

Poetry.

The Sleeping Child.

A brook went dancing on its way, From bank to valley leaping;

And by its many margin lay A lovely infant sleeping.

The murmur of the purring stream Broke not the spell which bound him,

Like music breathing in his dream A lullaby around him.

It is a lovely sight to view, Within this world of sorrow,

One spot which still retains the hue That earth from heaven may borrow.

And such was this—a scene so fair, Arrived in Summer bright,

And one poor being rested there, One soul of radiant whiteness.

What happy dreams, fair child, are given, To cast their sunbeams o'er thee?

What visions glide before thee? For wandering smiles of childhood mirth,

"Oh, dear," grumbled Fritz, "how shall I begin. Do you want me to make you laugh, or would you rather cry?"

"You can't get me to cry," said little Ada stoutly.

"Oh, of course not," responded Fritz, "after I finish the story I shall pass round the hat for the audience to drop a few tears into it, but I didn't suppose you'd have any to spare!

"Ahem! I'll begin with the weather: It was a delightful evening in October. The harvest moon was smiling in a very sweet and melancholy manner,

and shaking down her silver hair most mournfully.

"No matter about the moon," said Blanche.

"What's that you say?" said Fritz, "you've interrupted me, and now I shall have to begin again: It was an Autumn evening, the stars looked as bright as new pins,

and twinkled as if somebody was picking 'em into a blue toilet-cushion, and would make 'em stay.

"The man in the moon was sailing across the sky in his beautiful silver boat. In about the space of ten minutes he had sailed across the sky, and no signs of a star. But this wicked foot-stool was brushing all over with horrors.

The Chinese were chopping people into mince meat, the Italians were having a fuss, and the Americans had begun to set down for a bloody Winter. This Fritz Deacon was called in the scene of our story. All was so quiet on the Potomac, that you might have heard a pin drop.

"Oh, he's past the doctors! Mother made some lemon syrup, and sent me to take it to-night, and you ought to have seen how grateful that poor woman looked—you see, they had it any sugar?"

"Why, do they live in this locked city?"

"Oh, of all things!" cried Fritz, clapping his hand over his mouth. "My tongue has such a way of tripping! I wish I were gone now, it's my Aunt Katrina, if you want to know. Her husband and oldest boy were both killed at Fair Oaks, and if she wasn't the blessedest Christian and the bravest woman in the country, she would have given up long ago. They used to live just as cozy as anybody before the war, but now every thing happens all at once. They've all had the diphtheria; two of the children have died, and Auntie's throat is still very tender. Why, she looks like a ghost, said the boy, brushing off a tear. "There, I've talk'd myself blue as lead. It's no kind of a story, but it's as true as breathing."

"There was a story in the sitting-room; it was Deacon Harlan putting on his overcoat. Fritz hadn't made out much of a story, to be sure; but it had called tears into the eyes of a hard-faced man."

"I'm going out in five minutes," said Fritz, "and a trifling matter I had forgotten to tell you. The sitting-room was Deacon Harlan putting on his overcoat. Fritz hadn't made out much of a story, to be sure; but it had called tears into the eyes of a hard-faced man."

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Slave Constitution; and in the absence of any scheme on the part of the North to alter or amend that Slavery Constitution, it was not deemed worth much tears or words to maintain it as it was. Now it is different. The difficulty is met; and it only remains for the Northern members to carry the measure through the Congress. Should the South, through the exasperation of war, refuse to move toward a settlement, then at least the North shall have washed her hands clean of the connection, and placed herself in a position ever afterwards to command the admiration of all the free nations of the earth. It is vain now to complain; but we cannot help saying that if this proposal to buy out the slaves had been proclaimed from the capital two years ago, it would have done no more than had it broken out, it could not have survived one campaign. But let us be thankful for what is. Who knows but the Most High has been leading this great nation through all this agony, that they may, when looking back, see the sinfulness of slavery, and the more appreciate the breath of freedom in all their veins?"

It is in vain now to detail the propitious causes of the war, such as tariffs, and territories, and so forth—undoubtedly, slavery was the remote cause of all these troubles. The proximate cause of the Crimean war was Russia's ambition, but the remote cause was the desire of the British heart, and bondage to Satan. So with American troubles, certain matters constituted the occasion of them—the cause in the distance was slavery. Had England not imported her 30,000 Africans into the like, there would probably have been no battles about repression, about free trade, or about the purchase of Louisiana or Florida; no conquest of Mexico, no Missouri compromise, no fugitive slave law, and no war would have sacrificed the tens of thousands who sleep in soldiers' graves by the historian and along the beautiful dells of history.

In the absence of such a declaration of policy as the President has now made, honest and slavery-hating men at length said, and said it in sorrow, "the division of the States is the shortest road to freedom."

When Puss Darwin was three years old, she had a very happy home. Her name was Puss, but her father and mother called her so because she was a pet. She lived in a beautiful country-house. A room was given her to sleep in, and another to play in. "I wish you could have seen her play-room!" It had a baby mansion and half a dozen dolls, that were supposed to be her playmates. The dolls had no right to complain of want of comfort; for the bed-rooms were furnished with couches, but rears, looking-glasses, drawers, and every thing to make them convenient. The parlor was perfectly elegant. It had lace curtains, satin-covered furniture, books, and all kinds of pretty conveniences, and the kitchen was well supplied with cooking utensils, crockery, etc. If the dolls were not satisfied, I can only say they ought to have been, and that they were very unreasonable.

Besides all this, Puss had a pony, a garden, and almost every thing a girl could wish for. When she was six years old, a great change had come. The beautiful country-house had been sold, and she lived with her parents in a small, scantily-furnished room in New York city. Her mother was discontented, and her father's face, which had been so handsome and bright, had become covered with wrinkles. The pony had been sold, the dolls had given up housekeeping, and none of the family knew what had become of their house.

Little Puss was ragged, clothed, and had all kinds of troubles, and she was not enough to eat. She used to help her mother as she could, and she used to do some thing for her father. I'm almost ashamed to say what it was—try and think I'm whispering. She used to take a run-bottle and get it filled at the tavern for him. Her mother had a great deal to say about it, but she was the reason why the house and the pony had been sold. Run had made the garden to disappear, for the dolls to give up housekeeping, and painted the red spots on her father's face.

Puss often cried about it, and Lord Jesus had all her troubles, and asked him to take them away. One cold Winter's morning her father said to her, "Puss, take this bottle, and this fifty cents, and go to the tavern; tell them to fill it with the best whiskey. The took the bottle and money, and stood looking up at his face for a moment, then burst into tears."

"What is the matter with my little girl?" said he. "Dear father, I don't know but it's very naughty for me to ask you, but I will have no more of this kind of thing. I'll go without the whiskey and let your Puss buy some shoes?"

He trembled very much, he looked at her a moment, then snatched her up, pressed her to his heart, covered her with tears, and said, "My darling child, you shall have the money. I will never send you to the tavern again. I will never drink whiskey any more."

Love for his child had overcome him. Mr. Darwin kept his word. In two years Puss lived again in the beautiful house. She had another pony and a garden, the dolls had been re-commenced housekeeping, and her mother was as handsome and bright as before. They were all very happy together.—Sunday School Times.

yard will contribute its full share to the profits and comfort of the farmer, exceeding as it does in the matter of pleasure every other branch of rural economy. Attention to the following matters will result in having the poultry house successfully managed during the Winter:

1st. See that the apartment for the poultry is made warm. If possible, have a large window in the south end of the room to admit the warm rays of the sun.

2d. Provide a litter of straw or leaves in one of the poultry house. Nothing gives so much comfort to the hens as a warm bedding to scratch over and recline upon.

3d. Give occasionally a supply of wood ashes, plastering, lime, &c., and water. 4th. Give once a day a trough of moderate, boiled potatoes and meal may be given.

5th. Feed regularly—at least twice each day—and have an occasional change of food; that is, give corn, barley, oats, &c., once a day, and if the weather is moderate, boiled potatoes and meal may be given.

6th. By following these rules, hens will lay nearly all Winter. Provide, therefore, suitable boxes for nests; and gather the eggs before they freeze, for they freeze quickly after they are laid.

Feed for Farm Horses. When I was a boy in the North of Vermont, we used to feed dry hay and oats to the horses, but the horses which were very common among them at that time, owing to feeding too much dry hay and oats, and driving too fast when full. We then supposed they ought to have been fed for them all the time. This is a false idea; all kinds of animals will do better on a better condition of food, than on too much dry hay. You may have seen a fine animal, that will not eat much, and I came to Massachusetts about twenty years ago, and was engaged in the teaming business about seven years. I began to feed out hay and cornmeal, and found the horses would do more work and last longer, and be in better condition, when kept on dry feed. Cracked corn and oats make a very good feed for non, when in a hurry. I would feed carrots all Winter in small quantities, especially to young horses and breeding mares. This keeps them in a healthy condition. Team horses may be fed on them, but I do not think the amount of hay should be fed, this depends on the size and age of the animal. I would advise all owners to keep their horses, especially those they use in good condition, at all times. Cattle ought not to have much grain, unless very thin in flesh; they are often injured by grain. A few ground oats, with cut hay or straw, wet and mixed, and half a pint of ashes added once in two or three weeks, all colds need be kept off. The ashes keep the bowels open, and if it is said, feed from worms. If there is any on Vermont, where they are not, are cheap, would be a good thing to mix with your grain. I feed, and consider, will pay for the time and trouble.—Cor. Am. Agriculturist.

Barrell's Indian Vegetable Worm Confection. This is a medicine for the cure of worms in children and adults. It is a pleasant and effective remedy, and is sold by all druggists.

Domestic and Foreign News. This section contains news from various parts of the world, including reports on the war, politics, and local events.

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