AMERICAN VOLUNTEER. Mished Every THURSDAY MORNING HE John B. Bratton.

Sand of TERMS and se Sossentified? One politic and Thry Cents, the in-dwinier Two Dollars it paid within the lift in advance; Two Dollars it paid within the paid within the year, and Two Dollars had Thry Cents; if not lift, and the year. These terms will be rightly adhered to in every instance. No subscription dissontinued until all arrearingss are jaid interest the option of the letters. It was not paid in less at the option of the letters. It was not paid to be the continued with the letters in the second paid to be unable will be inserted. not exaceding one square, will be inserted not inserted the Dallar, and twenty-five centrely cach additional insertion, in Those of a great n chuadh in proportion - ; . Liandhilla, Posling. Jos-Paintina — Such as Illandhilla, Posling. Ills, Pampilols, Blanks, Laubis, &c., &c., cxo-utod with accurary and at the shortest intico-

Hallowed Be Thy Name. A doctor badepiew cooken w 194)

List to the dreamy, tongue that dwells:
In rippling wave or sighing tree;
Go, harken to the old church bells,
The whisting bird, the whitzing bee;
Interpret right and ye will find
"The chire's and glory" they proclaim;
The chiracs, the creatures, waters, whid,
All publish "hallowed be thy name!"

An publish journeys till he bleeds,

To gain the altar of his sires;
The diermit pores above his iheads,

Nyth zoal that never yanes nor tires to
his holiest rite or longest prayer

That soul can yield or wisdom prove.

What belter import can it bear,

Than, if Father, hallowed by Thy name!"

The savage, kneeling to the sun, To give his thanks or ask'n boon; To give his tnanks or ask a boon; The raptures of the idlot one . Who luighs to see the clear round moon; The saint well taught in Christian love, lie Moslem prostrate at his flame

Whate'er may be man's faith or creed,
Those precious words comprise it still;
We trace them on the blooming mend.
We have them in the flowing fill,
One choice haits the Great Supreme;
We shad the still is the some One chorns halls the Great Supreme, Each varied breathing is the same, The attains may differ, but the thenic Is, "Pather, hallowed be Thy name!"

Miscellaneons.

TIS HOME WHERE THE HEART IS.

DYM. S. WILSON.

flow true are these words. How much can be read in this short sentence. This home where the heart is. It, matters not what kind of a home we may have, whether it be a costly man-sion surrounded with all the luxuries this world

to us,e'en in the liny mountain flower.
We may have a home like either of these and
yet be happy: If there the loved ones dwell
there will the heart be firmly fixed, and naugh there will too rear to diray fixed and magnitude the bind us; to that cherished spot. Mark the slender vine. The delicate by, twining gracefully around some stately mansion as it rears its proud head above those around it, seeming delicately low delicately low delicately low delicately low delicately low delicately low and the parents. This was the soldier to the parents. This was a complement, but it was conveyed with the resumed has walk. In the evening, where so the familiar haunts is the ord sometime which their dark grovers pearly streams, pells added as if the care himself had spoken it. I do not know whether I have a lover in the clingch, to the decaying ruins, is o will one hearts, cling around that place. Off will as the controlled with the stranger shade of the controlled of the c

eral dirge, and the mournful winds singing last melancholy requiem over his lifeless m as it sinks amid the coral strands and as it sinks amid the coral strands and weeds of the fathonless deep. He will tell pered:

that when his pulse had almost ceased to he gently whispered the mane of his is, and died blessing the loved ones at the coral deliver. See that public form.

The following of the property of the property

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

OUR COUNTRY MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT DUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1855.

AT:\$2,00 PER ANNUM.

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are not there. Now, others have taken their places, and they are

All scattered and sundered by mountain and

ways:

And some in the silent embrace of the grave.

Yet he knows the clear cold spring still gushes from the gray focks, playing with the moss covered stones under the cool shades of the old button-wood frees, oil whose tranks were carved this names of many of his youlful friends. He feels that no changes could come over that mountain spring where the old wood en bucket had been filled so often to quench the thirst of many. Again he sees the white church peeping out from the green trees, where he had been so often led by kind friends some of whom, are now, had in the quiet churchyard where the flow hose was generous, trusting boy; once benevolence was filled and hosefuling a button that he might of whom, are now, had in the quiet churchyard where the flobin and Dovo sing their vesper, and where the spring flowers bud and blossom around the whole subton the concepts of the bightest links have been hid in the cold carth. The home that was once his, may now be occupied by strangers, yet his heart is there, it will still cling around that spot as long as he remains on earth. He may gain friends in a strange-land, ac may cross the mighty deep and gather pleasures from eyer passing imment, still near, his, heart will to the remembrance of his own street home.

So said a child when as deal and lide when as deal and the fill when, vigorous tree, grow, proceded, in the wand the sunshine, lent their aid to beautify the who when asked if he could tell when the sunshine, lent their aid to beautify the wan at little fellow." The dew and the sunshine, lent their aid to beautify the war at little fellow." The dew and the fruitful carth to strengthen, but it was a little fellow." It And some in the silent embrace of the grave." the brightest links have been hid in the cold carth. The home that was once his, may now be occupied by strangers, yet his heart is there, it will still clinicaround that spot as long as he remains on earth. He may gain friends in a strange land, an may cross the mighty deep, and gather pleasures from every passing inotent, still near his heart will be the remembrance of his own sweet home.

From Appleton's Ornaments of Memory. The Tired Soldier."

A SKETCH BY MEISMER KARL.

Sister, there is a strange man by the well!

"I sec-it is only a soldier,' added the aunt.

Sister Maria sighed. "My Francois was a soldier," she reflected. But this was a grief of three years's standing, and though she sighed, he found it possible to give her mind an abrupt twirk to some other subject.

There, he sat, by the well—a travel-worn and sun-prowned soldier. A patient, gentle man; he seemed! too, as one that had borne and suffered too what years to be fired too what years to be fired too what years to be

he seemed, too, as one that had borne and sulfered too many great haddships and griefs to be lightly moved by trifles. Courage and fortitude, render, some men deflant and aubelieying—they had influenced this man into kindness and silence.

Possibly the fatigues of the day's journey had wearied him into anathy, for he gazed on the parents and children earnestly, yet said nothing.

nothing. "A warm evening, friend," quoth the old man. Maria said nothing, but 'gave him a pitcher filled with fresh water. He drank cagerly, and returning it with thanks, gazed a what said air.

"You's uncreicl?" he inquired, yet in a tone.

And tooking intently in her brown eyes, he added:

Don't you know me, Marie?

There was no fainting or extravagant joy manifested. Both had seen and suffered too much for that. But Marie clasped her arms around her lover's neck and kissed him, and as her tears ran down his brown check she whisness.

Pierre, I have always been, and always will

Take Care of Your Thoughts.

Take Care of Your Thoughts, in the word ones at the wounded and dying. See that noble form that once, fought so valiantly now prostrated, struggling in the arms of the monster Death.—Thousands are suffering around him unnoticed. No kender, asiduities, of friendship, no familiar voice, no kind parents are there to, soothe their dying pillows, or close their eyes in death.—The warm blood gushes from his wounds, staining the snow white, plane that a short time before had wayed so proudly over his manify brow. Yet amie all his sufferings he thinks of his friends who are far, far away.—It is friends who are far, far away.—It is the heart is with those whom he left, hoping as he hade them farewell to need the devil, and admiring the beautiful fruit, the farth might have yet been a paradise. No one left, hoping as he hade them farewell to need again after victory had perched upon his standard. It feels now this will neve be.—Calmity for breathes his last, faintly speaking of them as the icy chill of death closes his lips forever.

We may have been a strangers in stranger in stranger in stranger in stranger in the large with the oriso of the transgres in stranger in stranger in stranger in the heart. If you can keep to your find use heart. If you he heart. If you can keep to your find thoughts pure, your life will be blanned best point with the heart in the heart. If you can keep to your find the said thoughts, and decired with the heart in the plant with the strangers in stranger in stranger in stranger in the least of the will be bland and revolved in the thoughts, and the unit of the will be bland and the anticipated and revolved in the thoughts, until its henious deformity in the least of the will be bland and revolved in the thoughts until its henious deformity in the least will have been a paradise. The content plant is a short the devil, and admiring the beautiful fruit, the devil in the content plant and the properties of the will be bland and the plant will be bland and the plant will be bland and the plant wi

SOMEBODY TROD UPON 1T.

So said a child when agreed if he could fall

bury their hands in the clover blossoms. She saw their ringlets toss upon sunburnt shoulders and shook sighlingly, her own earls of sating closs. She saw them stain, their hands with berries, daine to the music of their own voices, hunt the sward for mosses, and she begged to put off her finery, and go in a white freek that would leave her limbs free, that the might laugh and shout and danle with them. But false pride and stern prejudice said no. Years after, a woman trod the halls of fashion. Crowds followed her, for she was beautiful, but hollow hearted, false, and crucle as beautiful. It was

followed her, for she was beautiful. but hollow hearted, false, and crucl as beautiful. It was she who in her childhood had longed, to be a child. Pure as as an angel, lovely in all, her attributes, humility had then litted its pale blossom in her little heart, when "somebody tred upon it." and it grew neither straight nor fresh, nor tall forever after, and oh, how many blighted human trees there are on which this heavy foot has left its token! Whole forests of them—crooked, non sightly, gazed at with a shudder and hewed down without regret. Sad, very sad the thot; twe, with our cold, calculating worldly spritting so impress the youthful hearts about us that we may change that which is spiritually pure into moral deformity. Mothers, fathers, don't 'put your foot upon the little fellows,—is Some days ago a very dear friend was walking in the garden with us. I We were looking at the little ground nut blossoms; did you ever see them? they are most delicately lovely.—

the little ground mit blossoms did you ever see them? they are most delicately lovely.—
Well, one had just put its head out of the green carth, capped with the old shell of its former existence.—Our friend struck it slightly with

ibs! button up his lips, and knock him bang ly

ist, hoping as he bude then; ferewell to meet special and rectory and greened upon in the computer of the computer of the mail most becomes at third, forelessor, or a mirrorer at special and the computer of the computer of the mail the special property of the computer of the mail the special property of the computer of the mail the special property of the computer of the mail the special property of the property of the mail the special property of the specia

"By and By."

There's music chough in thick three words for the burden of a song. There is hope wrapped up in them, an articulate bear of the, human learn.

By and by

for the ourden of a song.

The ped up in them, an articulate beat of the hulding heart.

We heard it as long as we can remember, when we made brief and perilous journeys from chair to table and from table to chean again.

We heard it has long as we can remember, when we made brief and perilous journeys from chair to table and from table to chean again.

We heard it the other day, when two parted that had been loving in their lites, one to California, and the other to her londy home.

Everybody says it—some time or other—The little boy whispers at when in life's middle watch he sees his plans hair 'flished, and his words have begains the next incrining the little soy whispers at when in life's middle watch he sees his plans hair 'flished, and his springs it was with a distable to the bill. The next morning and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far na gain the next incrining walker and Brown were early at their posts, but it was some time or exchanging the little soy whispers at when he deam so the softing of the nortal for the inintertal, to-day for to mornow.

The old man says it—which he thinks of put it it go off the nortal for the inintertal, to-day for to mornow.

The weary watch for the information, and while away the dark with 'by and by.''

Sometimes it sounds like a song; sometimes to the world give to find it in almalases—set down somewhere; no matter if in the dead of December to know that it would surely come. But fairly like as it is, flitting like a sunbeam over lim the dewy shadow of years, more beam over limit to dewy shadow of years, more beam over limit to devy shadow of years, more beam over limit to devy shadow of years, more limit to he would surely come. But fairly like as it is, flitting like a sunbeam over limit to develope the sounds are subjected in our usual selecting soon which adjoins the kitchen, the surely like as it is, flitting like a sunbeam over limit to develope the morning and give an honest account of their view of season time or other.—

The united boy

The Lily and the Rose.

The fully and the tost.

Tell me, grabeful daughters of the dark rough earth, who gave to you your beautiful form, your mufolded blossoms a and what delight did ye feel, as the genii were rocking themselves upon your leaves?

Say to me, quiet flowers, how did they distribute autong themselves their joyous task, and beekon to cach other, whilst they so skill-

and beckon to each other; whilst they so skilf-oilly spun, and variously addraed and embroid-ered your delicate texture. (a) 1. But ye are, silent, happy children, and enjoy your existence. Well, then, the instructing lable 3l, 'I relate to me that; of which your mouth is silent.

nouth is silent.

lable al. I relate to me that of which your mouth is silent:

As once the carth stood 'a maked rock, behold a friendly band of nythilis hear down to little virgin soil, and kind genii stood ready to deck the bare rock with flowers. Variously they distributed among themselves the task.—Soon, beneath the snow and in the cold, short grass; began modest Humility, and whre the self-concealed violet. Hope stepped forth close after her, and filled with cooling fragrance the little cup of the refreshing, hyacinth. Then came, since these succeeded so well, a proud glittering train, of many colored beauties.

The tulip raised, his Lead; the narcissus looked around with languishing eye. Many, other genii and nymphs were busy in manifold ways and adorned the earth, exulting in their

Venus spoke to the

ney descended to the earth, and Aglaia, the grace of innocence formed the lily. Thalia and I Euphrodyne ways with kisterly hand, the flower of joy, and loye, the virgin rose. Many flowers of the field and garden envy each other. The lily and the rose envied none, and were envied of chall. Sisterlike, they bloom together upon upon the same field of. Flora, and adore each other, for sister graces have weven them conjointly.

The Sabbath.

upon generous impulses—holy aspirations—in heaven/born convictions.

O! let us all be careful how we "trend upon the little follows," least our condemnation be mord cerrible than we can bear.—Mr.A. b.

Technical Observations.

A few days ago a couple of men got into a fight, and as a consequence, it being naturally the case, a ring of excited individuals got around the parties, and each, according to his own feelings in the matter, gave his advice.

Peg it into him, said the shoemaker, hardmen his upper feather for him, that's it. which is the parties in the matter, gave his advice.

Cut it into him, old fel, said the butcher: knock him on the head. Say! why don't yer punch his ribs? You're a regular calf, you are! Knuckh him, now'yer got him, and make minco meat of him.'

Dress him well,' said the tailor; 'see liow he pants; fell him! give him a stitch in his ribs! button up-his lips, and knock him bang up. No one who has ever toiled from morn til

ribs! button up his lips, and knock him bang up.

Than his hide,' said the courier; 'peel the laxury of repose that is hard' carried.

Than his hide,' said the courier; 'peel the laxury of repose that is hard' carried.

Thus toil is in a measure its own reward by the sweetness of its rest.

Thus toil is in a measure its own reward by the sweetness of its rest.

These who seek only the pleasure of this life, and loll in wearisome, monotonous luxury, may be pleads: then he's a good case.' Then' advanting the other one, he said; the doing/you at an injury, he's perfectly fee-rocious; take the laxury, he's perfectly fee-rocious; take the laxury has a lotter and the said other days, that to retain to the other one, he said; the doing/you at an injury, he's perfectly fee-rocious; take the laxury of the sweetness of its rest.

It is head in clanacery, and bleed him; till he pleasure of this life, and loll in wearisome, monotonous luxury, may wish the Sabbath as all other days, that to retain timy, he placed upon their carousing and leasure. In the said the said the to said the said

The Three Jolly Husbands. Three jobs husbands, out in the country, be names of Tim Watson, Joe Brown, and

the names of Tim Watson, Joe Brown, and Bill Walker; sat late one evening drinking at the willage (lavers, until being pretty well cora-ed, they egreed that each one on returning flower should do the first thing that his wife told him in default of which he should the next

exploit; I retired to rest, and got a curtain lecture all night for my pains.

It was now I'm Watson's turn to give an exception of himself, which he did with a very long face, as follows:

'My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world; for I was blundering up stairs in the dark, when she cried out:

'Do break your neck, do, Tim!'

'I'll be cursed if I do. Kate,' said I, as I gathered myself up.

'I'll sooner pay the bill.'

And so landlord, here's the cash for you; and this is the last time I'll eyer risk five dollars on And so landlord, here's the cash for you; and this is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of

the command of my wife. National Intelligencer.

Using a Whole Egg. Using a Whole Egg.

A friend told us a story, a few days since, illustrating the free generous character of the Irish which we consider too good to be lost, and therefore give it to our readers.

Our friend's wife being in delicate health it was resolved that a girl should be procured to the housework, that the lady might have an opportunity to recover her health and spirits.

After visiting an intelligence office two or three mornings, a fine buxom lass of about twenty years of age, "but six months from from swate Ireland" was selected, and instructed as to the duties that would be expected of

collee into the pot, then pour on the not water, and after a few minutes, put in one held of an regg, so; and the lady flustrated chen, description by demonstrations. You understand, don't you'? says the lady. .: 'Indude I do, minn, was the response; 'bill the collee, grind in the water, and' drop in half an egg. 'Isn't that it, num ?'
'All right,' replied the lady. 'Now, then, to-incrow morning we'll see how well you remember it.' se : bils nose.

member it.'

To-morrow morning came, and the coffee was as good as could be expected. The third morning came, and to the astonishment of our friends and wife, the coffee was undrinkable and nauseating; even the odor of it was sickening.

Bridget was called and questiond as follows:

Reider did you first but the ground coffee.

Bridget was called and questiond as follows:

Bridget, did you first put the ground coffee in the pot?

'Indade I did, mum?'
'Did you then pour in the hot water?'
'Sure, I did.'
- How long did you let it boil?'
'Five minutes, mum.'
What 'did you do then?'
'I, put in the 'gg. num.'
'Uset as I showed you the other morning?'
'Wel, to tell you the truth, mum, 'said Bridget, giving her garments a hitch with her hand, 'to tell ye the truth, I would av put in the half ov the egg, but it was a bad one, and I tho'z ye would nt mind about kapen the half ov it, and so I dropped the critter in as it was.'

LIVELY YEAST.—A very good widow lady, who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for little indulgence. She loved porter, and me day, just as she received a half-dozen botter. ight her the

In a few moments por went another, followed by the peculiar hiss of escaping liquer. The rope woulth't do again, but the good lady was not at a loss.

Dear me, says she, 'that black cat of mine must be at some mischief there. 'Scat!'

Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the bed-curtains. 'Oh, dear me,' says she, 'I had forgot, it's the 'yeast. Here, Prudenco! come fake away these bottles of 'goast!'

The last of the Randolphs .-- A Nephew of John

Randolph. A southern correspondent of the Home Jou al sends it the following interesting sketch: nal sends it the following interesting sketch:

"During the summer of 1854 I had some business transactions which called me to the county of Charlotte, in lower Virginia. A mild and lovely: Sabbath morning found me seated in one of the comfortably cushioned perus of the village church, at the Court House. As it wanted if few minutes to the lour of service, my eye wandered over the large and respectful-looking audience assembled, and was finhly attracted by a very eccentric, individual, who was just entering—a rather aged man, tall, of dark complexion, long white hir waiving plentifully over his shoulders, and an unequally venerable beard-flowing on his breast. His step was active and graceful, his form creet and manly.—

began first:

"You see when I entered my house the candle was out, and the lire giving but a glimmering of flight, I came near willing into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of in the ter that the pancakes were to be made of in the morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of himmor, said to she sarcastically?"

"Just as you say, Maggy, said I, and without the least hesitation I put my foot in the pot of batter, and then went to bed,"

Next Joe Brown told his story:

"Mill," do put your foot in the batter?

"Must as you say, Maggy, said I, and without the least hesitation I put my foot in the pot of batter, and then went to bed,"

Next Joe Brown told his story:

"My wife had iready retired in our usual sleeping room which adjoins the kitchen, the door, of which was ajar: not being able to navigate thoroughly, you know, I made a dreadful see the condition of the pot, and striking it against the chimney jamb, broke it in a handred pieces. After this exploit, I retired to rest, and got a curtain ter all night for my pains."

It was now, "I'm Vatson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very long face, as follows:

"My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world; for I was blundering up stairs in the dark, when she cried out:"

After the services were over, I ascertained that this gentleman was no other hand the replex of John Randolp, of Roanoke. He calls that this gentleman was no other hand the chime, but the continuous properties of John Randolp, of Roanoke. He calls

that this gentleman was no other than the nephew of John Randolp, of Ronnoke. He calls himself Sir John St. George Randolph, and is sole heir to his celebrated uncle. Randolph. sole heir to his celebrated uncle. Randolph, himself, remarked with bitterness, during his last days, that their blood flowed in the veins of but one single scion, and he was deaf, dumb and insane. So much for human greatness.—The subject of this sketch—although physically, and now mentally, defective—had a mind oultivated in the highest degree. In his youth he was sent to Paris, where, under the protection of a celebrated abbe, he received a therough clucation. Having the capacity to receive, and the wealth to command, no pains were spared in the improvement of his intellectual faculties. But it was labor lost; for, on returning to his home in Virginia, he net with, and loved a young lady, whom he addressed, but was refused, on account of his physical defects. On becoming aware of the truth he was plunged in the most profound grief, from which

tects. On occoming aware of the truth he was plunged in, the most performed grief, from which he was at last aroused, but—insone.

"Ito has considerable wealth, which is managed by his friends; and, being harmless, he comes and goes as he pleases, and is gratified in all his whims. Wrecked as his mind is, he restliked in the being harmless respect; and his peculiar maniners do not attract attention of his acquaint ances are region merginent, as one would strange and the second of the sec ances, or excite merriment, as one would sur

"Sold :— Bob, that is a fine horse you have there; what is he worth?"

'Three hundred and fifty dollars.'
No, not so much as that?'
'Yes, every cent of it, and another fifty on top of it.'
'Are you sure?'
'Yes, I'll swear to it.'
'All right.'
'What are you so darned inquisitive for?'
'Merely for assessing purposes; I am the assessor for this ward and only wanted to know what you rated your mag at.'

RENOVATING OLD ORCHARDS.—II, as we feat is the case, your orchard has not been ulanured for some years, prepare and give it a dressing of compost made as follows:

f compost made as follows:

Mix together, layer and layer about, for each Six loads of wood mould, marsh

Two loads of rotten dung.

Two bushels of bone dust.
Five bushels of ashes.
One bushel of plaster.
Two bushels of salt. The whole to be thoroughly mixed together, thrown into bulk, and permitted to remain so for three weeks; then shovel it over and apply it broadcast over the land; plow it in about three inches deep, so as not to injure the roots of the trees, then harrow and roll.

This done, dress the trunks of the trees and

one day, just as an received a half-doze of the from who usually brought her the comforting beverage, she (oh, horror!) saw two of the grave elders of the church approaching her door. She ran the man ont the back way, and put the bottles under the bed. The weather was hot, and while conversing with her sage friends, rop-went one of the corks.

'Dear,' mo,' exclaimed the good lady, 'there goes that bed-cord; it is napped yesterday just the same way. I must have a new rope provided.'

In a few moments pop went another, followed by the peculiar hiss of escaping liquor. The day the peculiar hiss of escaping liquor. The

How TO "Go IT."—Go it strong in the praise of the absent. Some of it will be sure to get

round.

to it strong when you make love to a pretty widow. More people have erred by too little than by too midd in particular.

To it strong when taking up contributions for charitable purposes. It will pay:

Go it strong when you make a public speech. Nino people out of ten never take any allusion unless it cuts like a short-handled whip or a rhimosceros cowhide.

Go it strong when you advantice. Business.

Go.it strong when you advertise. Business s like architecture—its best supports are full

BIALL ENEMIES—A FABLE.—A gnat one day asked a lion whether they ought to be friends or enemies.

'Clet away' you silly insect, 'said he, with contempt, 'least I should crush the with my foot, what hart or good colid you do me!! "AVe soon, shall know,' said the gnat upon which he flew into the lion's nostrils, and went to stinging him as hard as he could. The royal heast roared his thus the sides with his tail, tore his nostrils with his talons, and rolled himself in agony but in vain; the little gnat kept, on stinging till, the mighty hier why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have here betting langer on the race can the race the value of the properties. the little gnat kept on slinging till the mighty lion was obliged to own hunself overcome by the little gnat, which he had just now despis-

cd.

It is sometimes justly said, that no person is so small or mean, but that he has it in his power to injure or to do good; and that there is no person whose friendship is not highly desirable.

while falling so T said a chap in the pit of a classical inscription: 'All persons found tyging the class to the clown.

"Why so T said to latter.

"Because you are a tumbler,' replied the wag."

"Because you are a tumbler,' replied the wag."

"The lown failtieth.

A man of no adcount—a ready moneyed to the diggers.

A name of no adcount—a ready moneyed to the diggers.

A name of no adcount—a ready moneyed to the diggers.

A name of no adcount—a ready moneyed to the diggers.

A name of no adcount—a ready moneyed to the diggers.

A name of no adcount—a ready moneyed to the diggers.

Fall plowing for Spring crops—Last year we were on the farm of Mr. William W. Emmons. Sign. Monroe county, N. XII 8844 4.

were on the farm of Mr. William W. Emmons. Riga; Monroè county, N. Y.; says the editor of the Country Gentleman, and Mr. E. pointed out to us 84 netes, of land, for which, in 1852 his had a heavy-crop of. Indian corn: after-the corn was off, the land was plowed in the fall, and the next spring worked with an Ide's Callivator—without plowing, and sown to barley. The crop was over fifty bushels per circ. 'As soon as the barley was off, the land was plowed once; cultivated, and sown to wheat, the yield of which was forty bushels to the arregue Such facts prove that the soil of the Genesee country is not so impoverished that wheat culture has to be abandoned, and the land laid down to grass; as Prof. Johnston in his notes of North America asserted.

To remove vermin from entitle.—Dissolvé camphor gum in new rum, making the liquid, prety strong of camphor, and apply it on various parts of the body of the animal. It is a harmless application, so far as the animal is concerned, leaving the coat free and clear, but destroys the lice. In about two or three weeks after the first application, rub our the liquid again, in order to kill the young vermin; that may have hatched out after the first rubbing. I know of no other safe application which will prevent the eggs or nits from batching.

Correspondent of N. E. Farmer.

A Vermont farmer, says—I wintered hat

A Vermont farmer says—I wintered; last season, about two hundred sheep on wheat straw, with one bushel of oil cake meal to the one hundred sheep per day, aid how they are fat, although but thin when I bought them. To cure broken horns—Remove the muthated horn, and blad the stamp with a cloth rell tarred or pitched; any fabric will do to bind with, if the wounded part be first well covered with tar or pitch.

Blanketing Cows—A correspondent of 1116 Rural Intelligencer, who has been traveling through Holland, says that "great care is there aken of their cows, both in winter and in sumitaken of their cows, both in winter and in sumimer. In a lowery, wet day you will see the
cows in the field covered with blankets: ay,
even more commonly than a liorse is blanketed
in the winter. This care is well repaid by a
greater flow of milk and a less consumption of
forage.

A Form Steum Engine:

A Farm Steam Engine.

One of our correspondents, A. C. Ireland, of Chilicothe, Ohio, informs us that a heat, portable steam engine, for driving a grain thrasher and operator, has been constructed at the machine shop of Wm. Welsh, of that place, under the superintendence of John Ritchie, and has been in operation since the 5th of last July, thrashing and cleaning from five to six hundred bushels per day. It is capable of doing more than this, but H. Wade—for whom it was bult—says that this is excellent work. The boiler is tubular, the cylinder is of 6 inches bore and 12 inches stroke. It makes 174 rejectiving per minute, with steam at 40 pounds pore and 12 inches stroke. It makes 174 rebolutions per minute, with steam at 40 pounds pressure, and does more work than any common thrashing machine driven by eight horses. It is placed on broad tread wheels, fourfeet in diameter, is easily drawn from place to place by two horses, with the boiler filled, and and is very economical in the use of fuel. This common two horses, with the boiler filled, and and is very economical in the use of fuel. This engine is capable of driving various agricultural machines and sawing firewood for the family.—We have no doubt but portable stam engines will yet come into more general use among our farners, as they are so convenient and easily managed in comparison with horses. We believe that on every farm numbering a hundred acres and upwards, a portable engine could be profitably used.—Scientific American.

In reference to the present cheering aspect of officed affairs, the Albany Argus makes the ollowing remarks:

following remarks:

Now and Then.—A year ago the fortunes of the democratic party seemed to be on the decline. States which had long been considered towers of strength, invincible strong holds of democracy, and which had at all times nobly and successfully vindicated the democratic party against the opposition, defeat, followed defeat; every northern state pronounced against us, and the democratic party succeeded only in electing a few members of congress of, the household of faith."

Then it was that the enemies of the democratic party—those who had unceasingly denounced its men, measures and principles will a bitterness and vindictiveness unparalleled in the annals of political warfare—asserted that the democratic party had, passed its meridian:

nounced us men, measures and principles which a bitterness and vindictiveness unparallelled in the annals of political warfare—asserted that the democratic party had, passed its meridiant, that it no longer communided the confidence of the people; that its principles would never again be in the ascendant,—in short, it was DY-ING. But time brings changes to parties as well as men. A twelve-months has passed, and, those who were eager to pronounce the death of the democratic party, are themselves in need of an epitaph. Thought by its cricmies to be dead, the democratic party has sprung into hew life, from being ranquished, it has again become victor, and is more firmly than even enthroned in the hearts of the American poople. The passing storm has spent its fury, and has left the democratic party invincible, and better than ever prepared to resist the assaults of its enemies.

of its enemies. How to DRIVE A NAIL .- In driving a confacilitated by dipping it into oil, or what answer nearly as well, wet it with water. answer nearly as well, well with water. Experienced carpenters are in the habit of jutting
a nail into the mouth to wet it, before attempt,
ing to drive it into hard wood. When a nail is
to remain permanently, salt water is preferable
to oil, as the former will rust the nail and cause
it to take a tirmer hold. In all cases, it is betit to take a tirmer hold. In all cases, it is better to insert a nail so that its widest diameter shall stand parallel with the grain of the wood.

This is generally done in thin boards where there is danger of splitting, but it should always be done, even if nailing into a solid pleed of timber: for where a rupture does not take of place by setting the wide part of the nail across the grain, yet a slight opening is produced hear the nail, which admits air and moisture, and hastens decay around it. Poston Post.

How MEN SHOULD TREAT WOMEN.—A Pelos dan poet gives the following instruction on this important point: When then art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all that she hays. From man's right side a rib was taken its form the woman, and nover was their koon's right side a rib was taken its form the woman, and nover was their koon's right straight. It breaks but bends not.—Since they, it is plain that crooked is a woman, temper; forgive her faults, and blame her not not lot her anger thee, nor correction use, as it is vain to straighten what is crooked?

A VICTIM OF GONTHERCE.—A fullow on the race-course was staggering about with more liquor than he could carry. "Halloo! what's the matter new?" said a chap, whom the heart individual had just run against. "Why indica why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have get me to hold the stakes."

When young men forget what is their duty, they owe deep thanks to the friend who will remind them of it. How many think so ! How many, per contra, will tein round and tell you to "mind your own business?"

Described says a wife should be like reasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed.—Somebody else wickedly adds, "and without sauce!"