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POET'S CORNER.

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

THE STEPMOTHER.

Well, I will try and love you then,
But do not ask me to—
You know my own dear dead Mamma,
I never must forget;

Don't you remember, dear Papa,
The night before she died,
You carried me into her room?
How bitterly I cried!

Her thin white fingers on my head
So earnestly she laid,
And her sunk eyes gleamed fearfully,
I felt almost afraid;

You lifted me upon the bed,
To kiss her pale cold cheek;
And something rattled in her throat,
I scarce could hear her speak;—

But she did whisper.—"When I'm gone
For ever from your sight,
And others have forgotten me,
Don't *you* forget me quite!"

And often in my dreams I feel
Her hand upon my head,
And see her sunken eye as plain,
As if she were not dead.

I hear her feeble well-known voice,
Amidst the silent night,
Repeat her dying words again—
"Don't *you* forget me quite!"

It sometimes wakes me, and I think,
I'll run into her room.
And then I weep to recollect,
She's sleeping in the tomb.

I miss her in our garden walks;
At morn and ev'ning prayer;
At church—at play—at home—abroad,
I miss her ev'ery where:—

But most of all, I miss her when
The pleasant daylight's fled,
And strangers draw the curtains round
My lonely little bed!

For no one comes to kiss me now,
Nor bid poor Anne—"Good night;
Nor hear me say my pretty hymn;
I shall forget it quite!

They tell me *this* Mamma is rich,
And beautiful, and fine;
But will she love you, dear Papa,
More tenderly than mine?

And will she when the fever comes
With its bewildering pain,
Watch night by night your restless couch
Till you are well again?

When first she sung your fav'rite song,
"Come to the Sunset Tree,"
Which my poor mother used to sing,
With me upon her knee:—

I saw you turn your head away;
I saw your eyes were wet;
'Midst all our glittering company,
You do not quite forget!

But must you never wear again,
The ring poor mother gave?
Will it be long before the grass,
Is green upon her grave?"

He turn'd him from that gentle child,
His eyes with tears were dim,
At thought of the undying love,
Her mother bore to him!

He met his gay, his beauteous bride,
With spirits low and weak,
And miss'd the kind consoling words
The dead was wont to speak

Long years roll'd on; but hope's gay flowers
Blossom'd for him in vain;
The freshness of life's morning hours,
Never returned again!

Miscellaneous.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

Hamilton Rowan & the Watch.

Hamilton Rowan, on his way to Holyhead, stopped to dine at the little inn at Chapel Currig. There was nothing in the house but a shoulder of mutton, which Rowan ordered to be roasted. Presently the master of a neighboring hunt, with two brother Nimrods, rushed into an adjoining room, and swearing they were half starved clamorously demanded what they could have for dinner.

The landlord with many apologies told them he had nothing but bread and cheese to offer them.

'Nothing but bread and cheese! Nothing but bread and cheese!' they all exclaimed, stamping about the room.

'I'm extremely sorry, gentlemen,' said the landlord, much embarrassed, "but—"

"How d'ye mean, sir!" interrupted the master of the hunt, imperiously. "By —! I don't understand this, Gwillam! nothing, but bread and cheese to offer us. Why, I smell something roasting in your kitchen at this very moment, sir!"

They all swore they smelt it.

'Why, that's very true, gentlemen,' said the landlord, still more embarrassed. 'There certainly is a shoulder of mutton at the fire, and I wished with all my heart I could let your honors have it, but, unfortunately, its bespoke by an Irish gentleman in the next room, and—'

A WHAT? An *Irish* gentleman did you say Gwillam! roared out the master with a sneer.

"Yes sir, and—"

Here the landlord was interrupted by a perfect mouth-quake of laughter, in which the whole trio joined.

'Pray, what's this *Irish* gentleman like?' demanded the Squire, as soon as he could speak.—'Has he been long caught? Has he lost his tail yet? Oh! for Heavens sake, do tell us; has he lost his tail yet, Gwillam?'

'Ay, has he lost his tail yet, Gwillam?' echoed the others; and again they all laughed most outrageously.

'Indeed gentlemen—' began the landlord.

'No more of this,' said the Squire, cutting him short, 'unless you mean to make us sick, sir. Go send the mutton in to us, and let this Irish gentleman have a Welsh rabbit. And d'ye hear!' continued he, pulling out a fine old family repeater and putting it into the landlord's hand, take this in to him, with my compliments, and ask him if he can tell the time of day it is by it. Go! go, sir! do as I order you, or it shall be the worse for you.'

The landlord, who durst not disobey, after many apologies, delivered the watch with this message, to Rowan, who had overheard all that had passed.

Perhaps the Squire could not have selected a worse subject for this gratuitous insult than Hamilton Rowan, who seizing one of his travelling pistols which lay in the window, immediately joined the trio, who were laughing heartily at the joke.

'Gentlemen,' said Rowan, with great sauvity, 'I'm sorry to interrupt your mirth. I delight in a joke myself, especially when it's a good one.—But the fact is, our landlord here, who must be either drunk or dreaming, or both, has just brought me this watch, with a most impertinent message; which he affirms he was ordered to deliver to me by some gentlemen in this room here. Now, though I cannot for an instant suppose any person present,' continued Rowan, fixing his eye on the Squire 'guilty of so blackguard an act, I must request, as a mere matter of form, to know whether any gentlemen here DID send me this watch, with any such message. I'll thank you for an immediate answer, gentlemen?' said Rowan, examining the priming of his pistol, 'for there's a delicious little shoulder of Welch mutton just roasted that I'm anxious to pay my respects to."

Perceiving them all dumfounded, Rowan demanded of each in succession whether he was the owner of the watch.

They all replied in the negative.

'Most extraordinary!' said Rowan; then called the landlord, he asked him if the watch belonged to HIM.

'To me, sir,' replied the man, in great astonishment.

'Do you know any person, then, out of this room to whom this watch belongs?' demanded Rowan.

'Out of this room, sir!'

"Ay!—out of this room, sir? Have the goodness to look this way, and speak to the point, sir!'

'No, sir—certainly, sir—I don't know any person out of this room, sir, to whom that watch belongs.'

'Very well, sir, now go and serve the mutton up!—well, upon my honor, now! this is mighty comical, continued Rowan, as soon as the landlord had left the room. 'Here's a watch belongs to nobody IN the room, and nobody out of the room—not even to the person from whose hands I received it. Well, I must keep it, I suppose, until some claimant starts up. I've no other course to pursue. In case you should hear of any such person, gentlemen, there's my card, (throwing it upon the table.) Upon my word, a mighty handsome watch! a repeater too! Let me see—ay, just 14 minutes, 45 seconds past five, the very time to attack a shoulder of Welsh mutton—ha, ha, ha! Good morning, gentlemen, good morning. You see I know what *time of day* it is!" And with this Rowan left them. 'The watch,' saith my informer, 'still remains in possession of the Rowan family.'

"WHAT'S THAT TO YOU."

There is a pretty fair portion of trouble to be found in the world without much seeking; and yet I know of nothing the people seek so much after, and gather so sedulously as—trouble—yes, trouble.—People take money on interest—and fame on interest—and pay six per cent., often much more. But there is at least some sprinkling of wit in all this, the hope of gain; the passion—these afford something that may be called an excuse. But of all poor, ungainly down right brainless transactions, the business of taking trouble upon interest is the worst—and yet almost every body does this. Who does'nt brood over troubles past, anticipate troubles to come, and plague himself more than a little about matters which really, philosophically—and in plain reason—he has nothing to do with?

I'm no stoic. The man whose feelings can only be touched by squeezing his fingers in the crack of a door, is not my man. But I do like a mind well balanced—governed by reason—a sensible man in matters small as well as great—at home as well as abroad. I mean a man of common sense.

Our business is to be happy. This is the spring which puts the whole machinery in motion. Contentment is happiness. Health, food and raiment with a quiet conscience is all that is necessary—for it is all that a man can enjoy substantially. These are to be obtained easily—very easily—I can tell you how in two words—Do well! that is, be industrious, do as you would be done by. People, therefore, might reach the goal by a very short cut if they would.

I have known people troubled because a neighbor lived in more style than they did! hav'nt you, reader? How foolish to fish up trouble in such waters. Suppose old Gregory has a bell and a black boy, what's that to you.

Envy is the silliest thing in the world, as well as the most unmanly. Pray, if Tom, Dick and Harry have advantages that you have not—if they are richer or more lucky, does that work the least diminution of your wealth or fortune? Surely not a whit! Then pray tell me if you can—what's that to you?

Did you ever read the story of the basket maker in the school books? His rich neighbor rolling in wealth, was in the daily habit of passing his cottage. The basket maker sung as he platted his reeds—the voice of happiness of one so poor, irritated his gloomy soul and induced him to order the cottage to be fired; you recollect the sequel. You abhorred the actor—but this is envy reaching out its serpent tongue to all around and hoarding the serpent's poison in the heart. Is this a thing to be cherished? Is another happy—what's that to you?

It is a simple question, but seldom put candidly to the heart. Julius Cæsar, before his conquest, was found musing in melancholy dispondency, and when asked by his friend the cause, "I was thinking, said he, of the glory Alexander won before he had seen my years;" and what was that to Cæsar? Do you envy the better fortunes of another—pray what is that to you?

"Look aloft" was the maxim of a man of genius. Keep a steady eye towards the temple on the mount and those above you. It will give to toil an unwearied exertion. But I would advise my readers sometimes to "look below." Compare your circumstances rather with those who have not surpassed you; and when you feel the warm glow of thankfulness flush your cheek, you may turn your eye with steadier, calmer, a more determined purpose, *aloft*. But always remember that, in some sense you stand *alone* in the universe.—That your own account as a moral being, is the only account you have to settle.—And separating from you, feelings, motives and actions, every thing that does not strictly belong to that account, you will escape a sea of moral storm and temper.

A Romance of Real Life.

Mrs. Childs' letters from New York, which have lately been published by Wiley & Putnam, contain some very interesting reminiscences among which is the following curious incident which occurred in the family of the authoress, while the yellow fever was raging in that city:

One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at the time, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared his wife sent the children into the country and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. Their arguments made no impression upon her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be life-long satisfaction to *her* to know who attended upon him, if *he* did not. She accordingly staid and watched him with unremitting care.—This, however, did not avail to save him.—He grew worse and worse, and finally died.

Those who went round with the death car had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go.—She told them that she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression in her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half-hour again came round, and again was heard the solemn words "Bring out your dead." The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one, but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the orders they had received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in agony of tears, continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally, overcame by her tears again departed.

With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreadful half hour again came round and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately that the messenger began to think a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it and clung to it with such frantic strength that they could not easily loosen her grasp.—Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all remonstrances she answered, "If you bury him, you shall bury me with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise that if he showed no signs of life before they again came around, she would make no opposition to the removal.

Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bed post and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed jugs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold.—She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and these dreadful voices would be heard passing through the streets. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently, and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally the position of the head had become slightly tipped backwards, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly, there was a sharp quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened, and when the death men came again they found him sitting up in bed.

He is still alive and has enjoyed unusually good health.

LOVE.—A complaint of the heart, growing out of an inordinate longing after something difficult to obtain. It attacks persons of both sexes generally between the ages of 14 and 30; some have been known to have it at the age of sixty.

Symptoms.—Absence of mind; giving things wrong names; calling tears nectar, and sighs zephyrs; a great fondness for poety and music; gazing on the moon and stars; tooth-ache; bleeding at the nose; loss of appetite; neglect of business; a loathing for all things, save one; blood-shot eyes, and a constant desire to sigh.

Effects.—A strong heart burn; pulse high; stupidly eloquent eyes, sleeplessness and all that sort of thing, at times imagination bright; bowers of roses; winged cupids and buttered peas; and then again oceans of despair, racks, tortures, and hair triggered pistols. *Cure.*—Get married!

ANOTHER QUILT FOR MR. CLAY.

A lady in Harford county, Md, has presented Mr Clay a "beautiful counterpane." In the centre is a "suitable inscription."—An exchange has the following as an inscription:—

Beneath this Quilt, lies Henry Clay,
Whom locos put to bed one day.
Be quiet, Hal—to rise is vain,
Pressed down by many a counter-pain;
You're well tuck'd up—cease then to scoff,
You cannot "kick the kiver off!"

GOOD ADVICE.—We copy the following little paragraph from an exchange paper; who it emanated from, we know not; but whoever he is, we will venture to say, he knows how to "drive dull care away," as well as to enjoy a hearty laugh, that necessary article to shake the cob-webs from the brain:

"Be content as long as your mouth is full and your back warm—remember the poor—kiss the pretty girls; don't rob your neighbor's hen-roosts—never pick an editor's pockets, nor have an idea that he is going to treat—kick dull care to the deuce; black your own boots, and pay for your newspaper."

BIRDS.—It is extreme bad policy to countenance or permit the havoc which is made of the sparrow and other small birds—the innumerable insects which they destroy, should render it an object with every farmer to encourage them about their orchards and fields, as for every cherry or grain of corn they appropriate to their own use, they preserve to the farmer thousands from the ravages of the caterpiller, the cut worm, &c. Then don't permit them to be molested or shot merely for the sport of idle and inconsiderate boys.

☞ A noble lord asked a clergyman, once at the bottom of his table—"Why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next to the parson.

"Really," said he, "I can give no reason for it; but your question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose again, without thinking of your lordship."

Reason for loving Ireland.—An aristocratic Irish absentee, speaking of his native country, said it was an execrable place; in fact, the only thing worth owning was the whiskey. 'You mean to say, then,' said a waggish friend, "that with all her faults, you love her *still*."

Five Facts.—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best medicine.

☞ A fool's tongue is long enough to cut his throat—a tattler's is long enough to cut the throats of a whole neighborhood.

☞ Why is a woman's tongue like a thunder cloud? Because it is beyond the control of man.

☞ Some writer says the only bosom companion he ever had, at all worthy of the name, was an *old flannel shirt*.

☞ Young girls, like kittens, are pretty play things; but as they grow up *look out for claws*.

☞ After hypocrites, the great dues the devil has are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointment and vexations of business, and live miserably and meanly only to die magnificently and rich.

FARMING.

SOILING OF CATTLE—COMPOST-ING MANURES.

These two subjects are so intimately connected, involve interests so identical, and so deeply concern the well-being of the agricultural community, that we shall treat them under the same general head. To attempt to cultivate lands, in any of the old settled States, without manuring, with the hope of resulting profits, would be to defy the experience of centuries, and turn a deaf ear to the injunctions of that philosophy which bases upon reason and common sense, for the observation of every farmer, who may be in the least intelligent, will have forced the conviction upon his mind, that he who looks to the earth for remunerating returns, must make it the aim of his system to restore to it, in the form of manure, an equivalent for the products which it may yield, or exhaustion of its powers of production will necessarily follow, as a matter of course. These views we hold to be so incontrovertible as to require no argument to sustain them, and we shall, therefore, not trouble the reader with one. But shall proceed to recommend to the adoption of farmers, generally, the policy of adopting the system of yarding and soiling of their cattle of a night, as the best of all possible plans which they can devise for accumulating manure, and placing themselves in a position to fertilize and improve their lands, and consequently to increase their capacity for production.

We are aware that we shall be met, in the very onset, with that stereotyped objection that, in this country, labor is too dear to contemplate feeding cattle by soiling; but, in despite of this objection, we shall venture to urge, that soiling of stock should be engrafted upon the system of every farmer owning a sufficient number of cows and oxen to make it an object.

Let us suppose that a farmer had 20 head of cattle, and that with the view of feeding them of a night with green meat, from May until the frosts of fall, in order that he might make the greatest possible quantity of manure, all he would have to do would be, to provide himself with a six-acre lot, manure and ash, or lime it well, sow two acres of it in lucerne, one in clover, and sown broadcast, and millet, say, two acres of the former and one of the latter. Such lot, thus cultivated, would afford an ample supply of green food for the number of cattle named, from the early part in May till late in the fall. The green meat but once provided, the next thing would be to haul earth into the cattle yard, spread it some six or eight inches deep over the entire surface, giving it a dish like form in order that the centre may be lower than the sides, so that none of its riches may be washed away. The earth being thus spread a bushel or two of plaster, and 20 or 30 bushels of pulverized charcoal, should be sown thereon, so as to cover every part of it, then let mould and leaves from the woods be carted in, so as to give an additional layer of 4 or 5 inches, observing the dish like form as before. The yard being thus prepared, after waiting a few days for the earth to settle, the cattle could be fed therein, each night, with provender cut in the morning, and exposed to the sun to be wilted. A MAN in half an hour each morning would be able if he put forth his strength and skill, to cut grass, or corn, or millet enough to serve the 20 head of cattle, and each evening with a single horse cart he could haul in and deposite it in moveable racks, to be provided in an hour more; but let us say that the cutting, hauling, and depositing of the grass; would take two hours a day.—From the 1st of May to the 15th of October, would make 168 days, which at two hours per day would make in the feeding season 28 days. Say that the hauling and spreading of the earth would take two months more, and that the sowing of the charcoal and plaster would take 2 days; thus making up 3 months in all, of the service of one man and the horse and cart. With this data let us see how would stand the account of cost:

Services of one man three months at $16 per month,	$48,00
Services of horse and cart 3 months at $20 per month,	60.00
Four barrels plaster at $1 25 cts.,	5,00
30 bushels pulverized charcoal, at 20 cents.	6,00
	$119.00

Now, then, a man, horse and cart, thus employed for three months, could, in the way we have pointed out, make 1,000 loads of fat manure, which would, at a fair estimate, being on the farm, be worth $1 per load, and would, indeed, add much more than that to the increased value of the products of the land; so that with labor worth $119, manure could be accumulated, worth, intrinsically worth, $1,000, or $881 more than the price of the labor and the time employed in its collection.

By combining *night soiling* with *dry grazing*, all possible objections arising from the confinement of cattle would be got rid of, while that object, which should be so dear to every farmer's heart, the increase of the manure pile would be signally attained, and attained too, at an expense so comparatively trifling as not to be worthy of being placed in the opposite scale against the attendant advantages.

If any one should doubt that 20 head of cattle could fertilize, and year 1,000 loads of manure in a field, we reply, that the thing is entirely practicable, and so will every correctly thinking man admit, when we tell him that, in every gallon of cattle urine, there is ammonia enough to grow 8 pounds of wheat, or, indeed, any other grain, so that every seven and a half gallons of liquid voidings, if its bread-giving elements be preserved, would be equivalent to the production of a bushel of grain, and that these elements would be preserved by the plaster and charcoal, there can be no doubt. Thus then, by the action of these two substances upon the urine of the cows, in the retention of its enriching gases, would the earth, thus thrown into the yard, be fertilized and converted into manure of the most enriching and grain-producing character. While the solid droppings of the animals might be looked upon to be worth as much, as the same agents would be at work to prevent the escape from them of those volatile principles, which are not only manure of themselves, but the creators of manures out of other substances.

Those who may adopt the *soiling system* that we have recommended, would consult their interest, if they were to cast into and spread over their cattle yard, at intervals of six weeks throughout the season, of a sufficient quantity of fresh earth to cover the surface some 2 or 3 inches in depth at each time; taking care to sow a bushel or two of plaster and 5 or 10 bushels of pulverized charcoal thereon. It would be well, also throughout the season to deposite in the yards all the refuse straw, cornstalks, weeds and whatever else that could be gathered, which is susceptible of decaying, together with the soapsuds made in the wash-house, as while the first articles would give feed for the grain, the latter would contribute to the formation of silicate of potash.—*American Farmer.*

SCRAPS OF CURIOUS INFORMATION

The phrase 'year of our Lord' is said to have been first used by Charles III, Emperor of Germany, A. D. 879, while designating the date of some particular transaction.

Hops are natives of both Europe and America. The Hop culture was introduced into England from Flanders in the reign of Henry VIII. The following distich was current about the year 1546:—

"Hops, Reformation, Bays and Beer
Came into England all in one year."

About the year 1620, the corporation of the city of London petitioned Parliament to have two *nuisances* removed. First, Newcastle coal, on account of its smoke and stench; and 2nd, Hops, because, (in the language of the petition) "they *spoyl the taste of drink*."

The English Navy was founded by Henry the Eighth, in 1512.

Markets were introduced into England in 1521.

Soap was first made in London in 1524.

Glass 1557.

The number of horses in Great Britain is estimated at 1,500,000. Hackney coaches were introduced into London in 1625, at which time there were twenty.

Copper coins were first used by authority in England in 1625.

The process of milling coins was discovered in England in 1663—previous to this all their coins were hammered out singly.

In 1643, a wind saw-mill was erected on the Thames—styled "a mill by which one man and a boy can accomplish as much as 20 men"—but it was soon suppressed lest it should bring suffering upon the laborers.

Iron was first manufactured in the United States in 1715. The Warwick furnace which was built in 1736, remains in operation still—after working for nearly a century!

The first steel was made in Orange co., New York, in 1776. The great chain which was extended across the Hudson during the Revolutionary War, was of this metal, and made at the same place. Each link weighed 160 lbs., and the chain, which was 6 weeks in making, weighed 186 tons. The first cannon made in this State were from the same foundry, of the same iron—manufactured 1816. They consisted of 6, 12, 18, 24 and 32 pounders.

It is estimated that the quantity of iron produced in the U. States in 1845, will be 919,100 tons, valued at $33,940,500.

The population of England in 1841, was 14,995,138, showing an increase in 10 years of ten and one half per cent. The population of England in 1770 was about 7,000,000. The population of Ireland was 8,175,124, of which number 6,427,712 were Romanists. The increase in Ireland for ten years was only about 5 per cent. The total number of Jews in the world is said to be 6,803,362. Of these, there are in the U. States 35,000; in America 76,000 Europe 3,328,362; Asia 3,000,000; Africa 50,000; in the city of Philadelphia 3,500; N. York 12,000; Baltimore 1,800; Charleston 1,500; London 20,000; Constantinople 80,000; Amsterdam 25,000; Rome 6,000, and Jerusalem 6,000.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—A little girl, the only and well beloved child of her parents, who are residents of Brooklyn, L. I. died a few weeks since, and was interred in the private family burying ground. A large Newfoundland dog, the private companion and playmate of the child, was frequently missing from the house after the funeral. When seen, he was observed to be crest-fallen and drooping, he refused his food, moped and lost flesh day by day. These circumstances excited curiosity; the animal was watched and followed in his stealthy excursions, and it at length appeared that he went daily to the grave of his former friend and playmate, deposited at each visit some of the child's playthings obtained secretly from the house, on the grassy mound that covered her remains, in the vain hope of alluring her to his side again, and then layed down, and passed hour after hour, moaning and whining piteously. His master was obliged finally to chain up the animal, to put an end to his melancholy vigils, the continuance of which would have cost the faithful mourner his existence.

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