

Original Poetry.

Silver Spring, Florida.
[CONCLUDED.]
Meanwhile in deep amaze they stood—
The Spanish band advancing still,
Till halting round the holy rood,
Prostrate in humble prayer they kneel—
In solemn, deep and earnest tone,
Their hymns of praise and worship rise;
Wafting a music all unknown—
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 brilliant line,
His proud eye on the Indian glanced,
Then waved aloft a peaceful sign.
Ocala's King, with steady gaze,
Advanced the Spanish Knight to meet:
Shy, 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 hand,
Gives peaceful signal to thy land!
Brave Chief! then let thy warriors rood,
Their arms against their friendly walls,
And joining in 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 held each other;
E'en as one heart should meet its brother.
All day the Spaniards 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,
Forgot their dark and gloomy traces,
Nor raised one cruel voice to mar
The meeting of those stranger races.

At morn' hath oped its glowing bosom—
But when that love is fruitless—vain,
And deriv'd unknown—untold to sleep—
Its dream of bliss is mingled then,
With agony intense and deep!
Yet there are times when thus we love,
When all our hopes most lifeless prove,
And vain each dream of bliss we cherish,
And e'ry tear, and e'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 dark power,
Upon her tender heart-string crush!
She knew 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 fatal 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 lingering 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 despair—
Said Chuli watched no longer there!
No longer in Ocala's walls,
Was heard young Chuli's happy song;
No longer at her joyous calls,
Did all their brilliant hues appear—
Long did Ocala's maidens 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.

visit from the commissioners of the property-tax. To-day he is in changed mood. "How much do you want, my little fellow!" says the clerk, kindly. "Ten shillings," falters the orphan, 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 know 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 get up 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 searchingly, 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 has to bring all the clothes into town in a barrow, 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 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 money 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, and 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 widow—a little, grim, sour man, in rusty black; with a black, unshorn chin, that seems also in 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 consolator—gold, he finds unexpected obstacles between him and the object of his desires. He must first bring certificates from a magistrate or a clergyman, that he is the man who married that special 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 wrath, and ejaculates sundry disrespectful epithets towards the execrable clerk; that gentleman hears him quite blank, and makes the same answer to his petulant outbursts—"It 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 the 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 burly drayman, come to draw out the necessary sum for the expenses of his tenth child—will wait no longer; he pushes aside, with a vigorous shove, the not-to-be-satisfied widower; "Come, you've had your answer; go and get the sufficant, and make no more bones of the matter. I'm in a hurry; you know to listen to your growing! Here, you clerk, I want a five-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 sepia are in tints. That tall, smart, lively dandy, 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; conscious that his checked waistcoat is of the brightest, and his satin flowered frock 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 bouret and flowers, pink and green shaded parasol, and imitation lace handkerchief, 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 above theirs; and by giving them her cast off adornments, accusations them to a sort of slatternly shabby finery, very far from being respectable. You see Harriet's shaded parasol is quite soiled, and the lilac bouret 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, seeing Mrs. Burchell trailing through the streets in light satins, or flouncing feathers, out in the glass elegance, which she hires when she wishes to be stylish in her morning call. Bad examples from mistresses make bad imitations in maids!

Meanwhile, the money is paid—the receipt signed. "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 the silk-mercer's, for the wedding-dress—then to the upholsterer's 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 moireen 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 yet 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 moiree; but the prudence of his bride's 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 craps. So young, too, yet she has seen sorrow. You know at once, by her neatness of person, her calmness 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 fitter in her establishment. But she is past work now, and past all feeling of pride in her skill. Six months ago she came up to London full of health, and hopes, conscious of her own aptitude for her trade, sure of making a fortune, and that right speedily. Then she loved fiery and pleasures, quite as much as Harriet Lucas does now; she was giddy and untidied. Her principal, Madame Sarbaine, was an ill-natured, selfish, prosperous person, with a high reputation in the fashionable circles, a large connection in business, an increasing fortune, and an only son. Adolphe Sarbaine was indolent, easy-tempered, and selfish like his mamma; but he was exceeding good-looking, dress-dressed well, and understood the art of flattery. His part in the establishment was to answer the street-door; for it behoved so great a dressmaker as Madame Sarbaine to have a male attendant on her customers, and she was too stingy to go to the expense 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 he cultivated for the sake of these haughty beauties, not one of whom would have condescended to accept his services as footman! When Anne Hatton, however, came from the fresh meadow of Evesham, with all the fragrance and brightness of the country about her fair young face, Adolphe made the discovery that beauty and elegance belonged to no peculiar 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 to be; her liveliness was tempered by that same tact, and full of gaiety and gladness as she was that of an aristocrat of nature. Adolphe first wondered at her—she was a solesiac in his creed of fashion—then he admired her, then he loved her. He began to arrange mentally a charming project, that his mother should promote the skillful apprentice to be forewoman, and afterwards receive her into partnership as his wife. Having been a spoiled child, he made no doubt of his parents consent, and, with all the precipitancy, told Anne, his passion and his intentions.

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 ourselves 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 stools, and gabbling of many tongues; and in a few seconds, clerks, cashier, and ledger-copying boys tumble pell-mell out of the office, and seizing snuffly 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 busy 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 hot-house grapes would soon squander all the savings we have seen this day withdrawn; but oh, how charming a snuff of that bouquet, under the silvery steaming we have undergone in our Peep into the Office of a Savings' Bank!—*London Ladies Companion.*

Agricultural.

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 unfrequently met with the ridicule of his neighbors. But happily for such—more particularly for the country—public opinion is undergoing a change, and those who once opposed improvement, are now in some degree availing themselves of its benefits. That our improved breeds are greatly superior to the common stock of the country, I presume no one will deny. This being conceded, it becomes a matter of no little importance to ascertain in what manner we can most speedily avail ourselves 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 engraff 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; or perhaps (which is more frequently the case) he procures nothing but a half-bred male animal, and with this intends to make great improvement. The first cross will be this animal from our common cows would be one fourth; this produces again, in like manner, one eighth, and the next only one sixteenth of the blood of the pure-bred animal, and so on, deteriorating in 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, therefore, can only be obtained by the selection and use of a thorough-bred or pure-blooded male animal. For illustration of this, we will suppose the breed made choice of to be the short-horn or Durlam. The produce from the first cross between a thorough bred animal and our common cows, would be one half Durlam; the next cross would give three fourths; the next would be seven eighths, and so on increasing in the same ratio with each successive generation, until a herd would be reared, nearly equaling the pure-blooded Durhams in beauty and practical utility. Why will not our farmers generally avail themselves of such accessible means for speedily and certainly improvement? It would add to their wealth individually, and benefit the country immensely. Instead of the poor, miserable, and almost worthless animals that are now too common in almost all parts of our country, we should have a breed that would justly become a source of pleasure and pride to their owners, and excite the admiration of all.—*Plow, the Loom, and the Anvil.*

and it is hard work for them,—they have to root away the dyke, and the coming under. I intend to make more of the eraser 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 expense to me was much less, as I had some help, and the prices in this estimate of work are higher than I paid. The scraper used in making the dyke was made of 1-3 inch stuff about six feet long, two feet wide, and edged with an old mill saw; it would scrape very rapidly, and do its work better than an Irishman with a shovel. The actual expense of such a fence need not exceed 40 to 45 cents per rod. This fence, with the wires well painted, will last longer than any other fence usually built on a farm, requires less repairs, and is, I think, a little safer, or more so.—*Rural New Yorker.*

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Sketches of Life.

A PEEP INTO THE OFFICE OF A SAVINGS' 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—calabastic 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 what they have done coming out; these are all so many stimulants to the appetite of the curious gazer, and stir him to the more to a longing desire to penetrate their 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 unenchured 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 white blinds, thickened by layers of impenetrable dust—in its narrow entrance—its unimported passage. Here are no swinging doors glaring with brass plates, no carpeted 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 foxy old mat; the well handled door at the further end is dark and repellent—everything 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 afore-said greasy wooden railing. The room is lighted—like a melon-bed—by sky-lights of very small panes; it is as hot as a melon-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 persons 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 superfluous cash—how they fling down the money and feel for the moment, as great men as Rothschild or Counts! Why it was only last week that little boy with his clothes so neatly darned, brought ten shillings of his own earning, and retired with the air of a man of capital—one whomight expect a