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Written for the Organ of the Temperance Reform.

The Dying Year.

BY MRS H. S. DAY.

He is dying, he is dying,
He whose locks are thin and old;
Can you tell me why he's sighing?
Ah! his days are almost told.

He is dying, yes, is dying;
He whom lately we did greet
With songs of welcome, now, ere morning,
His warm heart will cease to beat.

We remember his bright morning,
When the Northern Crown he wore,
Filled with circling stars and brilliants,
Blazing lights from shore to shore.

He is dying, oh! is dying,
And his lovely bride of *Spring*,
Erst adorned with buds of beauty,
Time has left, on swiftest wing.

Yet, she came, as gentle zephyr,
Tripping light a Fairy Queen,
And he changed his icy jewels
For her wreaths of living green.

But he's dying, oh! is dying,
Filled with grief for *Summer* fair,
She whose zone he filled with glory,
She who's now the Frost-king's heir.

He is dying, surely dying,
He whom all have loved so well;
Go, bring *Autumn's* varied mantle,
Dyed with hues from hill and dell.

He is dying, yes, is dying,
Fading gently from our sight,
He who bore us on his pinions,
When the earth was robed in night.

But he's dying, now, is dying,
Hark! he speaks in accents clear,
See, I hear my Record upward,
Hail! now hail! the new-born year.

Fare thee well, time-honored father,
O! how quickly hast thou fled!
Yet thou'st ploughed thy furrows deeper,
Gath'ring to the countless dead.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Dec. 31, 1852.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

FALSE BENEVOLENCE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE,

"I believe, Maria," said Mrs. Willerton addressing her cousin, "that as well as I like Horace, I should never have married him, had I known how much annoyance I should receive on account of his poor relations."

"*Do* they annoy you?" asked Maria, with a look of surprise.

"Yes, they do exceedingly. I have been made unhappy all the morning on their account."

"I have never met with any of them here, and thought they did not call on you."

"They don't, neither do I call on them; but Horace does, and they enter their complaints to him, and he thinks we ought to assist them, I suppose. No longer ago than last evening, he called on his sister, Mrs. Woodbridge, who told him her health was very poor, and persuaded him into believing that she and her children were actually suffering for food."

"Mrs. Woodbridge is a widow, I believe."

"Yes, and the word *widow*, with some people, is expected to untie the purse-strings of every person who has a decent income. It is well, I think, that the business is so arranged as to give me the control of the property left me by my father, otherwise, I *do* believe that Horace would squander one-half of it upon his sister and her children. I am charitable, as every one knows, who is at all acquainted with me. Within the last year I have headed half a dozen subscription papers, and now, just at the time I want to prepare a few fancy articles for the Fair, I must be teased about Mrs. Woodbridge and her children. Look, Maria, isn't this card-case pretty? I shall get it off on some young clerk—who would like to make a present to a lady—for five or six dollars, and the whole material did not cost over four-and-sixpence, and it has taken me no more than five or six hours to make it.—Don't you intend to contribute something for the Fair?"

"No, I think not."

"Well, let me tell you, cousin mine, that a young lady with a clear income of five thousand a year, ought to, if she don't."

"What purpose is the money intended for, which it is expected will be raised at the Fair?"

"Why, haven't you heard? Your ignorance on the subject shows the little interest you take in benevolent schemes. It is our wish to raise a sum sufficient to purchase a new chandelier for the church; also, to carpet and cushion all the pews—those occupied by the poor as well as the rich. The inside of a church has a very mean look, when one-half of the pews have neither carpets nor cushions; and, for my part, I feel ashamed when any distinguished stranger is present. Besides, it will be such a luxury for the poor to sit on cush-

[illegible] that if we do, perfect patchwork will be made of the affair? If permitted to consult their own fancy, no two individuals would choose alike."

"It don't appear to me to be of much consequence whether they are alike or not; and as for a chandelier, we certainly don't need a new one. I always thought the one in our church remarkably tasteful and elegant, and it has never, I believe, sustained the least injury."

"I don't know that it has, but, for my part, I think our pastor as worthy a handsome church, as respects decorations, and all else, as any one in the city, and our chandelier is not half as costly as that in Mr. Yarmouth's church. Come, Maria, do, for once, try to think and act like other people. No one understands fancy-work better than you, and as you have plenty of leisure, you ought, at least, to prepare half a dozen articles for the Fair. By the way, what have you done with that beautiful collar I saw you embroidering, sometime since? I have never seen you wear it."

"It was not for myself. It was one of a half dozen a poor woman was employed to do, and as she found she could not finish them in season, I offered to assist her."

Mrs. Willerton was prevented from making any reply, by hearing the door-bell ring.

"I rather think it is Mrs. Wyman," said she; "I have been expecting her all the morning. She told me she was going round to-day, to try and augment the funds of the Dorcas Society. Now, Maria, you certainly cannot refuse to subscribe for such a purpose."

"I believe I shall be obliged to," returned Maria—"that is, if I have been rightly informed as to the manner the society is conducted. I cannot think it right to employ poor women at prices so low as to render it impossible for them to earn a comfortable subsistence."

"O, we calculate to make them ourselves."

"Worse still," was Maria's reply.

Mrs. Wyman, a showy, fashionably-dressed woman now entered. After a few minutes spent in pleasant conversation, she unrolled a sheet of paper, on which was written a few lines by way of preamble, stating the object of the society, and the inadequate means at its disposal to carry that object into effect in a manner which was at all satisfactory. It closed with a pathetic appeal to those ladies charitably disposed, calling upon them to give of their abundance to those perishing with hunger and cold.

Mrs. Wyman, with some difficulty, commanded her voice, while she read it aloud.—She and Mrs. Willerton both shed tears. After having had time to compose herself a little, Mrs. Wyman handed the paper to Mrs. Willerton, saying, as she did so.—

"My dear friend, you must head the subscription. I brought the paper to you first, on purpose, because I knew you would give liberally. It will be a good example to others. Example, you know, goes a great way."

"You must not expect too much," returned Mrs. Willerton, "but the little I am able to give will be given cheerfully."

She opened a little, portable writing-desk, considered a moment, and then, with a sweet smile irradiating her countenance, wrote her name, and against it, fifty dollars. She then drew forth her purse.

"I will pay you at once," said she. "I have placed my name on the paper merely to encourage others."

"A little ready money would always be acceptable," said Mrs. Wyman, "as we are entirely out of material, and there is a capital chance to get sewing done cheap. Nearly a dozen poor women, who have families, and several young girls, are waiting for work, who, for the sake of having it, will do it for less than they ever have before. One young girl, Fanny Woodbridge, I think she told me her name was, offered to make a dozen shirts for half the usual price, which will be a great saving. A number of others will make different articles at a rate nearly or quite as low."

Maria thought Mrs. Willerton winced a little at the mention of Fanny Woodbridge, who was her husband's niece. If it did excite any interest in her mind, or cause any feelings of compunction, she abstained from making any inquiry. She probably felt afraid that it might lead to some discovery relative to her connection with Mrs. Woodbridge.

"Miss Vernon," said Mrs. Wyman, presenting the paper to Maria, "I know we may count on something handsome from you."

"I am sorry to disappoint you," she replied, "but I must decline giving anything whatever."

"You surprise me, Miss Vernon; I have been told that you were very benevolent."

"A reputation which is certainly desirable, yet I cannot consent to maintain it by contributing to the funds of the Dorcas society."

"I suspect you do not understand the principles by which the society is guided."

"I think I do, perfectly."

"And pray what can be more laudable than to make and distribute garments among those poor wretches, who are sunk so low in vice and idleness, that they have neither the means nor the inclination to clothe themselves?"

"To speak plainly," said Maria, "I don't approve of the manner in which the labor of making the garments for those poor outcasts is obtained. Women who are willing to labor, and have too much self-respect to beg, are required to work for them at prices so low as to make it utterly impossible for them to procure an adequate supply of even the coarsest food. I am told that the members of the society do most all the work themselves, which, according to my mind——"

"Yes, we do most of it ourselves," said Mrs. Wyman, eagerly interrupting her; "we only give those work who beg and pray for it, because they cannot possibly get a stitch anywhere else."

"But," said Maria, "if the poor and industrious were employed to do it, at a fair compensation, two benevolent objects would be effected at the same time; if, indeed, an indiscriminate distribution among the idle and vicious, is worthy the name of benevolence. I am afraid it only fosters the evil it is designed to remedy. In one instance I happen to know a woman of intemperate habits who pledged a calico gown given her by your society, and thus obtained the means to procure liquor, by which she and her children were

[illegible] made an reply to this. She evidently considered it in the light of reproof, and to one who was almost daily receiving the incense of adulation, on account of her superior benevolence, any remark calculated to show that her manner of exercising it was not the most judicious, was by no means palatable. Consequently her manner towards her was exceedingly cold and distant during the remainder of her call. Soon after her departure, Maria likewise took her leave.

Mrs. Wyman had been gone scarcely half an hour, when there was another ring of the bell. This time the visitor was a lady by the name of Underwood. Her husband did not rank among the wealthier class of citizens; on the contrary, his wife, to enable them to live within their means, was obliged to conduct the domestic department according to the rules of strict economy. Mrs. Willerton, therefore, who did not consider her as quite up to her level, received her less cordially than she did the other lady.

"I have taken the liberty to call on you," said Mrs. Underwood, after some little delay, "in behalf of a poor widow, who on account of declining health, even with the assistance of her daughter, finds it extremely hard to get along."

"Really, madam," said Mrs. Willerton, "I believe it will be out of my power to contribute anything. I have already given fifty dollars to-day, for charitable purposes, which is, I think, is as much as is my duty to give in one day."

"I don't ask for money," said Mrs. Underwood. "The lady—for she is a lady, in every sense of the word, though in such indigent circumstances—would hardly be willing to accept of anything without an equivalent on her part. What I ask for her is work, at a price which will enable her to live. She is a very nice sewer, as is also her daughter, a girl of fourteen. They have lately been sewing, at prices so low, that they have been almost literally reduced to starvation. My heart bled at the sight of the girl, who called on me to beg some work. A sad tale of toil and want was written on her beautiful face, which, in spite of them all, was beautiful. I gave her what work I had on hand, and paid her in advance, to enable her to procure food, for I really believe she was near famishing. She told me that she had been promised some sewing by a lady of the Dorcas society, and named the remuneration she was to receive, and I must confess that I was astonished that ladies could, in the name of charity, ask a poor, pale girl like her, to work at such shamefully low prices. It seems like taking life by inches."

"As the funds of the society are at present low, we don't feel it to be a duty to give more than is demanded," said Mrs. Willerton."

Mrs. Underwood made no attempt to reason with her on the subject. She thought what she had already said was sufficient to suggest such reflections as might, in the end, prove salutary. Till Mrs. Willerton, in allusion to the society, made use of the pronoun *we*, she did not know that she was a member. She, however, did not regret having censured an inconsistency so glaring, and so culpable. After a few minutes' silence, she asked Mrs. Willerton if she could not furnish some plain sewing for the widow and her daughter in question.

"I am unable at present," was her answer. "Just now I have no time to prepare work, as I am extremely busy in making fancy articles for the Fair. You, of course, will contribute something, as you and your family, in common with others who attend Mr. Carter's church, will share the benefit of the proceeds.

"It is not my intention. Our pew is already furnished with a decent carpet and comfortable cushions, and the most Mr. Underwood can do, will be to pay the average price of new ones. He will be sure to do that as soon as the sum can be ascertained. I hope," said she, rising to go, "that when your hurry is over, that you will be able to prepare some work."

"Perhaps I may," said Mrs. Willerton coldly.

"I am afraid," thought Mrs. Underwood, as she turned away from the door of the palace-like dwelling, "that the eclat of heading a subscription paper with forty or fifty dollars, influences Mrs. Willerton more than any real desire to relieve the destitute."

When Mr. Willerton came home to dinner, his spirits were evidently much depressed, though he endeavored to appear cheerful.—The truth was, the suffering condition of his sister caused him great uneasiness; for, strange as it may seem for one who dwelt in a palace, and fared sumptuously every day, he was unable to afford them very little relief.

He was a lawyer by profession, and had an average share of practice. He never had, nor had he now, a wish to be idle, though he certainly imagined, at the time he married a rich wife, that he might occasionally relax a little in his exertions. He soon found that he had indulged in a vain imagination. His lady-wife told him in plain terms, that she expected he would defray the family expenses, with the exception of furnishing her wardrobe. This, as he would have no rent to pay, the house where they lived being a part of the property inherited from her father, she thought would be extremely easy, as she should make it a point to get along with three servants. She would thus, she said, be at liberty to gratify her benevolent impulses, and her taste for the beautiful (and she might have added her whims,) her yearly income being nearly ten thousand dollars. It was nothing more, as she thought, than she was entitled to. Poor Willerton soon found, that instead of relaxing his exertions, he was obliged to redouble them.—Before his marriage, he took what practice was offered him; now, he was obliged to seek for more. Early and late he worked like a slave, yet, after all, he failed to realize his wife's expectations. She was ambitious to see his name on subscription papers. It seemed strange to her that he could not save fifty dollars, now and then, to devote to charitable purposes. The difficulty, she thought, was his lack of energy, or worse still, as she was afraid, the want of disposition to give, yet, when he asked her one day, if she had not some cast-off clothing, which his sister could manage to make over for the children, she told him carelessly that every thing of that kind which could be made available, was placed at the disposal of the Dorcas society.

Mrs. Willerton either did not notice, or would not appear to do so, the depression of her husband's spirits.

"I am really ashamed of you, Horace," said

"For what reason," he asked.

"Why, Mr. Tarleton, whom I happened to meet with yesterday, told me that the gentlemen of our society, if they can raise money enough, have it in contemplation to purchase a new bell; but, added he, so many throw cold water on the project, that he don't know but they shall be obliged to give it up. At my request he showed me the subscription paper, and I was truly mortified to find that your name was among the missing."

"We have a good bell now," said he.

"It is not a good-toned bell, nor never was, and now when it is rung at the same time the bell at Mr. Yarmouth's church is, I feel fairly ashamed of it. Five hundred dollars, Mr. Tarleton said, would make up the necessary sum, and I am sure you might put down your name for fifty of it. Dr. Southwick's name is down for a hundred, and I don't believe that his profession is more lucrative than yours. I wish ladies subscribed for the bell—if they did my name would soon be down for a hundred dollars."

"If I should put my name down for five dollars, I couldn't pay it. If I were able to give my sister only one dollar a week, which would pay her rent, she and Fanny could sew enough, so as not to suffer for bread—now it is impossible."

"I cannot believe, Horace, that your sister is in the suffering condition she represents herself to be. When you call there, because you don't see her surrounded by all the luxuries you are accustomed to at home, you are easily made to believe that she is in want of the common necessaries of life."

"I wish, Jane, you would call with me—if you would, I think you would change your mind."

"Well, perhaps I may sometime, but as you know, it is a very busy time with me now."

Mr. Willerton was, just then, so much pressed with business, that he was obliged to be at his office early and late—sometimes as late as midnight. This prevented him from calling on his sister, though his thoughts often wandered to her humble abode, where, in imagination, he saw her surrounded by her children, whose meagre faces would have brightened with joy, could the delicacies which Mrs. Willerton bestowed on her pet dog have been added to their scanty fare.

Mrs. Willerton, as well as her husband, had been extremely busy, and had not left the house at all, for several days, except to do a little shopping. One morning, when out making a few purchases for the completion of the fancy articles for the Fair, she fell in with Mrs. Somers, a lady of her acquaintance. As they walked slowly along, they became so pleasantly engaged in conversation that Mrs. Willerton did not observe that they had arrived at a portion of the city inhabited by the poorer classes. Mrs. Somers suddenly stopped opposite one of the houses.

"I have a call to make here," said she; "will you not go in with me?"

Mrs. Willerton glanced her eyes over her elegant and fashionable dress, and as she did so, involuntarily drew back.

"You will not find a better opportunity," said Mrs. Somers, "for the exercise of your well-known benevolence."

"I don't know," she replied, "that I can spare the time to go with you now. In a few days I shall be more at leisure."

"It may be too late then, as far as you are concerned, and I know that you would be sorry to miss the opportunity of helping to carry into effect a plan for ameliorating the sufferings of the worthy and industrious poor.—The case in question is one too urgent to be delayed. Last evening, for the first time, I was informed of the sufferings of the family I am now going to visit. I called immediately, and have since found that Maria Vernon had already commenced arrangements, which, if carried into effect, will enable the poor widow and her daughter to maintain themselves and the rest of the family in comparative comfort."

Mrs. Somers had already rapped at the door, and it was now opened by a little girl about seven years old.

"My dear," said she, "please tell your mother that Mrs. Somers is at the door, and, if convenient, would like to see her."

Before the child turned away from the door, she raised her large, dark eyes to the face of Mrs. Willerton, inquiringly.

Mrs. Somers saw the look, and said in answer—

"You may also say to your mother, that I have a friend with me, a very benevolent lady."

"Yes ma'am," was her reply.

After an absence of about a minute, she returned, and said her mother would be glad to see her and the other lady.

The first object that attracted the attention of Mrs. Willerton, on entering a room finished in a coarse, rough manner, expressly for the accommodation of the poor, was a woman bolstered up in bed, holding in her left hand, a coarse shirt-sleeve, she had commenced making. She was about thirty-five, and traces of uncommon loveliness still remained on her countenance, though pale, care-worn and emaciated. Mrs. Willerton gave a nervous start, for she at once recognized in the lady before her, Mrs. Woodbridge, her husband's sister. The recognition was mutual, for though neither of them had ever before entered the other's home, they had often seen each other at church. Mrs. Willerton hoped that her sister-in-law did not know her. Mrs. Woodbridge was made sensible of this, from her noticing her in no other way than by a slight inclination of the head. As Mrs. Willerton took the chair offered her by the child who had conducted her and Mrs. Somers in, her eye fell on the sleeve Mrs. Woodbridge held in her hand, and by its coarse texture, she knew it to be work furnished by the Dorcas society.

"How do you feel to-day?" said Mrs. Somers, going up to the bed.

"Better than I did last evening—much better," was the reply.

"You should not attempt to sew," said Mrs. Somers.

"I thought I must try and do a few stitches," she answered, "for Fanny is almost as feeble and exhausted as I am. Your *medicine*, however," and she faintly smiled as she emphasized the word, "has restored her quite as much as it has me."

"Where is Fanny?" asked Mrs. Somers.

"Gone to carry home some work we have been doing for Mrs. Underwood. She is a very benevolent lady, and though her means are limited, does a great deal in her quiet, unostentatious way, for the relief of the poor.

Had it not been for her sudden and severe illness, you found us last evening.

"It was through Mrs. Underwood's means that I found you," said Mrs. Somers.—"The moment she was a little better, she remembered you, and sent to request me to call on you."

"Friends are starting up around us, all at once," said Mrs. Woodbridge. "You had not been gone ten minutes last evening, before a young lady called by the name of Vernon.—Her thoughts seemed to have turned the same way that yours and Mrs. Underwood's have, relative to some plan which would enable Fanny and me to help ourselves. Perhaps, by some means, she had been made aware, that though we are willing to work, to beg we are ashamed. Miss Vernon said she would call again in the morning."

"I hope that she will call while Mrs. Willerton and I are here," said Mrs. Somers.—"We three—I mean Mrs. Willerton, Miss Vernon and myself—have ample means to carry the proposed plan into effect. All we shall need from Mrs. Underwood will be her excellent advice, and I have met with no lady whose judgment and discrimination are superior to hers. If some of the ladies who preside over our benevolent societies were like her, they would, I think, be conducted in a manner quite different from what they now are."

Mrs. Willerton, when Mr. Somers mentioned her name, felt extremely uneasy. She dreaded the return of Fanny, lest when she addressed her, she should call her aunt, and thus betray to Mrs. Somers her connection with the Woodbridge family; for she could not hope that one so young, would exercise the same proud forbearance which her sister-in-law had done. From the younger children, soon after her entrance, she found that she had nothing to fear. They had no idea that she was the aunt Willerton they had heard their mother and sister mention. In addition to her uneasiness on this account, she felt depressed and humbled in the presence of Mrs. Woodbridge. A sense of her superiority, which she could not throw off, forced itself upon her mind. Seeing that Mrs. Somers was engaged in saying something to the children, she rose and went close to the bedside.

"I had no idea," said she, speaking in an undertone, "that you were reduced to the condition in which I find you. Your brother will call and see you this evening, and I shall try and do something for you."

"I beg that you will not put yourself to the least inconvenience on my account," replied Mrs. Woodbridge, coldly. "Providence has seen fit to raise up friends for the relief of my suffering family, so that any aid from you will be unnecessary."

"If you refuse to accept aid from me, you will be willing to accept it from your brother."

"Yes; I am willing to accept all that he is able to give, and that I am sure of receiving."

"What is it?"

"His sympathy. The thought of his withholding it would cause me much unhappiness."

Mrs. Willerton, instead of answering, started, and, turning hastily away from the bedside, drew her veil over her face. She had caught the sound of footsteps approaching the door, and the thought if Fanny had returned, and should recognize her, it would cause her reputation for benevolence to suffer in the estimation of Mrs. Somers, occasioned her quite as much uneasiness as the idea of having her know that Mrs. Woodbridge was her husband's sister. The door opened, and Fanny entered. Mrs. Willerton's fears subsided, for merely curtseying to her, she turned to Mrs. Somers, who greeted her with a smile and pleasant words. Mrs. Willerton, in the mean time, stood with averted face, and as soon as she could do so, without breaking in upon Mrs. Somers, told her that she could not possibly remain longer.

"I will detain you only a minute longer," replied Mrs. Somers; and, after interchanging a few words with Mrs. Woodbridge, she joined the impatient Mr. Willerton, whose hand was already on the door-latch.

When Mrs. Willerton, in silent communion with her own mind, recalled the scene of poverty and suffering she had been constrained to witness, her own course during the six years of her wedded life, assumed an aspect quite different from what it had formerly done. Being unimaginative, one example had influenced her more than many precepts. She saw, that to be truly benevolent, discretion was necessary, as well as time and money, and the discovery was turned to good account. Those degraded women, who had been accustomed to pledge the garments given them by the Dorcas society, in order to obtain the means of indulging in habits of intemperance, soon found that they could no longer do so without discovery.

Formerly, a large number of garments, as stated intervals, were given to those who would take the trouble to apply for them. It had even been found, on investigation, that the same applicant, by borrowing a different bonnet, or outside covering of some kind, had received what had been intended for several; and what was still more provoking, such instances of fraud had been traced to those, who at once parted with the the clothing for the purpose above mentioned.

In discovering the nature of true benevolence, she found that she had, in its name, been sacrificing on the altar of vanity. In other respects, she also became more clear-sighted. She found that in the midst of plently, her husband was over-working himself, and that for the sake of furnishing the table with those luxuries, which to her had become necessaries, he was actually, at times, reduced to as great pecuniary straits as the humblest day-laborer. She made no verbal acknowledgment of her error, but what was better, acknowledged it by pursuing a different course.

By the exertions of those ladies, who had interested themselves in their behalf, Mrs. Woodbridge and her family were soon provided with a dwelling, with sufficient room for their comfortable accommodation.

While Mrs. Woodbridge was furnished with work for which she was well paid, Fanny was enabled to learn a dress-maker's trade. In a few years, the mistress of the establishment, having received a handsome competency, retired from business, and Fanny Woodbridge, as her successor, sided by her mother and sisters, was soon enabled not only to surround herself and them with every desirable comfort, but to minister to the necessities of others.

In a little village in the State of Hoosierana, in the year 1844, there was "all sorts" of excitement concerning the doctrines and prophecies of that arch deceiver, Miller. For months the Midnight Cry, followed by the Morning Howl, and the Noonday Yell, had circulated through the village and surrounding counties, to an extent not even equaled by Dr. D.'s celebrated speech. Men disposed of property for little or nothing. The women were pale and ghastly from watching and praying, and in fact the whole population, or at least those who believed in the coming ascension, looked as if they were about half over a second attack of the chills and fever. There were, however, some "choice spirits," (not choice in theirs, however,) who, notwithstanding the popularity of the delusion, would not enlist under the banner of the ascensionists, and among these was a wild, harum-scarum blade, from "Lown East," by the name of Cabe Newham. Now Cabe was as hard "a case" as you would meet on a fourth of July, in Texas, always alive for fun and sport, of any and every description, and a strong disbeliever in Millerism.

The night of the third of April was the time agreed upon out West, for the grand exhibition of "ground and lofty tumbling," and about ten o'clock of the same night, numbers of the Millerites assembled on the outskirts of the town, on a little eminence, upon which the proprietor had allowed a few trees to stand. In the crowd, and the only representative of his race present, was a free negro, by the name of Sam, about as ugly, black, woolly, and rough a descendant of Ham as ever baked his shins over a kitchen fire.

Sam's head was small, body and arms very long, and his legs bore a remarkable resemblance to a pair of hames; in fact put Sam on a horse, his legs clasped round its neck, his head towards the tail, and his arms clasped round the animal's hams, and at ten paces off, you would swear he was an *old set of patent gearing*.

The leader of the Millerites, owing to an "ancient grudge he bore him," hated Sam, "like smoke," and had done all in his power to prevent his admittance among the "elect," but all to no purpose; Sam would creep in at every meeting, and to-night here he was again, dressed in a white robe of cheap cotton, secured to his body by a belt, and shouting and praying as loud as the best.

Now on the morning of the third, Cabe had, with a deal of perseverance, and more trouble, managed to throw a half-inch hemp cord over the branch of an oak, which stretched its long arms directly over the spot where the Millerites would assemble; one end he had secured to the body of the tree, and the other to a stump some distance off.

About ten o'clock, when the excitement was getting about "eighty pounds to the inch," Cabe, wrapped in an old sheet, walked into the crowd, and proceeded to fasten, in as secure a manner as possible, the end of the rope to the back part of the belt which confined Sam's robe, and having succeeded, "sloped," to join some of his companions who had the other end. The few stars in the sky threw a dim light over the scene and in a few moments the voice of Sam was heard exclaiming:—

"Gor A'mighty! I's a goin' up! who-o-oh!"

And sure enough, Sam was seen mounting into the "ethereal blue;" this was, however checked, when he had cleared "terra firma" a few feet.

"Glory!" cried one. "Hallelujah!" another; and shrieks and yells made the night hideous; some fainted; others prayed, and not a few dropped their robes and "slid."

Now, whether it was owing to the lightness of his head, or the length and weight of his heels, or both, Sam's position was not a pleasant one; the belt to which Cabe's cord was attached was bound exactly round his centre of gravity, and Sam swung like a pair of scales, head up and heels down, heels up and head down, at the same time sweeping over the crowd like a pendulum, which motion was accelerated by his strenuous clapping of hands and vigorous kicking. At length he became alarmed, he *wouldn't* go up, and he couldn't come down!

"Lor a massy," cried he, "jist take up poor nigger to um bosom, or lef him down *easy, easy*. Lef him down again, please um Lor, dis nigger will go straight to um bed! ugh-h!" and Sam's teeth chattered with affright, and he kicked again more vigorously than before, bringing his head directly downward and his heels up, when a woman shrieking out,

"Oh! brother Sam, take me with you," sprung at his head as he swept by her, and caught him by the wool, bringing him up "all standing."

"Gosh! sister," cried Sam, "lef go um poor nigger's *her*."

Cabe gave another pull at the rope, but the additional weight was too much, the belt gave way, and down came Sam, his bullet head taking the leader of the saints a "feeler" just between the eyes.

"Gosh, is I down agin?" cried the bewildered Sam, gathering himself up. "I is bless de Lor! but I was nearly dar, I seed the gate!"

The leader wiped his overflowing proboscis, took Sam by the nape of the neck, led him to the edge of the crowd, giving him a kick, said, "Leave you cussed baboon! you are so ugly *I know'd they wouldn't let you in!*"

RANCID BUTTER.—The *Echo du Monde Savant* says:—"A farmer in the vicinity of Brussels having succeeded in removing the bad smell and taste of some butter by mixing it with chloride of lime, he was encouraged by this experiment, and he has restored to butter, the taste and odor of which were insupportable, all the sweetness of fresh butter. This operation is extremely simple and practicable by all. It consists simply in working the butter in a sufficient quantity of water in which from 25 to 30 drops of chloride of lime have been added to every two pounds of butter. After having mixed it till all parts are in contact with the water, it may be left in it for an hour or two, afterwards withdrawn and worked again in clear water. The chloride of lime having nothing injurious in it, can with safety be augmented; but after having varied the experiment, it was found that from 25 to 30 drops to every two pounds of butter were sufficient."

Another mode of restoring sweetness and flavor to rancid butter, said to be very effectual by those who have tried it, is to put it into a churn with new milk, and work it till all the old salt and rancidity is removed, after which it is to be taken from the churn, worked, and salted afresh.