American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

"Las Mananas floridas
De Abril y Mayo."—CALDARON.

Ah! my heart is ever waiting—
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the pleasant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting—
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for the aure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May,
Throbbing for the sea side billows,
Or the water wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May,
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away—
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

Miscellaneous.

THE CAPTIVE'S DAUGHTER.

A SCOTCH TALE.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpations, was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor of the Earl of Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion, and for ages a destructive gloom seemed to hover over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortune to the cause of its chiefstuhd. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the king's troops—long, deadly and desperate was his resistance; but at length overpowered by numbers he was taken prisoner, tried and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and the jailor awaited but the arrival of his death warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing, one who was the pride of his eyes and love of his house, even Grizel, the daughter of his love. Twilight was casting a deeper glow over the gratings of his prison house—he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child; and his head was pressed against the cold, damp wall of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes dark, bright and fearless; but their brightness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep to be wept away; her raven tresses were parted over a brow clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered—

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed, and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden; and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short," very short said the jailor, as he turned and left them for a few minutes together.

"God help and comfort thee, my daughter!" added the unhappy father, as he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow. "I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing upon the head of my child, and that stung me more than death; but thou art come, my love—thou art come! and the last blessing of thy wretched father—"

"Nay, forbear! forbear!" she exclaimed; "not thy last blessing! not the last! My father shall not die!"

"Be calm, be calm, my child," exclaimed he, "would to heaven I could comfort thee, my own, my own. But there is no hope—within three days, thou and my little ones will be—"

Fatherless, he would have said, but the word died on his tongue.

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from her breast, but eagerly pressing his hand; "three days; then there is hope; my father shall live! Is not my grandfather the friend of Father Petre, the confessor and master of the king? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die!"

"Nay, nay, Grizel," returned he, "be not deceived—there is no hope—already my doom is sealed—already the king has signed the order of my execution, and the messenger of death is already on the way."

"Yet my father shall not—shall not die," she repeated emphatically, and clasping her hands together—"Heaven speed a daughter's purpose," she exclaimed; and turning to her father she said calmly—"We part now, but we shall meet again."

"What would my child?" enquired he eagerly, gazing anxiously in her face.

"Ask not now," she replied, "but pray for me and bless me—but not with thy last blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailor entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other."

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfaring man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick, from the north, and proceeded down Marygate, and sat down to rest on a bench by the door of an hostlery, on the south side of the street, nearly fronting what was called the Main guard then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his head quarters a few years before, and where at a somewhat earlier period, James the sixth had taken up his residence when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin, fastened around his body by a leather girdle, and over it, a short cloak, composed of equally plain material.—He was evidently a young man, but his beaver was drawn down so as to almost conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff.

Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting for a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind moaned along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far on such a night as this," said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes he was on the borders of the wide, desolate and dreary moore of Tweedmouth, which, for miles, presented a desert of whins, fern and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle, covered with thick brush wood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, heading the storm which now raged in wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward until he had proceeded above two or three miles from Berwick, when as if unable longer to brave the storm he sought shelter amidst some crab and bramble bushes by the wayside.

Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard; hurriedly splashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast.—Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle, and the rider raised his head and the traveller stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly.

The horseman, benumbed and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms, but in a moment the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes lay senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail for the north, and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning, the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robberry had been committed, and were scattered in every direction around the moor; but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had passed, Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which contained the death warrant had been robbed; and before another order could be given the intercession of his father, the Earl of Dundonald, with the king's confessor, might be successfull. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first dispair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful—and a second time the bigoted and would be despotic monarch had signed the warrant of his death, and within a little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of Heaven be done," groaned the captive."

"Amen!" returned Grizel, with wild vehemence; "but my father shall not die."

Again the rider with the mail had reached the moore of Tweedmouth, and the second time he bore with him the doom of Cochrane. He spurred his horse to his utmost speed; he looked cautiously before, behind and around him; and in his right hand he carried a pistol to defend himself. The moon shed a ghostly light across the heath, rendering desolation visible, and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to flash into his very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and the horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger he had in his hand, said;

"Give me thine arms or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed within him; and, without venturing a reply, he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber sternly, "but leave with me thy horse; and leave with me the mail—lest a worst thing come upon thee."

The man arose and proceeded towards Berwick trembling, and the robber, mounted the horse which he had left, and rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail, with his second death warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold; when tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed.

For yet fourteen days the life of the prisoner would be prolonged. He again fell upon the neck of his daughter and wept and said:

"It is good—the hand of Heaven is in this!"

"Said I not," replied the maiden—and for the first time she wept aloud—"that my father should not die!"

The fourteen days were not yet passed, when the prison doors flew open, and the old Earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had at length been successful; and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had sealed his pardon. He had hurried with his father to his own house—his family were clinging around him, shedding tears of joy—and they were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience.

Sir John desired him to be admitted—and the robber entered. He was habited as we before described, with the coarser jerkin, but his bearing was above his condition. On entering he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he, taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them into the fire."

Sir John glanced on them, started; and became pale—they were his death warrants.

"My deliverer," exclaimed he, "how shall I thank thee—how repay the saver of my life? My father—my children—think him for me."

The old Earl grasped the hand of the stranger—the children embraced him and he bursted into tears.

"By what name," eagerly enquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud; and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak.

"Gracious Heavens!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father, "my own child! my saver! my own Grizel!"

It is unnecessary to add more—the imagination of the reader can supply the rest; and we may only add that Grizel Cochrane whose heroism and noble affection have here been hurridly and imperfectly sketched, was, tradition says, the grandmother of the late Sir John Stuart of Alambank, and great great grandmother of Mr. Coutts, the celebrated banker.

A KNOWING LAD.—A schoolmaster in Connecticut while examining a boy from Rhode Island in his catechism, asked the following question: "How many Gods are there?" The boy after scratching his head some time, replied: "I don't know how many you have in Connecticut, but we have none in Rhode Island."

GRAPHIC.—Lord Byron described a party with which he dined, as follows:—"Like most parties of the kind, it was first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogether, then inarticulate, and then drunk."

MODERN REFINEMENT.—A modest young lady desiring the leg of a chicken at a table said she would take that part which ought to be dressed in pantalets. A young gentleman opposite immediately called for that part which usually wears the bustle.

Everything great is not always good but all good things are great.—*Ex. Paper*

Except good small potatoes.

NO NIGHT BUT HATH ITS MORN.

There are times of deepest sorrow,
When the heart feels lone and sad;
Times when memory's spell of magic
Have in gloom the spirit clad.
Wouldst thou have a wand all potent
To illume life's darkest night?
This the thought that e'er in nature
Darkest hours precede the night.

When the world, cold dark and selfish,
Frowns upon the feeble frame,
Lighted from the torch of genius,
Worth has kindled round thy name;
When the fondest hopes are blighted,
And thy dearest prospects fade,
Think, oh, lone one, scorned and slighted—
Sunshine ever follows shade.

Another Case of Insanity.

The Pennsylvanian gives the following under the Police reports:

The first case of note this morning was that of Mr. Tobias Baker, charged with insanity by his wife, Sarah Jane Baker. Mr. B. is a man of sober and subdued aspect, decently dressed, seemingly about fifty years old. Mrs. B. is a keen-eyed, sallow matron, of spare figure and commanding stature, being half a head taller than her husband, who stood meekly by her side, while she made her complaint.

"If you please, Sir—(said Mrs. Baker to the Mayor)—I want to have something done with my old man here, for I don't think it safe to let him go about."

"Why not?" enquired his Honor. "He does not look like a dangerous person."

"Looks are very deceiving," observed Mrs. Baker. "For all he seems so quiet just now, he's as crazy as a loon."

"What does he do that looks like madness?" asked the Mayor.

"Why he kicks hideously sometimes when he's asleep," remarked Mrs. Baker.

"That may be owing to the fleas or night mare."

"Night mare?—I never heard of such a mare as that," said Mrs. Baker; "but why should any kind of a mare make a man kick like a horse? Then again he's got such a monstrus appetite; he'll eat as many as six big potatoes at a sitting. Would any man in his right senses do the like of that?"

"If the potatoes were well cooked, madam, I think he might."

"Well, I never!—a man with his seven senses to eat six potatoes! Then again sometimes he seems so fond of me that he's ready to eat *me* up."

"*That* does look a little suspicious, madam, I must confess," remarked his Honor.

"I guess it does, resumed Mrs. Baker; "he'd be hugging and kissing me half the time, if I would let him."

"A very decided symptom of an unsound intellect, I must say," observed his Honor, thoughtfully, and perusing the countenance of Mrs. B.

"But the worst of all is," cried Mrs. Baker, growing more warm, "he wont let me keep the cash and buy what I take a notion to. Don't that show how crazy he is?"

"You hear," said his Honor, addressing the accused, "You hear the charge, Mr. Baker. What can you say to it."

"I am not sure but she's right," answered B. "I must have been crazy when I married her; and the trouble I've had since was not calculated to make me any straighter."

"I think," said the Mayor, after a pause for consideration, "you had better take him home, Mrs. Baker, and try him a while longer; if he continues his strange capers, and especially that hugging and kissing of yourself, let us know, and we'll take care to put him in safe keeping."

The Deaf Mother.

The following curious anecdote is related of the Countess of Orkney, who died in 1700, aged 76.—Her ladyship was deaf and dumb, and married in 1653, by signs; she lived with her husband, Murrough, first Marquis of Thomond, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Rostellan, on the harbor of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, took out a large stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and to the horror of the nurse, who like all persons of the lowest order in her country, indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies," seized it with an intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the countess had flung the stone—not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor; where, of course it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried.—The countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell upon her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense which was wanting in herself. She exhibited on many other occasions similar proofs of intelligence, but none so interesting. —*Anecdotes of the Aristocracy.*

EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE FRAUD.—The assize court of Durham was densly crowded on Saturday week, elegantly dressed ladies forming a large portion of the auditory, to hear the following extraordinary case of fraud!—A military looking man, wearing an extensive moustache and imperial, described in the calender as William Henry Gordon, alias Gibson, aged 35, who had represented himself as a lieutenant of the 16th Lancers, and one of the three officers who had survived the fatal slaughter at Bhurtpoor, was indicted for having forged an order of payment of £30, with a view of defrauding Thomas Wright of the same. The prosecutor, Mr. T. Wright, is a respectable music seller at Sunderland, and in the course of last summer, his daughter, Miss Frances Wright, a highly accomplished young lady, formed an attachment to the prisoner, whose dazling regimentals created quite a sensation amongst the fair sex at a watering place in Yorkshire, where they were both staying. He represented himself as a lieutenant in the 16th Lancers, recently returned from India, and eventually he succeeded in inducing Miss Wright to contract a kind of secret marriage with him, which took place it is said, at York, on the 20th of July. The event was announced in the Times and York Herald. As may be anticipated, the parent was sorely grieved at the premature steps taken by his daughter, and requested to be shown their marriage certificate and the prisoners commission. The prisoner said they were at York, and added that they both should be produced in a day or so.—In the course of conversation he observed that his agents were Sir J. Kirkland & Co., of Pall Mall, and that he had three accounts with them, comprising his own effects, amounting to between £7000 and £8000, and the proceeds of his late father's estates, which statement appeared to give much satisfaction. A reconciliation took place, and in a few days he solicited Mr. Wright to cash him a cheque for £30 on his agent, which was done; and on the next morning the happy pair started for York. For several weeks nothing could be heard of their movements, and during their absence the cheque had been returned by Sir J. Kirkland as a forgery. It here became evident that the self-styled Lieutenant Gordon was nothing more than a cheat; and while instructions were impending to capture him, Mr. Wright received a letter from him, dated Dover. Mr. Teague, an inspector of the London city force, was informed of the matter, and Gordon was apprehended at Folkestone. It then turned out, as imagined, that he was no officer at all in the army, and that he had a wife and family living in the vicinity of the metropolis. Miss Wright returned to her parents, and the prisoner was committed for trial. Upon being arraigned, he pleaded guilty. Mr. Baron Alderson sentenced the prisoner to ten years transportation.—*Manchester Examiner.*

The Roman General, Marius, replied to the Gaul who sent him a challenge, "If you are tired of your life, you can go and hang yourself."

It's all very well to say, "know thyself," but suppose you never find yourself at home, how are you to get an introduction?

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

"The mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flower she that most did love,
She knew she'd find them all again,
In the fields of light above."

The death of a little child is to the mother's heart like dew on a plant from which a bud has perished. The plant lifts up its head in freshened greenness to the morning light; so the mother's soul gathers from the dark sorrow through which she has passed, a fresh brightening of her heavenly hopes.

As she bends over the empty cradle, and in fancy brings her sweet infant before her, a ray of divine light is on the cherub face. It is her son still, but with the seal of immortality on his fair brow. She feels that Heaven was the only atmosphere where her precious flower could unfold without spot or blemish, and she would not recall the lost. But the anniversary of his departure seems to bring his spiritual presence near her. She indulges in that tender grief which soothes, like an opiate in pain, all hard passages and cares of life. The world to her is no longer with human love and hope—in the future so glorious with heavenly love and joy. She has treasures of happiness which the worldly, unchastened heart never conceived. The bright, fresh flowers with which she has decorated her room, the apartment where her infant died, are emblems of the far brighter hopes now dawning on her day dream. She thinks of the glory and beauty of the New Jerusalem, where the little foot will never find a thorn among the flowers to render a shoe necessary. Nor will a pillow be wanting for the dear head reposing on the breast of the kind Saviour. And she knows her infant is there, in that world of eternal bliss. She has marked one passage in that Book—to her emphatically the Word of Life—now lying closed on the toilette table, which she daily reads,—"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Love at School.

"Should every person tell us his experience," says a correspondent of the Boston Museum, "it would appear that more real, true love has been felt by the young at school, than at a more advanced period of their lives. Then, the pure, disinterested love flows freely from the warm and innocent hearts. None of the baser motives of after years, are then to be found mixed with those pure feelings. Beauty is then loved because it is beautiful, and no sensual feelings are engendered by the sight of it. Those stolen glances, at times when the teacher's vigilant eye happens to be averted, are as sweet, and prized as dearly, as any interviews or conversations of lovers of more mature age. Reader, have you never felt in your school-boy days, a thrill of delight in meeting your little love in the morning before school began? And have you ever had the exquisite pleasure, in stormy weather, of "staying at noon?" What moments of pure happiness, as you ran and bounded about the school-room, now chasing the bright eyed, mischevious girl, who has slyly taken off your cap, till in some corner she takes refuge. What struggles! and then in retaliation, what kisses you have snatched from red, pouting lips, sometimes receiving a gentle kiss in return, or the defiance, "You dare not do that again." Have you never offended the little mistress of your affections, by some rude word or deed, and felt all the loneliness of losing her smiles and blamed yourself for the hasty action? And then what a feeling of entire happiness, when you afterwards met and mutually agreed to forget and forgive. Some remain true to their first feelings of love, but many are awaked from the sweet dreams of youth by the stern realities of after life. Well do I remember the evening of the day on which I left school, and the promise I made never to forget my dearly loved playmate. Afterwards, in the bustle of business, thoughts like the following would flit across my restless brain:

Oh, promises! how easy made;
How from weak memory oft they fade,
And shall it be that I forget
The promise made when last we met?
No timestirry influence will that eve
Over me exert; it will a tutoring give
To all my future life, and lest I stray,
That holy eve shall guard me on my way.

UNPUBLISHED SONG.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

There's dew for the flow'ret,
And honey for the bee;
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me!

There are tears for the many,
And pleasures for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you!

There is care that will not leave us,
And rain that will not flee;
But on our hearth unaltered,
Sits love, 'tween you and me!

Our love, it ne'er was reckoned,
Yet good it is and true;
It's half the world to me, dear,
It's all the world to you!

THE LUNGS.

On examination, the lungs will be found full of innumerable little holes, like a sponge. These holes are the cells into which the air enters when we breathe. So great is their number that they have been calculated to amount to 170,000,000, forming a surface thirty times greater than the human body. Every one of these cells is provided with a net work of blood vessels, by means of which the blood is brought into immediate contract with the air over every portion of their surface. When this great amount is taken into consideration, we shall at once feel how necessary it is to supply pure air to the lungs with every breath we draw.

Dark Color of the Skin.

Darkness of complexion has been attributed to the sun's power from the age of Solomon to this day. —"Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me;" and there cannot be a doubt, that, to a certain degree, the opinion is well founded. The invisible rays of the solar beams have been employed with such remarkable effect in the Daguerreotype, as to act upon every substance upon which they fall, producing mysterious and wonderful changes in their molecular state, man not excepted.

Mrs. Somerville.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A few days since, a young married lady started on a "shopping" excursion, and having but one child, carried the little fellow along. After visiting several stores, to obtain goods to her notion, she came across a store, wherein she found every article required. The "little innocent" being snugly wrapped up in a baby blanket, was placed upon the counter its head supported by a bolt of goods. The situation being comfortable, "mamma's darling" fell into a sound sleep. The mother was busily occupied for near an hour in selecting such articles as was needed, which, being properly bundled for the purpose of an easy conveyance, she left the store struggling beneath the weight of her purchases. Arriving at her residence, she met her husband, who immediately inquired for the child. A general search was made through the house, but the child could not be found. Despairing tears were shed freely for the absent one. The locks of all the doors were examined to see if they remained as they were left, none of which bore marks of violence.—The husband, after an unsuccessful search in the neighborhood, procured the services of a bell cryer, who went the usual round, proclaiming a "lost child," &c. At or near 11 o'clock that night, and while the husband and wife were lamenting over the sudden disappearance of their "only love," a knock was heard at the door, which was immediately opened, and a young man entered, bearing in his arms their child. He stated that the child had become troublesome, and it was impossible for him to nurse it and wait upon his customers at the same time. We have heard of such occurrences in stories, but this is the first actual occurrence that has come under our observation.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

PRACTICAL HINTS TO AMATEURS.

BY AN "OLD DIGGER."

Grafts may be cut now as well as later in the winter, if more convenient to you. Keep them in a cool place, half buried in earth or sand, till you want them. If not wanted until spring, bury them out of doors, with only a couple of inches of the points exposed to the air, and throw two or three inches of litter over them.

Strawberries will produce good crops in open winter quarters, in the Northern States; but they will bear much better ones, and much larger fruit, if you cover them lightly with straw, salt hay, or stable litter; otherwise you are likely enough in stiff soils, to find half the plants dead or injured by being "thrown out in the spring."

You may transplant all winter, when the ground is not frozen—only take care not to expose the roots to frost, while not covered with soil. In winter planting, it is best to pile up a mound of earth six or eight inches around the trunk of the tree. This keeps it perfectly steady, and protects it, partially, against severe frost.

If you are very anxious to be cheated, send to some nursery that modestly informs the public of its immense superiority over other establishments; or that offers hundreds of varieties of "splendid, preeminent and dilicious" fruits, not to be found anywhere—or challenges competition for accuracy.—Where there is so much boasting, there must be great diffidence in sending you anything but what the dealer knows to be first rate; and you must be aware, yourself, there are hundreds of first rate fruits. If you send to a nursery for a new variety of tree or plant, do not expect to see the plant as high as your head, or the tree fit to bear a bushel of fruit. Be content if it is healthy, has a good root, and is a foot high. People "in the trade" cannot afford to send you large trees full of grafts or cuttings, of sorts which are scarce as guineas which have not been long enough in the country to enable them to get more than a years growth. If you want big trees, order the good old standard sorts.

When a tree brought from a distance has been a long while out of the ground, and looks quite dried up, do not plunge it into a tub of water; that would be nigh as fatal as giving a gallon at a single drink, to a man nearly dead of thirst. Moisten the roots, and after shortening the branches severely, bury the whole tree in the ground for three or four days.

When you prune a small branch of a tree, always see that a bud is left opposite the cut; this will help it to heal over quickly; and you will assist the matter still more, by making the cut always a sloping one.

If you are obliged to plant trees in the rich but worn out soil of an old garden, and you have not time or means enough to cart away part of the old soil and replace it with new, you can renew its fertility by throwing part of it up in heaps, mixing it with brush, faggots, saw dust, or any sort of cheap fuel, and burning it.

Do not let insects of various kinds over-run your orchard or garden, and then leisurely fold your arms and say, "it's no use, this trying to raise things, now that so many vermin are about." Spend three days, industriously, in the early stage of the matter, in putting down the rascals, and then look around you and see if a little industry is not better than grumbling.

If you want early vegetables, set yourself, in winter, about making some boxes to protect them. A few cheap boxes a foot square, with a pane of glass in the top, to put over tender things at night, will cost you but a trifle, and will give you ten days start of the open ground.

To have good currants, gooseberries, or raspberries, the old plants should be dug up at the end of three or four crops, and their places supplied by young ones. If you plant a few cuttings of the two former, as you would do every spring, you will always have a good supply of plants ready at all times; always cut out all eyes (buds) of cuttings, on that part which goes into the ground—otherwise you will be troubled by their coming up year after year, in the form of suckers.

If you have a tree that grows "apace," but does not bear, dig a trench around, and cut off about one third of the roots. This will soon check its growth and set it about making fruit buds.

Never buy fruit trees in the market places, of unknown venders, who have no character to loose.—You cannot tell by examining the article, whether they cheat you or not; and you get the tree at half price, only to wish, when it comes to bear, that you had gone to an honest dealer and paid ten times as much for something worth planting. "Hog Peach" trees are dearer at a penny than "George the Fourth" at a dollar.

If you do not love flowers yourself, do not quarrel with those who do. It is a defect in your nature that you ought to be sorry for, rather than abuse those that are more gifted. Of what possible "use" is the rainbow, we should like to know? And yet one wiser than you did not think the earth complete without it.

Do not grudge the cost and labor necessary to plant a few of your best shade trees around your house; and if you have any doubts about what to plant, stick in an elm. There are but few trees in the world finer than the fine sweeping elm; and two or three of them will give even a common looking building a look of dignity. If you plant fruit trees for shade, they are likely to be broken to pieces for the fruit, and they grow unsightly by the time forest trees grow spreading and umbrageous.

There are very few men whose friends build so fair a monument to their memory, as they can raise with their own hands, by planting an elm or a maple where it can grow for more than a century, to be an ornament to the country.

Do not be afraid to clip hedges, or cut back your trees when your are planting them. You gain more growth than you lose, though you may not be able to comprehend it till you have seen it with your own eyes.

Never work your ground in wet weather, if you can avoid it, as it makes it cold like and compact by forcing the air out. And ridge up your kitchen garden ground before spring, so as to expose as much surface as possible to the action of the frost.

Never loose an opportunity of getting soils from the corners of old pastures, or the breaking up of commons or meadows, where they can be spared.—Placed in heaps, and rotted, they make excellent mould for tender plants for trees; placed in a pile and burned, they form the fertilizer for rose and rare flowering plants.

Find a man about your neighborhood to collect all the bones that are thrown away as useless by persons ignorant of their value. Put them in a large pot and pour sulphuric acid and water over them, and they will turn to paste, and finally to powder. This is the best possible manure for pear trees and grape vines.—*Horticulturist.*

MILITARY DEPOT.—Capt. Arnold, who is in command of the highest military post on the Brazos, has been authorized to select a place for a depot, and has chosen Houston, Texas for that purpose. Capt. A. thinks the Government will find it necessary to establish one or two other posts between his present position and Red River, all receiving their supplies direct from Houston.

WANT OF FRESH AIR.—Hon. Horace Mann, alluding to ill ventilated school rooms, remarks as follows: "To put children on short allowance of fresh air, is as foolish as it would have been for Noah, during the deluge, to put his family on a short allowance of water. Since God has poured out an atmosphere fifty miles deep, it is enough to make a miser weep, to see our children stinted in breathing.

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.—The *Wisconsin Tribune* states that Mrs. Booth, aged 72 years, recently gave birth to a fine, healthy son! The husband, John Booth, was only 80 years old.

HOME.—The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

Fatal Case of Somnambulism.

Miss Emeline Newton, a young lady, aged 20 years, daughter of Mr. O. S. Newton, living near Benington, Vt., while at the house of a friend, on Monday night week, arose from her bed, and left the premises almost in a state of nudity, and was found drowned in the river the next morning.

On Monday evening she visited her home about half of a mile from her place of living, and while there remarked—"To-morrow is my birthday, and I am going to celebrate it!" From this circumstance it is inferred that in the course of the night she began to dream upon the pleasure she had promised herself on the coming day, and being somewhat subject to somnambulism, arose, came down stairs, unlocked the door, passed through a shed into the yard. From here she probably took her usual path for home. To do this required the climbing of several fences, walking a street for several rods, and the crossing of a river, either by a bridge or a foot-board—from one of the latter she must have fallen.

It seems indeed miraculous that she did not awake during the journey to the stream, but she was undoubtedly under a strong mental excitement, occasioned by the fond anticipation of soon engaging in the happy hilarity consequent upon the occurrence of a birthday festival! And hastily skipping homeward joyful and careless, she stepped upon that fatal bridge before she awoke. Perhaps the roaring of the river restored her consciousness, when, bewildered at her frightful situation she missed her footing, and plunged into the current, became overpowered and was carried to the bottom; or, perchance, she did not awake even upon reaching the bridge, still imagining herself in pursuit of pleasure, she awoke only when the dashing waters startled her with the realization that her twentieth birthday was the last that her imagination should dwell upon this side of eternity.—*Phil. Times.*

Mode of Burying Lawyers in Olden Times.

A gentleman in the country, who had just buried a rich relation, who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who was on a visit to him, of the very great expenses of a country funeral. "Why," says Foote "do you bury your attorneys here?" "Yes, to be sure we do: how else?" "Oh! we never do that in London."—"No!" said the other much surprised, "how do you manage?" "Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, look the door, open the sash, and in the morning he's entirely off!" "Indeed!" said the other in amazement, "what becomes of him!" "Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with the supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is that there's *a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning.*"

Sam Slick on Marriage.

I've been afeerd to venture on matrimony myself, and don't altogether think that I shall speculate in that line for one while; it don't just suit a rovin man like me. It's a considerable of a tie; and then it ain't like a horse-deal, where if you don't like the beast, you can put it off in a raffle, or a trade, or swop, and suit yourself better, but you must make the best of bargain and put up with it. It ain't often you meet a critter of the right mettle—spirited, yet gentle; easy on the bit, sure-footed and spry; no bitin', no kickin', no rarin' off, or refusin' to go or runnin' back; and then clean limbed and good carriage. It's about the difficultest business I know on.

INDICTABLE MUSIC.—At the recent term of the court of common pleas in Dark county, Kentucky, a number of individuals were indicted and found guilty of riot, for serenading a wedding party with instruments of music disagreeable to "ears polite." Judge Holt's charge to the jury, copied below from the Greenville *Banner*, settles the law of all such cases in that circuit, and may be interesting to some of our readers:

The assemblage of three or four persons with bells, horns, and fire arms, and with these to approach the house where a family resides, rattling bells, blowing horns, and discharging fire arms, especially in the night season, calculated to alarm and terrify the inmates, is against the peace and riotous. Nor does it change the character of such transaction, that a *wedding* was the occasion of it. Nor can it be justified on the ground that it was intended as a serenade, and was customary in the neighborhood where it was enacted. In this age of progress, while progressing in physical science and improvements of every kind, we should see to it that we do not fall behind in the improvement of manners and morals.

Some of the witnesses have spoken of a custom in that neighborhood to honor weddings with music of this kind. Such a custom is illegal: it belongs not to civilization, and should not receive the sanction of a court and jury sitting in a civilized community.—It has been said that—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

It must indeed be a savage breast that can be soothed by the hideous sounds of cow bells, horse fiddles, tin's horns, and like musical instruments rattling, ringing, and commingling together, and interspersed with the occasional explosion of gun powder.

Such serenades are unlawful and riotous. Such is the law. The jury will find the defendants guilty or not guilty as they find the facts.

GIVING 1848 A CHARACTER.—When we look back at that profligate year, 1848, we see nothing but flights running through it. The flight of Louis Philippe, the double flight of Ferdinand, and the flight of his iron master, Metternich; the flight of the poor Pope, and the flights of *ministers, ouvriers*, citizens, and labor-organizers innumerable. Nothing but a rapid succession of flights. Most decidedly, posterity, when she puts on her spectacles to relate the history of our present age, will write down the Anno *Domini*, 1848, as the flightiest year on record.

The splendid furniture belonging to Coleman's Hotel, Washington City, has been sold for $17,000. Middleton and Beall, purchasers.

OLD FOLKS.—Calvin Kiburn, aged 91 years, was lately married to Susan Anderson, aged 71. Both belong to Princeton, Worcester county, Mass. They'd better start for California, before their family gets too large.

A young prating lawyer, one day boasted to a facetious counsellor that he had received five and twenty guineas for speaking in a certain cause.—"And I," said the counsellor, "received double that sum for holding my tongue in the same cause."

GOOD FOR PAT.—"Did your falling hurt you?" said one Paddy to another, who had fallen from the top of a two story house. "Not in the laste; 'twas stoppin so suddent that hurt me."

"Father, what do you mean by raising things in hot houses?" "Why, my dear boy, you are being raised in a house too *hot* to hold me sometimes."—The mother seized a broomstick, but the man cut his stick.

"Bill," said Tom Williams, "what desperate cold weather we have? Why, they have got a *mahometer* down to Squire Jones's, that tells how cold 'tis; and this morning it was five degrees colder than nothing.

Always live up to a promise, but be sure not to make a foolish one.

Many an enamored pair have courted in poetry, and after marriage lived in prose.