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MY NAME.

In the land where I am going,
When my earthly life is o'er,
When the tired hands cease their striving,
And the tired hearts ache no more;
In that land of light and beauty,
Where no shadow ever came
To o'er cloud the perfect glory—
What shall be my angel name?

When the spirits who await me,
Meet me at my entering in,
With what name of love and music
Will their welcome words begin?
Not the one so dimmed with earth-stains,
Link'd with thoughts of grief and shame;
No, the name that mortals gave me,
Will not be my angel name.

I have heard it all too often
Uttered by unloving lips;
Even they dare in sin and sorrow
Dim it with their deep eclipse.
I shall change it like a garment,
When I leave this mortal frame,
And at life's immortal baptism
I shall have another name!

For the angels will not call me
By the name I have on earth;
They will speak a holier language,
Where I have my holier birth:
Syllabled in heavenly music,
Sweeter far than earth may claim,
Very gentle, pure and tender,
Such shall be my angel name!

It has thrilled my spirit often,
In the holiest of my dreams;
But its beauty lingers with me
Only like the morning beams:
Weary of the jarring discord
Which the lips of mortals frame,
When shall I with joy and rapture
Answer to my angel name?

Knowing Too Much.

We find in one of the Memphis papers the following anecdote of a man who knew too much:

During the administration of President Jackson, there was a singular young gentleman employed in the public service at Washington. His name was G.; he was from Tennessee, the son of a widow, a near neighbor of the President, on which account the old hero had a kind feeling for him, and always got him out of his difficulties with some of the higher officials, to whom his singular interferences were distasteful.

Among other things, it is said of him that while he was employed in the General Post Office, on one occasion he had to copy a letter of Major H., a high officer, in answer to an application made by an old gentleman in Virginia or Pennsylvania, for the establishment of a new post office. The writer of the letter often used classical language. In this letter he said the application could not be granted, in consequence of the applicant's "proximity" to another office. When the letter came into G.'s hands to copy, being a great stickler for plainness, he altered 'proximity' to 'nearness to.' Major H. observed it, and asked G. why he altered his letter.

'Why,' replied G., 'I don't think the man would understand what you mean by 'proximity.''

'Well,' said Major H., 'try him; put in the 'proximity' again.'

In a few days a letter was received from the applicant, in which he very indignantly said, 'That his father had fought for liberty in the first, and himself in the second war of independance, and he would like to have the name of the scoundrel who brought the charge of proximity or anything else wrong against him?'

'There,' said G., 'did I not say so?'

G. carried his improvement so far that Mr. Barry, the Postmaster General, said to him,

'I do not want you here; you know too much.'

Poor G. went out, but his old friend, the General, again got him another place. This time G.'s ideas underwent a change. He was one day very busy writing, when a stranger calling in, asked him where the Patent Office was.

'I don't know,' said G.

'Can you tell me where the Treasury Department is,' asked the stranger.

'No,' said G.

'Nor the President's house?'

'No.'

The stranger finally asked him if he knew where the Capitol was.

'No,' replied G.

'Do you live in Washington, sir?' said the stranger.

'Yes, sir,' said G.

'Good Sir! and don't know where the Patent Office, Treasury, President's house and Capitol are?"

'Stranger,' said G., 'I was turned out of the Post Office for knowing too much. I don't mean to offend in that way again. I am paid for keeping this book; I believe I do know that much; but if you find me knowing anything more, you may take my head.'

'Good morning,' said the stranger.

WHAT TROUBLE IS.

A company of Southern ladies were one day assembled in a friend's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on earthly afflictions. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavements to relate, except one pale, sad looking woman, whose lustreless eye and dejected air showed that she was a prey of the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself she said in a hollow voice:

"Not one of you knows what trouble is."

"Will you please, Mrs. Gray," said a kind lady who knew her story, "tell the ladies of what you call trouble."

"I will, if you desire," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish and was always gay and light hearted. I married, at nineteen, one I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired, but the sun-light never fell on a lovelier one, or on a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night about sundown, one of those fierce storms so common in Southern climates came on. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly.

Morning dawned; still the elements raved. The little stream near our dwelling become a raging torrent.—Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water. I managed with my babe, to reach a little spot on which a few wide-spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection; while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never arose again. Ladies, no one loved a husband more—but that was no trouble.

Presently my sons saw their danger, the struggle for life became their only consideration. They were brave, loving boys, as ever blessed a mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only a mother can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing nearer to each other, as their little island grew less and less.

The sullen river raged around the huge trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowned cattle and masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me and then pointed upwards. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you mothers, cannot imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish, and yet that was not trouble.

I hugged my little baby to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet, I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it until an all powerful hand stayed the waves, that they should come no further. I was saved—all my worldly possensions were swept away—all my earthly hopes blighted—yet that was not trouble.

My babe was all that I had left on earth. I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him to the right way, but as he grew older, evil companions won him from me—he ceased to care for his mother's counsels, he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the purpose of evil, and at last when heated by wine one night, he took the life of a fellow being, and ended his own on the scaffold. My Heavenly Father had filled my cup of sorrow before, but now it ran over. This was trouble, ladies, such as I hope his mercy will spare you from ever experiencing."

There were no dry eyes among her listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history had taught them a useful lesson.

The young widow who lately recovered heavy damages from a rich gentleman who hugged her somewhat rudely should take care of her money, for she made it by a tight squeese.''

There is a man out West, by the name of John Hole, who is so lazy, that in writing his name he merely makes a J., and then punches a hole through the paper.

A boy being asked to explain the word "gregarious" said that it meant lots of things together—like tin peddlars and misfortunes in general.

A printer on seeing a bailiff closely pursuing an unfortunate author, said: "That is a new edition of the 'Pursuits of Literature,' unbound and not pressed."

Farmer's Column.

Treatment of Muck in the Stable and Afterwards.

Of all methods of using muck, which we have tried, we are best pleased with it as an article of bedding for cattle. This, we think the best and most rapid way of manufacturing it into manure. In addition to the liquid manure and a portion of the solid which it receives, it has the heat of the animal while lying down, and this, with well fed cattle is a large part of the time. It has all the qualities of a good bed, dryness, softness, cleanliness, until it becomes saturated with urine, when it is time to throw it out, and put in a new charge. An allowance of a half cord to the animal, will become saturated in about two weeks, if the stall be occupied all the while.

A correspondent asks if the muck should be taken from the stable to the compost heap, or to the field, for plowing in? Either is a safe practice. We are governed entirely by circumstances, in the disposition of the muck after it leaves the stable. In the Spring, during the planting season, we fork it over, make it as fine as possible, and plow it in. Nothing is lost by this method. If not wanted for immediate use, we remove it with the solid droppings of the cattle to the compost heap, where we mix it with two or three times its bulk of muck or peat. It undergoes fomentation, and becomes a more valuable manure, we have no doubt, than that taken directly from the stables.—The ammonia is more equally distributed through the mass, there is more of it, and it is in a much finer condition. But the labor of handling is considerable. Which ever course is pursued, we always think money is made about as fast as a farmer can expect, when he is handling muck. We are confident the man who follows it up ten years, will come to the same conclusion.

Comforts for Cows.

Now that the cold season is setting in, let the cows, especially the milk-givers, have all needful attention.—They should be well housed and well fed. The stables should be just moderately warm, well ventilated, clean, and provided with suitable bedding.—Aside from the mere matter of food and drink, the animals should be kept comfortable. This matter can hardly be over-estimated.

Then, as to fodder: part of this, of course, should be straw and hay and corn-stalks; but to expect cows to give much milk on such lean fare, is folly. Favor them with messes of chopped roots, of cut straw, or stalks mixed with meal of some kind. A favorite 'mess' for cattle, with a friend of ours is this: Cut up hay, or straw, or stalks, in pieces not more than an inch, or inch and a half long, put the provender in a tub or tight box, and pour boiling water upon it; then sprinkle on a little salt, and cover the whole with a little bran or meal to keep the steam in. When cold, feed it in messes of a bushel at a time. Good as this is it should be varied from time to time, for cows like variety, as well as men. Cows should be salted two or three times a week.—In mild weather they should range by day in a commodious yard, protected on two sides, at least, by covered sheds. And this yard should have a pen-stock of running water, or a trough kept full from a good pump; the first is the best.

An Important Decision.—The Rev. W. McMahon, a venerable Methodist minister, is writing reminiscenses of his early life. He founded the first Methodist church in Huntsville, Alabama. The scene of the following anecdote is somewhere in that section of the State.

I had preached this year to a hardened congregation of wealthy sinners, where there was no society, and I supposed they thought themselves "free from the dead," so far as pay was concerned. When I was preaching my last sermon to them I remarked that I had been preaching to them for sometime the best I could, and that if I had not preached as well as others, I had preached as cheap a gospel as any other man ever did; that for all my labor among them I had not received as much as would wrap my little finger with crocus. As I was taking leave of them, there was some feeling manifested, when a fat man came up to the pulpit, blubbering and wiping his eyes, he said:

"God bless you sir; if we don't pay you the Lord will."

'I understand,' said I 'that the Lord is very good for his own contracts, but I never heard that he was bound to pay your debts.'

An Arkansas traveler says that he knew a young fellow down South, who was so fond of a young woman he rubbed off his nose kissing her shadow on the wall.

Anecdote of General Jackson.

"When General Jackson was President of the United States," said an aged laborer in the Presidential garden, a few years since, "he could tell an honest man from a rogue when he first saw him. I remember that a clergyman with a stiff white choker, and an untarnished suit of black, called on him one morning when he was overlooking some work that I was performing in the garden, and requested an appointment to some office, saying:

"'General, I worked harder for your election than many of those upon whom you have already bestowed office.'

"'You are a minister of the Gospel?' said Old Hickory, inquiringly.

"'Yes,' said the clergyman, 'I was a minister; but I thought I could do better by becoming a politician. So I stumped the district week days for you, and preached for the Lord on Sundays.'

'Old Hickory, turning short towards him and looking him full in the face, said—

"'By the Eternal! if you would cheat the Lord, you would cheat the country. I will have nothing to do with you, nor any like you. Good morning,' and he walked rapidly away.

"I never shall forget the look of that hypocritical clergyman. Had the last judgment been set, and he before the great white throne, I doubt whether he would have looked more blank and chop-fallen."

Several days since while traveling on the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, when the cars stopped at Princes Tank, we overheard the following conversation between a young gent from Georgia, who was on the train, and a small boy in the road:

Passenger—'Young America, what place is this?'

Boy—'Pin Hook, sir.'

Passenger—'What did the cars stop for?'

Boy—'To take in water.'

Passenger—'What river is that?'—pointing to the water in the ditch.'

Boy—'I don't know.'

Passenger—'What do you know?'

Boy—'I know the cars bring lots of d——d fools along this way.'

The young gent drew his head in, and was soon fast asleep.

Kissing a Crow-bar.—Reader, were you ever in love? If so, you know how a certain youth that I know of felt as I suppose all feel about the same, though their love may not be so intense. He told me of it in after years. He became enamored of a fair-haired maiden, and being rather unsophisticated in the art of making love, he used to practice when alone, framing tender sentences to express his untold love, and embacing whatever happened to be near, but he got cured of that in the following manner: It was in the fall of the year, when the nights were very frosty, and the days not far behind, that he went out to work in the fields, his thoughts running, as usual, on the ideal of his heart.—There was a crow-bar standing upright in his way. "Now," said he to himself, "if that was Mary, I would just clasp her to my bosom thus, and imprint a kiss on those nectarine lips," at the same time kissing the crow bar; when, lo! his lips stuck fast, and on withdrawing them, which cost an effort, they were minus the outward covering. "You better believe," said he, "I did not kiss many more imaginary Marys, but cannot say how often the real one."

"Pray, madam, why did you name your old hen Macduff?" "Because, sir, I want her to slay on."

Punch says that Garabaldi is like a man with a wheelbarrow—he carries everything before him.

"*Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.*"—An old "line Whig" wearing a democratic badge.

The prettiest trimming for a woman's bonnet is a good humored face.

The following startling response was recently made by the female head of a family in New York, to the query of the Census marshal: "Have you any domestic manufactures to report?" "Well, yes, we have eight, with a continued prospect!"

A boarding miss, deeming "eat" a word too vulgar for refined ears, defined it thus: To insert nutritious pabulum into the ventriculated orifice below the protuberance, which being masticated, peregrinates thro' the cartilagenious cavities of the larnyx, and is finally domiciliated in the resceptacle for digestible particles."

There is a man Down East who, when he desires to know what he is to have for dinner, goes to his neighbor's wife and is always sure of getting accurate information.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the foremast of a ship? Because it's a little for'ard of the main hatch.

Original.

For the American Union.

A Voice from the Border.

As I closed my last I invoked the patience of my readers, which I hope will continue to the end, and that they will hear me for my cause and for my honor's sake. It is others who have entailed upon me this writing, but I trust to rise to their eminence or sink to their level. The instrument is weak, a[illegible] our interests are at stake; may God [illegible]

which he charges others? Some things require argument, others are best corrected by the lash of ridicule. I need the patience I desired for my readers, and both this writer and myself may need the pity he is disposed to bestow on others. Now if it is not lawful for our people to set them free in the State, they are not required or advised to set them free in the State; but on the contrary, the implication is they are not to do it. If it is not christian, they are not to do it. If it is not christian to remove them to another State where they can free them, it is not required that they should, and they must not make use of any means that are not lawful or that is not christian to accomplish it. The 'lawful' and christian means' to made use of, is merely advised, not commanded; and no part of the chapter is law. As Dr. Kingsley said, it does not furnish a ground for disciplinary action. If therefore, ministers or members do it unlawfully, they may expect to be dealt with by the church; much more if they do it unchristianly, they will be dealt with not under the new chapter, for that only is advice, but under the charge of immorality in the discipline which will not allow members to do things that are not christian. If therefore any minister shall dare to cause his member make use of any means to free his slaves not lawful or christian, or the horrid means which this writer in your paper supposes himself bound to do, he must make up his account to be put upon his trial before the Philadelphia Conference and receive the most condign punishment. Let not then our people and preachers take the misrepresentations of this new chapter or mistake their duty to the church. It cannot make abolitionists of us, all it requires is that the sentiment and advice be embraced by us or not; and that each man be his own christian, and judge himself, of lawful and christian means.—None can censure us unless it should be the ignorant, the malicious, or the intolerant. As to preachers, the revised chapter passes no censure on them, and requires nothing but what is 'christian and lawful;' and what is that? Why, that they go about and preach the Gospel of the Kinglom; and they are only required not to preach slavery in the pulpit or in the papers, and not to preach abolitionism by either one of these means or any other. I would say to you, you are allowed all the expedience that Paul had for himself or others; and if this writer thinks it lawful or christian to seek the extirpation of slavery by means, that though it may drive them members) from their families and flocks, clothe them with tar and feathers, leave preachers without a people, and the people without a preacher, your humble servant may be permitted to differ, and to think it would not be christian. Christianity and the discipline advises you not to mention the subject one way nor another in public. Through the summer at Camp Meetings, &c., the writer has thought the most distant allusion to this subject in the pulpit out of taste. If with all our ordination vows, oaths, &c., we were quiescent under the former chapter, it would be singular, if we should now, under this revised chapter, which is mere advice, enter on a crusade against slavery. The fact is, as we have said before, christianity, the discipline and our vows, require us only to follow their Godly admonitions. If any man require of us anything else, we must say we are previously engaged, and ask if it be lawful to obey God or man—judge ye!

It is well therefore, for ministers and members to clear their ideas on this subject and take a stand point above the smoke and dust of this world, where shines the clear light of truth, and go in for the union of the church and the union of the States,—Oh, how much depends upon our stand point and the influences which surrounds us! We should neither take our stand in the North or the South, but on the border, and maintain our old conservative ground on which our fathers always stood. Looking from this point the writer cannot see that the new chapter is any more stringent than the former, or any more objectionable, save that we have opposed any change; nay it is less restrictive, and as Dr. Batelle, a Southern member of the General Conference argued against it; "lowered the standard on our border," and it is doubted if the General Conference were to propose to strike out the new chapter and restore the old one whether the border would be willing to it or practice under it. The fact is the devil has invented an instrument, call it Sterreoscope, Telescope, Kaleidoscope, or what kind of a scope you please. If with this instrument you look through it one way, a mole-hill becomes a mountain; turn it the other way and it diminishes in the same proportion. If with this instrument you look through it one way at the new chapter it is horrendous and full of all monstrous things, and it assumes this form and that form, and your imagination gives it many forms. Turn it the other way and the abolitionist can scarcely see the chapter at all—it is so small, so insignificant, less than the former chapter; worse—says nothing—does nothing, and the North is down on the General Conference, and the South is down on the General Conference and those who were their leaders. Now let every man look through his own spectacles, not magnifying glasses or the spectacles of others, and they will see it in its plain obvious common sense meaning. Then it is not law, but a chapter of moral suasion, leaving it to the members to act as christians. It is not a huge monster on the one hand or lilliputian or pigmy on the other, but very much of the same size and form as of old, save that it has gone round the hill and changed its uniform of law and has put on the garb of advice, and has no sword in its hand, and if not too early in the morning and very foggy, as you approach nearer and see clearer, I strongly suspect you will find it to be your Brother John. I care not what the abolitionists intended. If their leaders done so little that their leaders deceived them—if they done so little as to deceive us, or to make us credulous, awfully unbelieving—for my own comfort and for the comfort of the church, I hold it to the letter, accept it as a quietus for the present, and as Doctor Bond said and as the Northern leaders said, so I will say, and so may the church say, "give ourselves to spiritualities"

This is my fourth number. I do not think from what I have seen and read that it is such extreme folly "to suppose that the church on the border can have peace with such a chapter, or that it will be to her a continued pleague spot," unless we make it so—or such a "fearful incubus" resting upon us and paralyzing all our energies. I think we shall survive it, and it will not come upon us like the Simoon of the Desert, and if we cannot escape by "falling to the ground and holding our breath," a door of hope will be opened in the valley of Achor. Be hopeful therefore, brethren; be patient—"have faith in God!" I cannot tell what my next will be.

A VOICE FROM THE BORDER.

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