

"Dear children," once said a considerate mother, "you must always remember the poor; after you and I and father have feasted, and you have fed the chickens, the pig, and cat, if there's anything left that ain't fit for soup greese, give it to the poor; it's desput good to be charitable and prudent, and feed the hungry—with what's left. I would a been a sight better for the rich man, if he'd saved the big pieces and a gin the little crumbs to Lazarus.

The enchanted mountain in Texas is an immense oval rock three hundred feet high, situated about eighty miles north from Bastrop. Its surface is polished, and in sunshine dazzles the beholder at a distance of three or four miles. Those who ascend it have to wear moccasins or stockings, and like those who went up to Mount Horeb, must put off their shoes. The Comanches perform their religious rites on this singular hill.

Here is Fanny Fern's idea of "female friendship:"

Two women joining the mutual admiration society; emptying their budget of love affairs; comparing bait to attract victims; sighing over the same rose leaf; patronizing the same milliner; and *exchanging female kisses.* Betty, hand me my fan!

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?—This depends entirely on fancy; some say that money, and others that manners make the gentleman. But according to the members of the strike movement, everybody is a gentleman that pays the advance wages without grumbling.—[*London Punch.*

TRUTH.—The words of the widow of Helvetius to Napoleon are worth remembering: "You cannot conceive how much happiness can be found on three acres of land."

### A Perfect Wife.

Edmund Burke, the distinguished orator, presented to his wife on the anniversary of their marriage, his idea of a "perfect wife," which is supposed to be a true portrait of Mrs Burke. It is certainly a lovely picture, worthy of the author of "The Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful." The following passages are extracts:

The character of———

She is handsome, but it is beauty not arising from features, from complexion, or from shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches a heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility, which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first.

Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue.

Her stature is not tall, she is not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one.

She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy—she has all the softness that does not imply weakness.

Her voice is soft, low, musical, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has its advantage—you must come close to hear it.

To describe her body, describes her mind; one is the transcript of the other; her understanding is not shown in the variety of matter it exerts itself on, but in the goodness of the choice she makes.

She does not display it so much in saying or doing striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do.

No person of so few years can know the world better; no person was ever less corrupted by the knowledge.

Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than from any rules on that subject, and therefore never fails to strike those who understand good breeding, and those who do not.

She has a steady and firm mind, which takes no more from the solidity of the female character than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre. She has such virtues as make us value the truely great of our own sex. She has all the winning graces that make us love even the faults we see in the weak and beautiful in hers.

### A Chapter for Farmers.

Can anybody tell why country people so universally and pertinaciously persist in living in the *rear of the house?* Can anybody tell why the front door and windows are never opened, save on the 4th of July and at Thanksgiving time? Why Zedekiah, and Timothy, and Jonathan, and the old farmer himself, must go *round* the house to get *into* it?—Why the whole family (oblivious of six empty rooms,) take their "vapor bath," and their meals, simultaneously in the vicinity of a red hot cooking range, in the dog days? Why the village artist need paint the roof, the spout, and window frames bright crimson, and the doors the color of a mermaid's tresses? Why the detestible sunflower, that I can never forgive "Tom Moore" for noticing, must always flaunt in the garden?—Why the ungraceful prim poplar, fit emblem of a stiff old bachelor, is preferred to the swaying elm, or drooping willow, or majestic horse-chesnut?

I should like to pull down all the green paper window curtains, and hang up some of snowy muslin. I should like to throw wide open the hall door, and let the south wind play through—I should like to go out to the woods and collect fresh, sweet wild flowers to arrange in a vase, in place of those defunct dried grasses, and old maid "everlastings." I should like to show Zedekiah how to mall together some bits of board for an embryo lounge; I should like to stuff it with cotton and cover it with a neat "patch." I should like to cushion all the chairs in the same fashion. Then I should like, when the white-haired old farmer came panting up the road at 12 o'clock, with his scythe hanging over his arm, to usher him into that cool, comfortable room; set his bowl of bread and milk before him, and after he had discussed it rear him, (instead of tilting back on the hind legs of a hard chair,) to take a ten minute nap on my "model" sofa, while I kept my eyes on the clouds to see that no thunder shower played the mischief with his hay.

I should like to place a few common sense, practical books on the table, with some of our fine daily and weekly papers. You may smile; but these inducements, and the comfortable and pleasant air of the apartment, would bring the family oftener together after the days toil; by degrees they would lift the covers of the books, and turn over the newspapers. Constant interchange of thought, feeling and opinion, with discussion of the important and engrossing questions of the day, would of course necessarily follow.

The village tavern-keeper would probly frown upon it, but I will venture to predict for the inmates of the farmhouse a growing love for home, and an added air of intelligence and refinement of which they themselves might possibly be unconscious.—FANNY FERN

### "MACAULAY'S UP!"

It was pleasanter talking on Wednesday, when the position of Mr Macaulay in Great Britain was measured in a great way. On a Wednesday the House and the committees are sitting at once, and the building is filled with M. P.'s, some at work, many looking at those who are at work, but most loitering about the lobbies and corridors, picking up old acquaintance and feeling for public opinion. About three, on Wednesday, one was loitering about, too; for the talk in the House was not interesting—on a Wednesday it seldom is—and one could pick up members' opinion, which is as important as public opinion. You were walking along the committee lobby,—wondering which "room" you would take next, when, as you paused uncertain, you were bumped against by somebody. He begged your pardon, and rushed on, and you looked to see who it was: a member—a stout member; a man you couldn't conceive in a run; and yet he's running like mad. You are still staring at him, when two more men trot past you, one on each side; and they are members, too. You are very puzzled, and see the door close to you—"Member's Entrance" above it—dashed open, five members dash from it, and plunge furiously down the lobby. Why, what can be the matter? More doors open: more members rush out; members are teaming past you from all points, in one direction—towards the House. Then wigs and gowns appear; they tell you, with happy faces, their committees have adjourned; and then come a third class—the gentlemen of the press, hilarious. Why, what's the matter! Matter! Macaulay is up; and all the members are off to hear him. You join the runners in a moment, and are in the gallery to see the Senators who had the start of you perspiring into their places. It was an announcement one hadn't heard for years; and the passing the word—"Macaulay's up," emptied committee rooms now, as of old it emptied clubs. It was true—he was up, and in for a long speech; not a mere spurt, but an oration. He was in a new place, standing in the second row (above the treasury bench) from the table, and looking and sounding all the better for the elevation and the clearer atmosphere for orators which must be found in that little remove from the green boxes.—The old voice, the old manners, and the old style—glorious speaking. Well prepared, carefully elaborated, confessedly essayish; but spoken with perfect art and consummate management; not up and down, see-saw, talking off a speech, but the grand conversation of a man of the world, confiding his learning, and his recollections, and his logic to a party of gentlemen, and just raising his voice enough to be heard through the room. That is as you heard him when you got in; but then he was only opening and waiting for his audience. As the House filled, which it did with marvellous rapidity, he got prouder and more oratorical; and then he poured out his speech with rapidity, increasing after every sentence, till it became a torrent of the richest words, carrying his hearers with him into enthus