

She paused; her gray eye rested earnestly upon me; the light of martyr faith and saintly love beaming from it; and thenceforth, to my eyes, the head of Hester M. Knight was glory-crowned.

Agricultural.

GOOSEBERRY MILDEW.—It is well known that mildew is so destructive to gooseberries in this country that but few of the large and choice kinds ever perfect much of their fruit, and in consequence one of the nicest of fruits is but little seen in our market in a ripe state. The writer of the calendar for the Horticulturist, gives a very simple remedy, which if as good as represented is indeed well worthy of extensive application. The following is the remedy as we read it, merely requiring the application once, "when the fruit is forming:"

"Mildew may be prevented, by watering with soap-suds, over the branches. A radical cure for this pest may be formed by mixing a peck of lime and a pound of sulphur, in ten gallons of water; let it stand and settle. A pint, in four gallons of water, syringed over the bushes when the fruit is forming, will keep them clean; cover the ground with manure, and spread a small quantity of salt over it, to keep as much moisture as possible about the roots."—*Country Gentlemen.*

PARSNIPS FOR STOCK.—The Prairie Farmer of March 27th, in a valuable article on the parsnip, says:—It is excellent as food for horses, cattle and swine. It is more nutritious than the carrot. The winter butter from the Jersey and Guernsey, fed on the parsnip, is almost as rich in flavor and color as when they are fed in pastures. It bears frost well. If left in the ground all winter, it will be good in the spring. Its ash has 36 per cent potash. Wood ashes make good manure for it. It is more hardy and less liable to disease than the carrot, and may be sown in autumn.

The Onion is a very ancient plant; it was known to the Egyptians two thousand years before the Christian era. The ancient Egyptians worshipped it as one of their gods. Its flavor varies with the climate and the soil—becoming milder as the soil is rich or the climate warm. It contains much nutritive mucilage, and it is very useful for its soothing and healing properties. When analyzed, it is found to contain water, sulphur, phosphoric and ascertic manna. The onion grows in many different forms—sometimes multiplying by numerous bulbs beneath one blade. By planting in soil perfectly adapted to its proper culture, the onion may be changed from a mere condiment to a nutritious food.

SHOEING HORSES THAT OVERREACH.—I was bred a blacksmith and farmer, and whether a natural mechanic or not, I was always anxious to know the whys and wherefores of things, or more properly speaking, the casualties and preventatives. I was also fond of trying experiments upon such things as appeared favourable for improvements. I was generally in the shop with my father evenings, rainy days, and such other times as I could be spared from the farm or school. By being in the shop so much, I obtained the views of farmers generally, and by that was enabled to make many improvements on the farm. I learned also, that many farmers entertained very erroneous views about blacksmiths too; still, they were bound to dictate according to prejudices; as, for instance, one says:—"This horse overreaches. I want you to put the forward shoes as far forward as possible, and set the hind shoes as far back, or he will tear them off." I would sometimes try to reason the case by saying the way to prevent the horse from overreaching, is to augment the speed of the forward feet, and retard the motion of the hind ones; but in order to accomplish that, I shall have to reverse your directions. Some who had little or no mechanical genius, would cut short all argument and say, "Follow my directions, or else not shoe the horse." Of course a mechanic must obey orders, if he breaks owners! so the horse would go out of the shop, nicely fettered, with his shoes clicking at every step! while, perhaps, the man of inquiry would desire a full explanation. My way is, to make the toe corks very low, and standing a little under, and the shoes set as far back as convenient on the forward feet, with high heel-corks, so as to let them roll over as soon as possible. On the hind feet I have the heel-cork low, and the toe-cork high, projecting forward, thus keeping back the hind foot, while coming up over a high toe-cork, giving time to get out of the way. If thus shod the horse will travel clean, without a click, and his speed will be increased on a trot fifteen or twenty seconds in a mile.—*New England Farmer.*

Miscellaneous.

A MAIDEN'S FIRST LOVE.—Human nature has no essence more pure—the world knows nothing more chaste—heaven has endowed the mortal heart with no feeling more holy, than the nascent affection of a young virgin's soul. The warmest language of the sunny south is too cold to shadow forth even a faint outline of that enthusiastic sentiment. And God has made the richest language poor in that same respect, because the depths of hearts that thrill with love's emotions are too sacred for contemplation. The musical voice of love stirs the source of the sweetest thought within the human breast, and steals into the most profound recesses of the soul, touching chords which never vibrated before, and calling into gentle companionship delicious hopes till then unknown.

Yes, the light of a young maiden's love breaks dimly but beautifully upon her as the silver lustre of a star glimmers through a thickly woven bower; and the first blush that mantles her cheek, as she feels the primal influence, is faint and pure as that which a rose-leaf might cast upon marble. But how rapidly does that grow stronger, and that flush deeper until the powerful effulgence of the one irradiates every corner of her heart, and the crimson glow of the other suffuses every feature of her countenance.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised with his serenity and composure, that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?" He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you afraid?" She immediately answered "No!"

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe: and that He who holds the winds in His hands and the waters in the hollow thereof, is my father."

FOR THE LADIES.—Gough, the great temperance orator, made these remarks, in a recent speech of his:—

"It was told me in England, that it was necessary for a lady who wished to travel through Europe, to be always accompanied by a gentleman, to protect her from all rudeness and even insult. I told them that here, in the United States, a lady could travel from Maine to Louisiana, and be treated with the greatest politeness. (Applause.)—Now, ladies, I have frequently noticed, that when—especially in public assemblies—some of you have been offered seats, which as a matter of courtesy, you should occupy, instead of politely saying, "I thank you sir, for your kindness," you have dropped into the vacated seat, with an apparently offended air, as much as to say, "You impudent puppy you?" (Applause.) Now, ladies, the next time a gentleman offers you a seat, if you will only put on one of your prettiest smiles, and say "I thank you, sir," depend upon it, a man can stand all night and never know he has any legs.

CHILDISH SIMPLICITY.—A gentleman of this city, proprietor of a coal yard, was endeavouring a few days ago to impress upon the mind of his son, a little fellow five or six years old, something of the character, &c., of God. Among other things he told him He was his Father in heaven, and if his earthly parent should die, he would still have a Heavenly Father to help and protect him. The little fellow was all attention, evidently interested and pleased at the idea of having two fathers, and looking up, he inquired earnestly if his "Father in Heaven kept a coal yard too!"

SMILES AND FROWNS.—Which will you do—smile and make your household happy, or be crabbed, and make all those young ones gloomy, and the elder miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words.—Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eyes and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed; and you will feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your business.—*Home Journal.*

Johnson says the greatest magicians of the age are the paper makers. They transform the Beggar's rags into sheets for editors to lie on.

Ladies wear corsets from instinct—a natural love of being squeezed.

A PROPHECY.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce says:

The political aspect of the times has reminded me of an old prophecy which appeared in a magazine towards the close of the last century, in relation to the "good old thirteen," then just united under a Constitution. Of course it was, as it indicates, from a source hostile to the "Spirit of '76."

"When figures (1) and (3) are changed from (2) to (1) The wicked rebels will their race have run; For at that number, 'tis doomed by Fate, They'll split in twain and separate."

It was a prophetic vision that could see in those dark days, that the Thirteen States would become Thirty one. The seer who saw so much may have seen more."

TEXTS FOR THE TIMES.—The following texts from the Proverbs of Solomon are very suitable to the present times.

He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding; but he that is hasty of spirits exalteth folly.

A fool's lips enter into contention, and his mouth calleth for strokes.

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.

A wrathful man stirreth up strife; but he that is slow to anger appeaseth strife.

Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set.

An evil man seeketh only rebellion; therefore a cruel messenger shall be sent against him.

VERY TRUE.—Mrs. Stowe, in an article in the Independent, says:—

"We have the impression that a vast deal of genial humor is conscientiously strangled in religious people which might illuminate and warm the way of life. Wit and gaiety answer the purpose of fire in damp houses, dispersing chills and drying up mould and making all wholesome and cheerful.—The difference between Theodore Hook and Sidney Smith is all the difference between lively nonsense and lively sense. Wit is a flask of oil to keep the machinery of life in smooth and kindly play; but he who lives on oil has too much of a good thing."

Some precious poet defines "beautiful extract" to be helping a young lady out of a mud puddle. This is almost as bad as the wit of Hartley Coleridge, who, on being asked which of Wordsworth's productions he considered the prettiest, replied: "His daughter Dora."

The following specimen of the "Eloquence of the Bar," in a not distant Western State, was actually delivered, we know from a correspondent, as reported in his notes. The case was the trial of a person on writ of *inquirendo lunatic*. Which side the "learned" and eloquent advocate was on, it is difficult to ascertain from his speech: "The counsel on the other side, Sir, misapprehends the principle involved in this important case. Law, Sir, is very simple, if we understand its elementary principles. The principle of this case, Sir, is to be found in the horn-books of the profession. I hold in my hand, sir, a volume of Blackstone. Sir, the great author of the English law: yes, Sir, I hold in my hand, Sir, that glorious *magnus chartus* the foundation and bulwark of English liberty, which was wrung by the illustrious King John, suword in hand, from the bloody Barons on the banks of the Bonnymede, on that momentous occasion! But, Sir, I did not intend to make a speech, Sir, and as I have not examined the question, Sir, I submit it to the Court with these few and incongruous remarks."—*Am. Magazine.*

HOW TO EAT STRAWBERRIES.—We had supposed that no particular directions were necessary in order to fully enjoy a dish of strawberries, but an exchange sets us right on this point, as follows:

"Place as many berries as will form one layer at the bottom of the dish, and sift some fine loaf-sugar over them; then place another layer and sift again. When there are five or six layers, cut a fresh lemon and squeeze all over them. Before helping, let them be gently disturbed, that they may have the benefit of the lemon juice and sugar."

HOW TO CURE HAMS.—I have, for nearly thirty years, practiced curing my bacon in a pickle, made as strong with good salt as could be made, and then reducing it just one-half, by adding the same quantity of fresh water. This gives it the right seasoning without saltpetre, which in my estimation rather injures than benefits it.

Sugar or spices may be added to suit the taste or ideas of those who have to use the bacon; or the hams can be used without smoke. A similar pickle I find to be the best for beef used through the winter, and when the weather becomes warm, take it up, and give the requisite quantity of salt for summer preservation and use.

The recent regulation in the Imperial Postoffice permitting the registration of books and other packets besides letters, will apply not only to packets transmitted by Post within the United Kingdom, but also to those addressed to any British colony or possession. Henceforward, therefore, such packets, whether for places within the Kingdom, or for any British colony or possession, on which the ordinary postage is prepaid by stamps, together with a registration fee of 6d, may be registered.

Belgium has been one of the most intensely Roman Catholic countries in Europe, but the tide appears to be turning in favour of Protestantism, the friends of the latter having fifteen mission stations, in which some four thousand persons are brought under Protestant influence and teaching. In Ghent a congregation has been formed which now numbers a thousand persons.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—A letter from the Hague, in the Brussels Independence, says:—"At Zevenhuizen an attempt by a husband to poison his wife has resulted providentially for the intended victim, but fatally to the author of the crime.—The assassin seized a moment at dinner, when the wife was absent, to throw poison into her plate. The woman had no sooner returned than the husband, on some frivolous pretext, left the room.—The wife was about to resume her meal, when she suddenly perceived a spider fall from the ceiling into her plate; she took the insect out, but a wifem not difficult to understand, decided her to change her plate for that of her husband. You may imagine already the denouement of this terrible drama. The poisoner, returning in a minute or two, ate the food, and some hours afterwards expired in agony, but not before making a complete avowal of his crime."

A humorous old man fell in with an ignorant and rather impertinent young minister, who proceeded to inform the old gentleman, in very positive terms, that he would never reach heaven unless he was born again, and added, "I have experienced that change, and now feel no anxiety." "And have you been born again?" said his companion musingly, "Yes, I trust I have." "Well," said the old gentleman, eying him attentively, "I don't think it would hurt you, young man, to be born once more."

ANECDOTE OF PALMERSTON.—I remember once hearing that a noble lord was desirous of having an audience of the Duke of Wellington, then the commander-in-chief: and the Duke who we all know was an early riser, appointed seven o'clock in the morning for the interview at the Horse Guards. A friend of the noble lord asked him,— "How on earth will you be with the Duke at seven o'clock?"

"Oh! replied the noble lord," nothing can be easier. I shall do it the last thing before going to bed."

A great principle is always first carried to excess; it rushes into the mind with a force which impels it to the opposite extreme, and across every barrier of caution; like the lightning in suddenness and brilliancy, it seems, like it too, to fill at once the whole breadth of the horizon of thought. Principles great and novel seem, like men, to have their wild season of youth, and seldom pass their sober application without a previous period of extravagance.—*Dr. Archer Butler*

COMPLIMENT FROM THE SULTAN.—The Turkish Sultan, Abdul Medjid, after listening to the performance of a very energetic French pianist, called the delighted professor to his side, and remarked—"I have heard Thalberg, I have Liezt—but, of all men I ever heard, I have never seen one perspire so much as you do."

An eminent painter was once asked what he mixed his paints with in order to produce so extraordinary an effect. "I mixed them with brains, sir," was the smart answer.

A lady had a favourite lap-dog, which she called Perchance. "A singular name," said somebody, "for a beautiful pet, madam. Where did you find it?" "Oh," drawled she "it was named from Byron's dog. You remember where he says, Perchance, my dog, will howl."

SLANDER.—The best way to treat slander is to let it alone and say nothing about it. It soon dies when fed on silent contempt.

Virtue needs no admirer, wisdom more supplicants, truth more real friends, and honesty more practitioners.

FALSE REASONING ILLUSTRATED.—"Sambo, what you get dat watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday?" "How do you know I hab watch?" "Because I seed the chain hang out de pocket in front." "Go way nigger! Spose you see halter round my neck, you tink dar is hope inside ob me."