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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

From the London Keepsake for 1845.

THE FAITH OF LOVE.

BY MRS. TORRE HOLME.

I

I blame thee not, my peerless bride,
Though envy hints in sneering tone,
That to thy beauty's graceful pride
More hearts are captive than my own;
'Tis so perchance, yet not a pain
Or doubt, such idle taunts can move,
The force of calumny is vain
Before the steadfast *Faith of Love.*

II

I blame thee not—Oh, who would blame
A lily's chaste and snowy flower,
Because some wanton breeze that came
To steal the soft and scented shower
Of her delicious breath, should claim
The treasure of that love-fraught sigh,
Regardless it bestowed the same
On every Zephyr wand'ring by.

III

I blame thee not—Oh, who would blame
A star that glittered pure and bright,
If some enthusiast loved its flame,
And madly deemed the gentle light
Stole from the cold and distant sky
For his enamour'd glance alone,
Forgetting that to every eye
With equal charm its beauty shone.

IV

I blame thee not, if some who meet
That gentle voice's magic tone
May vainly hope that sounds so sweet,
Must breathe a passion like their own—
Unconscious that a guardian spell
Some blessed angel casts o'er thee,
Within whose circle nought may dwell
Save *Honor* and *Fidelity.*

V

I blame thee not—no thought of blame—
No Coward doubt—no jealous fear
Sullies the brightness of a name
My inmost soul exults to hear;
No—if before my idol's shrine
The incense of the world is thrown,
There let it burn—the form divine
Is marble, save for me alone.

Miscellaneous.

The Man who lost his Pants,
AN AMUSING SKETCH.

The following is a passage from the laughable tale of "Desperation," one of the rich articles which are embraced in the "Literary remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clark." It is only necessary to premise that the writer is a Philadelphia student who after a stolen fortnight amid the gaities of a "Washington 'season' finds himself (through the remissness of a chum,) at Baltimore, on his way home, without a penny in his pocket.—He stops at a fashionable hotel nevertheless, where, after tarrying a day or two, he finally, at the heel of a grand dinner, *omnus solus* in his private apartment, flanked with abundant Champaign and Bargundy, resolves to disclose all to the landlord. Summoning a servant, he says:

"Ask the landlord to step up to my room with his bill."

He clattered down stairs, giggling, and shortly thereafter his master appeared. He entered with a generous smile, that made me hope for the best his house afforded, and that, just then was credit.

"How much do I owe you," said I—He handed me the bill with all the grace of polite expectancy.

'Let me see—seventeen dollars. How very reasonable! But my dear sir, the most disagreeable part of the matter is now to be disclosed. I grieve to inform you that at present I am out of money; but I know by your philanthropic looks, that you will be satisfied when I tell you that if I had it, I would give it to you with unqualified pleasure. But you see my not having the change with me is the reason I don't do it; and I am sure you will let the matter stand, and say no more about it. I am a stranger to you, that's a fact, but in the place where I came from, all my acquaintances know me, as easy as can be."

The landlord turned all colors—

"Where do you live any how?"

"In Washin——I should say Philadelphia:"

His eyes flashed with angry disappointment. "I see how it is Mister; my opinion is that you are a blackleg. You don't know where your home is.—You begin with Washington and drop it for Philadelphia. You *must* pay your bill!"

"But I can't."

"Then I'll take your clothes; if I don't blow me tight!"

"Scoundrel!" said I, rising bolt upright, "do it if you dare! *do it*—and leave the rest to me!"

There were no more words. He arose deliberately, seized my only inexpressibles, and walked down stairs.

Physicians say that no two excitements can exist at the same time in one system. External circumstances drove away almost immediately, the confusion of my brain.

I arose and looked out of the window. The snow was decending as I drummed on the pane. An unhappy wight *sans culotte*, in a strange city, no money and slightly inebriated. A thought struck me. I had a large full cloak, which, with my other apportionments, save those he took, the landlord had spared. I dressed immediately; drew on my boots over my fair white drawers, not unlike small clothes; put on my cravat, vest and coat; laid a travelling cap from my trunk, jauntingly over my forehead, and flinging my fine mantle gracefully about me, made my way through the hall into the street.

Attracted by shining lamps on the portico of a new hotel, a few squares from my first lodgings, I entered, recorded some name on the books, and bespoke a bed.—Every thing was fresh and neat; every servant attentive; all argued well, I kept myself closely cloaked, puffed a cigar, and retired to bed to mature my plot.

* * * * * * *

"Waiter, just brush my clothes well, my fine fellow," said I, in the morning, as he entered my room. "Mind the pantaloons; don't spill any thing from the pockets; there is money in both."

"I don't see no pantaloons."

"The devil you don't. Where are they?"

"Can't tell, I'm sure; I don't know so help me God."

"Go down, sirrah, and tell your master to come up here immediately." The publican was with me in a moment.

I had arisen and worked my face before the glass into a fiendish look of passion—

"Landlord," exclaimed I, with a fierce gesture, "I have been robbed in your house; robbed, sir, robbed. My pantaloons, and a purse containing three fifty dollar notes are gone.—This is a pretty hotel! is this the way you fulfil the injunctions of Scripture? I am a stranger and I find myself *taken in* with a vengeance. I will expose you at once if I am not recompensed."

"Pray keep your temper," said the agitated publican, "I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run; would you *ruin its reputation* for an accident? I will find out the villains who robbed you, and I will send for a tailor to measure you for your missing garment. Your money shall be refunded. Do you not see that your temper is useless?"

"My dear sir," I replied, "I thank you for your kindness. I did not mean to reproach you. If those trowsers can be done to-day, I shall be satisfied; for time is more precious than money.—You may keep the others if you find them. And in exchange for the hundred and fifty dollars which you give me, their contents are yours."

The next evening, with new inexpressibles, and one hundred and fifty dollars in my purse, I called on my guardian in Philadelphia for sixty dollars. He gave me a lecture on collegiate desertion, that I shall not soon forget. I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord by the first post, settled my bill at old Crusty's, the first publican, and got my trunk by mail.

FLOGGING AN EDITOR.

Some years ago a populous town, located toward the interior of Mississippi, was infested by a gang of blacklegs, who amused themselves at times, when they could find nobody else to pluck, by preying upon each other. A new importation of the sporting gentry excited some alarm among the inhabitants, lest they should be overrun; they determined therefore, upon their expulsion. A poor country editor, who was expected, by virtue of his vocasion, to take upon himself all the responsibilities from which others might choose to shrink, was peremptorily called upon by his "patrons"—that is, those who paid him two dollars a year for his paper, and therefore presumed they owned him soul and body—to make an effort towards the extermination of the enemy. The unfortunate editor, like most editors, being gifted with just about as much brains as money—skull and purse both empty—said at once that he would indite a "crusher;" one that would undoubtedly drive the obnoxious vermin into some more hospitable region. And when his paper appeared it was a "crusher," sure enough. In the course of his observations he gave the initials of several of the fraternity, whom he advised to leave town as speedily as possible, if they had the slightest desire to save their bacon.

The next morning, when the poor scribe was comfortably seated in his office, listlessly fumbling over a maegre parcel of exchanges, he heard footsteps on the stairs, and presently an individual, having accomplished the ascent, made his appearance. His first salutation was slightly abrupt.

"Where's the editor of this dirty, lying paper?"

Now, aside from the rudeness of this opening interrogatory, there were other considerations that induced the editor to believe there was some trouble on foot. The personage who addressed him bore a cowhide in his hand, and moreover seemed to be exceedingly enraged. This was not all—he recognized in him a distinguished leader of the sporting fraternity, with whose cognomen he had taken very irreverent liberties. It was without the slightest hesitation, therefore that he replied to the introductory query—

"I don't know?"

"Do you belong to the concern?"

"No indeed, but I presume the editor will soon be in."

"Well, said the visiter, "I will wait for him." And, suiting the action to the word he composedly took a chair, picked up a paper, and commenced reading.

"If I meet him," said the frightened knight of the scissors and quill, "I will tell him there is a gentleman here who wishes to see him.".

As he reached the foot of the stairs, in hasty retreat, he was accosted by another person, who thus made himself known.

"Can you tell me where I can find the sneaking rascal who has charge of this villainous sheet?" producing the last number of "Freedom's Echo and the Battle Axe of Liberty."

"Yes," replied the editor, "he is up there now, reading, with his back to the door."

"Thank you," exclaimed the stranger, as he bounced up stairs.

"I've got you, have I?" he ejaculated, as he made a grasp at his brother in iniquity, and they came crashing to the floor together.

As the combatants, notwithstanding the similarity of their vocation, happened to be unacquainted with each other, "a very pretty quarrel" ensued. First one was at the top then the other; blow followed blow, kick followed kick, and oath followed oath, until bruised, exhausted and bloody, with faces and features resembling Deaf Burke, after a two hours' pugilistic encounter, there was, by mutual consent, a cessation of hostilities. As the warriors sat upon the floor, contemplating each other, the first comer found breath enough to ask—

"Who are you! What did you attack me for?"

"You abused me in your paper, you scoundrel!"

"Me! I'm not the editor, I came here to flog him myself!"

Mutual explanations and apologies ensued, and the two mistaken gentlemen retired "to bind up their wounds." As the story comes to us, the distinguished individual whose vocation it was to enlighten the world by the aid of the great engine, the public press, escaped scot free.—*Crescent City.*

The following article is from an old Philadelphia Magazine, published thirty years ago.

ORIGIN OF THE GRAY MARE BEING THE BETTER HORSE.

I had lately the pleasure of passing a very agreeable evening in a mixed company of both sexes, where the conversation happening to turn upon the propriety of that power which men usually arrogate to themselves of ruling over their wives with despotic sway, a young lady of wit and humor, then present, replied, "it might possibly be so sometimes, but much oftener the *gray mare is the better horse!*" and very obligingly entertained the company with the following account of the rise of that proverbial saying, which is made use of when a woman governs her husband.

A gentleman of a certain county in England having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and with many other charms, yet finding, in a very short time, that she was of a high domineering spirit, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly he went to her father and told him he found his daughter of such a temper, and he was so heartily tired of her, that if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him "why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the marriage state?" The young gentleman desired to be excused, if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and as most certainly no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife.

"Son," said the old man, "you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all, indeed, by the same method. However, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it: I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing one hundred eggs, and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family, and an egg only where the wife governs, you will find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbors. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter back again, and you shall keep her fortune.

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as the thought, of his horses and his wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making further inquiry; at the next he met with something of the same kind; and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county. He knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlor. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said, if his business was very urgent, she would wake her husband to let him know it, but had much rather not disturb him.

"Why, really, madam," said he, "my business is only to ask a question, which you can solve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me. You will, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, to desire to be informed whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you."

"Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "this question is rather odd, but, as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say that I have always been proud to obey my husband in all things; but, if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favor: upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentlemen most; but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which she thought would be very fit for side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be the most useful to them; but madam still persisted in her claim to the gray mare.

"What!" she exclaimed, "and will you not take her, then? But I say you shall; *for I am sure the gray mare is the much better horse!*"

"Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so——,"

"You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again, and I must endeaver to live happy with my wife."

ZENO PORTFOLIO.

PARODY ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The Salisbury (N. C.) Watchman tells a story of a tavern keeper who, having grown rich, grew very careless; and so offended the lawyers by whom his house had for years been filled, that during one crowded session of the court, they with one accord forsook him, leaving behind them the following parody on the Declaration of Independence:

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a half-hungry, half-fed, imposed-on set of men, to dissolve the band of landlord and boarder, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind require that they should declare the causes which have impelled them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created with stomachs, and they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; among them are that no man should be compelled to starve, out of mere compliance to a landlord, and that every man has a right to fill his stomach, and wet his whistle with the best that's going.

The history of the present landlord of the White Lion, is a history of repeated insults, exactions and injuries, all having in direct object the establishment of absolute tyranny over our stomachs and throats.—To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused to keep any thing to drink but bald-faced whiskey.

He has refused to set upon his table for dinner any thing but turnip-soup, with a little tough beef and sour-crout, which are not wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has refused to let his only servant—blink-eyed Joe, put more than six grains of coffee in one gallon of water.

He has turned loose multitudes of musketoes to assail us in peaceful hours of the night and eat out our substance.

He has kept up in our beds and bedsteads standing-armies of merciless savages whose rule of savage warfare is distinguished destruction.

He has excited domestic insurrection among us by taking bitters before breakfast, and making his wife and servants do the same before dinner, whereby thers is often the very deuce to pay.

He has waged cruel war against nature herself, by feeding our horses with broom-straw, and carrying them off to drink where swine refused to wallow.

He has protected one-eyed Joe in his villainy, in the robbing of our jugs, by pretending to give him a mock-trial, after sharing with him the spoil.

He has cut off our trade with foreign ports and brought in his own bald-faced whiskey, when we had sent him to buy better liquor abroad; and with a perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, he has been known to drink our foreign spirits, and fill up our bottles with his own dire potions.

He has imposed taxes on us to an enormous amount without our consent, and without any rule but his own arbitrary will and pleasure.

A landlord whose character is thus marked by every act which may defile a tyrant and a master, is unfit to keep a boarding-house for Cherokee Indians.

Nor have we been wanting in our attentions to Mrs. B. and Mrs. Sally. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and conjured them to alter a state of things which would inevitably corrupt our connections and correspondence. They too, have been deaf to the voice of justice; we, are, therefore constrained to hold all three of the parties alike inimical to our well-being, and regardless of our compact.

We therefore make this solemn declaration of our final separation from our landlord, and cast our defiance in his teeth."

The following is the Prospectus of a paper published in Mississippi by E. Percy Howe. If he don't give himself room for years of labor, we don't know what would.

It is customary for editors to promise lavishly at the outset. In accordance with this time-honored custom, we here engage to make our paper worth its weight in comic almanacs.

We hav'nt got any particular principles; therefore, shan't attempt to make any grand flourishes theoretically, in relation to the theological, political and jassackical opinions, creeds and whims, of priests, philosophers and political economists. Therefore, we shall simply assure you dear public, that

We believe it is natural and right and proper for us all to do as we please, what we please, and use and enjoy all the good things of this life, in abundance, when we can do so without morally and physically injuring another;

We are opposed to there being any poor people;

We are sternly, honestly, independently democratical, and are therefore opposed to there being any rich people in society.

We are in favor of the Veto-power, advance-payments and the constitutional currency;

We are in favor of repealing the Laws against the African Slave Trade. The price of Negroes is altogether too high. Every freeman ought to have a nig to wait on him. By removing the restrictions from that trade, hundreds and thousands of woolly heads would be imported into the country, prices would fall, and every gentleman loafer would have a darkey to clean his clothes and send after his bitters. You wouldn't see so many ruffle-shirted paupers then as you do now, marrying deformed, useless, puny, piano-strumming misses, for their filthy Ethiopians.

Instead of our national vessels being employed in transporting slaves here, to be distributed to our poor folks.

We are in favor of old maids, old bachelors, old rye, and opposed to early marriages.

We believe in animal magnetism, in giving the cussed British gass, should they touch Oregon; in the divinity of all men—except lawyers and politicians.

We are opposed to Banks and Bustles;

As all mankind are brethren, they should all be governed by the same laws—all be free and equal. We are, therefore, in favor of the annexation to the United States, not only of Texas, but Europe, Asia, and all the rest of the globe.

Believing all men our brethren, and all entitled to the enjoyment of liberty, equality, and the blessings of our republican form of government, we hold it to be the duty of the United States, as early as convenient, to break up the rotten tyrannies of the Old World, free their down-trodden subjects, and admit them into the Union.

It is the duty and the destiny of Americans to give freedom to the Old World.—Sooner or later, both must be fulfilled. We are a great people.

We pray that we may live to see the day, and have the pleasure of recording in this organ of all creation; that the Star-spangled Banner streams in triumph over Mexico, London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and every other high place of tyrants and oppressors.

FOR THE LADIES.—"Let your ear rings be Attention, encircled by the pearls of Refinement; the diamonds of your necklace, Truth, and the chain Christianity; your breast-pin Charity, ornamented with the pearls of Gentleness; your finger-rings be Affection, set around with diamonds of Industry; your girdle Simplicity, with the tassels of Good Humor.—Let your thicker garments be Virtue, and your drapery Politeness; let your Shoes be Wisdom, secured by the strings of preservation." B. M.

REMEDY FOR CANCER.—The cure for this awful disease which so often outreaches the skill and experience of the best physicians, has been the hobby of a thousand charlatans. A receipe which has been lately successful in two instances, the only times in fact that its virtue has been tested by Americans, is prescribed by the old Spaniards in Louisiana. It is simply the yolk of an egg mixed with salt as long as it will receive it. This in the form of a salve applied twice a day to the cancer. We have lately heard of another successful trial in a family in Cadoo parish Louisiana.—*Southern Reformer.*

[We published the above valuable receipe some months ago, and are informed by a worthy old gentleman, who was induced to make a trial of its efficacy, that a few applications of the preparation to a formidable looking cancer on his face effected a perfect cure.]—*Wheeling Gazette.*

Won't stand to his Word.—The Pittsfield Sun relates that before the election a remarkable active coon asserted that if Polk was elected he would sell his flock of sheep for fifty cents a head, as they would be of no use to him after that event; but should Clay succeed, he should increase his flock by purchase. After the election a democrat called on the gentleman for the purpose of buying his sheep, but he could not succeed even at two dollars a head, instead of the fifty cents for which the coonite said he would sell his flock if Polk was elected!

Whig forgeries for the election.

In referring, some days ago, to the frauds perpetrated by whigery to carry Mr. Clay into the presidency, one of the most signal escaped our recollection. The forged Birney letter—the forged Pennsylvania democratic electoral tickets, with the names of federal candidates interspersed—the forged narrative of Mr. Featherstonhaugh, (itself a tissue of falsehoods) making the account given of the branding and selling of slaves by Mr. Polk, the work of a German (*Roorback,*) to escape detection were noticed; but we forgot the forgery palmed off as the London Times. The forging of an article for the leading English newspaper (if we mistake not, traced by the Richmond Enquirer to the New York Courier and Enquirer) was circulated far and wide in the federal sheets, purporting to give in detail the specific sums subscribed in England to operate in favor of the democratic candidate for the presidency. This "BRITISH GOLD" story was told in a different manner by others of the whig tribe of journals, by way of corroborating the forged paragraph of the London Times. In this last shape it attracted the notice of the League newspaper, the organ of the free-traders, which thus refuted it:

"THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.—By the late arrivals from America, it would appear that a considerable change is taking place in reference to the prospects of the two candidates for the presidency. The friends of Mr. Clay seem to be less confident, but more violent in their language, which, for vituperation, certainly eclipses anything we ever read in Europe. We observe that their newspapers have been forging 'political capital' by spreading the report that the free traders in England have subscribed £100,000 to assist in carrying the election of Mr. Polk. We expect to hear next that we are setting up a new dynasty at Pekin. By the way, the inventor of this story—the editor of the New York Republic newspaper—ought to be whipped by his employers for the clumsiness with which he has forged what Sheridan calls the endorsement to the lie.' He pretends to give a report of the public meeting in Manchester, at which this subscription was commenced, and puts the 'lord provost' in the chair! Be it known to all interested, that Manchester has no such functionary; and we need hardly add, that the persons over whom he had presided—a long list of whose names is given in the Republic—had no bodily existence there. It is bad enough for the reputation of American democracy in Europe, when we are told that there are any large number of persons in the United States to be deluded by such trash; but what must be thought of the Republic, and other protectionist prints, who can be gulled by raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories such as the above?"—*London League, Oct. 19.*

RULES FOR APPLYING GUANO.

1. If intended for drill husbandry, or to be used in the hill, it should be mixed in the proportion of one part Guona to four or five parts of woods-earth or mould, or any other fertile earth, or thoroughly decomposed manure—or one part Guano, one part ashes, and three parts rich mould or well rotted manure.

2. It is the best for the above purposes, not to let the mixture come in immediate contact with the seed.

3. For the broadest application, it may be sown as Plaster is after it shall have been reduced into powder either by itself, or in compost, as prescribed in Rule number one. Whether used alone or in compost, it should be sown and harrowed in, after the crop may have been sown and ploughed in.

4. It may be sown in compost, after a crop may have come up.

5. It is a good and highly fertilizing manure for all descriptions of crops, whether grain, grass or roots, and, if properly used will not only increase the quantity of the product but improve the quality also.

6. For root crops, two hundred pounds, used in compost as named in Rule No. 1, is sufficient for an acre of ground—and the same would be sufficient for an acre of ground if used in the drill, or hill.

7. For Wheat, Rye, Oats, Barley, Tobacco, or any of the grass crops, from two to three hundred pounds, according to the quality of the land, will be found sufficient for one acre.

8. It should, if possible, always be applied in *wet* weather, and covered either lightly with the plough or harrow; where neither of these modes may be practicable after sowing Guano, the roller should be applied.

9. In applying it to old meadows, or meadows which may have been set for some time, it should be harrowed in and rolled.

10. If convenient, plaster may be very advantageously used with it in the proportion of one bushel of plaster to one hundred pounds of Guano.

11. In applying it to grass lands and meadows, the month of April would be the most suitable period, as a great object is to dissolve it in order that its virtues may properly come in contact with the roots of the plants. It may, however, be used at any *wet* season.

12. Any compost made of Guano should remain a few days before being used.

13. Where liquid applications of Guano may be desirable, as on Tobacco beds, or in gardens, one pound of Guano dissolved in four gallons of water, will comprise a enriching manure. The sediment remaining, if any, may be very advantageously used with an equal quantity as at first used.

14. Where plaster cannot be obtained to incorporate with the Guano, a most excellent substitute may be found in pulverized charcoal, to be used in the same proportion as plaster.

☞A newspaper, like the world, should be 'made up' of all *sorts.*

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