

## A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES, AND GLOVES ON.

When I was a boy, it was my fortune to breathe, for a long time, what some writer calls the "bracing air of poverty." My mother—light lie the turf upon the form which once enclosed her strong and gentle spirit!—was what is commonly called an ambitious woman; for that quality, which overturns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abodes that the shadow of poverty ever darkened.

The struggle between the wish to keep up appearances, and the pinching gripe of necessity produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, were they told, some would smile, and some, to whom they would recall their own experiences, would sigh. But let me not disturb that veil of oblivion which shrouds from profane eyes, the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

On one occasion, it was necessary to send me upon an errand to a neighbor in better circumstances than ourselves, and before whom it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them; and by way of throwing over my equipment a certain sprinkling of gentility, my toil-hardened hands were enclosed in a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our poverty and none of our spirit. He was an impudent varlet, with a swagger in his gait, and a sort of "I'm as good as you" leer in his eye,—the very whelp to throw a stone at a well-dressed horseman, because he was well-dressed,—to tear a boy's ruffle, simply because it was clean.

As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies which characterized my costume, and taking me by the shoulders, turning me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, he exclaimed, with a scornful laugh of derision, "A patch on both knees, and gloves on!"

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling which shot through me at these words. I wore my gloves no more. But the lesson thus rudely enforced, sunk deep into my mind; and, in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come, never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice and self-discipline and self-control, but rather by their example instructing them in evil speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in falsehood; I think with a sigh, of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see a family living in a cold and selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with the glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which should furnish the hospitality of a whole year upon the profusion of a single night, I think of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which qualify them to fill honorably the posts to which they aspire, I recall the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind, and health of body to the insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their nature, and so perverting their humanity that that which which was sought as a means insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, a patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity, when I see fine ladies be-satined and be-jeweled, cheapening the toil of dress-makers, and with harsh words embittering the bread of dependence,—when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of the table would be to them a feast,—I think of the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

When I see men lynx-eyed to the faults of others, and mole-eyed to their own,—when I see a savageness of virtue which forgives nothing, tolerates nothing, and makes allowances for nothing,—when a decent life and conversation are thought sufficient

warrant and excuse for evil speaking, and all manner of uncharitableness,—I recall the patch on both knees, and gloves on.

### A Courteous Retort.

A Baptist minister from England, says the Philadelphia Chronicle, who was settled some years since in that city, was distinguished in his native country for disinterested labor, and ready wit. He devoted several years of the last part of his life to gratuitous labor in a populous town about three miles from his residence, to which place he walked every Lord's day morning, preached three times, and then walked home. On one Lord's day morning, as he walked along, meditating on his sermons for the day, he met one of those important personages, called parish priests, a race happily unknown, at least, in the plenitude of his persecutive power, in this country.

"Well, ———," said his reverence, "I suppose you are on your way to your preaching again?"

"Yes, sir," was the modest reply of the humble Baptist minister.

"It is high time the government took up this subject, and put a stop to this kind of travelling preaching; indeed, there is something like it intended."

"They will have rather hard work, sir," said the imperturbable Baptist.

"I am not very sure of that," rejoined the priest; at any rate, I will see whether I cannot stop you myself."

"I judge," said the worthy man, "you will find it more difficult than you suppose. Indeed, there is but one way to stop my preaching, but there are three ways to stop yours."

"What, fellow, do you mean by that?" asked his reverence, in a towering passion.

"Why, sir," replied the little Baptist preacher, with most provoking coolness, "why, sir, there is but one way of stopping my preaching, that is by cutting my tongue out. But there are three ways to stop yours; for, take your book from you, and you can't preach; take your gown from you, and you dare not preach; and take your pay from you, and you won't preach." The priest vanished.

\*This conversation occurred just before Lord Sidmouth's attempt to stop itinerant preaching, in 1812.

### A Full Equivalent.

A gentleman, travelling last year in Canada, found himself on the Sabbath detained in a place not important to be here named; the minister of which, a worthy but eccentric man, upon rising in his pulpit to deliver his morning discourse, stood aghast, unhappily destitute of his manuscript. His several pockets, hat-crown, &c., were duly searched for the missing treasure, but in vain. Although resuming his position at the desk, he opened the Bible with the air of one heartily gratified and relieved, and said,—“My hearers, I had prepared as usual, a sermon for this occasion, which I have mislaid or lost. However, I will read you a chapter from Job, worth two of it;” a proposition which he proceeded forthwith to verify by carrying it into effect.—N. E. Puritan.

### The Sun behind the Cloud.

The children of God have an eternal and overflowing fountain of consolation opened in the plan of gospel discipline and salvation which is set before them. There is no condition, no trial, no sorrow, no gloom and heaviness of spirit, to which it is not fully adequate for all the relief that it is best for them to receive. Journeying through this vale of tears, they must needs pass through many a dark and gloomy avenue. Storms, yea, tempests of sorrow and distress will assail them, and beat upon them. From the dark cloud that is over them, the thunders will be heard, and the lightning flash be seen. Bow to the storm they must; its violence will admit of no effectual resistance. But look! battered and way-worn traveller, as thou liest prostrate in the dust by reason of the violence of the tempest: direct your sight beyond the dark and frowning borders of that cloud which is bursting with all its violence upon you. See! there is a streak of clear sky beyond, of golden light diffusing its thousand splendors abroad. I do not speak of the radiance of the natural sun, with his cheering beams, but of the more splendid radiance of the Sun of Righteousness, spreading far and wide around him celestial glory, such as beams from the throne of

God. That Sun will shine, when darkness and storm, when all other suns and stars shall have passed away. It will beam on your path, and conduct and cheer you onward to that blessed place where the Lord Jesus will be your everlasting light, and the Saviour God a glory that will never wane.—Prof. Moses Stuart.

"DON'T WORRY."—When Bulstrode Whitelocke was embarking as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1653, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, at length said, "Pray sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?" "Certainly." "Pray sir, don't you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?" "Undoubtedly." "And pray sir, don't you think he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?" "Certainly." "Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may trust him to govern it quite as well as long as you live?" To this question Whitelocke had nothing to reply; but turning himself about, soon fell asleep till he was summoned to embark.

### A Priest Militant.

A correspondent of the N. E. Puritan, giving some account of the state of things in Ireland, relates the following incidents, which strange as it may seem to Americans, is not unusual in Ireland, and other countries where Popery prevails. Something very much like it has occurred even in Boston, when a priest for a moment forgot that he was not in "swate Ireland."

The Rev. Dr. Hill, a highly respectable and amiable man, was preaching to a congregation composed chiefly of Roman Catholics. The priest heard of it—mounted his horse—galloped among the crowd, whipping the people right and left, and causing them to fly in all directions. Before Dr. Hill was aware of the presence of his opponent, the horse dashed against him from behind, and threw him on the ground, when the apostolic rider made a blow at the fallen preacher. Dr. Hill, when he recovered, requested the priest to be calm, and listen to argument; to which the latter replied, "Damnation to you and your arguments! I'll thrust my whip down your throat!" The meek disciple of the church then rode off; but the preaching being resumed, and many of the people having returned, the priest came again at the head of a party, and forced open the door, when Dr. Hill escaped with difficulty. In the west of Ireland this sort of tyranny is quite common among the priests, who whip the poor people, as huntsmen do their dogs. One of the witnesses at the trial said he went to meeting not to hear the gospel, but to see the priest hunting his flock. The magistrates referred the matter to the quarter Sessions.

THE GREAT TUNNEL UNDER LIVERPOOL.—This work is about the only one in connection with the London and North-western system on which there are no particular appearances of suspension, the object being to connect, as soon as possible, by a tunnel of two and a half miles, the goods depot at Edge hill, with the North Docks at the water's edge, where the bulk of all the foreign shipping centres. When completed, the ships' cargoes will be taken direct to Edge hill, without the present excessive cost of cartage. The tunnel is called the Victoria Tunnel, and the contractors, Messrs. Holme and McCormack, who have between 1000 and 2000 men on it at work, have already carried the driftway half through. The operations are very dangerous, and in some places shake the foundations of the houses, which, at many points, are only at from fifty to eighty feet above the level where the rails are to be laid, while in other places there is a variation of from ninety to one hundred feet. This tunnel undermines in its course three or four places of worship, churches, Quakers' meeting-houses, and Baptist chapels, which will be only sixty-six feet above the roll of the locomotive. One-half the tunnel is good to work through, consisting of rocks and sandstones; but, as it approaches the docks, the soil is of a treacherous kind and rubbish. The railway company have to pay compensation to the owners of every house and building the tunnel passes under.—Liverpool paper.

LIBERTY OF THE PARIS PRESS.—M. Delaroche, editor of the of the National newspaper, has recently been tried in Paris, on an indictment procured by Government, containing three counts: the first for throwing upon the King personally the responsibility and blame of the acts of the government—the second for adhering to another form of government—and the third for a personal offence to the King and the princes of the royal family.

The jury, after an hour's deliberation, brought in a verdict of not guilty on the first two counts of the indictment, guilty on the third count—of committing a personal offence against the King and the Princes of the royal family. And on this verdict, the Court sentence Delaroche to be imprisoned eight months, and to pay a fine of 6,000*fr.* The sentence has excited the indignation of the Paris press, and well it may; for where is there liberty, if they are liable to be mulcted after this fashion for calling in question the doings of their Constitutional King and his government.—*Trav.*

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Symptoms of Disease in Animals.

A full and frequent pulse, loss of appetite, dejected head, and a languid or watery eye, with a disposition to lie down in a dark or shady place, are certain marks, in all brute animals, of one of the most frequent diseases with which they are affected, that is the fever. The watery eye, an inability to bark, or barking with a stertorous hoarseness, indicate the approach of madness in the dog. The elevation of the hair on the back of a cat, and its not falling upon its feet, when thrown from a moderate height, are the premonitory signs of that disease which has long proved fatal to that species of animal both in Europe and America. The tail of a horse losing its regularity of motion from side to side, indicates that he is indisposed, and the part in which his disease is seated is pointed out by one of his ears inclining backwards to the side affected.—The seat of disease in the abdomen, where the signs are concealed, may be known by pressing the hand upon his whole belly. When the diseased part is pressed, he will manifest marks of pain.—*American Agriculturist.*

CURE FOR SCAB IN SHEEP.—This troublesome disease was quite prevalent in our vicinity last year, but has been pretty much subdued. We have seen but one or two during the winter that were infected with it. Many of the poorer kinds of sheep that had it were killed off in the fall, and the remainder were treated in various ways. A flock belonging to Mr. George King, and another to Mr. Tinkham, of Monmouth, were cured by the following process:—In November, the diseased sheep were collected together. A wash was made in the following manner: thirteen pounds of tobacco, and a bushel and a half of poke-root (*ceratrum viride* of botanists) were boiled up together, and water enough applied to nearly fill half a hoghead. The sheep were each soursed into this liquor, and thoroughly washed, and afterwards laid upon an inclined board or gutter, and the superabundant liquor squeezed out of the wool, and conducted back again into the tub. This completely cured them, and not a sheep in their flocks has been troubled with the disease since.—*Maine Farmer.*

SALIVA IN HORSES.—This troublesome complaint is easily arrested by mixing a table spoonful of the flour of sulphur with the salt given them from time to time. There have been many speculations offered in regard to the cause or origin of this disease, but none that appears to be perfectly satisfactory. Some attribute it to lobelia—others to bad hay, and others, again to white clover. But whatever may be its origin, is comparatively of small consequence, provided we possess the means of cure.—*Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph.*

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who have been kind to them, by moving their ears gently, and putting out their wet noses. My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread.—I should even be sorry to see my poultry and pigs get out of my way with any symptoms of fear.—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

PROPORTION OF THE AMERICAN POPULATION ENGAGED IN AGRICULTURE.—Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, in an address before an Agricultural Society in Ohio, gives the following statistics in relation to the number engaged in different occupations in this country, from which it appears those engaged in agriculture, out-number those engaged in the learned professions, navigation, manufacture and commerce, more than three to one, and the annual value of agricultural products is upwards of \$650,000,000.

No. of persons in the learned professions, 65,265; internal navigation, 33,076; navigating the ocean, 56,021; manufactures, 791,749; commerce, 117,607; agriculture, 3,719,951. The annual value of agriculture is \$654,387,589. The value of imports for the fiscal year, ending on the 30th of June last, was 121,691,797. The value of exports, domestic and foreign for the same period, was 112,488,516.