

Miscellaneous.

A TRINITY COLLEGE STUDENT!
FIFTY YEARS AGO.

It was a lovely morning; a remittance had arrived in the very nick of time; my two horses were in excellent condition; and I resolved with a College chum to put in execution a long-cherished scheme of driving to London tandem fashion. We sent our horses forward, got others at Cambridge, and tossing Algebra and Anarchias to the dogs, started in high spirits. We ran up to London in fine style—went ball-pitch to the play—and, after a quiet breakfast at St. James's set out with my two horses on a dashing drive through the west end of the town. We were turning down the Haymarket, when whom, to my utter horror and consternation, but my old warm-hearted, but severe and peppery, uncle, Sir Thomas——

To escape was impossible. A cart before, and two carriages behind, made us stationary; and I mentally resigned all idea of ever succeeding to this five thousand per annum. Up he came.

"What!" said he, "can I believe my eyes—George? what the——do you do here? Tandem too, by——" (I leave blanks for the significant accompaniments dropped from his mouth like pearls and rubies in the fairy tale, when he was in a passion.) I have it, thought I, as an idea crossed my mind, which I resolved to follow. I looked right and left, as if it was not possible that it could be me he was addressing. "What! you don't know me, you young dog? Don't you know your uncle? Why, sir, in the name of common sense—pshaw! you've done with that. Why, in——name, ain't you at Cambridge?"

"At Cambridge, sir?" said I.

"At Cambridge, sir," he repeated, mimicking my affected astonishment. "Why, I suppose you never were at Cambridge? Oh! you young spendthrift; as this the manner you dispose of my allowance? Is this the way you read hard? you young profligate, you young——, you——"

Seeing he was getting energetic, I began to be apprehensive of a scene, and resolved to drop the curtain at once. "Really, sir," said I, with as brazen a look as I could summon upon an emergency, "I have not the honour of your acquaintance." His large eyes assumed a fixed stare of astonishment as I continued, "I must confess you have the advantage of me. Excuse me; but to my knowledge I never saw you before." A torrent, I perceived, was coming. "Make no apologies, they are unnecessary. Your next endeavour, I hope, will be more fortunate, though hunting up your country cousin in London is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. Bye, bye, old buck."

The cart was now removed, and I drove off, yet not without seeing him, in a paroxysm of rage, half frightful, half ludicrous, toss his hat on the ground, and exclaim, "He disowns me! the jackanapes disowns his own uncle, by——!"

My poor chum, Phil, Chichester's look of amazement at this finished stroke of impudence, is present, at this instant, to my memory. I think I see his face, which at no time had more expression than a turnip, assume that air of a passive simpleton which has so often and so successfully exhibited over an incomprehensible problem in "Principle."

"Well! you have done it. Dished completely.—What could have induced you to be such a block-head?" said he.

"The family of blockheads, my dear Phil," I replied, "is far too creditably established in society to render their alliance disgraceful. I'm proud to belong to so prevailing a party."

"Pshaw! this is no time for joking. What's to be done?"

"Why, when does a man want to joke, Phil, but when he is in trouble? However, adieu to joking, and hey for Cambridge instantly."

"Cambridge!"

"In the twinkling of an eye—not a moment to be lost. My uncle will post there instantly, and my only chance of avoiding that romantic misfortune of being cut off with a shilling, is to be there before him."

Without settling the bill at the Inn, or making a single arrangement, we dashed back to Cambridge. Never shall I forget the mental anxiety I endured on my way there. Every thing was against us. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the roads were wretched—the traces broke—turnpike gates were shut—droves of sheep and carts impeded our progress, but in spite of all these obstacles, we reached the College in less than six hours.

"Has Sir Thomas——been here?" said I to the porter, with an agitation that I could not conceal.

"No Sir."

Phil thanked God and took courage.

"If he does, sell him so and so," said I, giving vigorous Thomas his instructions, and putting a guinea in his hand to sharpen his memory. "Phil, my dear fellow, don't show your face out of the College for this fortnight! You twig! God bless you!"

"I had hardly time to get to my room, to have my top and trundle beside me, Newton and Aristotle before me, optics, mechanics, and hydrostatics, strewn around in learned profusion, when my uncle drove up to the gate.

"Porter, I want to see Mr. M——," said he; "is he in his room?"

"Yes, sir, I saw him take a heap of books there ten minutes ago."

This was not the first bouncer the Essence of Truth (as Thomas was known through College) had told for me; nor the last he got well paid for.

"Ah! very likely; he reads very hard, I dare say."

"No doubt of that, I believe, sir," said Thomas, as he took his brass.

"You audacious fellow! how dare you look in my face and tell such audacious falsehoods? You know he's not in College!"

"Not in College! Sir, as I hope——"

"None of your hopes and fears to me. Show me his rooms. If two hours ago I did not see——"

"See him; yes, I've seen him, and he's seen the last of me."

He had now reached my rooms; and never shall I forget the look of astonishment, of amazement bordering on incredulity, when I calmly came forward, took his hand and welcomed him to Cambridge. "My dear sir, how are you? What lucky wind has blown you here?"

"What, George! who—what—why—I can't believe my eyes."

"How happy I am to see you," I continued, "and how kind of you to come. How well you're looking!"

"How people may be deceived! My dear George, (speaking rapidly,) I met a fellow in a tandem in the Haymarket, so like you in every respect that I hailed him at once. The puppy disowned me—affected to cut a joke—and drove off. Never was more taken off my stilts. I came down directly, with four post-horses, to tell your tutor—to tell the master—to tell all the College—that I would have nothing more to do with you; that I would be responsible for your debts no longer; to enclose you fifty pounds, and disown you forever."

"My dear, how singular!"

"Singular; I wonder at perjury no longer, for my part. I would have gone into any court of justice, and taken my oath it was you. The hair, the height, the voice, all but the manner, and that was not yours. No, no, you would never have treated your old uncle so."

"How rejoiced I am that——"

"Rejoiced; so am I. I would not but have been undecieved for a thousand guineas. Nothing but seeing you here, so quiet, so studious, surrounded by problems, would have convinced me.—Egad! I can't tell you how I was startled; I have been told some queer stories, to be sure, about your Cambridge men; one of St. John's, the other of Trinity, had met on the top of Vesuvius, and that, though they knew each other by sight and reputation, yet, having never been formally introduced, like two simpletons, they looked at each other in silence, and left the mountain separately and in silence; and that erudite fellow—commoner Meadow, has shown me a caricature, taken from life, representing a Cambridge man drowning, and another gowmsman standing on the brink, exclaiming, "Oh, that I had the honor of being introduced to that man, that I might have taken the liberty of saving him."

"But—but it, thought I, he would never carry it so far with his own uncle. I never heard your father was a gay man," continued he musing, "yet as you set in that light the likeness is——" I moved instantly. "But it's impossible, you know it's impossible. Come my dear fellow, come; I must get some dinner. What could he be? Never were two people more alike!"

We dined at an inn, and spent the evening together, and instead of fifty—the *lost fifty*—he generously gave me a draft for three times the amount. He left Cambridge the next morning, and his last words were as he entered his carriage, "My brother was a handsome man; and there was a lady somebody, who, the world said, was partial to him. She may have a son. Most surprising likeness. God bless you. Read hard you young dog; remember. Like as two brothers?" I never saw him again.

His death, which happened a few months afterwards, in consequence of his being bit in a bet contracted when he was "a little elevated," left no heir to his fine estate; I wish I could add, to his many and noble virtues. I do not attempt to pal-

iate deception. It is always criminal. But I am sure, no severity, no reproaches would have had half the effect which his kindness, his confidence, and his generosity wrought on me. It reformed me thoroughly and at once. I did not see London again till I had graduated; and if my degree was unaccompanied by brilliant honors, it did not disgrace my uncle's liberality, or his name. Many years have elapsed since our last interview; but I never reflect on it without pain and pleasure—pain that our last interview on earth should have been marked by the grossest deception; and pleasure, that the serious reflections it awakened cured me forever of all wish to deceive, and made the open and straight-forward path of life of that of AN OLD STUDENT.

LETTER OF JOSEPHINE.—THE NAPOLEONS.—The following touching letter was addressed by the divorced Josephine to the Emperor Napoleon, congratulating him on the birth of his son by his second wife, Maria Louise. It will be remembered that it was because of Napoleon's desire for offspring that Josephine was divorced; but she continued to cherish for him the tenderest affection.—Here is the letter:

"NAVARRE, 18—.

"SIRE:—Amongst the numerous congratulations which you receive from all parts of Europe, from every town in France, and every regiment in the army, can the feeble voice of a woman reach you? And will you condescend to listen to her who so often consoled you in your sorrows and assuaged the pangs of your heart, when she speaks only of the happiness which has just crowned your wishes? Being no longer your wife, dare I offer any felicitations on your becoming a father? Yes, doubtless Sire! for my soul renders the same justice to yours as to mine. I conceive what you now experience as readily as you divine my emotions on this occasion; though separated, we are united by the sympathy which bids defiance to events.

"I should have been glad to learn the birth of the King of Rome for yourself, and not by the Cannon of Moreau, or the perfect, Cuvier, but I am well aware that your first attentions are due to the members of the *corps diplomatique*, to your family and, above all, to the happy prince who has just realized your dearest hopes. She cannot be more tenderly devoted to you than I am; but she has had it in her power to do more for your happiness by assuring the welfare of France; she has therefore, a right to your first sentiment, to all your cares—and I, who was your companion in misfortune only, can claim but a far inferior place to that which Marie Louise occupies in your affection.—You will have watched round her bed, and embraced your son, before you take up your pen to converse with your best friend. I will wait!

"It is, however, impossible for me to defer telling you that more than any one on earth, I share in your joy. You will not doubt in my sincerity when I say that far from being afflicted with a sacrifice so necessary to the repose of all, I rejoice that it has been made, *now that I suffer alone*.—Suffer, do I say? Not since you are content, my only regret is, that I have not yet done sufficient to prove how dear you were to me."

NAPOLEON III.—Louis Napoleon Bonaparte the present emperor of the French was born on the 20th of April, 1808, at the Tuilleries. His father was Louis Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon. His mother was Hortense, the daughter of Josephine by her first marriage. The marriage of Hortense and Louis was most unfortunate; they did nothing but quarrel, and in September, 1807, they finally separated at Amsterdam, and Hortense returned to her mother in Paris, and there gave birth to her son, the present emperor, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

There is a circumstance well worthy of consideration, as illustrating the dealings of Providence, and showing that virtue and right are apt to triumph in the end.

Napoleon the Great set aside his own best friend and counsellor, Josephine, to obtain heir to the throne of France. He married a Princess of Austria, and by her had a son. That birth was the culminating point of his power and dignity. From thence he did nothing but descend. He died in exile,—his son also. Who succeeded his name, his fame, his powers? The child of Hortense, who was the child of Josephine! In the person of the emperor of the French we find not the offspring of Napoleon the Great, but the offspring of his discarded wife. What an illustration of the truth of the adage, "That it is man who proposes, but God who disposes!"

Josephine is restored in her descendants to the station from which she had been thrust down: while the seed of him who cruelly did the deed to promote his own ambition, has disappeared from the earth.

Agricultural.

SOAP SUDS.—There are few articles, perhaps, which possess greater value for manurial purposes, than soap suds. In a semi-putrescent state it contains the pabulum of plants in a state of solution and consequently in a condition to be assimilated immediately, and with facility by the vegetables to which it is applied. Where used for the purpose of irrigation, its salutary and invigorating effects are at once apparent; it communicates energy to the living tissues, produces a vigorous and healthy action to the absorbent system, and has a healthy effect upon the general phenomena of vegetable development and increment. Plants infested by vermins are almost immediately freed from annoyances by being thoroughly irrigated with suds.—Seeds, also, that have had their vitality impaired by exposure to undue degrees of heat, or excessive moisture, and which germinate slowly, may be stimulated into activity and vigour by immersion in this liquid, and restored to their pristine vivacity almost as speedily as by immersion in diluted acid. It has been computed by scientific and practical men, that one hoghead of putrescent suds, mixed with the wash of the sink, is capable of producing upon vegetation, the effects resulting ordinarily from the application of half a cord of good manure. By providing a tank near the laundry, and into which the suds and sink-water may be conducted—and keeping it filled with muck, chip manure, green vegetable matter, loam and other similar articles to act as absorbents, very important and extensive accessions may be made to the manurial resources of the farm. The expense of this operation is a mere trifle compared with its direct advantage.

The fixtures are by no means expensive, and may be supplied by any person possessing the least degree of mechanical ingenuity and skill in the use of tools. The tank should be large enough to hold a cord or upwards, and provided with good and substantial walls of brick or stone. There should also be a moveable cover to prevent the escape of the elastic gasses which are copiously eliminated during the putrefactive process and also to obviate the drowning of the materials during showers or long storms. As often as the tank fills, the contents should be removed, and placed in some position where they will be secure from the action of the sun and air. In this manner, manure may be rapidly made, and at a small expense.—*Gospel Banner*.

PRUNING AND CULTURE OF CURRANTS.—No fruit pays better for good culture than the currant yet none is more generally neglected. Old neglected bushes should have some of the old branches cut away, so as to give the young shoots a chance to fill their places, and these should be thinned out if numerous, and shortened if long, so as not to crowd each other. But specially dig out the grass, if any, about the roots, and apply a dressing of manure and ashes, spading it in; and when hot weather commences, cover the entire surface under the bushes, with tan bark, saw dust, old leaves from the woods, or chip-dirt from an old wood-pile, this will prevent the growth of weeds, and keep the ground moist, greatly promoting the quantity and quality of the fruit.

Gooseberry bushes should be treated in a similar way, only more attention should be given to pruning, so as to keep the bushes open and the leaves and fruit freely exposed to the air.

A writer in the Ohio Farmer says that peas planted six inches deep, will come up nearly as soon as if buried only three inches, and will, by the first system, grow stronger, produce more, and continue longer.

PUTTING THE QUESTION.—"Sally don't I like you?" "La, Jim, I reckon so."

"But don't you know it, Sally? Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of any tomcat that dares to look at you for a second?"—"I s'pect you would."

"Well the fact of it is, Sally, I——" "Now don't Sim; you're too sudden."

"And, Sally, I want you to——" "Do not say anything more now, I will——"

"But it must be done immediately; I want you to——" "Oh hush! don't, don't say any more——"

"I want you to night to get——"

"What! so soon? Oh, no—impossible! Father and mother would be angry at me."

"How be mad for doing me such a favor as to——"

"Yes, dear me! Oh what a feeling!"

"But there is some mistake; for all I want to have you do, is to mend my trousers!"

Sally could hear no more. She threw up her arms, and screaming hysterically, fainted away dead as a log.