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THY WILL BE DONE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night,—with Thee alone is day:
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of Sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press—
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seared with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies,
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

Lawyer Marshall's Copyist.

"Pooh! nonsense! Frank, why can't you be content and allow matters to remain as they are! Why will you talk of love, when I like you so much, and want you for my friend and brother always?" And Bertha Lynde, wilfull little beauty as she was, shrugged her shoulders, and tapped her tiny foot in assumed vexation.

The boyish face, and broad, high brow of the youth before her flushed with instant pain, at her light rebuff, but seeming to conquer himself by an effort, he replied calmly, while the color slowly forsook his face, leaving it very pale;

"Bertha, we are no longer children," he said, "we have grown up from infancy together, and I have learned to look upon you as a part of my very existence. But the time has now arrived when we must think of other matters than childish pastime. You are fast approaching womanhood, and I—I must go forth into the great bustling, busy, selfish world, to carve for myself a name and fortune. Bertha, I want something to encourage me in the struggles which I shall be forced to encounter, and that something is the assurance of your love—not a sister's love—not a friend's love—but a deeper, purer, more fervent and enduring love. Give me this assurance and I'll ask no more until I have reached a position which will equal the one you now occupy. You are the petted daughter of rich parents, I, a friendless, penniless orphan. I am going away to seek my fortune, and I ask you again if you will grant me the greatest boon I crave for this life.

With an impatient movement she half turned from him and replied:

"Frank, you are enough to vex a saint! I am not going to assure you of any such love as you talk about. I'm sure a sister's love ought to satisfy you, and you ought to be thankful for that."

The proud mouth of the boy quivered a little with suppressed emotion.

"But I'm going away, Bertha, you may not see me again in long years to come."

"I don't care if I *never* see you again," she answered, now thoroughly vexed that he should thus "tease her," for so she considered his earnest entreaties.

"Bertha, darling, you don't mean just that; oh, you don't mean that!" he cried.

"Yes, I do. Why shouldn't I, when you vex and annoy me all the time?" she pouted.

"Then, farewell, Bertha! God bless you," and he turned away.

"Are you really going, Frank, going right away?"

"Yes. I shall only tarry long enough to visit the graves of my father and mother; they will be sadly neglected in coming years, I fear; and then I shall bid farewell to these familiar scenes—perhaps forever. Good-bye, darling—sister—good-bye."

He was gone, and as Bertha Lynde stood in the bright May sunshine, it seemed to her as if everything had suddenly grown dark, cold and cheerless—as if a light had gone out of her life, leaving her heart desolate and dreary. Poor child! she had yet to learn that the cup of bliss is oftenest dashed from our lips by our own hands.

Days and weeks passed away, and the people of that busy country village missed from their midst the gentlemanly little fellow, who with such native dignity, had performed many acts of mental labor for them, that they almost lost sight of the fact that he was friendless, an orphan and poor.

The boys of the village academy missed him—they were rid of a dreaded rival in their studies, and the principal merchant of the town (Mr. Lynde) missed from his store a faithful, valued clerk.

But most of all, Bertha missed him. She had not seen him after he had turned away from her with such a grieved expression on his face as his lips murmured the words, "darling—sister—good-bye." She had hoped he was not really in earnest after all; but he was gone now, when she had loved him so all the time, and she might have told him so if she had not been so wilfully perverse, and then might have been sure of his returning "some day," so she murmured to herself.

People wondered what had caused "that little sprite, Bertha Lynde," to become so suddenly grave and womanish, but she only read the secret from her heart's inner pages, as she daily visited the grave-yard, and, with tenderest care nourished and tended the flowers she had planted upon the mounds so sacred to him—her playmate, companion, friend and lover.

Months and years passed; and now, as Bertha, no longer a thoughtless, careless child, but a [illegible] her self-control, and looked up to meet the same earnest, kindly gaze which had before so reassured her.

"I will give you twenty dollars a week," he said, and without waiting for her to express her gratitude, he added, "and now, when will you commence your duties?"

"To-morrow," and she turned away with a light heart, while the lawyer seated himself at his desk, but instead of interesting himself in his business, he allowed his gaze to rest on vacancy and his thoughts to wander far away.

Bertha commenced her duties, which were not very arduous—for the lawyer managed to assist her a great deal—and with her earnings soon made her mother comfortable, her home cheerful, and was comparatively happy.

Thus months passed away. Mr. Marshall was always kind and considerate, but their acquaintance never ripened into anything like intimacy. Their relations to each other were simply the relations of employer and employee, and—nothing more.

One morning, Mr. Marshall received a letter from his copyist, informing him of his mother's extreme illness, and begging to be excused from duty two or three days. A week passed and she did not resume her labor. He called at her home, and found her alone, lonely and bereaved, for her mother had been that day laid to rest beside her unfortunate husband, in the village graveyard in their native village.

Tenderly he sought to administer the balm of sympathy and consolation, winning her thoughts away from her grief by delicate kindness.

Summer came, and one beautiful day, Bertha proposed to visit the graves of her parents. She asked leave of absence of Mr. Marshall, informing him, at the same time for what purpose she desired to be absent, and her desires, and, to her surprise, obtained permission to accompany her. After a moment's hesitation, she replied that she would indeed be happy to have him do so, and she would avail herself of the opportunity to ask his advice in regard to beautifying of the place, and the erection of tombstones to mark their humble resting-place.

Seated beside Mr Marshell in his carriage Bertha gave herself up to thought, and her companion seemed deeply absorbed in his own cogitations. Hardly a dozen words were spoken by either during the ride of two hours.

They reached the village and Bertha gave way to feelings of deepest grief, as they neared her old home and the scenes of the days of her own happy childhood were passed.

They neared the quiet resting place of her dear to her orphan heart. Mr. Marshall assisted Bertha from the carriage, and she proceeded at once, and alone, to the hallowed spot, while Mr. Marshall, with refined delicacy, remained behind, partly to attend to the security of the carriage, but really that she might be undisturbed in her grief, for he believed that her grief as hers was too sacred to be intruded upon.

She approached the spot she was alarmed with surprise. Could she believe the evidence of her own sight? Could not be—yes—no—yes, it was so; the lot was enclosed by a neat fence, and a marble shaft, bearing the names of her parents, reared its graceful pillar above those sacred graves. Some kindly friend has done this?" she said to herself, but she could think of no one to whom she might attribute the generous deed. For nearly an hour she remained there, tenderly twining wreaths some kind hand had planted, and bedewing them with tears, and then she remembered two other graves near where she had visited often, upon which she had planted flowers in days gone by.

She wended her way to the well-known spot, and—was it possible? Had she not mistaken this time? An iron paling enclosed these two graves, a marble shaft towered above them, and there—beside these mounds knelt her—employed—Mr. Marshall!

He arose to his feet as she approached, took her hand and silently gazed upon the pale features of his companion.

"Mr. Marshall, what does this mean; were these—?" and she pointed to the grave before them, while he interrupted her:

"These were my beloved parents, Bertha; with loving care you tended the flowers upon these humble graves and I appreciated all with a heart which has ever cherished your image as its queen. I have endeavored to make a slight return for your faithful kindness, by rearing a marble shaft over your loved ones, as I have above my own parents' dust."

Strange that she had not thought of it before, his manner so reminded her of some one known long ago, and the name, too, that he bore, the same as that of her boy-lover. Yes, it was he—the very same whom she had loved strong and tenderly—and murmuring, "oh! Frank," she sank upon the earth at his feet.

With gentle touch he raised her to her feet, while he said:

"Bertha, darling, I have loved you all the time. Boy and man, my heart has been truly and entirely yours. It so happened, in God's All-wise Providence, that you sought me. If you had not, I should have made myself known unto you, when I had learned that you needed friends; but you had said that you cared not if you never should see me again, and so, fearing to risk another chance of refusal, as your employer, I remained *incog.* I often wondered why you had not married, for I did not lose sight of you, and I know that you had many offers, and, when I thought of your visits to the graves of my parents, I sometimes almost dared to hope that you did love me. But I will remain in doubt no longer. Tell me Bertha, will you be my wife?"

For answer she placed both hands in his, and with a sigh like a weary child, she nestled her face in his bosom.

The next day another note appeared in the daily papers, informing the public that a copyist was wanted at No. 110—Street.

A young man fills the position now, and as the business flourishes finely, and his employer is so kind, he often wishes that, like his predecessor, he might have the good fortune to become a partner in the concern.

A Novel Savings Bank.—In the northwestern part of Siberia the inhabitants live chiefly upon salmon, which enter the streams in summer to spawn; then the natives take immense quantities of the fish, dry them, and lay by a supply for the next season. About every third or fourth year, on the average—though with considerable irregularity—salmon do not appear, and the consequence is a famine, which, falling first upon the dog teams of the people, disables the latter from drawing supplies from other quarters. To prevent the terrible sufferings which have arisen from this cause, the Russian government established at Kelyma, a post on the Arctic ocean, a sort of savings bank, with a capital of one hundred thousand dried fish, purchased from the natives and stored away; then a law was enacted compelling every male inhabitant of the settlement to pay into the bank annually one-tenth of all the fish he caught, and no excuse for a failure was admitted—this continuing as long as the fish season remained good; but when there was a failure of the salmon, and starvation impended, every depositer was entitled to borrow enough for his regular supplies, on condition of repayment next year. At the latest advices, this bank had carried the people through two consecutive years of famine, and accumulated a capital of three hundred thousand dried fish, and was still accumulating at the rate of twenty thousand a year. It was thus on the road to wealth, besides proving such a fountain of beneficence to the people. It is the principle of Joseph's management in Egypt, with all the modern improvements required by the state of society in Siberia.

Live and Dead Weight of Animals.—The amount of meat obtained from a domestic animal sold by its live weight is very variable, and experiments have recently been made in Liverpool to ascertain the proper allowances to be made. From the statistics to be derived from the public slaughter-houses, or abattoirs, of Paris, or Brussels, it appears that the race and the condition of the animal, besides many other circumstances affect the result, and that certain animals yield as much as 70 per cent. of meat, while others only give 50 per cent. The mean weight of weight of meat produced, however, is calculated at 58 per cent. of the live weight in beef cattle. In the case of sheep, the proportion is from 40 to 50 per cent.—From experiments made, it appears that the different products obtained from oxen and sheep are as follows:—An ox of the live weight of 1,322 pounds yields, meat, 771,4 pounds; skin, 110.2; grease, 88; blood, 55.1; feet and hoofs, 22 head, 11; tongue, 6.60; lungs and heart, 15.33; liver and spleen, 20.05; intestines, 66.15; loss and evaporation, 154.322 pounds. The products from a sheep weighing 110.2 pounds are as follows. Meat, 55.1 pounds: skin, 7.714; grease, 5.51; blood, 4.408; feet and hoofs, 2.204; head, 4.408; tongue, lungs, heart, liver and spleen, 4.408; intestines, 6.612; loss and evaporation, 19.-836—making the total of 110.2 pounds.

Don't.—Don't spit on the floor; don't spit at all if you can help it; don't drum with fingers or feet; don't sit with your feet higher than your head; don't go with dirty nails; dont trim or clean your nails in company; don't clean your nose or ears in the presence of others; don't eat with your knife; don't blow your nose at the table; don't make sipping tea or eating soup a vocal exercise; don't eat fast; don't interrupt others in their conversation; don't use profane language; don't whisper in church or at concerts; don't pull out your watch in church; don't don't sleep in church—unless the minister is asleep; don't run in debt, but if you do, don't forget to pay; don't borrow your neighbor's newspapers; don't forget to pay your newspaper bills.

☞ The following is the most startling compositor's "line to fill out a column" we have seen for a month:

"Does not a young mother's heart leap with joy when she beholds her darling babe's 1st 2th?"

ON THE NEW YEAR.

BY E. DICKINSON.

Another year! another year,
Is borne by time away,
Nor pauses yet his swift career,
Nor tires his wing, nor makes he here
E'en one short hour's delay—

But hurries on, and round, and round,
The wheel of time is sped;
Unnoted oft, until rebound,
Upon the ear the startling sound,
Another year has fled!

Whoever said 'tis New Year's Day,
With unmixed care of glee?
For hope still paints the future gay,
And memory o'er the past will stray
With sorrowing constancy.

Yet blest if they but there behold
The grave of well spent days;
The joy of gratitude that told
The tear, in patient trust that rolled—
The Christian's hallowed bays.

Another year! so swift it flew,
We scarce had marked it ours;
Ere, fading from our backward view,
'Tis but the past our eyes pursue;
Eternity's long hours!

'Tis New Year's Day! the coming year
All blank before us lies;
Oh! may no blot or stain appear,
To mar its history written here,
When published in the skies!

'Tis New Year's Day! how oft have I,
While yet a simple child,
Made it the goal from whence to try,
That race to run, which to the sky
Can guide through Time's dark wild.

The sky, that home of quiet rest,
When life's poor dream is o'er,
Where spirits mingle with the blest,
And sorrow, in the aching breast,
Shall reign, shall reign no more!

CUSTOMS IN YE OLDEN TIME.

BLUE LAWS OF CONNECTICUT.

A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Bridgeport, Conn., gives the following information about customs there in the olden times, from records of the town:

In 1647 William Bladen was publicly and severely whipped for not attending meeting, although he pleaded that all his clothing was unfit to wear, as he had been abroad after his cattle on the Saturday before, in a violent rain storm, and on Sunday he was not able to leave his bed.

Isarel Chauncy, the Congregationalist minister at Stratford, cultivated his farm there with slave labor. The first Bridgeport Church having no bell, the first congregation was called together by the beating of a drum. In those days the good old Puritans went to meeting armed with psalm-books and muskets. Sentinels were stationed on an eminence near by to keep watch for the Indians. Here is a specimen of the money first used by the Bridgeport people:

"April 5, 1703—Sam'l French sold James Hoxie one horse—bay, with Abner Smith's care mark; 2 yr. olde—for the sum of 4 sheep and 1 Lam."

It was "voted that Sam'l Whackle should be the man to look after ye boyes a Sabbath dayes in time of Exercises that they play not." The congregations in the meeting-houses were seated according to their different social positions, or, as the old record quaintly terms it, "by dignity, adage and state." The sexes occupied opposite sides of the house, and the people were assigned seats by special committees appointed for that purpose once a year.

Our eye having fallen upon the above, we have determined to publish from an authentic source a few of the laws adopted, and but too rigidly enforced, in the Province of Connecticut. The laws published below are taken from the Code of 1650:

TOBACCO.

forasmuch as it is observed, that many abuses are crept in, and committed, by frequent taking of tobacco.

It is ordered by the authority of this Courte, That no person under the age of twenty one years, nor any other, that hath not already accustomed himselfe to the use thereof, shall take any tobacco, until hee hath brought a certificate under the hands of some who are approved for knowledge and skill in phisick, that it is usefull for him, and also, that hee hath received a lycense from the courte, for the same. And for the regulating of those, who either by theire former taking it, have, to theire owne apprehensions, made it necessary to them, or uppon due advice, are persuaded to the use thereof.

It is ordered, That no man within this colonye, after the publication hereof, shall take any tobacco, publiquely, in the street, highways or any barne yardes, or uppon training dayes, in any open places, under the penalty of six-pence for each offence against this order, in any the particulars thereof, to bee paid without gainesaying, uppon conviction, by the testimony of one witness, that is without just exception, before any magistrate. And the constables in the severall townes, are required to make presentment to each particular courte, of such as they doe understand, and can evict to bee transgressors of this order.

LYINGE.

Whereas truth in words, as well as in actions, is required of all men, especially, of christians, who are the professed servants of the Lord of truth; and whereas all lying is contrary to truth, and some sortes of lyes are not only sinfull, as all lyes are, but also, pernincious to the publique weal and injurious to parparticular persons:

It is therefore ordered by this courte, and authority thereof, That every person of the age of the discretion, which is accounted fourteene yeares, who shall wittingly and willingly, make or publish any lye, which may bee pernicious to the publique weal, or tending to the dammage or injury of any perticuler person, to deceive and abuse the people with false news or reportes, and the same duly prooved in any courte, or before any one magistrate, who hath hereby power graunted, to heare and determine all offences against this lawe, such persons shall be fined for the first offence, ten shillings, or if the party be unable to pay the same, then to be sett in the stocks so long as the said courte or magistrate shall appointe, in some open place, not exceeding three houres; for the second offence in that kinde, whereof any shall be legally convicted, the summe of twenty shillings, or be whipped upon the naked body, not exceeding twenty stripes, and for the third offence that way, forty shillings, or if the party bee unable to pay, then to bee whipped with more stripes, not exceeding thirtye; and if yett, any shall offend in like kinde, and bee legally convicted thereof, such person, male or female, shall bee fyned ten shillings at a time, more then formerly, or if the party so offending, bee unable to pay, then to be whipped with five or six stripes more then formerly, not exceeding forty at any time: And for all such as being under age of discretion, that shall offend in lyinge contrary to this order, theire parents or masters shall give them due correction, and that in the presence of some officer, if any magistrate shall so appointe; provided allso, that no person shall be barred of his just action of slander, or otherwise, by any proceeding uppon this order.

It would appear from the following law, that young men had a hard time of it:

MASTERS, SERVANTS, SOJOURNERS.

It is ordered by this courte and authority thereof, That no master of a familye shall give interteinment or habitation to any younge man to sojourne in his familye, but by the allowance of the inhabitants of the towne where he dwells, under the penalty of twenty shillings per week: *And it is also ordered*, That no young man that is neither married, nor hath any servant, nor is a publique officer, shall keepe howse by himself, without the consent of the towne, for, and under paine or penalty of twenty shillings a week.

It is also ordered by the authority aforesaid, That no servant, either man or maid, shall either give, sell or truck, any commodity whatsoever, without license from theire master, during the time of theire service, under paine of fyne or corporall punishment in the discretion of the Court, as the offence shall deserve; and that all workmen shall work the whole day, allowing convenient time for food and rest.

It is also ordered, That when any servants shall runn from theire masters, or any other inhabitants shall privately goe away with suspicion of ill intentions, it shall be lawful for the next magistrate, or the constable and two of the chiefest inhabitants, where no magistrate is, to press men and boates or pinnaces, at the publique charge, to pursue such persons by sea or land, and bring them back, by force of armies.

That the mode of proceedure in their Courts of Justice, was peculiar and somewhat different from that of the present day, and that their laws were rigidly enforced, may appear from the following extract from the Official Records of New Haven:

AT A COURT HELD AT NEW HAVEN, MAY 1, 1560.

Jacob M. Murline and Sarah Tuttle being called appeared, concerning whom the Governor declared, that the business for which they were warned to this court he had heard in private at his home, which he related to stand thus:

On the day that John Potter was married Sarah Tuttle went to Mistress Murline's house for some threadd, Mistress Murline bid her go to her daughters in the other roome, where they felle into speeche of John Potter and his wife, that they were both lame, upon which Sarah Tuttle said that she wondered what they would do at night. Whereupon Jacob came in, and tooke up or tooke away her gloves. Sarah desired him to give her the gloves, to which he answered he would do so if she would give him a kysse, upon which they sat down together, his arme being about her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about her necke, and he kyssed her and she kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, continuing in this posture about half an hour, as Marian and Susan testified, which Marian, now in court, affirmed to be so.

Mistress Murline, now in court, said she heard Sarah say she wondered what they would do at night, and shee replyed they must sleep; but it was matter of sorrow and shame unto her.

Jacob was asked what he had to say to these things, to which he answered that he was in the other roome, and when he heard Sarah speak those words, he went in, when shee having let fall her gloves he tooke them up and she asked him for them, he told her he would if she would kysse him. Further said hee tooke her by the hand, and they both sat down upon a chest, but whether his arme were about her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his necke, he knows not, for he never thought of it since, till Mr. Raymond told him of it at Mannatos for which he was blamed and told he had not layed it to heart as he ought. But Sarah Tuttle replyed that she did not kysse him. Mr. Tuttle replied that Marian hath denied, and he doth not looke upon her as a competent witness. Thomas Tuttle said that he asked Marian if his sister kyssed Sacob, and she said not. Moses Mansfield testified that he told Jacob Murline that he heard Sarah kyssed him, but he denied it. But Jacob graunted not what Moses testified.

Mr. Tuttle pleaded that Jacob had endeavored to steal away his daughter's affections. But Sarah being asked if Jacob had inveagled her, she said no.—Thomas Tuttle said that he came to their house two or three times before he went to Holland, and they two were together, and to what end he came he knows not unless it were to inveagle her. And their mother warned Sarah not to keep company with him. And to the same purpose spake Jonathan Tuttle. But Jacob denied that he came to their house with any such intendment, nor did he appeare so to the court.

The Governor told Sarah that her miscarriage is the greatest, that a virgin should be so bold in the presence of others to carry it as she had done, and to speake suche corrupt words, most of the things charged against her being acknowledged by herself, though that about kyssing is denied, yet the *thing* is proved.—Sarah professed that shee had carried it so sinfully and foolishly, which she saw to be hateful. She hoped GOD would help her to carry it better for time to come.

The Governor allso told Jacob that his carriage hath been very evil and sinful so to carry it towards her, and to make such a light matter of it as not to think of it, (as he exprest,) doth greatly aggravate, and for Marian, who was a married woman, to suffer her brother and a man's daughter, to sit almost half an hour in such a way as they have related was a very great evil. She was told that she should have showed her indignation against it, and told her mother, that Sarah might have been shut out of doors. Mrs. Murline was told that she, hearing such words, should not have suffered it. Mrs. Tuttle and Mrs. Murline being asked if they had any more to say they said no.

Whereupon the court declared, that we have heard in the Publiqe Ministry that it is a thing to be lamented, that young people should have their meetings to the corrupting of themselves and one another. As for Sarah Tuttle her miscarriages are very great, that she should utter so corrupt a speeche as she did concerning the persons to be married, and that she should carry it in such a wanton, uncivil, immodest and lascivious manner as hath been proved. And for Jacob his carriage hath been very corrupt and sinful such as brings reproach upon the family and place.

The sentence therefore concerning them is, that they shall pay either of them as a fine 20s. to the Treasurer.

Quinine now commands three dollars per ounce and is one of the most useful in the entire list of manufactured drugs.—For the information of the trade, says the New York *Commercial Bulletin*, recently there has been an effort on the part of prominent medical and scientific men to induce Congress to set apart a suitable portion of the public domain for the purpose of growing the cinchona tree, from which the useful and almost indispensable article of quinine is produced. This tree is a native of South America, and found to grow only on the Andes, above what was termed the cloud line of those high and majestic peaks, and usually in greater quantity and better quality north of the equatorial line; hence for its cultivation in the United States, the Sierra Nevada range of mountains, in California have been selected by the parties who urge the trial of its cultivation in this country as being the mountains most closely resembling the Andes in soil and climate.—There can be no doubt of success of the cultivation if the cinchona tree is properly undertaken and attended to, as the results of similar experiments by the British government in the Himalayas of India fully attest.

☞ A little boy, a few days ago, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzler: "Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go?"

☞ A nine-year old boy at the school in Lincoln, California, was asked what punishment was given to Adam and Eve for eating the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden? He replied: "They were driven off the ranch."

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