The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

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POETICAL.

Gather Ripe Fruit, Oh Death!

BY R. JENNIE WARNER.

Hover not thou, with thy sombre wing,
O'er the beautiful buds of earth;
Gather not thou what the angels bring,
Blight not the flowers at birth—
Childhood hath roses that fade at thy touch,
Voices that hush at thy breath;
Linger not then, 'mid the earthly flowers—
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

Visions are wreathing the brow of the youth
With a deep mysterious spell,
Pulses are throbbing, whose joy and truth
Have meanings too deep to tell—
Youth hath fountains that chill at thy touch,
Gushings that freeze at thy breath;
Linger not, then, 'mid the summer flowers—
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

Majesty resteth on Manhood's brow,
The fervor of life at his heart,
Hope hath enchained him with eagerness now,
Bid not her spirit depart—
Manhood hath missions that lead to thy sway;
Fires that are quenched at thy breath;
Linger not, then, 'mid the bloom of his day—
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

Sadness hath crept o'er the dreams of age,
Bitterness lies at his heart,
Tempest and mildew have blotted life's page,
Bid the worn spirit depart;
Wings that are fettered will plume at thy call,
Shadows will flee at thy breath;
Come, then, in mercy with sceptre and pall—
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

Peacefully resteth the crown of years,
On the Christian's hoary head;
Faith, in its fullness, has silenced his fears,
The tumult of passion has fled,
Holy the visions that o'er him roll,
Prayer is the voice of his breath;
Rend thou the temple that prison's his soul—
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

STORY FOR YOUNG MEN.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END: Or, the Forged Check.

CHAPTER I.

The check book was in his hand; twenty times had he taken it down during the evening, and as often restored it to the case. He knew his employer's hand perfectly well, yet he hesitated; that silent monitor, which is ever ready to direct aright, and which has a dwelling in the hearts of all, had struggled long and powerfully with Henry Olingham, and now as he sat by the desk, the counting-room lighted by the rays of a single lamp, the blank before him, his pen in his hand, and the point glittering in the black fluid in which it had just been immersed, he trembled, for the voice of reproof was in his ear. His brow was contracted; his chest heaved, and a pale death-like hue stole over his features. "This once," he muttered to himself. "This once, only one hundred dollars, and then I shall be able to appear in a suit which I have selected. It will never be known; I will manage the account;" and in that unguarded moment the blank was filled out. He looked for a moment with satisfaction upon the skill which he had displayed in imitating his employer's hand, and folding the check, placed it in his pocket-book, and retired for the night.

Alas for thee, Henry Olingham! Would that some guardian spirit had been near, to have warned thee of thy danger; thy destruction is sealed. The first step to crime being taken, how easily the victim is lured on; step by step he proceeds, each success emboldening him and preparing him for the commission of other acts still more heinous. Like the youth in his tiny boat, amusing himself within his prescribed limits; a desire seizes him to launch further upon the stream; for weeks, perhaps, his mind has been occupied with the undertaking, each week becoming less capable of resisting his inclinations; at length the boundary is passed; the law which was given him is broken; unconsciously his barque floats till the noise of the rushing stream tells the startled occupant of his danger: he tries to regain the shore, but his efforts are feeble, for a siren whispers safety; the dark waves of ruin close over him, and all is lost, lost forever!

With a firm steady step, Olingham proceeded to the bank; he paused before it; a sudden irresolution seized him, and he resolved to walk a little further on, and then returned. He had passed and re-passed several times, thinking thereby to nerve himself for the task; he paused on the steps; a strange fear crept over his frame, but at length with renewed effort he entered; the bank officers noticed him not, being engaged with others in their daily routine of business. Olingham became more composed, and proceeding to the counter, threw down the check; a moment the teller examined it, and oh! during that moment, who can tell in language the agonizing suspense of Henry Olingham? Worlds would he have given to have been a way from the spot; huge drops of sweat started to his forehead, and had the teller eyed him with the same scrutiny he did the check, detection would have been certain. He, however, placed it in the drawer, Olingham received the money, and without waiting to count it to see that "all was right," he hastened from the bank, and was once more in the street.

With a rapid step he flew along the pavement, yet the aspect of all around to him was changed; the look of recognition given him by his friends, was by him construed into a piercing look of inquiry, of suspicion. It seemed to him that his crime was known to all. He hastened to the counting-room; the other clerks were gay and cheerful, and taunted him on his haggard looks. The steps of his employer fell like a death-knell upon his ear; he thought he saw in his manner that which told that his crime was not to him unknown.

Time wore on; the secret remained unrevealed; Henry Olingham sported in his fashionables, and by degrees again became cheerful. "There will be a deficiency in the account," muttered Olingham, "and—and it—it, it must be supplied; I will try my luck at the gaming table, and if I fail, a check well executed, would be cashed without inquiry;"—and he seized his hat and proceeded to one of the many gambling establisements which are to be found in all large cities; he soon found an opponent; he was successful and at a late hour of the night he proceeded home, in the possession of twice the sum required to make up the deficiency, which had caused him such uneasiness.

CAPTER II.

Henry Olingham was the son of highly respectable parents, in moderate circumstances, who, however, had managed to give their son a finished education. At an early age he was placed at school, and by his dilligence soon outstripped his companions, and by his pleasing manners won the hearts of all around him.—Through the interest of his friends he obtained a situation as book-keeper in one of the largest houses in the city, with a salary sufficient to defray all his reasonable expenses; but ere twelve months had elapsed he began to murmur at his hard fate.

"Day after day," he would exclaim to himself, "I toil here, and still am obliged to continue wearing these unfashionable clothes."—Once Henry Olingham had deemed them quite good enough, but now, his companions dressed much smarter: and should he not? His unfashionable coat, rendered him an object of derision. "Well Hank," his companions would exclaim as he joined them in the toast,—"Here's long life to the old coat! May it last a thousand years, and continue the pride of its wearer, as it certainly is now; three cheers for the old coat; hip, hip, hurra!"

Pride goaded on the victim till he committed the crime already related. * * *

The fierce howl of the winter wind struck terror to the hearts of many a houseless wretch; the streets were deserted, shutters were closed, and the houses wore an appearance of gloom. In a large mansion there was the sound of music and of mirth; the beautiful rooms were crowded; it was the wedding of Henry Olingham. He had met Ellen Morrison at a party, her beauty, her wit, and manners were sufficient to engage the affections of Olingham; he sought and obtained her hand.

It was late before the party broke up, and many a glass was quaffed to the long life and happiness of the happy couple. Alas! little did they anticipate the fate of those to whom they pleged so warmly.

The reader will pass with me over the sweets of a year. In a miserably furnished room of an old and dilipidated house in one of our southern cities, sat the wife of Henry Olingham; the once beautiful Ellen Morrison, her long dark hair hung in neglected masses over her pale and care-worn brow, and tears coursed down those cheeks of marble whiteness, where the rose once bloomed in all its loveliness; the sight of a cheerful fire was the only light in the apartment.

"Oh, Henry," sobbed the heart broken wife, "how could you—you have taken me from a happy home." She started. "He comes," she whispered, and ere she had time to wipe away her tears, Olingham entered.

"So, weeping ninny, up at this late hour?" he muttered.

"Waiting for you," sobbed Ellen, springing forward and clasping her arms around his neck.

"Away, wench!" roared Olingham, thrusting her from him with such violence that she fell upon the floor; he was in a fit of intoxication; seating himself upon his chair, he cursed his fate.

"All, all is lost!—and I—and I a beggar, yes, a beggar! Fortune has turned her back upon me, yet I will follow her, aye to the bottomless pit, if necessary." A groan from his wife here arrested his attention; he arose; he called upon her to arise, but she answered not; he placed his hand upon her brow, it was cold, her spirit had fled!

Henry Olingham stood by the grave of his wife on the following day, but no tear moistened his blood-shot eyes; few were the mourners there—he gazed for the last time upon her cold features, beautiful in death; yet realized not that the spirit which once inhabited that frail form was at that moment singing praises to God in Heaven. Coldly he turned away to join his companions at the gaming table.

Olingham, after his marriage, found his salary insufficient to maintain himself and wife, in the style in which he wished to appear, and having been once successful, had imbibed a passion for gaming—the cue and the ball were his resort; his business was neglected, and his employer, after vainly attempting to dissuade him from his course, was obliged to dimiss him. Olingham's pride was too great to remain where he was, and from thence he proceeded to the South, with his lovely wife, whom we have already followed to an untimely grave. * *

"It is your last chance," said Olingham's opponent. "The ball is spotted, sir."

Olingham raised his cue and struck the ball with such force that it bounded from the table and rolled along the floor to the farthest end of the room.

"Lost, lost!" exclaimed his opponent, in triumph.

"Not so fast, sir," replied Olingham, "it was unfair; I lay claim to another strike."

"Liar!" roared his opponent, "you have lost."

"Retract," said Olingham, choking with rage, "we'll try the virtue of pistols."

"I will not retract," replied the opponent, "and as for pistols, I have a genius for such matters—I am ready."

Seconds were chosen, and Olingham stood in the corner of the room, with his antagonist facing him in the other; the pistols were loaded, and one was handed to each; the word was given to fire; the loud report of the pistols re-echoed through the halls; Olingham dropped heavily on the floor, yielded up his his life with a curse upon his lips. His opponent remained unhurt; the dead body was removed to another room, and in a few moments no one would have imagined, from the rattle of balls and the clashing cues, that a fellow being had, a few moments before, been there murdered.

The next day Olingham was carried to the grave; his body enveloped in a course shroud, and enclosed in a coffin of unplaned boards; the last sod was laid upon his lowly bed, moistened by no tear, and he was forgotten.

Pride had led him to the commission of his first crime; others followed to conceal the first.

The gaming table was resorted to; disgrace was the result, and he fell by the hand of another, on the evening of the day in which he followed his heart-broken wife to the grave, leaving behind him, as a legacy to the world, his broken-hearted parents and those of his wife.

☞ Worldly reputation and sensual pleasure are destructive to virtue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Marriage Relation.

The following sound, clear and Christian views of the marriage relation are taken from a popular work, entitled 'Martyria, a Legend,' published in this city a few years ago, from the pen of a gifted clergyman.—*Boston Journal.*

"Of all the relations, those of husband and wife, parent and children, friend and neighbor, master and servant; constute much the larger portion of man's happiness; and are more important, any of them, than all others together.

It is in the observance, the refinement, these greatest, the primal relations, that happiness is increased, and not in the inordinate accumulation of money, the acquisition of empty fame or a luxurious indulgence.

Happiness is to be attained in the accustomed chair by the fireside, more than in the honorary occupation of civic office; in a wife's love; infinitely more than in the favor of all human else; in children's innocent and joyous prattle, more than in hearing of flattery; in the reciprocation of little and frequent kindnesses between friend and friend, more than in some occasional and dearly bought indulgence; in the virtue of contentment, more than in the anxious achievements of wealth, distinction, and grandeur, in change of heart, more than in change of circumstances; in full, firm trust in Providence, more than in hoping fortune's favor; in a growing taste for beauties of nature, more than in the fee-simple inheritance of whole acres of land, in the observance of neatness and regularity, household virtues, rather than in the means of ostentatious, and therefore rare, display; in a hand-maiden's cheerfulness, more than in the improved tone of politics; and in the friendship of our next-door neighbor, more than in the condescending notice of my lord duke.

Happiness, then, must be sought for in simplicity, and not in costleness; in the perpetually recurring, more than in the rare; in abiding peace rather than in temporary rapture; and next after the well of living water which springeth up into ever lasting life, in no source else so sedulously, as in those fountains which are fed by the never-failing love of relatives and friends."

Again, he says:

"There are some persons who have their imagination so excited by the posibility of some distant good, as to lose all taste for the little delights which husband and wife, master and servant, parent and child, may devise and reciprocate hourly almost. Which is the luckier man, he that can be happy in the smile of his wife, or he that must wait, wait, wait for the smile of fortune, and wait in vain perhaps!

In this world, there is nothing of such value as affection; and the most trifling expression of it, even though it be but a single word of endearment is in the best ears a pleasanter sound than that of a gold piece.

The price of a virtuous woman is far above rubies, Solomon says. Were there allotted to any one a female figure of solid gold, as a companion for life, who is there but would beg that it might be of silver only, that it might speak? and then of an inferior metal still, if it might only feel? and then, that it might be, like himself on earth, might it only accompany him about? And yet, O human inconsistency! husbands be many of them heedless of home joys, as not being an increase of wealth.

Man is created to be a living soul, and not to be an alchemist; and the real want of his heart is sympathy, affection, love and not the philosopher's stone. It would not be more unreasonable to transplant a favorite flower out of black earth into gold dust, than it is for a person to let money getting harden his heart into contempt, or into impatience of the little attentions, the merriments; and the caresses of domestic life."

Live not to Yourself.

On the frail little stem in the garden hangs the opening rose. Ask why it hangs there?—"I hang here," says the beautiful flower, "to sweeten the air which man breathes, to open my beauties, to kindle emotion in his eye, to show him the hand of his God, who penciled each leaf and laid them thus on my bosom.—And whether you find me here to greet him every morning, or whether you find me on the lone mountain side, with the bare possibility that he will throw me one passing glance, my end is the same—I live not to myself."

Beside yonder highway stands an aged tree, solitary and alone. You see no living thing near it; and you say, surely that must stand for itself alone. "No," answers the tree, "God never made me for a purpose so small. For more than a hundred years I have stood here. In summer I have spread out my arms and sheltered the panting flocks which hastened to my shade. In my bosom I have concealed and protected the brood of young birds, as they lay and rocked in their nests; in the storm I have more than once received in my body the lightning's bolt, which had else destroyed the traveller; the acorns which I have matured from year to year have been carried far and wide, and groves of forest oaks can claim me as their parent. I have lived for the eagle which has perched on my top, or the humming bird that has paused and refreshed its giddy wing, ere it danced away again like a blossom of the air; for the insect that has found a home within the folds of bark; and when I can stand no longer, I shall fall by the hand of man, and I shall go to strengthen the ship which makes him lord of the ocean; and to his dwelling to warm his hearth and cheer his home—I live not to myself.

On yonder mountain side comes down the silver brook, in the distance resembling the ribbon of silver, running and leaping as it dashes joyously and fearlessly down. Ask the leaper what it is doing. "I was born," sings the brook, "high up the mountain, but there I could do no good; and so I am hurrying down, running where I can, and leaping where I must; but hastening down to water the sweet valley; where the thirsty cattle may drink, where the lark may sing on my margin; where I may drive the mill for the accommodation of man, and then widen into the great river, and bear up his steamboats and shipping, and finally plunge into the ocean, to rise again in vapor, and perhaps come back again in the cloud to my own native mountains, and live my short life over again. Not a drop of water comes down my channel, in whose bright face you may not read, 'None of us liveth to himself!'"

And thus God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks that flower on its stem, upon the raindrops that swell the mighty river, upon the dew-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that tosses its spray in useful industry, not in idle sport, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in his light—upon ALL has he written, "None of us liveth to himself!"

☞ It is a fact that girls don't know that kisses are sweet. Kissing a pretty one the other day, she very innocently asked—

"What was the use of it, and what good it did?"

"Ah! Miss," said we, "what is the use of being lazy?"

The Infant in Heaven.

Dr. Chalmers furnishes the following touching expressions of his opinion on the subject of infant salvation. It is expressed in strong and beautiful language:

This affords, we think, something more than a dubious glimpse into the question that is often put by a distracted mother, when her babe is taken away from her, when all the converse it ever had with the world amounted to the gaze upon it a few months, or a few opening smiles, which marked the dawn of self-enjoyment; and ere it had reached, perhaps, the lisp of infancy, it, all unconscious of death, had to wrestle through a period of sickness, with its power, and at length be overcome by it.

Oh, it little knew what an interest it had created in that home where it was so passing a visitant, nor when carried to its early grave what a tide of emotions it would raise among the few acquaintances it left behind! There was no positive unbelief in its bosom; no love at all for the darkness rather than light, nor had it yet fallen into that great condemnation which will attach itself to all that perish, because of unbelief, that their deeds are evil.

When we couple with this the known disposition of our great Forerunner—the love that he manifested for children on earth, how he suffered them to approach his person, and lavished endearments and kindness upon them in Jerusalem told the disciples that the presence and company of such as these in heaven formed one ingredient of the joy that was set before him—tell us if Christianity does not throw a pleasing radiance around an infant's tomb?—And should any parent who hears us, feel softened by the touching remembrance of a light that twinkled a few short months under his roof, think not we venture too far when we say, that he is only to persevere in the faith and in the following of the gospel, and that very light will again shine upon him in heaven.

The blossom which withered here upon its stalk has been transplanted there to a place of endurance; and it will there gladden the eye which now weeps out the agony of affection, that has been sorely wounded. And in the name of Him, who, if on earth, would have wept with them, do we bid all believers present to sorrow not even as others which have no hope, but to take comfort in the thought of that country, where there is no sorrow and no seperation.

And when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Has she not then, for pains and fears,
The days of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An overjoyment of delight?

Mysterious Disappearance.—A Romance in Real Life.

The circumstances attending the sudden disappearance of Miss Emily Teal, from her father's house, at Bergen Five Corners, as reported in the Times of Saturday, have been rendered even more mysterious by the return of that lady to her home.

As we stated on Saturday, the young lady, having occasion to leave the house for a few minutes, on Thursday night, being dressed only in her night clothes, was missed by her friends, and on search being made, her shawl was found in the arbor, but no trace of the young lady herself could be arrived at, though the investigation was pushed into every possible channel throughout the whole of Friday.—Early on Saturday morning she was found in an insensible condition on the steps of her father's house, wearing only her night clothes, exactly as she had disappeared about thirty hours before. But the mystery of her return is equally as great as that of her singular abduction.

It appears from her statement, that when she was returning to the house on Thursday night, she was suddenly seized when passing through the arbor, and instantly blindfolded and gagged. Her captors—and how many there were of them she does not know—conveyed her in an almost frantic state to a carriage which was in waiting not far from the house, in which she was placed and driven rapidly away. She imagines that the distance she was taken was considerable, but how far she went, or how long she was kept in the carriage she cannot state, as she almost lost her senses through fright, and was kept blindfolded and gagged during the journey. Of only one thing she is certain, viz: that the carriage crossed no ferry.

On the carriage coming to a halt, she was borne into a small and poorly furnished apartment, which was lighted by a wretched lamp, and was kept darkened, through the whole of Friday. She was left nearly all the time alone in this room, locked in, and her escape prevented. She recollects seeing an ordinary looking woman, and a well dressed man in this room, but would not be able to recognise them. After dark, on Friday night, she was again blinded and gagged. Then she was taken from the house, and led on foot, as it seemed to her, through woods and fields, but never along roads.

In this way she was made to walk a very long distance, till she was ready to sink with exhaustion and fatigue, for, overcome by her terror, she had refused the food which had been offered her by the woman of the house to which she was taken. At length her captors left her at a point about half a mile from her father's house, in the road running from Bergen Corners to Hoboken Ferry. With extreme difficulty, she managed to walk home, but only to sink upon the door-step, where she was found at daylight. She had not strength, while lying on the step, to alarm her family, or make her return known to them.

Beyond the fact of the abduction, no violence was offered to her, and the motives of her captors can only be conjectured. But even conjecture is at fault. The friends of the young lady think it not impossible that a mistake was made in her person, and that it was the intention of the ruffians to have seized somebody else. It is believed that she was not taken out of Hudson county. No little excitement and alarm have been created in Bergen, and its vicinity through this high-handed outrage.

The young lady is, as might be expected, very ill, excited and feverish. Her physicians have recommended that she be not further questioned until she somewhat recovers.—*New York Times.*

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—Your carpet being first well beaten and freed from dust, tack it down to the floor; then mix half a pint of bullock's gall with two gallons of soft water; scrub it well with soap and with this gall mixture; let it remain till quite dry, and it will be perfectly cleansed and look like new, as the colors will be restored to their original brightness.—The brush you use must not be too hard, but rather long in the hair, or you will rub up the nap and damage the article.

☞ A newsboy rushed into a retail shirt store in Chatham street recently, and accosted the proprietor:

"Say, mister, do you retail shirts here?"

"Yes, my son, we sell to you at five shillings a piece—very nice ones."

"Oh, blazes, but I don't want a whole one; but I seed your sign, 'shirts re-tailed,' and I thought you might re-tail mine, for it wants it bad; a dog got hold of it, and he wouldn't let it go until I had killed him."

"Well, sonny, you had better go over the way. We cannot re tail your old shirt here."

From the Olive Branch.

The Stray Sheep.

"He's going the wrong way—straying from the true fold; going off the track," said old Deacon Green, shaking his head ominously, as he saw young Neff enter a church, to hear an infidel preacher.—"Can't understand it; he was taught his catechism and ten commandments as soon as he could speak; he knows the right way as well as our parson; I can't understand it."

Harry Neff had never seen a day pass since his earliest childhood, that was not ushered in and closed with a family prayer. He had never taken of a repast upon which the Divine blessing was not invoked. The whole atmosphere of the old homestead was decidedly orthodox. Novels; plays, and Byronic poetry were all vetoed, Operas, theatres, and the like, most decidedly frowned upon: and no lighter literature was allowed upon the table, than Missionary Reports and Theological treatises.

Most of his father's guests being clergymen, Harry was early made acquainted with every crook and turn of orthodoxy. He had laid up many a clerical conversation, and pondered it in his heart, when they imagined his thoughts on anything but the subject in debate. At his father's request, they had each and all taken him to be the button, for the purpose of long privaty conversations,—the old gentleman generally prefacing his request with the remark that "his heart was as hard as a flint."

Harry listened with respectful attention, manifesting no sign of impatience, no nervous shrinking from the probing process, and they left him, impressed with a sense of his decided mental superiority but totally unable to affect his feelings in the remotest degree.

Such a pity! they all said, that he sho'd be so impenetrable; such wonderful argumentative powers as he had; such felicity of expression, such an engaging exterior. Such a pity! that on all these brilliant natural gifts should not have been written, "Holiness to the Lord."

Yes, dear reader, it was a pity. Pity, when our pulpits are so often filled with those, whose only recommendation for their office is a good heart and black coat. It was a pity that that grateful gesticulation, that rare felicity of expression, that keen perception of the beautiful, that ready tact and adaptation to circumstances and individuals, should not have been effective weapons in the *gospel armory?* a pity, that that voice of music should not have been employed, to chain the worldling's fastidious ear to listen to Calvary's story. Yes, it was a pity that that glorious intellect had been laid at an unholy shrine;—a pity, that "he had strayed from the true fold." How was it?

Ah! the solution is simple. "Line upon line, precept upon precept," is well—but *practice is better!* Religion *must not be all lip service;* the "fruits of love, meekness, gentleness, forbearance, long suffering" must follow. Harry was a keen observer. He had often heard the harsh and angry word from lips upon which the Saviour's name had just lingered. He had felt the unjust, quick, passionate blow from the hand which a moment before had been raised in supplication to Heaven.—He had seen the purse-strings relax at the bidding of worldliness, and tighten at the call of charity. He had seen principle sacrificed to policy, and duty to interest. He had himself been misappreciated. The shrinking sensitiveness which drew a veil over his most sacred feelings, had been harshly construed into hard-heartedness and indifference. Every duty to which his attention was called, was prefaced with the supposition that he was averse to its performance. He was cut off from the gay pleasures which buoyant spirits and fresh young life so eloquently plead for; and in their stead no innocent enjoyment was substituted. He saw Heaven's gate shut, most unceremoniously, upon all who did not subscribe to the parental creed, outraging both his own good sense and the teachings of the Bible; and so religion (which should have been rendered so lovely) put on to him an ascetic form. Oh, what marvel that the flowers in the broad road were so passing fair to see? that the forbidden fruit of the "tree of knowledge" was so tempting to the youthful touch?

Oh, Christian parent! be consistent, be judicious, be cheerful. If, as historians inform us, "no smile ever played on the lips of Jesus of Nazareth, surely *no frown marred the beauty of that holy brow.*

Dear reader, *true* religion is *not* gloomy. "Her ways *are* ways of pleasantness, her paths *are* peace." No man, no woman, has chart or compass, or guiding star, without it.

Religion is not a *fable.* Else why, when our household gods are shivered, do our tearful eyes seek only Heaven?

Why, when disease lays its iron grasp on bounding life, does the startled soul *so* earnestly, *so* tearfully, *so* imploringly call on its forgotten Saviour?

Ah! the house "built upon the sand" may do for sunny weather; but when billows roll, and tempests blow, and lightnings flash, and thunders roar, we need the "Rock of Ages." FANNY FERN.

The Death of Josephine.

Darkness and clouds surrounded the pathway of Napoleon. In vain he struggled to retrieve his fortune. The last engagement at Leipsic decided his fortunes for the time and consigned him to Elba.

Napoleon was an exile, but in his retirement he did not forget the only being he ever really loved, his Josephine. He immediately addressed a letter to her, breathing the same spirit towards her that he had always manifested rather congratulating himself that his head and spirit were freer from the enormous weight of care, and intimating that hereafter his pen should be a substitute for sword.

"The world" said he, "has as yet, only seen me in profile. I shall now show myself in full. How many things have I to disclose! how many are the men upon whom a false estimate has been placed! I have heaped benefits upon millions of wretches! What have they done in the end for me? They have all betrayed me! Yes, all. I except from this number the good Eugene and yourself. Adieu! my dear Josephine, Be resigned, as I am, and never forget him who never forgot, and never will forget you. Farewell, Josephine.

NAPOLEON."

Upon reading these tidings so terrible, Josephine was overwhelmed with grief, and immediately answered his letter, breathing the same spirit of devotion to him, who was *once* her husband, that had always characterized her noble heart, and entreated him to say but the word, and she would fly to him. The remaining circumstances connected with her illness and death we give in the language of Mr. Abbott.

A few days after this letter was written, the Emperor Alexander, with a number of illustrious guests, dined with Josephine, at Malmaison. In the evening twilight, the party went out upon the beautiful lawn in front of the house for recreation. Josephine, whose health had become exceedingly precarious through care and sorrow, being regardless of herself in devotion to her friends, took a violent cold. The next day she was worse. Without any definite form of disease, she day after day grew more faint and feeble, until it was evident that her change was near at hand. Eugene and Hortense, her most affectionate children, were with her by day and by night. They communicated to her physician, that death was near. She heard the tidings with perfect composure, and called for a clergyman to administer to her the last rites of religion.

Just after his solemnity the Emperor Alexander entered the room. Eugene and Hortense, bathed in tears, were kneeling at their mother's side. Josephine beckoned to the Emperor to approach her, and said to him and her children, "I have always desired the happiness of France. I did all in my power to contribute to it; and I can say with truth, to all of you now present, and my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a tear to flow."

She called for the portrait of the Emperor; she gazed upon it long and tenderly; and then, fervently pressing it in her clasped hands to her bosom; faintly articulated the following prayer:

"O God! watch over Napoleon while he remains in the desert of this world. Alas! though he hath committed great faults; hath he not expiated them by great sufferings?—Just God, thou hast looked into his heart, and hast seen by how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated. Deign to approve my last petition. And may this image of my husband bear me witness that my latest wish and my latest prayer were for him and my children."

It was the 26th of May 1814. A tranquil summer's days was fading away into the cloudless, serene and beautiful evening. The rays of the setting sun struggling through the foliage of the open window, shone cheerfully upon the bed where the empress was dying. The vesper songs of the birds which filled the grove of Malmaison floated sweetly upon the ear, and the gentle spirit of Joschine, lulled to repose by these sweet anthems, sunk into its last sleep. Gazed upon the portrait of the emperor, she exclaimed, 'L'isled' Elba—Napoleon!' and died.

Alexander, as he gazed upon her lifeless remains, burst into tears, and uttered the following affecting yet just tribute of respect to her memory: She is no more; that woman whom France named the beneficent, that angel of goodness is no more. Those who have known Josephine can never forget her. She dies regretted by her offspring, her friends, and her contemporaries."

For four days her body remained shrouded in state for its burial. During this time more than twenty thousand of the people of France visited her beloved remains. On the 2nd of June, at midday, the funeral procession moved from Malmaison to Ruel, where the body was deposited in a tomb of the village church. The funeral services were conducted with the greatest magnificence, as the sovereigns of the allied armies united with the French in doing honor to her memory. When all had left the church but Eugene and Hortense, they knelt beside their mother's grave, and for a long time mingled their prayers and their tears. A beautiful monument of white marble representing the empress kneeling in her coronatical robes, is erected over her burial-place, with this simple but effecting inscription:

EUGENE AND HORTENSE
TO
JOSEPHINE.

Death Place of Pontius Pilate.

A legend is popular among the people of Vienna, says the "Journal of an antiquary," concerning the death of Pontius Pilate. The story is of a strange character, and throws a wild and pleasing interest over the locality which commemorates the event. Not far from Vienna is situated a small Roman tower; its walls are built square and rise to an unusual height. Its lattice works overlook the waters of the river; and the lofty shadows of its exterior envelope the shining floor winding at its base with perpetual gloom, and seem to form an additional feature of melancholy from the character of the deed which is presumed to have been enacted there. The place is called the "Tour de Maconseul." After the crucifixion of Jesus Christ; Pilate, broken in spirit, retired to the tower to indulge in his grief, and to conceal his lamentations from his unbelieving people. Here, violently susceptible of the great wrong he felt himself to have participated in, in a paroxism of despair, he threw himself from the lofty windows of the tower, and perished in the waters of the Rhine. The Swiss have likewise the traditionary account of the death of Pilate. At the foot of one of the Alpine mountains, called by the name of Pilate; stands a small lake, its waters are always in a disturbed condition, and often the scene of violent storms. Gloom and solitude are the leading characteristics of this unfrequented place, which presents but a wild and ill-boding appearance to the eye of the traveler. Enfeebled in body, and his mind a prey to ceaseless remorse, Pilate is said to have reached the margin of the lake, and there to have seated himself and drank of its waters.

An alien from his country and race, without friends and solace, he resigned himself to the bitterness of his reflections, and finally threw himself into the waters at his feet. The tranquility of the scene is said to have been changed from that time. The waters are often visited by severe and unaccountable agitations, which the legends say are the writhings of the troubled spirit of Pilate.

The adjacent mountains are shadowed all the year through, and the superstitious inhabitants of the district affirm that aparitions are frequently to be seen in the neighborhood, and lamentations are heard upon the winds, waking the echoes of fastnesses. The subject has been before referred to by English travelers, and particular allusion is make to it in Hughes' Itinerary.

☞ Chinese ingenuity is said to have succeeded in teaching monkeys to gather tea on those spots which are not accessible to man but at the hazard of life.

☞ Ponder well,

AGRICULTURAL.

Sowing Corn for Fodder.

In answer to an inquiry, the *Country Gentleman* says:

We have cultivated corn for fodder for many years, and find it, all things considered, the most profitable crop we can raise. It may be sown during the comparative season of leisure just after corn-planting, and secured at the next season of leisure just after hay-making and harvesting. After repeatedly cropping the same ground, we are satisfied that it rather enriches than impoverishes the land, no grain being formed, and a vast bed of roots remaining. Nothing is equal to it for reducing rough, turfy, weedy land, to a state of cleanliness and good tilth. We believe it the best fallow crop in the world to precede wheat.

It should never be sown Broadcast.—The imperfections of this mode are the chief reasons that the crop has not become more generally introduced. It requires more seed, and leaves the ground in a fouler condition than when sown in plowed drills. We have tried both ways to our entire satisfaction as to the comparative value of each. The following is the best mode for sowing, cultivating and securing the crop:

Plow and harrow the ground as for any other crop; furrow it with a one-horse plow, three feet apart; let a man pass along one of the drills with a half-bushel basket on his left arm containing shelled corn, and strew the seed in the furrow at the rate of about 40 or 50 grains to a foot, which will be about 2½ or 3 bushels per acre. He will do this evenly, with a little practice as fast as he can walk. If sowed thinner the crop will be smaller.—We have found by accurately weighing and measuring, that 20 grains to the foot yielded only ⅔ the crop afforded by 40 grains to the foot. Immediately after the sower, follows a man with a one-horse harrow or cultivator, or with a two-horse harrow *lengthwise* with the furrow, and covers the seed. Two men will thus plant six or seven acres in a day.

When the corn is six inches to a foot high run a one-horse cultivator between the rows. This is all the dressing the crop needs. No hoeing is necessary, for the dense growth soon smothers down all else, and in the autumn, when the crop is cut off, the earth is left as clean as a newly plowed field.

It is to be harvested about the first of autumn. If the crop is very heavy or much 'lodged,' it is cut by reaping. If straight and even, a common scythe will answer the purpose, a little practice enabling the operator to throw it smoothly with the heads in one direction. After partly drying for a day or two, the best way is to tie it in bundles and put it up in large shocks, although raking by a horse into winrows for cocks, might answer well for large fields. It must be dry some weeks. It can never be safely put into large stacks. The most perfect way would be to place it in small stacks, or long upright rows, under a large shed. Even if the stocks appear perfectly cured after several weeks exposure, they will certainly heat and spoil if stacked in the ordinary way. Hence, the stacks must be quite small, freely salted, and well ventilated by means of three or four poles placed upright in the centre. We have found the stalk to retain a good condition when left in large well made shocks on the field in winter. Curing is the only difficulty with this crop, and this ceases when understood.

Land that will yield thirty bushels of corn to the acre, will afford about *five tons* of dried fodder. Moist land is better than very dry, as it is more effected by drouth than ordinary corn crops. We have not found the cost, including interest on the land, to exceed $1,50 per ton for dried fodder.

For soiling, or feeding green, corn fodder often proves of the highest value, when pastures are burnt by drouth. For this purpose at different periods till mid-summer.

Green Crops for Barn use in Summer.

It is the great number of cattle that a British farmer keeps on his farm which by furnishing so much good manure enables him to raise such good crops. The turnip crop occupying one-fourth his farm, furnishes him the grand means of keeping so large a stock during the winter months, and the practice of soiling his horses and cattle, enables him to keep more animals than he otherwise could during the summer.

By soiling is meant the system of feeding cattle in sheds and stables on green food grown for the purpose, instead of allowing them to graze the fields at pleasure. That we can adopt soiling, except in some few cases near large cities, admits of some coubt. One of the great objections to the practice is the greater amount of labor required in mowing and carrying to the barn the green food, than in letting the cattle cut it themselves. Another objection is that our climate is not so well adapted for the production of succulent summer food as the warm moist climate of the British isles. Yet as we have often said, we obtain heavier crops of red clover than do British farmers, and red clover is there considered one of the best crops for soiling purposes; and could it be grown with as much certainty and in such quantity as in Western New York, it would be much more extensively used.

We believe it would pay every farmer to take an acre or two of clover, as contiguous to the barn as possible, and manure it highly in the fall or spring. It will be found of great advantage to cut and feed to the horses in the stable at noon, and for an hour or so before turning them into the field in the evening. A few acres so manured and *cut early* would afterwards yield a splendid crop of clover seed; or it might be mown twice, as green food for the horses and cattle.