

Lucy went home to die. She was not the one to love lightly and forget. So, while her husband lay in jail, during his long trial, and even after the gloomy walls of the State Prison closed around him she continued to pine, and, with the first warm breath of spring death came and released her. A few gifts of him she loved surrounded her to the last, and were buried with her.

On the day before our visit Mrs. Kennedy had heard of the suicide, in prison, of Richard Harvey. She had promised Lucy never to speak of him while he lived, but now she was released from her promise, and she told us the sad story as a warning, and that we might know how Lucy suffered and died.

In the twilight we stood once more by Lucy's grave. Her memory seemed to us invested with a new dignity—the dignity of a great sorrow. But we were almost glad that the grave had covered that great sorrow, and that it had not been her lot to bear it through a lengthened life. We bade the green mound farewell without a tear.

Twice had she been wedded. The last bridegroom was Death. He wrapt her in his icy arms, and bore her to that cold bridal couch—the grave. And there, in her green bed, we gladly left her, sorrowing more for the aged mourner left behind, than for the bright young beauty that went down into the tomb.

### Miscellaneous.

**PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE: "GIVE THE PAROLE."**—A laughable illustration of practice, following theory, and precept carried immediately into example, occurred a few nights since in one of the royal dockyards. The Superintendent—a mild, but zealous disciplinarian, who is admitted to be thoroughly acquainted with the most insignificant details of his noble and gallant profession, from the duties of the energetic boatswain to those of the dignified commander in chief—was briskly passing a sentinel on his way to his official residence, when he turned upon the stalwart guardian of the royal establishment, and demanded the reason why he did not challenge him. In vain the sentry declared that he knew him to be the Superintendent; he was emphatically told his duty was to challenge every one who approached him, and warning with excitement, the gallant Superintendent exclaimed, "Challenge all! Challenge me, sir." "Well, then," said the sturdy pupil, lowering his musket and bringing it to the charge, "I do challenge you; give the parole, sir," and the hasty Superintendent, having, in the course of his practical instructions, allowed his parole to slip his memory, was forthwith made a prisoner and driven into the sentry box. So situated, the worthy preceptor was soon allowed another opportunity of estimating the effects of his teaching. A policeman passing demanded why the sentry had imprisoned the gentleman. "You foolish fellow," said he, "why it is the Superintendent;" but the only reply from the sentry was the vociferous demand, "Give the parole." The policeman, deeming his uniform to be a sufficient authority for passing the sentry, had also forgotten to learn the parole, and he, too, was ordered into the sentry-box, from which he and his distinguished fellow prisoner were only rescued when the sentry was relieved from his post.—*United Ser. Gazette.*

**How to Get on.**—Get, if you can, into one or other of the main grooves of human affairs. It is all the difference of going by railway, and walking over a ploughed field, whether you adopt common courses, or set up one for yourself. You will see if your times are anything like ours, most inferior persons placed highly in the army, in the church, in office, at the bar. They have somehow got up on the line, and have moved on well with very little original motive power of their own. Do not let this make you talk as if merit were utterly neglected in these or any profession; only that getting well into the groove will frequently do instead of any great excellence.

**A RUSTIC ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.**—It is related of a Scotch clergyman, who is more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, that he called unceremoniously at a cottage, while its possessor was engaged in perusing a paragraph of the writings of an inspired prophet. "Weel, John, what's this you are about?" "I am prophesying." "Prophesying! I doubt you are only reading a prophecy?" "Weel," argued the rustic, "gin reading a preachin' be preachin' is no reading a prophecy prophesying?"

A lady in Oregon, in writing to a friend in this city, says that cattle in that region live to such a great age, their owners have to fasten long poles to the end of their horns, for the wrinkles to run out on!

**LOVE—DIAMONDS—CAT.**—The following comical story comes direct from Paris, where they are constantly doing such things:—

It appears that a noble Russian millionaire, celebrated for his great generosity and admiration of the fair sex, had expressed much devotion to a certain English lady, high in esteem at the Tuileries. At the approach of a birth-day fete in the English family, the old gallant was at great pains to ascertain what would be the most acceptable as a gift to the fair lady, who, in dread of displeasing her noble husband, who hated the Russian as a true Briton should, would not—in spite of much pressing—consent to name anything more valuable than an Angora cat. Accordingly, the whole city was ransacked to find a valuable animal of the right breed to present to the fair amateur. One was discovered at length, possessed of the proper dimensions of breast, back and tail, in the lodge of an old portress of the Rue St. Dominique. The old Russian, however, was resolved to do the thing like a prince, and accordingly had a necklace of brilliants of the finest water placed round the sleek neck of Gramalkin, well knowing that she would be none the less welcome for the adornment. At the appointed time, Prince P— presented himself at the lady's door, carrying the cat beneath his arm, enchanted with his own idea, and delighted beforehand with the effect his generosity would produce. No sooner was the cat placed upon the floor, however, than, scared by the noise made by a certain exalted personage fond of practical jokes, it rushed across the room, flew out of the window, which was open, darted like mad down the garden, and, in spite of all research, of all offers of reward, has never been seen or heard of since!—Judge of the indignation of the lady—of the consternation of the "exalted personage;" for now that the necklace is lost, the Prince declares it to be worth four hundred thousand francs, (nearly \$80,000,) and the lady insists upon its being replaced by the exalted personage who was the cause of the disaster.

**A GOOD ONE.**—A New Haven paper that says the agent of a patent fly-trap which we mentioned a little while ago, was asked by a butcher whom he was seeking to induce to trade, to try it in his shop, whereupon he did so, and in half an hour hived something less than a peck of flies. The butcher was pleased, but concluded, as his flies were all trapped, he "didn't want the machine." "Very well," said the agent, "I'm a Yankee. I won't take any advantage of you by carrying off your flies." So, drawing the slide, he liberated the whole swarm about the butcher's ears, and beat a retreat under cover of a little the loudest buzzing ever heard in that vicinity.

**MATRIMONIAL SOCIABILITY.**—"Henry, my love, I wish you would drop that book and talk with me—I feel so dull." "A long silence, and no reply." "Oh! Henry, my foot's asleep." "Is it? Well, don't talk, dear, you might wake it."

**TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.**—Women were formed to temper mankind, and soothe them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and plow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord.

**PHILOSOPHY AND FACT.**—Richter says, "No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife." A very wicked old bachelor of our acquaintance says to this, "Oh, yes! sufferings and severe trials purify and chasten the heart?"

**A MAGNANIMOUS HUSBAND.**—Not long since a widow, one of those whom we are in the habit of calling well preserved, by name Madame R—, yielding to the ardent solicitations of one of the young literary men of Paris, married him. On returning from the church and the mayor's office, the lady took her husband aside, and said to him, "Pardon me, my dear, for I have deceived you?"

"In what?" said the young man of letters, much troubled.

"Yes, I told you that I had 200,000 francs, and—"

"Well, and you have not? Never mind; it is all the same to me."

"No, that is not it, exactly—I have 2,000,000."

The husband forgave her.

Miss Tulip, in speaking of old bachelors, says they are frozen out old gardeners in the flower-beds of love. As they are useless as weeds, they should be served in the same manner—choked.

At a settlement in the mines, up in the mountain of California, the few ladies present wished to have the Fourth of July (last) celebrated with becoming spirit; and in order to raise funds, they sent around a subscription list, to which was prefixed the following significant motto: Our forefathers bled, and why shouldn't we? The necessary funds were soon raised.

**THE RIGHTS OF SOCIETY.**—It is a vulgar notion that politeness is only required towards superiors. But the truth is, that every man ought to regard his fellow-man, or friend, as his superior, and treat him accordingly. With such feelings of deference for others, we should always be in the presence of superiors. Such feelings the real gentleman has. It matters not in what society he be, he feels himself in the presence of a superior, and behaves accordingly. The false gentleman acts very differently: he feels his own superiority, and assumes the airs which tell the tale that he does not want to be told—namely, that he is not a gentleman.

**INDEPENDENCE OF PRINCIPLE.**—Lord Erskine was distinguished through life for independence of principle, for rigid adherence to truth. He once explained the rule of his conduct, which ought to be deeply engraven on every heart. He said, "It was the first command and counsel of my earliest youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and leave the consequence to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust the practice, of this parental lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been any sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road of prosperity and wealth, and I shall point the same path to my children for their pursuit."

### FACETIÆ.

Young man, what's the price of this silk?" asked a deaf old lady of a young fellow in Canal-street. "Seven shillings," was the reply. "Seventeen shillings!" exclaimed she; "I'll give you thirteen." "Seven shillings, ma'am, is the price of the silk," replied the honest shopman. "Oh! seven shillings," rejoined the lady, sharply; "I'll give you five."

An old gentleman of our acquaintance says he is the last man in the world that will ever tyrannize over a daughter's affections. So long as she marries the man of his choice, he don't care whom she loves.

"What is the cause of that bell's ringing?" inquired William. "I think," said John, "that somebody has pulled the rope."

If five and a half yards make a pole, what is the length of a Hungarian?

**COAL VS. SLATE.**—A person meeting his coal merchant accosted him thus:—

"Well, my good sir, how are coals?"

"Indeed," he replied, "coals are coals now!"

"Glad to hear it," said the other, "for the last you sent me were half slate!"

The coal-merchant kicked at his dog and slid.

A jolly old darkey down South, bought himself a new shiny hat, and when it commenced raining he put it under his coat. When asked why he did not keep his hat on his head, he replied—"De hat's mine; bought him wid my own money,—head 'longs to massa; him take care ob him property."

Mr. D., well known for the depth of his understanding, gravely declared in a large company, "that no woman should be married, except she be a widow."

Mr. Smith told a neighbor that he had purchased a set of jewels for his dear wife, which cost \$2,000. "Guess she is rather a 'dear' wife," replied the other.

An Irish boy having been remarked for his quickness of reply, a gentleman, on looking at him observed, "that when children are so keen in their youth, they are generally stupid when they advance in years." "What a very sensible boy you must have been yourself sir!" said the youngster. This being enough for one dose, the gentleman slid.

A vacant mind invites dangerous inmates, as a deserted mansion tempts wandering outcasts to enter and take up their abode in its desolate apartments.

Old Mr. Singlestick mystified a tea-party by remarking that women were facts. When pressed to explain, he said, "Facts are stubborn things!" Old rotten-wood ought to be tossed in a blanket!

An editor out west has married a girl of the name of Church. He says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever knew in his life before.

A little ragged child was heard to call from the window of a mean looking house to her opposite neighbor—"Please, Mrs. Miller, mother's compliments, and if it is a fine day, will you go a begging with her to-morrow?"

Some one twitted Randolph on his want of education. "The gentleman himself," replied Randolph, "reminds me of the land about the headwaters of the Montgomery, which are poor by nature, and cultivation entirely ruins them."

In walking, always turn your toes out, and your thoughts inward. The former will keep you from falling into cellars, and the latter from falling into iniquity.

"My son," said an affectionate mother to her son (who resided at a distance, and expected, in a short time, to be married), "you are getting very thin." "Yes, mother," he replied, "I am; when I come next, I think you may see my rib."

It is suggested that the question, "May a man marry his wife's sister?" is one which may be effectually answered by the sister herself, when it is popped by the widower.

### Agricultural.

**HOW TO MAKE A FENCE.**—A writer in the Rural New Yorker gives the result of his experience in fence-making. He says:—

"A very good, lasting, and cheap fence can be made by taking almost any kind of timber for posts, (though chestnut, oak, pine, cedar, tamarack, or butternut are the best) of large size, say from ten to fourteen inches; strip off the bark, and make five or six mortices on each side, and insert good, straight, flat rails of equal length, with the ends to fit the mortices. Dig one hole and set a post, and then the next; put in the rail, fill up, and so on till the whole is finished. It makes a respectable-looking fence, costs but little, takes up no room, and is lasting, even if the posts are not of the most durable timber, simply from their great size.

Another cheap fence that I was rather pleased with, and considerably used when rails are scarce and lumber high, is made with second growth poles or split stake, cut five and one half feet long and driven one foot in the ground on a straight line, so close together that no animal can get through—the tops sawed off on a line, and a board-cap three or four inches wide nailed on, with one nail in each post, leaving it four and one half feet high, which will turn any animal, and take less wind than if higher.

One foot of the bottom of the stakes should be soaked in a solution of two pounds each of blue vitriol, copperas, and alum, in half a barrel of water, and dried with points set upwards—a process which, if properly performed after the wood is seasoned, will render any kind of poorer wood as durable as cedar, and well worth the trouble and cost.

I observe that one of your correspondents object to battening board fence, on account of its holding water and causing decay, I have since examined some miles of fence made with cedar posts and pine boards, which have stood from eighteen to over twenty years, and no such appearance is visible: in fact, at the joints there is always an opening to let off the water, if any, but the cap and battening protects it; and I am still of the opinion that a fence without battening is not worth the rails to make it.

**SEEDING DOWN IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.**—Our early patrons may recollect that when we first advised to sow down, at this season of the year, other publishers stared and doubted whether it was not sheer "book farming." One writer, in Plymouth county, it is true, stated that it was a practice of long standing, and he wondered why we should speak of it as a new mode and time of seeding.

Now let us ask who introduced this mode and time of seeding? Was it an ancient practice, and did the agricultural papers generally recommend it? No such thing. Sixteen years ago there was no recommendation in the papers, on farming of any such mode and time of seeding down to grass.

How is it now? Go to the old seed stores, and the owners will tell you that they now sell as much grass seed in August and September as in the spring months, and that the practice has become very general to sow grass seed alone at this season of the year, though no such thing was practiced in olden time. And if you look into the modern agricultural papers you will see that the new mode of seeding is now recommended, though it is often spoken of as an old practice. We can scarcely name a greater change than this, in the mode of seeding, for fifty years past.

Lands that lie rather too low for tillage may be turned over in August and September, and laid to grass again at once, without the loss of a single harvest. This is a very concise system of rotation and may be practiced on the most of our farms in Massachusetts. Put on a top dressing of rotten manure, at the time of seeding, and you may expect a good return next summer.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

**CHARCOAL AND SALT FOR HOGS.**—One of the best articles that can be given to swine, while confined, is charcoal, pulverised, and common salt. Salt and sulphur are also very good articles, and should be constantly supplied. We would not, however, be understood as urging the necessity of keeping these articles continually by them, or introducing them daily into their food. The first is necessary to obviate the bad tendency of certain kinds of aliment and should be supplied in quantities varying from one pint to two quarts, as often as once or twice a week. Salt should always be introduced as a seasoning in food. When it is not so used, it should be given twice a week, or it may be placed in a box in the style to which the animals can have access whenever they wish to partake.