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[COMMUNICATED.

To C. B. K.--The Young Bride.

She is gone—she is gone—the sad bridal is o'er,
And the face of our loved one shall glad us no more;
She has left the dear haunts of her childhood, forever—
A new tie is formed and all others must sever.
She has gone in the home of a stranger to dwell;
We have loved her too fondly—will he love her as well!

Can he ever repay her for all she has left—
The hearts she has sorrowed—the ties she has reft!
Their place in her heart can he ever supply,
And the charms of the past in her memory defy!
New friends will surround her, and kindness will come
To her sorrowing heart, like a vision of home;
But they never can love her so dearly as we—
Like the friends of her childhood, they never can be.
Yet she will be happy, fore own will be there,
Who will watch o'er her path with the tenderest care;
She will not regret it, though sadly awhile
She will mourn for her sisters' sweet counsel and smile.
Although for a time her fond fancy may roam,
And her heart will be pining for voices from home.
Yet, these visions will fade, and no longer alone,
she will share the affections once wholly our own.
With new faces, new kindred, new friends, she will find
A love as enduring—a feeling as kind;
And, in her new home, she will cease to regret
The joys of the past; yet she may not forget!
They will linger around her, and then 'twill be sweet,
To think on the time when again we shall meet.
Farewell! oh, farewell! may all blessings from Heaven,
Both now and hereafter be unto them given.

D.

The First-born.

The first-born is a Fairy child,
A wondrous emanation!
A tameless creature, fond and wild,—
A moving exultation!
Beside the hearth, upon the stair,
Its footsteps laugh with lightness;
And cradled, all its creatures fair
Are touched with mystic brightness.

First pledge of their betrothed love—
Oh, happy they that claim it!
First gift direct from Heav'n above—
Oh, happy they that name it!
It tunes the household with its voice,
And with quick laughter ringing,
Makes the inanimate room rejoice,
A hidden rapture bringing.

Its beauty all the beauteous things
By kindred light resembles!
But, evermore with flittering wings,
On fairy confines trembles.
So much of those that gave it birth,
Of Father and of Mother!
So much of this world built on earth,
And so much of another.

JESUS AT NAIN.

"He was his mother's only son, and she was a widow." Oh, how touching are the terms in which the sacred penman has portrayed the fond relationship that bound these twain.

"*And she a widow!*" Once, a husband, kind and sympathizing, shared her griefs and joys, and lightened all the tedious ways of life; but now she could not pour into his ear the story of her sorrows, and thus ease her aching heart, for death had closed that ear once so attentive to her every word.

"*Her only son!*" Oh, mothers,—ye alone, whom death has thus bereft, can tell the woe, the bitter anguish which then wrung her heart, when she beheld her only hope—her pride—her joy—thus smitten in the bloom of youth.

'Tis night. The busy hum of the city life has lapsed into silence, and the housetop, oft the scene of holy converse with her God, now witnesses the mourner's prayers and tears. There, 'neath the overhanging arch of night, her face toward the holy hill, she bows; the stars look down in calm and holy light. But, ah! no ray illuminates the soul—'tis dark—all dark—for sorrow's clouds have even enwrapped the stars of faith within their dark and murky folds.

The morrow comes at last, and the sad train of sympathizing friends bear onward to the tomb, the lifeless form of him so late the only light which cheered the widow's home. But Jesus passed that way, and as he saw that anguish stricken frame, and heard those bitter sighs which would have vent, compassion moved his holy soul.

"Weep not," he kindly said; and as those words, so full of heavenly music, met the mourner's ear, such light and joy sprang up within her holy soul as quick dispelled the shades of sorrow's night. Then turning to the bier, the Savior said:

"Young man, arise!"

The sleeper heard that voice, and quick as thought the icy grasp of death relaxed; the bounding pulse, just now so still, attested that the life-blood coursed once more through every vein.

Oh, what a tide of joy and gratitude then swelled that mother's heart, as folded in her arms, she saw that form, so dearly loved, restored from death to life.

The light of love is ever beautiful amid scenes of sorrow; and as the moon-beams seem holier and tenderer round a ruin or a churchyard than the festive halls, so is affection purer and brighter when bestowed upon the wretched than when attracted by wealth and happiness.

There is nothing like digging into the past if you would dissipate romance. Who would have supposed that epaulettes were originally padded protection against sabre cuts?

Intense mental activity, steadily directed to some leading pursuit, is the source of all distinction.

[From Gleason's Pictorial.

THE GREEN CHAMBER; OR THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

BY FRANCES A. DURIVAGE.

Major Rupert Stanley, 'a bold dragoon,' in the service of his Majesty, George III., found himself, one dark and blustering night in Autumn, riding towards London on the old York Road. He had supped with a friend who lived at a village some distance off the road, and he was unfamiliar with the country. Though not raining, the air was damp, and the heavy, surcharged clouds threatened every moment to pour down their contents. But the Major, though a young man, was an old campaigner, and with a warm cloak wrapped about him, and a good horse under him, would have cared very little for storm and darkness, had he felt sure of a good bed for himself, and comfortable quarters for his horse when he had ridden far enough for the strength of his faithful animal. A good horseman cares as much for his steed as for his own case. To add to the discomfort of the evening, there was some chance of meeting highwaymen; but Maj. Stanley felt no uneasiness on that score, as just before leaving his friend's house he had examined his holster-pistols, and freshly primed them. A brush with a highwayman would enhance the romance of the night's journey.

So he jogged along; but mile after mile was passed and no twinkling light in the distance gave notice of the appearance of the wished-for inn. The Major's horse began to give unmistakeable evidence of distress—stumbling once or twice and recovering himself with difficulty. At last a dim light suddenly appeared at a turn of the road. The horse pricked up his ears, and trotted forward with spirit, soon halting beside a one-story cottage. The Major was disappointed, but he rode up to the door and rapped loudly with the butt of his riding-whip. The summons brought a sleepy cottager to the door.

"My good friend," said the Major, "can you tell me how far it is to the next inn?"

"Eh! it be about zeven mile, zur," was the answer, in the broad Yorkshire dialect of the district.

"Seven miles!" exclaimed the Major, in a tone of deep disappointment. "And my horse is already well blown. My good fellow, can't you put my horse some where, and give me a bed? I will pay you liberally for your trouble."

"Eh, goodness zakes!" said the rustic. "I be naught but a ditcher! There be no place to put the nag in, and there be only one room and one bed in the cot."

"What *shall* I do?" cried the Major, at his wit's end.

"I'll tell'ee, zur," said the rustic, scratching his head violently, as if to extract his ideas by the roots. "There be a vone large house on the road about a mile farther on. It's not an inn, but the Colonel zees company for the von o' the thing—'cause he likes to zee company about him. You must 'a' heard ov him—Col. Rogers—he used to be a soger once."

"Say no more," cried the Major. "I have heard of this hospitable gentleman; and his having been in the army gives me a sure claim to his attention. Here's a crown for your information, my good friend. Come, Marlborough."

Touching his steed with the spur, the Major rode off, feeling an exhileration of spirits which soon communicated itself to the horse. A sharp trot of a few minutes brought him to a large mansion, which stood unfenced, like a hugh caravansary, by the road-side. He made for the front door, and without dismounting, plied the large brass knocker till a servant in livery made his appearance.

"Is your master up?" asked the Major.

"I am the occupant of this house," said a venerable gentleman, making his appearance at the hall door.

"I am a benighted traveler, sir," said the Major, touching his hat, "and come to claim your well known hospitality. Can you give me a bed for the night? I am afraid my four footed companion is hardly able to carry me to the next inn."

"I cannot promise you a bed, sir," said the host, "for I have but one spare bed in the house."

"And that'—said the Major.

"Happens to be a room that does not enjoy a very pleasant reputation. In short, sir, one room of my house is haunted; and that is the only one, unfortunately, that I can place at your disposal to-night."

"My dear sir," said the Major, springing from his horse, and tossing the bridle to the servant, "you enchant me beyond expression. A haunted chamber! The very thing—and I who have never seen a ghost! What luck!

The host shook his head gravely.

"I never know a man," he said, "to pass a single night in the chamber without regretting it."

Major Stanly laughed as he took his pistols from his holster-pipes. "With these friends of mine," he said, "I fear neither ghost nor demon."

Col. Rogers showed his guest into a comfortable parlor, where a sea-coal fire was burning cheerfully in a grate, and refreshments most welcome to a weary traveler, stood upon a table.

Mine host was an old campaigner, and had seen much service during the war of the American Revolution, and he was full of interesting anecdotes and descriptions of adventures. But while Major Stanley was apparently listening attentively to the narrative of his hospitable entertainer, throwing in the appropriate ejaculations of surprise at the proper intervals, his whole attention was in reality absorbed by a charming girl of twenty, the daughter of the Colonel, who graced the table with her presence. Never, he thought, had he seen so beautiful, so modest, and so ladylike a creature; and she, in turn, seemed very favorably impressed with the manly beauty and frank manners of their military guest.

At last she retired. The Colonel, who was a three bottle man, and had found a listener to his heart, was somewhat inclined to prolong the session into the small hours of the morning; but finding that his guest was much fatigued, and even beginning to nod in the midst of his choicest story, he felt compelled to ask him if he would not like to retire. Major Stanley replied promptly in the affirmative, and the old gentleman, taking up a silver candlestick, ceremoniously marshaled his guest to a large, old-fashioned room, the walls of which being papered with green, gave it the appellation of the "Green Chamber." A comfortable bed invited a repose; a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and everything was cosey and quiet. The Major looked around him with a smile of satisfaction.

"I am deeply indebted to you, Colonel," said the Major.

"I never knew a guest of mine to pass a quiet night in the Green Chamber," replied the Colonel, shaking his head gravely.

"I shall prove an exception," said the Major, smiling. "But I must make one remark," he added seriously. "It is ill sporting with the feelings of a soldier; and should any of your servants attempt to play tricks upon me, they will have reason to repent it." And he laid his heavy pistols on the light stand by his bed-side.

"My servants, Major Stanley," said the old gentleman, with an air of offended dignity, "are too well drilled to dare attempt any tricks upon my guests. Good night, Major."

"Good night, Colonel."

The door closed. Major Stanley locked it. Having done so he took a survey of the apartment. Besides the door opening into the entry, there was another leading to some other room. There was no lock upon this second door, but a heavy table placed across completely barricaded it.

"I am safe," thought the Major, "unless there is a storming party of ghosts to attack me in my fastness. I think I shall sleep well."

He threw himself into an arm chair before the fire, and watching the glowing embers, amused himself with building castles in the air, and musing on the attractions of fair Julia, his host's daughter. He was far from thinking of a special visitant, when a very slight noise struck his ear.—Glancing in the direction of the inner door, he thought he saw the heavy table glide backwards from its place. Quick as thought he caught up a pistol and challenged the intruder. There was no reply; but the door continued to open and the table to move backwards. At last there glided into the room a tall and graceful figure robed in white. At the first glance the blood curdled in the Major's veins; at the second he recognized the daughter of his host.—Her eyes were wide open, and she advanced with an assured step, but it was very evident she was asleep. Here was the mystery of the Green Chamber solved at once. The goung girl walked to the fireplace and seated herself in the chair from which the soldier had just risen. His first impulse was to vacate the room, and go directly and alarm the Colonel. But in the first place he knew not the apartment his host occupied; and in the second, curiosity prompted him to watch the denouement of this strange scene. Julia raised her left hand and gazing on a beautiful ring that adorned one of her white taper fingers, pressed it repeatedly to her lips.—She then sank into an attitude of repose, her arms dropped listlessly by her sides.

The Major approached her and stole the ring from her finger. His action disturbed but did not awake her. She seemed to miss the ring, however, and after groping hopelessly for it, rose and glided through the door-way as silently as she entered.—She had no sooner retired than the Major replaced the table, and drawing a heavy clothes-press against it, effectually guarded himself against a second intrusion.

This done, he threw himself upon the bed and slept soundly till a late hour in the morning. When he awoke he sprang out of bed and ran to the window. Every trace of the storm had passed away, and an unclouded sun was shining on the radiant land-scape. After performing the duties of his toilet, he was summoned to breakfast, where he met the Colonel and his daughter.

"Well, Major—and how did you pass the night?" asked the Colonel anxiously.

"Famously," replied Stanley. "I slept like a top, as I told you I would."

"Then, thank Heaven! the spell is broken at last," said the Colonel, "and the White Phantom has ceased to haunt the Green Chamber."

"By no means," said the Major, smiling. "The White Phantom paid me a visit last night, and left me a token of the honor."

"A token!" exclaimed the father and daughter both in a breath.

"Yes, my friends, and here it is." And the Major handed the ring to the old gentleman.

"What's the meaning of this, Julia?" exclaimed the Colonel. "The ring I gave you last week!"

Julia uttered a faint cry, and turned very pale.

"The mystery is easily explained," said the Major. "The young lady is a sleep-walker. She came into my room before I had retired, utterly unconscious of her actions. I took the ring from her finger that I might be able to convince you and her of the reality of what I had witnessed."

The Major's business was not pressing, and he readily yielded to the Colonel's urgent request to pass a few days with him. Their mutual liking increased upon better acquaintance, and in a few weeks the White Phantom's ring, inscribed with the names of Rupert Stanley and Julia Rogers, served as the sacred symbol of their union for life.

REMARKABLE FACULTIES OF THE ARABS.—A French surgeon, who has seen service in Algiers, states the following facts respecting the remarkable perceptive powers of the Arabs. They wonderfully illustrate the degree to which the faculties of man may be improved:

"The Arabs are gifted with remarkable dexterity in steering without a compass, recognizing a footstep imperceptible to the common eye; scenting the water at a distance, and finding their way by marks that would escape the most observant European. A Saharian once affirmed to Colonel Dumas:—'I am not considered remarkably sharp-sighted, but I can distinguish a goat from a sheep at the distance of a day's journey; and I know some who smell the smoke of a pipe, or broiled meat, at thirty miles! We all know each other by the track of our feet in the sand, for no one tribe walks like another, nor does a wife leave the same foot prints as an unmarried woman. If a hare has passed, we know by its foot prints whether it is a male or a female—and, in the latter case, whether it is with young. If we see the stone of a date, we know the particular tree that produced it.'"

Washington Irving, while at Mount Vernon the other day, remarked that he remembered seeing Gen. Washington in New York, when he was a child five years of age, and while the general was passing through the street, accompanied by a crowd. Young Irving was attended by his nurse, an honest Scotchwoman. The woman forced her way up to the General, leading her child by the hand, and approaching, addressed him—"Your honor, and here is a bairn that is called after you."—The General paused, and placing his hand upon the boy's head, gave him his blessing. Mr. Irving states that he has a distinct recollection of the whole scene—which occurred in the year 1787.

Mr. B., a well known metropolitan printer, once told us that on one occasion an old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old Bible in her hand. "I want," said she, "that you should print it over again. It's gettin a little blurred, sort of, and my eyes is not wot they wos. How much do you ax?" "Fifty cents." "Can you have it done in half an hour? wish you would—want to be gitten home—live a good ways out of town." "Certainly." When the old lady went out, he sent round to the office of the American Bible Society, and purchased a copy for fifty cents. "Lor sakes a masse!" exclaimed the old lady, when she came to look at it, "how good you've fixed it; it's e'en a' most as good as new! I never see nothing so curious as what printers is."

CURE FOR ERYSIPELAS.—The Salem Observer says a correspondent of an exchange paper, gives the public a cure for this disorder, from which he has been a great sufferer. He says, "a simple poultice made of cranberries pounded fine, and applied in a raw state, has proved in my case, and a number also in this vicinity, a certain remedy. In his case, the poultice was applied on going to bed, and the next morning, to his surprise, he found the inflammation nearly gone, and in two days he was as well as ever."

LIFE'S CHANGES.—Mr. Seward, in urging upon the attention of the Senate a private claim, said the petitioner was once a merchant, a great merchant, a man of wealth—that he had been reduced by an unjust prosecution of the Government of the United States to want, and was, while soliciting relief, engaged as a day laborer in the rebuilding of the capitol. Mr. Seward's statement so affected the Senate that the bill for his relief passed without a vote in the negative.

In 1651, the Massachusetts General Court passed a law, imposing a fine of five shillings upon "whoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas or the like, either by forbearing labor, feasting or any other way upon any such account, &c."

[From Arthur's Home Gazette.

FANNY CLATON'S VALENTINES.

BY MRS. F. H. COOKE.

The youth of Fanny Claton was marked by no particular gift, except what has been aptly termed "a fatal facility at rhyming"—a quality which is chiefly cultivated for purposes of amusement. Not to be despised is the ability to amuse innocently a leisure hour, provided the diversion is of a nature that leaves the mind refreshed and invigorated for serious duties. But Fanny Claton had no such commendable object in view; her only definite aim being *fun*, by which she understood entertainment to herself and a slight degree of mystification and annoyance to her friends. It was so delightful to do a little harm!—Being an orphan, she was dependant upon the kindness of two unmarried relatives—an uncle and an aunt, who were, we regret to say, sometimes the victims to her love of mirth and mischief.

When Fanny was fourteen, the rage for valentines (it is a migratory epidemic,) invaded the village where she resided, and her scribbling faculties were largely employed by her associates to give piquancy to their mysterious missives. After laboring so much for the public good, in a private way, Fanny thought she was justly entitled to do something for herself. She had a favorite in the village, one Charles Thompson, a youth some years older than herself, and it was to his address that, with some surprise at her own audacity, she penned the following valentine:

I know a little maiden and she has a little tongue,
And it is very active too, for anything so young,
And says a thousand foolish things as e'er were said or sung.
This maiden now is seated at her desk to write a line,
And she means to send the missive as a playful valentine;
(I hope you do not think the note is anything like mine.)
She hopes an answering token will seek her rustic hall,
When the crescent moon is shining, so very young and small;
But yet she will not break her heart if she gets none at all.

As the day was rainy, she reluctantly consigned this precious epistle to the letter bag, which Peter, the black boy, carried daily to the post-office, and waited, with what patience she might, the expected response. To her deep mortification, the notes received that day were all manifestly the efforts of girlish roguery; not one of them bore the slightest resemblance in penmanship to the bold though unformed hand of the incipient collegian.

"He is no longer a boy," thought Fanny, regretfully. "His Greek and Latin have driven all nonsense from his head, and he despises my childish trifling."

A flood of tears, half penitent, half petulance, showed how keen was her sense of his neglect. It was not many days, however, before she discovered, by a little feminine free-masonry, that Charles Thompson had received no valentine whatever, and of course was entirely ignorant of her own. Relieved at last by the harmless, though abortive termination of a frolic that seemed likely to prove more serious than she had anticipated, she was for a season rebuked into something like discretion.

The return of the valentine season, however, brought with it a desire for revenge upon the supposed agent of her disappointment. She imputed to her uncle the suppression of her note, and resolved to play upon a partiality of his for the widowed mother of her favorite, (now a freshman at Harvard.) In the privacy of her room, she had just finished the embroidery of a very pretty pair of slippers, and to this praiseworthy effort she appended one more questionable, being a card inscribed, in a hand carefully disguised, with the following lines:

Sole-less shoes, from a heartless dame;
Bootless the effort to learn her name;
Wear them ever when you are the same.

The whole was carefully enveloped and consigned, with many injunctions of secrecy, to the errand boy of the village. In a very short time she was called by her uncle to admire his beautiful present, and to aid him in deciphering the inscription.

"Who in the world could be the writer?" Fanny at length suggested, "I think she *may* be Mrs. Thompson."

"Decidedly! I think so too," chimed in aunt Dorothy, thus unexpectedly bringing her matronly gravity to aid the roguery of her niece. And even uncle Joshua (the ungrateful!) readily joined in the general voice, that the forward lady might be Mrs. Thompson.

Before evening, the slippers, by the aid of the ready son of Crispen, were fitted to adorn his feet.

"And now for the answer," said the good man. "I would like to have you look at it, Fanny. And first let me tell you that it is not the fashion for ladies to be very free in their advances to single gentlemen." He looked earnestly at Fanny, who colored deeply. "The writer of this," he continued, laying his hand on the card of the morning, "deserves some slight reproof for her temerity. Don't you think so?" (Another keen glance.)

Fanny answered meekly, "Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, what do you think of this?—"

"I have SOLED the shoes, but I think the dame
Must have lost her heart ere she changed her name,
And will choose, of course, to retain the same."

"The same?" repeated Fanny. "Pray, which do you mean? the name, or the shoes?"

"Both," replied her uncle. "I shall send them back to her."

And notwithstanding her faltering objections, the slippers were never again seen upon her uncle's feet, and she felt little doubt that he had sent them back, as he termed it, to the dignified Mrs. Thompson, who must be mortally offended.

Very soon afterwards the lady removed to Cambridge to be near her son, and formed an acquaintance there which resulted in a second marriage. Fanny wondered whether the severe attack of rheumatism from which her uncle suffered about the same time, could have had a sentimental cause.

There was not however a total cessation of intercourse between the families, as will fully appear from the fact, that in a few years after, the imprudent writer of the anonomous valentines did actually become Mrs. Charles Thompson; bestowing her virgin hand as a New Year's gift. The 14th of February brought to the blushing bride two communications, one a letter of the ordinary size, and the other a package somewhat larger.

"Only look, husband," she exclaimed in surprise, "a valentine from aunt Dorothy! Who would have thought it?"

And removing the envelope of the note, she saw revealed to her wondering gaze, her own first valentine, with the orignal unbroken.

"This is for you, Charles," she said laughing, and then opening the bulkier package, she discovered, as she had begun to suspect, the slippers wrought so beautifully by her own fingers in earlier days, and this brief inscription from her uncle:

"DEAR FANNY—These slippers will fit your husband to a charm. I would have liked to wear them for your sake, but you had cut the cloth too narrow, and old feet crave an abundance of room. I enclose my lines in answer to your valentine.—They are my first efforts at poetry, and I assure you they cost me a great deal of trouble. You see we were all right in thinking that my mysterious correspondent *might be* Mrs. Thompson.

"Ever yours, JOSHUA CLATON."

Tears followed the laughter with which Fanny at first received these singular love tokens; tears of thoughtful gratitude for the watchful care that had guarded her early years, and on many graver occasions than those herein described, had checked the excesses of an impulsive temperament. She had long since learned, by happy experience, how much better it is to do a little good, than a little harm.

"A SHADOW IN THE ROOF."

Home is a foretaste of Heaven! At least so I could not help thinking, while the fire dogs glowed with the bright flames that jutted against their ruddy cheeks.—Everybody looks forward to the time when he shall have a *home*. No matter what it is, or where the spot; no matter how rich or how poor; the atmosphere that hangs about the name home, is the medium through which we view the object itself. A garret or a palace, a hovel or a hall; pinching poverty or wasteful wealth; to our hearts it is ever the same, only let it be Home. The name itself is a magnet; and our brightest hopes—like glittering steel filings—are caught up by it as by instinct. It binds us by cords that are stronger than bars of iron; by mystic powers above all worldly rules, beyond all systems, irresistible and ever enduring.—What statues so binding as the unwritten code of the fireside?

Home, thought I, taking a new start in my musings, is not altogether *without* doors—and with this thought, I began to paint the *inner* Home Life, that fuses all our thoughts in its mystic crucible into thoughts of love. A wife!—a young wife!—all love! There never surely were smiles before; never such musical laughter bubbling up all the way from the heart. She reads to you when you are restless and ill; and you read to her in turn, when she is weary with the never broken round of household cares. She watches your breathing when you are curtained in the sick room—binds up your head with damp and cool bandages—places a fresh wine glass of fresh flowers on the little stand beside your bed; and talks to you in the low music of her soft and melting voice. She is as airy as a sprite, and as graceful as a fawn; yet she is none too etherial to repay your love with genial sympathy, and welcome words, and patient, self denying deeds. She does her hair in papers to please your boyish whim, but never break a link of the chain that binds her heart to the home, hearth. She chats with you of Montaigue, Suckling, and Spenser, and sweet Jeremy Taylor; and drinks in your syllables when you talk to her of Chaucer and Cowley, of Jean Jacques, Coleridge, and Keats; yet you never harbor the suspicion that she is a *blue*. And she always dresses so charmingly, too! Nothing can surpass for a sweet and unpretending grace, those summer morning costumes, in which she strips out through the open door, and slips her dainty hand through your arm for an early walk. Her throat is as fair as the fairest alabaster; and the scarlet just tinges her cheek with the matchless beauty; and as she looks at you so lovingly from out those large, dark, dreamy eyes, you almost unconsciously draw her closer to your side, and press your lips to the forehead of your child-wife.

Home is Heaven—say you to yourself as you draw your boots off at evening, and in slippered feet sit down to hear the simple story of her day's life. She draws her chair beside your own, and looks alternately at the glowing fire, and into your delighted eyes! Foolish little creature! you tell her; she sees only *herself* in your eyes! It is conceit! And she will shake her head at you so playfullly, and lay her little white hand over your mouth so lovingly, and in such a childish tone tell you that you are her "naughty boy," that she makes you love her ten times the more in very spite of yourself.

As you sit before the gleaming hearth, you read to her from large books of travels, or from charming and simple poems, or from sad and touching tales; and when you suddenly look up, you unexpectedly see the tears swimming in her eyes. You stop to ask her what it is that so saddens her; but the sunshine suddenly breaks out in the midst of the April rain, and she only laughs at you for your inquisitive folly.—And then you tell her, half seriously and and half in jest, that woman is just what *she* is now—half smiles and the other half tears. For your impudence you get a a kiss, and struggle valiantly to free yourself from her embrace. But your release is only on condition that she is excepted from your remark. And in a sudden impulse again, you confess that there is no truth at all in the libel you have just uttered. Your friends wonder how it is that some men can stumble on such a mine of happiness as you have; and in the midst of their compliments and self-reproaches, they get urgent invitations to visit you as often as they will. And then they protest that your Maggie is so charming, and has so much grace, and presides at the table with such simple dignity! They will tell you, when you stroll with them out on the piazza, they would have married long ago, if they could only have been assured of ———. You interrupt them at this point. You know that it had better remain unspoken. It is flattery you can bear but little better than Maggie herself.

Your and your's wife's hearts are knit by a new tie—stronger, deeper, fuller than any you have yet known. She shows you her infant, and begs, by the tender look of her moistened eyes, that you will love it for her sake. Aye, you respond, and for its own too! It is a girl. It comes to you like an angel in a dream. It has the innocent yet mysterious smile of a seraph. You lean over it while it sleeps, and your heart goes up to God in a psalm of thanksgiving.

Chemistry for Farmer's Boys.

As Taught in the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, England.

11. Whatare the chemical changes which Barley undergoes in the process of germination?

12. What is the general composition and the relative feeding value of malt and Barley?

13. What inorganic matter enters into the composition of the ashes of our cultivated plants?

14. Mention the general character of stiff clay soils, and describe the means of improving them?

15. Under what circumstances is paring and burning likely to be attended with good results, and in what cases will it do harm instead of good?

16. What changes does farm-yard manure undergo in keeping?

17. Mention some of the principles which ought to guide the farmer in the management of home-made manure.

18. What are the best means of preventing the loss of ammonia in dung-heaps?

19. On what constituents of artificial manures do their fertilizing and commercial value depend?

20. What are the adulterations more generally occurring in Peruvian Guano, and how can they be detected?

No. 11. Around the germ of Barley diastase is formed; its composition has not been chemically ascertained any more than that it contains nitrogen, and acts as a ferment. This is inferred from Barley giving out ammonia at one stage of its change. This substance acts upon the starchy matter of the seed, converting them into sugar. Upon these facts the process called malting depends. Malt, then, differs from Barley in containing less starch and more sugar.

12. The trials made in the feeding of animals with Barley and malt have as yet been in direct opposition to science, so to speak. Animals have not, as a rule, done so well; this might arise, not from the superiority of the one over the other, but from the manner in which such experiments as have yet been known have been conducted. The kind of animals, the prejudice of the experimenter, and a hundred other circumstances, would tend to alter the result. Barley contains starch chiefly; this, before it can be converted into fat, requires that it be made into sugar. This requires the action of the stomach, and which, should it not be in a fit state for bringing about such a result, might not appropriate as much as it would do had the Barley been given as malt. In feeding on malt, we have the starch, most of it, converted into sugar; this, then, only requires a slight amount of action of the stomach and digestive apparatus to assimilate it and produce fat. Apart from these considerations, it must be remembered, that malt loses 8 per cent, of its weight, and costs some 2s. 3d. to 2s. 6d, a quarter to convert Barley into malt. It may therefore, be determined, that as yet the relative feeding properties of the two have not been fairly tested, and that it stands to reason that giving malt along with other rich food in sugar, such as Mangold Wurtzel, the sugar existing in excess would not be appropriated, and thereby the beneficial action of the malt would not be developed. For Barley, it is considered that soaking in water for 24 hours assists its feeding action.

13. The inorganic matters found in plants, are the following: potash, soda, silicic acid, lime, sulphuric acid, [manganese occurs in bark of trees,] carbonic acid, iron, chlorine, phosphoric acid.

14. Any soil containing more than 50 per cent. of alum in it, is called a clay.—They are tenacious, cold and wet, naturally and usually unfertile; but by improvements yield a continuous return of considerable value, and possess a less tendency to exhaustion than any other kind of soil.—The other general characters will be touched upon in speaking of the improvements, which are the following—draining, subsoiling, burning, liming, mixing, plowing, rough digging, fallowing, and long dung. Draining stands first; this arises from the natural character of the soil; it is stiff, impervious and possessed of great powers of retaining moisture. By draining, the excess of moisture which naturally accumulates in the subsoil, is drawn away, and the air naturally follows the water; cracks and fissures are formed, & the carbonic acid of the water and air, its oxygen, and all climated influence are thus brought into play. The soil is thus rendered friable, its chemical constituents become altered and broken down, forming new compounds servicable for plants; their roots strike deeper into the soil in search of food, and fertility is brought about and developed.—Sometimes, too, matters of a deleterious character are removed by the drains, and the clay, by having its water removed, has a greater tendency to absorb gasses. Subsoiling is beneficially had recourse to, where the subsoil differs in character to the clay, and even, if not, does good by causing an extra amount of exposure of the soil to the atmospheric influences.—Burning acts by altering the physical char-