Home Circle.

HUMAN LIFE.

Another spring time now is past,
Another summer gone,
And now the chilly autumn's blast,
And winter hurries on;
So life is made of fleeting years,
Of fleeting sarrows, joys and tears.

Life's spring time soon will pass
And youthful scenes soon fade,
Like early dews upon the gras,
Likh flowers of the glade;
And only live in hearts down deep
Where childhood'a memories never sleep.

We love to think of days gone by,
Those happy childhood hours,
Of vernal plains and sunny sky,
Our path all strewn with flowers,
And home returns, and town, and glen,
Comes brightly back to mind again.

Then summer comes; and riper years,
And riper aims, and plans,
More ripe temptation, toils and tears,
And stronger hearts and hands;
Our schemes have ripened like the grain,
Like waves upon the russet plain.

Then autumn comes; the heated noon,
The summer passion gone,
The harvest to be gathered soon,
The winter stealing on;
Life's work all done, our journey sped,
And we must mingle with the dead.

Written for the Rocky Mountain Husbandman.

FLOWERS.

What heart can be so insensible as not to join in the grand chorus of nature, and "on every hill" and in every green field to offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and the incense of praise? With each revolving year the simple lessons of infancy are recalled to our minds, when we watch the beautiful succession of nature and think "How doth every plant know its season to put forth?" The snow-drop and primrose make hasts to lift their heads above the ground, and when spring comes they are here to welcome it; the world is waking after winter and the joy of its renewed life laughs in every smile of color, and crowns earth with a diadem of leaf and bud, like a young Bacchus rousing from sleep to his revels. The carnation waits for the full strength of the year, and the hardy lurustinus cheers the winter months. Who can observe this and not exclaim, "Every field is like an open book," every painted flower has a lesson written on its leaves. They all whisper of Him who made them; they all tell us He is very good. Such sentiments instilled into the hearts of mortals have power, with the blessing of God, to preserve the moral feeling pure and holy, and also to keep the love of nature and memories of earth-life among the sweetest pleasures of mature life. Do not the flowers sing of the goodness of Him who made them? Yes, their's is a voice of music—at first as soft as the whispering of young birds, then deepening into a wild thrilling of spirit's melody pours fourth; and it spreads round and about, its living waves full, it grows a sea, a very flood of harmony, a hymn of praise, the articulate thanksgiving of dumb nature, the kindling into life and worship even the very trees of the forest—their music sounds the notes of holy triumph, awakening the brightest anticipations of felicity, they teach us of the "melody of heaven;" they will soften the savage breast, and they will animate the soul sufficiently to give permanent cheerfulness, ins'ead of being lost by effervescence.

They are the types of heaven; they reign in every poem written, in every art pursued, in every beauty treasured, in every God-like life and God-like death, and in our lands, which but for them would be barren as the great desert. From time immemorial they have existed, not in their present state, but in the wild beauty which God gave them, until they went through a series of stages of cultivation by the hands of mortals. They have decked the graves of the great Byzantine; they have crowned the heads of conquerors; they have been seen in the lands that heard Plato, and in the shadows of the past—the great past. And yet, these beauties of nature, as felt in modern times, seem to be almost unknown to the writers of antiquity. Eustace tells us that a few detached lines are all that is left in regard to them by the Roman poets. But religion had not lightened the face of nature; they knew not the language which she spoke, nor felt that holy spirit which to the Christian gives sublinity to these scenes. No man will impress them on his heart without becoming happier and better; without feeling warmer gratitude for the beneficence of nature, and deeper thankfulness for the means of knowing the Author of this beneficence, which revelation has afforded. "Behold the lilies of the field," says our Savior, "they toil not, neither do they spin, yet verily I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." In these words we perceive the deep sense which He entertained of the beauty even of the minutest works of nature.

The rose is the queen of flowers. With what a royal grace she wields her sceptre. Even mortals are allured by thy beauty, and stop to gaze at thee; and the birds stop on their journey to inhale thy fragrance; and the honey-bee longs for a rest in thy fragrant bowers.

In Egypt, among the plants that formed part of the vegetable mass, was the lotus, the flower that was considered sacred among the Egyptians, and was cultivated in the ponds at the sides of their temples. It is a species of water lily. From representations on the walls of their temples and tombs, it is supposed that the sacred flower of ancient Egypt generally grew in the edge of water or in a moist place.

On the Nile the banks are covered with dense vegetation, which includes many tropical plants. There the papyrus may be seen, whose name is preserved in the word "paper."

A recent traveler in Syria found what he calls a black calla. It had a leaf exactly like that of a calla-lily, and a flower nearly the shape of the blossom, only not quite so open and flaring. It had a large and long pistil the color of the inside of the flower, which was a rich, velvety black, or, in some lights, dark maroon, while the outside was green. It was a superb plant. He tried to get up a bulb to bring home, but failed in the attempt. He saw two specimens.

The pomegranate was greatly esteemed in ancient times, and is mentioned by Moses as one of the excellencies of the Promised Land, and by Divine command he was to make pomegranates on the hem of the ephod—a golden bell (the blossom), and a pomegranate around the hem of the robe. They were reproduced in the temple, upon the network that covered the chapiters, on Jachin, and Boaz, those noble pillars of brass. Solomon adorns his song of songs with allusions to this beautiful and pleasant fruit.

When morning dawns, and the first rays gild the eastern hills, all nature shakes off sleep and hastens to join the general welcome to the coming king of day. Even the vegetable kingdom shares the universal joy. All the flowers around us turn smilingly to his ardent gaze, bending forward in seeming reverence, throwing open their pretty cups, and casting abroad their sweetest perfume. This silent adoration of ten thousand thousand flowers is most beautiful and impressive, for, as Cicero says of silence, "There is not only an art, but an eloquence in it."

The spring daisy, or that most fragrant blossom, the wall flower, beautify every object however rough, rude or ruined, around which they wreathe.

Long, long before the regeneration of nations, the revolutions of empires, the redressing of every unjust act, the conquest of empires and liberties, the people's homage and and the monarch's crown, Adam and Eve were tempted by Satan to "Eat of this fruit and ye shall have knowledge of heaven and earth;" "Believe in me, follow me, and you shall have glory beside which Paradise is poor; kingdoms beside which Eden is a desert." They took of the fruit, and for what did it serve but to leave in their hearts disappointment, remorse and dishonor? Still, we should love these flowers, for our growth depends incalculably upon vegetation. And yet how often are these beauties of nature unheeded by man, who, musing on past ills, brooding over the possible calamities of the future, building castles in the air, or wrapped up in his own self-love and self importance, forgets to look abroad, or he looks with a vacant stare. But if, with a clear conscience, a love of nature, and a quick sense of the beautiful and sublime, we do contemplate the objects so profusely scattered around us by a bountiful Creator, with the interesting changes which are constantly varying the aspects of these objects, still our emotions become deadened by habit. We do not admire what is familiar to us, and therefore it is we must ever be ignorant of the true native sympathy between our own hearts and the true external world. To one banished, what pleasant recollections a flower from his native land brings forth. In such a moment he longs for that dead time, as the poet, Ovid, in the snow-bound forests of his Danubian exile, longed for the golden sunlight of the vine-covered land that knew his face no more. Yes, we should adore the flowers, and thank the good God for giving us what is useful as well as ornamental.

"All praise to Him who gave us flowers,
Mete for the altar and the tomb;
How bleak would be this world of ours,
'Reft of their beauty and perfume.'"

SUE.

THE editor who kissed his sweetheart saying: "please exchange," is believed not to have exceed the proper "liberties of the press."

TIME, as a river, hath brought down to us what is more light and superficial, while things more solid and substantial have been immersed.

A MID-WINTER MARCH.

Across the Backk-bone of the Continent.

BY CAPT. WALTER CLIFFORD.

EDITOR HUSBANDMAN: I have been on the road between here and Rawlins—68 miles—since the 21st of December, and have still 84 miles to go before reaching the end of my journey, and over roads fully as bad, if not worse, than the one I have already traveled over, or rather, I should say, through, for we have dug through miles of snow-drifts. I am in charge of the baggage for our regiment, and as the men and officers are not in any hurry to see me, but are very desirous of seeing their traps, I purpose staying with the wagons until they reach their destination if it takes all winter. Three of the wagons have gone ahead, and one still lags in the rear; for that one I am waiting, and while I wait, I am putting in the time making two sleds. Like the Red river carts, there is not a scrap of iron about them. The whole thing is made of cottonwood, frozen so hard that I fancy it will glide over the snow as one piece of hard, dry ice slides on another.

I wonder if you have heard of the terrible storm that struck us on the 22d of December? Even if you have, I half believe that it will interest you to hear from me the share I had in it. If you already feel bored, just chuck this into the fire; if not, brace yourself and read on.

On the 21st the wagon train of 24 wagons having pulled out the day before, Lieut. McCauley, 3d cavalry, Surgeon C. V. Pettys, U. S. army, and yours truly, started with an ambulance, a spring wagon and one baggage wagon, under charge of Sergeant Hill and private Grace, Co. "H," 7th infantry, to overtake the train and get through if possible, to White river.

We had heard rather alarming stories about the deep snow, but with the conceit born of years of service in Montana, decided that *we* could get through. No snow could stop *us*. We were *bully boys*, not to be stopped by a little congealed rain. We had been through the mill and could just knock the stuf'n out of any snow-drift that might confront us. Bah! those faint hearts whom we met coming in looking blue and white, with long, icy pendants clinging to their mustaches and beards, how we laughed at them. "Guess these fellows are hunting a stove," said Mac.

Our ambulance went rattling over the road which, smooth and hard, had afforded no lodging place for the fast-flying snow, which filled the air from both above and below. About ten miles out from Rawlins we first struck the snow drifted among the sage brush, which grows here "thicker than the hair on a dog." I don't mean one of these naked Mexican dogs, but a regular shepherd. Five miles of this and we began to be a little more moderate in our condemnation of those "faint hearts" who had turned back. Fifteen miles from Rawlins, and we "overtook" a cabin that at a distance seemed to be flying with the snow through space. Here we camped for the night in the shanty, together with a nondescript party. Sixteen of us slept on the dirt floor. During the night I thought I heard a ruction among the mules and determined to go out and see. So up I rose, strong in my desire to do what was right, and watch over the government property that had been entrusted to my care. Finding my over-shoes, I slipped them on and proceeded to step out.

"Where the devil are you going?" grunted a gruff voice as I planted my foot on a substance that yielded like rubber, and which, after mature deliberation, I concluded was a stomach.

I tried in another direction. "D——n it, keep your d——n big foot out of my face!" was snapped at me like a steel trap. "This is worse than the mules."

I thought they had quieted down by this time, and lapsed into bed again. But the rumpus outside again began, and I decided to go out. This time I crawled on all fours, feeling my way with my hands. The mules were only kicking against Jack Frost. Back to bed I went, crawling to it as I came away from it.

I wish I could have harmonized the snoring I heard that night. The shrieking of the wind outside was accompanied inside by snores in every key. I could hear Sergeant Hill muttering:

"Well, this is the d——dest outfit! If I couldn't sleep without snoring I'd put plugs in my nose. Here, you, give us the next verse," and he gave some one a kick.

"What are you doing?" in an injured tone.

"Just you lie awake now and listen to *me* snore," said Hill; "it's my turn now."

Morning came at last. I must confess that I had listened to the howling of the wind through the long night with feelings very unlike those that kept me company for the first ten miles out from Rawlins; and I was not at all surprised to see the great billows of snow that went flying past the cabin door. We knew that the train was only three miles ahead, and so we were in no hurry to start.

About noon on the 22d we overtook half the train at Big springs. The other half was in plain sight. With ten mules to the wagon, they were slowly trailing through the deep frozen snow. No mud that I ever saw could "hold a candle to it." The snow was just hard enough to hold a mule until he got fairly up on it, and then down he would go. The wagons cut it up in cakes that stood on edge like cakes of ice in a jam or gorge.

We loafed around the shanty at the springs until the wagons were out of sight, and then started, and even with the ambulance, had to stop and rest the animals repeatedly. A wearying dull of four miles brought us to "Separation creek," on top of the "Contintial divide." Here we found the wagons halted and went into camp. The wind had either gone down or we were in a sheltered position. We found a place on a point that was nearly free from snow, pitched our tent and set up one of Clifford's patent stoves.

The sun set red as blood. The wind, which had been blowing a gale from the south-west, fell suddenly, and a soft, placid air took possession of the scene. The red sunlight striking the unbroken field of snow, made it look like a sea of blood, flecked here and there with a curling foam.

Shortly after dark we were in the tent when I felt the canvas shake. Springing up, I went out, and lo, the spotless sky was covered in the north with a grayish-black mass of clouds that seemed to moan—and did moan. Stronger and stronger grew the wind, until it had increased to a tornado that bore on its bosom great flakes of snow, which whirled and edied about us in malicious glee.

Ha, ha! boys, don't be afraid, this is only fun."

"Well, this is in our backs; thank fortune," we said to one another.

"Let's go to bed," and to bed we went.

In the morning the wind was still blowing from the north-west, and the snow flying worse than on the day before.

A pack train came in from the south. The packers came to our tent with faces frozen and looking like dead men's faces.

All this day we remained in our tent burning up our scant supply of wood. Only a half mile away was an abundance of dry quaking aspen, but the snow was flying in such dense masses that I did not dare to order any of the men after it. The sage-brush was buried in snow, but we had to dig it out. In doing this both my ears were frozen before I knew it. When night came we had a pile of sage-brush inside the tent, and another outside.

The half of the train that had been left at Big spring had been brought over.

In the morning (24th) we found that the wind had whipped around to the south-west again, and it *seemed* not quite so cold, but water froze standing in a vessel only four feet from the red hot stove. The wagon-master, Mr. White, decided to essay a move with half the train. After a great deal of thumping of arms and hands the half train with ten mules to a wagon, started. They seemed almost to grow out of our sight over a ridge, and we settled back into our tent, waiting for the last half of the train to be moved. Luckily we did, for in a few hours the teamsters began to return with fingers, toes, cheeks and ears frozen. Some of them were so benumbed when they reached camp that they were just able to walk. They had deserted their wagons on the road. The wagon-master and those who remained with him, in trying to unharness the mules, were frozen still worse. With all this work and suffering they had succeeded in getting the wagons two and a half miles. Mr. White and those who remained with him, had managed to pitch a tent, and here Mr. W. lay with a frozen foot, disabled. Eighteen of twenty-four teamsters were more or less frozen. The outfit was completely unnerved and demoralized.

Not knowing that Mr. White was so badly frozen, I loaned private Grace my over-coat to put over his, put him on a horse, and sent a note to Mr. W. asking him to come over, as I thought of returning to Rawlins for fresh teamsters and desired first to consult with him. He replied that he could not ride a horse. In the morning (Christmas) I sent the ambulance after and brought him to camp. The snow was so badly drifted that this two and a half miles and return consumed five hours.

Upon the return of the ambulance I started for Rawlins with Grace and Gorham, "C" Co., 4th infantry, as drivers.

Fresh teamsters and forage for the animals were sent out, and the disabled ones taken in to Rawlins.

On the 26th, Lieut. McCauley and Dr. Pettys returned to Rawlins, and we made preparations for a fresh start. The coldest part of the cold wave seemed to have passed, though the weather was anything but pleasant or sultry.

On Sanuary 1st, 1880, Dr. Pettys and I again started. Lieut. McCauley had gone to Fort Steel to try the direct route from there to Snake river with pack mules.

Our first drive was to "Snoring Camp," as it had been christened, and our experience of the trip before was repeated with slight variations. This time eighteen of us slept on the floor of this 12x14 shanty.

In the morning we pulled out, and after a deal of hard pulling, passed half of our train just where we had left it on the 25th of December. The other half had managed to get through to "Lambert's ranch," an old Overland stage station. There we met Col. Sumner, 5th cavalry, Capt. Carpenter, 14th infantry, and Lients. Price and Robinson, 4th infantry. They had come through from White river, and their reports of the fearful condition of the country over which they had passed made my heart almost sink. My animals were already exhausted, and as we were ahead of the train, I concluded to lie over here all next day and put the baggage wagon on runners But when morning came I found nothing to work with but a dull axe, and worst of all, nothing to make runners of. The entire day was fooled away, and we went to bed no better off than when we arose.

While we were sitting around the stove that night Mr. Foote, one of the owners of ranch, drove up in a "jumper," and after I had made known our predicament, he told me to help myself to anything at the ranch I wanted, and fished out an inch auger from some scraps of old iron. There were some hewed pine house logs piled up near the house, and we took one of these in the morning, cut it in two, and with the dull axe, duller saw and inch auger managed to put a runner under each side of the baggage wagon. Then I turned the ambulance over to a wagon-master, with two of the mules, hitched the other two mules on the baggage wagon sled, and thus strengthened our impediments reduced one ambulance, we again started. The runners fortunately held on until we had passed through the deepest of the snow; then one of them lopped over, and we had to cut them both off. That night we used them for fire-wood.

In the morning, much to my satisfaction, I saw a long train of empty wagons coming toward us from the direction of White river. There were sixty-eight of them, and they had so thoroughly cut the snow up that we had no further trouble to this point.

Here we still wait. With a mountain range to cross, on this side of which lies from six to ten feet of snow; no wood on the road; no hay. The mules will have to be fed on sage-brush and grease-wood. But we are bound to go through.

If I am not buried in a snow-bank I may give you the second volume of this not very novel story.

I must do Sergeant Hill and private Grace the justice of saying that they have been invaluable. They are hardy, patient, willing, and better than all, intelligent.

Camp on Snake river, Wyo., Jan. 11, 1880.

Our Young Folks.

A young Miss just out of a country school sends the following effusion and asks us to read it and tell her what we think of it. She says:

MR. EDITOR: I send you my first poetical composition. I want you to read it and tell me, if you please, if it is poetry, and what you think of it. I know you will think me a sad creature, but I am not always so sad. I had just finished reading "Woman in White," and I thought how unhappy Lady Glyde must have been to marry a man that her parents chose for her when she loved another. CAROLINE.

Why amid this happy throng
Am I so sad and lone?
Why 'midst revelry and song
Is joy to my heart unknown?

Why should music's sad strain
So fill my heart with tears?
Is it that the melody whispers
Of a blighted hope of other years?

But for our modesty in the presence of young ladies we could explain at length our thoughts on the effort of the fair writer. The verses are pretty good for a beginning, but we incline to the opinion that Caroline's thoughts border a little on local love subjects, which it is said do not always run smooth. Try again; try writing prose. You may yet develop ideas which, when written, will be superior to the "Woman in White."

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

Life is but one common care,
And man was born to suffer and to fear.

—Be thy follies thy greatest secret.

—A willing mind makes a light foot.

—The obedient wife rules her husband.