

had with us, and for the other we gave our note.

We went down that day as far as Judge Morin's, a distance of some four or five miles. There we staid until the next morning, when we started on our journey to Boon county, and traveled on the road about twenty miles distance. There we bought a jug of whiskey, with which we treated the company, and while there the sheriff showed us the mittimus, before referred to, without date or signature, and said that Judge Birch told him never to carry us to Boon county, and never to show the mittimus; and said he, I shall take a good drink of grog and go to bed; and you may do as you have a mind to.

Three others of the guard drank pretty freely of whiskey, sweetened with honey; they also went to bed, and were soon asleep, and the other guard went along with us and helped to saddle the horses.

Anna Lee's First Trials at House-keeping.

BY JANE E. PARKER.

Anna Lee was truly happy, as she skipped from room to room of the little cottage her husband had purchased and fitted up for her reception. Her little heart was filled to overflowing with love and happiness, and she mentally resolved to devote every moment to make his home a happy one; for how else could she repay him for his love and kindness.

Poor Anna; his love had been the bright awakening in her dark, cheerless life; for she was a child of sorrow, and it was not until Henry Lee had asked her to return his love, and become his wife, that she realized the dawning of a happy future.

Her mother had left her ere she had known her love, and a tyrannical step-mother filled, or pretended to fill, her place; and while in the presence of others she was all affection to the poor child; but that affection ceased as soon as their backs were turned.

Her father was a cold, stern man that never evinced any affection for any one. Now Anna was free from the power of her step-mother, it was no wonder her happiness was almost too much for her; to be installed mistress of her own house, to be met with love and kindness, how could she ever repay him for bestowing all this upon her? and giving way to the exuberance of her spirits, she would flit from one room to another every now and then, giving way to childish expressions of delight, as her eyes lighted on some arrangement intended expressly for her use. As she stopped to examine more particularly the contents of a handsome workstand, she heard the words,

'I should have supposed, Harry, a man of your sense would have married something besides a mere child. I'll warrant she don't know anything about housekeeping, and I shall have my hands full learning her.'

Anna's light spirits vanished immediately. She had forgotten that Harry's mother was to live with them; true, she had been presented to her on her arrival, and had left her conversing with Henry, while she took a survey of her home; she now remembered that Harry had told her that his mother was to live with them, but she had for the time forgotten it; and the color deepened on her cheek as she heard these words; and her husband must have known that she heard them, for he came soon after and found her sitting by the little workstand, with her head bowed down upon it. She did not look up as he entered and stood beside her. He paused for a moment, then taking her head in both hands, peered into her face, exclaiming—

'What, my little bird, sick of its cage already?' She tried to answer him, but could not contain her feelings, and a burst of tears was the only reply.

That voice sounded so much like her step-mother's: in thinking of Henry's mother, it had always been in connection with himself, consequently there had been but one feeling about it, that there was one more to love. Now there was a dread of what might be, and it was some time before Henry could soothe and restore her happy feelings.

The next morning Anna arose early, determined to let her mother know that she knew something about housekeeping. Briskly she stepped around, for she wished to get breakfast all ready before the old lady should arise. Her fire was burning nicely, her table neatly set, and she was about to prepare her coffee, when the door opened and her mother entered, and taking the coffee pot, proceeded to measure out exactly one table-spoonful, turned it into the pot and filled it up with water. Anna could have cried with vexation, for she prided herself on making an extra cup of coffee, and she knew that it would not be fit to drink, but she thought she would make it up on the rest of the breakfast.

Her mother followed her around to see if every thing was done right; and observing Anna about to peel some potatoes for cooking, she stepped up and told her it was too wasteful to peel them before they were boiled; and suiting the action to the word, she rinsed them off and turned them into the pot. Anna said not a word, but proceeded to prepare some steak for cooking, thinking that nothing could be said about that; but the old lady was quite angry at the quantity put down to broil; there was plenty, she said, for dinner. So she took off part of it, and taking the especial charge of the remainder, so burnt and dried it that it was not fit to eat. It was hard for Anna to put up with this, but it was Henry's mother, and she would not say a word; but as she saw him push back from the table without hardly tasting a mouthful, she resolved that it should be the last time that he should set down to such a breakfast. But all of her resolving done no good, the old lady continued to superintend while Anna was a mere cipher taking charge of all the drudgery.—

But she would not make her husband unhappy by telling him how she was situated. No, she would rather submit than have any hard feelings. So when he was present she would put on a bright smile, and as soon as he left the house it was taken off and laid up until his return.

So matters continued until the arrival of a friend, who came to spend several weeks with them, and who, from the first, perceived the treatment to which Anna was subjected, and determined before she left to make different arrangements in the household, only awaiting a convenient opportunity to broach the subject.

The opportunity was soon offered. Anna was one day busily engaged in baking, her mother stood looking on, to see that nothing was wasted, and occasionally offering such remarks as the following,

'Wont one egg less do for that cake, child? (she always called Anna, child) you know eggs are dear, and you must learn to be saving.—When I was young, my mother used to say that part lard was better than all butter; suppose you try it, butter is so high now.'

The egg was saved, the lard substituted, the consequence was the cake was not fit to eat, and the old lady grumbled about young cooks.

Anna saw that her young friend noticed all this, and was not surprised, the first time they were alone, to have the subject brought up; but she was surprised when her friend completely exculpated the old lady, and threw all the blame upon her.

'All you have to do, is to take a decided stand; be firm, and she will soon see that you are something more than a mere child; and as she gains respect for you she will cease meddling with your affairs.'

Anna could hardly be made to believe that it was so easy an affair; she feared to offend Henry's mother.

'Well, Anna, you can do as you please; but if you do not alter your hand I shall tell Henry all about it, and shall not fail to mention that I actually saw a little woman stealing a piece of pie out of her own pantry.'

The ludicrousness of such a thing caused Anna to laugh outright, in which she was heartily joined by her friend, and it was some moments ere they could compose themselves to resume the conversation.

Anna was made to see the mistake she had made and promised to commence anew. Henry came in soon after, to ask Anna if she could board some men he had just employed for a few days, and to inform her that several ladies from the neighboring village was to visit her on the following day. The next morning was a busy one for Anna; she arose early and commenced preparations for breakfast. Contrary to her usual custom, her mother did not make her appearance until it was nearly ready. The first thing she did was to walk deliberately to the table, take the plate of bread and carry it into the pantry, take off part of it, cut the remainder in two, leaving half a slice for each person, then carry it back with the remark that she should think she meant to feed an army.

'Mother,' said Anna, 'I cut just bread enough to satisfy the demands; for the future I will take the entire charge of the breakfast table;' and taking the plate she carried it back and placed the remainder of the bread upon it, while her mother looked on in astonishment, but said nothing.

After breakfast she left the room, and did not return until dinner time. Anna spoke pleasantly to her, helped her to the choice bits upon the table, and told her that she expected some friends that afternoon, and wished her to be in readiness to help entertain them.

The old lady's ill-humor was not proof against such kindness; her clouded countenance became cleared, and she soon became quite chatty.

Among all the voices that were raised in praise of Anna's biscuit at tea, none were louder than her mother's, and any one, to have noticed them, covered with choice honey, would have known that she spoke the truth.

After tea, while Anna was busy with her guests, her mother was busy with the table; and when Anna went in to regulate the table for the men, she could hardly suppress a smile. The biscuit and honey were removed, as was everything else eatable, and in their places was displayed bits of everything that could be collected. On one small plate was a bit of dried preserves, on another two apples, so long baked that they were mouldy. Here was a plate of different kinds of cold meat, that Anna had saved for a poor woman that came for it; there was a plate of broken bits of bread and biscuit that Anna had laid by for a pudding; in short there was nothing to tempt the appetite of a hungry dog.

Anna said nothing, but cleared the table; in a short time it was neatly set, with plenty of good wholesome food, such as she knew a man would like. Her mother was silent until she saw her bring out the biscuit and honey, then she broke out in a torrent of words about extravagance and wastefulness in giving hired men such a supper as that. Anna heard her through, then said calmly,

'Mother, the less said about this the better. I wish you to understand that I intend to take charge of the house; and when I set a table for men that have been hard at work all day, I shall set one wherewith they can, at least, satisfy hunger.'

The men coming in to eat that moment ended the conversation, which proved the last of the kind; for Mrs. Lee finding Anna firm, gave up to her entirely, which change proved a most agreeable one; though Henry could not account for the sudden change in their style of living, and it was not until some months after that Anna gave him an amusing account of her first trials in house-keeping.—[Waverly Magazine.]

Have you planted a vine? If you have not, go do it. In a few years you shall eat the fruit thereof, and bless the day when you planted it.

Origin of the Names of States.

Maine was so called as early as 1623, from Maine, in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor.

New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Capt. John Mason, by patent, Nov. 7th, 1620, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.

Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their Declaration of Independence, Jan. 16th, 1777, from the French *verd mont*, the green mountains.

Massachusetts was so called from Massachusetts Bay, and that from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Milton. 'I had learnt,' says Roger Williams, 'that the Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills.'

Rhode Island was so called in 1664, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river. Connecticut is a Mocheakaneew word signifying long river.

New York was so called in 1664, in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted by the King of England.

New Jersey was so called, in 1664, from the Island of Jersey, on the coast of France, the residence of Sir Geo. Carteret, to whom the territory was granted.

Pennsylvania was so called, in 1688, after Wm. Penn.

Delaware was so called, in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord de la Ware, who died in this bay.

Maryland was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632.

Virginia was so called, in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England.

Carolina was so called by the French, in 1564, in honor of King Charles IX. of France.

Georgia was so called, in 1732, in honor of King George II.

Alabama was so called in 1816, from its principal river.

Mississippi was so called, in 1800, from its western boundary; Mississippi is said to denote the whole river, i. e., the river formed by the union of many—Great River.

Louisiana was so called in honor of Louis XIV., of France.

Tennessee was so called, in 1796, from its principal river. The word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon.

Kentucky was so called, in 1795, from its principal river.

Illinois was so called, in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify the river of men.

Indiana was so called, in 1809, from the American Indians.

Ohio was so called, in 1802, from its southern boundary.

Missouri was so called, in 1821, from its principal river.

Michigan was so called, in 1805, from the lake on its border.

Arkansas was so called, in 1812, from its principal river.

Florida was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, Pascua Florida.

Columbia was so called, in reference to Columbus.

Wisconsin was so called from its principal river.

Iowa was so called from its principal river. Oregon was also called from its principal river.

Deseret was so called from the name given in the Book of Mormon to the honey-bee; Deseret being the name by which it was known among the Jaredites.

California was so called from the Latin words *calida forma* or in the Spanish language, *caliente formalla*—a hot furnace. Vanegas however, thinks that the name California owed its origin to some accident, possibly to some words spoken by the Indians and misunderstood by the Spaniards.

RIVERS.

Rio del Norte—River of the North.

Red River—From the red earth in the water.

Colorado—From the color of the waters—Red.

Amazon—From Amazons, societies of armed women.

Madeira—It means woods—from the forest through which it flows.

Rio Negro—Black River.

Solado River—Salt River.

Superior—Means upper, as Lake Superior.

Detroit—Means Strait.

Niagara—O-ni-aw-ga-rah—The thunder of waters.

Minnesota—Laughing water.

Missouri—River of Mud.

Can any one give the meaning of the following names, viz:—Michigan, Alabama, Arkansas, Kansas, Kentucky, Ohio, Iowa, Oregon, Utah, Nebraska?

To learn nothing but languages, is to spend one's money in buying purses to hold it; or to study the Lord's prayer in all the tongues, without praying it in any.

There are three sorts of nobility—divine, worldly, and moral: the divine depends upon the greatness of our birth, the moral upon the liberty of our mind.

Some are so much accustomed to disguise themselves to others, that at length they disguise themselves to themselves.

[From the Western Standard, and continued, from News Number, 36.]

Winter Irrigation.

EX MISSION DE SAN JOSE, Sept. 26th, 56.

Editor of Western Standard:—

Some of the benefits arising from winter irrigation, may thus be summed up:

1st. You are sure of getting your lands wet, rain or no rain.

2d. You can water your lands before planting with one fourth the labor that you would have to spend in watering after planting.

3d. The water will remain long enough in the soil to dissolve the gasses, converting them into food for the plants, and drive worms and bugs to the surface, where they will be destroyed by the birds, and fowls, also causing the larva and eggs of those insects to perish, thus comparatively freeing your soils from those troublesome creatures, and allowing you to put your lands in perfect order, in which they will remain until the crop matures.

It is the habit of too many, so soon as their crop is taken off, to raise their gates, stop their windmills and pumps, take away their dams, and otherwise labor to prevent their lands from getting wet; allowing all the water, however rich it may be, to pass by unappropriated, and their lands suffer for food; then ungratefully ask God to send rains and fruitful seasons, and remove the barrenness of the soil.

Some are living near wet weather streams, that contain water six months of the year and then become dry; such should be like the miner, make use of it while it is to be had, and fill nature's reservoir, so that your trees, shrubs, plants and crops, may flourish during the approaching dry weather, when if this course was not pursued, they would become withered, stunted, and, perhaps, killed, before it would be in your power to afford them any relief.

Some will run out during a shower, to prevent a small stream that may have concentrated in a path or road, from entering their garden, or grounds, that may be so parched, and the vegetation that grows thereon so starved, that it was an eye-sore to its owner, instead of a pleasure.

Such should pause, and consider the amount of vegetable food contained in water collected from the surface of the ground; also, that all sweet water, however pure, contains the same, though in a less degree, and imparts it to the soil it passes through. For one to know that his lands are wet fifteen inches deep at the time of planting, calculating to keep it so wet while the crop is growing, and then expect to reap an abundant harvest, is unreasonable; for all cultivators know, that most kinds of vegetation root much deeper, if they can.

Grass roots have been traced in our neighboring wells twenty feet in depth. Neither ought it to be sufficient for one to know his orchard lands are wet thirty inches in depth at the close of the rainy season, nor that he can give the trees a slight wetting during the growing season.

Nothing short of a thorough soaking, once in twelve months, and keeping the land in good tilth, is sufficient; and that ought to be done early in the spring, in the winter, or late in the fall, at which time nature will do it, if she do it at all.

I do not wish to be understood in this communication as discarding summer irrigation; but leave that to be argued by able hands.

Respectfully,
JOHN M. HORNER.

'In your last month's 'Drawer,' writes an old country friend, 'you had a story of a preacher in New England, whose salary is twenty-five dollars a year and half the fish he can catch. It reminded me of one of our Scotch clergy of the Established Church, who met one of his parishioners who was behind hand in his dues, and had paid him in poor grain besides.'

'William,' said the minister, 'you must bring better grain; I can't sell it, it is so bad.'

'It's just what the land produces, sir, and I hae nothin' else to gie.'

'But then you are a bad farmer, William, you must farm better.'

'Tut, tut, sir, that's no civil, I'll no take that off your han'; I attend your kirk, an' you gie us just what your head produces, and I dinna find fault; I dinna tell you that you are a bad preacher, although you tell me I am a bad farmer; but if I was to step into the Free Kirk meeting house, I might get baith bigger measure and better corn. If you'll take all the weak corn an' cauf out of your sermons, I'll put my corn once mair thro' the fanners.'

The minister told William he was very impertinent, but found no more fault with his corn.—[Harpers' Mag.]

WITTY PEOPLE—A writer in the Southern Quarterly Review, has the following sensible remarks on wits by profession:—

'The witty person, who is not spoiled, is the most agreeable character in society. Unfortunately, however, the rewards of wit are so great, it is so admired and appreciated, that few wits have heads strong enough not to be tempted into catering for admiration, trying to be witty. If a man says one or two good things; makes a few sparkling repartees, forthwith he has that most unfortunate reputation—the reputation of a wit—and half the people he meets are perpetually trying to draw him out, throwing down the gauntlet for him to take it up by some brilliant repartee.

And how strong the temptation to try to fulfill such complimentary expectations; and then he may be amusing, but he ceases to be as agreeable, and he who tries to be witty is just as sure to fail often, as the corners which most papers of the day reserve for funny things, are sure to contain a great many stupid anecdotes.

The name of the architect who builds most of castles in the air, is 'To-Morrow,' and Hope lays the foundation.