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POETRY.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer,
Her snow white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast,
Just swelling with the charms it hid,
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
Like a new snow-flake, white and mute:
And then from slumbers soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that slight and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.
O, God, if souls unsoiled as these,
Need daily mercy from thy throne;
If she upon her bended knees—
Our holiest and our purest one;
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of night;
If she with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day, in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
What far, far deeper need have we!
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven!

A SWEET POEM.

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

I never was a favorite—
My mother never smiled
On me, with half the tenderness
That blessed her fairer child;
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek
While fondled on her knee;
I've turned away to hide my tears—
There was no kiss for me.

And yet I strove to please, with all
My little store of sense;
I *strove* to please, and infancy
Can rarely give offence;
But when my artless efforts met
A cold, ungentle check,
I did not dare to throw myself
In tears upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful!
Love watches o'er their birth;
Oh beauty! in my nursury
I learned to know thy worth;
For even *there* I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn;
And wished—for others wished it too—
I never had been born!

I am sure I was affectionate—
But, in my sister's face,
There was a look of love that claimed
A smile or an embrace.
But when *I* raised my lips, to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings in my heart—
They spake not in my eyes.

But oh! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect:
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses decked:
I did not covet *them*; but oft,
When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came,
A time of sorrow too—
For sickness o'er my sister's form
Her venom'd mantle threw:—
The features once so beautiful
Now wore the hue of death;
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night,
I watched beside her bed,
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillowed her poor head.
She lived!—she loved me for my care!
My grief was at an end;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I HAVE a friend.

A black fellow who was disposed to walk upright, took his child to be christened, and when the minister asked what name should be given it, he seriously said, "Scripture name by all means—call it [illegible]

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.
THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

"Time hurries swiftly on,
Each fleeting year seems shorter than the last,
And many hopes which cheered its opening dawn,
Are hurried with the past."

A few hours longer, and the old year will have sunk to "the receptacle" of departed time. Its temptations and its trials, its joys and its sorrows, its "gloom and glory," will have become "things of the past." What changes among the nations, and what in individual fortune and character! A period has arrived when we can look back in a philosophic spirit; when we can examine more coolly and calmly than while the circumstances were transpiring, into the story of our own country, into the progress of human affairs, and note the march of morals of truth, of civilization, or science and religion. But these are comprehensive investigations, they will arrest the attention and excite the minds of but few. The many will turn to their own condition, and look along the past with reference more immediately to their own fortunes, than to the forward and backward movements of the world at large. It is well and wise at such seasons, to pause, reflect and resolve. The merchant or trader, is in the habit of taking semi-annual or annual reviews of the condition of his business affairs, in order to ascertain his losses and gains, and his position and prospects in the world.—Why not, then, individuals examine into their morals, mental and social progress, with a view, not only to a proper investigation of the past, but to just, enlightened and virtuous amendments as to the future? Is there an individual of the many whose eyes will linger on this article, who has not something to repent of?—Something to deplore and regret—something that he would gladly recall? Is there any one who has not sinned either in thought, in word, or in deed? Is there one who can look calmly, and in a truthful spirit, along the year which is just about to expire, without discovering some folly or crime, some rashness some unkindness or malignity, still unatoned for? No! not one. We are all frail; and at times we become the creatures and victims of our inclinations, passions, and prejudices. This the best and wisest will concede.—The most watchful will frequently detect themselves in the commission of wrong; will discover the vanity and error of poor human nature, in some remark, some act, either of omission or commission. Therefore, we contend that it is wise to pause at the close of the year, in order to institute a proper self-examination, and to correct and avoid, at least, some of the errors of the past.

It has been well and beautifully said "that the life of man has been aptly compared to a journey through motley prospects and changing scenes; it is a pilgrimage whose commencement is in ignorance and helplessness, and its termination in decay and death. And as the traveller, when he has attained some projecting eminence will pause and look back with busy remembrence on the landscape that stretches behind him, then turn with the eye of curtosity to trace through distant regions his yet untrodden pathway, so are there times and seasons when the pilgrim man, casting aside for a moment the bustling cares of existence, ought to sit down to review the past and anticipate the future. What more appropriate season for such a review than the close of the year! What more suitable period for self-examination, or penitence and for amendment! If we have had troubles in our domestic relations, and if our conduct has been the cause of these troubles now is the time to deplore the past, and to guard against such error for the future. If we have been unjust in our intercourse with the world, let us make all the atonement in our power, and thus relieve our conscience of the weight in which it is oppressed. If our temper has been peevish and fretful, let us correct it without delay. If we have neglected the exercise of charity, let us do something for the poor and needy; during the festive season we now enjoy. If we have retrograded in our business and monetary affairs, let us ascertain the causes and do all in our power to correct them. If a disposition to become dissolute or intemperate is creeping upon us—if we feel that we are not as we should be, let us seek our chamber, solicit the aid of Providence and resolve to act with more prudence, more wisdom, more morality for the future. If we have wronged any one directly or indirectly, let us repair such wrong before we sleep. If in a moment of heat, or passion, or excitement, we have pained the heart or wounded the feelings of any friend, neighbor or sensitive being—let us endeavor fully and promptly to revive the kindly relations that before existed. If we have neglected our duties, either as citizens, as husbands, as fathers, as men—let us atone in a self sacrificing and manly spirit.—There is a disposition in many, to evade an examination into their own affairs, into the history of their own conduct, into their thoughts and hearts, especially if such examination must be made with feelings of mortification and pain. But the time will come, when "the deeds done in the body," the thoughts of the mind, the aspirations of the spirit, the prejudices and the infirmities of our mortal being, will all be brought to view and to judgment. How much better then, in every point of view, to make a full examination for our own advantage and benefit; and in order that we may take warning from the past, and thus guide our footsteps with more fidelity and steadiness for the future! At least let us try the experiment *this* year.—Let us determine to look narrowly into our own conduct for once, and to atone, wherever we can, for the errors and faults of the past. Rely upon it, such an adjustment of accounts, such a self-examination, such an effort to blot out the dark records of folly and crime, and thus to relieve our thoughts and feelings of much anxiety and pain, would be attended with the happiest consequences, and we should enter upon the new year relieved, invigorated, refreshed—confident that the future would present many new attributes of light, and hope and joy. He is indeed sadly in err[illegible] to their cure or correction. The folly is not greater than that of the poor and deformed idiot, who closes his eyes to his own defects of person, under the impression that they will be thus concealed from the world. Self-examination is not less the policy of wisdom than of virtue. All our lights are drawn from experience. All our knowledge may be said to be hoarded and cherished recollections of the past. To know ourselves, therefore, to ascertain our true character, to endeavor really to correct our errors, we should at least once a year, look back to the chapter in our lives just completed, discover in what we have erred or failed, where we have faltered in our duties and how; and thus, from experience, gather a lesson of wisdom to direct our footsteps for the future.

WOMAN IN HER TRUE CHARACTER.

A woman must be adorned by domestic habits.—These are two fold; a fondness for home and a qualification to discharge the duties of the household. These duties may be allowed to be necessary, but some will doubt whether they form any part of the ornament of a lady. This is one instance in which the present age has egregiously erred, and in which a sickly and corrupt fashion has inverted an ancient and healthful custom, and the very laws of the family circle have given place to a miserable suspension of its most indispensible duties. It is held derogatory to the style of a lady to be domestic, and an indignant blush and a scornful cant will show that she wishes not to be considered as taking any part in the work or ordering of the family. It is in this respect that female education has one of its greatest defects, and woman has dropped one of her richest plumes, to insert in its place an artificial flower; or condescend to sing as a mocking-bird, or flutter as a butterfly, rather than to maintain the true dignity and usefulness of her sex. Every conceivable reason refutes this folly. Her nature, her happiness, her health, her interest, all make home her place, and its repudiated occupations imperious. But, in these days, a little beauty, a little money, and a little pride, are sufficient to cancel all those obligations, and remit forever the most sacred lessons both of religion and experience. God's word requires the sex to be "keepers at home." And is it no recommendation of the fair to sustain this character? Nothing in their praise?

Home is the empire, the throne of a woman. Here she reigns in the legitimate power of all of her united charms. She is the luminary which enligtens, and the talisman which endears it. It is she who makes "home, sweet home," who makes to restless and wandering man, each domestic enclosure an Eden, and herself the best representation of unfallen Eve; whose assiduities and smiles make the very flowers look gay, and the fruits taste delicious. Could you desire to witness a more interesting spectacle, than a lady with every other accomplishment, occupied with the welfare of her family, anticipating and dividing their duties, equally capable of entertaining in the parlor, and managing in the kitchen? What poetic description has ever surpassed the scene of the same lady at her own table, distributing to her guests draughts of exhilerating beverage, made more luxurious by the smiles and the graces which despatched them?

Inspiration has given the best description of a woman adorned with domestic habits. "Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.—She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant's ships, she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandize is good; her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household is clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when she sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindgess. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

The designs of the Almighty are enlarged and vast. They comprehend not only the whole of our present existence, but they include worlds unknown, and stretch forwards into eternity. Hence, much darkness and mystery must of course rest at present on the administration of God; and we, who see only so small a portion of a great and complicated system, must be very inadequate judges, both of the tendency of each part, and of the issue of the whole. We behold no more than the outside of things. Our views glide over the surface and even along that surface they extended but a short way; but under the surface there lie hidden springs, that are set in motion by a superior hand, and are bringing forward revolutions unforeseen by us.—There are *wheels moving within wheels*, as the prophet Ezekiel beheld in a mysterious vision. We, measuring all things by the shortness of our own duration, are constantly accelerating our designs to their period. We are eager in advancing rapidly towards the completion of our wishes. But it is not so with God. In his sight, *a thousand years are as one day*; and while his infinitely wise plans are continually advancing with sure progress, that progress, to our impatience appears slow. Let us have patience for a while, and these plans shall in due time be developed, and will explain themselves. His language to us is, *What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.*

THE TRUANT HUSBAND.

'The painful virgil may I never know
That anxious watches o'er a wandering heart.'

[*Mrs. Tighe.*

It was midnight, and she sat leaning her pale cheek on her hand, counting the dull ticking of the French clock, that stood on the marble chimney piece, and ever and anon lifting her weary eye to its dial to mark the lapse of another hour. It was past midnight, and yet he returned not! She arose, and taking up her lamp, whose pale rays alone illumined the solitiry chamber, proceeded with a noiseless step to a small inner apartment. The curtains of his little bed were drawn aside, and the young mother gazed on her sleeping child! What a vivid contrast did that glowing cheek and smiling brow present, as he lay in rosy slumber, to the faded yet beautiful face that hung over him in tears! 'Will he resemble his father?' was the thought that passed for a moment through her devoted heart, and a sigh was the only answer!

'Tis his well known knock—and the steps of the drowsy porter echoed through the lofty hall, as with a murmer on his lips, he drew the massive bolt and admitted his thoughtless master. 'Four o'clock, Willis, is it not?' and he sprang up the staircase—another moment he is in her chamuer—in her arms!

No reproaches met the truant husband, none—save those she could not spare him in her heavy eye, and faded cheek—yet those spoke to his heart.

'Julia, I have been a wandering husband.'

'But you are come now, Charles, and all is well.'

And all was well, for, from that hour Charles Danvers became an altered man. Had his wife met him with frowns and sullen fears, he had become a hardened libertine; but her affectionate caresses, the joy that danced in her sunken eye, the hectic flush that lit up her pallid cheek at his approach, were argumenis he could not withstand. Married in early life, while he felt all the ardor, but not the esteem of love; possessed of fortune, and having hitherto had the entire command of his own pleasures, Danvers fell into that common error of newly married men—the dread of being controlled. In vain did his parents, who beheld with sorrow the reproaches and misery he was heaping up for himself in after life, remonstrate. Charles Danvers turned a deaf ear to advice, and pursued with companions every way unworthy of his society, the path of folly, if not absolute guilt. The tavern, the club-room, the race-course, too often left his wife a solitary mourner, or a midnight watcher.

Thus the first three years of their wedded life had passed—to him in fervered and restless pleasure, to her in blighted hope or unmurmuring regret. But this night crowned the patient forbearance of the neglected Julia with its just reward, and give the death blow to the folly, in the bosom of Danvers. Returning with disgust from the losses of the hazard table, her meakness and long-suffering touched him to the soul; the film fell from his eyes, and Vice, in her own hideous deformity stood unmasked before him.

Ten years have passed since that solitary midnight, when the young matron bent in tears over her sleeping boy. Behold her now! still in the pride of womanhood, surrounded by their cherub faces, who are listening ere they go to rest to her sweet voice, as it pours forth to the accompaniment of her harp an evening song of joy and melody; whilst a manly form is bending over the music page to hide the tear of happiness and triumph that springs from a swelling bosom, as he contemplates the interesting group. Youthful matrons! ye who watch over a wandering, perhaps erring heart—when a reproach trembles on your lips towards a truant husband, imitate Julia Danvers, and remember though hymen has thorns, like the sword of Harmodius, they may be covered with flowers; and unkindness and irritability do but harden, if not wholly estrange the heart—manner (as water dropping on the flinty rock, will in time wear it into softness) seldom fails to reclaim to happiness and virtue the Truant Husband.

A Premature Endorsement.—A story is told of a Hiberman who offered his vote in a neighboring town under circumstances which induced the loco focos to believe him a Whig. He had his ticket firmly encased in his brawny fist, when the Inspectors asked him his name.

Barney Flagherty, yer honors, the world over, save in Kentucky, where they call me Barnabus O'Flagherty for shortness."

"I challenge his vote," said a loco foco, as soon as he heard the word "Kentucky."

"You are challenged Mr. Flagherty. Are you prepared to take the oath?"

"I'm challenged, am I? Then I'm the man for his mutton. Any weapon from a double-fist full of bones to a Donnybrook shillelah. And as for the oath, I am ready to swear by St. Patrick or ould Hickory that a better Democrat"—

"Withdraw the challenge, Jim. He's for Polk."

"As for the matter of that, thin, I voted for ould Hickory and"—

"I withdraw the challenge."

"And for Van Buren"

"Take his vote—take his vote."

'But the old boy take me if I'm iver caught by loco foco blarney agin," added Barney as he saw his vote deposited—and marched off shouting for "ould Kaintuck, who never turned the back of his hand to a friend nor the back of his coat to an inimy!"

The Whigs shouted and the loco focos hung their lips as Barney Flagherty placed his thumb on his nose, and gave his permature endorsers "the top of the morning for their swate gentility."—*Rorcheeter Dem.*

Twistification.—'Father wants you to send him two yards of black broadcloth, he do'nt care what color it is, and when he kills his pig last week, he'll pay you what you owe him.'

[illegible] Venezuela

AGRICULTURAL

Pitts' Corn and Cob Grinder--Value of Corn Meal.

H. A. Pitts, after experimenting more or less, as the spirit of invention moved him, during the past year, has at length completed the Corn and Cob Grinder, and put it in operation in Winthrop village, where he resides. As we stated some time ago in the Farmer, it is so small and compact that, with the exception of the hopper, you may put the whole of it into your hat. It is a terrible *cob-eater*, though, if it is so small. We have had ears of corn "*chawed*" up by it after the rate of a bushel in four minutes, and this too, when it had ground so much that its teeth were dull, and the bands too loose to give him "top speed,"

The corn was green and damp, being a lot of "pig-corn," sorted out from the best. Mr. Pitts has it so arranged that he can crack up your corn, without the cob, to any required fineness, from coarse samp to *superfine bannock*. But what's the use of grinding up the cobs?

Why not keep them to kindle your fire with, smoke your bacon, or make manure? Why, let us see what they are worth for horse or cattle feed. If we can prove to you that the cob meal is worth as much, *bushel for bushel, as oats*, you will allow it is an object to save them.

Every body who has fed a horse or an ox much with "*corn nubbins*" in the fall of the year, has noticed that he will eat the whole, cob and all, and seem to prefer it to shelled corn. We once owned a horse that wouldn't eat corn, any way you could fix it, unless it were on the ear, when he would "*munch*" the whole up together very greedily. Every one knows, too, that when we feed an ox or cow on this, a considerable portion of the kernels of the corn pass through whole, undigested, and of course are the same as so much corn thrown away. Now for some proof that the cob part of the meal is equel to the same measure of oats, we find in the New England Farmer the following statements, quoted from the Massachusetts Agricultural Repository of 1823. It is a communication from Mr. Rice, of Shrewsbury. He is a a stock-raiser, and a man of great experience in feeding cattle. He gives an account of using cob meal, as feed, as follows:—"The second year, if I mistake not, in which I made use of cob meal, I thought I would try an experiment by feeding one ox with corn and oats ground, the other with corn and cobs, having a yoke of oxen so evenly matched that no one who viewed them was satisfied which was the best. Accordingly, I fed as above. The cob is computed to make a little more than *one-third*; therefore I mixed the other with one-third oats, as was my former mode. I gave each ox an equal quantity at a time, except the one which had corn and oats sometimes became dainty and would not eat his allowance, while the other kept an equal course. The allowance of both was a little over three pecks per day. When taken to market and killed, they weighed twenty-eight hundred and a half. The one fed on corn and oats weighed half a hundred the most; while the one fed on corn and cob meal, was considered half a dollar per cwt. the best beef. The one fed on corn and cob meal had 163 pounds of tallow—the other 162 pounds." From this experiment, it will be seen what the comparative value of cob meal is.

We have been informed by a farmer's wife, that the meal from the cob, ground alone, when sifted fine, will make very good "flap Jacks." We have also found by experiment that hens are very fond of corn and cob meal. Our hens would eat that which Mr. Pitts ground for us, as greedily as they would corn, and this is the only way we know of to get cobs down a hen.

Here, then, is a chance for farmers to make a great saving. If the cob meal amounts to one-third of that made by corn and cobs ground together, then the farmer who raises a hundred bushels of ears of corn and throws away his cobs, is equally as imprudent and foolish as he who raises *thirty three and a third bushels of oats and throws them all away, when he has harvested and thrashed them.*—[*Maine Farmer.*

"Depend upon it, the great defect of our farming is the scanty returns which we make to the soil that we crop so closely; and when you complain of poor returns for your labor, at least or the quantity gathered, it is upon the principle that you are willing to work your horse but not to feed him. Until, therefore, we feed with a more liberal hand, we shall not be more liberally rewarded. If I compare your farming, however, with what it was twenty years ago, I see a decided improvemont; better houses, better barns, better fences, better, that is, cleaner fields, better crops, and stock essentially improved. With all these man improves. But there is a vast deal yet to be done, and we must not talk of good farming, until we can in all things double, and in many things treble our present product; for let me tell you the productive powers of the earth are almost illimitable."—*Dr. Beekman.*

Yellow Butter in winter is made by putting in the yolk of eggs near the termination of churning. This also makes very fine and sweet butter. It has hitherto been kept a great secret by many, but its great value requirhs publicity. In many places it is usual to substitute a little finely scraped carriot for the egg.

It is the opinion of some very judicious farmers that a given quantity of ground will afford more nutriment for any kind of stock, when appropriated to apple trees, [illegible] to [illegible]

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