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## TRUST TO THE FUTURE.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

Trust to the future;—though gloomy and cheerless,
Prowls the dark Past like a ghost at thy back,
Look not behind thee;—be hopeful and fearless;
Steer for the right way, and keep to the track!
Fling off Despair—it has strength like a giant;
Shoulder thy Purpose, and, boldly defiant
Save to the Right, stand unmoved and unpliant!
Faith and God's promise the brave never lack.

Trust to the future;—the Present may frighten thee,
Scowling so fearfully close at thy side;
Face it unmoved, and no Present can blight thee—
He who stands boldly each blast shall abide.
Never a storm but the tainted air needs it,
Never a storm but the sunshine succeeds it;
Each has a lesson and he alone reads it
Rightly who takes it and makes it his guide.

Trust to the future;—it stands like an angel,
Waiting to lead thee, to bless and to cheer;
Singing of hope like some blessed evangel,
Luring thee on to a brighter career.
Why should the Past or the Present oppress thee?
Stamp on their coils, for, with arms to caress thee,
See, the great future stands yearning to bless thee;
Press boldly forward, nor yield to a fear!

Trust to the Future;—it will not deceive thee,
So thou but meet it with brave heart and strong;
Now begin living anew, and believe me,
Gladness and triumph will follow ere long.
Never a night but there cometh a morrow,
Never a grief but the hopeful will borrow
Something of gladness to lighten the sorrow;
Life unto such is a conqueror's song!

Trust to the Future, then;—cease from your weeping
Faith and a firm heart are all that you need—
God and his angels have yet in their keeping
Harvests of joy if we'll sow but the seed!
Trust to the Future—all life will be glorious;
Trust—for in trusting the soul is victorious;
Trust—and in trusting be strong and laborious;
Up and be doing, and give God the meed!

## A Dreadful Case of Murder.

The traveller who, in the good old coaching days, may have journeyed from London to York, will most probably recollect near the village of Pepperorum, a pretty little villa which the coachman would point out to him by the name of Ladybird Lodge. It was a sweetly secluded spot, surrounded by beautiful trees, with a puddle hole dignified by the name of a fish pond, and a yew clipped into the shape of a peacock, which was perpetually casting its tail, or his legs, or half his body, or doing something equally unnatural. Then the garden was so tastefully laid out with eccentric paths that led to nowhere, and oval beds, and half moons, and full moons, and all sorts of stars; and there was an arbor, the grand resort of all the spiders in the country, in which—but why should I dwell upon things that are no more? I am writing now of years gone by. Alas! the railway came and went straight through the dining room and the dairy, and over the peacock and the puddle hole, and left a wreck behind.

However, in these happy times, Lady bird Lodge was tenanted by Jeremiah Pinchbeck, his wife, two children, and a variety of servants. Mr. Pinchbeck liked the place, and he liked the arbor to smoke a quiet pipe in; and his wife liked the peacock, and was continually tumbling off three steps of a ladder in her attempts to snip its head square; and the children liked the pond, and regularly fell in three times a day, but fortunately it was not deep enough to drown them. In short, every one was satisfied with every thing excepting the coal hole, and *that* gave Mr. Jeremiah Pinchbeck great uneasiness—for the fact was that the coal hole was built about ten yards from the house, and the Pepperconites (who from time immemorial have been famed for their dishonest propensities) took advantage of the circumstance to supply themselves with coal at Mr. Jeremiah's expense. If he put locks on the door, they picked them; if he put bars and bolts, they broke them; if he put man traps, they never walked into them, but somehow or other either he, or Mrs. P., or the children, did—so he gave *them* up. There was some coal fetched away every night. "Out of five tons he had in last week, they had stolen two and a half; it was getting too barefaced, and he would stand it no longer; to morrow he would see what could be done to stop it;" and, murmuring this, Mr. Pinchbeck turned on his side and dropped asleep. How long he slept he did not know, but he was awakened by a most tremendous clattering among his coal.

"My dear," Mr. Jeremiah whispered, giving his wife a shake—"My dear, they are at it again."

"Well, and what then?" inquired his spouse, who disliked being disturbed in her slumbers.

As Mr. Pinchbeck did not know how to reply to this query, he remarked that he thought he had better get up.

"And, upon my word," he added, "if I see them I'll shoot 'em. By Jove, I wonder where my pistol is? Do you know, my love?"

Mrs. Jeremiah did not know, but there is little doubt she had put it somewhere, for Jeremiah had only one, (an old flint and steel affair) and she had an idea in her head that if it was left lying about it would go off—which was very likely—so she was always hiding it. Mr. Jeremiah groped about in a drawer where he thought he had seen it about three months before, and by some extraordinary circumstance found it. He got the powder flask and put a charge in, when it suddenly occurred to him that he had not any bullets. At this moment the noise in the coal hole was renewed with great vigor.

"My dear," said he, trembling violently, "I think they have a presentiment that I am coming and so are running off"

Poor Jeremiah, how devoutly he wished they were!

"Jeremiah, do go and look out of the back window," said his wife (she was beginning to be frightened now.) "Do go and see what they are doing. I'm sure they are breaking into the house."

"Yes, my love, I am going," was the reply, "as soon as I can get something to fit in the pistol for a bullet." And he tried to cram all sort of things in, and at last succeeded in getting his knife and a small key down the barrel. He would then have liked to have called the servants, but they were all women, and would not be of much service; and, besides, the pistol made him very bold, so he advanced firmly to the window and looked out. The moon was shining brightly but he could see nothing. This made him bolder still. So, having informed the people in the yard (if there were any) that he "was coming," and moreover, that he should shoot the first man he saw, dead, he undid the bolts of the back door and stood in the open air. He had never before noticed what a strong resemblance every tree bore to a robber; but he grasped his pistol firmly, and walked slowly towards his coal hole.

It is astonishing how the cool air cools a man's courage? At every step Mr. Pinchbeck took, he devoutly wished he was safely back in bed. It was so cold that it made his knees totter and his hands tremble, so that he had almost made up his mind to go back, when a figure rushed quickly out of the coal hole, and jumped at the wall. Mr. Jeremiah started back hastily; his pistol "went off" somehow; there was a wild shriek: the figure threw up its arms and sprang high in the air, and then dropped down a corpse at his tottering feet. He would have liked to run away, but was glued to the spot. He dare not call out, although he heard the whole of the women in the house in cry. He had, as he thought, committed murder, and he felt a choking sensation that was most horrible. What must he do? Mrs. P., making terrible lamentations, was already half way down the staircase, followed by the whole household.—There was no time for deliberation. An old well was close against him; so, taking firmly hold of the rough coat of the murdered man, he pushed him into it. The splash made at the bottom sounded dismally hollow, and made him shudder so that he had only just time to collect himself, when his wife made her appearance at the door.

"Jerry, dear, where are you?" inquired the affectionate creature.

"Here, my love. There's nothing the matter with me——;" then he paused, for he hardly knew what to say—"but—but—a—the scoundrel ran away, and I fired my pistol after him; and I wish," he continued, "no one to come near this place till I have examined it in the morning, as I think I shall be able to make something out. And, so saying he returned with his wife to their chamber.

No sleep, however, visited his eyes that night. He was making arrangements to go to New York before anything was discovered, and determined to tell his wife in the morning of the dreadful deed he had committed. If the body was discovered, he would instantly be taken into custody, for it was evident death had been caused by the knife fired from the pistol, and the knife had his name engraved upon it.

When he got up in the morning he went instantly to the fatal spot. There was no traces of the deed; and having put the top of the well on, he retired with a calmer mind to make preparations for an immediate flight. The terrible shriek he heard the night before still rang in his ears. He tried to shave himself, and made five fearful cuts before he had proceeded far. His wife noticed his discomposure, and asked the cause. "It was nothing," he said; "but he should like her to pack a few things up, as he intended taking her and the children on a visit to his uncle's for a few days." He now began to be very anxious for a start; his conscience tortured him dreadfully; he was fearful of being taken; and the terrible words of the extreme sentence of the law were continually ringing in his ears. He had to get something out of a cupboard, when his eye fell upon a bottle, labelled in his wife's handwriting, 'Poison.' His heart beat violently. Here was relief! One small portion of this, if he were taken, would save him all the degradation of being dragged through the streets to the courts of justice. He seized the bottle (and it was a very large one too) and carried it off to his room. When he got there, a dreadful sight met his view.—Coming down the hill, about a half a mile from his house, were a large party of men, among whom were two constables and three others, who from their dress appeared to be some kind of officers of justice.

The party were led by *two bloodhounds;* at sight of whom Mr. Jeremiah's heart sank within him, and he dropped on a chair. The bottle of poison was still in his hand. He heard the noise of the crowd coming into his yard; and then, breathing a prayer for forgiveness, he put the handle of his hair brush into the neck of the bottle, and brought out a portion of the poison. He paused a moment, and then a loud shout was borne by the wind from the yard. That sealed his doom. He raised the hair brush to his mouth and resolutely swallowed the poison. He thought it had a very curious taste—in fact, it looked and tasted very much like preserved gooseberries. However, it instantly took effect. so he rung the bell. His wife came into the room, and finding him lying on the bed, asked what was the matter.

"I confess all," murmured the murderer. "I shot him, and threw him down the well. Send for the hangman, if you like—I am prepared—I have taken poison, and——" But his wife went away screaming for help, and her alarm that her husband had taken poison brought the two constables into his chamber.

"Have you found the body?" asked the dying man.

"Yes, zur. Ranger and Roxer soon tracked him down; but it is a sad pity he broke his neck down your well We hoped to have taken him alive."

"Ah!" thought Jeremiah, "some escaped convict, doubtless. Constable," said he aloud, "I have taken poison."

"Well then send for a doctor, Jem. Sharp!" exclaimed the constable addressed, while the other instantly ran off.

"Doctors are of no use," said the victim, solemnly; "I am past all help."

"Oh! don't, don't say so, Jerry dear," sobbed his wife.

"I must—it's the truth; and, constable, listen to what I have to say. I confess that I shot the man, and may the Lord have mercy—"

"Wot man, zur?" hastily asked the policeman.

"The man who came to steal my coal and whom you have found in the well"

"We arn't found no man at all."

"Policeman! as sure as I have taken poison and am now on my death bed, I am speaking the truth," said Mr. Pinchbeck, solemnly, as the doctor entered the room.

"The baboon has evidently been killed by a gun-shot wound and then thrown into the well," remarked the doctor to the constable who came in with him.

"Doctor, I did it," said Mr. Pinchbeck. "But don't call a fellow creature a baboon: it's unchristian."

"Fellow-creature? What do you mean?" asked the doctor.

Whereupon Mr Jeremiah narrated how his coals had been stolen, and how he thought they were stealing them again, and how he had gone out and seen a man who tried to escape over the wall, and how he had fired at him with the pistol loaded with his penknife and a key, and how, thinking he would be accused of the murder and hung, he had thrown the body into the well and taken poison afterwards.

The doctor left the room for a minute, and came back to the dying man with the knife and key in his hand.

"My dear Pinchbeck," he said, "you've made a mistake. It's a pity you've taken poison, for you've only shot—"

"What?" gasped the unfortunate wretch.

"*A large monkey*, that, it appears, escaped last night from Mr. Wombwell's establishment, and whom these people tracked down here by their bloodhounds."

Mr. Jeremiah groaned awfully, but the tidings seemed to make him better—although, as he said, the poison was fast doing its work. The doctor had just arranged his stomach pump, when Mrs. Jeremiah exclaimed—

"Why, my goodness! Jerry, did you take the poison from there?" And she pointed in the direction of the big jar.

"Yes," said the poor man. "What is it?"

"Preserved gooseberries," she said, laughing, "that I labelled "Poison," to frighten and prevent that little rascal Adolphus from stealing them."

Mr. Pinchbeck heard this to the end, and then rose from the bed without assistance. It was surprising how rapidly the sickness had gone away. The doctor laughed, and put up the stomach pump; the men laughed, and put some silver in their pockets which Mrs. P. had given them; and Mr. P. laughed when he saw the dead monkey and thought of his own fright, but resolved within himself never to do anything in a hurry again, whether it was shooting a man, or a monkey, or taking poison himself.

## KOSSUTH IN WASHINGTON.

We copy from the Republic the following account of Kossuth's introduction to the President and speech:—

On Wednesday morning, at 10 o'clock, M. Kossuth took his position, attended by Messrs. Shields and Seward, in one of the parlors set apart for his use, where he received a succession of visitors. Among those who thus called upon him were Mr. Corwin, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior; Mr. Hall, Postmaster General; Mr. Crittenden, Attorney General; Commodore Morris; and several members of Congress.

Shortly after noon, M. Kossuth and suite, under escort of Messrs. Shields and Seward, of the Senate committee, entered carriages, and proceeded to the Presidential mansion, to be introduced to Mr. Fillmore.

M. Kossuth was introduced to the President by Mr. Webster. There were present the Secretary of the Navy and the Postmaster General besides Gen Shields, Mr. Seward, and others.

After a brief pause, M. Kossuth addressed the President in the following terms:

Enlightened by the spirit of your country's institutions, when we succeeded to consolidate our natural and historical state's right of self-government, by placing it upon the broad foundation of Democratic liberty:

Inspired by your history when we had to fight for independence against annihilation by centralized absolutism.

Consoled by your people's sympathy when a victim of Russian interference with the laws of nature and of nature's God;

Protected in exile by the government of the United States, supporting the Sultan of Turkey in his noble resolution to undergo the very danger of a war rather than leave unprotected the rights of humanity against Russo-Austrian despotism;

Restored by the United States to life, because restored to freedom, and by freedom to activity in behalf of those duties which, by my nation's unanimous confidence and sovereign will, devolved upon me;

Raised in the eyes of many oppressed nations to the standing of a harbinger of hope, because the star-spangled banner was seen casting protection around me, announcing to the world that there is a nation, alike powerful as free, ready to protect the laws of nations, even in distant parts of the earth, and in the person of a poor exile,

Cheered by your people's sympathy, so as free men cheer—not as a man however, but as a principle;

I now bow before you, sir, in the proud position of your great nation's guest, generously welcomed by a resolution of the Congress of the United States, with equal generosity approved and executed by your excellency.

I beg leave to express my fervent thanks, in my name, and in the name of my associates, who, after having shared my misfortunes, have now the reward to share the honor and the benefit which the great republic of the United States was pleased to bestow upon Hungary by bestowing it upon its freely chosen chief, when he became a persecuted victim of despotic violence.

I beg leave to express my fervent thanks in my country's name also, which, amidst the sorrows of its desolation, feels cheered by your country's generosity, and looks with resolution to the impending future, because it is confident that the time draws near when the eternal code of the law of nations will become a reality.

President! I stand before your excellency a living protestation against the violence of foreign interference oppressing the sovereign right of nations to regulate their own domestic concerns.

I stand before your Excellency a living protestation against centralization oppressing the State right of self-government.

May I be allowed to take it for an augury of better times, that, in landing on the happy shores of this glorious Republic, I landed in a free and powerful country, whose honored Chief Magistrate proclaims to the world that this country cannot remain indifferent when the strong arm of a foreign power is invoked to stifle public sentiment, and repress the spirit of freedom in any country.

I thank God that he deemed me not unworthy to act and to suffer for my fatherland.

I thank God that the fate of my country became so intimately connected with the fate of liberty and independence of nations in Europe, as formerly it was intimately connected with the security of christendom.

I thank God that my country's unmerited woe, and my personal sufferings, became an opportunity to seek a manifestation of the spirit and principles of your Republic.

May God the Almighty bless you with a long life, that you may long enjoy the happiness to see your country great, glorious, and free, the corner-stone of international justice, and the column of freedom on the earth, as it is already an asylum to the oppressed.

Sir, I pledge to your country the everlasting gratitude of Hungary.

The PRESIDENT replied briefly, to M. KOSSUTH'S address in substance as follows:

I am happy, Governor KOSSUTH, to welcome you to this land of freedom; and it gives me pleasure to congratulate you upon your release from a long confinement in Turkey, and your safe arrival here. As an individual I sympathized deeply with you in your brave struggle for the independence and freedom of your native land.—The American people can never be indifferent to such a contest, but our policy as a nation in this respect has been uniform, from the commencement of our Government; and my own views, as the Chief Executive Magistrate of this nation, are fully and freely expressed in my recent message to Congress, to which you have been pleased to allude. They are the same, whether speaking to Congress here or to the nations of Europe.

Should your country be restored to independence and freedom, I should then wish you—as the greatest blessing you could enjoy—a restoration to your native land; but, should that never happen, I can only repeat my welcome to you and your companions here, and pray that God's blessing may rest upon you wherever your lot may be cast.

M. Kossuth and the President then entered into a conversation in regard to the present condition of Hungary and the general politics of Europe; the interview being conducted with mutual cordiality and friendliness. At its close, M. Kossuth, with Messrs. Shields and Seward, returned to his hotel.

HOW IS THIS?—Pending the choice of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, asked Mr. Brooks of New York, how he voted on the Fugitive Slave bill:

"Mr. Brooks, (Mr. R. yielding the floor.) I voted upon that question the same way General Cass and Mr. Douglas, from his own State, voted.

"Mr. Richardson. The gentleman from New York is certainly apprised of the fact that *Judge Douglas was confined to his bed by sickness at the time the bill passed.*—Does he pretend that he was unable to attend the House at the time the Fugitive Slave bill was under discussion, or when it was being voted upon?

"Mr. B. was sorry to hear that Judge Douglas had been then confined to his bed, so as to deprive him of the power of leaving a record in the Senate, such as he (Mr B.) had left in the House. But it was very remarkable that every Northern Democratic Senator, save only the two Senators from Iowa, was equally sick on that day and was also confined to bed. The malady was general, and only Iowa escaped the contagion."

Pending the discussion of the Compromise resolution of Mr. Foote on Tuesday, Mr. Douglas himself is reported in substance, to have said:

"Mr. Douglas explained the reason of his absence when the vote was taken on the Fugitive Slave bill; he was called suddenly to New York to settle a pecuniary obligation of $4.000. Before leaving he was told the debate on the bill would last several days. *While dining at the Astor House* he was told the bill had been ordered to a third reading; he immediately left, and travelled all night in the hopes of reaching Washington in time to vote on its final passage. The bill, however, had been finally passed on the day before. He would have voted for it."

Will Mr. Richardson explain?—*Wash. Republic.*

## PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS.

The old custom of writing physician's prescriptions in Latin, should be done away with, in safety to the living. As often as every three months, journalists have to record a death caused by apothecaries putting up wrong medicines, and it is high time that the mystery which physicians have thrown around their profession be known among the things that were; not so much to gratify the curiosity of those unacquainted with their art, as to ensure the safety of those under medical treatment.

No reason can be given why prescriptions should be written in Latin, save the one that physicians do not wish their patients to know what they prescribe for "the ills that flesh is heir to," lest patients should become their own physicians. With a majority of the M. D.'s, all the Latin they know, and, in fact, all they are obliged to learn, is a smattering sufficient to write a prescription. It looks all very well to see written '*Sal Glauberi*" for Glauber Salts, and perhaps no harm would occur from this; but the prescription for calomel so closely resembles the one for corrosive sublimate, that we do not wonder death often follows by the latter being put up for the former. For ten grains of calomel, the prescription is—*sub muriate hydrar*, 10—for corrosive sublimate—*muriate hydrar fost.*

It is, of course, well known that apothecaries' apprentices, generally speaking, like all other apprentices, cannot have the benefit of a classical education, and consequently they are liable to make mistakes of this kind. The many recent deaths that have occurred should suggest some remedy, for the safety of the living. It is too late to mourn for these untimely deaths, but we would suggest that in their graves should also be placed these dead prescriptions in a dead language.

A FIGHTING PRIMA DONNA.—The Musical Times relates an anecdote of Maberlini who is giving concerts in Boston. It refers to an occasion when she interposed in Genoa to save an American in the street from an attack of soldiers, who were assailing him with their bayonets for passing the city gates against rule. Shielding the American (who was a lieutenant of the U. S. ship Jamestown,) she wrested from one of the soldiers his bayonet, and declared that if they killed him it "would be through her body;" on which they cried out "death to both." "Kill me if you will," she replied; but aiming the gun which she had in her possession at the captain of the guards, cried out that "the first one who approached was a dead man." Upon which the captain, who began to think the affair was getting serious, remarked, "well, I wash my hands of it," and disappeared. All the officers of the American men-of-war, then in the harbor called upon the fair heroine the third day after, to thank her for the great kindness and courage which she had displayed, and great was their surprise to find that she was none other than M'lle Marie Maberlini, the celebrated vocalist, and most favorite pupil of the great master Rossini.

## THE USE OF MULES.

1. Mules, on a general average, live more than twice as long as horses. They are fit for service from three years old to thirty. At twelve years old a horse has seen his best days, and is going down hill, but a mule at that age has scarcely risen out of his colthood, and goes on improving until he is twenty. Instances are recorded of mules living sixty or seventy years, but these are exceptions. The general rule is that they average thirty.

2. Mules are never exposed to diseases as horses are. Immense sums of money are annually lost in the premature death of high-spirited horses, by accident and disease. The omnibus lines in the city of New York, have not been able to sustain their losses, and are beginning to use mules, as less liable by far, even to accident as well as disease. This results from the next consideration, which is that

3. Mules have organs of vision and hearing far superior to those of the horse. Hence they seldom sheer and frighten, and run off. A horse frightens because he imagines he sees something frightful but a mule having superior discernment, both by the eye and ears understands everything he meets, and therefore is safe. For the same reason he is surer footed and hence more valuable in mountainous regions and on dangerous roads. I doubt whether, on the Alpine paths, a mule ever made a misstep. *He may have been deceived in the* firmness of the spot where he set his foot, but not in the propriety of the choice, all appearances considered.

4. The mule is made more hardy than the horse. A pair of these animals owned by a neighbor of mine, although small in size, will plough more land in a week than four horses. Their faculty of endurance is almost incredible.

5. Another very important fact is that in the matter of food, a mule will live and thrive on less than one-half it takes to keep a horse. The horses of England at this present time, are consuming grain which would save the lives of thousands of British subjects. In a national point of view the agricultural interest is so great that the greater the demand for all kinds of grain, the better for the farmer. But yet, individual farmers, who are in debt, and whose land is not improved, would find it profitable, in the course of ten years, to have the labor of a full team, and save one-half and more of the food necessary to keep it up, as might be the case in substituting mules for horses.—*New York Farmer and Mechanic.*

## BURNING OUT STUMPS.

When there are but few stumps in a field, the stump machine cannot always be used advantageously, and the expense of applying it, would exceed the advantage. I have found that large stumps, which it is not practical to remove by ordinary means, may be very easily got rid of by the following simple process. After a period of dry weather, when the exposed portion of the stumps are dry and tender, cover it with a quantity of dry combustible matter, such as shavings, small sticks of wood, rubbish of any kind, and sprinkle over and through the mass, a few pounds of rosin or a bucket full of tar—Over this place a close and compact laying of turf, grass side in, in the same manner as the covering is applied to coal pit and ignite the wood through an opening at the base—a hole being left at the top to produce the requisite draught till the fire is fairly kindled. Manage just as you would were you burning a coal kiln, and let the burning continue till the stump and its roots are completely consumed. The ashes will make a good top-dressing for the adjacent soil, and the great obstacle be removed effectually, and at a small cost. An hour's labor will do it.

A SUDDEN DEATH.—*Remarkable Occurrence.*—In a letter to the Sun from Mr. John Dix in Somerset co, Md., he says:

"On the 25th of November, a female of 10 years old died suddenly in my school. She asked permission to retire a few minutes before 10, A. M. After having recited her lessons, as usual, and after walking a few paces from the door, she fainted.—On being immediately taken up, and laid sofily down in the school-house, she expired. What is most remarkable, when she awoke that morning, she told her mother that she dreamed that she had went to school and died, and was carried to her aunt's, which actually and literally came to pass the same day.

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