American Volunteer.

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

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Poetical.

[*From the Home Journal.*]

THE UNSEEN ANGEL.

A dreary winter day
Drew darkly to its close,
And weary men were hastening home
To comfort and repose.

Amid the mingled throng
That trod the busy street,
Was one who toward his dwelling turned
With slow, unwilling feet.

For what was home to him?
He had not wife, nor child—
No gentle being graced his board,
Or at his fireside smiled.

His youth was in the past;
His hopes died long ago,
And on the altar of his heart
The flame of joy burned low.

Those pure and holy fires,
By sweet affections fed,
Had slumbered in his soul so long
Their light was nearly dead.

True, he had store of wealth;
His life had passed in toil—
In ceaseless, feverish, keen pursuit
Of Mammon's glittering spoil.

And, ever to that aim
Still plodding, day by day,
He slighted all the sweeter flowers
That blossomed in his way.

Ah! what avails it now?
He sighed in moody pain—
"This hoarded gold can never buy
One of youth's dreams again."

As thus he, musing, walked,
A pleading little child
Stood in his path, with bare cold feet,
And, shivering, sadly smiled.

From such appealing forms
It was his want to turn,
With harsh denial on his lips,
And aspect coldly stern.

But *something* new and strange
Around his heart-strings clung;
And *something* hushed the bitter words
That trembled on his tongue.

What was it at his side?
What was it in his soul?
What mystic presence held him there,
Charmed by such soft control?

Ah! say not angels fair
Have ceased to visit earth!
Unseen they walk beside us still,
In sorrow or in mirth.

And lo! a gentle one,
From its celestial home,
Had now, to that cold, worldly man,
On holiest mission come.

Bright thoughts, and new glad hopes,
Brought by that angel guest,
Rekindled soon the spark divine
Long slumbering in his breast.

With tender, guiding hand,
With words of loving care,
He led the orphan to his home
So stately, and so fair.

There, clothed and fed, and cheered
By the soft firelight gleams,
The little wanderer sunk, full soon,
To slumber and sweet dreams.

Then out into the gloom,
The chilling wind and storm,
Behold the man again go forth—
Led by that unseen form.

To darkest, dreariest haunts—
To homes of saddest plight,
He carried comfort, warmth and joy,
On that wild winter night.

Full many a suffering soul,
Long fostered by despair,
Knew well when he had come and gone,
An angel has been there!

Still on, from street to street,
From house to house he went;
And where he found but want and woe,
He left divine content.

As ships, that in wild storms
Yield treasures to the wave,
So lighter safer seemed his heart
For all the gold it gave.

No weariness he knew—
No chilling sense of pain,
As back at midnight hour he turned,
To seek his home again.

Gone where the moody thoughts—
The lonely griefs of yore,
For *Charity*, the angel guest,
Dwelt with him evermore.

Miscellaneous.

The Moonlight Ride.

A number of years ago, a gentleman in Clydesdale offered me a situation as head groom, which I accepted. He had one horse, which was kept in a stable by himself, and was, without exception, the ugliest and most savage animal of his kind I ever saw. There was not a single point of a strong or a fast horse about him. He was as black as charcoal; he was named Satan, and he richly deserved it. He would fly at you, like a dog, with his teeth; attempt to beat you down with his fore-feet; and strike round a corner at you with his hind ones. He had beaten off all the rough-riders, grooms and jockeys in that part of the country.

After being in the place for a few days, I was asked by the gentleman if I thought I could make anything of Satan. I replied that if he beat me, he would be the only horse which had ever done so; but still I considered him to be by far the most savage I had ever seen. "Try him to-morrow at one o'clock," said he, as he turned to go away: "I will have a few friends with me to see how you succeed."

I determined, however, to try him that night, and without any witness to see whether I succeeded or not. My room was over the stables, and as the moon did not rise till seven o'clock, I threw myself upon the bed-clothes, and contrary to my intention, fell asleep. When I awoke, it was twelve, the moon was shining brightly, and rendering everything as visible as if it were day.

I went down to the stable with a bridle prepared for the purpose, and a heavily loaded whip in my hand. I knew that it would be impossible to saddle him; and, indeed, I should be safer on his bare back, in the event of his throwing himself down. I opened the stable door gently, and there he was down on his side, his legs and neck stretched out, as I have often seen horses lying after sore fatigue. I clapped my knee upon his head, loosed the collar that bound him, slipped the bit into his mouth, buckled the throat-band, raised him to his feet, backed him out, and leaped upon his back before he had time to get his eyes right open. But open them now he did, and that with a vengeance; he pawed and struck the walls with his fore feet, till the fire flashed from the stones; and then he reared till he fell right back upon the pavement. I was prepared for this, and slipped off him as he went down, and then leaped on him again as he rose. I had not, as yet, touched him with whip, bridle, or spur; but now I gave him the curb and the spurs at the same instant. He gave one mad bound, and then went off at a rate that completely eclipsed the speed of the fleetest horse I had ever ridden. He could not trot, but his gallop was unapproachable, and consisted in a succession of leaps, performed with a precision, velocity, and strength, absolutely bewildering.

He fairly overturned all my preconceived notions of a fast horse. On he thundered, till we came under the shadow of a fir-wood, and then, whether out of mischief or dread of the darkness, he halted instantaneously, his fore-feet so close together that you might have put them into a bucket. Owing to the depression of his shoulders—for he had no more withers than an ass—the way that he jerked down his head, and the suddenness of the stop, a monkey, although he had been holding on with his teeth, must have been unseated. For me, I was pitched a long way over his head, but alighted upon a spot so soft and mossy, that it looked as if some kind hand had purposely prepared it for me. Had I been in the slightest degree stunned, or unable to regain my feet, that instant he would have torn me to pieces with his teeth, and beaten my mangled body into the earth with his hoofs. But I at once sprang to my feet and faced him. I could have escaped by leaping into the wood; but my blood was up, my brain clear, and my heart gave not one extra pulsation. There he stood upon his hind-legs nearly upright, beating the air with his fore-feet, his mouth open, upper lip curled, his under one drawn down, his large teeth glancing like ivory in the moonlight. As soon as he saw me upon my feet, he gave a yell such as I had never heard from a horse before, save one, and which I believe is never elicited from that animal, except when under the domination of frantic rage or fear.

This unearthly cry roused every living thing within hearing. An army of rooks, startled from their encampment in the wood, circled and wheeled between us and the moon, shading her light, and filling the mid night air with their discordant screams. This attracted the attention of Satan, and bringing his fore-feet to the ground, he pricked up his ears, and listened. I sprang forward, seized him by the mane, and vaulted upon his back. As I stooped forward to gather up the reins, which were dangling from his head, he caught me by the cuff of the jacket—luckily it was but the cuff!—and tore it up to the shoulder. Instantly he seized me again; but this time he succeeded rather better, having a small portion of the skin and flesh of my thigh between his teeth. The intense pain occasioned by the bite, or rather bruise, of a horse's mouth, can only be properly judged of by those who have felt it. I was the madder of the two now; and of all the animals, an enraged man is the most dangerous and the most fearless. I gave him a blow between the ears with the end of the whip; and he went down at once, stunned and senseless, with his legs doubled up under him, and his nose buried in the ground. I drew his fore-legs from under him, that he might rise the more rapidly, and then lashed him into life. He turned his head slowly round and looked at me, and then I saw that the savage glare of his eye was nearly quenched, and that, if I could follow up the advantage I had gained, I should ultimately be the conqueror. I now assisted him to rise, mounted him, and struck him at once with whip and spur. He gave a few bounds forward, a stagger or two, and then fell heavily upon his side. I was nearly under him; however, I did save my distance, although that was all. I now began to feel sorry for him; his wonderful speed had won my respect; and as I was far from being naturally cruel, whip or spur I never used except in cases of necessity; so I thought I would allow him to lie for a few minutes, if he did not incline to get up himself. However, as I had no faith in the creature, I sat down upon him, and watched him intently. He lay motionless, with his eyes shut; and had it not been for the firm and fast beat of his heart, I should have considered him dying from the effects of the blow; but the strong pulsations told me that there was plenty of life in him; and I suspected that he was lying quiet meditating mischief. I was right. Every muscle began presently to quiver with suppressed rage. He opened his eyes, and gave me a look in which fear and fury were strangely blended. I am not without superstition, and for an instant I quailed under that look, as the thought struck me, that the black, unshapely brute before me might actually be the spirit indicated by his name. With a muttered growl at my folly, I threw the idea from me—leaped up—seized the reins—with a lash and a cry made him spring to his feet—mounted him as he rose, and struck the spurs into his sides. He reared and wheeled; but finding that he could not get rid of me, and being unable to withstand the torture of the spurs, which I used freely, (it was no time for mercy!) he gave two or three plunges, and then bounded away at that dreadful leaping gallop—that pace which seemed peculiarly his own. I tried to moderate his speed with the bridle; but found to my surprise that I had no command over him. I knew at once that something was wrong, as, with the bit I had in his mouth, I ought to have had power to have broken his jaw-bone. I stooped forward to ascertain the cause; the loose curb dangling at the side of his head gave a satisfactory explanation.

He had it his own way now; he was fairly off with me; and all I could do was to bear up his head as well as I could, to prevent him from stumbling. However, as it would have been bad policy to let him know how much he was the master, I gave him an occasional touch with the spur, as if wishing him to accelerate his pace; and when he made an extra bound I patted him on the neck, as if pleased with his performance.

A watery cloud was passing over the face of the moon which rendered everything dim and indistinct, as we tore away down a grassy slope; the view terminating in a grove of tall trees, situated on a rising ground. Beyond the dark outline of the trees, I say nothing.

As we neared the grove, Satan slackened his speed; this I thought he did with a view to crush me against the trunks of the trees. To prevent him from having time to do this I struck him with the spurs, and away he went like fury.

As he burst through the trees I flung my head forward upon his neck, to prevent myself from being swept off by the lower branches. In doing this, the spurs accidentally came in contact with his sides. He gave one tremendous leap forward—the ground sunk under his feet—the horse was thrown over his own head—I was jerked into the air—and, amid an avalanche of earth and stones we were hurled down a perpendicular bank into the brown, swollen waters of the Clyde.

Owing to a bend in the river the force of the current was directed against this particular spot, and had undermined it; and although strong enough to bear a man or horse under ordinary circumstances, yet down at once it thundered under the desperate leap of Satan. However, it did not signify, as nothing could have prevented us from surging in the water at the next bound.

A large quantity of rain had fallen in the upper part of the shire; and in consequence, the river was full from bank to brae. I was nearly a stranger to the place; indeed, so much so, that I had supposed we were running from the river. This, combined with the suddenness of the shock, and the appearance of a turbid, rapid river sweeping down trees, branches, brushwood, hay, corn, and straw before it, with resistless force—was so foreign to my idea of the calm, peaceful Clyde, that when I rose to the surface, I was quite bewildered, and had very serious doubts as to my own identity.

I was roused from this state of bewilderment by the snorting and splashing of the horse; he was making bold attempt to scale the perpendicular bank. Had I been thrown into the body of the stream, I should have been swept away, and the animal must have perished; but in all heavy rapid runs of water salt or fresh, there is what is termed an eddy stream, running close in shore in a contrary direction to the main body of the water. I have seen Highlanders in their boats catching fish in the eddy streams of the Gulf of Corrievrekin, within a short distance of the main tide, which, had it but got the slightest hold on their boat, would have swept them with fearful velocity into the jaws of the roaring gulf. I was caught by this eddy, which kept me stationary, and enabled me, by a few strokes, to reach the horse's side. To cross the river, or to land here, was alike impossible; so I took the reins in my right hand, wheeled the horse from the bank, and dashed at once with him into the strength of the current. Away we went, Satan and I, in capital spirits both; not a doubt of our effecting a safe landing ever crossed my mind. And the horse evinced his certainty upon that subject, by snatching a bite out of hay that floated at his side, and eating it as composedly as if he had been in the stable.

We soon swept round the high bank that had caused our misfortune, and came to a level part of the country, which was flooded far up into the fields. I then struck strongly out in a slanting direction for the shore, and soon had the satisfaction of finding myself once more upon the green turf. Satan shook himself, pricked up his ears, and gave a low neigh. I then stroked him, and spoke kindly to him. He returned the caress by licking my hand. Poor fellow! he had contracted a friendship for me in the water—a friendship which terminated only with his life; and which was rendered the more valuable by his never extending it to another living thing.

THE INSTITUTION OF THE BLIND.—We have received the twenty-eighth annual report of the managers of the Pennsylvania Institution for the instruction of the blind, located at Philadelphia, presented at the annual meeting in December last, from which we glean the following items of interest:

The number of pupils in the institution on the 1st of December, 1860, was 165. On the 1st of January, 1860, there was 153; 27 were received during the year, 14 were discharged, and 1 died. Of those remaining, 138 are from Pennsylvania, 9 from New Jersey, 4 from Delaware, and 4 from other States. Twenty-four of these contribute chiefly or in part to their own support as assistant teachers, or by their industry, while eight are pay pupils, in whole or in part.

Eight hours a day are devoted to school studies, music and work, and four evenings a week to hearing, reading and lectures. The branches taught are reading, writing, pin-type printing, orthography, etymology, grammar, geography, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, physiology, natural history and philosophy, history, moral science, "useful knowledge," physical geography, elements of geology and general literature. One hour daily is devoted to gymnastic exercise. They have an orchestra of thirty instruments, to whose instruction four hours a week are devoted. The institution is furnished with one large church organ, one small organ and fourteen pianos (one grand.) The manufactured work made during the year is valued at $12,717, and consisted of 34,680 brushes and 27,410 brooms. Broom-making is a favorite branch of industry with the blind, as they can easily acquire the whole art, and pursue it, with a small capital, wherever broom corn is produced. A "Dictionary of the English language," in three large volumes, printed on raised type, has just been completed at the institution; it will be of great value to blind pupils. The "Home," for industrious graduates, containing sixteen members, four males and twelve females, is in successful operation. The health of all the inmates has been excellent during the year.

There is no inmate of the institution from this county.

AN EDITOR IN DISGUISE.—Wm. H. Clark, the editor of the Kendall (Ill.) *Clarion*, loves a good joke, and never lets an opportunity slip that promises a dish of fun. Here is his last:

"We have lately got a new suit of clothes, and no man could be more effectually disguised. We look like a gentleman. Upon first putting them on, we felt like a cat in a strange garret, and for a long time thought we were swapped off. We went to the house, and scared the baby into fits; our wife asked us if we wanted to see Mr. Clark, and told us that we would find him at the office; went there, and pretty soon one of our business men came in, with a strip of paper in his hand. He asked if the editor was in; told him we thought not; asked him if we wished to see him particularly; said he wanted him to pay that bill; told him we didn't believe he would be in; business man left. Started to the house again; met a couple of young ladies; one of them asked the other, "What handsome stranger is that?" In this dilemma we met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife, who is now as proud of us as can be. The next time we get a new suit, we shall let her know beforehand."

☞ "Keep yeh eye open, sweet William!"

Pennsylvania State Lunatic Hospital.

The annual report of this institution for the year 1860 has been published, and is now before us. From it we make the annexed extracts, which possess more than ordinary interest:

"In compliance with the requisition of the By-laws of the Pennsylvania State Lunatic Hospital, the undersigned, members of its Board of Trustees, respectfully submit to you their tenth annual report.

"At the date of the last report there were two hundred and seventy-four patients in the Institution. Since that time, one year ago, there have been one hundred and forty-four admitted, and one hundred and twenty-seven discharged or died, leaving two hundred and ninety-one under care at the close of the year 1860. The entire number of patients under treatment during the year, has been four hundred and eighteen. Of those remaining in the Hospital, one hundred and fifty-six are supported by the public authorities, and one hundred and thirty-five by their friends. Of those discharged during the year, thirty-one were restored to health, forty were more or less improved in their mental condition, forty-eight were regarded as stationary, and but eight died.

"From the opening of the Institution till the end of 1860, thirteen hundred and thirty six patients have been under its care; and while two hundred and ninety-one remain under treatment, two hundred and thirty-six have been discharged, restored to health; two hundred and sixty-three in various states of improvement; three hundred and fifty-eight have been taken out with material improvement, and one hundred and seventy-eight have died.

"The average number of patients in the house during the past year has been very nearly as many as can, with advantage or safety, be accommodated; and yet it has been well ascertained, from careful investigations made by that indefatigable philanthropist, Miss D. L. Dix, to whom the insane of Pennsylvania are already so much indebted, as well as by various other benevolent persons, that there are at the present time, in nearly every section of this great Commonwealth, quite a large number of insane, suffering from the want of hospital treatment. Confined in jails, poor houses, private dwellings, or worse than either, in isolated structures, near what were once their own homes, they are to often subjected to a management which, to say nothing of its cruelty to those who are suffering under so great affliction, cannot fail, before long, to take away the last chance of recovery for the curable, and sink into the lowest depths of mental prostration those who are not likely to be restored to reason.

"Having no doubt of the correctness of the principle that is not less the interest than the duty of every State to make ample provision for the custody and treatment of all her insane, in properly organized hospitals—that the best arrangements will always be found cheapest in the end—and that to secure the best results and equal justice to all, the recent and chronic cases—for no one can say positively which are certainly curable or incurable—must be received into the same buildings, the Board feel it right that the actual present wants of the Commonwealth should be known to her citizens. Nor can they refrain from expressing the conviction, that sooner or later public sentiment will just as surely demand an adequate remedy, as that all her people will cheerfully join in contributing the trifling amount of an additional tax that would be required from each, to secure effectual relief to those of our fellow-men who suffer from one of the saddest forms of affliction."

A GENEROUS LESSON.—The Independence Belge relates the following story of a dissipated gambler, a young man who at the watering places had lost on cards all his fortune, about eight hundred thousand francs. Everything had been staked, park, chateau, town house and country house; there only remained to the poor fellow an orangery, by no means large or pretentious in appearance. The winner—for one man alone had profited by his ill luck—was an Englishman, phlegmatic and stoical in appearance, who was astonished at seeing him reserve a small piece of ground with a few trees upon it.

"What will you do with that?" he asked.

"Let us play for it."

"Never! That orangery is a souvenir of my childhood; it was there my mother passed the day with me; I would die there and I would fain live there; but I would rather blow out my brains than stake on the cards one flower from one of those orange trees."

"It is however a flower I am going to demand of you as a stake," said the Englishman, smiling. "Since you have nothing more, I will play with you for a simple flower, if you consent."

"But why do you care for a simple flower, should I consent to play?"

"Well, I have a little sentiment which I will sacrifice to you. Here is an autograph I will place in the hands of a third party."

Our gamester smiled and yielded. Despite his filial affection, he saw no profanation in offering a flower to the fickle goddess, Fortune, who used him so shamefully. Just as they were beginning to play, the Englishman said to the young Frenchman,

"You swear on your honor to accept my stake, however ridiculous it may seem to you?"

'I do, for I have confidence in you, my lord.'

Cards were brought, the game commenced, and the young Frenchman soon gained the mysterious autograph. He received with some emotion the stake agreed upon, which increased when he found it was a donation in regular form of the eight hundred thousand francs he had lost. His face was covered with a blush of shame, he protested and refused.

"I have your word of honor," said the Englishman. "The game was in earnest; had I won, I should have taken the orange flower."

"But a simple flower against a fortune!"

"You seem to think more of your orangery than of your eight hundred thousand francs. The stakes were equal."

After a consultation of two days, a jury of honor declared that the Frenchman should accept the money, which he did, on condition that the Englishman should remain his best friend.

☞ "Come here, my little lad," said an attorney to a boy about nine years old. "A case is between the devil and the people—which do you think will be most likely to gain the action?" The boy replied:—"I guess it will be a hard squeeze; the people have the most money, but the devil has the most lawyers."

DISADVANTAGE OF BEING WHITE.—"Well, Dinah," said a would-be belle to a black girl, "they say beauty soon fades; do you see any of my bloom fading? Now, tell me plainly, without any compliments."

"Oh, no, Missa; den me kinder t'ink—"

"Think what, Dinah? you're bashful."

"Oh, no, me no bashful; but den me kinder t'inks as how Missa don't retain her color quite as well as colored lady."

WINTERING BEES.

Bees are much better and more safely wintered either in a dark, dry and ventilated cellar, or a room purposely prepared, than, as is usual out of doors, exposed to the cold and storms of winter, and tempted out by the sun of early spring, to certain death from frost. It is well to preserve from mice and for better ventilation, to set the hives upside down. Mr. B. Gifford, of Danby, Illinois, writes to the *Praire Farmer* on this subject, as follows:

"But," says one, "what is gained by all this talk and trouble?"

I answer, both honey and bees. I will give some proofs. Mr. Wakeman, of Cottage Hill, put two swarms in his fruit room, weighing fron eighty to eighty-three pounds, leaving out two of the same weight. He had seven other swarms which were also put inside. This was done on the first of December, 1859, I visited them several times to see if I was laboring under a mistake. The first of March came, and the weather being suitable, he set them out, weighing them again. One weighed four pounds, and the other six pounds less than when placed in the fruit room, and weighed the first of December. The two swarms left outside, weighed at the same time twenty-four pounds and twenty-six pounds respectively, less than the 1st of December previous. Under the two hives outside, were found three pints of dead bees; there were not three pints found under the entire *seven* swarms in the fruit room or cellar.

Some tried to frighten him by saying bees thus wintered would do nothing at all in summer. I visited him in the spring and autumn, and discovered nothing wrong, except the Queen going into the honey boxes to rear her young. The reason was they did not empty comb enough for brood: If, as I directed, he had taken that proportion of honey saved by wintering them in this way, (some twenty pounds) out of the hive, they would have built comb in the body of the hive, and their the Queen would have deposited her eggs there. Some of the swarms were light in the fall—had plenty of empty comb, and in these the Queen did not seek the honey boxes. At our county fair he told me he had secured twenty-nine good swarms from the eleven wintered over. Some of the weak stock did not swarm at all, and some went away. He also said he should leave no more bees out so long as he had so good a place to put them, and they were in sectional hives, so convenient to get their extra honey from, in good shape to market or use. Look to your bees, if in the cellar, and especially if out of doors.

There are hundreds of swarms that might be saved in this way, that will live nearly through the winter, and starve in the spring.

A SENSIBLE YOUNG LADY.—Said a young lady, who was fashionably educated at boarding schools, and indulged in idleness at home, so that there was neither strength nor elasticity in her frame:

"I used to be so feeble that I could not even lift a broom, and the least physical exertion would make me ill for a week. Looking one day at the Irish girls, and noticing their healthy robust appearance, I determined to make a new trial, and see if I could not bring the roses to my cheeks, and rid myself of the dreadful lassitude that oppressed me. One sweeping day I went bravely to work, cleaning thoroughly the parlors, three chambers, the front stairs and hall, after which I layed down and rested until noon, when I arose and ate a heartier meal than for many a day. Since that time I have occupied some portion of every day in active domestic labor, and not only are all my friends congratulating me upon my improved appearance, but in my whole being—mind, body and spirit—do I experience a wondrous vigor, to which I have hitherto been a stranger. Young ladies try my catholicon.

NEW USE FOR POSTAGE STAMPS.—By the Sonora, a few days since, says a California correspondent, some two hundred of Uncle Sam's orphans arrived, and were distributed around. Some were sent to Fort Alcastra, some to the barracks at the Presidio, and the rest were quartered at Benicia barracks, preparatory to being assigned to the different companies of the regiments in this department. They will soon be scattered from Oregon to the most delightful post, Fort Yuma, in Arizona, a place where they have but to put rocks on the roofs to keep the ends of the boards from curling over like little dog tails. It is a wretched place to live at, and to be ordered there is enough to make any officer resign, unless a Catholic, and acknowledges the justice of being sent to purgatory. They have a little fun even in that awful place sometimes, and an officer was telling me how he lost his postage stamps. He had sent up here for some twenty dollars worth, and had left them on his table. Now the habits, manners and customs thereabouts are considerably on the free and easy style, and the Indians are allowed to roam around the garrison *ad libitum* if they behave themselves and don't steal. On this occasion a young squaw, who had the run of the quarters, and was very much at home anywheres and everywheres, happened to stray into my friend's room, and seeing the postage stamps began to examine them with great curiosity. She discovered they would stick, if wet, and forthwith a happy idea struck her. Now the fashionable dress of the ladies of her class in that warm climate is of the briefest description. She was ambitious to dress up and excite the envy of the other Pocahontases. So she went in on the postal currency, and much to the astonishment of the garrison, made her appearance presently on the parade ground entirely covered over with postage stamps. She was stuck all over with Benjamin Franklin, and the Father of his Country was plastered all over her ladyship's glossy skin indiscriminately, regardless of dignity and decency. The "roar" that greeted her, from the commanding officer down to the drummer boys, was loud enough to be heard nearly at headquarters in San Francisco, but, Indian like, she preserved her equanimity and did not seem at all disconcerted, but sailed off with the air and step of a genuine princess, while my friend rushed into his quarters to discover himself minus his twenty dollars' worth of postage stamps, and that what was intended for the mail had been appropriated to the female. She might have been put in the overland coach and gone through—she certainly could not have been stopped for want of being pre-paid.

AN INGENIOUS MAID.—May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A country editor says that a girl was asked not long since by her suitor to unite herself in the silken tie, who named May in his proposals. The lady tenderly hinted that May was an unlucky month for marrying.

"Well, make it June, then," honestly replied the swain, anxious to accommodate. The damsel paused a moment, cast down her eyes, and with a blush, said, "*Wouldn't April do as well?*"

True Courage.

A company of boys in ——street, Boston, one day, after school, were engaged in snowballing. William had made a good hard snowball. In throwing it he "put in too much powder," as the boys say—he threw it too hard—and further than he intended, right through a parlor window. All the boys shouted, "There you'll catch it now. Run, Bill, run!"—They then took to their heels. But the brave William straightened up and looked sober, as he said, "I shall *not* run." He started directly for the house where the window had been broken. He rang at the door acknowledged what he had done, and expressed his regret. He then gave his name, and the name of his father, and his father's place of business, and said the injury should be repaired.

Was not that noble? That was true *courage*.

It is *cowardice* that would lead a boy, when he has done an injury like that, to sneak away and run to conceal it. How noble and brave it is to see a boy confess a fault; and not be afraid to face the consequence.

Give us William, whenever any real bravery is called for, rather than all those boys together who cried out, "Run, Bill,"—He'll face the danger, while they will sneak.

What We Sow, We Reap.

There was once an old man, whose eyes had become dim and his ears deaf. When he sat at the dinner table he could hardly hold his spoon, so that sometimes he spilt his soup on the cloth. His son and daughter-in-law were much displeased at this; at last they made their old father sit in a corner behind the stove, and gave him food in a little earthen plate. He never got so much as he could eat, and he would often look towards the table with wet, yet longing eyes.

One day his shaking hands let the little dish fall and it was broken. The woman scolded, but he said nothing; he only sighed. They then brought a wooden trough for him. Once he was sitting thus in a corner; his grandchild, about four years old, was playing on the floor near him; with some pieces of wood.

"What are you making?" asked the father smiling.

"I am making a trough," answered the child, "for father and mother to eat from when they are old and I am grown big."

The man and his wife looked at each other in silence, and their tears flowed fast. They brought the old father back to the table, and gave him as much as he wished, and they never spoke angry words when his trembling and spilt soup on the cloth.

"EIGHT MORE AS TWELVE."—A Dutchman in Columbus county, Ohio, leased his lands to an oil company last spring, on condition of receiving one-eighth of the oil procured. The well proved to be a pretty good one, and the former began to think that the oil men should give him a better chance, and ventured to tell them so. They asked him what he wanted.—He said they ought to give him one-twelfth. The agreement was finally made, with the understanding that the Dutchman was to tell no one. All went on smooth until the next division day came, when our friend was early on hand, to see how much better he would be off under the new bargain. Eleven barrels were rolled to one side for the oil-men, and one for him. This did not suit him. "How's dish?" says he; "I tink I was to get more as before. By jinks, you make mistake." The matter was explained to him, that he formerly got one barrel of every eight, but it was his own proposition to take only one of every twelve. This revelation took him aback. He scratched his head, looked cross, and relieved his swelling breast of feelings of self-reproach, by indignantly remarking: "Vell, by dunder! dat ish de first time as ever I knowed eight was more as twelve."

WIT IN THUNDER.—Judge Norton war solemn, stern and dignified to excess. He was also at once egotistical and sensitive to ridicule.

Judge Nelson was a wit, careless of decorum, and had a sharp voice. He did not like Judge Norton. At a bar supper Judge Norton in an elaborate speech, referring to the early days of Wisconsin, the rude practice of that period, and the discomfits of the profession in a new country, described in a tragic manner a thunder storm which overtook him in riding the old circuit. It was night in the forest; the scene was awful, and, said the Judge, "I expected every moment the lightning would strike the tree under which I had taken shelter."

"Why, then," interrupted Nelson, in his peculiar squeal, "why in thunder didn't you get under another tree?"

The party roared, the splendid period was spoiled, and the poor Judge sat down.

NOT CRAZY.—A man residing in a New England town, at some distance from a near relative, received a message one cold evening in December, to hasten to his residence as he was in a dying state. When he arrived he was told that his reason had entirely left him. The sick man presently turned his head, saying in a faint voice:

"Who is that?"

He was informed that it was his relative.

"Oh, ah," said he, "yes, yes. He must be cold. Make him a good warm toddy—yes, a toddy."

"I guess he ain't erzay," said the visitor to the friends standing around, "he talks quite rationally."

☞ What a soverign man is the intelligent and industrious farmer. Within his own domains of the earth he wields a scepter to which all must bend. The balance of the world's life and comfort he holds in his stalwart hands Neither courts, nor camps, nor armies, nor fleets can exist without his aid. He is the feeder—aye and the garmenter—virtually of the race. Cities spring from the traffics in the products of his industry. Commerce is born at his request. Of the State he is the "first estate." Lord of the land, no man has firmer hold of the essential title of nobility. And he needs no pleader, because he is a farmer. The day is great when the soil tiller was confounded with the clod turned by the plow.

Mr. Van Buren, it is said, is preparing a history of the times, beginning with the great struggle between John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, at the end of the last century, and to conclude with the present extraordinary year.

☞ A small young man visiting a prison in Maine, inquired of some of the prisoners the cause of their being in such a place. At last he asked a small girl the cause of her being in prison. Her answer was, "that she stole a saw mill and went back after the pond and was arrested." The young man left immediately.

☞ Why is a beautiful lady's foot like a romantic tale? Because it is most truly an interesting *leg end*.

Agricultural Department.

Every Man his own Nursery Agent.

As the time for spring planting is now near at hand to those who are unable to visit the nursery in person for the purpose of purchasing such trees, shrubs, plants, bulbs, &c., as they wish to set, and those who are waiting for an agent to call and take their orders, I would suggest what seems to me quite as good a way as either of the above for the procurement of horticultural wares. It is no new discovery; but doubtless there are many to whom it has never occurred; and, of these, some may be benefitted by having it proposed to them.—Indeed within the last few months I have heard persons who pay considerable attention to gardening express their regret at not having had an opportunity to obtain such and such things from the nursery, and attribute their disppointment to the fact that no agent had called on them soliciting orders, as if there were no other means of communicating with the nursey than through an agent, or by a personal visit.

An important preliminary to making out an order for a nursery, however it is to be filled, is the procurement of a catalogue. Even when the selection of varieties is to be left to the judgment of the nurseryman, which, provided he is konest, is generally best—unless you know exactly what you want—yet there are always preferences as to the size, color, time of blooming, &c., in the case of flowering plants; so that to a person of limited acquaintance with such matters, the information contained in a descriptive catalogue of flowers is of great use in giving general directions. Also, in case of fruits, it is desirable to know something of the character of the different kinds, from which a selection is to be made, even when the choice is to be left to another person; and in no other way can such knowledge be gained so easily and cheaply as by means of a descriptive catalogue of fruits.—Again, one intending to purchase nurserymen's goods naturally wishes to know the prices at which they are sold; and as the cost of each article is stated along with its description in the catalogue, these little books leave nothing to be desired on that head. And when we consider at what trifling expense these pamphlets may be obtained—by merely writing to the nurseryman, stating what you want, sending your address, and enclosing a postage stamp for each volume—it is a wonder how any one can feel able to do without the pleasant and valuable information they contain.

Having concluded what you want in the way of fruits and flowers, or determined to let the nurseryman you deal with decide for you, if you cannot go and bring away your purchases for yourself, there is no better way than to make out a list stating as nearly as possible your choice of trees, plants, shrubs, &c., estimate the cost of the whole, enclose the list and the cash in a letter to the proprietor of the nursery, telling him what discretionary power he may exercise in filling your order, what he may add to your list in case there is an overplus of money, what to strike off should there be a lack, and sending your address and directions as to the mode of transportation of your package. By return mail you will get a letter acknowledging the receipt of the money, and containing a promise to fill your order as soon as suitable and convenient. In due time, with perhaps less liability to destruction or accident than the stove you order sent by canal or railroad from the hardware store, or the chairs from the cabinet shop, you receive your purchases, at small expense for freight; and so skilfully and securely packed that it is a real pleasure to undo and take them out of their envelope of moss, straw and twine. If on examination, the articles appear more numerous, and of course cheaper than was expected, you may be as agreeably surprised as was the writer at finding that several items of a bill accompanying a package of nurseryman's goods set down at prices considerable reduced from those named in the catalogue, (whether a new or an old one I cannot say,) furnished by an agent but a short time before.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1860.

Moore's Rural New Yorker.

TURNING STOCK TO GRASS EARLY.

In the last number of the *Farmer* I noticed an article on turning stock to grass early, and that you requested your correspondents to give their experience on that subject. Since then I have talked with some of our most experienced graziers, and find this opinion to be general in this county, (which annually fattens for market upwards of twenty thousand beeves,) the earlier cattle are turned to grass the better. When I commenced grazing, four years ago, I found this to be the general practice, and I followed it without making any experiment myself, but I am informed by one of my neighbors—Mr. Charles J. Stovin—who has grazed for thirty years past, on an average, two hundred head of cattle annually—that he has seen the experiment tried. Two lots of cattle, equal in all respects, and which had been wintered alike, were selected in the spring, and one lot turned to grass ten days earlier than the other. The first lot took a start of the other and maintained it through the season, being ready for market one month sooner than the second lot.

A gentleman by the name of Fletcher, in the upper end of this county, was in the habit of reserving one of his sod fields through the winter and turning out a lot of cattle about the middle of February. He was thus enabled to send them to market about the first of June when beef is generally high. He was a very successful grazier.

There can be no doubt whatever as to the fact that, in our county at least, the sooner we can get them to grass in the spring the better. The grass at that season is tender, and has the quality of purging the cattle, loosening their hides and causing them to shed off. It thus prepares their systems to take on fat rapidly as soon as the pasturage becomes stronger and more mature. Later in the season it seems to lose this quality in a measure. I have known men to turn their cattle on their meadows for eight or ten days, early in the spring, so as to give them a start against the regular pasture becomes fit to turn on.

This is one of the finest grazing sections in the country. The land seems to be naturally adapted to grass, running into a sod very quickly after a fallow. One of my neighbors—Mr. J. J. Hunton, of Woodstock—has a field of one hundred acres of greensward, upon which he fattens from eighty to ninety head of cattle every year; and in a good grass season I have seen portions of the field from which a good swath of grass might have been cut when the cattle were taken off in July. On the rest of his estate he fattens about two hundred head.

On the adjoining estate of Airley, Mr. Chas. J. Stovin fattens about two hundred and seventy-five head. He has a field of about one hundred and fifty acres, on which this spring he turned one hundred cattle and ninety sheep, and kept them there until the first of June, when a portion of them were moved off. The grass is now nearly knee-high over the field.

American Farmer.