

POETRY.

WOMAN

At the Cross and Tomb of the Saviour.

"Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave."

She wept beneath his cross, when all beside  
Forsook him—when a trembling seized the earth,  
When terror shook the nations far and wide,  
And from their graves the buried dead came forth.  
She wept beneath his cross when fear was rife,  
Like flowers that bowed but broke not with the strife.

She followed to his tomb, and saw him laid,  
Even as mortal, in the darkening dust;  
With streaming eyes his resting place surveyed,  
But never failed a moment in her trust  
That he would burst his bonds again and rise,  
Amidst rejoicing angels, to the skies.

She stood beside his grave, ere the first light  
Of morning shone upon the dew-charged flowers  
The seal was gone, the guard was put to flight,  
And Death, the tyrant that the earth devours,  
O'ercome—her Saviour could his sting destroy—  
And now she wept!—aye, wept again for joy!

Oh, woman! ever thus forsake Him not,  
And He shall not forsake thee—He shall be  
Thy constant friend, whate'er be thy lot,  
And in thy parting hour the stay for thee:  
Thy faith shall strengthen—from despair shall save  
And at thy rising, call thee from thy grave.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Farmer's Cabinet.

GRAZING NEAT CATTLE.

This is a matter of great interest, and in order to its successful management it is all important that we start on right principles. The editor of the "Complete Grazier," says that the feeding and fattening whether for labour or for sale, is the most important in the whole economy of the grass farm. It therefore, follows that a farmer should previously consider the nature and fertility of his pastures, and the extent and quality of his other resources—and according to these he ought to regulate his system of grazing, soiling or stall-feeding. Those beasts only should be selected which evince the most thriving disposition to fatten with the least consumption of food, and depasture them upon such lands as are best calculated for the respective breeds. Cattle ought not to be taken from rich to inferior soils—it is desirable to choose them from lands of nearly the same quality as those intended for their reception. It would be well for graziers to choose their purchased stock from an inferior soil. It is also proper in all situations not fully supplied with wholesome water, to avoid selecting cattle from those districts where it abounds in a state of purity.

The practise of grazing necessarily differs according to the nature of the land. In stocking lands, as the proportion of beasts must depend upon the fertility of the soil, it will generally be found that local custom which is generally the result of experience, will afford the surest guide. Instances are recorded in English works, of fifteen large bullocks and one hundred and fifteen sheep having been fattened on fifteen acres. The subdivisions of land, kept for the sole purpose of pasturing, should depend as well upon fertility as upon the number of different kind of cattle to be fed upon it. To render the grazing of cattle profitable it is necessary to change them from one pasture to another, beginning with the most inferior grass and gradually removing them to the best. By this expedient, as cattle delight in variety, they will cull the uppermost or choicest parts of grass, and by filling themselves quickly, as well as by lying down much, they will rapidly advance towards a proper state of fatness. By this process, inclosures are rendered necessary, but great difference exist as to the most suitable size.

John Nicholson, Esq., in his valuable work, the Farmer's Assistant, says, "If a farmer has but three cows, and has three acres of the best pasture land, he ought to divide this into at least two parts, so that the one can be growing while the other is feeding. Again if he keeps only 20 cows, and has twenty acres of the best pasture, he will find his reward in having it divided into four parts, and pasturing each enclosure three or four days alternately. In this way pasture, land will keep at least one-fourth more of cattle, and will keep them better, than if the pasture were in one field. Not only a change of pasture is beneficial, but a change of different kinds of cattle, in the same pasture, should be attended to. Thus let the milk cows take the first cropping of each field in rotation, then the horses and oxen, and the sheep next. In this way the best feeder will eat much grass that has been

rejected by the former." Pastures should never be overstocked as there should always be a sufficient quantity of food for the animals. It is also desirable that the large and strong cattle be separated from the weaker ones, as it frequently happens that where they are indiscriminately mingled together, the more powerful beasts will master the others, driving them from place to place, and trampling upon and destroying more food than they can eat.

To prevent these inconveniences, and also to stock the land to the greatest advantage the Complete Grazier recommends the following method of feeding and fattening cattle. "Suppose there are four inclosures one ought to be kept perfectly free from stock till the grass is in its full growth, when the prime or fattening cattle should be put into it, that they may get the best food—the second best should then follow, and the young after all, making the whole feed over the four inclosures in the following succession:—

1. Free from stock, till ready for the best cattle.

11. For the reception of the best cattle, till sent to No. 1.

111. For the second best cattle till sent to No. 2.

IV. For the young cattle, till sent to No. 3.

Thus the fourth inclosure is kept free from stock till the grass is got up, and it is ready for the prime cattle. To which we will add that the inclosures should be finally gone over by sheep, by which they will be eaten down to a close and even sward, to the great benefit of the after growth.

In the management of land kept in pasture, no manuring is required to maintain its fertility, which will be increased and not diminished by the effects of pasturing. Any species of manure, however, will add to the productiveness of land in grass, and when from any peculiar cause, it is thought expedient to manure use usually lime, or composts of earth and lime, marl, &c. These should invariably be applied as a top dressing, that is, simply spread upon the surface, where vegetation has become inert at the fall of the year or before it has become vigorous in the spring.

The above remarks are gathered mainly from agricultural writers of deservedly high reputation, and you will oblige one deeply interested in the prosperity of agriculture, by inserting them in the Cabinet.

Burlington N. J. May 30. J. P. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRANKNESS.

Alice Ray was one of those beings whose communications are an index to her heart—whose conversation faithfully mirrored in her inmost soul. She uttered a hundred things that you would conceal, and spoke to them with that dignified assurance that you had ever hesitated to say them your self. Nor did this unreservedness appear like the one who could not conceal, or a determination to make war on the forms of society. It was rather a calm, well guarded integrity, regulated by a just sense of propriety—knowing when to be silent, but speaking the truth when she spoke at all.

But you may just visit Miss Alice for half an hour to-night and judge for yourselves. There is Miss Alice on that sofa, sewing a pair of lace sleeves into a satin dress—in which peculiar angelic employment she may persevere until we have finished another sketch.

So you see that pretty little lady, with sparkling eyes, elastic form, and beautiful hand and foot that is sitting opposite to her? She is a belle; the character is written in her face—it dimples in her smiles, and pervades the whole woman.

But there—Alice has arisen, and has gone to the mirror and is arranging the finest auburn hair in the world, in the most tasteful manner. The little lady watches every motion as comically as a kitten would watch a pin-ball.

"It is really in vain to deny it Alice, you are really anxious to look pretty this evening," said she.

"I certainly am," said Alice, quietly.

"Ay, and you hope you shall please Mr. A. and Mr. B.," said the little accusing angel.

"Certainly I do," said Alice, as she twisted her fingers in a beautiful curl.

"Well, I would not tell it, Alice, if I did," said the belle.

"Then you should not ask me," said Alice.

"I declare! Alice!"

"And what do you declare!"

"I never saw such a girl as you are."

"Very likely," said Alice, stooping to pick up a pin.

"Well, for my part, said the little lady, 'I would never take any pains to make any body like me—particularly a gentleman.'"

"I would," said Alice 'if they would not love me without.'"

"Why Alice! I should not think you were so fond of admiration."

"I like to be remembered very much," said Alice returning to the sofa 'and I suppose every body else does.'"

"I don't care about admiration," said the little lady, 'I would be as satisfied that people shouldn't like me as that they should.'"

"Then, cousin I think it's a pity we all like you so well," said Alice, with a good humored smile. If Miss Alice had penetration, she never made a severe use of it.

"But really, cousin," said the little lady 'I should not think such a girl as you would think any thing about dress or admiration, and all that.'"

"I don't know what kind of a girl you think I am," said Alice, 'but for my own part I only pretend to be a common human being, and am not ashamed of common human feelings. If God has made us so that we love admiration, why should we not honestly say so? I love it, you love it, and every body else loves it; and, why should we not honestly say so?'"

"Why yes," said the little lady, 'I suppose every body has a—has a—general love of ambition. I am willing to acknowledge that—that I have but—'"

"But you have no love for it in particular," said Alice 'I suppose you mean to say; that is just the way the matter is disposed of. Every body is willing to acknowledge a general wish for the good opinion of others; but half the world are ashamed to own it when it comes to a particular case. Now, I have made up my mind, that if it is correct in general it is correct in particular, and I mean to own it both ways.'"

"But some how it seems mean!" said the little lady.

"It is mean to lie for it, to be selfishly engrossed in it, but not mean to enjoy it when it comes, or even to seek it, if we neglect no higher interest in doing so. All that God made us to feel, is dignified and pure, unless we pervert it.'"

"But, Alice, I never heard any one speak out so frankly."

"Almost all that is innocent and natural may be spoken out: and as for that which is not innocent and natural, it ought not even to be thought."

"But can every thing be spoken which may be thought?"

"No we have an instinct which teaches us to be silent sometimes, but if we speak at all let it be done in simplicity and sincerity.'"

"Now for instance Alice," said the lady, 'it is very innocent and natural, as you say, to think this, and the other thing of yourself, especially when every body is telling you of it; now would you speak the truth if any one asked you on this point?'"

"If it were a person who had a right to ask, and if it were a proper time and place, I would," said Alice.

"Well then said the bright lady, 'I ask you Alice, in this very proper time and place, do you think you are handsome?'"

"Now I suppose you expect me to make courtesy to every chair in the room, before I answer, but dispensing with that ceremony, I will tell you fairly I think I am.'"

"Do you think that you are good?"

"Not entirely."

"Well, but don't you think that you are better than most people?"

"As far as I can tell, I think I am better than some people; but really cousin, I don't trust my own judgment in this matter," said Alice.

"Well Alice, one more question. Do you think that James Martyrs likes you or me best?"

"I do not know."

"I did not ask you what you knew; but what you thought," said the lady; 'you must have some thought about it.'"

"Well then, I think he likes me best," said Alice.

Just then the door opened, and in walked the identical James Martyrs. Alice blushed—looked a little comical, and continued on with her sewing, while the lady began: "Really, Mr. James, I wish you had come in a minute sooner, to hear Alice's confession."

"What has she confessed?" said James.

Why that she is handsomer and better than most folks."

"That's nothing to be ashamed of," said James.

Oh, that's not all—she wants to look pretty, and loves to be admired, all—"

"It sounds very much like her," said James looking at Alice.

"Oh, but besides that," said the lady, 'she has been preaching a discourse in justification of vanity and self-love.'"

"And the next time you shall take notes when I preach," said Alice, 'for I do not think your memory is remarkably happy.'"

"You see, James," said the lady, 'that Alice makes it a point to say exactly the truth, when she speaks at all; and I've been puzzling her with questions. I really wish you would ask her some to see what she will say. But mercy! there is uncle G—come to take me to ride. I must run. And off flew the little humming-bird, leaving James and Alice *te te tete*."

"There is really one question," said James, clearing up his voice.

Alice looked up.

"There is one question, Alice, which I wish you would answer."

Alice did not enquire what the question was, but began to look very solemn, and just then I went out of the room and shut the door: and so I never knew what it was that Alice's friend James wanted to be enlightened about.

From Waldie's Journal of Belles Letters.

"HAIL COLUMBIA."

Judge Hopkinson—We present our readers with an American anecdote, from the pen of a valued correspondent, respecting the composition of "Hail Columbia," by Judge Hopkinson, which will be new to most of our subscribers.

Mr. Editor—though you are aware that the Hon. Judge Hopkinson is the author of Hail Columbia, you may not know the circumstances under which it was written. I have heard the history of the song more than once, and it may find a place of record in some corner of your Journal, and be secured from oblivion.

In the year 1798 when patriotic feelings pervaded the country and when there were several parties in the field, Mr. Fox, a young player, who was more admired for his vocal than historical powers called one morning upon his friend Mr. H. and after stating the following evening had been appointed for his benefit, and expressing great fear for the result, a single box had been taken begged his friend to do something in his behalf.

"If," said Fox, "you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the President's March, I feel sure of a full house. Several of the people about the theatre have attempted it; but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done, yet I think you may succeed. Mr. H. consented to make a trial, and requested Fox to call in the evening to Judge of the result."

Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, and in a short time wrote the first verse and chorus which were submitted to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sung them to a piano accompaniment, and proved the measure and music to be compatible and in keeping. In this way the second and other verses were written and when Fox returned in the evening, he received with delight the song as it now stands. The following morning, small handbills and placards announced that Mr. Fox would sing a new patriotic song, &c.

The theatre was crowded; the song was sung and received with rapture; it was repeated eight times and again *encored*, and when sung last the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night Hail Columbia cheered the visitors of the theatre, and in a few days it was the universal song of the boys in the streets from one end of the city to the other. Nor was the distinguished author of this truly national song—a song which met the entire approbation of all parties of the day—forgotten. The street in which he resided was on the occasion crowded, and Hail Columbia broke on the stillness of midnight from five hundred patriotic voices.

MORNING.

The best part of the day for most purposes, is in a great measure lost by most persons. There is no question of it. It is either lost in sleep—between sleeping and waking—feeble efforts to rise—buttoning up at the toilet, or in a state of trifling indecision what to take hold of first. Let habit

have its due influence in the case, and there can be no doubt, but that early morning is the most advantageous time for effort of any kind, physical or mental. What an important part of most people's lives are lost!—Sir Walter Scott's evidence in any thing which relates to experience in great performance will be taken without reserve. He says, when I got over any knotty difficulty in a poem, it has always been when I first opened my eyes that the desire hidden throned upon me. This is so much the case, that I am in the habit of relying upon it, and saying to myself when I am at a loss, "we shall have it at six o'clock to-morrow morning." If I have forgot a circumstance, or a name, or a copy of verses, it is the same thing. I think the first hour of the morning is favorable to bodily strength.—Among other feats, when I was a young man I was able to lift a smith's anvil, by what is called the *horn* but I could only do this before breakfast—and required my whole strength undiminished by the least exertion.

QUAKER ECONOMY.

A judge, on a journey, fell in company with a quaker. "Sir," said the judge, "how is it that you quakers always have fat horses, and money in your pockets?"

Quaker. "By and by I will tell thee." Shortly after they arrived at a tavern.—The judge called for a glass of bitters, and urged the quaker to drink; but he refused, saying "I have no need." He then called for two quarts of oats for his horse, and the Quaker for four for his.

Quaker. Now I will tell thee, we drink no spirits at the tavern. How much didst thou pay for the bitters?

Judge. Sixpence.

Quaker. How much for the oats?

J. Sixpence.

Q. My oats cost me ninepence; and what good did the bitters do thee?

J. They procured me an appetite.

Q. Abstinence gives me an appetite.—Thus you see that we spend no more than thou, and our horses are fat. But I have not done with thee yet. I see silver buckles on thy shoes; how much did they cost?

J. Nine dollars.

Q. How long hast thou had them?

J. Eight years.

Q. Do they answer any better than my strings?

J. No.

Q. With nine dollars we should have bought live stock, and at the expiration of five years, we should have had fifteen head of cattle. Here thou seest we can have money in our pockets instead of wearing silver on our shoes we have leather strings.

CONVERSATION ON CONSCIENCE.

A few friends accidentally meeting one day, were led in conversation to conclude that some men have no conscience. "There is neighbor T.," said one of them, "who has borrowed from me no less than three umbrellas, and seems to make no conscience of bringing them back." "Ah," said a student. "I have several such neighbors, until my library almost consists of odd volumes."

"The case is bad enough," said a mechanic, "but not so bad as mine; for I have been working for the rich Mr. F. for the last twelve months, and he has so little conscience that he always puts me off when I ask for payment. "Well well" said a physician, "I have always found that men had less conscience in paying the doctor's bill, than any thing else." "Excuse me," says a country clergyman, "if I doubt your conclusion. I labor hard, and live poor, and although I am always decanting on the pleasure of a good conscience, that is a conscience which accuses us of no neglect of duty, yet I seldom find my parishioners with conscience enough to remember the poor parson's quarter day."

While this conversation was going on, the publisher of a newspaper stepped up and remarked, "Gentlemen, none of you have so much cause to complain as I have. I go to the expence of having presses, types and paper, I hire workmen who must be paid by the week; I send out a daily sheet of news, and yet some of my subscribers have never made it a matter of conscience to pay me a cent for the last three years. And when I send them a bill, they threaten to cease their patronage if I dun them." At this, most of them present agreed that it was true that many had very little conscience in paying for a newspaper. Perhaps felt guilty themselves.

If every body would mind their own business, there would be more business done, and better done.