

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

BY W. COMSTOCK.

The morning was delightful. I was wandering at my leisure, and had not a care to disturb the serenity of my mind—excepting it was that I panted for some adventure—some incident in consonance with the romantic beauty of the scene. I could scarcely hope for it, as the country was thinly settled, and few Passengers were to be met with. All was silence and peace—save the music of countless numbers of birds that jumped about among the thick leaves of the green wood, or the hollow murmur of a little waterfall, when the crystal flood tumbled from a shelving rock among the clean pebbles and sides of a brook. I wandered I cared not to notice, for at every step some new beauty opened to my view. At length in one of the most solitary spots which I had visited, I imagined that I heard a slight hum, as of a congregation crowd, at no great distance; and upon looking quickly about me I caught sight of something glittering through the trees, which I knew to be the handwork of a human artist, and yet could not immediately determine its shade and character. I walked forward a few paces, when I came to an opening in the bushes, and looking through a narrow passage of some length, which divided the bushes and young trees, saw a spacious green, in the center of which stood a little church with a small steeple. The glittering object which I had seen was a gilded ball on the top of the spire. I observed that the congregation were nearly assembled.—Occasionally some belated worshipper dropped silently in, took off his hat and applying his handkerchief to his forehead, slid into the first seat that offered. As the door stood wide open, I could see a goodly array of village bonnets—commend me to a village bonnet—it is more precious to my view than an imperial crown. I at once resolved to go to meeting—not only for the sake of seeing the pretty maidens, but also because a secret vanity suggested to my mind that among that assembly of plain countrymen I should be a distinguished personage; and could not fail to draw the melting glance of many a blue eye upon my own outward proportions.*

Accordingly I passed up the natural avenue and came out upon the green. My feelings were very poetical as I walked slowly towards the door of the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting-house was much crowded. Several persons were standing up, and I soon discovered that I must retain my perpendicular position as every seat was crowded. I, however, pressed up the aisle, until I had gained a position where I could have a fair view of the faces of nearly all present. I soon perceived that I was an object of attention. Many of the congregation looked curiously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every one present appeared to be absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also took an interest in his discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his flights were sublime—but almost every thing was calculated to affect my mind then. The preacher spoke of Heaven & its joys, and the blissful scenes with which we were surrounded on every side.—The music of the wood and the fragrance of the heath seemed to respond to his eloquence. Then it was no great stretch of imagination to fancy that the white handed creatures around me, with their pouting lips and artless innocence, were beings of a higher sphere. While my

Motives like these for going to the House of God will be justly condemned by every person of sound sense and moral rectitude. The writer being the hero of his own story, has left the intelligent reader to draw a sound conclusion, on the propriety of his conduct; and he cannot fail to perceive in the preceding paragraph, the already begun tribulation, which, sooner or later, overtakes the licentious and profane,

feelings were thus divided between the beauties and the blessings of the two worlds, and wrapt in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected one fair lass, with large black eyes, in stealing several glances at me of a most animated character. I need not describe the sensations experienced by a youth, when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for a length of time on his countenance—and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her. I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse, had inspired in my heart. I doubted not that the fair young damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself—that we were drinking together of the fountain of inspiration. How could it be otherwise? She had been born and nurtured amid these wild and romantic scenes—and she was made up of romance, of poetry, and tenderness. And then I thought of the purity of woman's love—her devotion—her truth. I inwardly prayed that I might meet with her where we could enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. I thought of Sappho—and the ardent glances of the young maiden reminded me of that creature of passionate affection. I thought of Werter and Charlotte, and could not doubt that the village maiden and myself were capable of enjoying equal transport in each other's society. Her glances continued—several times our eyes met. My heart ached with rapture.

At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed damsel set out for home alone and on foot. 'O that the customs of society would permit—for we are surely one in soul! Cruel formality, that throws up a barrier between hearts made for each other!' Yet I determined to take the same path. I followed after her. She looked behind, and I thought she evinced some emotion at recognising me as the stranger of the day. I quickened my pace, and she actually slackened hers, as if to let me come up with her.

'Noble young creature!' thought I.—'Her artless and warm young heart is superior to the shackles of custom!'

I at length came within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting, and my eyes filled with tears of rapture and tenderness. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat as if doing reverence to an angel.

'Are you a pedlar?'

'No my dear girl, that is not my occupation.'

'Well, I don't know, continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me sternly, 'I thought when I saw you in the meeting-house that you looked like a pedlar who passed off a pewter half dollar on me three weeks ago; and so I determined to keep my eye on you. Brother John has got home, now--and he says if he catches the fellow he'll wring his neck for him--and I a'n't sure but you are the good-for-nothing rascal after all.'

The last words were uttered in a furious scream. Reader, did you ever take a shower bath?—*Boston Pearl.*

A QUEEN WOMAN'S SERMON.—Dear friends, there are three things I very much wonder at: The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones and brickbats and clubs into fruit trees to knock down the fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish and even so wicked as to go to war and kill one another, if they would only let one another alone, they would die of themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that the young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women, if they would only stay at home, the young women would come after them.

AGRICULTURAL.

[FOR THE BEE.]

Mr. Dawson,

Sir,—More out of complaisance to your sensible Correspondent "Melville," than from a conviction that I can say any thing very satisfactory on the subject, I now offer a few remarks on the failure of the potatoe crop from rot in the seed.

When the opinions are so conflicting as to the cause of the disease, I do not think it would answer any good purpose to spend time in the investigation of it, but rather in the discovery of a cure.

This is now the fourth year that I have participated in common with so many others in the failure of the potatoe crop, although not to such an extent as many have done. What struck my mind at first was to try and discover the cause in order to apply a remedy. In this I have failed; what seems to be an antidote one season, seems to promote the disease another, so that I am now at a greater loss how to account for it than I was two years ago. The first year the disease affected my potatoes, the cut seed I planted early and the whole seed I planted late, were safe, and a good crop; while the cut seed planted later failed in a great measure; this I have found to be the case all along. I have planted but a few cut seed this season and my field has now a promising appearance, so that I conclude, that good sound potatoes cut and planted before the hot weather sets in, or whole potatoes, can only be depended upon; the latter, I would recommend in any case, as I think the excess in crop will do more than compensate for the additional seed required. The plan I take in selecting my seed is to go into the cellar once in two or three weeks, and pick out all the middling sized potatoes that are easily come at, laying them in a corner by themselves; the very small ones I do not think are sufficient for seed, and the largest are not required.

In connection with the above, I shall suggest a few hints that may not be thought altogether out of place.

Impending calamities may be often averted, or at least mitigated by having recourse to prudential measures in time, whereas by letting the proper season pass, they may fall with all their weight and be attended with the most direful consequences. I should not like to be called, or even thought an alarmist, but present appearances are none of the brightest; we hear from a good many parts of the States, from which a considerable part of our living comes in ordinary, that there is a failure of crop; and to all appearance it will not be a very abundant one here. There are different branches of domestic economy to which the attention may be turned; part of them I shall advert to, and first I would say, keep the hogs in as good condition as possible through the summer, so that they may be soon fed in the fall.

Proportion your stock before the winter sets in to your means of keeping; it is better to slaughter one in the fall when it has the summer's beef upon it, than lose it in the spring for want of food. The dairy should be well attended to; all the milk that can be spared after supplying the family should be made into cheese. A little calculation will set this in a clearer point of view than any argument I could use. Suppose there are 50,000 cows in Nova Scotia, and that 20 lbs of cheese is made from each cow, this will give 1,000,000 lbs, which is equal in weight to 5102 bbls flour; but I consider every pound of cheese to be equal in service in a family, to at least a pound and a half of flour, so that it may be said to be equal to 7653 bbls flour; or at 4d per lb = £16,666 13 4 Now this is a specimen of what may be done. I have no doubt but it will be said by some, that this looks like distrusting God in Providence; such might as well say the mariner is distrusting Providence, who trims his vessel when a storm threatens.

Yours truly,

OLD RUSTICUS.