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The End of Life.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLAS.

"He lived all the number of his years, and they were three score and ten."

An old man sat by the window,
For the spring was drawing near,
And the corpse of the dead old winter
Had gone to the tomb of the year!
The sunlight soft and unclouded,
Streamed in o'er the oaken floor,
And fretted with gold dark pannels,
Quaintly carved in the ancient door.

The hands of the old man trembled,
His beard was frosted and thin,
And chill as the heart of December,
Was the heart that was trembling within;
Like embers half quenched and dying,
On a desolate hearth at night,
Burnt the ashes of life in his bosom.
As he sat in the spring's clear light.

He looked on the young buds swelling,
And a tear o'er his wrinkles strayed;
He thought of the wife of his bosom,
Who slept in the valley's green shade;
He thought how her steps had faltered,
Midway on the journey of life;
And how on death's bosom she rested,
When weary and worn with strife.

The forms of the innocent children
She nightly had folded in prayer,
And laid on the soft lap of slumber,
With tender and motherly care,
Rose up in the old man's vision—
He saw that one tired and slept,
Like a lamb by the side of its mother,
Where a willow leaned over and wept.

One son had wandered from virtue;
The father in spirit had yearned
To grant him forgiveness and blessing,
But the prodigal never returned;
Another had wedded with mammon,
And worshiped the prince of this world;
And one neath the cross had enlisted,
And fought where its banner unfurled.

A daughter, the fairest and dearest,
In loveliness walked by his side,
Nor envied the lot of her sisters,
Who dazzled in in beauty and pride.
Her voice was his heart's sweetest music,
When from the blest volume she read,
That brightens the valley of shadows
And smooths down the path to the dead.

For all his affliction and sorrow,
For all his misgivings and grief—
For the night of doubting and darkness,
He found in its pages relief;
His life had been checkered with sadness.
And as it drew near to a close,
He longed for that home of the weary,
The land of immortal repose!

The old man sat by the window,
As the sun dropped low in the sky;
His spirit, with silent rejoicing,
Went up to the mansions on high.
Another green hillock in summer,
Received the baptism of dew,
And down in the dust of the valley,
He rests by the tender and true.

THE BLOODY HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD IRONSIDES OFF A LEE SHORE."

"There is blood on your hand, John," said a tall, masculine looking woman, in a home spun dress, as she swept up the hearth of the solitary farm house, in the interior of England, at the close of a cold December's day, in the year 18—

The person thus addressed was an iron-faced farmer, of about the middle size, with dark eyes peering underneath a pair of shaggy eye-brows. His cheek was flushed, as though old age had been coursing like wild fire through his swollen veins, and his brawny hands, as he looked at the clot of fresh blood that stained them, seemed to have been made for a descendant of Cain.

"There is blood," said Brown, for that was the farmer's name, "but it is all off now; bring me my supper." The wife—for such was the first speaker—looked him long and anxiously in the face. Horrid visions seemed to be floating before her eyes, and murder almost escaped from her compressed lips.

"Why, what in the name of nature ails the woman?" said Brown endeavoring by an ill-contrived laugh to silence her fears. "If people go where sheep are slaughtered they must expect to get bloody."

"The blood of sheep was not on your hand," said the wife firmly. "There was a melancholy man on the hill to-day. He had money and a valuable watch. He offered me a piece of gold for directing him to the next village, and set his watch by our clock. Have you seen the stranger, John?"

The iron features of the hardened husband now contracted into a fearful scowl. "Woman," said he, "what have I to do with travellers on the hill-side? Mind your own affairs." Then changing his tone to a sort of a whine, he said, "Give me my food, Meg, I am cold and hungry, I cannot joke with you any longer."

"Joke with me?" said the poor wife, with a countenance agonized with horror, God grant that it may prove a joke."

The supper was now placed upon the table. The farmer ate his food in silence and then went to bed. In a few moments he was lost in a deep, though terrible sleep. Having seen that everything was quiet, the good wife put on her hooded cloak, and went out upon the lawn. It was a cold and cheerless evening, and the hills seemed to be turned into misty shadows, before the wand of an enchantor, and the waving tree-tops seemed like the bosom of the midnight deep. The bleak wind howled sadly amid the elm-trees by the way-side, and the bay of the distant watch-dog came echoing upon the vale. The unhappy wife followed the track of her husband about a mile. She was now startled by a deep groan. Scanning narrowly the hill-side, she perceived a place where some persons had apparantly struggled together, in the snow drift, and a little distance beyond, she beheld the melancholy stranger, whom she had directed on his course, several hours previous, lying on the ground with a dreadful wound on his pallid forehead.—Brown's wife was a strong and resolute woman, yet she trembled as she raised the wounded man and wiped the blood from his eyes. Finding that life was not extinct she bore him upon her shoulders to her dwelling. Having laid him down in the passage, she opened the kitchen door where Brown was sleeping. His thick, heavy breathing gave evidence that the sleep of drunkenness was upon him. She then carried the stranger through the kitchen to a little bed-room where she generally retired when the abuses of her brutal companion became insupportable. As the head of the wounded man brushed by the face of Brown, his hand instinctively grasped the bed-clothes and carried them over his head. Having staunched the wound—the bleeding of which had been checked by the coagulating blood, the poor wife dressed it in a manner well approved of by medical men, gave her patient a composing draught and then returned to her seat by the kitchen fire.

The farmer now began to be himself.—He moved like a wounded snake in his unquiet sleep. He opened his eyes and glared wildly around him. "There is no blood upon my hand," said he. "Meg, it was all a joke, ha! ha! a devilish good joke." As he said this, conscience felt the gnawing of the worm that never dies, and a shiver along the limbs of Brown told but too plainly that he had sealed in blood a bond conveying to regions of everlasting fire his miserable soul. The fumes of the debauch rose like a mist upon his brain, and he slept again. His wife now paid the stranger another visit, and finding all working as it should, retired to her desolate couch.

Morning came, and the sobered farmer arose from his pillow of remorse. His face was haggard, his eyes bloodshot, and his hair, like that of the furies, seemed changed into serpents.

He said but little, and went out immediately after breakfast. His wife saw him go up the hill-side. She knew that he had gone to bury the body, and she rejoiced to think that he would labor in vain.—Noon, and night, and morning came, but no husband approached the farm house. Weeks rolled on, and John Brown was no more seen on the hill-side, or in his homely dwelling. His whistle was hushed for the moor, and his foot-fall awoke not to the echo of the forest way.

The stranger in the meanwhile recovered, and a justice of the peace was sent for and an affidavit was made of the facts of the case.

The murderous wretch was described with fearful correctness—all but the face. That was concealed by the slouched hat and could not be described. The wife breathed again. With a woman's wit, she spoke but little of her husband's absence, and she alluded to it as an absence of short duration, with her advice and consent.

The stranger proved to be a nobleman of wealth, he endeavored to cheer the gloomy shades of the woman's heart, but it was a vain attempt. There was no cure for blighted woman's love, no peace for a rifled heart. God alone can be the widow's husband. God alone can gladden the widow's heart.

"You shall never want, Meg," said the nobleman, as he sat by the farmer's wife, a few evenings after he was able to walk. "I must go to London; business of importance urges me there. When you are in distress, one hint of the fact to me will produce instant relief."

A carriage with the Earl's coronet now drove up to the cottage door. The wife said nothing; she seemed to be lost in unfathomable mystery.

"Will you accompany me, my faithful nurse?" said the stranger, as he prepared to depart from the dwelling of charitable love.

"Nay, sir," said the wife, "I cannot thus suddenly leave the spot of my early hope. Here, sir, I was born; here I was married; on yonder green hillock I danced away the sorrows of childhood; in yonder church, whose spire now gleams in the sun, I gave my guilty spirit up to God.—On yonder plain sleep my children; beside the old oak rests father and mother, the first-born; and the last upon the catalogue of life. Here, sir, I have smiled in joy and wept in sorrow; here will I die."

Entreaties and prayers were all in vain. She withstood every kindness of her guest, and finally accepted only a reasonable charge for his board. As the Earl was about to take a seat in his carriage, the deserted woman approached him.

"Stranger guest," said she with much feeling, "I have done you good service."

"You have," said he, while a tear of gratitude stole down his cheek.

"Will you do me one favor in return?" said she.

"Most certainly I will," said the Earl.

"Then write on a piece of vellum what I shall dictate," said she with a hurried voice.

He took his pen and wrote in plain characters as follows:

Circumstances have convinced me that an attempt was made to murder me on the night of the 10th of December, 18—, on Stone Hill, Lincolnshire, and that it would have been successful had it not been for the kind interference of John Brown and his wife of Hopedale.

This paper is left as a slight memorial of an event which time can never efface from my memory.

JOHN EARL OF——

She read it over and over, after he had signed it. "It will do," she said. "Now farewell."

The grateful Earl sprang into his seat. He threw his purse into her bosom.—"Farewell," said he in a husky tone, and away rattled his carriage with the swiftness of the wind. The coronet flashed in the sunbeam, and the vehicle with its outriders was lost in the winding forest way.

* * * * * *

Ten years rolled away, and the wife of John Brown suddenly disappeared from Hopedale, and then the farm house, like a deserted thing, stood solitary and silent, amid the smiles of autumn. A middle-sized stranger, with a sailor's jacket and tarpaulin on, and a bundle dangling at the end of a club over his shoulder, rested beside the door of Hopedale. The stranger, though somewhat intoxicated, appeared very sad. He looked at the wasted doorway. He gazed upon the cold barren heath. He saw the planks worn by the foot of the thrifty house-wife, and marked a portion of her dress in the broken pane of the kitchen window. The nail where the good man's hat hung for years, was there with a circle of unsmoked paint.—The cane hung sadly in the corner, but the music of the singing echoed not there.—The stranger raised his hand to his eyes, but what caused him to start like a frightened bird? "*It is bloody again,*" said he, with a look of horror. "O, that I could wipe out that foul—that terrible stain from memory. Ha! it is on my hand as fresh as when I murdered that poor, melancholy stranger. God of heaven, I cannot wipe it out!" The stranger had cut his hand with a piece of broken glass, and a clot of fresh blood was on it in reality. He felt not the pain of the wound in his horror; and satisfied that heaven had marked him in his own terrible way, he wiped off the blood and turned to depart.

The sheriff was beside him, and he was arrested for an attempt to murder. He preserved a sullen silence. He followed the officer to his carriage and was soon on his way to London. The prison received its victim; and the gay world smiled as brightly as before.

* * * * * *

The day of trial came. John Brown, who had taken another name, was tried as Samuel Jones, and the case brought together a vast concourse of people of both sexes. The prisoner was soon placed at the bar. The jury was duly empanneled. The advocate of the crown was in his place. The prisoner's counsel was beside him, and the judge was upon the bench.

Brown, as he entered the dock, had been so much agitated by the dread reality of his guilt, and the prospect of speedy punishment, that he had not cast his eyes upon the judge. He now looked cautiously at him. He saw the keen eye of the judge fixed upon him, and started back with horror.

"O, God!" said he, with a loud voice, while the sweat rolled down his chalk-like face. "It is the murdered man! Ha! he has come to judge the guilty. See there is the forehead scarred. Ah, it was a devilish blow. Back, back I say; let the dead man look his fill. There's blood upon my hand; see there, thou unquiet spirit; that hand was reeking in thy gore; 'twas merciless, when thou criedst out; be merciless now in thy turn, thou man of the spirit land."

Here the prisoner fainted and fell upon the floor. A great sensation was caused in the court by this strange circumstance, and it was not until "order" had been shouted for some time, that it was suffered to go on.—It appears that Brown's neighbors all considered him guilty of the crime of endeavoring to murder the individual named in the beginning of this narrative, and who was now the presiding judge of the Old Baily. The affidavit was kept in green remembrance, especially by one farmer in the neighborhood of Hopedale, who had appropriated Brown's farm to his own use, and who constantly watched for the murderer's return, for he knew human nature so well, as to be certain that no wretch can be so callous as to forget the spot sacred to childhood's innocence, and early love. The robber seeks his home, the murderer seeks the shade of his once happy valley.

The unfortunate man, ignorant of his wife's actions, and unconscious of the certificates in her possession, ignorant of her existence even, after a long cruise in the navy of England, returned to view the pleasant homestead, the green valley, the quiet hill-side, and the sunken graves of his parents and children. He had met the argus-eyed speculator on his way.—The old affidavit hung like the sword of Damocles over his head, and the informer saw the poor, broken-hearted sailor born away to London and, he trusted, to a felon's grave. Such is human nature. Man carlessly feeds upon the fruits that hang over the church-yard wall, and gathers roses from the sacred plains—"Where once the life's blood warm and wet dimmed the glittering bayonet."

The trial proceeded; the evidence was strong, and the jury, without quitting their seats, pronounced the prisoner at the bar, "Guilty."

"Guilty!" said Brown, rising to his feet, "can it be? Ah! I must die a felon's death, and my poor lost wife. Oh, that pang. How her tender endearments now rise up in judgement against me; her soft words, how they thunder upon my gloomy soul. Her smiles of beauty and innocence—great God how they sear my heart; must I then die without her forgiveness? Oh, the thought of torture, ay, torture as dreadful as that experienced by the vilest of the damned."

Here the prisoner became unmanned, and burying his face in his fettered hands, wept like a child. The strong passion of grief shook his limbs, and rattled his chains with terrible distinctness. A short silence ensued, and then the judge put on his black cap, and prepared to pronounce that awful sentence wich can never be uttered without awakening the dormant sensibilities of the most degraded—which none, in fact, but the condemned, ever hear without a flood of tears.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "stand up." Brown arose. "What have you to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you?" continued the judge. A slight rustling noise was now heard at the bar, and a female in widow's weeds leaned her head over to speak to the prisoner.

"Stand back, woman," said a self-sufficient tip-staff, who, like some of our constables, imagined the old adage, "necessity, &c."

The woman drew back her veil, and looking the judge in the face, said, "May it please your worship to permit me to aid my husband in his last extremity?"

The Earl thought he knew the face and the tone of voice, and therefore commanded the officer to place the wife beside her husband.

"Meg," said Brown, while the tears streamed down his face, haggard with guilt, "it is very kind of you to visit me thus. Can you forgive your husband?"

"John," said the meek-eyed woman, as she raised her countenance of angelic sweetness to heaven, "I was forgiven by the Son of God—I can and do forgive you."

The wretched prisoner fell on his wife's neck, and the minions of criminal law, with faces like tanned leather, and hearts like paving stones before the Egyptian tombs, stood pity-struck and waited for the end of this extraordinary scene.

"Woman," at length said the judge, while a tear rested in his eye, "it is my dreadful lot to pass the sentence of the law upon the prisoner. You had better retire."

The wife started, and looking the Judge full in the face, said, "John, Earl of —, do you recollect the parchment scroll you gave me at Hopedale?" handing at the same time a piece of vellum to a constable, who passed it up to his honor.

"My noble-hearted, long lost nurse!" said the judge, with a look of joy. "Well do I recollect you and your last request; but in this case, the law must take its course. I will, however, recommend the prisoner to mercy."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Brown, "who talks of mercy? There is blood upon my hand!"

"Silence!" said the judge. "Remand the prisoner."

The court adjourned, and the prisoner, guarded by a throng of soldiers and tipstaves, moved off to his cell—his wife following the judge to his chamber. The next day a pardon for John Brown passed the seals, and the beginning of the week saw the husband and his noble-spirited wife at Hopedale, with the judge for a welcome guest. Years of peace and joyous plenty rolled on. Long and fervently did the pardoned criminal pray for forgiveness; and at last, in God's own time, the bloody stain upon his hand was washed away by the blood of him who died on Calvary, that man might find at least a glorious rest in the realms of matchless beauty, and of never dying love. The farmer of Hopedale for many years was considered the exemplar of the country around, and at last, when he died, which was shortly after his wife had departed for another rest, he was placed in the same grave with her, and over their bones a marble cenotaph was raised, upon which was inscribed in lasting letters:

"They loved in life—
In death they were not divided."

The farm-house at Hopedale has fallen in ruins. The gray owl hoots upon its moss-topped chimney, the snake rustles in the grass by the door sill, and the cricket whistles in the oven. At evening the truant and belated ploughboy shuns the spots for many a white-livered loon, if you can believe him, has seen John Brown upon the hill side, at the hour of dusk, with a clot of blood upon his hand and murdered traveller at his feet.

Happy Homes.

Let it be our object to multiply the number of virtues and happy homes. The domestic hearth is the seed-plot of a noble and flourishing commonwealth. All laws are vicious, all tendencies are to be deprecated, which increase the difficulty of diffusing through every rank the refined and holy influences which are cherished by the domestic affections. Reckless speculations among capitalists, disturbing the steady and uniform course of employment, and its sure counterpart, improvidence and debauchery among workmen—are the deadliest foes of the household virtues. In how small a compass lie all the elements of man's truest happiness, if society were only conducted in a rational and moderate spirit, and its members of every class could be restrained from vicious indulgence and pursuit of phantoms. A marriage contracted with thoughtfulness, and cemented by a pure and faithful love, when a fixed position is gained in the world, and a small fund has accumulated—hard work and frugal habits at the commencement of life, to meet in time the possible demands of a future family—a dwelling comfortably furnished, clean, bright, salubrious, and sweet—children well trained, and early sent to school—a small collection of good books on the shelves—a few blossoming plants on the windows—some well-selected engravings on the walls—a piano, it may be, a violin or a flute to accompany the family concert—home made happy in the evening by cheerful tasks and mutual improvement, exchanged at times for conversations of friend and neighbor of kindred taste and congenial manners—these are conditions of existence within the reach of every one who will seek them—resources of the purest happiness, lost to thousands, because a wrong direction is given to their taste and energies, and they roam abroad in pursuit of interest and enjoyment which they might create in rich abundance at home. This is no romantic visionary picture. It is a sober, accessible possibility, such as even now, under the pressure of many adverse circumstances, is realised in the homes of not a few working men who have learned the art of extracting competence from narrow means, and maintaining genuine respectability in an humble station.—*Taylor's Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty.*

CONVICTED FOR ARSON.—At the Criminal term of the Worcester County Court of Common Pleas in session at Worcester, (Mass.) Samuel Sampson was convicted on a charge of setting fire to and burning down the house of his father in Petersham, in April last. The motive for the deed was that his father was about to marry again, and he did not desire to have a mother-in-law. He was sentenced to the Penitentiary for life, and, after all, did not prevent his father from marrying again.

In youth heed the admonitions of the virtuous.

From the Flag of our Union.

"Stranger Has It Lit?"

We have often thought that to a person who saw a train of cars in motion for the first time, the sight must be the most miraculous and astounding. As Jack Downing once said, "'twas so queer to see a hull lot of wagins chock full of people and things agoin' off at that ere speed, and no hoss to draw 'em." A genius of the sort referred to, lately made his experimental trip. He was a green horn, a genuine backwoodsman, who feared nothing in the shape of man or beast, but anything that he could not understand puzzled him even more than it did, perhaps, the ordinary run of his fellows. Well, he came to Cartersville, a short time since, for the purpose of taking his first railroad trip.—He'd hearn tell on 'em, but didn't believe, he said, half the nonsense folks said about 'em. When the cars arrived at the place, our hero was there patiently waiting, and much excited and elated in anticipating his intended ride. As the cars approached he stood gazing with wonder and awe, at the engine puffing and smoking. Following the example of the others, as soon as the cars stopped he hurried aboard, with his saddle bags on his arms, and seated himself near a window. Then looking around at the passengers, manifestly much surprised, he put his head out at the window to see "the critter start."—While in this position, watching with much anxiety, the whistld sounded. Our hero, much surprised and evidently a little alarmed, drew back his head with a motion that might be called a jerk, and turning to a gentleman sitting near him, said;

"Well, stranger, did you ever hear *such* a snort as that?"

"The engine," suggested the other.

"Well, I don't know what it is—but hollo how she goes!"

"Guess you are not acquainted with railroad traveling?"

"Hang it, no! haint they run away?—Creation how it jerks!"

"It's all safe enough, you may rely, the cars are starting."

"That's all; well stranger, I aint afeard, you know, but kinder surprised like, that's all," said the mountain boy, half ashamed. "I golly, stranger, did you hear that ere snort? It beats dad's jackass, and he's a roarer, no mistake. Whew, how it does puff, somethin' bustin', I'm sure!"

"O, fudge, it's all right," said the other, settling himself for a nap.

"I swow! I don't see how you can sleep, darned ef I do!"

"Nothing like getting used to it," said the other. "You've heard of the eels that had been skinned so many times they rather liked it, and used to come ashore every few days to get their hide taken off, haint you?"

"You're gassin', stranger."

The bell rang, the engine moved off, away went the cars at rapid speed, and before our hero had recovered from the shock which the "snort" produced, the cars were moving slowly over Etowah Bridge. Discovering a change in its gait, he popped his head out at the window again, "to see how it moved," saw that he was some distance from the earth, and supposing the "critter," was flying, swooned, and fell from his seat speechless.—Several gentlemen sitting near, caught hold of him, raised him up, shook him and rubbed him until he revived a little.

"This man is crazy," suggested some of the bystanders sagely.

"No, he's not," answered he who had before spoken, "he's frightened."

"Frightened?"

"Yes, scared half to death,"

"About what?"

"The cars; he never was in a train before; he told me so."

A hearty laugh rang through those about the half fainting man, which had the effect to arouse him to consciousness, or at least to partially do so, for his breath began to come and go more regularly, and at last he opened his eyes, as large as saucers, and seeing several gentlemen who had just come to his assistance about him, he looked up most beseechingly in the face of one of them and said:

"*Stranger, has it lit?*"

A GOOD REASON.—A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial, and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were late, and were called up to account for it. "Please, sir," said the favorite, "I was a dreamin' that I was goin' to California, and I thought the school-bell was the steamboat bell, as I was goin' in." "Very well," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite; "and now, sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?"—"Please, sir," said the puzzled boy, "*I—I—was waiting to see Tom off.*"

POPE.—When Pope was one evening at Burton's coffee-house, in company with Swift Arbuthnot, and others, pouring over a manuscript of the Greek Aristophanes, they found one sentence which they could not comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young officer, who stood by the fire, heard the conversation, and begged permission to look at the passage. 'Oh,' said Pope, sarcastically, 'by all means; pray let the young gentlemen look at it. The officer took up the book, and remarked that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible.—'And pray, sir,' asked Pope, who was a little, deformed man, and who was evidently piqued at being outdone by a soldier, 'what is a note of interrogation? 'A note of interrogation,' replied the youth, with a look of the uttermost contempt, 'is a little crooked thing that asks questions.'

In the days when Connecticut was largely engaged in breeding mules for the Southern market, one morning, Tracy, who was as shrewd a Yankee as ever whittled a shingle or sold a clock, stood with a South Carolinian, on the steps of the Capitol, when a drove of mules passed by on their southern journey.

"Tracy," said the Carolinian, "there goes a company of your constituents."

"Yes," was the dry retort, "they are doubtless going to South Carolina to teach school."

Quoting Scripture.

A worthy deacon in the town of F—— was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted Scripture on all occasions.—The divine Word was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial, as well as important occurrences of life, furnished occasion for quoting the language of the Bible. What is better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action. One hot day he was engaged in mowing with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in his swath, conning his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from his place, leaving the swath just in time to escape a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.

"Wasps!" was the laconic reply.

"Pooh!" said the deacon, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion!" and taking the workman's swath, he moved but a step, when a swarm of brisk insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, and in great discomfiture.

"Aha!" shouted the other with a chuckle, "the prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on, and are punished."

The good deacon had found his equal in making application of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote Scripture in a mowing field.

The humorous Dean Swift whose antipathy to fishing was well known, having been asked by a child what a fishing rod meant—

"It means, my dear," said he, "only a long pole with a worm at one end and a fool at the other."

"Well, mother, the foundations of the great deep are broken up at last."

"What do you mean, Tommy?"

"My trousers have got a hole in them, that's what I mean."

A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-men. When he dies, people will say "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels who examine him in the grave will ask, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

"You've destroyed my peace of mind Betsy," said a desponding lover to a truant lass. "It can't do you much harm, John, 'twas an amazing small *piece* you had, any way," was the quick reply.

A little lawyer appearing as evidence at one of our courts, was asked by the gigantic counsellor, what profession he was of, and having replied that he was an attorney—'You a lawyer!' said Brief, 'why, I can put you in my pocket.'

'Very likely you may,' rejoined the other, 'and if you do, you will have more law in your pocket than in your head.'

A man who married a Miss Take, after having courted Miss Lloyd, was told by a friend that it was reported he was married to Miss Lloyd. "It was a Miss Take, I assure you," he replied.

GEN SCOTT'S RELIGION.—We have received some half a dozen letters inquiring whether Gen. Scott is or is not a Roman Catholic, and intimating that the answer will materially effect his vote, should he be nominated at Baltimore, says the New York *Tribune*, and to which it replies in the following excellent spirit: We beg leave to answer all at once that we *don't know* to what religious denomination Gen. Scott is attached; and if we *did* know we should not say in reply to any such applications as we have received. That Gen. Scott is an honest, conscientious, God-fearing, law-abiding man, is abundantly known; further than this, we hold that no man has a right to inquire, with a view to the vote he is to cast for President. We knew and detested men who electioneered against John Q. Adams because he was a Unitarian; we know that the Chief Justice of the United States is a zealous Roman Catholic, but we never heard anybody intimate that his integrity or fitness for his high station was at all affected by that circumstance. Gen. Scott, we have understood, is an Episcopalian; but we never inquired what church he attended, and never shall inquire. It will be a sad day for our country when any considerable number of votes for President can be influenced, one way or another, by the religious profession of the rival candidates.

A VALUABLE BANK BILL.—What would be the sensation of an individual accustomed to handling one dollar shinplasters, to receive a bank bill for one million sterling? The Bank of England, it appears, issued four notes of that denomination, and after these four were printed the plates were destroyed. Of these impressions the Rothschilds have one, the late Mr. Coutts had another, the Bank retains the third, and Mr. Samuel Rodgers, the poet and banker, now decorates his parlor with the fourth, suspended in a gold frame.

VERDICT IN A GAMBLING CASE.—An interesting case was decided in the New York Superior Court, on Thursday. It was the case of John Taylor vs. Shirlock Hillman, to recover $3500 paid by Taylor to Hillman for a gambling debt. This is one of the instances where ruin great and immediate has been brought on by a propensity for gambling. Taylor got with his wife $7000; he borrowed $1000, and by gambling failed for $15,000; lost an extensive comb establishment, and is cartman in New York, earning $1 per day.—Verdict for plaintiff in the full amount claimed.

ARREST ON A CHARGE OF SWINDLING.—A man representing himself as a secret agent of the post office department has been arrested at Chambersburg, Pa., charged with obtaining money under false pretences from the Rev. Mr. Black. It appears he lately paid "official" visits to the post masters at Carlisle, Columbia and Wrightsville, and after seeing that all was right, it is alleged, borrowed small sums of money, and suddenly took his departure for some other locality.

Agricultural.

GESTATION OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—It is often important for farmers to know the exact length of time that the different domestic animals go with their young. The following contains the times of those which most concern him, as near as we can ascertain them:—Mare, 11 months; Jennet, 11 months; Cow, 8 months; Goat, 4½ months; Ewe, 5 months; Sow, 4 months; Bitch, 2 months; Cat, eight weeks; Rabbit, 4½ weeks; Rat, 5¾ weeks; Mouse, 4½ weeks; Guinea Pig, 3 weeks. Period of incubation of domestic fowls.—Swan, 6 weeks; Turkey, 4 weeks; Goose, 4 weeks; Duck, 4 weeks; Pea Hen, 4 weeks; Guinea Hen, 3 weeks; Common Hen, 3 weeks; Pigeon, 2 weeks.—*Granite Farmer.*

Liquid and Solid Manure.—Charles Alexander, a careful and accurate farmer in Scotland, found that while 14 head of cattle would make six loads of solid manure, the liquid would saturate seven loads of loam, rendering it of equal value. He had repeated the experiment for ten years, and found the saturated earth fully equal to the best putrescent manure. How many dollars' worth are thus lost annually by each of the million of farmers of this country? And what is the aggregate loss in the whole country taken together?

Peach Worm.—Boiling water, says the Horticulturalist, is a most excellent application in the spring of the year, for diseased and feeble peach trees, and is a certain remedy for the peach worm. A correspondent very effectually excluded the peach worm by digging a basin around the root of the trunk, forming a cavity a foot in width and four inches deep, and then pouring into the basin very thick white-wash, made of fresh lime, and suffered to stand one day before applying.

Bugs on Melons.—Bugs may be kept from melons, cucumbers, and squashes, by setting boxes over them, six to ten inches high, and open at both ends. Bugs fly from vine to vine in a horizontal direction, hence the boxes are generally an obstruction, and they pass by them. It is said that these frames with mill net drawn over them answer as good a purpose for forwarding early vegetation as frames covered with glass.

Gapes in Chickens.—Mix with their food every day a small quantity of vinegar, which has stood a few days in an iron vessel; or if you prefer it, vinegar in which iron filings have been dissolved. This is a certain preventative of a troublesome and often fatal disease. Young chickens should never be allowed to run out in damp or wet weather. If they are not kept dry and warm, many are almost sure to die.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

HOW TO SKIN A CALF.—My method is as follows, as I do as much of my work as I can myself, and in as short a time as possible:—First, I secure the calf as soon as the finishing stroke is given him, by means of a pin put in at the stalls over the small of his back, and thus keep him to the place till he is done stirring. Then having a horse ready harnessed, I rip the skin with a knife, and after removing the skin a little round the leg, strip it down with the force of my hand, completing it by driving my foot down between the separated skin and leg. Then first removing with the knife the inside corners of the skin, drive it down smartly as before.—When the skin is removed in the same manner from the other leg, a small chain is secured to it, and to this the horse is fastened. The legs being then secured by means of another chain, the skin is at once stripped off by the horse. A skin thus taken is free from cuts.—*Albany Cultivator.*

THE CURCULIO.—It is comfortable to hear of any plan for destroying the curculio, and it would be a real blessing to find a complete remedy for its depredations. A correspondent of the *Boston Journal* says, take cotton batting, put three circles six to twelve inches apart around your plum trees. He caught sixty in the first circle in twenty-four hours; in the second circle but few had been caught; in the third circle scarcely one got so high.—He found this a sure preventative, and got lots of fine plums last year, for the first time for many years. He further recommends keeping the ground free from windfalls, as they contain the maggot, which goes in the ground to mature itself.

AMOUNT OF FOOD REQUIRED BY ANIMALS.—Of hay, an ox requires two per per cent. a day of his live weight. That is, if the ox weighs 2000 pounds, he requires 40 pounds of hay. If he is working, he will take two and a half per cent. A milch cow should have three per cent. of her weight, as she is proportionably lighter than the ox, and part of the substance of her food goes to form milk. A fattening ox may be fed five per cent, when half fat, and afterward four per cent. This is independent of other food. A grown sheep will take three and a third per cent of its weight in hay, to keep in good store condition. Animals in a growing state require most food, and it is very poor economy to stint them.—*The Plow.*

FOOD FOR SICK ANIMALS.—The *American Veterinary Journal* states that an excellent diet for sick animals, is simply *scalded shorts.* When a horse has taken cold, with discharges from the nostrils, the *mash* may be put into the manger while hot, with a view of steaming the nasal passages.

CHOKED CATTLE.—A correspondent of the Massachusetts *Ploughman* says:—"Warm a small quantity of lard, and mix it with a small quantity of gun-powder, and pour into the throat. I *once* prepared a second dose but had no occasion to use it."

A ten acre field, costing fifty dollars per acre, and ditched, manured, and improved at fifty dollars more, so as to give double crops, is much more valuable and profitable than twenty acres unimproved, costing the same money.

Why are ladies stays like an opposition railway? Because they reduce the fare.