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POETRY.

WINTER IS COMING.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Winter is coming! who cares? who cares?
Not the wealthy and proud, I trow:
"Let it come," they cry, "what matter to us
How chilly the blast may blow?"

"We'll feast and carouse in our lordly halls,
The goblet of wine we'll drain,
We'll mock at the wind with shouts of mirth,
And music's echoing strain.

"Little care we for the biting frost,
While the fire gives forth its blaze;
And what to us is the dreary night,
While we dance in the waxlight's rays?"

'Tis thus the rich of the land will talk,
But think! oh, ye pompous great,
That the harrowing storm YE laugh at within
Falls bleak on the POOR AT YOUR GATE!

They have blood in their veins, ay, pure as thine,
But nought to quicken its flow;
They have limbs that feel the whistling gale,
And shrink from the driving snow.

Winter is coming—oh! think, ye great,
On the roofless, naked and old;
Deal with them kindly, as man with man,
And spare them a tithe of your gold!

THE HOME OF LOVE.

BY ROBERT E. H. LEVERING.

AIR—"*Fond Hearts.*"

Our hearts are but the *Home of Love*,
The home of all the sweetest;
And pleasant smiles and wonted joys
Are constant guests the meetest.

There is sweet music in that home,
From heart to heart soft swelling,
Enchaining thought which could not roam
Where such delights are thrilling.

There is a glorious banquet there,
Sure heaven has not a sweeter,—
Affection's fruits comprise the fare,
And *Cupid* is the waiter!

There are rich tapers through that scene,
Bewitching glory shedding,
From *Mary's* eyes, of angel sheen,
Love's highest rapture's spreading.

There is a bosom beating there,
Like miser, counting pleasure,—
That home's to him a casket fair,
And *Mary* is his treasure!

There is a thought which thrills delight,
From morn to noon and even,
A thought which gilds the tomb with light—
This is the dawn of heaven!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Chambers' Edinburg Journal.

JUGGLERS IN INDIA.

[The convention of a friend recently arrived from India enables us to notice one or two of the surprising performances of the jugglers of that country, which, though familiar to persons acquainted with Eastern matters, may be new to many of the readers of these pages.]

A party of jugglers came forward on one occasion to perform publicly in the yard of the barracks of Madras. Many hundred of people, of all kinds, ages and denominations, including the soldiery of the establishment, assembled to witness the exhibition, and some little temporary arrangements were made that all might hear conveniently. The leader of the jugglers, who were all, of course, natives of Hindostan, requested the commanding officer to place a guard of men around the scene of display—a precaution which was adopted, and proved a very wise one. The floor of the court, be it observed, was composed of sand, firm and well trodden. On this ground then, after some preliminary tricks of an inferior kind, one man was left alone with a little girl, the latter seeming about 8 or 9 years old. Beside them stood a tall narrow basket, perhaps 3 or 4 feet high, by little more than a foot in width, and open at the top. No other object, living or inanimate, appeared upon the ground. After a short period spent by the man in conversing with the girl, he seemed to get angry, and began to rail loudly at her for her neglect of some wish of his. The child attempted to soothe him, but he continued to show an increased degree of irritation as he went on. By degrees he lashed himself into such apparent fury that the foam actually stood upon his lips, and being naturally of an unprepossessing countenance, he looked to the white spectators at least as like an enraged demon as might be. Finally his wrath at the girl rose seemingly to an uncontrollable height, and he seized her and put her beneath the basket or rather turned the open mouth of the basket over her person. She was thus shut entirely up, the turned bottom of the basket closing her in above. Having thus disposed of the child, in spite of her screams and entreaties, the man drew his sword, which was as bright as the surface of a mirror, and he appeared as if about to wreak some further evil on the object of his ire. And after some moments, during which he talked to himself and to the enclosed girl, as if justifying his anger, he did actually at length plunge the sword down into the basket and drew it out dripping with blood, or at least blooded drops! The child screamed piteously from her prison, but in vain; for the man plunged the weapon again and again into the scene of her confinement. As he did so, the cries of the girl became faint by degrees, and in the end died away altogether. The deed of death was consummated.

So, at least, thought most of the horror-struck persons who witnessed this action. And well it was for the chief performer in it that he requested a guard to be placed, for it required all the exertions of this guard to prevent the aroused soldiery, who believed this to be no trick, but a diabolical butchery, from leaping into the arena and tearing the man to pieces. The excitable Irishmen among the number in particular, ground their teeth against one another, and uttered language not very complimentary to the juggler. Even the officers, whose better education and experience made them less open to such feelings, grew pale with uneasiness. But observe the issue of all this.

When the man seemed to have carried his rage to the last extremity, warned, perhaps, by the looks of the soldiers that it would be as well to close the exhibition without delay, he raised his bloody sword for a moment before the eyes of the assemblage, and then struck the basket smartly with it. The basket tumbled over on one side, and on the spot which it had covered, in place of the expected corpse of the girl whose last groans had just been heard, there was seen—nothing? No vestige of dress, or any other thing to indicate that the girl had ever been there. The amazement of the spectators was unbounded, and it was if possible, rendered more intense, when, after the lapse of a few seconds, the identical little girl came bounding from the side of the court-yard—from among the spectators feet, it seemed, and clasped the juggler around the knees, with every sign of affection, and without the slightest marks of having undergone any injury whatever. We have said the astonishment of the assembly was immeasurable; and it might really well be so, seeing that the feat was performed in the centre of a court every point of the circumference of which was crowded with speciators whose eyes were never off the performers for one instant. As to the notion of a subterranean passage, the nature of the ground put that out of the question, and, besides, that nothing of that kind existed was made plain to all who chose to satisfy themselves on the subject, by looking at the scene of performances when they had closed. Every one was sure that the girl had been put below the basket, and that she did not get out of it in the natural way. But she did get out, and how? It is impossible to say, though there can be no doubt that it was accomplished by some skilful manœuvre.

A somewhat similar feat is sometimes performed with animals. A juggler will place a lean dog below one of the baskets, and presto pass! when he lifts up you will behold a litter of as fine pups as ever whipper-in could desire. But most people will probably think the tree-trick a more wonderful one than any of these. A juggler in performing this, chooses either a small spot of earth, of the extent of two or three feet square, or fills it with mould for his purpose. Either of the ways will do. Having this small plat of earth before him, and his spectators ranged around at a distance of two or three feet, the juggler shows to the company a mango stone, or the stone found in the centre of the Eastern fruit known by that name, which varies in size from that of an apple upward. This stone the juggler then plants in the earth at the depth of several inches, and covers it up. Not many minutes elapse until the spectators behold a small green shoot arise from the spot. It increases visibly in height and size every moment, until it attains the altitude of a foot or so. It then begins to send off branches from the main stem; on the branches leaves begin to appear, bearing the natural hue of vegetation. Buds next present themselves; the whole affair, meanwhile, assuming the regular aspect in every particular, of a miniature tree some four feet high. The buds are followed by blossoms, and finally the green fruit of the mango meets the astonished eyes of all the spectators. "Look, but touch not," is all the time the juggler's word, and he himself also preserves the character of a looker on. When the fruit has arrived at something like a fair growth for such a tree, the originator of this extraordinary vegitation plucks it, and hands it to the spectators. This is the winding up of the charm. The assembled persons handle the fruit, and see nothing in it, in the slightest degree, different from the ordinary produce of the mango, elaborated by the slow vegetation of months. Our informant on these points ate a portion of the fruit brought forth by this jugglery, and found it to taste exactly like the raw mango. The whole process now detailed, usually occupies a quarter of an hour, from the planting of the stone to the production of the fruit. Though he gives away the fruit, the performer does not part with the tree. This feat, which is perfectly familiar to all who have been in India, is certainly an extraordinary one, and affords the most effectual evidence of the power of deception which the race of jugglers has attained.

A KISSING HOLIDAY.

AN ENGLISH CUSTOM.

The correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser gives the following description of one of the Easter Holidays, which he passed at a small town in the heart of Staffordshire:

On descending to the little parlor of the inn, on Monday morning, I perceived that all the household were in their gayest attire, and that no one entertained any serious notions of work or business. I had despatched my solitary breakfast of ham and eggs, and other country dainties, and was looking out with mixed feelings of delight and envy upon the prospect before me, when the door of my room was suddenly flung open, and six rosy-cheeked, ringletted young women entered, tittering very much, and looking very foolish at each other, and then at me.

I am not vain—but, to give the devil his due, I am a rather handsome fellow—my mother has told me so a thousand times; so, upon the whole, I was rather gratified by this piece of admiring attention. But to be left alone in a little parlor, with half a dozen girls, requires some nerve, and I confess I began to feel rather quaintish. I am rather bashful, and therefore had a mortal repugnance to being thus exhibited gratis, and so, to put an end to this scene, I said, in as careless a tone as I could command, "What's the matter, Mary?"

"Well, sir," she answered, "I see you don't understand our ways; but you must sit in this chair, if you please." And she indicated a chair which I had not perceived, in the back staves of which were entwined laurel, ivy and flowers.

Anxious to conciliate them, I complied with her request, resigning myself to my fate with desperate fortitude. Scarcely had I taken my seat when they held me up in the chair, as high as they could, three or four times, laughing most outrageously at my look of bewildered horror. I gave myself up for lost; an unfortunate young man, who had strayed into a rustic wilderness, far from his home and his friends, entrapped and forcibly carried away by six violently pretty girls. But if I was horror-struck at this proceeding, judge what was my consternation when the leader of the assailants, that very Mary who had brought my breakfast half an hour before, and leered upon me only as a charmingly wicked young woman can leer, advanced, seized me round the neck, and impressed upon my half-parted lips a ferocious kiss. This was the climax. I defied destiny from that instant, and resolved to meet my fate like a martyr. "La, sir," said Mary, "you are quite alarmed; I must have another just to bring you to your senses." And she had another, and it did bring me to my senses. How soon one gets used to kissing! All my terror had vanished at the salute of the third damsel, and I repaid the lip-service of the sixth with interest. I got so fond of the sport that I even wanted to repeat the performance, and would not have cared to employ the entire day in such pastime.

"Now, sir," said Mary, "you must know that this is our 'heaving day;' to-day the young girls heaves the young men, whoever they can catch, gentle or simple; and to-morrow the young men heaves we, if they can catch us, and them as don't get a kiss, man or woman, pays forfeit." I was also informed that it was customary to give some trifling gratuity to the ladies, as a keepsake; a practice to which I conformed, by giving them a trifle of money, which they did not keep long, and they left me well pleased with the success of their exploit, while I was no less so.

I rode on the mail coach to within about two miles of my friend's house, and walked the remaining distance. My road lay through narrow lanes, and across fields, until I came upon a small village. Hitherto I had not met a soul; but was walking merrily on, whistling or singing, in love with all the world, not omitting that most important item in the aggregate—myself. But as I entered the straggling village, I could perceive gowns, and many-colored caps, flitting backwards and forwards, and had an intuitive consciousness of women, resolved on heaving achievements, lying in ambush behind impervious hedges; which fillled me with strange trepidation. I proceeded, however, calling up a look of stand-off-or-I'll-bite-you expression; thinking, in the innocence of my head, to check too familiar advances by an assumed *hauteur*.

I was miserably deceived; for a strong-built young lady, in a state of most barbarous health, came forward to meet me, with an awful carelessness of manner, evidently wishing to persuade me that I was unnoticed, and that she was only going to the spring for a pail of water; but when she arrived within grappling distance, she flung her pail down, clasped me rudely around the waist, and before I could say "alas," she lifted me from my feet and kissed me with violence. She offered no apology for thus assaulting me on the Queen's highway, but laughed in my face immoderately, and called out, "Sukey, I've got him!" Oh dear! Oh dear! Scarcely had she spoken, before Sukey, and Bet and Polly, and a dozen others, sprang into being from invisible places, and I was surrounded by a laughing, shouting group of unfeeling, robustious females.

I expostulated and entreated in vain; I was pulled about, lifted up, and kissed without mercy, till, making a desperate rally, I burst from their embraces and fled along the land at the top of my speed, followed by derisive cheers from my baffled persecutors, and shouts of laughter from their husbands, fathers and brothers, who had left the Red Lion to see the sport.

A SCENE AT WASHINGTON.—When Mr. McLane was secretary of State, a new minister arrived at Washington from Lisbon, and a day was appointed for him to be presented to President Jackson. The hour was set, and the Secretary expected the minister to call at the State Department for him; but Mr. McLane's French is like that of the present translator to the Department, rather difficult of comprehension, and the Portuguese misunderstood him, and proceeded to the White House alone. He rang the bell, and Jemmy O'Neal, Martin's predecessor, came to the door.

"Je suis venu voir Monsieur le President," said the minister.

"What the divil does that mane?" muttered Jemmy—"he says Prisident though, and I s'pose he wants to see the Gineral."

"Oui, oui," said the Portuguese, bowing.

So Jemmy ushered him into the green-room, where the General was smoking his corncob pipe with great composure. The minister made his bow to the President, and addressed him in French, of which the General did not understand one word.

"What does the fellow say, Jemmy?"

"Divil a know I knows—I recken he's a furriner."

"Try him in Irish, Jemmy," said Old Hickory.

Jemmy gave him a touch of the genuine Milesian, but the minister only shrugged his shoulders with the usual "plait-il."

"Och!" said Jemmy, "he can't go the Irish, sir; he's Frinch, by the hill o' Howth!"

"Then send for the French cook, and let him try if he can find out what the gentleman wants."

The cook was hurried from the kitchen, sleves rolled up, apron on, and carving knife in hand. The minister, seeing this formidable apparition, and doubting that he was in the presence of the head of the nation, feared some treachery, and made for the door before which Jemmy planted himself to keep him in. When the cook, by the General's order, asked him who he was and what he wanted, he gave a very subdued answer, to the astonishment of the cook, the President, and Jemmy, who now discovered for the first time, the character of the stranger.

In this stage of the business McLane came in, and the minister was presented in form—but the matter could never be alluded to in Old Hickory's presence without throwing him into a passion.

PRETTY GOOD.—A correspondent of the Independent (Tuscaloosa) Monitor, who lately visited Washington city objects to the nudity of the Indian girl in Persico's group, representing the landing of Columbus.

This reminds us, says the State Journal and Flag, of the old maid, who, after reading the account of the gallant rescue of Miss Onslow from the wreck of the Paulaski, by a Mr. Ridge, to whom she was afterwards married, and brought a fortune of $200,000, remarked that Miss Onslow might be very pretty and a great heiress, but for her own part, she had rather be drowned any time than be saved by sitting alone on a piece of a wreck, with a young man, in her night gown! Very much like the Monitor's critic was the bashful young man who lately took some ladies to see Powers' beautiful statue of our first mother. Seeing her standing before them as large as life, and twice as natural, he blushed immediately, and turning to the ladies, said hastily:—"We've called too early. She's not dressed yet. Let's evacuate!"

From the Southern Cultivator.

WHEAT STRAW A SUBSTITUTE FOR FODDER.

This is the season wheat is got out, and I regret to see the straw is thrown out to make manure. I once had a meadow of thirty acres, producing good grass (feather clover, and a broad-leafed blue grass,) all of which made a very fine quality of hay. To save the trouble of feeding, and to furnish shelter for my cattle, I put forks in the ground, and on them placed poles of such size and at such a distance apart that the cattle could draw the hay down from between these poles, which were placed, by the height of the forks, so as to admit the cattle freely to walk under the frame, as I call it. On this frame I stacked my hay. I stacked wheat straw in the same way, generally on the poorest spots in the field. My cattle were turned in and permitted to feed themselves, and at pleasure, to use the stacks as shelter, of which they soon learned the advantages. I found my cattle would use the stacks of hay as shelter, but would not eat the hay so long as the straw lasted, which proved to me, if they had proper taste, that the straw was more valuable than the hay.

My horses and mules were furnished with hay alone, in the stable, on which they showed health and usual thrift. This experiment for some years was observed, and regularly this preference was shown for the straw by the cattle; and they improved and looked better while enjoying the feed on straw, than when they were confined to hay alone, which was as soon as the straw was consumed.

I have never tried to feed the straw alone to horses, but I would not hesitate to say, it is worth more than fodder. Try it; save your own straw; it will feed and sustain cattle, horses and mules, and ultimately manure more valuable than by the slovenly process of throwing out to rot.

D. REINHARDT.

Greenville, S. C., June, 1845.

GIVING A PECULIAR FLAVOR TO MEAT.—A little experience in fattening or stall-feeding animals, will demonstrate that almost any particular flavor may be given to the meat, by feeding it with different substances. If you fatten beef on pumpkins, you give the flesh a sweet and juicy flavor, and the tallow will have a yellow tinge. If fed upon apples, it will have a different flavor, and the tallow be light colored and melt easier. Indian corn gives the tallow more solidity, and a white color. If you feed milch cows upon turnips, you can soon taste them in the milk, and onions also will give the milk their peculiar taste. Sea fowl that live upon fish, also have a peculiarly fishy taste. Partridges are sometimes rendered poisonous by eating poisonous berries. There is a variety of ducks killed in the waters of Chesapeake Bay and vicinity, called "Canvasback" duck, which are very famous for the peculiar flavor of their flesh, which is caused by the kind of food which they get in those waters. The food is supposed to be the wild celery. A Yankee, in a recent Buffalo paper, recommends the manufacture of canvasback ducks out of the common domestic duck, by feeding them with garden celery while fattening. There is no sort of doubt that if this species of food be given them for some weeks before they are killed, they will have the flavor of it in their flesh, and perhaps be equal to or better than the famous canvasbacks above alluded to. It is an experiment very easily tried, and one which will no doubt be both successful and profitable.—*Maine Farmer.*