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THE MIST OVER THE VALLEY.

My wife was dead. I had never loved her. I may as well speak frankly—never loved her; and yet for her sake I cast away the one priceless pearl of my life. I think every human existence has its moment of fate—its moment when the golden apple of the Hesperides hangs ready upon the bough—how is it that so few of us are wise enough to pluck it? The decision of a single hour may open for us the gate of the enchanted gardens, where are flowers, and sunshine, and air purer than any breezes of earth; or it may condemn us, Tanalike, to reach evermore after some far-off, unattainable good—make us slaves of the lamp forever and forever. And yet we seek no counsel. We stretch forth our hands and grasp blindly at the future, forgetting that we have only ourselves to blame when we draw them back pierced sorely with thorns.

My life, like all others, had its hour of destiny; and it is of that hour, its perils, its temptations, its sin, that I am about to tell you. I had known Bertha Payson from my infancy. She was only a year younger than I. I can remember her face, far away back among the misty visions of my boyhood. It looked then, as it does now, pure and pale, yet proud. Her eyes were calm as a full lake underneath the summer moon, deep as the sea—a clear, untouchable gray. Her hair was soft, and smooth, and dark. She wore it plainly bandied away from her large, thoughtful forehead. The gaze of her eyes, with her eyes, her hair, her clearly defined, arching brows, and one line of red marking the thin, delicate lips. It was relieved by no other trace of color, even in the cheeks.

I have not painted for you a beauty, and yet I think now that Bertha Payson had the noblest female face my eyes ever rested on. Her figure was tall, and lithe, and slender; her voice clear, low, and musical. From my earliest boyhood she had seemed to me like some guardian saint, pure enough for worship, but, for a long time I had thought, not warm enough for love.

She was twenty before I began to understand her better. I had just graduated at Harvard, and I came home—perhaps a little less conceited than the majority of newly fledged A. B.'s, full of lofty aspirations, generous purposes, and romantic dreams. I was prepared to fall in love, but I never thought of loving quiet Bertha Payson, my next neighbor's daughter. The ideal lady of my fancy was far prettier—a fairy creature, with the golden hair and starry eyes of Tennyson's dream—

And yet, in the mean time, I looked forward with pleasure to Bertha's companionship. To talk with her always brought out the most of Heaven I had in me. There was nothing in art or nature so glorious that it did not take new glory when the glances of her eyes kindled over it. My mind never ceased any height of lofty purpose or heroic thought which her far-reaching soul had not conquered before me, and so the best purposes of my life grew better and stronger in the serene atmosphere of her approval.

Thus it came about that we were daily together. Long before I thought of looking at that pale, proud face with a lover's passion, I think I had given her reason to believe that I loved her. What other interpretation could a woman like her, so pure, so single-hearted, so true, have put upon the eagerness with which I continually sought her society? I passed the largest portion of every day in her presence. She was an early riser, and often, even before the summer sunshine, I went through the narrow path and little wicket gate, which divided our garden from hers, to persuade her to join me in a ramble in the delicious morning twilight.

There was no scene of which we never tired. I have never seen it anywhere but in Ryefield. In the valley of the Quineboug the mist rises so blue and dense that from the hills, overlooking it at a mile's distance, it looks like some strange inland sea, whereon, perchance, Curtin's Flying Dutchman might take his long and wonderful cruise, or a phantom Maid of the Mist, sailing at dawn out of some silent cove, might cut the phantom sea with her phantom keel, and go back with the sunrise into silence and shadows. On one of those scrooping hills Bertha and I watched the slow coming of many a summer morning. It was in one of these enchanted hours that I first learned that a woman's heart, strong and passionate as it was pure, slumbered beneath the calm reticence of her external life.

We had been watching, as usual, the sea of mist, and speculating idly about the phantom bark and its strange crew. Then we stood silent for a moment, Bertha looking out over the mist and I looking at her, her eyes growing so large, so solemn, so full of thought. At last she turned with a sudden motion. "Who would think, Frank, to see this prospect now, that underneath this seeming sea, we shall see the fair valley, with its three white houses, its waving trees, and its little beds of bright water. Some time, even thus, from all proud hearts the mist will roll gently away, and we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known—if not here, there."

She paused, and I looked at her, inspired. I did not wish to break the silence which followed her words. I started and led the way down the steep hill. After a little I looked round to see if the same morning sunshine still lingered in her eyes. I caught my foot in some incautious step against the roots of a tree from which the spring rain had washed away the earth. I was stunned for a moment. My first sensation of returning consciousness was a pleasant one. I felt Bertha's cool hand upon my forehead. She had run swiftly to a neighboring spring, and with her quick presence of mind, had saturated her handkerchief and mine, and now she was bathing my brow with water. I did not open my eyes at first. It was so pleasant to be there and receive her gentle ministrations. At length I felt her place her ear close to my lips. A resolute effort I held my breath. I wished to try her. She thought I was dead. She did not stir, or move, only, as if against her will, a single eye, low and sorrowful, escaped from under her eyelids.

"Oh, Frank, darling, darling!" I slowly opened my eyes and met hers. There was a look in them I have never seen in any other woman's before or since. Then I knew that Bertha Payson could love, that she did love me with a love that not one woman in ten thousand could understand. I knew that underneath the marble heart, there was a woman's heart, warm and true, and as pure as the sea.

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dies on the altar of the God of the Hebrews. I knew that she loved me, and, in the same moment, I knew that with all the might of my heart I loved her—that she alone was the woman to whom my mind and soul could do homage and say, "I have found my queen." But I did not speak of love then. I knew she must have read my glance as I had read hers, but she only said, very quietly,

"Thank God that you are alive. I must leave you now to see about getting some one to take you home."

"No, I can walk if you will help me." I made the effort, but I could not rise. The least attempt to move caused me such exquisite pain that I began to think my injuries must be severe. I said reluctantly,

"I am very sorry, Bertha. I shall have to let you go. I see it is impossible for me to walk."

She drew a light summer shawl from her shoulders and arranged it so as to make the position in which my head was lying a little easier. Then she tripped away, and lying there, I watched, half dreamily, her light figure go out of sight down the hill-side. The time of her absence seemed to me very short. Except when I attempted to move I felt little pain, and never had my soul been so flooded with happiness. I loved Bertha—I was loved by her. I felt too weak to speculate about the future. I only rejoiced in the present.

Soon Bertha returned with the village doctor and two or three sturdy assistants. Arranging a hastily constructed litter they started to bear me down the hill. At the first jolt the motion caused me intense pain. With a longing for sympathy, I stretched out my hand. Bertha understood me, and laid her own in it, and so with her walking beside me, I was borne home.

No bones had been broken by my fall. My injuries were all internal, though not dangerous; but my convalescence was long and tedious. In all this time Bertha was like an angel of light. She shared with my mother the labor of nursing me. She read to me, sang to me; or, when I liked it better, sat by me in silence. It was six weeks before I was again able to walk out; but in all this time we had never spoken of love. With all my soul I worshipped her; but my passion was too reverent for light or hasty utterance. I had first read my heart's answer in her eyes.

When at length I could go out, my first visit was made to Dr. Greene. He had been so kind and attentive, he seemed to take so much pride in his success, that I could not refuse his invitation to take my first walk to his house, and drink a cup of tea with his wife and a friend she had staying with her. It was with this friend only that my story has to do. God knows I did not willingly put myself in the way of temptation. How could I tell that, sitting that summer afternoon in Dr. Greene's quiet parlor, I should find a circle?

Miss Ireton, said the Doctor's niece, a young, slight figure, robed in white, with roses in the golden hair that lay in long ringlets upon her dainty shoulders, and clustered around her proud little head. Her eyes were bright and full of smiles; dimples played at hide-and-seek among her cheeks's roses; her lips were full and red, and her complexion wonderfully clear, with a quick changing color, infinitely charming. Nellie Ireton was indeed beautiful. Sometimes—even now, out of the darkness of death and the grave that face rises up to me, and I see her stand before me once more, in all her wondrous loveliness, as she stood that summer afternoon. If you had seen her you would have thought that she was immortal—that death and change could never come to that form of grace, those eyes of light.

Miss Ireton was a practiced flirt. It was not in the nature of things that any man could love her as reverently as I loved Bertha. She could not have comprehended Bertha's self-abnegation, her heroism, her entire freedom from all vanity, all desire for triumph. And yet her dominion over the senses was absolute. I was a born worshipper of beauty. I could not help admiring the airy grace of her movements, the sparkling changes of her face, the smiles which hovered so archly about her lips. Days passed, and no fly was ever more hopelessly entangled in a spider's net than I in the meshes of her golden hair. At first I could see that Bertha was simply incredulous and astonished. Then a wild trouble began to darken the clear gray of her eyes. All this time I loved her. A single tone of her voice had more power over my highest nature than all the enchantments of the other; and yet I could not break away from the fatal spell which bound me. My senses were intoxicated—stepped in delirium by the circle. Can you comprehend the enigma? Its solution involves the story of many a woman's marriage besides my own.

Just at the right time Miss Ireton brought a new competitor into the field. In a young law-student then visiting in the place I found a rival. Nellie was a good tactician. She played us off against each other most adroitly, until we were each inspired with all a gamester's eagerness to win. Bertha had now withdrawn herself from my society almost altogether. Indeed, I seldom visited her; but when I did I only saw her in the presence of her mother. Every evening I passed at Dr. Greene's. At last in one fatal hour, I found Miss Ireton alone. I proposed and was accepted. So far had my madness lasted; and when I heard her faltering "Yes," when the golden head sank with fully as much triumph as tenderness upon my shoulders, when I had pressed the kiss of betrothal upon her lips, a cold shudder ran through all my veins. I closed my eyes for a moment, in the struggle to regain my self-command, and there before my closed eyes, I saw Bertha stand as she stood that morning, I saw her pale, rapt face, her eyes dilated with thought fixed on the mist over the valley. I heard her inspired voice.

"Some time, even thus, from all proud hearts the mist will roll gently away, and we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known." Alas! in vain had the mist rolled away from that proud heart of Bertha Payson, showing me its hidden treasures. I had rejected the golden fruit of the Hesperides, lured by the fair-seeming apple of Sodom; and now I must vainly at the closed gates of Eden. We have but one birth and one death, and the charmed hour of fate comes but once to life. My betrothed was speaking, I roused myself to listen.

Mr. Osborne; and I meant you should like me. You see I thought it would be more difficult, for Dr. Green told me you were more than half in love with that pale, proud Bertha Payson, and I meant to see if I couldn't make you fancy me in spite of all. You succeeded only too well, little cherub."

There was a mournful truth in my answer, which her light heart did not penetrate. "Do think Nellie loved me, or, as she said, loved me, as well as she was capable of loving." Her freely-expressed preference was fully sincere. I should have a true wife, and yet in God's sight, I should be unmarried still. We two could never be one.

I made haste to announce my engagement. I hurried the preparations for my nuptials. I felt that my only safety would lie in leaving Ryefield as soon as possible. Now that the excitement of the love-chase was over, and the young law-student had settled into the quiet friend of my affianced, I could not conceal from myself that I had set the seal to my own mad folly, and condemned myself to an eternal, yet unavailing despair. I carefully avoided any opportunity of seeing Bertha. I would not have dared to trust myself in her presence.

It was the day before my bridal. So far I had traversed in my path of thorns. I rose early and went out of doors. One more walk I would have to the hill where the knowledge of Bertha's love had come to me—down whose slopes I had walked with her hand in mine. It was September, but it had been a cool damp summer, and the verdure along the hill-side was still fresh as in June. I climbed it rapidly. When I was within a few rods of its summit I looked up. A tall slight figure was clearly defined against the sky. Should I go on? Dared I meet Bertha then and there? I answered these questions to myself by climbing on silently and quickly. I could not help it.

In five minutes I stood at Bertha's side. She had not heard my approach. Proud woman as she was, she had not been too proud to weep. The tears glittered heavily on her long lashes. She made no vain attempt to conceal them. She met my glance steadily. "Bertha," I said in a choking voice, "I did not think to find you here."

"Or I you," she answered. "See, the mist lies as heavily over the valley as when we stood here last. How little the scene is changed!"

"And how much every thing else is!" I interrupted her, wildly. "Bertha, it may be madness or sin, but I must speak. I love you better than my own soul. I always did love you, but never with such passion, such despair, as now. Is it too late? Must it be too late?"

She looked at me a moment in wonder, in sorrow. Her dark eyes questioned me. Then her lip curled.

"Would you be twice a traitor, Frank Osborne?"

"No!" I answered impetuously. "I but return to my only true allegiance. Nellie's pride would be wounded, but her heart would not suffer much. And you, oh! Bertha, you did love me—do you love me. Do not wreck your own life and mine."

"Frank," she said, quietly, yet earnestly, "this is worse than folly, it is sin. To-morrow you will be the husband of another. What right have you to speak to me of love? True, I did love you once, but that dream is past. If you were free to day I could not trust my happiness to your keeping. Forget me, or think of me only as a kind well-wishing friend."

"Is there no hope Bertha?"

"None!"

But I could not so give her up. The hour had come I had dreamed of through my long convalescence. I stood with Bertha again upon the hill-top where I had meant to tell her of my love. I must plead with her a little longer. Scarcely knowing what I said, I called her with wild prayers. I poured out my very soul at her feet. But she only looked at me with her dark, wistful eyes, and returned the same firm reproachful look. At last I was silent. I saw it was of no use. I had myself cast away my pearl of great price. I must be contented hereafter with the glitter of my past brilliant.

"Well," I said, humbly and sorrowfully enough, "I do not deserve you. You are right, Bertha. But give me your hand once more, as you did that morning. Friends claim that much, Bertha."

She laid her fingers in mine. They did not tremble, but they were very cold. She said with a deep pathetic earnestness.

"God bless you, Frank Osborne! I will know you so well, believe that you are sincere in the words you have spoken to me this morning. But you must think me a fool no longer. Frank, happiness only comes to us in the right. Your duty now is to Miss Ireton. Fulfill it, I conjure you. You must marry her. God for it. I conjure you to make her future bright. Trust nothing to her light-heartedness. I tell you no woman's heart is light enough to bear up under any want of love from the man for whom she has given up all things. Do your duty, and you will find comfort even yet. Good-by, Frank."

She turned away, and once more, as on that other morning, I watched her light figure tripping down the hill. Her step was firm. Her heart must have been strong. She did not once look back. I watched her till I could see her no longer, and then I turned and looked moodily over the valley at my feet. Already the mist had passed, and before the sun's fiery eye the valley lay unshrouded, undisguised, as our souls must stand some day before His eye at whose word the first sunrise and the last sun will set. I thought of the solemn import of Bertha's words. It had indeed a duty to do. I could lay my burden of sin and punishment on no other shoulders. It was not Nellie Ireton's fault that I had turned from Bertha and asked her to be my wife. I loved her my life now. She should have it. I knelt upon the hill-side. I bared my forehead to the breeze of the September morning. I cried out to Heaven for strength. I think my prayer was heard.

The next day I was married. We left Ryefield at once, and for three years I did not return there.

I do believe—thank God for this place of comfort—that I made Nellie happy. In her own way she was very fond of me. She loved society, mirth, and fashion. She had been all I placed no restraint upon her pleasures, though I seldom accompanied her. She had returned from some of her excursions

one night, and found me sitting alone in my study. She would bend into my lap, as such times with her old child-like abandon, I tell me what a fine time she had; who talked to her; and who complimented her; and then ask, with a comical air of self-satisfaction, "If I was not proud of such a handsome little wife?"

"You know, I am handsome, you are looking, looking, looking, old fellow, now, don't you? I was usually the conclusion to her harangue; and I would always give her the confirmation she craved. Thank God, she never knew how lonely my soul was in those days. How my heart pined for companionship!—how my spirit pined to share its doubts, its triumphs, its seeking after the infinite! Thank God that the lack in the meadow was not gladder of heartier than she! In my own mind I had a world of my own. She had been my wife more than two years when she went out one bitter cold night, with her fair neck and arms uncovered, and only an opera cloak thrown over them; as she drove to a gay party. I had remonstrated, but she had declined to have her own way, and I never could bring myself to cross her in anything. I, who could never look at her without a remorseful consciousness that the heart which should have been hers only shrined in secret the image of another. I strove, by the most lavish indulgence even to her whims, to make what compensation I could for the heart devotion that I could never give her, and so that night, as usual, she had her will. She did, indeed, look lovely with her azure satin dress falling in such graceful folds about her little figure—the golden curls just falling but not concealing the snow of her neck, and her arms gleaming through misty lace. Most men would have been proud of her; but I had known one woman whose simple superiority to all outside decorations so far transcended all the aids of dress and fashion that I could not triumph in the mere beauty of the external.

For once the consequences of my indulgence were disastrous. That night Nellie took a severe cold. In a few days it settled upon her lungs, and then medical skill was of no avail. She grew rapidly worse, and they made her grave beneath the cold, gray sky of March. She died with her head on my bosom. With almost her last breath she told me I had made her happy. When I stood over her grave I mourned for her sincerely. I would have given much to call her back to life; nay I would have been willing—life was not very precious to me—to have taken her place under the mould, so that she would have walked forth again in her youth and beauty. And yet as weeks passed on, God, who judgeth, will forgive me if a wild thrill of joy did sometimes make my heart-strings quiver when I thought of the love of my youth and remembered that I was free.

After a time I went home to Ryefield. I sought Bertha's society. At first it seemed to me she tried to avoid me, but I persevered. I know she must have felt to the core of her heart the sincerity of my love. Would she ever return it?

At last, one night, I asked her to go with me the next morning overlooking the valley, where we stood together so many times in other days. She consented. We went up the hill almost in silence, and when we reached its summit we still stood silently for a time.

At length I turned to her.

OUR BROTHER.

A ship went out on the sea,
The lonely, lonely sea,
And a human hand to guide her right,
A human eye to watch at night;
The ship grew black and she grew gray with will;
The man at the helm was weak as a child,
And she drifted out to sea—
The lonely, lonely sea.

SUBMISSION THROUGH FAITH.

My God, I thank Thee I may not be thought
Deem aught of life's event—severe;
But may this heart by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.
Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
There's grief for the mother that waits for her child,
For the father that waits for his wife when he's gone,
For the child that waits for his father when he's gone,
For the lonely, lonely sea.

MECHANICS IN THE SENATE.

The attack upon free labor made in the Senate, by Mr. Hammond, of South Carolina, has called attention to the fact that quite a number of the members of that body have labored at mechanical trades. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, is a shoe-maker; Senator Hamlin, of Maine, claims to have been a printer, and Senator Broderick, of California, says he served an apprenticeship of five years at one of the most laborious mechanical trades ever pursued by man. His father was a mason, and the beautiful capitals adorning the pilasters that support the roof of the chamber in which his son now sits as the representative of a free State, are the work of his hands. Senator Clark, of New Hampshire, claims to be the son of a blacksmith, and Senator Douglas, of Illinois, served an apprenticeship, we believe, at the cabinet-making business. Doubtless there are other Senators who have also labored with their hands.

It will be noticed that these men all represent Free States. We do not know that any Slave State is represented by a mechanic. These facts admirably illustrate the position of labor in the two sections of the country. The South holds, with Senator Hammond, that the laborer is the "mud-sill" of the social structure. He is not to rise above this position, and all aspirations for a higher sphere are inconsistent with his condition, and are to be checked by keeping him in ignorance. Those who do not labor form a distinct class, whose claims to superiority rest upon the fact that they perform no menial service. In short, the refinement of one class is based upon the degradation of another!

That we do not misstate the position of the ultra pro-slavery men the following extract from an article in Debou's Southern Review, is sufficient evidence. Speaking of Hon. Eli Thayer's plan of organized emigration the writer says—

"We would like Messrs. Samner and Thayer's 'plot' better, if they would dispense with common schools, rifles, and the right of suffrage for their laborers! These things are not useful or necessary to mere common laborers—beget idleness and discontent, and in time generate insurrection, revolution, anarchy and agrarianism!"

At the North every man is left free to find his natural level. The laborer is not condemned to perpetual servitude, but the way is open for him to rise if he has the will to do so. The intelligence of the community rests on the education of all its members, and its prosperity on the means of advancement left open to every one. Hence we find the North represented by mechanics; the South by slaveholders. [Portland Transcript.]

CHARLES LAMB IN A FIX.—We travelled with one of those troublesome fellow-passengers in a stage coach who are well informed men. For twenty miles we discussed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriage by ditto, till all my science, and more than all my wit, was exhausted, and I was thinking of occupying my time by getting up on the outside, when a gentleman, who had been sitting next to me, and who had been listening to my question to me, "What sort of a crop of turnips I thought we should have this year?" Emma's eyes turned to me, to know what in the world I could have to say; and she burst out into a violent fit of laughter, made her pale, serious cheeks, when, with the greatest gravity, I replied, that it depended, I believed, upon boiled legs of mutton!"

[Final Memorial of Charles Lamb.]

REBELLION OF THE IRISH YETTERS AGAINST BUCHANAN DEMOCRACY.—The New York Freeman's Journal, the great organ of the Irish Democracy of New York, has rebelled against Mr. Buchanan, and given in its adhesion to Judge Douglas. It will undoubtedly carry with it the large Irish vote of New York, and probably of the whole country, also. From present appearances, no man who ever held high office in the United States, has met with such a fall as is likely to come upon Mr. Buchanan.

The following is from the Freeman's Journal of the present week:

The defeat of Mr. Fremont was judged to be the happy overthrow of a hapless adventurer, who was perfectly willing to try the experiment of playing sectional President at the probable expense of the union of the States. We at the North, who believed in all the great ideas—both memories and hopes—which cluster around the Union, rejoiced chiefly in the success, not of names, or of persons, but of principles, as nobly established in the triumph of James Buchanan. We had no misgivings of his fidelity to the doctrine which his election embodied. But the President has disappointed the hopes of his friends. He has gone over to the side of the Democrats.

Sylla, and dashed upon Charybdis. We defeated the sectional candidate, but we are cursed with a sectional Administration—the first in our history. It is encouraging to remember that it was not a sectional Administration that was rejected.

It was a desperate policy, indeed, which thus drives to insurrection a branch of the Democratic party, which, as we have said, has never defied the banner of revolt before. Archbishop Hughes and the Irish Brigade in insurrection! Who and where are the faithful?

YANKEE DOODLE WITH VARIATIONS.—Vieuxtemps' violinistic execution of Yankee Doodle has been often well described, but never better than by one! Boraz, a droll Mobilian. Give ear to "Boraz."

"It is difficult to conceive how this slender melody could have been arrayed in such ample garb of splendor. Ingenuity must have been exhausted in devising the variations performed by the king of violins. He played it low down and then high up on the E string—with all four parts at once—with the bow up against the bridge—without any bow at all, he played it backwards and forwards, and I believe sideways and crossways—began at the end and left off at the beginning; began at the middle and left off at both ends; then commenced at both ends and finished in the middle; twanged it like a guitar, growled it like a bass viol, (a bass violation of time, quoth my neighbor) squeaked it like a fife, whistled it like a flute, and picked it out like a banjo! It was Yankee Doodle all the time, however—sometimes solo, like a boy, whistling, once as a duet like a pair of harmonious cats; then again with all the 'variations,' all of which displayed and set off the original air, as a multitudinous array of jewels adorned and enhanced the beauty of the fair wearer."

THE COST OF MAKING A POUND OF BEEF.—Can you tell me, or who can tell, how much it costs to make a pound of beef? You will probably answer, "that it depends upon circumstances." Agreed; but I do not believe that among all the people who prepare beef cattle for market there is a single individual who can even get at a tolerably fair guess, much less give any reliable data on the subject.

Now I propose to get up a sort of club discussion with you and the 'rest of mankind' on this subject, just to show you and the city that good beef cannot be sold in your market much under 10 cents and furnish a fair profit to the feeder or farmer; and to that end I shall assume that you are with me just now in my humble cottage out here in Western New York, as my calculations are for this meridian.

Sufficient experiments have been made to show that it requires a certain amount of grain, hay or oats to produce a pound of beef—by which I mean so much increase in the live weight of the animal. It has also been satisfactorily demonstrated that four and a half pounds of corn, when fed under the best circumstances for the most economical consumption of the food—dry, warm stables and the most thorough care—will produce a pound increase. Taking corn then as the standard, and allowing five pounds as the minimum, and we have a starting point to our investigation. I do not now propose to go into the discussion as to the relative value of other substances for stall-feeding, for I believe that so far as the cost is concerned there would be found no great difference. A bushel of corn is usually rated at fifty six pounds, and would, therefore, represent eleven pounds of beef. The average price of corn for the last ten years has been rather above 50 cents, but say 50 cents. This then would make the actual cost of making a pound of beef 4 1/2 cents, without going into the minute fractions. But to this must be added the expense of feeding, interest on cost of animal, and on capital invested in the fixtures of the farm. Now, if I am correct in my premises, the feeder who sells his animals at less than 5 cents per pound stands a very slight chance of making anything—but a loss. But the manure is of no consequence to you, your western friends say, and in that we have some advantage in our favor. You will say that I am wrong here again, for they raise corn so much cheaper than we do that we can in no wise compete with them.

I did not intend to go West just yet, but let us see how the matter stands even there. I believe that since they have made railroads to every man's barn in the Western States, corn averages about 25 cents per bushel—call it 20 cents if you please. By reason of the more expensive way of feeding, it is safe to assume that it takes full ten pounds of corn to one of beef. A bushel of corn, then, would make only about five and a half of beef—costing under the best circumstances not less than 3 1/2 cents per pound on the farm. You know better than I do what it costs in shrinkage, freight, &c., to bring the animal to the point where it will compete with our farmers. I should like to see your figures thereon. Now, after all, is there so very much in favor of stall-feeding in the corn-growing States more than in this State or New England?—[N. Y. Tribune.]

EFFECTS OF SIN ON THE INTELLIGENCE.—No man was a bad man without having his mind degraded, as well as his moral principles debased, by evil influence. The habit of sin destroys the fitness of the intellect, impairs the judgment, and blunts the perception of truth and beauty. Nothing is plainer than that there is a close alliance in the very structure of our being, between integrity of mind and the clear perception of truth—between purity of moral and intellectual character. As the heart is freed from all biases, a clearer vision is unobscured from the otherwise incurable errors of prejudice, and opened in all the truth and beauty of the universe. The character of Milton was as sublime as his poetic genius and as necessary to the great productions of his mind. So there is a close alliance between the sense of duty and the sense of honor, which together constitute the basis of dignity and self-respect. Whatever, therefore, corrupts man's moral principle, degrades his intellectual faculties, lowers his honorable sentiments, and taints like a leprosy his whole inward being.

[N. Y. Evangelist.]

STATE MUSTER.—Grand Encampment of the Maine Militia.—Adjutant General James W. Webster, has been in town for a day or two past. We understand that he is maturing plans for a grand muster of all the uniformed militia in Maine, to take place in Portland sometime during the presence of the great Leviathan steamship in our harbor. There will be some 50 or 60 companies, or perhaps 3000 troops present. Other military companies will be here from abroad, and will be invited to take part in the parade, making one of the most imposing displays ever witnessed in this State, and seldom in New England. The troops will be reviewed by the Commander in Chief, his Excellency Governor Morrill. [State of Maine.]

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Court of Appeals has decided in the suit growing out of the Harpers' fire in New York, in 1853, that when an insurance company insures on a workshop, they take the risk of all the articles contained therein, and are not to be excused on the ground, that the fact of such articles being contained therein, was not within the insurance contract. This decision is of great importance, and will be a great relief to many who have been injured by fire in workshops.

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FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE PATENT OFFICE
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