

POETRY.

A CITY-STREET.

BY MRS. WOOD.

I love the fields, the woods, the streams,
The wild flowers fresh and sweet,
And yet I love not less than these,
The crowded city-street.

I see within the city-street,
Life's most extreme estates,
The gorgeous games of passion;
The proud and doleful gates;

I see the rich man proudly fed,
And richly clothed pass by;
I see the shivering, homeless wretch,
With hunger in his eye;

And lofty, princely palaces—
What dreary deeds of woe,
What untold, mortal agonies
Their arched chambers know!

And ever, amidst all this scene,
As heaven's blue dome of summer air!

And ever the poorest citizen,
Within his doors doth lie,
Some household grief, some secret care,
From all the world to hide;

Hence it is, that a city street,
Can deep thought impart;
For all its people, high and low,
Are kindred to my heart.

And with a yearning love I share
In all their joys, their pain, their care!

Agriculture.

SOURCES OF THE NUTRITIOUS PROPERTY OF VEGETABLES.

The nourishing property of corn, wheat and other grains, is gluten contained in them.

Liver colic. Symptoms. The Discharge. Regu. Files. Tumors. Rheumatism. Ulcers. Retention of Urine. Scrophulous. Worms of all kinds. Stomachic. Weakness from a Stone and Gra-watercourse.

Dr. J. H. Watson, Proprietor of the Atlantic Dispensary, No. 15, Front Street, New York, has the honor to inform you that the above medicine is now on hand, and is offered at a very low price.

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more distant—a common illusion in the crystal atmosphere of these upland regions.

A curiously formed ridge—a cactus de prairie, on a small scale—traversed the plain from east to west. A thicket of cactus covered part of its summit. Toward this thicket I directed myself.

I dismounted at the bottom of the slope, and leading my horse slowly up among the cacti-plants, tied him to one of their branches.

I lay for several minutes, thinking over the different tricks known in hunter-craft for taking the antelope. Should I hoist my handkerchief, and try to lure them up? I saw that they were shy; for at short intervals, they threw up their graceful heads, and looked inquisitively around them.

I had no alternative, and was turning to go back for the blanket, when, all at once, my eye rested upon a clay-colored line running across the plain beyond the range of the cacti.

I saw a single antelope, at a distance of several hundred yards from me, grazing on the grass.

I was a difficult task proceeding in this way. The bed of the creek was soft and yielding, and I was compelled to tread slowly and silently, lest I should alarm the game; but I was cheered in my exertions by the prospect of fresh venison for my supper.

I brought my rifle to a level; sighted for the heart of the buck, and fired. The animal leaped from the ground, and fell back lifeless.

I was about to rush forward, and secure my prize, when I observed the doe—instead of running off as I expected—she up to her fallen partner, and press her tapering nose to his body.

I stood wavering between two plans. My first impulse had been to rush on, and kill the doe; but her pleading eyes checked me.

I looked at my rifle, and was about to remove forward, when to my astonishment, I found that I was caught by the feet!

I had my hand on the trigger, and I was about to fire, when I saw the doe's eyes fixed upon me.

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level of the bank. I had looked my last on the fair green earth.

Once more I fixed my gaze upon the sky; and, with prayerful heart, endeavored to resign myself to my fate.

I was attracted by my mind, filling me with happy hopes.

I lost not a moment. I raised my voice to its highest pitch; and called the animal by name.

I knew that having done this, he would not stop until he had pressed his nose against my cheek—for this was his usual custom.

My arrangements were at length completed; and with a feeling of solemn anxiety, I gave my horse the signal to move forward.

I sprang to my feet with a shout of joy. I rushed up to the dead; and, throwing my arms around his neck, kissed him with as much delight as a wife would kiss a beautiful girl.

I looked for my rifle. Fortunately it had not sunk deeply, and I soon found it.

I was not long in retreating from the arroyo; and mounting, I galloped back to the trail.

It was sundown before I reached camp; where I was met by the inquiries of my wondering companions did you come across the antelope?

I answered all these questions by relating my adventures; and for that night, I was again the hero of the camp-fire.

A CINCINNATI SLAUGHTER HOUSE.

We copy the following graphic account from a Western paper, of a system of slaughtering hogs in the butchering houses of Cincinnati.

Aside from the prodigious number of hogs, cattle, sheep and calves disposed of, there is an interest in watching the machine-like order of the work.

The hogs are kept in a large enclosure, where they are fattened, and where they are kept until they are ready for the slaughter.

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was at hand, however. He had often heard his parents speak much in praise of the bony lass of Scotland.

When he was leaving his office, his clerk was copying a duplicate order for manure to be sent as part of the return cargo.

At the same time, he wrote a private letter of instructions to his agent, Mr. McAlpin, giving a minute description of the article wanted.

Next day Mrs. McAlpin sat in council with Mrs. A. and B. In view of the fact that the ship was to be sent on the return of her own ship,

In ten days thereafter they set sail for America. They entered Chesapeake Bay after a voyage of twelve weeks, and in two days more they were in James's River.

Their descent from the ship, and repaired to the mansion of the widow, where they were received with the warmest hospitality.

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THE AMERICAN EAGLE.—Wee! I to point the American Eagle, I should draw it like a Bat, for its shapelessness, like a bat, is a power unknown to us, but probably an electric power, enveloped as it is in a thrilling and awful emanation.

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