American Volunteer.

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

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TERMS.

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Poetical.

EARLY SNOWDROPS.

Early snowdrops! pearls unfolden!
Fairest a blue-eyed child in glee,
Decked with the crocus golden
Shall make a wreath for me!
Sweet chaplet is on the river,
Its gushing song is dumb,
Proowy sunbeams quiver,
Pale purple violets come.

Snowdrops, white and shining,
Gather with a sigh,
Over willing grave you're twining,
Like angel's wings on high;
Your soul is tempest-driven,
Sacred portals brighten there,
Little Rose in Heaven
Celestial snowdrops wear?

Early snowdrops, flowers of blessing,
Said a little girl, bending low,
Shall I see the sun caressing
Your fair faces ere I go;
In my home where jessamines growing,
O'er the porch where sunrise burst?
But my tears so urge to flowing,
Early snowdrops, ye were first.

Early snowdrops, meek and lowly,
Your thoughts our childhood knew,
Ever so high and holy,
Your salutation's dew;
Angel-like to mortals granted,
Teaching pure white thoughts to wear,
Children's souls to Heaven transplanted
Once earth's early snowdrops were.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Never speak ill!—a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind,
And oh! to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
Earth has little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give one the heart that fain would hide—
Still let us mother's fault efface;
Secure human pride
Humanity but base?
Each a higher mood,
Ultimate of man;
The search for good,
Call the best we can.

Then, friends, all—but lenient be
To other failings as your own;
If you see the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
None may tell how brief its span;
Then, oh! this little time we stay,
Let us speak of all the best we can.

Miscellaneous.

Baseness Requited.

Lilian Burleigh was fifteen years old when she and her widowed mother left their home, which had been sold by the sheriff to pay a debt incurred during the long and fatal illness of Mr. Burleigh. In hope of employment the mother and daughter removed to the city. Here they encountered the usual fate of the stranger poor, alone and helpless in the heartless, selfish crowd, fought the grim fight with the fiend of poverty, till, in the weary struggle, Mrs. Burleigh sank at last the victim of hopeless illness, a new burden upon Lilian's young shoulders.

Chance at last led the poor girl to the house of Mrs. Vernon. The lady attracted first by the sorrowful beauty of the girl's face, and her quiet demeanor, became interested in her story, accompanied her home to verify it, and became, from that day, the best and kindest of friends to the widow and her child.

Employment enough was obtained among her friends to remove all sense of dependence from Lilian's mind. Her charity was bestowed in a manner not to wound the sensitiveness that could not endure beggary. Her own physician lent his skill to soothe Mrs. Burleigh's departing days; and when death had removed Lilian from her charge, this kind family took the orphan to her home.

She had lived with her friend two years when Caloric, Mrs. Vernon's brother, came from Europe. To see the girl in simple mourning, who his sister's children, and was his heir, to feel a strange, unwonted [illegible] his sister's house, often [illegible] length gave evident signs of his admiration, that she avoided him only inspired the more determined pursuit. He was the [illegible] the world, handsome, fluent, accomplished, [illegible] that Lilian Burleigh had ever seen. How he impressed her young heart! How vainly he wrote his image upon its virgin pages! Ere she half knew [illegible] he had become the light of her [illegible] the life of her soul.

[illegible] not yield rapidly. She resisted [illegible] nations, all his offers; after [illegible] every test she could devise, un[illegible] still unaltered, and his [illegible] in expression, she at [illegible] wishes, the demands of her [illegible] to his entreaties, and [illegible] his wife.

[illegible] him, she revelled in the [illegible] and cast all fears aside, [illegible] shaded, the past forgotten.

Three months [illegible] came a strange, unexpected summons [illegible] death-bed of Walter Burleigh, her father. This man had neglected and despised his sister, had refused all aid to the widow and child, and when Mrs. Vernon, who had warned something of him on inquiring of him about her friends, wrote to him during Mrs. Philip Burleigh's last days, his only response was a paltry sum of money, evidently at the influence of Mrs. Vernon's [illegible] by any kindly feeling.

But when he was dying, he bethought him that the only person in whose veins his own blood was running, and summoned her to his side. He died, and Lilian found herself heiress of all his wealth.

Something, perhaps the strange feeling of [illegible] it brought her, perhaps the desire to [illegible] received once more as she had ever been, kept Lilian silent in regard to her new wealth. She wrote to Mrs. Vernon that her uncle had remembered her in his will, but in a manner that conveyed no idea of the truth. To Osborne she did not write at all, for, strangely enough, his letters had ceased about the period of her uncle's death, and after writing once or twice without receiving a reply, she was forced to wait until time should solve the mystery.

It but rendered her more impatient, as she chafed under a long delay.

At length she was at home, for so she had long learned to call Mrs. Vernon's house. At length she was slowly descending the stairs to meet her lover—slowly, because with the impatient joy that would have sent her flying down the staircase, was struggling that terrible but dim fear, why has he not written? Why had he delayed seeing her until the second day of her return was well nigh past? She had spent the two days alone, for the Vernons had been called into the country by some gathering of their family.

He stood in the centre of the room, hat in hand. He had evidently no intention of remaining. As she approached him he bowed, but did not look at her profered hand.

"Bernard!"

He bowed again.

"Will you tell me what this means?"

"It means that I am here in answer to your notes of yesterday and of this morning. One would have sufficed to inform me of your return, but I remembered that you had seen little of the world, and knew little of its usages. Can I do anything for you?"

"Tell me what this means? Why does my betrothed husband receive me in this manner?"

"Since you must know I will tell you. I am betrothed to you no longer. My silence should have told you that. You will remember that you were reluctant to become engaged to me; you arrayed before me all the worldly reasons against our marriage. These worldly reasons having received due consideration in your absence, I have determined to annul the engagement. You were unwilling to love me. You will do as you did before, live with Mrs. Vernon; probably, though it may embarrass us both to meet, and though the little legacy, which I understand your uncle has left you, may enable you to dispense with your employment here."

"Oh, Bernard!—"

"Hear me out, if you please. I cannot be hindered and dragged down, in the career I have resolved upon, by a wife. I must forego that happiness, in order to succeed, unless, indeed, my wife could bring me wealth."

"But, Bernard!—"

"These interruptions are in the worst possible taste, Miss Burleigh. But I have little more to say. I would but bid you farewell, with wishes for your happiness. You have so much wisdom and self-control that I am sure you will soon conquer this emotion, and learn to agree perfectly with the view I have taken of the matter in question."

He met her gaze thro' the tears that streamed from her beautiful eyes, with a glance as hard and cold as his words. He bowed again, and was gone.

Lilian was ill when the Vernons returned. She had borne a great deal, and the last shock prostrated her. She was not dangerously ill, nor did she lose reason. She had much time for thought, and she, now that his conduct had removed the illusion, saw her lover as he really was. It was not easy, not possible to forget him all at once, nor even to cease feeling tenderly toward him. But he had deserved her contempt, and she could not long love where she despised.

Before she was quite well, he learned from the Vernons the story of her wealth. After that he made an attempt to see her. Relying upon her simplicity and singleness of heart, he represented that he felt that he had been too harsh, that he had reconsidered the matter and was willing, especially as she felt the dissolution of the engagement so severely, that it should be renewed. Lilian's only answer was: "*It is too late.*" She would not trust herself to speak the contempt she felt.

She did not pine, nor did she live single. Her heart was not broken; but when it was sought, some years later, by one every way worthy to possess it, it was found to be in excellent condition. Lilian Burleigh has long been a happy wife and mother. Bernard Osborne's career has never been accomplished, never even commenced. He ascribes his failure to Lilian's fickleness, and asserts that as soon as she discovered she was an heiress, she cast him off, leaving him to struggle against his wounded feelings, and his confidence betrayed. This struggle is the sole employment of his life, so far as his friends can discover.

A LOVE CHASE.

Joe Lively is a friend of mine, who is generally known among his acquaintances as a regular "lady killer." He gets himself up in the very best style—is always good-natured, good looking, and, as he says himself, don't care a button for any man.

There were a great many beauties pining in thought, sitting on monuments, and all that sort of thing, without ever breathing their love for him; but his marble heart never warmed to one with more than the ordinary love that he felt for the rest of the family, until he met with Cleopatra Rhakeoff.—Her fatal glance pierced him through and through.

He discarded the shoemakers, because they would not pinch his feet down to the proportions of a Chinese belle. He changed his tailors because they couldn't make his form resemble that of the Apollo Belvidere. His cravats and neck ties were more abundant than those of Beau Brummel; and his kid gloves outnumbered the leaves of Vallambrosa's Vale.

He studied Romeo and Juliet, and dreamed over the pages that chronicled the love of Abelard and Heloise: become affected to tears on listening to the heart-rending ballad of 'Vilikins and his Dinah,' and seriously remonstrated with a friend for heartlessly smiling at the sad consequences of Dinah's cup of cold pisen.

He consulted 'seventh daughters of seventh daughters'—made private purchases in literature, bearing such titles as 'Courtship Made Easy,' and, in fact became love sick, even to the loss of appetite. No succulent beefsteak, redolent of gravy and roast potatoes, could tempt his palate, and for him 'oysters in every style' had lost their attraction. Like the chamelon, he seemed to feed on air, and but for a love potion, which he was often known to imbibe from a vessel labeled with the mysterious word, 'Otard,' his once jubilant spirits would have entirely disappeared.

Why it was that his passion affected him in so strange a manner was for a long time a mystery. Cleopatra smiled on him—nay, encouraged him. Her bright eyes were brighter for his coming and her smile was sweeter in his presence. When he touched her hand a hundred electric batteries could not so move his blood, or so knock his heart around insanely patting its tender sides against his ribs.

At last, the reason of his fears of an unrequited love was revealed. Once, under the influence of that potent elixir which was his love potion, he unfolded the story. He had a rival. A fellow, he said, 'not four feet high.' He had no tongue—could say nothing but 'yes' and 'no,' and knew no more that Shakespeare and Byron were poets, than that they were—well, savage butchers. His name was Harmless, and in appearance and manner he was the very incarnation of his cognomen.—Joe said he never yet visited the object of his affection without finding the fellow seated there immovable, in the same position and attitude that he had last left him. Why the deuce he went there, and what encouragement he got, Joe could'nt see. When there was dancing, it was on Joe's arm that Cleopatra was whirled through the mazes; when Cleopatra sang, it was Joe's hand that turned the leaves of the music, and it was on Joe she cast her eyes when her melodious voice swelled with the lines.

For all this, he never left there contented. Somehow or other, that insignificant pocket edition of humanity troubled him. He had a presentiment that all was not right, and still his appetite waned—he grew too thin for his clothes—and his weight fell off by dozens of pounds.

This could not continue long, so he determined to bring things to a crisis, or perish in the attempt. He made up his mind to make application for the lady's hand on the first opportunity that presented itself.

So one night he got himself up with more than usual care. His patent-leather boots fitted to a charm—his coat, well padded, to make up for the uninterrupted loss of flesh that had been going on in his fair proportions for so long a spell, was filled up without a wrinkle—his pegtop inexpressibles of finest doeskin were orientally luxuriant in their broad dimensions, and, take him on the whole he looked the 'glass of fashion, and the mould of form.'

With much trepidation he pulled the bell at the residence of his beloved, and on being ushered into the room, the first object that met his gaze was his everlasting rival. Still in the same position—still gazing at the spot on the ceiling—and, as ever, apparently unconscious of any new visitor.

Joe felt desperate, and for a moment deliberated as to whether it would be best to brain the insane object with a valuable Sevres vace, but concluded to defer that operation until some more favorable opportunity, and took his seat.

Soon Cleopatra swept into the room, radiant and beautiful as her namesame of Egypt, and stirring more emotions in poor Joe's heart than Mars Antony ever dreamed of. She greeted him cordially, and, as he pressed her hand, and begged the privilege of a few moments private conversation. The request was granted, and they retired for that purpose.

Joe was in a flutter—his heart went pit-pat—his head got hot, and the blood coursed through his veins like a mill pond in a storm. He asked her if 'she did not know'—'could she not see'—'did she not?' Now these questions were very ambiguous, and Cleopatra smiled and bade him be more indifferent in his inquiries. At last, with superhuman courage, he declared his passion in intelligible terms and offered his hand, and with it his dreadfully excited heart. He paused for a reply, and Cleopatra—she that he called his Cleopatra—wept and bade him say no more. She would confide in him—tell him a secret, and trust to his honor for its safe keeping.—'She had been privately married to Mr. Harmless three weeks ago!' Joe heard, and was startled as though struck by a thunderbolt. There was an immediate disruption of his kid gloves—the curls in his luxuriant hair slowly unwound themselves, and he threw a back sommersault, as they do in the circus, and then traveled for the door; into the room where his successful rival sat he rushed for vengeance. His thoughts bloody, and 'his hand apt,' but one glance at the harmless character of his intended victim disarmed him of his anger; and it vanished like a summer cloud. He approached him, and cordially shook his hand, at the same time candidly telling him that he was the best-looking cove he ever saw to be successful in a love-chase. Harmless said 'ya-as,' and Joe left.

He has since quite recovered from the effects of his appointment, but is yet a little dangerous to mention in his hearing the name of that celebrated daughter of the Ptolemies whose amours were so numerous and inconsistent.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Children, look in those eyes, listen to that tender voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while you yet have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss of peace at night! Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

THE RIGHT KIND OF BOYS.—A Maine paper tells a good story of two boys, one thirteen and the other eleven, who, on account of the sickness of their father, were left to work the farm. They thoroughly plowed and cross-plowed three acres of rather rough ground, which they then sowed, and then harrowed it three times over. They also assisted in clearing one acre of new land, which was sown with wheat. It grew well, especially that first sown; but at harvest, the father being still sick, there was none to gather the grain but these two little lads. Having neither strength nor skill to use the cradle, they grasped the sickle with resolute hand, and reaping what they could each day, persevered until the whole four acres were thus harvested by them alone. The produce of this crop would command in market $135, and they did a good deal of work on the farm besides. This shows what boys can do, if they really set about it, and make work of work, and play of play, not trying to do both at once.

☞ "I've risen from the bar to the bench," said a lawyer, on quitting the profession, and taking up shoemaking.

☞ They call sleep "death's counterfeit." It is entirely *current*, however. Everybody takes it quite as willingly as if it were genuine.

I must do more for my Mother.

"Is there any vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy as with a growing cheek he stood before the President.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly answered the boy. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, and honest determination in the countenance of the lad which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said:

"You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation. Have you advised with them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness as he said, though half musingly:

"My mother said it would be useless to try without friends."

Then recollecting himself he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking why he did not remain at school for a year or two longer and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the instant reply; "but I study at home and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have had a place already," said his interrogator, "why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy quietly.

"Yes, but you wish to leave it. What is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated, then he replied with half reluctant frankness:

"I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! Talisman of success anywhere and everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said with a quivering voice:

"My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, in the meantime, you want a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? Have you no father?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied:

"My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other; but she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you."

So saying the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered.—*Sunday School Times.*

Are Women Naturally Polite?

Mrs. George Washington Wyllys asks that question, and then elaborately answers it herself, thus:

Are women naturally polite, did you ask, dear, good-natured Public?

Did you ever know a woman to make room in an omnibus, five on a side, when number six was entering, flounced and velveted until ordered by the driver.

Did you ever know a pair of little gaiter boots to turn one inch either to the right or the left, when they could have saved you from a streaming gutter by the operation? Patent leathers don't behave so—not they!

Did you ever know a woman to say, "I am sorry to have given you so much trouble," when the dry-goods clerk had turned the store topsy-turvy, without finding the right shade of color that never existed?

Did you ever know a woman who didn't think it was "outrageous" for another woman to travel with a baby, or who dind't regard it as "cruel and barbarous" if any one objected to the crying of *her* baby.

Did you ever know two women to talk over a third without ridiculing her even if she was their "dear particular friend?"

Did you ever praise one young lady in the presence of another, without being confidentially told of some enormous fault or deformity in the former which you hadn't dreamed of?

Did you ever tell your wife what a pretty new dress her neighbor had got, without learning that it was "only that dowdy old silk dyed over?"

Did you ever know a pretty woman to make an impression, without half a dozen other pretty women ruining the effect of it, the instant she left the room?

Did you ever know a woman to apologize for having knocked another woman's bonnet into "pi" (that's printerism, but expressive, notwithstanding,) with the corner of her parasol?

Did you ever hear of a woman who had any idea that she was making trouble by her little airs and graces?

We don't believe you ever did, reader.—They are a race of unaccountables, these women, just as sweet and pique as June roses sometimes, and then, again, bristling like so many small venomous thorn bushes.

There's one thing we've *never* ceased to be inwardly thankful for—that we're not a man, and consequently obliged to marry one of 'em! Why, she would drive us crazy in a week, with her whims and fancies, her exactions and her pettish ways. We should make the most lamentably hen-pecked husband in the world, unless, indeed, we had the nerve to run away from her, or shut her up in a closet for a week, until she promised to behave better. When a woman chooses she can be the nearest thing to an angel in this world, and what a pity it is she doesn't always choose.

☞ An old toper being urged to drink the beverage prepared by God to nourish and invigorate his creatures, and beautify his footstool. "No," said the toper, "water is very dangerous—very. It drowns people—it gets into the chests—into their heads, water on the brain, for instance. And then too, it makes that infernal steam what's allers blowin' a feller up. Water! no; I'll drink none on't. Let 'em drink it what likes." Upon being urged that liquor-drinking was slow poison—"True," said he, "I've drank these forty years. Others have had my full share of the water, to which they are welcome, and you may take what remains." Toper declared to be a gone case, and past recovery.

☞ "Bridget, bring me the castor oil, the baby is sick."

"It's all gone, marm, not a drop left."

"All gone! why we have not opened the bottle."

"Sure you have had it every day, and I've seen you use it myself on your salad."

"Why, you don't say we have been eating castor oil every day during the salad season."

"Sure you have."

"But did you not see the bottle was labeled castor oil."

"Sure, and I did, marm; and did'nt I put it into the castor every day?"

THE FIRST WEDDING.

A correspondent who witnessed the wedding of Countess Bodisco in Washington last week, to an English officer, gives the following reminiscences of her first wedding:

I remember the Countess when she was a school girl in Georgetown—the sweet and lovely Harriet Williams, the favorite queen of every May day. Her father, a worthy merchant of that ancient and respectable burgh, gave her every advantage of education; but she was as simple, artless and unaffected as the daughter of an humble citizen could be. Her personal loveliness was something rich and rare; when the sixteenth summer shone on her bright eyes. Her form was a model for a sculptor, so delicate and roundly shaped a dream of beauty seldom realized on earth. The Count Bodisco first saw her among her school companions, and was at once conquered. He was old, but in excellent preservation, and when made up—as he always was whenever he appeared before, not only company, but his most intimate friends—he made a good figure in the most agreeable society, and was highly acceptable not only in the saloons of the fashionable, but in all well-bred circles. His good nature and intelligence commended him also to eminent men of all political parties. One of his earliest and kindest friends was Henry Clay, for whose talents and geniality he had an unbounded admiration. Indeed, he loved the great statesman and orator to a degree rather uncommon among men. But there was really a strong tincture of romantic sensibility about the excellent old Count. He was fond of simple pleasure, and innocent enjoyments. The attachment of children to him was extraordinary, and could only have been conciliated by that genuine benevolence and tenderness of heart which beamed from his countenance and gushed out in his cordial voice. He wooed and won the affections of the most beautiful girl that had ever been seen in metropolitan circles. His old diplomatic colleagues laughed—some good-natured ladies sneered—the *baue monde* wondered, but he had his own taste, and he made the sweet, young, blooming Harriet Williams his wife.

It was a splendid wedding, becoming the representatives of the Emperor of all Russias, but tasteful, chaste and elegant in all its appointments. Henry Clay gave away the bride. This was in compliance with the particular request of the Count, although her father, Mr. Brooke Williams was present. Mr. Buchanan was the principal groomsman, and Jesse Benton (Mrs. Fremont) first bridesmaid. The festivities were in the highest style of that hospitality for which Count Bodisco was so long famous among us. He was devoted, some would say a doting husband, and she was a loving, attentive, and in every respect exemplary and happy wife, the light of his munificent home, the ornament of his social circle, the companion and friend of his life, and the chief solace of his last hours.

What a world we live in! What a change from the scene in which I saw that bright and beautiful girl give away her first love, radiant then as the morning star just above the horizon! What strange alternation had time wrought in a few short years! Here was the magnificent matron, on whose face I could yet discern the lineaments that in earlier days filled all hearts with tenderness and even some of that peach-like bloom which was the crowing grace of her girlish complexion. And beside her was a gallant cavalier, in the full vigor of manhood, bearing names consecrated by associations of history and romance—the Douglas, the Gordon and the Scott. Who will say that reality has not its romance.

Apes Catching Crabs.

The following amusing account of the manner in which apes catch crabs, is certainly a ludicrous exhibition of the fact that "necessity is the mother of invention," with monkeys as well as men.

At length they reached the boundary of the former settlement—a dry, sandy soil and a strip of beach, where all vegetation ceased, and only a single pandanas tree, whose roots were thickly interlaced with creeping plants, formed, as it were, the advanced post of the vegetable kingdom. Behind this they crawled along, and cautiously raising their heads, they saw several apes, at a distance of two or three hundred paces, some of whom were looking for something as they walked up and down the beach, while the others stood motionless. It was the long-tailed brown variety, and Frank was beginning to regret that he had not his telescope with him, to watch the movements of these strange beings more closely, when one of them, a tremendously large fellow, began to draw nearer them. Carefully examining the ground over which he went on all fours, he stood at intervals to scratch himself, or to snap at some insect that buzzed around him. He came up so close that Frank fancied that he must scent them and give the alarm to the other monkeys, when suddenly passing over a little elevation covered with withered, reedy grass, he discovered a party of crabs parading up and down on the hot sand. With a bound the ape was among them, but not quickly enough to catch a single one; for the crabs, though apparently clumsy, darted like lightning into a quantity of small holes or cavities, which made the ground here resemble a sieve, and the ape could not thrust in his paw after them, for the orifices were too narrow.

The mandoor nudged Frank gently to draw his attention, and they saw the ape, after crawling once or twice up and down the small strip of land, and peering into the various holes with his nose close to the ground, suddenly seat himself very gravely by one of them that he fancied most suitable. He then brought his long tail to the front, thrust the end of it into the cavity, until he met with an obstacle, and suddenly made a face, which so amused Frank that he would have laughed loudly, had not the mandoor raised his finger warningly; and directly after, the ape drew out his extraordinary line with a jerk. At the end of it, however, hung the desired booty, a fat crab, by one of his claws; and swinging it round on the ground with such violence as to make it lose its hold, he took it into his left paw, picked up a stone in the other, and after cracking the shell, devoured the savory contents with evident signs of satisfaction.

Four or five he thus caught in succession—on each occasion when the crab nipped him, he made a face of heroic resignation and pain; but each time he was successful, and he must have found in the dainty dish, and the revenge for the nip, abundant satisfaction for the pain he endured, or else he would not have set to work again so soon.

Thus the ape, quite engaged with the sport, and without taking his eyes off the ground, had approached to within about twenty paces of the party concealed behind the pandanas tree. Here again the ground was full of holes; and, looking out the one he conjectured to be the best, he threw in his line once more, and probably felt there was something alive within, for he waited the result with signs of most eager attention.

The affair, however, lasted longer than he had anticipated; but being already tolerably filled by his past successful hauls, he pulled up his knees, laid his long arms upon them, bowed his head, and half closing his eyes, he assumed such a resigned, and yet exquisitely comical face as only an ape is capable of putting on under these circumstances. But his quiet was destined to be disturbed in a manner as unexpected as cruel; he must have discovered some very interesting object in the clouds, for he was starting up there fixedly, when he suddenly uttered a loud yell, let hold of his knees, felt with both hands for his tail, and made a bound in the air as if the ground under him was beginning to grow red hot.—At the end of his tail, however, hung a gigantic crab, torn with such desperate energy from its hiding-place that Frank could not restrain himself any longer, but burst into a loud laugh. The mandoor at first retained his gravity, but when the ape, alarmed at the strange sound, looked up, in spite of his pain, and saw men, and then bounded off at full speed with his tormentor still dangling at the end of his tail, the old man could no longer refrain either, and they both laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks.

The ape, meanwhile, flew across the narrow strip of sand, followed by all the others, toward the jungle; and in a moment after not a single one was visible.

JUNE—WORK TO BE DONE.

THE FARM.—One of the most important affairs of this month is the accumulation and preparation of manures for autumn use. At this time they should not be exposed to the atmosphere about stable yards, etc., but should be daily removed to the manure sheds, and thus prevent the loss, in part, which would arise from evaporation when exposed to the sun. The directions we have given for a manure heap, with a well sunk at the lowest end to receive the drainage, and a pump to elevate it to the top of the heap twice each week or oftener, should be strictly followed. Small portions of cheap salt, say half a bushel, should be thrown on the top of the heap for each cord of manure deposited at this season; this, together with the return of the drainage, will prevent *fire-fanging*, and materially accelerate the decomposition without loss of ammonia.

In the stables free use should be made of Plaster of Paris, charcoal dust, etc., so as to cause the absorption of the grass given off from the bodies of animals. Muck, pond-mud, headlands, or wood scrapings, which may have been treated by the lime and salt mixture, so frequently described, may continually be added to the compost heat. Weeds should find their way to the hog pen or to manure heaps, where the fermentation and decomposition would be sure to kill the seeds.—Manures from the hog pen may be frequently removed to the compost heat, unless manure is intended for use in the raising of cabbages or other brassica; in that case it should not be used, as it is almost sure to cause clump root in cabbage, cauliflower, etc., and ambury, or fingers and toes, with turnips. Let all house washes go to the manure shed. Remember to secure the even advancement of crops by the continued use of proper artificial fertilizers.

If potatoes are being attacked by the grub, sow three bushels of fine salt to the acre between the rows, and not near the plants; this will be carried in by the dews, and will destroy the grub, without injury to the potato. As soon as the salt has passed in, use the Howe's Horse Hoe freely, so as to again disseminate the salted earth through the soil, and this will assist in enabling it to withstand drouth, so likely to occur at this season of the year.

Potatoes may still be planted, but not with as good prospects of success as at an earlier date; they will be more liable to disease.

Buckwheat may be sown safely in July.

There is also a proper season for planting the White Globe Turnip, which will yield a larger crop than the Ruta Baga, and is therefore equally profitable for soiling, but does not sell so well for family use.

Carrots and Sugar Beets should now be sown.

As to comparative value for fattening cattle, the carrot is to be preferred to all other roots, for, in addition to its high nutritive properties, it contains larger portions of pectic acid, which has the power of gelantinizing the fluids in the stomach, thus rendering the contents more readily available and more easily digestible; this crop is easily kept during the winter, and is preferred by cattle to all other roots. Of the sort known as Belgian Carrots, nine hundred bushels may be easily raised per acre, and they will be found to take the place of oats in part for the use of the horse.

CUTTING GRASS AND CURING HAY.—Timothy should never be cut until after the seed is formed, and then between the milk and dough state. Orchard grass, however, is so much more tender when cut in the flower, and is therefore so much preferred by cattle when so cut, that it should not be permitted to ripen into seed before cutting; it does so, however, to a great extent after cutting, and contains much more nutriment than timothy.

"Many farmers do not consider the scorching effects of our June and July sun, and the consequence is, that hay is too much dried in this country. Unless the grass be very thick and heavy, it will generally cure sufficiently, when exposed in the swarth for two days. When shook or stirred out, it should not remain in this condition beyond the first day, or it will thus lose much of its nutritive juices; nor should dew of rain be permitted to fall upon it unless in cocks. It is better after partially drying, to expose it for three or four days in this way, and as soon as properly cured, place it under cover. It is a good practice to salt hay when put up, and it is thus secured against damage from occasional greenness; and there is no waste of the salt, as it serves the double object, after curing the hay, of furnishing salt to the cattle and manure heap.

"Clover should be cut after having fully blossomed and assumed a brownish hue. By close cutting more forage is secured, and the clover afterwards springs up more readily and evenly. The swath, unless very heavy, ought never to be stirred open, but allowed to wilt on the top. It may then be turned over, and when thus partially cured, placed in high slender cocks, and remain till sufficiently dry to remove into the barn. Clover may be housed in a much greener state by spreading evenly over it in the mow, from ten to twenty quarts of salt. Some add a bushel, but this is more than is either necessary for the clover, or judicious for the stock consuming it, as the purgative effects of too much salt induce a wasteful consumption of the foliage. A mixture of alternate layers of dry straw with the clover, by absorbing its juices, answer the same purpose, while it materially improves the flavor of the straw for fodder."

☞ It is said that there is a family of seven brothers in Tennessee of unusual size, the lightest of them weighing three hundred and thirty pounds, and the shortest being as long as a fence rail.

Gods and Ends.

☞ That which is always capable of perfection is never perfected.

☞ Hypocrits are beings of darkness disguised in garments of light.

☞ It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

☞ A man may be a fool with wit; but never with judgment.

☞ No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

☞ Practice flows from principle; for as a man thinks so will he act.

☞ The gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's "snowy brow," did not catch cold.

☞ An artificial florist lately described himself as "*head* gardner to the ladies."

☞ Your wife's advice, is the wisest that can be given you.

☞ You are old enough to know better than you are doing.

☞ A nation's hope before now, has been found in a basket of bulrushes.

☞ It is the active and instructed mind that renders a man a good talker.

☞ Foolish talking arises from two causes; ignorance and the desire to show off.

☞ We are of opinion that the phrase, "a pair of twins," if used at all, must mean four children.

☞ It is as difficult for revenge to act without exciting suspicion as for a rattlesnake to stir without making a noise.

☞ One half penny a day will buy food in China sufficient to enable a man to "live comfortably."

☞ One ought to have dates at one's fingers' ends, seeing that they grow upon the palm.

☞ Never fear a man who threatens you with an injury; the silent enemy is the most dangerous.

☞ Without confidence, friendship is but a mockery, and social intercourse a sort of war in disguise.

☞ Kings never hear the voice of truth until they are dethroned, her beauties until they have abdicated their charms.

☞ Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common.

☞ A man of sense may well disdain artifice just as a man of known wealth may venture to appear in a plain garb.

☞ So long as men are imprudent in their diet and their business, doctors and lawyers will ride in carriages.

☞ Gilt picture-frames should be varnished; then any specks or dirt can be wiped off without injury to the gilding.

☞ Great is the spell of music; Argus had a hundred eyes, but was so charmed by one silly pipe that he lost his head.

☞ It is a gross slander that it takes nine tailors to make a man, but unquestionably it takes all the nine muses to make a great poet.

☞ The man, who gets along by borrowing, is on the highway to ruin. He is somebody else's property, riding a sprained livery-horse.

☞ There are as good horses drawing in carts as in coaches; and as good men are engaged in humble employments as in the highest.

☞ Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truths; we never see the stars till we can see little or naught else—and thus it is with truth.

☞ It is our duty not only to scatter benefits, but even to strew flowers for the sake of our fellow travelers in the pathway of this wretched world.

☞ It is reported that there is a lad living in Richmond, Va., only seven years of age, who plays chess with such skill as to defeat some of the best players.

☞ If we had a hundred boys it would be our desire that every one of them should learn some plain, regular, substantial business, of a mechanical or agricultural character.

☞ A young lady living in Troy recently leaped into the Hudson river at that city, with the intention of drowning herself, but her dress kept her afloat so long that she was seen and rescued unharmed.

☞ A Frenchman recently sawed five cords of wood, two cuts, between sunrise and sunset, in a village of Maine. He did it on a bet that he could saw six cords, and so lost his labor and his money.

☞ The wife of a clergyman, living in Illinois, and the daughter of rich and highly respectable parents, recently eloped with a married man, who was one of the "leading citizens" of the village in which he resided.

☞ It is stated that people have been poisoned by putting wafers in the mouth. We recently read of an instance where a lady, who was putting scraps in a blank book, was made deadly sick by passing the wafers she used between her lips.

☞ Calculations based on the most authentic returns show that since railways have been established in France, there has been only one person killed in every two millions of passengers, and one wounded in every five hundred thousand passengers.

☞ A house full of children composes as powerful a group of motives as ever moved a heart or hand, and the secret of many a struggle and triumph in the world's battle may be found throned in its mother's lap at home, or done up in a little bundle of white flannel.

☞ A twelve-year old boy was recently arrested for placing obstructions on the track of the New York and New Haven Railroad Company for the purpose of throwing cars from the track, and having confessed the crime, he has been sent to the Reform School for ten years.

☞ A Vermont doctor recently poisoned his own wife, and then poisoned a neighbor, whose wife he coveted and got; but not executing his nefarious work with sufficient skill he was suspected, arrested, and imprisoned and is now awaiting the result of legal and chemical investigations.

☞ Tyburn road, by which so many criminals went to execution, is now a street of London, called Oxford street. The place of execution was at the western end of the street, and is still pointed out to inquiring travelers. Oxford street is, in some respects, the Broadway of London, it is very wide, contains the most showy stores, and is a great thoroughfare.