

and I, half mad with agony, clasped it close, close to my breast, men tore it from me, and accused me of its murder. You knew all that. You thought it a glorious opportunity to be rid of your victim. You basely left me; nay, worse than that, you set the hounds of the law on the false scent; you drove them up. You thought to lose me thus. God saved me by a miracle, and I was saved. Then I hated you. No words can tell how I abhorred your memory. Years softened that, and experience taught me that this world is no place to cherish such feelings. But when I saw you again, and when I heard you renew your baseness, and seal your old villainies by offering to unite to your own vile self a young, pure girl—forgetting that I had ever existed,—then I saw that God had determined on his vengeance, and I did not seek to stay it. John Bromley, that girl yonder, that child that shrinks in horror from your accursed presence, is your child!"

"My child!"

"Your daughter by your wife!"

"Say rather, madam, my daughter by my—"

A back-handed blow, slight but effectual, on his lips, drove back the foul word to the heart that originated it.

"Have a care how you bandy harsh words here, Mister Bromley."

"This from you, Stevens! D—n you, Sir, what do you mean by striking me?"

"Because you chose to insult me."

"I insult you! how pray?"

"By hinting that I did not marry you to Miss Cameron!"

"I never had a doubt of it. What the d—l have you, of all men, to object to my calling her a—"

"Stop! Speak the word, and I'll kill you! Curse you, John Bromley, I've owed you one some time, and I've paid it now. I'll have you know I'm a priest, Sir—a priest, by Jupiter? and if you doubt, I'll begin by showing you that I belong to the church militant anyhow. They've a trick in this State of proving a man married who only says he is, in anybody's presence; but you were married body and soul, if there's any virtue in the ceremony performed by a clergyman in good and regular standing, if he does drink a little too much now and then."

The news was astounding to Bromley. He could not doubt it, and his quick mind saw at once all the bearings of the case.

"A pretty lawyer, you are. Judge Cameron, to commence a suit in partition, in the name of a grantee of my wife, without my concurrence."

"Not so fast, Mr. Bromley. Your wife conveyed her rights to her father long before she eloped with you. You, perhaps, do not recollect that the suit was begun in my name."

"Very well, very well; I am not wanted here. But I must beg you to excuse me if I request my daughter to accompany me home this evening. I have been deprived of her company so long, that I shall hardly be able to spare her."

"Ask her husband."

"Of course he need not ask," said Frederick Bromley, entering. "I would as soon trust her with a tiger."

"By whose sanction do you claim a right to her hand, young man? I fancy a writ of habeas corpus will bring some of you people to your senses."

"I fancy a marriage with the consent of a mother who has for seventeen years been sole guardian of her child, will stand against all your writs, John Bromley."

The baffled man left the house. But an officer was waiting at the door to arrest him for a dozen frauds in his transactions with his cousins, and he passed the night in as dirty a cell as the keeper of the city prison could be bribed to put him in.

It would be pleasant to end this narrative with relating the restoration of the defeated villain to a position of honor and self-respect. But that may not be. Ruined in fortune and character, the mercy of his tormentors never led them to forgive him in one small particular, but they exacted atonement to the uttermost of the law.

He was placed on jail limits in New York, and wandered about the streets in rags, and at length disappeared. It was at first supposed that he had run away, and the sheriff, fearful of the usual action on his bond, offered a reward for his recovery. Some boatmen won the reward by producing a miserable carcass found floating in the river, which was identified as the remains of John Bromley.—*Harper's Magazine.*

In New Zealand, when the marriage ceremony takes place, it is a very old custom to knock the heads of the bride and bridegroom together previous to their union.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated by the American Missionaries in Athens into modern Greek.

## Miscellaneous.

**THE LOSS OF A WIFE.**—No man but one who has been called upon to mourn the loss of a beloved companion can appreciate the beauty and truthfulness of the following article which we copy from an exchange:

In comparison with the loss of a wife all other bereavements are trifling. The wife, she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven, she who busied herself so unwearily with the precious ones around her; bitter, bitter, is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber colored pathway where the sun shone on beautiful flowers and the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there—no thorns are remembered save those your hands may unwillingly have planted; her noble tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity. But she is dead!—The dear head that has lain upon your bosom rests in the still darkness upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly are folded white and cold beneath the gloomy portals whose very beat measured an eternity of love lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over in smiles, bend now above her in tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be green and beautiful.

**SHE MAKES HOME HAPPY.**—"She always makes home happy," was the expressive sentence which a friend recently appended to an obituary notice.

It is woman's highest and most peculiar prerogative, whether mother, daughter, sister or wife, to make home happy. The husband who is blessed with such a wife has a prize and a home above all price. The children of such a mother will rise up and call her blessed.—The benedictions of the poor and needy are largely bestowed upon her for her beneficent acts. Such a woman, whether maiden, or wife and mother, never thinks of the question of "Woman's Rights," popularly so called, but with shame and humiliation. Such women are fully persuaded that if they would make the world happier, they must first make home happy. And this would be impossible if they were required to mingle at polls, in Legislative bodies, to serve as jury-woman, as constables, highway surveyors, &c. &c.—offices whose duties require much absence.

The highest praise that can possibly be bestowed on woman, is, that "She always makes home happy." Who that visits these occasional oases along life's chequered course does not regret that the number of such homes is not greatly augmented in view of such blessed fruits of domestic joy and peace and happiness on earth—making the family a sweet foretaste of the future condition on earth of the pure in heart.

**WOULDN'T MARRY A MECHANIC.**—A man commenced visiting a young woman and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called quite late, which led the girl to inquire where he had been.

"I have been to work to-night."

"Do you work for a living?" enquired the astonished girl.

"Certainly," replied the young man, "I am a mechanic."

"My brother doesn't work, and I hate the name of a mechanic," and she turned up her pretty little nose.

That was the last time he visited the young woman. He is now a wealthy man and has one of the best of women for his wife. The young lady who disliked the name of a mechanic, is now the wife of a miserable fool—a regular vagrant about grogshops—and she a poor miserable girl, is obliged to take in washing in order to support herself and children.

You who dislike the name of a mechanic, whose brothers do nothing but loaf and dress—beware how you treat young men who work for a living. Far better to discard the well fed pauper with all his rings, jewelry, and brazen prompitude, and take to your affections the callous-handed, intelligent and industrious mechanic. Thousands have bitterly regretted their folly, who have turned their backs on honest industry. A few years bitter experience have taught them a severe lesson. In this country no man or woman should be respected, in our thinking, who will not work bodily, or mentally, and who curl up their lips with scorn, when introduced to hard working men.

**ANECDOTE OF A FAT MAN.**—"Bridget," said a lady in the city of Gotham, one morning, as she was reconnoitering in her kitchen, to her servant, "what a quantity of soap grease you have got there. We can get plenty soap for it, and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fat man and

when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him."

"Yes, ma'am," says Bridget, between each whisk of her dish-cloth, keeping a bright look-out of the kitchen window, and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed to be rewarded. For down the street came a large portly gentleman, flourishing a cane, and looking the picture of good humor. Sure that he was the man, when he was in front of the house, out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to speak to him."

"Speak to me, my good girl?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir, wants to speak to you, and says would you be good enough to walk in?"

This request so direct, was not to be refused: so in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman, and up the stairs went Bridget, and knocked at her mistress' door, put her head in and exclaimed:

"Fat gentleman's in the parlor, ma'am." So saying she instantly descended to the lower regions.

"In the parlor!" thought the lady. What can it mean. Bridget must have blundered," but down to the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend with his blandest smile and most graceful bow.

"Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me—at your service, madam."

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her mouth in spite of herself, as she said:

"Will you pardon the blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir? I told her to call in the fat man to take away the soap grease, when she made a mistake you see."

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair, and laughed such a hearty laugh as never comes from your lean gentry.

"No apologies needed," said he, "it is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha, ha, ha, she took me for the soap grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for months, such a good joke!"

And all up the street and around the corner was heard the merry laugh of the old gentleman as he brought down his cane every now and then, and exclaimed "such a joke!"

**ELOQUENCE.**—Eloquence consists in feeling a truth yourself, and in making those who hear you feel it.

Oratory is not vociferation; it is not stamping a hole in the platform, nor beating all the dust out of the cushion of the pulpit; nor tearing off your coat-tail in the violence of your gesticulations; it is not the holding the breath until the face is purple and the eyes bloodshot; it is not hissing through the teeth like the fizzle of a squib, nor crouching down, then bounding upwards like a wild cat springing on a possum, nor ranting about from one side of the rostrum to the other until the skin is drenched in perspiration, and the body weakened in hopelessness; you are not eloquent in all this unless it be for the grave, for it is suicidal.

**PECULIARITIES OF GLASS.**—It is a curious fact in science that glass resists the action of all acids except the fluoric; it loses nothing in weight by use or age; it is more capable than all other substances of receiving the highest degree of polish; if melted several times over and properly cooled in the furnace, receiving a polish which almost rivals the diamond in brilliancy. It is capable of receiving the richest colors produced from gold or other metallic coloring, and will retain the original brilliancy of hue for ages. Metals, too, imbedded in glass, can be made to retain forever their original purity and appearance.

**COLD.**—For every mile that we leave the surface of our earth, the temperature falls 5 degrees. At 45 miles distance from the globe we are beyond the atmosphere and enter strictly speaking, into the regions of space, whose temperature is 225 degrees below zero; and here cold reigns in all its power. In the chemical laboratory, the greatest cold that we can produce is about 150 degrees below zero.

At this temperature, carbonic gas becomes a solid substance, like snow. If touched, it produces just the effect on the skin as a red-hot cinder; it blisters the finger like a burn. Quicksilver or mercury freezes at 40 degrees below zero; that is 72 degrees below the temperature at which the water freezes. The solid mercury may then be treated as other materials, hammered into sheets, or made into spoons; such spoons would however, melt in water as warm as ice. It is pretty certain that every liquid and gas that we are acquainted with would become solid if exposed to the cold of the regions of space. The gas we light our streets with would appear like wax; oil would be as hard as a rock; pure spirit, which have never yet solidified, would appear like a block of transparent crystal; we

should be able to turn butter in a lathe like a piece of ivory; and the fragrant odors of flowers would have to be made hot before they would yield perfume. These are a few of the astonishing effects of cold.

**MONSTER FRIGATE.**—The new frigate at the royal dockyard at Pembroke, the *Diadem*, is so advanced in her construction as to be ready to be immediately caulked. The *Diadem* is the first of the new class of enormous frigates building to match the American, and through only to carry 42 guns, yet her length and tonnage are equal to a ship of the line. Her length is 240 feet, and her tonnage will be upwards of 2500 tons. The armament of this ship will be enormous, being 32 86-pounders for 8 inch shells, with one pivot-gun of 95 cwt., and 10 feet in length. Her engines are to be of 1000 horse power, and as her model is exceedingly good it is expected she will be very fast.—*English Paper.*

## Agricultural.

**WINTER WHEAT.**—The success that has attended the efforts of the farmers of Maine for a few years past, in growing winter wheat, renders it quite certain that we sow it with as good prospects of obtaining a generous yield, as the people of almost any other section of the country. Because we hear of an occasional failure, is certainly no good reason why we should neglect its cultivation through fear of losing our labour. Sometimes winter wheat is sown too late in the autumn to withstand the severity of our winters, and such a case may, and probably will fail. Much wheat is also killed by being sown on wet ground. Experience proves that it succeeds best when sown on dry land; if, however, we are compelled to sow on wet land, we cannot do better than to thoroughly drain and subsoil it before committing to its bosom either of those excellent varieties of wheat, the Poland or the Kloss. August is the time to sow; yet it may be sown as late as the tenth of September, and some perhaps would say, even later. But on the whole it is better to sow it late in August. Select a good rich clover seed if you can, plough deep, sow two bushels of seed per acre, cover with a light plough, and if it receives a good warm snow blanket through the winter, it will be strange if you fail of getting a crop.—*Belfast Journal.*

**A FEW WORDS ABOUT SMUT IN WHEAT.**—In harvesting last summer, I discovered an ear of head which was all smut but five or six grains. I determined to try an experiment upon it. I sowed it in the first month. Four of the grains germinated, and I did not have one head or ear of wheat—all smut. Is there any way whereby we can completely eradicate it? If so, we would like to have the information. We have a fine harvest, but a good deal complaint of smut.—D. FARLOW, *New Market, Randolph county, N. C.* [Smut may be in a good degree, if not entirely, prevented, by washing the seed thoroughly (the last washing in brine,) and then rolling it well in dry powdered water-slacked fresh lime, some hours before sowing. After being thus treated, it should not be put into bags which have smutty wheat in them.]—*Country Gentleman.*

**FALLEN FRUIT.**—Never permit green fruit to decay on the soil beneath the trees. In every apple, pear and plum, which is prematurely cast, there exists a minute insect which eats its way out in time, and becomes the source of evil to the succeeding crop. Gather up and either feed them to your domestic animals, or dispose of them in some way which will secure you against the results which must necessarily ensue from neglect. Swine turned into orchards, and permitted to have access till the fruit is gathered, afford a good protection against insects by destroying the wormy fruit that produce them.—*Maine Farmer.*

**WOUNDS IN CATTLE.**—Wounds in cattle are quickly cured by washing them several times a day with a mixture of the yolk of an egg and spirits of turpentine.

**PRESERVING CUT FLOWERS.**—We hear constantly of new contrivances for preserving and raising cut flowers, and of approved methods, but the tried plan of fresh water daily, with a slice cut from the stocks at each change of water, remains quite satisfactory still. Flower stems, however, should always be cut with a knife, and never with scissors, as the tubes will not draw up the water if they are bruised and lacerated and partly closed. Two or three drops of camphor in every ounce of milk-warm water, will often restore faded flowers, as it does a fainting person.

Valuable bouquets should be shaded during the night, say all the authorities; and they should be cut early in the morning before the dew is quite dried off them, and laid loosely on flat baskets or trays, to avoid crushing the stems, and carefully covered. The German florists send their specimens to exhibitions in this manner.