Unknown beneath those Indian skies-As on the gentle morning air. The god-like strains rose full and clear, With hearts spell-bound, the Indian throng, Stood listening to the sacred throng. Their worship done, their chief advanced, And stood before his collant line His proud eye on the Iudian glanced, Then waved aloft a peaceful sign.

Ocala's King, with steady gait, Advanced the Spanish Knight to meet: Say, pale-faced chief! whence comest thou? Thou of the bright and beaming brow? Why dost thou wander thus unknown? What purpose with us dost thou own? Dost thou seek here the paths of war? Or wilt thou break the bread of peace?

For brave and fierce our warriors are, Yet we're a hospitable race. To whom De Soto thus replied :-"I come from o'er the Atlantic tide. A loyal knight of mighty Spain, The proudest realm of Europe's main; Where power and wealth, by all confessed, O'erreaches e'en the golden West; With peaceful purposes come I here, And only seek thy friendly cheer: The cross that waves above our band, Gives peaceful signal to thy land! Brave Chief! then let thy warriors rest

And joining it the social feast, We'll seek the shelter of thy halls." "Welcome, pale-chief! I offer thee My people's welcome, warm and free" The Spaniard and the Indian then, Met as they ne'er should meet again! In friendly grasp they hold each other; E'en as one heart should meet its brother. All day the Spaaiards tarry there, Partaking in the Indian fare; The social feast, and dance, and song, Unite them in one happy throng. Religion's zeal, and gold, and war,

Their arms against their friendly walls

Forgot their dark and gloomy traces, Nor raised one cruel voice to mar, The meeting of those stranger races,

But in that band one gallant knight, More brilliant seemed than all the rest; From whose bright brow beaming light Had kindled in one Indian breast, That tender, deep and burning passion, Which knows no rule, nor taste, nor fashion. De Soto's noble form and mien. His lofty form and flashing eye,

Oft in the brilliant halls of Spain,

Were deemed the chief for knightly beauty, And many a Spanish heart had burned, For him with passion unreturned; And many a gentle glance of love, Essayed his stubborn heart to move; And many a bright and warm love-token; And many a whisper gently spoken, Had vainly sought within his breast, To kindle love at love's behest-What wonder, then, if he awaken,

The fire of some young bosom there, Where tender cords of love are shaken, Like tendrils in the breatning air.

Within the Indian crowd there stood, One on whose dark but gentle b Mantled the pride of Indian blood. And Indian beauty's sunlit glow. Ocala's sole and darling child, Doth at her father's feet recline-Chuli, the young, the brave, the mild-Chuli, the slender, graceful pine :

The flashes of whose rich black eye; Whose tresses free and glossy wave; Made many a youthful warrior sigh, In hopeless love her willing slave-Chuli, whose fresh and tender soul, Had ne'er throbbed with love's control-Chuli, whose virgin heart was strong,

With cords that loved the wild birds note; Whose thoughts and feelings all were sprung From throbs so pure they faltered not-Now felt her heart's quick pulses beat, With quicker motion's warmest heat. As on De Soto's knightly face, She looked with fond and lingering gaze, She felt within her bosom swell, Emotions warm, and strange, and deep,

As fancies o'er the sleeper dwell, That wake him from some happy sleep. She hung an every word and look-Her dark eyes watched his every move.

Until her young heart gently shook. With a full sense of beaming love! And every flash that crossed his brow, Seemed brighter, brighter still to glow, As o'er her gentle bosom came. The throbbings of a kindling flame.

To those whose hearts are early taught, In all Vie snares and arts of feeling; Whose youth's fresh hours are all forgot; First-love is an ideal thing. But that young being with heart unlearned In passion's bright, though troubled life,

Whose gentle bosom hath not beamed, With love's intense and thrilling strife. In that sweet hour when first it feels, The thrill that all of love reveals. Dwells with a fond and growing pleasure, Upon its rich and new-found treasure; . The words of love that first are spoken, When first young passion's seal is broken; The tears of joy that first are shed, O'er hopes we think will never fade-The tender looks that first are given, Seems fonder, brighter, more like heav's Than all that after life e'er brings; All that the fullest sense can cast,

Upon that weary heart whose strings, Hath felt first love, and feels it past! It knows not when its hour will come, But like the young and tender bloom, Waiting some searchless, unknown ray, To melt its gentle charms away-Sleeping at night a folded blossom,

At morn bath oped its glowing bosom --But when that love is fruitless-vain And derived unknown-untold to sleep-

ts dream of bliss is mingled then, With agony intense and deep!. Yet there are times when thus we love. When all our hopes must lifeless prove, And vain each dream of bliss we cherish, And ev'ry tear, and ev'ry sigh, As foot-prints on the strand that perish. Yet we must live on-or die! Twas thus that Chuli, in that hour,

When first she felt love's virgin blush, Felt, too, the shade of fate's durk power, Upon her tender heart-string crush! She kuew she loved that bright-browed one, Whose fate and hers must part forever; She felt the hour come swiftly on, Which would her dream of rapture sever

She knew 'twas misery, death to her, Yet could she not her love defer? But growing still with deeper yearning, Within her soul the flame was burning. And as the vain and fiery dream, Dwelt in her soul with withering breath, All her young love of life became, The fondest, deepest, prayer for death.

The sun was setting in the West, Whilst hues of glory marked his way; And realms of beauty oped their breast, To greet the mighty god of day, As that knightly band went forth, Wending towards the fateful North; And wondering still, as when at first, Upon their startled gaze they burst, The Indians watched the light that fell,

From their receding coats of mail.

In floods of gold the sun went down-The last trace of that band was gone! But still with long and ling'ring gaze, The Indians watched the fading rays-Save she who had been deepest moved-Save she who had so strongly loved-Who, when she saw that band depart, Felt desolate and broken-hearted--Whose life was death--whose love dispair-Sad Chuli watched no longer there!

No longer in Ocala's walls, Was heard young Chall's happy song; No longer at her joyous calls, The youthful warriors eager sprung Long did Ocala's maiden's grieve, For her, the pure, the loved, the mild; And long close of gentle roe, Chanted for her their dirges wild. Twas said that in the Silver Spring, Despairing Chuli found her grave-And that those lights whose gleamings fling, Such streams of beauty through its wave. Do all their brilliant hues inherit,

From Chuli's pure and loving spirit! That there the Indian maidens went, Where Chuli's soul immortal smiled; That there her sire his footsteps bent, To gaze upon his beaming child.

# Sketches of Life.

#### A PEEP INTO THE OFFICE OF A SAVING'S BANK.

BY MRS. DAVID OGILVY.

There are no places in London more provocative of speculation to the thoughtful stranger than the public buildings and offices of business. Their huge door,banging continually with the ingress and egress of visitors, the large lettered names on their faces-cabalistic to the stranger, familiar as household words to the "city man "-their mysterious blinds, the grave faces of the folks who hurry in and out, and particularly the utter impossibility of knowing what they went in to do, or are all so many stimulants to the appetite of the curious gazer, and stir him up the solemn fastnesses. "But are you going in here to this

small, shabby, brown-blinded house ?" "Yes-I have some money to get there for a sick servant. Come in—you will see a page not unchequered in the daily history of this wonderful metropolis."

You see at once this is no bank for the moneyed keepers of carriages, wherein to deposit their thousands, and their tens of thousands. It bears legibly on its front For the Poor," written in the dingy wire blinds, thickened by layers of impenetrable dust-in its narrow entrance-its unimported passage. Here are no swingdoors glaring with brass plates, no carpet ed ante-room, no plate-glass windows and airy office. You find the straitened passage, still further straitened by a greasy wooden railing; your foot passes over a fozy old mat; the well handled door at the further end is dark and repellingeverything speaks of the Poor. The very air is scented with a memory of their various trades; the groom has brought here a hint from the stable, the washerwoman gave a whiff of soap-suds, the dyer his most fragrant weeds; and to crown all, the pipes and the mock Havannas have left records of their visit to the savings' bank-

yes, the place smells of the Poor! You have now entered by the half-door the other side of which conducts the passers out along the other path from which you, coming in, are divided by the aforesaid greasy wooden railing. The room is lighted—like a melon-bed—by sky-lights f very small panes; it is as hot as a meon-bed and as close, for this is June, and the attendance is very numerous. All round the walls runs a bench, which owes its glossiness not to French polish, but to the ever changing crowd of occupants.— It is at present crowded, but you and I having given in the book of the bank, belonging to the absent depositor, must find a cranny somewhere to bestow our per-sons until the unknown operations, hidden from our view by that high balustrade have put our affair in train for our further assistance. This is the day for withdrawing deposits, and there is much to make us melancholy in the sight before us. Far different is the day for putting in money; how happy then look the proud possessors of superfluors cash!—how they fling down the money, and feel, for the moment, as great men as Rothschild or Coutts! Why it was only last week that little boy with his clothes

visit from the commissioners of the property-tax. To-day he is in changed moo "How much do you want, my little fellow?" says the clerk, kindly.

"Ten shillings," falters the urchin, and his eyes look very much as if he could cry, but wouldn't.
"Why that is all you have put in,"

says the man of office. "I knows it, but can't help; mother's had a lace gown she had to wash stole at the bleaching, and she's got to pay it." "Then you are not likely to put again

into the bank?" pursued the interrogator.
"I don't—don't know," said the boy, his distress fairly getting the better of his manliness; "it took a power o' hard work to save ten shillings, and now if I get any more, it'll all go to that lace gown, that mother couldn't help no more than you." And in spite of all effort, the poor child burst into tears.

"And what did so young a boy as you want to do with savings already ?" says a benevolent old gentleman, who has brought a power of attorney from some absent servant. "What did you mean to buy for yourself with all your money?"

The lad looked up, shyly, but searchingle, into the questioner's face; and seeing there only good wishes and kind thoughts, answered at once-" Why, sir, mother's a poor woman, and slaves like a nigger, and she lives out of the way, and berrow, and it does tire her dreadful this hot weather; so I thought I might get shillings and shillings, till I had enough to get a little cart and a donkey for her, to bring her in without trouble.

The old gentleman nodded his head and seemed to muse.

"Where do you work?"

"I works for the shops-runs errands carries parcels, and that sort of things; and I can write, so then I can get receipts and sign 'em, which some of the boys cannot do, and therefore I'm always busy."

The sequel of this little colloquy was, that the old gentleman-who was a wealthy merchant-inquired about the lad, and finding satisfactory replies, resolved upon taking him into his counting house, where I have no doubt, he will succeed, and realize his vision of the washing cart and the donkey for his mother. Meantime the three clerks who stand at those three open places, are calling, name by name, for the owners to come and sign various documents ere they are admitted to the cashier's corner, where they receive their mon-

ey and are dismissed.

Poor old widow! how feeble she looks, and how sad! she comes on a painful errand. Her only, and dear son, a bricklayer, has fallen from a scaffolding and been injured; and, though sufficiently recovered from the hospital, he is disabled for work, ane his mother must draw out all her little savings to support him and herself till he is again strong enough to work, as before, for the two.

After the widow, comes a widower-a little, grim, sour man, in rusty black; with a black, unshorn chin, that seems also m a dusky suit of mourning: He has lost his wife, and has come here to procure money, she, good, industrious woman had saved up during a course of ten years amounting to about twenty pounds. But eagerly as the bereaved looks for that all powerful consoler-gold, he finds unexpected obstacles between him and the obect of his desires. He must first bring rtificates from a magistrate or a clergyman, that he is the man who married that especial woman known to the bank as a depositor; and also he must prove that she left him the said money, and that he is thus empowered to claim it. To do this will cost him about half a crown, and delay his receiving the money for about ten days. The heart that bore a wife's death with fortitude, cannot calmly resolve to pay away half a crown out of the dearly purchased legacy! The widower waxes very wroth, and ejaculates sundry disrespectful epithets towards the inexora more to a longing desire to penetrate their | disrespection that genileman hears him quietly, and make the same ans ar to his petulant outbreaks-" must be done; must conform to the rules. it does not matter how small or large the sum is, the rules must be obeyed."

> Meanwhile, the other expectants are growing impatient. The dispute between he widower and the clerk is likely to be interminable: the one utters over and over again, the same complaint; the other makes the same freezing reply. The next on the roll-a burley drayman, come to draw out the necessary sum for the expenses of his tenth child-will wait no longer, ne pushes aside, with a vigorous shove, the not-to-be-satisfied widower: "Come, you've had your answer; go and get the stifficats, and make no more bones of the matter. I'm in a hurry; whose to listen to your growling? Here, you clerk, I want a fi-pun note for my good woman and be quick, will you?"

Mark those two girls sitting, side by side, on the bench; they are no relations, they never met before this minute; and their situations are as different as rose-color and and sepia are in tints. That tall, smart, lively damsel, with her large white teeth and glossy ringlets, has come for her money, that she may expend it in a wedding outfit. Do you see her bridegroom, how proud he is of her, and of himself too; oncious that his checked waistcoat is of the brightest, and his satin flowered with the gayest rose-buds! Pretty Harriet Lucas, his bride, is rather smart, we should say, for a nursemaid, as you hear her tell the clerk she is. Her silk flounced gown, lilac bonnet and flowers, pink and green shaded parasol, and immitation lace hankerchief, impress you, I see, in her disfavor; but you must not judge her too hardly. She has made her foible encouraged by her silly mistress, who dresses as much above her station as her servants do above theirs; and by giving them her cast off adornments, accustoms them to a sort of slatternly shabbly finery, very far from being respectable. You see Har-iet's shaded parasol is quite soiled, and the lilac bonnet is more than faded; but she got those from her mistress, who never thought what unsuitable articles of wear they must be for a young serving girl.— No wonder Harriet likes to be smart, seeso neatly darned, brought ten shillings of his own earning, and retired with the air ning calls. Bad examples from mistresof a man of capital-one whomight expect a ses make bad imitations in maids!

Meanwhile, the money is paid-the re-"Are you likely to pay any more into

this bank ?" asks the clerk. "No," blushes Harriet, with a conscious glance towards her affianced; as if asking him whether it is really true that they two are to leave London, and set up their small home in the quiet, secluded village of Hungerford.

Now they set off, with full pockets and happy hearts—first to the jeweller's, to buy the ring—then to a silk-mercer's, for the wedding-dress—then to the upholstery warehouse, for some smart London furniture to adorn their house. John fixes on a nice strong horse hair sofa, very cheap; but his fair lady has discovered a charming couch, covered with pale blue moreen on which she has set her heart. "True, it is much dearer; but then it is

so genteel. It is very much like one Mr. Burchell bought, such a bargain!" "But, my dear, it won't wear; it would be a bad bargain were it cheaper than the horse-hair, which would see out ten

of these trasheries." Harriet began to pout-"I declare it's very hard I cannot please my own taste,

when it is to be bought out of my own money, that I've been working so hard to save this long time." Such an argument was unanswerable John submitted to the thriftless blue mohas to bring all the clothes into town in a reen; but the prudence of his bride's But I don't mean to scold you now; you choice remains yet to be proved. At any

rate he purchased, by his concession, cloudless smiles for the whole of that happy summer day.

But we have left poor Anne Hatton

waiting timidly for her turn. Poor girl, she is pale and melancholy; and the coarse dress she wears is covered with rusty crape. So young, too, yet she has seen sorrow. You know at once, by her neatness of person, her sallowness of complexion, and small parcel of work, that she is a young dress-maker-a very skillful one her mistress would tell you, and the best was dead; the bursting of her love's dayfitter in her establishment. But she is past work now, and past all feeling of She moved mechanically from the room. pride in her skill. Six months ago she and went to the work-room; the girls came up to London full of health, and started forward at her entrance. "Oh opes, conscious of her own aptitude for her trade, sure of making a fortune, and that right speedily. Then she loved finery and pleasures, quite as much as Harriet Lucus does now: she was giddy downward?" and untried. Her principal, Madame Sarbaine, was an ill-natured, selfish, prosperous person, with a high reputation in her mother really dead !" the fashionable circles, a large connection in business, an increassing fortune, and an

Adolphe Sarbaine was indolent, easyempered, and selfish like his mamma; out he was execeding good-looking, dress ed well, and understood the art of flattery. His part in the establishment was to an- days she lay in great danger, but her swer the street-door; for it behoved so youth triumphed for the time, and she regreat a dressmaker as Madame Sarbaine to have a male attendant on her customers. and she was too stingy to go to the expense had had a good rating from his mother of keeping a footman. Adolphe did not dislike his post: he had the advantage of seeing all the lovely aristocrats who swept up to his mamma's door in their lordly chariots; and he was quite happy in the succession of imaginary love affairs which descended to accept his services as foot

When Anne Hatton, however, came rom the fresh meadow of Evesham, with all the fragrance and brightness of the country about her fair young face, Adolohe made the discovery that beauty and elegance belonged to no pecular set of the haut-ton. There was a sense of fitness and propriety about Anne that made every thing she did exactly what it ought nature. Adolphe first woundered at her -for she was a solecism in his creed of fashion-then he admired her, then he loved her. He began to arrange mentally woman, and afterwards receive her into partiership as his with Having been a spoiled chita, he made no doubt of his

Anne, who was a simple-minded' modmodest girl, was perfectly overpowered by the generosity of this offer : and dazzled by his fine person and honeyed words, thought she could never love him sufficienty. His vanity was fully gratified by her unbounded and artless adoration, but he was prudent enough to enjoin her to keep his projects secret for the present, until Anne had displayed so much genins in her art as to give color of propriety to his proposition for her advancement in dignity. Anne was well pleased to let metters continue in their agreeable state, and all went on smoothly till the end of February : then Anne heard that her poor old mother was seriously ill, and desired the presence of her only child. Anne asked leave of absence from Mad. Sarbaine; it was promis-

ed for the ensuring week, provided no obstacle rose to prevent her being spared. Alas! the first drawing-room was fixed usualyearly in the season, and the dress. nakers were overwhelmed with sudden and peremptory orders. Anne must go from house to house, trying and fitting on rich robes for the lovely debutantes-no espite for her! The weather was very old, with a bitter east wind : Anne caught cold, which progressed into a cough; her nind was in a most unhappy state; the accounts from her mother grew worse and worse: Often, when she came home at night, she thought of running away by tealth; but she was a timed girl, and the long journey, the crowds at the railway, and the difficulty of escaping from Madame Sarbaine's establishment, made her put off the deed until it was too late. The lay before the drawing-room she had been at the house of a young countess, alterning the trimmings of her satin train, which the lady had ordered should be done under her own eye. The Countess had been very cross, and found fault with all her exer tions; not a flower or ribbon was where she wanted it, and the whole day was spent in trying to satisfy her caprices. At last the difficulties were all overcome by the patient fingers of the yong artisle: the

fastidious soubrette declared " Que madem oislle avait un gout vraiment Perisien; and Anne, weary and dispirited, plodded her way home. Aolphe did not open the door as usual; one of the girls did, and said, with a rather significant gesture, that Madame wished to speak with her in the

"Any letters for me, Miss Niblett?" gasped poor Anne. Yes-no-it was not for you-for Madame ; she'll tell you.

A foreboding chill struckAnne's heart : she grew pale as death, she rather stag-gered than walked into the parlor and the presence of Madame Sarl aine. That lady sat very stiffly in her chair, very gravely eyeing the poor girl: her expresion was of mingled pity and indignation.— She was sorry for Anne's bereavement: but she had discovered her son's attachment, and was furiously enraged at the presumptous apprentice. She began in a curiously undecided tone; "I am sorry to tell you Miss Hatton, that your mother is dead, poor woman! There is the letter: you can read the particulars. And now, had it been at any other time, should have been seriously displeased: don't know how I should have punished you-an impertinent upstart to make love to my son! I dare say you thought you had it all your own way, Miss Prettily you forgot your station and mine! have trouble of your own: though I must say it looks very much like a judgement on your audacity! Now go away and let me hear no more of it. You must see that no young person so destitute of propriety, so forward and presuming as you have been, can be fit to remain in my establishment. You can depart on Saturday, when all the dresses are finished and sent home. I don't wish to be severe; I see you are in trouble.'

She might have expatiated for ever: Anne heard nothing but that her mother dream was unheeded at the moment-Miss Hatton!" cried one, "show me how to put on this ruche."

'Oh, Miss Hatton," cried another, "should these flower stalks lie upward or "But, good gracious!" exclaimed two

or three together, "how ill she look! Is

"Dead!" screamed Anne, at that word, and she burst into hysterical laughing, that presently put the whole room into confusion. Before night Anne was in a next only one sixtenth of the blood of the delirious fever, and in her wild ravings mingling the name of Adolphe with her callings for her dead mother. For some

oovered.

Alas for man's constancy! Adolphe for his folly, in caring for a designing chit like that Anne Hatton; and he had relieved himself by a burst of passion, and a defiance of his mamma, his disinterested affection died a natural death! tickleness was caught by the beauty of first cross between a thorough bred anihe cultivated for the sake of these haughty the season, a high-born fiancee, who came mal and our common cows, would be one out very frequently to arrange about half Durham; the next cross would give proved so popular, will be continued. her wedding parepharnalia. When Anne three fourths; the next would be seven Hatton returned after her illness to get eigths, and so on increasing in the same her trunk, her bloodless face and sunken ratio with each successive generation, uneves impressed him with horror instead of til a herd would be reared, nearly equallove. She had lost the beauty which had ing the pure-blooded Durhams in beauty won his light vows, and the selfish man and practical utility. Why will not our saw no charm in her patient and uncom- farmers generally avail themselves of such plaining sorrow. So have all Anne's ear- accessible means for speedy as d certain y hopes been cut of in the bud; she is re- imporvement? It would add to their turning to the home of childhood with a wealth individually, and benefit the counsad heart, and there is none to welcome try immensely. Instead of the poor, misto be; her liveliness was tempered by that same tact, and full of gaiety and glad-little savines to defray the expenses of her little savings, to defray the expenses of her journey to Evesham. Her eyes fill as of our country, we should have a breed Portraits of Distinguished Americans, she looks round the place. The last time that would justly become a source of to accompany the Biographical Sketches she came here, it was to draw out a sover- pleasure and pride to their owners, and exeign to buy a new gown, to go with Adolphe to the play. Then, all was brightness: now, the very faces of a charming project, that his mother should brightness: now, the very faces of the fat-cheeked boys, who copy all the entries into the ledgers, seem altered to her; the clerks look grim; the atmosphere is hot and sickening. She draws parents consent, and, with all the precip-itancy, told Anne, his passion and his step hurries out to the sunny, noisy street. To morrow she will be among the quiet that will make eight barrels of Indian fields: can they restore to her ner young corn, will make a ton and a half of clogladness, so soon deepa, ed? Can she live upon the memory of past happiness? As she sits, vainly striving to earn a scanty livelihood, by making Sunday gowns for the farmer's wives and daughters, will not the gaudy splendors of London come back on her? The luxurious residence of the nobility-the fair, languid features of of those stately damsels, whose forms she potatoes, yields \$300 in hay and \$500 in has so often robed—the glitter of the streets, the thunder of the equipages, the Sunday lounges with Adolphe in the

> ly-purchased tranquility? But we have forgotten our own business, and the clerk is calling one us most impatiently, "Really, we can't wait longer: office shut at two; it only wants eight minutes!"

park-will not these uneasy memories

fling a feverish excitement into the mono-

tony of her existence, and poison her dear-

And their dinners-the pork pies, the mutton chops-we are keeping the poor hungry creatures from one great pleasure of their humdrum lives. We present ourslves at the desk, sign the receipt, pocket the cash, and shuffle out along the dark passage. In our rear we hear a confused slamming down of desk-lids, fluttering of papers, pushing back of wooden stoo's, and gabbling of many tongues; and in a few seconds, clerks, cashier, and ledgercopying boys tumble pell-mell out of the office, and seizing sundry shapeless articles of head-gear, dive down the neighboring streets in search of their long-anticipated repast.

The savings' bank is shut for the day, and we are fain to take refuge in a confectioner's shops and bury ourselves and our experiences in a brimming glass of raspberry ice—"Another, if you please."
How delicious the fragrance of those strawberries! Those early peaches and hothouse grapes would soon squander all the savings we have seen this day withdrawn; but oh, how charming a sniff of that bo-

# Agriruitural.

Improvement of our Common Stock.

There is perhaps no one branch of agriculture which more needs improvement or which would become productive of greater profit to the agriculturist, than that of neat cattle; and it is gratifying to observe some little interest awakening in the minds of farmers of generally to this important branch of their profession. Improvement has been confined too much to the more wealthy; and the man who has been the most liberal in his expenditures to benefit the county in this particular, has not unfrequentlymet with the ridicule of his neighbors. But happily for such-more particularly for the countrypublic opinion is undergoing a change, are now in some degree availing themselves of its benefits. That our im roved breeds are greatly

superior to the common stock of the coun-

try, I presume no one will deny. This being conceded, it becomes a matter of no little importance to ascertain in what man- and is, I think, a little safer, or more so,ner we can most speedily avail ourselves Rural New Yorker. of the means within our possession for the improvement of our common stock. It is evident that we should seek a cross with some of the improved breeds, the relative merits of either of which I do not propose here to discuss. Every individual, before making choice of any particular breed, should carefully examine the subject, take into consideration his locality, and, more particularly, should consult his own taste, for unless fully convinced in his own mind that some particular breed is the best, he will probably make but slow advancement. Having made choice of the breed, it is evident that he should then seek to engraft its characteristics and good qualities upon his own stock. And here allow me to say that the farmer not unfrequently makes a great mistake. He procures perhaps a few half-bred heifers, and a male animal of the same grade, and commences breeding. Where is the chance for improvement in this selection? It is true that he may select from year to year his best animals, and thus advance slowly; yet the grade remains the same; will be continued in the next volume. or perhaps (which is more frequently the case) he procures nothing but a half-bred of the most interesting passing events, ap male animal, and with this intends to make great improvement. The first cross by this animal from our common cows would be but one fourth; this produces a-

gain, in like manner, one eighth, and the pure-bred animal, and so on, deteriorating the same proportion with each successive generation. It is perfectly plain that he has taken a wrong view of the subject, and that his improvement (!) will soon end where he commenced. The most speedy and successful improvement, thereore, can only be obtained by the selection and use of a thorough-bred or pureblooded male animal. His horn or Durham. The produce from the

For illustration of this, we will suppose the breed made choice of to be the shortcite the admiration of all .- Plow, the

### Imported Hay.

The annual influx of Ohio baled hay is again setting in at our landing. Now let us think of this! An acre of land yer hay, or a hundred bushels of Irish potatoes. A field hand can cultivate 20 eres in corn, or he can cultivate 20 acres in hay and five in potatoes. The corn in our market is now worth \$1,50 per bbl. So that the year's labor of a na. ting corn, yields \$240-while a year's to bor of the same hand cultivating hav and potatoes \$800 against \$240. Think of One Copy one year.... this !--- and yet the great staple of Tennessee is corn, shipped to distant markets: How long will our farmers continue to exercise such economy! Their land is wearing out under the corn crop. Clover tillage would rest and fertilize it. trust to see a speedy change in this condition of things .- Nashville Banner.

### Fences Without Rails.

Three years ago last September, when commenced farming, I built sixty rods of wire fence. In the first place I built a dyke by plowing and scraping twice on each side of the intended line of fence, making a ditch about one foot or fourteen inches in depth, and the dyke about eighteen inches above the natural surface. I then set posts eight feet apart; three feet in the ground, four feet above; put on four wires of No. 9, and at the top a board 3 1-2 inches wide. The wires were fastened at each end of the sixty rods to a large wrought spike, and attached to the other posts by wedge-shaped iron pins made of common nail-rods, with a hole through the head, through which the wires were drawn. When the wires were strained, the pins were driven into the posts sufficiently to bind the wires and prevent slipping.
When this fence was completed, I was

about as sick a person as you often find. It looked like the shadow of nothing, and I did not suppose it would be good for any thing, but it has stood the test three years last the difficulties were all overcome by the patient fingers of the yong artiste: the drapery fell most gracefully. The Countess tried it ou, and eyed herself, full of complacency, in the cheval glass. Even the panion.

but oh, how charming a sniff of that be thing, but it has stood the test three years and a ball, and not had ten minutes repairs, undergone in our Peep into the Office of a Savings' Bank!—London Ladies Complacency, in the cheval glass. Even the panion.

and it is hard work for them,-they have to root away the dyke, and crawl under. I intend to make more the coming season. and shall put a board one foot wide at the bottom, and the rest wire, and that will stop anything commonly kept in an

enclosure, Now as to the expense. The dyke was two days work of three persons and one yoke of oxen, \$8; posts, 120 pieces, cost \$9; setting, 2 days, work \$2,60; wire \$14; top board, \$2; putting on wire and boards, 2 days, \$2;—making the entire cost, \$37,60.

This brings the expense at something over fifty cents a rod, but the actual exnse to me was much less, as I had some boy help, and the prices in this estimate of work are higher than I paid. The scraper used in making the dyke was made of 1 1-3 inch stuff about six feet long, two feet wide, and edged with an old mill saw: public opinion is undergoing a change, it would scrape very rapidly, and do its and those who once opposed improvement, work better than an Irishman with a shovel. The actual expense of such a fence need not exceed 40 to 45 cents per

This fence, with the wires well painted. will last longer than any other fence usually built on a farm, requires less repairs,

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