

Poetry.

MAKING HAY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Hurray! for glorious Summer,  
With her crown of gorgeous flowers,  
And her long and fragrant nooning,  
In the cool and shady bowers.  
Farewell to gloomy sorrow,  
"Dull care" fly swiftly away—  
There is sunshine in the meadow  
Twining in the clover hay!

Let the bean in dusty cities  
Boast of walking in the park.  
But a summer morning walk for me  
When sings the early lark!

Let them talk of balls and soirees,  
And drives along Broadway,  
But there's purer joy in being  
In the meadow "making hay."

When the sun shines down the hottest,  
And the winds have sunk to sleep,  
And the flies their lazy buzzings  
Have hushed in silence deep—  
Then we seek the shady maples,  
Where the moss is soft and green,  
And gaze upon the silver clouds  
Which deck the sky serene.

And the gentle blue-eyed maiden  
At noon comes o'er the lawn,  
With the grace of storied fairies,  
And the lightness of a fawn,  
With her dinner basket laden,  
Filled with bread and butter sweet—  
Oh, the farmer's blue-eyed daughter  
With pleasure pure I greet.

And, perchance, I pressed the fingers  
That arranged the dainty feast,  
And, perhaps, the little maiden  
Colored just the very least—  
And if she sat beside me,  
My heart ran o'er with bliss,  
And sometimes from her rosy cheek  
I stole a tender kiss.

Oh, 'twas pleasant, very pleasant,  
Sitting in the fragrant shade,  
Which the broad and spreading foliage  
Of the maple trees had made,  
Listening to the robin's chirping  
In the branches of the trees,  
And watching o'er the hill tops  
The coming of the breeze.

Yes, these summer days are beautiful!  
Are full of golden light,  
With the winsome shadows flitting  
Over dale and mountain height.  
Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis delightful,  
When the skies are warm above,  
To spend the day in "making hay,"—  
The noon in making love.

Select Tale.

From the Boston True Flag.

SUICIDE BY DROWNING.

BY AN OLD SEXTON.

"To run away  
From this world's ills, that, at the very worst,  
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves  
By boldly rushing on a world unknown,  
And plunging headlong in the dark!—it's mad!  
No frenzy half so desperate as this."

BLAIR.

I HAD just returned from the country, where I had been to convey the body of a person to repose with the bones of his ancestors.

"You have n't heard the news, I suppose," said my wife, when I had finished my supper.

"No; what?"

"Shirley has been found."

"Found?"

"Yes, found drowned."

"Is it possible! It is fully three months since his disappearance."

"More than that."

"Where was he found?"

"In the water, near the Milldam. The corpse was in a shocking condition. The face was all gone."

"No one could identify him, till they brought him into his wife's presence. She gave a single glance at the corpse, and then declared it was her husband. They have sent for you to attend the funeral at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

"I will go up to the house. I was sure that Shirley had cleared for foreign parts."

"So was everybody."

Musing upon this singular discovery of the man who had mysteriously disappeared some three months before, I walked up to his late residence. I found his wife and daughter much more composed than I should have expected them to be under such

circumstances. The corpse had been placed in a coffin, and of course it was not proper that it should be exhibited, so the lid had been screwed down. I did not see the corpse myself.

Mr. Shirley, a brother of the deceased, was at the house, and gave me directions in relation to the funeral. He seemed to be even more disturbed than Mrs. Shirley, and, as we stood in the room with the coffin, I could not help noticing a very obvious nervousness in his manner. The appearance was not that of deep grief; it was a kind of tremulous inquietude, which, however, was not very remarkable under the circumstances. Mrs. Shirley was quite calm; but there was a rumor abroad that she and her late husband had not lived on the very best of terms, and I could explain her seeming indifference only on the supposition that the rumor was true. However, these were none of my concerns, and, after completing the arrangements for the funeral, I took my leave.

This last rite was attended by an immense concourse of people, whom curiosity and the publicity which had been given to the facts connected with the decease of Mr. Shirley had drawn together. Everybody seemed to have a great desire to see the coffin, since they could not see the corpse, and its removal was prevented for over an hour by the pressure of the crowd.

I noticed the same nervousness on the part of Mr. Shirley which I had observed on the preceding evening. He seemed anxious to hasten my movements, and wished me to disperse the crowd, and proceed with the interment. He could not keep still for a single moment. If any person looked at him, he dodged, and wished to evade scrutiny. Still I could attribute his singular demeanor only to the painful circumstances of the occasion. His name had been brought before the public in connection with an affair which gave his family a most unenviable notoriety, and it was not to be wondered at that he was nervous and uneasy.

Three months after, I laid him by the side of his brother. He had worried himself into the malady which ended his days. People said he was of a very sensitive temperament, and the death of his brother had killed him.

But it is time that the reader should know the events connected with the death of the suicide, whose body had been found in the water.

The two brothers were both in the employ of the Blank Bank. Thomas, who was married and was the father of a girl of ten, was the teller, and George was a clerk or messenger, I forget which. They were both competent men, and stood high in the confidence of the directors.

At one of the examinations of the affairs of the bank, a deficit of ten thousand dollars, or more, was discovered. For these modern times, when Swartwouting and Schuylerism are quite fashionable, this would be considered a contemptible sum; but forty years ago, when the event occurred, it was considered quite a smart transaction, and the rogue got as much credit for it as he would for a hundred thousand now.

No sooner was the discovery of the loss made, than Thomas Shirley suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. George knew, or professed to know, nothing concerning his whereabouts. His wife was equally ignorant. About a week after, his coat—a blue one with brass buttons—was found, crammed into an aperture in the wall of the Milldam. His fate was surmised then: he was a defaulter at the bank, and had committed "suicide by drowning." The basin was dragged to recover his body, but without success.

Gradually people ceased to talk about the matter. The bank continued George Shirley in his place. There was no reason to doubt his honesty; and if there had been, the sufferings he every day endured would have been enough to have rendered the directors very tender of him. His cup of sorrow was full, without being deprived of his daily bread, and sent forth into the world with a stain upon his character.

The body of Thomas Shirley was found floating on the water one morning in February, when the ice of a severe winter was passing away. As I have before said, it was so much disfigured that no one could recognize it. It had evidently lodged somewhere on the bottom of the basin, where the current had washed away nearly all the clothing upon it, so that there was nothing left by which to identify it. But the fact that Shirley's coat had been found in the vicinity at the time of his disappearance, was almost conclusive; and his wife, after a single glance, was satisfied that it was the body of her husband. How she could speak positively, I know not; but the evidence was deemed sufficient.

Twenty years after, Shirley was forgotten, as the dead, sooner or later, are forgotten. His widow had married again; but both she and her second husband had gone down to the grave. Ellen Shir-

ley, the suicide's daughter, had married ten years before, and was now the mother of four children. Her husband had been prosperous, and was now captain and part owner of a fine Indiaman.

Captain Swain had just returned from Calcutta. He had embraced his wife, and hugged and kissed his children, when she observed that he was accompanied by a stranger. He was apparently fifty-five or sixty years of age. His hair was silver white, and his wrinkled face browned by long exposure under a tropical sun.

Mrs. Swaine glanced inquiringly at him, and then at her husband, as much as to say, "Who is this gentleman?"

"Mr. Bentley—Mrs. Swaine," said the captain. They shook hands, and passed a few pleasant words together.

"Mr. Bentley has come to live with us," continued Captain Swaine.

"Indeed!" and Mrs. Swaine glanced inquisitively at her husband.

"I shall be very happy to live with you for the few remaining years of my life."

Mrs. Swaine did not appear to be so very happy at the idea of having a perfect stranger take up his residence in her family for an indefinite period.

"I should not have brought Mr. Bentley here, only he is a relative of yours," said her husband, with a meaning smile. "I found him in Calcutta, and, ascertaining that he was one of your folks, I invited him home with me."

Mrs. Swaine was puzzled. Her husband's manner assured her that something was about to happen, but she could not imagine what.

"Pray, what relation is Mr. Bentley to me?" she asked. "I don't know that I ever heard the name before."

"Now I think of it, I believe your real name is not Bentley?"

"No; my name is Shirley," replied the stranger.

"My own name," said Mrs. Swaine.

"Thomas Shirley," added Captain Swaine.

"My father's name!"

"In a word, Ellen, this gentleman is your father!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Swaine, shrinking back, with something very much like horror in her looks.

She had an indistinct remembrance of her father's funeral, and of hearing about his disfigured body; and now to be told that this gentleman was her father, was too severely tasking her credulity.

"I am indeed your father, Ellen," said the stranger. "For twenty years I have lived in Calcutta under the assumed name of Bentley."

"Impossible! My father was drowned—his body was found, and—"

"It was not his body."

"Whose was it?"

"I do not know."

"Can it be that you are my father?"

"I am, Ellen;" and the tears started in the old man's eyes, as he gazed fondly at her. "Will you not take my hand?"

She took his hand, and they sat down on the sofa. The old man began to recal the scenes of her childhood; to tell her of little incidents which are embalmed for life in the memory of a loving heart. He pictured to her the home of her childhood; he told her of the little sister who had died only a year before his departure.

"You are my father!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into his arms. "No other could recall the blessed memories of my childhood."

"I am, Ellen; may God bless you!" and the tears flowed down the old man's furrowed cheek.

"You have risen from the dead."

"No, Ellen."

"But for twenty years you have been dead to me."

"Ay, worse than dead; but I have not lived in vain; and I am innocent of the crime with which my reputation here is stained."

"Thank God!" cried Ellen.

"I have been an outcast for another's safety."

"Indeed!"

Again the old man wept.

"It was a little singular that I should stumble upon you," interposed Captain Swaine, in order to relieve his father-in-law from the burden of an explanation.

"It was the providence of God."

"I suppose so," replied the sailor. "You see, Ellen, I happened to meet him in the counting-room of my consignee. Of course, I did not know him from Adam. He began to ask me the news from Boston, and in the course of conversation, wanted to know if I knew a Mrs. Shirley. I told him I did, that I had married her daughter. He seemed to be a good deal moved, and asked me to dine with him. I did so; he was a rich merchant there, and lived in a palace. After dinner he told me all about it."

"It was very remarkable."

"Very," added Mr. Shirley. "It is very singular that I never heard of my brother's death, though I don't know that I should have returned if I had."

"Well, father, I am glad to have you return now. How strange it seems! I can just remember the funeral."

"I read an account of it in the papers myself."

"But your coat was found on the Milldam."

"I put it there myself, to favor the supposition that I had committed suicide."

"My mother did not know your purpose."

"No; we did not live very happily together, and I was afraid to trust her with the momentous secret. The only pang I felt at leaving my native land was in parting with you, perhaps forever."

"I missed my father very much. I remember how sad I was for many months."

"Poor child! forgive me!"

"Freely, my father. How did you get away?"

"I changed my clothes, and walked all the way to New York, where I shipped before the mast for India. Fortune has prospered me since, Ellen, and I shall be able to leave you more than a competence when I die."

"I am too glad you have returned, to think of that."

"And I return innocent, as I went away. You have heard, perhaps, that George, my brother, was in the same bank with me. A deficit of ten thousand dollars was discovered, and, to my horror, I found that George had taken it. He begged me, with tears, not to expose him. Oh, how I felt for him! I could have died for him! I will not tell you of the struggle that shook my soul, and which ended in a resolution to sacrifice myself to save him. I wrote him a letter, explaining my purpose to commit suicide, and then departed. Poor fellow! he was sensitive—it killed him, and I thank God that he died without exposing his guilt. God will forgive him—man would not! You will keep my secret?"

"We will."

"To-morrow I will see the bank officers and pay them the loss they sustained, principal and interest. Poor George! he was young, and was tempted."

Mr. Shirley was true to his purpose, and the bank declared an extra dividend, though no one knew who had been the defaulter.

He lived some ten years after, and then I put his remains in the family tomb. The bones of the stranger who had been buried as Mr. Shirley, had been consigned to the lower vault. Probably in some distant home—for he must have been a stranger in the city; for no one had missed him—there was weeping over one who went forth and never returned. Perhaps he had committed "suicide by drowning."

Miscellaneous.

FACTS FOR DAIRYMEN.

TO PREVENT HOOF AIL IN CATTLE.—At this season of the year, when cows are put in low or swampy ground, they are liable to get the ground itch or lameness in the feet. To prevent this, take some fresh lime and put each side of the bars or where they will tread in it several times a day, taking care to add more lime occasionally. Formerly my cows suffered severely; since I have used lime as above, (about three years,) I have not had a lame cow.

TO PREVENT A COW FROM FRETTING AFTER HER CALF.—Let the calf wear a strap around the neck; when taken from the cow, put the strap around the cow's horns. The smell of the calf that remains on the strap will in a great measure prevent her fretting. If she had been accustomed to go to her calf at noon, let her be milked for a few days at the same time.

TO BREAK A COW FROM SUCKING HERSELF.—Take a small stick of hickory wood, about eight inches long, about as thick as a man's little finger, make it smaller in the middle than at either end, take a sharp-pointed knife, make a cut in the thin part of the cow's nose, large enough for the pin to go in tight; grease the stick a little; the cut will soon get well. It is impossible for a cow to suck herself while the pin is in. She will soon forget it, and the pin can then be removed. It is far preferable to wearing a yoke.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

WORTH A TRIAL.—It is stated that Mr. John Brush, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has saved the plums on a number of trees, the present season, by binding bunches of tansy upon the limbs, in several places. The fruit upon the trees thus treated ripen to perfection, while that near by, not thus protected, was entirely destroyed by the insects.—*Maine Farmer.*