

ces are beautiful specimens, all growing from the same root, very straight and perfect, nearly three hundred feet high, and having no limb within two hundred feet of the ground. "The Old Bachelor" is a forlorn object, sixty feet in circumference and about three hundred feet in height, with a very rough bark and forbidding appearance. "The Hermit" stands alone, three hundred and twenty feet high, remarkably straight and symmetrical, and seventy-five feet in circumference. "Hercules" is a most striking object. It is three hundred and fifty feet in height, and one hundred and seven in circumference, or more than thirty-two feet through! It is the largest perfect standing tree in the grove. It has been carefully estimated that it would make seven hundred and twenty-five thousand feet of lumber, or enough to load a large snip! It leans so that the top is about forty feet out of the perpendicular, and hence it should have been called "The Leaning Tower." What an enormous weight must be supported by the butt, as the tree stands! It seems to be perfectly sound and vigorous.

Besides these there are "The Husband and Wife," standing near together, and affectionately inclining toward each other; "The Old Maid," stiff and prim, with a cap-like mass of foliage near the top; "Gen. Scott," "Gen. Jackson," "The Empire State," "Vermont," etc., are all very remarkable. "The Family Group" consists of the father, mother, and twenty four children. The father was blown down many years ago. The fallen trunk is one hundred and ten feet in circumference, and the whole tree must have been four hundred and fifty feet high. There are three hundred feet of the length remaining, and at the point where the body was broken it is forty feet in circumference. It is hollow, and might furnish room apparently to quarter a regiment. Visitors make their egress through a hole in the side (except ladies with hoops), and as they emerge they furnish a ludicrous illustration of the way people sometimes "creep out of a knot-hole," or recede from a false position. Half the prostrate trunk is embedded in the earth, and there is a never-failing pool of water standing in at one point, fed by a living spring. The mother in this group is a stately dame, ninety-one feet in circumference, and three hundred and twenty-

seven feet in height. The children are all of age, beyond question, and large enough to speak for themselves.

The most melancholy object in the grove is the dead trunk of a huge tree still standing, from which the bark was stripped a few years ago by some speculators, to be carried to the Atlantic States and Europe for exhibition; but it was a losing venture, as nobody would believe it to be from a single tree. Stagings were erected around the trunk, which still stands, and the bark was removed in sections, to the height of one hundred and sixteen feet. The tree is three hundred and twenty-five feet high, and seventy-eight in circumference. I walked around it at the roots, so near as I could get to the trunk, and found the distance thirty paces. The bark was in places nearly two feet thick!

I will only speak of one more, "The Horseback Ride." This is the fallen trunk of an old tree, which is hollow, but with a perfectly sound shell. Through this I rode on horseback, a distance of seventy-five feet, without difficulty, and saw others do the same. The horse was of ordinary height, belonging to a visitor. This gives, perhaps, the most impressive idea of the vast size of these enormous natural wonders.

#### "FROM MY MOTHER, SIR."

A few days since a case came up in the U. S. District Court in Philadelphia, in which a captain of a vessel was charged with some offence on shipboard by the crew. An incident occurred in the hearing of the case, which excited a deep feeling in court and in all present.

A small lad was called to the witness's stand. He had been a hand on board the barque at Pernambuco, and was present during the controversy between the captain and the crew. The appearance of his head, and the bronzed character of his face and neck, from the exposure of a Southern sun, at first sight would seem to indicate carelessness and neglect; but underneath that long and matted hair, the fire of intelligence gleamed from a pair of small and restless eyes, which could not be mistaken. The counsel for the captain, from the extreme youth of the lad, doubted whether he understood the obligation of an oath he was about to take, and with a view to test his knowledge, asked leave to interrogate him.

This was granted, and the following colloquy took place:

Counsel—"My lad, do you understand the obligation of an oath?"

Boy—"Yes, sir, I do."

Counsel—"What is the obligation?"

Boy—"To speak the truth, and keep nothing hid."

Counsel—"Where did you learn this, by lad?"

Boy—"From my mother, sir," replied the lad, with a look of pride, which showed how much he esteemed the early moral principles implanted in his breast by her to whom was committed his physical and moral existence.

For a moment there was a deep silence in the court room, and then, eye met eye, and face gleamed to face with the recognition of a mother's love and moral principle which had made their fixed impression upon this boy, it seemed as if the spectators would forget the decorum due to the place, and give audible expression to their emotions. The lad was instantly admitted to testify.

Behold the mother's power! Often had evil influence and corrupt example assailed this boy. Time and care, and exposure to the battling elements had worn away the lineaments of the infant face, and bronzed his once fair exterior, but nestled in his bosom still the lessons of a mother's love, which taught him to love and speak the truth.

**THE SAILOR'S RETORT.**—A sailor was called upon the stand as a witness.—"Well, sir," said the lawyer, "do you know the plaintiff and defendant?" "I don't know the drift of them words," answered the sailor. "What! not know the meaning of plaintiff and defendant!" continued the lawyer; "a pretty fellow you, to come here as a witness. Can you tell me where on board the ship it was that man struck the other one?"—"Abaft the binnacle," said the sailor. "Abaft the binnacle," said the lawyer; "what do you mean by that?"—"A pretty fellow you," responded the sailor, "come here as a lawyer, and don't know what abaft the binnacle means."

**LAUGHTER.**—It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate: and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness.