

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river, on the hill,  
Leith, a village white and still;  
All around it the forest trees  
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;  
Over it sailing shadows go,  
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,  
The mountain grasses low and sweet,  
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,  
Another village firth still  
There I see in the cloudy night  
Twinkling stars of household light,  
Fires that gleam from the snugly door,  
Mists that curl on the river shore;  
And in the road no grasses grow,  
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village, on the hill,  
Never is sound of snuff or mill,  
The houses are detached with grass and flowers,  
Never a clock to tell the hours;  
The marble doors are always shut;  
You cannot enter in hall or but;  
All the village lies asleep,  
Never again to sow or reap;  
Never in dream to moan or sigh,  
Silent, and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,  
When the night is starry and still,  
Many a weary soul in prayer  
Looks to the other village there,  
And weeping and sighing, longs to go  
Up to that home from this below;  
Lungs to sleep in the forest wild,  
Whether have vanished wife and child,  
And hearth, praying, this answer fall,  
"Patience! that village shall hold you all!"

Literature.

Hugh's Wife.—A Story from Real Life.

BY MARY A. KEABLES.

Hugh Foster, for killing his wife, was executed in the jail-yard to-day at one o'clock.

I read the notice twice—there was nothing particularly startling about it to the world in general. Only a man had killed his wife and received the deserts of his crime, that was all; strangers to the affair would say; while those who were acquainted with the details of the terrible tragedy—the trial, the execution—probably drew a sigh of relief, and said perhaps, "Well, hanging was too good for him."

But I—to me there was more in Hugh Foster's melancholy death than there was to the world. There was a time when I called him friend and trusted his protection; when I loved him, when I forgot my Maker in my mad worship of one of his creatures—yet, Hugh never knew it thank God for that!

I remember him a laughing boy, with merry, hazel eyes, cheeks all aglow with the flush of health and exercise; hair golden brown, lying in curling masses around his well-shaped head, and nestling down around a white, dimpled neck, and over blue-veined temples.

I remember him in years later—eyes more thoughtful, hair and complexion darker, less simplicity, more of the world's ways about him, yet pleasing and attractive as ever. I do not wonder that Mattie Grey—gentle, winning little Mattie—loved him so. They say love begets love. It was but natural that his affection should be required. I did not blame him—I did not blame her. I only wept a few bitter tears that while their path that was so flower strewn mine should lead over rugged hills and thorny ways. I buried my vain love for Hugh Foster deep down in my heart; and then, praying God to bless them, I took up the burden of my weary life again.

An orphan dependent upon my own exertions for support, I believe my dream made me stronger and more able to cope with the world—for, to this day, I believe,

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all."

Heaven preserve me from those who, in their whole lives, have never felt the same thrill of love! I set them down as heartless misanthropes—untrue to themselves, to nature and to God.

My position in Hugh's mother's family gave me a deeper insight into the young man's character than I could otherwise have gained. I saw him in every different mood, I read him as he really was. He was a whole-souled man; those he loved with his whole soul, mind and strength; yet his hatred was so strong as life's bitter and fearful as death—he who never forgot a kindness, never forgave an injury. I do not mean he was particularly revengeful; but an unkindness, an insult, rankled in his bosom—Time never healed the wound.

My position in Mr. Foster's family was more that of a child than a servant, yet I was but a servant, after all. I realized the fact—that there was one deep gulf that separated Hugh and I. I always remembered the difference in our stations, and never thought of dragging him down to mine, or raising myself to his. When his mother died, my life changed. I went out into the world again, to fight again the great battle of life; and yet Hugh's friendship, unknown to me, was my protection. He it was who gained for me an eligible situation as the teacher of a

village school—he who watched over me and, with a delicacy, secured for me many little attentions that added greatly to my happiness.

I had a very pleasant little room in Mrs. Jones' boarding establishment. Then I thought my gracious landlady furnished me with the tasteful furniture, the gay carpet, the delicate hangings, the books, and piano, and music—now, I know it was Hugh's generosity. He knew my pride, my sensitiveness—he knew how I would have scorned to accept those favors from his hands, that I only received with pleasure from those of my social landlady. Poor Hugh after all—he was too good for his fate. I say so, let the world censure as it may.

It was a cold blustering evening in December. I had drawn my easy chair close to the blazing hickory fire, and after raising the wick of the lamp and adjusting the shade, was about to take up a favorite book, when I heard familiar steps in the hall, and a loud, hurried rap, I should have recognized at any time or place, sounded upon my door.

In obedience to my response, the door opened and Hugh entered. There was a happy sparkle in his eyes; and as he sat down before the cheerful fire, and brushed the snow from his leggings and boots, while I did the same kind office for his cap and shawl, he said, laughingly:

"Don't be frightened, Laurie—no-body's dead, or sick, or married, that I'm out this horrid night. I just wanted to see you, little sis. The wind is sharp, I tell you—right from the north-west, and I faced it all the way."

"All the way, full two squares, Hugh?"

He laughed merrily.

"Yes, all of a mile, Miss Laurie. I didn't come from home, but—"

"I know," I replied. "I believe it's a mile over to Squire Grey's."

The crimson flushed up into his handsome face; and, as I sat down on the opposite side of the little, round, light-stand, he took both of my hands in his and said, perhaps a little excitedly:

"I believe I'm the happiest man in all creation, little sis. I've come to tell you so. In two weeks, Mattie and I are going to be married. Don't you congratulate me?"

"Answer me two questions first, Hugh?"

"What are they?"

"First, are you sure that you love Mattie Grey with your whole heart, Hugh?"

"I idolize her—I worship her. God knows that she is dearer to me than my own soul, Laurie."

"Are you quite positive that she loves you?"

I would stake the happiness of my life upon it. She is a bit coquettish, like all young girls, yet I trust her word. I trust the instinct of my heart. Yes; I know—I am sure she loves me."

"Then God bless you both, dear Hugh," I said warmly, "you are worthy of her, and I trust she is of you—be a good husband to her: she is a fragile little thing; a frown, a harsh word, or neglect, would break her heart. Guard her as you would a jewel, Hugh Foster, and may God bless you both!"

"Thank you, Sister Susie, but don't talk of frowns and neglect—don't turn croaker, and make yourself disagreeable, and don't lecture me—I hate lectures, and you know it."

"Yes, I know it," I replied, mechanically. We did not either of us say much more. It may be that moment a boding of evil settled down on his spirit, as it did on mine, I cannot tell.

Hugh and Mattie were married. Every one prophesied happiness for them, and I among the rest; they seemed so well suited to each other—he so noble, so handsome, so dignified—she so loving, winning and gentle. After their marriage I met them very often—sometimes I took tea with them, and they spent the evening with me; and Mattie often insisted upon my accompanying them in their rides and walks; and I grew to love the pretty child-wife myself, and did not wonder at the idolatrous worship he bestowed upon her.

There was one trait, however, in Mattie's composition that greatly deceived her appearance. Mattie was as secretive as Hugh was frank and open. This troubled him. He wished to have her character, her thoughts so transparent, he could see through them at a glance; and when she discovered her husband's feelings on the subject, she only grew more secretive and mysterious. Hugh took many exceptions to his wife's conduct, forgetful that his exceeding anxiety and disquietude only made the little beauty more tricky and deceitful. She laughingly said to me one day that "she did like to tease Hugh so well."—Poor child, if she could only have known all!

"I thought I knew her," said Hugh to me one day, in a bitter tone. "I thought her all artlessness, but—"

I interrupted him.

"She is all innocence," I replied. "She knows you are distrustful of her, and mischievously likes to torment you."

"No—no! I wish it was that. Laurie, you need not try to deceive me. I am not to be duped. See here."

He took a letter from his pocket, gave it to me, and leaned his head upon the table, so I could not see his face. The envelope was a large, white one, it was crumpled sadly, but I could see that the superscription was a bold, business hand, and read, "Mrs. Mattie Foster."

"What do you wish me to do with this, Hugh?" I asked.

"Read it," he said, almost sharply. I unfolded the sheet of note-paper the envelope contained, and read these words:

"My DEAR MATTIE: I received yours yesterday, and hasten to reply to it. Do not be in any fear that I shall fail to be in Sanston, by the time specified. Be assured I will not break the engagement. I have quite a curiosity to see your husband. You know you once told me you never would love any man better than me, and I have a desire to see the fortunate gentleman. I want you to meet me down by the turn in the lane, or the forest-road. I will meet you there for I've something to say to you I don't want every ear to hear. I will be there Wednesday evening, about nine o'clock."

"With the anticipation of soon folding you in my arms, I am, as heretofore, your most devoted,

"WALTER."

I felt the blood recede from my face, leaving it white as that of one dead, as the terrible thought stamped itself upon my mind, that Mattie was untrue to the man whose love I would have prized above gems or rubies.

He looked up with a bitter smile.

"What do you think of it?" he said.

"How did you come by this?" I asked hoarsely.

"Well, I'll tell you all about it, Laurie; and then judge for yourself. To-day, Mattie went to the post-office—a very unusual thing for her to do; and when she went to her room, I saw that she carried a letter in her hand. Of course, I asked her who it was from, but she blushed, and stammered about it; and when I demanded my right to see it, she refused straight up and down—so I took it away from her, just as I should do, and when I asked an explanation, all the satisfaction I could obtain was this—that the writer of that letter was her friend—she thought a great deal of him, and always had, ever since she had known him. I thought, very probably, she liked him better than she did her husband. I was jealous and exacting, she was taunting and even tempered."

"And you, Hugh?"

"I? Why, I told her that if she met the writer of that letter, she would repeat it, that was all," exclaimed the excited man, "and so she will!"

"Hugh!"

He looked up—the expression of his face terrified me.

"Well—did I frighten you? Never mind. I think I'll go home now."

As he went out a strange terror came over me. I looked out of the window the moon was shining dimly through the clouds and I could see a vague figure hastening in the direction of Hugh's residence. I do not know what power impelled me to throw a shawl over my head, and follow the figure slowly; but I did so. Hugh went slowly up the steps, and finding the front door locked, went round by the garden gate, and at that gate I paused a moment afterward then opened it—scarcely knowing what I did and followed still.

Hugh stood inside the gate. He did not seem surprised at seeing me, but, merciful Heavens! how I sank in terror from the burning light in his eyes.

"Laurie," he gasped—his breath coming quick and hard. "Laurie,

he's come, they're talking in the arbor, yonder. I heard her tell him she would love him as long as she lived. O Laurie, Laurie!"

He drew me into the shade, as two figures emerged from the arbor, and came past us so close that Mattie's dress touched mine. The man's arm was around her waist, and she was looking up into his face, trustfully, confidently.

"Stay all night, Walter," she said, as they parted at the gate.

"Not to-night, I have another engagement to meet."

"Some fair lady, perhaps?"

"Perhaps," said the tall man, stooping to kiss the lips of the fair little woman at his side.

"Now, good-night."

"Good-night Walter, the time will seem very long till I see you again."

The sound of the man's footsteps died away in the distance.

Hugh stepped forward, and confronted his wife.

"What does this mean, Mattie?" he asked, hoarsely. "Why are you walking in the garden to-night with a strange man, and what is he to you?"

She drew herself up proudly.

"Jealous?" she said, her pretty lip curling.

"And what if I am jealous?" he replied, "it is my right to be. Woman, I gave you my whole heart. I loved you madly, wildly—beware lest love turn to hate."

She laughed lightly, sarcastically.

"Tell me one thing, he gasped hoarse with passion. "Do you love that man?"

"Of course I do."

"And you tell me so to my face, infamous woman!" cried Hugh Foster, seizing his wife's light form in his arms.

There was a faint shriek, a gurgling cry. The moon came out from behind a cloud, there were blood stains on the garden gate—on the long grass—on his hands, and Mattie fell to the ground with this cry upon her lips:

"O Hugh you've killed me for loving my brother!"

I shrink from describing what followed. May God hide from my face that white, dead face in the moonlight—the murderer and the incensed crowd that gathered around—the brother—the gray-haired father—the nearly crazed mother, bending in agony over their idol!

I have told the story—the play is out—the curtain has fallen—the foot lights are extinguished. God be merciful in judging that man in condemning him, is my prayer.

O husbands and wives, deal honestly and truly with each other. Avoid not only evil but the appearance of evil, and

Better trust and be deceived,  
And weep this trust, and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart which, if believed,  
Had blessed one's life with true believing."

HER LAST HALF CROWN.

Hugh Miller, the geologist, journalist, and man of genius, was sitting in his newspaper office late one dreary winter night. The clerks had all left, and he was preparing to go, when a quick rap came to the door. He said "Come in," and looking towards the entrance, saw a little ragged child all wet with sleet. "Are ye Hugh Miller?"

"Yes," Mary Duff wants ye."

"What does she want?" "She's deen!" Some misty recollection of the name made him at once set out, and with his well-known plaid and stick, he was soon striding after the child, who trotted through the now deserted High Street, into the Cannongate. By the time he got to the Old Playhouse Close, Hugh had revived his memory of Mary Duff; a lively girl who had been bred up beside him at Cromarty. The last time he had seen her was at a brother's wedding, where Mary was "best maid," and he "best man."

He seemed still to see her bright young careless face, her tidy short-gown, and her dark eyes, and to hear her bantering merry tongue. Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with difficulty. In the passage she held out her hand and touched him; taking it in his great palm, he felt that she wanted a thumb. Finding her way like a cat through the darkness, she opened a door and saying, "That's her!" vanished. By the light of a dying fire he saw, lying in the corner of the large empty room, something like a woman's clothes; and on drawing nearer became

aware of a thin pale face and two dark eyes looking keenly, but helplessly on him. The eyes were plainly Mary Duff's, though he could recognize no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him, "Are you Mary Duff?" "It's a' that's o' me, Hugh." She then tried to speak to him, something plainly of great emergency, but she couldn't; and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half-a-crown into her feverish hand, and said he would call again in the morning. He could get no information about her from the neighbours—they were surly or asleep. When he returned next morning, the little girl met him at the stairhead, and said, "She's dead." He went in, and found it was true; there she lay, the fire out, her face placid, and the likeness to her maiden self restored. Hugh thought he would have known her now, even with those bright black eyes closed as they were in *eternum*. Seeking out a neighbour, he said he would like to bury Mary Duff, and arranged for the funeral with an undertaker in the close. Little seemed to be known of the poor outcast, except that she was a "licht," or, as Solomon would have said, a "strange woman." "Did she drink?" "Whiles." On the day of the funeral, one or two residents in the close accompanied him to the Cannongate Churchyard. He observed a decent-looking old woman watching them, and following at a distance, though the day was wet and bitter. After the grave was filled, and he had taken off his hat, as the men finished their business by putting on and slapping the sod, he saw this old woman remaining. She came up, and curtsying, said, "Ye wad ken that lass, Sir?" "Yes; I knew her when she was young. The woman then burst into tears, and told Hugh that she "keeps a bit shop at the close mouth, and Mary dealt wi' me, and aye paid reglar, and I was feared she was dead, for she had been a month awn' me half-a-crown;" and then with a look and a voice of awe, she told him how, on the night he was sent for, and immediately after he had left, she had been awakened by some one in her room; and by the bright fire—for she was a *bein* well-to-do-body—she had seen the wasted dying creature, who came forward and said, "Wasn't it half-a-crown?" "Yes." "There it is," and putting it under the bolster, vanished! Alas for Mary Duff! her career had been a sad one since the day when she stood side by side with Hugh, at the wedding of their friends. Her father died not long after, and her mother supplanted her in the affections of the man to whom she had given her heart. The shock was overwhelming, and made home intolerable. Mary fled from it blighted and embittered, and after a life of shame and sorrow, crept into the corner of her wretched garret, to die deserted and alone; giving evidence, in her latest act, that honesty had survived amid the wreck of nearly every other virtue. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

*Horæ Subsecivæ. By John Brown, M.D., F.R.S.E.*

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—The following sketch is called the portrait of a true gentleman. It was found in an old manor house in Gloucestershire, written and framed, and hung over the mantelpiece of a tapestried sitting-room.—"The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward; God is his Father, Jesus Christ his Saviour, the saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends; devotion is his chaplain, chastity his chamberlain, sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, charity his treasurer, piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter, to let in or out, as most fit. This is his whole family made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a Man and a Christian."

THE BASHIKOUAY ANT.

According to M. du Chaillu, one of the most formidable animals in the world is an ant which he found in Central Africa. He thus describes it:—

It is the dread of all living animals, from the leopard to the smallest insect. I do not think that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long regular line—a line about two inches broad and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm. When they grow hungry the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate with great speed their heaviest forces on the point of attack.—In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer is overwhelmed, killed and eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of a sleep and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring around the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured.—They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are in reality very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleared of all the abounding vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

When on their march the insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury, which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful.

The negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in the path of the bashikouay ants, as the most cruel manner of putting them to death. Two very remarkable practices of theirs remain to be related. When on their line of march they require to cross a narrow stream, they throw themselves across and form a tunnel—a living tunnel—connecting two trees or high bushes on opposite sides of the little stream, whenever they can find such to facilitate the operation. This is done with great speed, and is effected by a great number of ants, each of which clings with its fore claws to its next neighbor's body or hind claws. Thus they form a high, safe, tubular bridge, through which the whole vast regiment marches in regular order.—If disturbed, or if the arch is broken by the violence of some animal, they instantly attack the offender with the greatest animosity.

Their numbers are so great that one does not like to enter into calculations; but I have seen one continuous line passing at good speed a particular place for twelve hours. A Double Fish.—If a man cannot skate he will probably flounder.

WHY COFFEE BEATEN IN A MORTAR IS BETTER THAN COFFEE GROUND IN A MILL.—It is not generally known that coffee which has been beaten, is better than that which has been ground. Such, however, is the fact; and in his brief article upon this subject, Savarian gives what he considers the reasons for the difference. As he remarks, a mere decoction of green coffee is a most insipid drink, but carbonization develops the aroma, and an oil, which is the peculiarity of the coffee we drink. He agrees with other writers that the Turks excel in this.—They employ no mills, but beat the berry with wooden pestles in mortars. When long used, the pestles become precious and bring great prices. He determined by actual experiment which of the two methods was the best. He burned carefully a pound of good Mocha, and separated it into two equal portions. The one was passed through the mill—the other beaten after the Turkish fashion in a mortar. He made coffee of each, and pouring on an equal weight of boiling water, he treated them both precisely alike. He tasted the coffee himself, and caused other competent judges to do so. The unanimous opinion was, that coffee beaten in a mortar was far better than that ground in a mill.

A NEW ENEMY IN THE CROPS.—Within a few days past, in the towns of Stratford, Washington, Pleasant Valley, Poughkeepsie, and doubtless elsewhere in this county, outfields have been visited by insects heretofore unknown to our farmers. They cluster like bees, on the stem that joins the grain and head of the stalk, and near the base of the grain. Their number on each grain is estimated at perhaps thirty, fifty, or more, giving thousands to each head. They evidently intercept and feed on the sap flowing through the stem. The effect produced appears to be that the stem is dried, is easily broken off, and the grain falls to the ground. Probably, in process of harvesting, much, if not all, of the crop so visited will be shaken from the stalk and lost. Portions of some fields only are attacked. Spots where the growth is smallest seem to be selected by these new marauders for their work. Specimens of these insects, in various stages of development, have been shown us, and may be generally described as a brown fly, about one-fourth the size of the common house fly.—Poughkeepsie Telegraph.

SIMPLE CURE FOR CROUP.—We find in the *Journal of Health* the following simple remedy for this dangerous disease. Those who have passed nights of agony by the bedside of loved children will treasure it up as a valuable information:—If a child is taken with the croup, apply cold water—ice water, if possible—suddenly and freely to the neck and chest with a sponge. The breathing will instantly be relieved. Soon as possible let the sufferer drink as much as it can, then wipe it dry, cover it up warm, and soon a quiet sleep will relieve the parent's anxiety, and lead the heart in thankfulness to the Power which has given to the pure gushing fountain such medical qualities.

GENIUS.—Three indispensable of genius are understanding, feeling, and perseverance, and three things that enrich genius are contentment of mind, the cherishing of good thoughts, and exercising the memory. A Pretty Home Truth.—Man may be the head of the family; but far better than that, woman is the heart of it. Truth is never the less so for not being attended to; and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behavior. Energy.—Before exertion, there must be energy; and before you can be stirred to energy, it is necessary for you "to make the strong divinity of soul" that overcomes all the temptations to present ease and indulgence. Woman by a Sick Man's Couch.—It has often been truly remarked that in sickness there is no hand like a woman's hand no heart like a woman's heart—no eyes so unflinching—no hope so fervent. Woman by a sick man's couch is divinity impregnated. In Spite of His Teeth.—King John once demanded of a certain Jew 10,000 marks, on refusal of which he ordered one of the Israelite's teeth to be drawn every day until he should consent. The Jew lost seven, and then paid the required sum. Hence the phrase, "In spite of his teeth."

A Ghost Sold.—The Rev. Dr. Wolf tells a story of a certain M. Preisweg, of Geneva, a good and excellent Christian, to whom a ghost appeared as he was going to bed, and said, "I am the ghost of a person who was hanged here six weeks ago." "That is no business of mine," replied Preisweg, "so good night!" Cato and Kissing.—Among the ancient Roman matrons and virgins the use of wine was unknown, and the women were taxed with modesty whose breath smelt of the grape. Plato said that Cato was of opinion that kissing first began between kinsmen and kinswomen, that they might know whether their wives, daughters, and nieces tasted wine. Cato was an old coon! for kissing is better than wine any day.