

COUNTRY SLEIGHING.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

January, when in the dairy,
The snow-drifts cover the fences over,
We farmers take our ease.
After we rig the teams,
And the horses are out;
Then fill it, fill it, fill it, fill it,
And keep the fare about.

The hounds are biesen, the old folks listen
To the dogs as they bark.
The fields grow whiter, the stars are brighter,
The road as smooth as glass.
Our horses are strong,
The clear north wind blows cold,
The girls all nestled, nestled, nestled,
Each in her lover's hold.

Through hedge and gateway were shooting
straightly.

The willow was too slow!
He'll listen after our song and laughter,
The girls cry: "Flit for shame!"
Their chears and lips are red,
And the horses are biesen, biesen,
They take the toll instead.

Still follow, follow! I across the hollow—
The tawn a-fro to the road.

When now! all! stolidly the host is ready—
The toll is my toll mode!

The irons are in the fire,
The blue dip is gone!

So fill it, fill it, fill it, fill it,
And spit it while its hot.

The bells are ringing, the oysters bringing
The cutters up now!

The horses are biesen, too long we're staying;

Wrap close the buffalo robes;

Never mind, mind, jingle, jingle,
Away from the tavern door.

So follow, follow, by hill and hollow,
And swiftly home and glide.

What might splendor? how warm and tender
The sleighs drop far apart;

Now, if you love her, love her, love her,
The race to tell her so.

—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

WHAT BECAME OF "SAM."

It was generally supposed that Sam was what is called "deficient." As to his family, the two were sure of it; at all events, they tried to make him to him; on the contrary they were all very fond of "poor old Sam," but it seemed to be taken for granted that whatever he said was not worth noticing, and almost everything he did was treated as a sort of joke.

There was one exception to this. Mothers always knew best how to deal with the weak in the flock, and Sam's mother never laughed at him, and never despised of him. "What is to become of Sam?" his father would say; "he'll never earn his own living," and his mother would quietly answer: "Wait a bit, my dear, there is more in him, perhaps, than we think, but it wants to be wisely in laughing at us as we do." She said "we" poor soul, but that was only her discreet way of putting it.

Now Sam had a sister, Mary, of whom he was especially fond. Perhaps it was because she was the sister nearest to him in age, but it was more likely because she placed a little more confidence in him than the others did; it wasn't much, but it was more than he got from any of the rest.

He would do anything for Mary, and when a certain Mr. St. Leger in the neighborhood took a fancy to her it was amusing to see how Sam resented the engagement. This Mr. St. Leger had lately come into the neighborhood, and one knew where from; but he had plenty of money and very agreeable manners, and was a general favorite with the Frere family. Sam, however, never liked him from the first, and when at length he became Mary Frere's accepted suitor, Sam's aversion to him became intense.

The day was fixed for the wedding, and Sam had arrived when, in deference to Mr. St. Leger's particular wish, though very much against Mr. St. Leger's inclination, the buns were to be published in church. The Freres were in their place—a great square pew in front of the pulpit. The names were read out in due course, Mary was recovering from the electric shock of hearing them; the villagers were interchanging glances, some even cautiously rising a little to peep into the square pew when a voice was heard all over the church, in a most emphatic way, "I forbid this match."

Surprise was in every face, but it quickly gave way to the ludicrous. Sam was seen standing up in the middle of the pew, looking the clergyman steadily in the face, as much as to say, "There now; get over that if you can!"

The clergyman was so amused that he had to rush on with the service to prevent any unseemly display, while Sam's kindred in the square pew were in even a state of painfully-restrained amusement.

And there he stood, unabashed and defiant, until his father pinched him by the arm and made him sit down. But none of them for one moment thought it was anything more than a very unaccountable freak of "poor old Sam's."

No sooner was the service over than he was assailed on all sides for an explanation. Two only were serious about it; his father and Mary.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" said his father, sternly; "what could have possessed you to make yourself so ridiculous?"

"He has got a wife already," said Sam, doggedly.

"Who has?" was the general exclamation.

"St. Leger."

"Who told you so?"

"Tom Tyler!"

Tom Tyler was the village letter-carrier.

There was a shout of laughter at this piece of information.

"Yesterday, Tom Tyler tell you this?"

"Yesterday, he brought me a letter for Mrs. St. Leger."

Another shout of laughter greeted this; but Mary looked very grave, while the father said that, of course, the letter was for St. Leger's mother, of whom he had more than once spoken. So Sam was sharply rebuked for listening to Tom Tyler's idle tales, and told to hold his tongue. "You'll have St. Leger try his horsewhip across your shoulders if they all laugh again; but Sam was very unlike himself, and did not join in the laugh, but maintained a grave composure that he had never noticed in him before.

Now it was a laughing matter something else. The news of that morning's interruption flew apace, with various additions and amendments. Thus improved upon, it reached the ears of Mr. St. Leger, who lived but a few miles off, and it created a profound sensation, so much so that, instead of spending the afternoon with the Freres, as expected, he took himself off and was never seen again.

"All right, Mustay," was the cheery reply; "I know what I am about. The best way to learn to swim is to be pitched neck and heels into deep water."

The suspense was great among the ancients while Sam was away; but he came back in due time, and reported that the case had come on before the Judge, and that his Lordship had made an order in their client's favor. "Did he ask you any questions?" inquired Mustay. "Yes, and I answered them all; but he did not mention for him to do that, nor will it be mentioned in the memory of the learned Judge when it comes out, that he was to ready to answer for a moment the funny little lawyer's clerk would make a capital witness—he was so ready, and said neither more nor less than was wanted.

Whether a good witness would always make a good lawyer we need not decide; it is certain that, in course of time, Sam would be a man indeed.

Another shout of laughter greeted this; but Mary looked very grave, while the father said that, it was "because he had chosen such a singular way of uttering his suspicions, it was a superfluous only, and where a few more grave deficiency is to be found in those who, by constantly laughing at it, run the risk of making it a life-long imbecility. Sam's relatives never laughed at him again after the first visit he paid them, though they often laughed with him, for his drollery was inexhaustible.

as ever, except by Mary, who was drawn to him more than ever, and by his mother, who never ceased to ponder in her heart, as only mothers do, the meaning of that display of firm intelligence and almost fierce affection.

"I tell you what it means," said her brother to Mrs. Frere one day when she was talking to him about it—he was a lawyer in London, old John Quicke, of Gray's Inn, who could see a thing as shrewdly as most people—it means this, that Sam has got a head and a heart, and has got out of the way than usual, and can only be got at through his heart, like an old-fashioned bedroom that can only be reached by going through another. Look here, sister, I like amazingly that story of the banni—its grand. Not that there was anything clever in what he did, just the reverse; it might have been a most stupid mistake; but this is what takes my fancy, so the firmness of purpose, a far higher quality of mind than mere cleverness, that could make the poor fellow face everything he did for the sake of the love he loved. There must be something in one who could run the gauntlet like that, when his heart was once fairly unlocked, and I think I have the key."

"I always thought so," cried Mrs. Frere, greatly delighted.

"Well, let me try. I'll run away with Sam, and make a lawyer of him. What do you say?"

The grinning was epidemic round the table after it was known that Sam was to be a lawyer. His brothers and sisters could not help looking at him, and he was so. Not that they were making fun of him; on the contrary they were all very fond of "poor old Sam," but it seemed to be taken for granted that whatever he said was not worth noticing, and almost everything he did was treated as a sort of joke.

Sam was a lawyer, and the world was his oyster; the fields were brighter, the stars were more brilliant, the road as smooth as glass, and the clear north wind blows cold. The girl's little, nestle, nestle, nestle, each in her lover's hold.

Through hedge and gateway were shooting straightly.

The willow was too slow!

He'll listen after our song and laughter,

The girls cry: "Flit for shame!"

Their chears and lips are red,

And the horses are biesen, biesen,

They take the toll instead.

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The bells are ringing, the oysters bringing
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Never mind, mind, jingle, jingle,
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FARM NOTES.

Hints for the Season.

(From the Rural New-Yorker.)

CARE OF CELLARS.—If they are too cold, bank up the outside with something, or place a double thickness of newspapers over the windows. This lets in some light and prevents the escape of heat. A double floor or fire in the room over the cellar, will help to keep out the frost. A kerosene stove in the cellar may be used in extreme cases. Ventilate on suitable days and clean out decaying vegetables and fruits.

ENGAGE HELP.—Look about early in the morning, and get such help as you can. It is better to have a few persons, than a large majority, as the men agree to remain a certain number of months; to perform certain chores Sunday or holidays; to start about such an hour in the morning, and close at such an hour in the evening. If, in case of an emergency, he works longer, he may have certain privileges to compensate for it. In case he quits before his time is out, he only receives a certain stipulated sum.

CAVES AND SHEEP.—Lard and kerosene are good to keep live from calves; sulphur mixed with salt is good to drive ticks from sheep. Calves, like all animals, should be kept growing to birth to maturity. Horses are in place where the profit comes in. There is always a loss of time and feed, and more, to allowing young animals to grow to maturity.

SOOTING SYRUP.—It has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and cures many diseases whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy.

WARMER & CO.'S CORSETS.—The most popular and best made in the world. They are made of fine, elastic, elasticized, and supple material, as well as brocade, pincushion, pleat, asthma, diphtheria, and all other afflictions.

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