

nounce Paris, the club, the races of Lamarche and of Berney, and the brilliant reunions of the watering places? Will you consent to pass our winters at Ischia or Sorrente, and our summers at Arcy or La Roche?"

"O, indeed!" cried the count; "here are tastes singularly romantic. The baroness loses her senses. If that is her last word for the future, I renounce dining to-day at her house."

The baron urged on his horse, and continued his way without turning his head, or taking a last look toward the towers of the chateau of La Roche, whose roofs now glistened in the rays of the morning sun.

During this time the artist followed a retired path that led along the river, and likewise read the letter of the baroness, with the absorbed emotions of a man who awaits his destiny in a single word.

"Monsieur,—

"You offer me to partake with you the artist life you lead, mingled with labor and success. You love me, you say. I believe it; but would you love me sufficiently to sacrifice for me precisely what you would be so proud to consecrate to me? But if I tell you that I prefer a thousand times—and that in that I obey certain prejudices of race,—that I prefer to be the wife of a country gentleman to being the wife of a celebrated painter;—if I tell you that you must renounce your family, Paris, and your art, and come to partake with me my moderate income at La Roche, summer and winter; to forget your personal fame, and be proud only of our ancestry. My hand is at this price."

M. de Lerth did not express disappointment and surprise, like the baron and the count, but turned his horse, and proceeded direct to La Roche, with palpitating heart.

The baroness was walking the park, her parasol upon her shoulder; she came towards him, smiling, and held out her hand.

"I believe," said she, "you are first at the rendezvous. I believe, even, you will be the only one."

He expressed his pleasure.

"So," continued she, "you accept my conditions."

"Madame," answered the young man, seriously, "fame is not always happiness. I am no longer a painter; I now become a country gentleman"—and, taking her hand,—*"ah! I love you."*

She conducted the way to a grass bank which bordered the avenues, and seated herself beside him.

"I demanded," said she, "of M. de Massile the sacrifice of his tastes; of M. D'Arcy, that of his pleasures; of you I have demanded more yet,—the sacrifice of your art,—that is to say, the half of your existence. The gentlemen have not come; the sacrifice was too great. You arrive, and you accept,—it is you who love me,—and," she added lower, "it is you that I love. I foresaw what has happened, and you alone have triumphed at the proof."

"A proof!" exclaimed the young man.

"Yes, without doubt, my friend. Why then renounce the reputation,—the works of which I am proud, since the time my heart has spoken? Yes, it was a proof! I accept in my turn the life you offer me. Nobility, in our time, is not degraded by art. Art! is it not a nobility? Resume your pencils, my friend."

M. Lerth expressed himself grateful, anew.

"To what good," murmured he; "it is the destiny of artists to seek, without ceasing, an ideal? I have found mine."

"You shall paint it," replied she.

Miscellaneous.

ANECDOTE OF SHERIDAN.—Holland's theatre, the handsomest in the kingdom, was destined to a short existence, being totally burnt down on the night of Feb. 24, 1806, when it had stood only fifteen years. The following authentic anecdote in connection with the building, has not before, as we believe, appeared in print. Holland could never obtain a settlement, or an interview on the subject, with Sheridan. He hunted him for weeks and months at his own house, at the theatre, at his usual resorts, but he was nowhere to be seen. At last he tracked him to the stage-door, rushed in spite of the opposition of the burly porter, and found the manager on the stage conversing with a party of gentlemen whom he had invited, to show them the theatre. Sheridan saw Holland approaching, and knowing that escape was then impossible put a bold face on the matter.

"Ah? my dear fellow," exclaimed he, "you are the very man I wanted to see, you have come most *apropos*. I am truly sorry you have had the trouble of calling on me so often, but now we are met, in a few moments I shall be at liberty; we will then go into my room together and settle our affairs. But first, you must decide an important question here. Some of these gentleman say

there are complaints, and loud ones, that the transmission of sound is defective in your beautiful theatre—that, in fact, the galleries cannot hear at all—and that is the reason they have become so noisy of late."

"Sound defective! not hear!" reiterated the astonished architect turning pale and almost staggering back; "why, it is the most perfect building for sound that ever was erected; I'd take my reputation on it, the complaint is most groundless."

"So I say," retorted Sheridan; but now we'll bring the question to issue definitely, and then have a paragraph or two in the papers. Do you, Holland, go and place yourself at the upper gallery, while I stand here on the stage and talk to you."

"Certainly," said Holland, "with the greatest pleasure."

A lantern was provided, with a trusty guide, and away went the architect through a labyrinth of dark and winding passages, almost a day's journey, until he reached his distant and elevated post.

"Now, Mr. Holland," cried Sheridan, "are you there and ready?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Can you hear me?"

"Perfectly, perfectly, Mr. Sheridan."

"Then I wish you a very good morning."

So saying Sheridan disappeared, and was two or three miles off before Holland could descend. Another long interval occurred ere he was able to chase the fugitive to his lair.

MURMURING.—Cecil was once riding with a friend on a very windy day, when the dust was so troublesome that his companion wished to be at their journey's end, so they might ride in the fields free from dust, and this wish he repeated a number of times. When he reached the fields the flies so tasted his friend's horse that he could scarcely keep his seat in the saddle. On his bitterly complaining, "Ah! sir," said Mr. Cecil, when you were in the road, the dust was your only trouble, and all your anxiety was to get into the fields; you forgot the fly was there. Now this is a true picture of human life; we know the trials of our present situation but the next will have trials and perhaps worse, though they may be of different kind.—*Cecil's Remains.*

A FINE LETTER OF LOVE.—Lesbia,—I write of thee with the smallest plume of the humming bird, dipped in dew. A drop of that hung on the red brim of a daisy, and was coloured by the flower.—My theme, Lesbia, is the eye-lashes that guard what I dare not look into. Oh, eyelashes, what do you see? The shadow you make on her cheek? The shifting light that her golden earrings throw when they swing to and fro, as she turns the arching ivory of her neck, and make sunshine on the damask roses which they gild? Dear eyelashes, you bent over and kept a watch on the rich banquet she prepared for me, when like a nymph, and making ready the feast for some young god who had newly alighted with unbudding wing, she fried me those tempting sprats, and did them so "nice and brown."

AWFUL PAUSE.—A lady in a neighboring town who had risen rapidly from the Kitchen to grace the head of her master's table, was one day entertaining a large party, when the conversation happened to flag one of the guests remarked—*"awful pause!"* "And what's your business with my *awful pause!*" in wrath retorted the landlady; "if you had scrubbed the house as long as I have done, your *pauses* would have been as bonnie and white as they are."

EXCUSED.—A young man at a social party was urged to sing a song. He replied that he would first tell them a story, and then if they persisted in their demands he would execute a song. "When a boy," he said, "he took lessons in singing, and on Sunday morning he went into his father's attic to practice by himself. When in full play, he was suddenly sent for by the old gentleman. This is pretty conduct, said the father, pretty employment for the son of pious parents, to be saving boards on Sunday morning, loud enough to be heard by the neighbours. Sit down and take your book." The young man was excused from singing the proposed song.

A RAFT INDEED!—A modern traveller in Germany gives a description of the immense rafts which occasionally descend the Rhine. He says it is nine hundred feet long and two hundred wide, on which was built a village for the accommodation of the boatmen and the passengers, consisting of about one thousand persons. There were cattle, hogs, and other animals on board—and also a shop where the passengers could be supplied with every necessary article.

HAZEL-EYED GIRLS.—Major Noah said "a hazel eye inspires at first a Platonic sentiment, which gradually but surely expands into love as securely founded as the Rock of Gibraltar. A woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort to her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, always is an entertaining, intellectual, agreeable, and lovely creature." "We never knew," says a brother editor, "but one uninteresting or unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose which looked, as the Yankee says, like the little end of nothing whittled down to a point. The gray is the sign of shrewdness and talent; great thinkers and captains have it. In women it indicates a better head than heart.—The dark hazel is noble in its significance, as well as in its beauty. The blue is amiable, but may be feeble; the black, take care!"

AT A LOSS FOR SOCIETY.—Would you believe it, aunt, exclaimed a pale faced young lady of the "upper ten;"—Would you believe it? Uncle Solomon, here, tells me that the ladies out west actually speak to the tradesmen and storekeepers! They must be sadly in want of society musen't they?" "Hump! yes," interrupted Uncle Solomon, "they are as badly off for society, my dear, as your father was when he pulled radishes and asparagus for a living, and your mother sold them in the old Fly Market—ha! ha! society. hump!"—Miss Polly Dolly Adeline fainted, and her aunt was for some time invisible in the next room.

MARRY NOT FOR A FORTUNE.—We overheard a poor unfortunate get the following sockdolager, the other day, from his better half. "You good-for-nothing fellow!" said she, "what would you have been if I had not married you? Whose was the baking kiver, whose the pig trough, whose the frying-pan, and the iron-hooped bucket, but mine when you married me?"

PRETTY GOOD.—An exquisite compliment was paid, the other evening, to a lady in our presence. She had just swallowed a *petite* glass of wine, as a gentleman in the company asked for a taste. "It is all gone," said she, laughing, "unless you will take some of it from my lips." "I should be most happy," he replied, "but I never take *sugar* with my wine."

A REMEDY.—A young widow was asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband. "Oh, la," said she, "I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom."

DRY COWS.—"I say, milkman, you give your cows too much salt!" "Why—how do you know how much salt I give them?" "I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately! Salt makes the cows dry and then they drink too much water, and that makes their milk thin, you know."

Smith and Brown running opposite way round a corner struck each other.

"Oh dear," said Smith, "how you make my head ring."

"That's a sign it is hollow," said B.

"Didn't yours ring," said Smith.

"No."

"Then that's a sign its cracked," replied his friend.

"I find Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my best jokes, and passing them off as your own. Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?"

"To be sure I do, Tom. A true gentleman will always take a joke from a friend."

James Keenan in an interesting letter about Japan, says that "sacé," the principal drink of the country is supposed to consist of sour whiskey, tobacco juice and aquafortis.

At a concert one evening, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a good time coming," a man in a labourer's garb arose in the midst of the assembly and exclaimed, "Mister, you couldn't fix the date could you?"

Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips, may operate on the young heart like a careless spray thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.

PAPER MANUFACTURE.—Great improvements have been made in this branch of industry within the last few years. In six hours, after passing into the mill, rags may be converted into the finished article. In the town of Lee, Massachusetts, there are twenty paper mills, in which about 1,000 hands and seventy five steam engines are employed, and where about 11,000,000 lbs. of rags are converted into paper annually.

Agricultural.

ASHES IN AGRICULTURE.—Wood ashes is one of the most important fertilizers. It is easily obtained in any quantity, and at little or no expense. Take them carefully away from your hearths and save until your corn and potatoes have risen two or three inches from the ground, and then take a basket on your arm, and from it a small handful of ashes and cast them at the root of your plants and hoe them soon, so as to cover over the ashes.

Ashes contain all the inorganic substance of the wood or plants which are consumed; part of these are soluble and part insoluble. But the soluble substances, mixed with water, will dissolve the insoluble. Thus potash will dissolve silica and prepare it for glazing the stalks of cane, corn, wheat, &c.

Not a particle of ashes should go to waste.—Leached ashes has parted with most of its potash, but still retains its phosphoric acid and most of its lime.

Ashes neutralize acids in the soil; they warm cold, messy, wet places; they are very destructive to insects; they assist to break down and dissolve the coarse fibres and stalks in compost heaps; render hard clayey soils open, loamy and fertile.

The potash, so material to most crops, can be obtained here only from ashes. In granite regions potash is obtained from the dissolution of the feldspar, but we have none in this region of country. Wheat contains a large proportion of potash.—Fifty-nine per cent. of the ash of corn is potash; one half of the earthy portion of Irish potatoes is pure potash.

Save your ashes, therefore, as carefully as you do your rive and ten cent pieces, apply them to your crops with care, and you will find them of a rich deep green color while growing, and heavy with nutriment at harvest.—*Ancient City.*

ON CURING CLOVER HAY.—Whether the grass be clover alone or clover and timothy, it should be cut when from one-half to two-thirds of the clover blossoms have a brown appearance. Let it be cut only in good hay weather. From eleven to twelve o'clock spread all the hay which has been cut since the previous noon over the ground. Between one and five o'clock rake it up and put it in cocks. It may now stand from two to five days, as may be most convenient, when, if the weather prove favourable, it will be in good order to put in the barn or stack. Roll the cocks bottom side up, an hour or two before hauling, so that the dampness arising from the earth may dry off. Sprinkle over about four quarts of salt to the ton, whether it be put in the mow or stack.

When properly cured and stacked in this manner, cattle and horses will leave good grass pasture for this hay. It is better not to tramp it much in the mow, and it will come out in the winter as bright and sweet as when it was put in. Try it and see.—*Ohio Farmer.*

THE GARDEN.—Few persons who have not been in the habit of cultivating and gathering the products of the garden, are aware how much may be obtained from one well managed towards supplying the table, and furnishing a large amount of seasonable, nutritious and wholesome food for the family. The vegetables and fruits which may be obtained are numerous, and when the management of the garden is reduced to a system, so that a spot is designated for each particular plant, it will be found easy to get it into order in the spring. Constant attention will be necessary to see that the cultivated plants occupy the whole space, and not left to struggle with weeds and other plants not desired. A few general maxims may be observed with profit.

"Grow nothing carelessly; whatever is worth growing at all, is worth growing well."

Plants when exposed to the action of light, transmit moisture copiously through their leaves; transplanted seedlings, therefore, and cuttings, should be shaded from the sun until their roots are strong enough to supply moisture as rapidly as it is thrown off.

Leaves absorb and give out moisture, and inhale and exhale air; they are, consequently, the most important organs of a plant, & if they are destroyed or injured, the whole plant suffers.

Light is necessary to flowers, that they may acquire their proper hues; therefore, when kept in rooms, their place should be as near to the window as possible."

Eat sparingly and defy the physician. The discontented man finds no easy chair. It is a noble specimen of revenge to have the power of retaliation and not to exercise it.

Those who blow the coals of others' strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their own face.

The life that answers the great ends of life is long. Years do not make the sum of existence.