

## MISCELLANY.

## TO KATE.

I'm thinking of the time, Kate,  
When sitting by thy side,  
And picking beans I gazed on thee,  
And felt a peacock's pride—  
In silence leaned we o'er the pan,  
And neither spoke a word:  
But the rattling of the beans, Kate,  
Was all the sound we heard.

Thy auburn curls hung down, Kate,  
And kissed thy lily cheek:  
Thy azure eyes, half filled with tears,  
Bespoke a spirit meek—  
To be so charmed as I was then,  
Had ne'er before occurred,  
When the rattling of the beans, Kate,  
Was all the sound we heard.

I thought it was no wrong, Kate,  
So leaning o'er the dish,  
As you snatched up a lot of beans,  
I snatched a nectar'd kiss—  
A sudden shower made blind my eyes  
I neither saw nor stirred,  
But the rattling of the beans, Kate,  
Was all the sound I heard.

## THE BRIGHT SIDE OF HUMANITY

There are good men everywhere. There are men who are good for goodness' sake. In obscurity, in retirement, beneath the shadow of ten thousand dwellings, scarcely known to the world, never asked to be known, there are good men; in adversity, in poverty and temptations, amid all severity of earthly trials, there are good men, whose lives shed brightness upon the dark clouds that surround them. Be it true, if we must admit the sad truth, that many are wrong, and persist in being wrong; that many are false in every holy trust, and faithless towards every holy affection; that many are coldly selfish, and meanly sensual; yes, cold and dead to everything that is not wrapped up in their own little earthly interest, or more darkly wrapped up in the veil of fleshy appetites. Be it so: but I thank God that this is not all that we are obliged to believe. No: there are true hearts amid the throng of the false and faithless. There are warm and generous hearts, which the cold atmosphere of surrounding selfishness never chills; and eyes unused to weep for personal sorrow, which often overflow with sympathy for the sorrows of others. Yes, there are good men and true men: I thank them: I bless them for what they are. God from on high doth bless them, and giveth his angels charge to keep them; and nowhere in the holy record are these words more precious or strong, than those in which it is written that God loveth the righteous ones. Such men are there. Let not their precious virtues be distrusted. As surely and as evidently as some men have obeyed the calls of ambition and pleasure, so surely and so evidently have other men obeyed the voice of conscience, and "chosen rather to suffer with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season." Why, every meek man suffers in conflict keener far than the contest for honor and applause. And there are such men, who, amid injury and insult, and misconstruction, and the pointed finger, and the scornful lip of pride, stand firm in their integrity and allegiance to a loftier principle, and still their throbbing hearts in prayer, and hush them to the gentle motion of kindness and pity. Such witnesses there are even in this bad world; signs that a redeeming world is going forward amid its derelictions; proofs that it is not a world forsaken of heaven; pledges that it will not be forsaken; tokens that cheer and touch every good and thoughtful mind, beyond all power of earth to penetrate and enkindle it.

**AN EXTRAORDINARY FACT.**—Although Queen Anne was, before she departed this life, on friendly terms with the King of France, she made no effort to afford sepulture to the uninterred bones of her father, and that duty finally devolved on a kinsman. In fact, the body of James II. remained unburied for a century after his daughter's death; and the circumstances regarding it form the last extraordinary incidents in the history of the regal personages of the house of Stuart. Lights were kept burning round the hearse of James II. until the French revolution. How strange that the bones of the stranger and the exile in the land should be revered when those of the royal personages of France were disinterred and profaned! The church of the Benedictines in the Faubourg St. Jacques was desecrated, and turned into a cotton-spinning factory; but when the revolutionists opened the coffin of James II. they found the corpse entire, and in an extraordinary state of preservation. James had always been greatly beloved and revered in France, and at the sight of his remains, the crowd were seized with superstitious awe, and they defended them from those who would have destroyed them. The municipal authorities took possession of the hearse and body, but the people crowded to see them from all parts of Paris, and being willing to pay for the sight, the functionaries charged from a sous to a franc for admission, and made the show of our King's corpse a profitable

concern. Will it be credited, that in the midst of the infidelity of the revolution, whispers went of miracles performed by the corpse of James II. Robespierre ordered the body to be buried, which was not done, but it was carefully and reverently preserved. When the allies came to Paris, in 1813, the body of the unfortunate James II. still remained above ground, and the strange circumstance being mentioned to George IV., he generously ordered the bones of his kinsman to be interred in funeral procession from Paris to St. Germain, and there interred in the church. The long delayed funeral of James II. then took place with royal grandeur. No mourners of his lineage attended his coffin on its return to St. Germain, for his race had passed away; yet his people followed him to his grave; for most of the English in Paris, setting aside all religious and political differences, attended the cortege, in the deepest mourning. The indications of respect were extraordinary. Every English person behaved as if following the coffin of a beloved sovereign, who had died only the previous week. George IV. ordered a monument to be raised in the church of St. Germain to the memory of his unfortunate predecessor.—*Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England.*

**FRENCH ELECTORAL STATISTICS.**—The number of French citizens having a right to inscription on the electoral lists is not known, but statistics enable us to arrive at an approximative computation. It is known that of every hundred persons rather more than forty nine die before attaining the age of twenty-one years. We may therefore calculate that out of a little less than eighteen millions of French belonging to the male sex there are nine millions having the age required for electors. If we deduct from this number about 300,000 absent from France, travellers, infirm, prisoners, and excluded, there will remain 8,700,000 electors. Now it is known by the returns made to the commission that nearly 7,500,000 electors have voted. If we add to this number the electors of the colonies who were not required to vote, and those of Algeria, whose votes are not known, it may be inferred that the number of French citizens who have not exercised their right of voting is about one million. We question if ever universal suffrage has been more generally taken advantage of in any country. In addition to this, it may be stated that, out of upwards of seven millions of votes delivered, only 12,000 were annulled from illegality or informality, being in the proportion of about 1 in 600.

**THE DIFFERENCE.**—Stealing a loaf of bread or a string of onions is called petit larceny; but the defaulter or fraudulent official, in starched collar and broad-cloth coat, who makes away with fifty, seventy five, or a hundred thousand dollars of other people's hard earnings and hard dollars, is politely adjudged to be simply guilty of a peccadillo! The former is locked up in jail, while the latter is admitted to free and easy bail. The one is hustled out of the way as a graceless thief, but the other escapes punishment, generally by a liberal use of the money he has filched from those who put their trust in him. The ragged and penniless wretch who steals a shilling's worth of food, stands no chance at all of escape; but your well-dressed and respectably-connected scamp, whose purse is as heavy as his conscience is elastic, has nine chances out of every ten in his favour, and seldom fails, even when closely pressed and warmly hugged, to wire out somewhere, escape conviction and justice, and run his face for such sympathy as the world may have at its disposal for such as are deserving only of condemnation for gross dishonesty.

There is something singularly touching in the characteristics of woman, while she remains woman, and does not invade the province of the other sex. An old maid named Vaughn, a miser lately, died in England. Although desperately fond of money, and the owner of many tenants, she never raised her rents when the property became doubly valuable, and has been known to lend a young tradesman a hundred pounds, when the only chance of her getting it depended upon his ultimate success. So true it is that the devil can never get such full possession of a woman's heart, but that in some corner of it the flowers of Paradise will spring up and bear witness to her celestial origin.

**INWARD INFLUENCE OF OUTWARD BEAUTY.**—Believe me, there is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains, many a sight, and sound, and scent, even of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to show our characters; and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds will most likely show the fruits of their nursing of thoughtfulness, and affection, and nobleness. Those who live in towns should carefully remember this, for their own sakes, for their wives' sakes, for their children's sakes. Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a way-side sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly with all pure eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

**FEMALE TEMPER.**—No trait of character is more valuable in a female, than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night wearied and worn out with the toils of the day, and how

soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

**LONGEVITY OF WOMEN.**—A medical writer has pleasantly remarked, that one case of the superior longevity of woman may be, that they talk more; talking, by exercising the lungs, being exceedingly beneficial to health.

**A SOCIAL PEST.**—An ungrateful man is detested by all; every one feels hurt by his conduct, because it operates to throw a damp upon generosity, and he is regarded as the common injurer of all those who stand in need of assistance.

How notorious is the fact, that those children, who have had the most done for them by circumstances, frequently turn out the least serviceable members of society! Pamper your offspring by circumstances, protect them and smother them with kindness, and you cannot take a more direct means of enfeebling their characters, and of robbing them of all genuine principles. On the other hand, who have always been the really influential and strong men of the day? Who are the men who have "learned to endure hardness," who can buffet most successfully against the frowns of fortune? Are they not generally those who are self formed, who have done every thing for themselves, who have nothing to trust to but their own inward energies?

**ANIMAL INSTINCT.**—The Rev. Cæsar Ottaway, in his recently published paper on "the Intellectuality of Domestic Animals," gives the following anecdote, which is by far too good not to receive the benefit of a wider circulation;

"At the flour mills of Tabberakeen, near Clonmel, while in possession of the late Mr. Hewbold, there was a goose, which, by some accident, was left solitary, without a mate or offspring, gander or gosling.

"Now it happened, as is common, that the miller's wife had set a number of duck's eggs under a hen, which in due time were incubated, and, of course the ducklings, as soon as they came forth, ran with natural instinct to the water, and the hen was in a sad pucker—her maternity urging her to follow the brood, and her selfishness disposing her to keep on dry land. In the meantime, up sailed the Goose with a noisy gabble, which certainly (on being interpreted) meant, leave them to my care; she swam up and down with the ducklings; and when they were tired with their aquatic excursion, she consigned them to the care of the hen. The next morning dawn came again the ducklings to the pond, and there was goosey waiting for them,—and there stood the hen in her great frustration. On this occasion we are not at all sure that the goose invited the hen, observing her maternal trouble—but it is a fact that she being near the shore, the hen jumped upon her back and there sat, the ducklings swimming, and the goose and hen after them, up and down the pond. And this was not a solitary event; day after day the hen was seen on board the goose, attending the ducklings up and down in perfect contentedness and good humour; numbers of people coming to witness the circumstances, which continued until the ducklings coming to days of discretion, required no longer the joint guardianship of the hen and goose."

The funniest article yet is a patent iron shirt with percussion collars. This shirt never wears out, and by touching a spring a new collar springs up until a half a dozen are exhausted. A patent sheet-iron neck-cloth accompanies it!

**NEWSPAPERS IN NEW YORK.**—The Independent, the new religious paper started in New York, in its first number publishes a table from which it appears that the total number of papers published in the city is 158; the aggregate regular issue, 1,216,714; the aggregate weekly issue, 1,196,550; and the aggregate yearly issue 69,247,865. The number of reams of paper consumed is 147,095. The weight of all this paper is about 5,600,000 pounds, and its cost alone is about \$600,000.

**A NECESSARY OF LIFE.**—Ritcher having affirmed that no man can either live or die well without a wife, a wicked bachelor remarks, "No, certainly not; trial and suffering purify the heart."

**PHILOSOPHY OF FARMING.**—Here is the secret of good farming. You cannot take from the land more than you restore to it, in some shape or other, without ruining it, and so destroying your capital. Different soils may require different modes of treatment and cropping, but in every variety of soil these are the golden rules to attend to; Drain until you find that the water that falls from heaven does not stagnate in the soil but runs through it and off it freely. Turn up and till the land until your foot sinks into a loose, powdery loam, that the sun and air readily pass through. Let no weed occupy the place where a useful plant could possibly grow. Collect every particle of manure that you can, whether liquid or solid. Let nothing on the farm go to waste. Put in your crops in that course which experience has shown to lead to success in their growth and to an enrichment and not impoverishment of the land.—Give every plant room to spread its roots in the soil, and its leaves in the air.

**CULTIVATION OF POTATOES.**—Mr. John W. Bailey, of Plattsburgh, N. Y., in an interesting article on the culture of the potato, which we regret to condense, for want of space, recommends that all "plants" designed for that plant, should be thoroughly dr... that water