

Poetry.

COCKNEY ENIGMA ON THE LETTER H.

"I dwells in the Hearth, and I breathes in the Hair;
If you searches the Hoocean you'll find that I'm there.
The first of all Hangels in Holympus am Hi,
Yet I'm banished from 'Eaven, expelled from on 'Igh.
But tho' on this Horb I am destin'd to grovel,
I'm ne'er in an 'Ouse, in an 'Ut, nor an 'Ovel;
Not an 'Oss nor an 'Unter e'er bears me alas!
But often I'm found on the top of a Hass.
I resides in a Hattie, and loves not to roam,
And yet I'm invariably habesent from 'Ome.
'Tho' 'ushed in the 'Urricane, of the Hatmosphere part,
I enters no 'Ed, I creeps into no 'Art.
Only look, and you'll see in the Heye I appear,
Only 'ark, and you'll hear me just breathe in the Hear.
'Though in sex not an 'E, I am (strange paradox!)
Not a bit of an 'Effer, but partly a Hox.
Of Hetermity Hi'm the beginning! And mark,
'Tho' I goes not with Noar, I'm the first in the Hark.
I'm never in 'Elth—have with Fysick no power,
I dies in a month, but comes back in a Hour."
Henry Mayhew, in the Com. Alm.

The Family.

LETTERS TO GIRLS.

BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

"What another lecture?" Yes, girls, another lecture. I thought long ago that I should have to read you a long one about minding your mothers. Of course, you all know the divine command—"Honour thy father and thy mother," but very few obey it. An undutiful child is an odious character, yet very young people feel the affection for, and show the respect and obedience to their parents, that is becoming right and beautiful. Did you ever sit and think about the anguish your mother endured to give you being? Did you ever recount the days and nights of care, toil, and anxiety you cost her? Did you ever try to measure the love that sustained your infancy and guided your youth? Did you ever think about how much more you owe your mother than you will be able to pay? If so, did you look sour and cross when she asked you to do anything—did you ever vex or disobey her? If you did, it is a sin of no common magnitude, and a shame which should make you burn every time you think of it. It is a sin that is sure to bring its reward in this world. I never knew an undutiful daughter make a happy wife and mother. The feeling that enables any one to be unkind to a mother will make her who indulges it wretched for life. If you should lose your mother, you can little dream how the memory of every unkind look or undutiful word, every neglect of her wishes, will haunt you. I could never tell you how I sometimes feel in remembering instances of neglect to my mother, and yet thanks to her care, I had the name of being a good child. She told me shortly before she died that I had never vexed her by any act of disobedience, and I would not resign the memory of her approbation for the plaudits of a world, even though I knew it was her love that hid the faults, and magnified all that was good. I know how many things I might have done to add to her happiness and repay her care, that I did not do; but the grave has cut off all opportunity to rectify mistakes or atone for neglects. Never, never lay up for your self the memory of an unkindness to or neglect of your mother. If she is sick, how can you possibly get tired waiting upon her, how can you trust any one else to take your place about her? No one could have filled her place to your peevish infancy and troublesome childhood. When she is in her usual health, remember she is not so young and active as you are. Wait upon her. If she wants her knitting, bring it to her, not because she could not get it herself but to show that you are thinking about her, and love to be near her. Bring her a drink, fix her cap, pin on her kerchief, bring her shoes, get her gloves, or do some other little things for her. No matter how active and healthy she may be, or how much she may love to work, she will love to have you do any little thing that will show you are thinking of her. How I should like to get down on the floor, and put the stockings and shoes on mother's dear, fat, white feet, or to stand half an hour combing and toying with her soft, brown hair. Girls, you do not know

the value of your mother, if you have not lost her. Nobody loves you, nobody will love you as she does. Do not be ungrateful for that love, do not repay it with coldness, or a curse of coldness will rest upon you, which you can never shake off. Unloved and unloving you will live and die, if you do not love and honor your father and mother.

One thing, never call either "old man" or "old woman." It is quite a habit in the country for young people to name their parents thus. This is rude, impudent and undutiful. Any aged person is an old man or an old woman. There should be something sacred, something peculiar in the word that designates parents. The tone of voice in which they are addressed should be affectionate and respectful. A short surly answer from a child to a parent falls very harshly on the ear of any person who has any idea of filial duty. Be sure, girls, that you each win for yourselves the name of a dutiful daughter. It is so easy to win, that no one should be without it. It is much easier to be a good daughter than a good wife and mother. There are no conflicting interests between parent and child, as between husband and wife. A child's duties are much more easily performed than a parent's; so that she who is a good daughter may fail to be a good wife or mother; but she who fails in this first most simple relation need never hope to fill another well. Be sure, then, that you are a good daughter. It is the best preparation for every other station, and will be its own reward. The secret you dare not tell her is a dangerous secret, and one that will be likely to bring you sorrow. The hours you spend with her will not bring you regret, and you should never feel disappointed or out of humour, for not being permitted to go to some place to which you wished to go. You should love her so well that it would not be felt a punishment to give up the gayest party to remain with her.

Nothing is more beautiful than to see a girl take off her things, and sit smilingly down with her mother, because she wished it. But this letter is growing long, and my thoughts have wandered; so good night. Go and kiss mother, as you used to do when a child, and never grow too large or wise to be a child at her side.

English Needle Women.

Needle-working in London is one of the largest and most over-crowded of all the trades, and it is the exclusive employment of women. The reduction in the cost of clothing has so reduced the price of labour in this department of industry, that public meetings are now devising a remedy for the terrible evils which have fallen upon the poor needle-women. At one of these meetings, about 18000 of these poor creatures were present, and they are described as looking "just as if they had been disinterred." The monstrous conditions exacted of them by employers, have brought out startling facts. For the most trifling faults, garments are thrown back upon them to their ruin. At a meeting where from 1000 to 1200 of these women were assembled, only three or four had any under clothing; only 58 had blankets; 151 had no beds to lie on; 45 had pawned them to keep from starving; most of 180 had been compelled to sell them altogether. Many of these, working from daylight until near midnight, had not been able to earn more than a shilling during the week; many had not earned that, and at least one-fifth of the whole number had not obtained a particle of work even at the lowest possible price!

The Farm.

CARE OF YOUNG STOCK.

As the first winter is the most trying time for young animals, so their owner should pay extra care for their health and comfort. They ought to have the open air as much as possible; and it is well to furnish them with convenient sheds for shelter, which are much better than close, warm stables, except in very stormy weather. They ought not to be confined in the same yards with older cattle, that they may escape all injury, and have a better chance to get at their food. They should be fed regularly, and have access to water. In addition to what they will eat of the best hay, lambs and calves ought to be supplied with a few roots, unless the weather be extremely cold. A daily allowance to each lamb of a gill of beans, peas, oats or corn, would be very beneficial. For calves, shorts or bran is preferable. Colts may have two quarts of oats, or three quarts of bran. They ought not to

stand on a hard floor, which frequently causes ring-bone. Whatever time and attention are thus spent in the care of his young stock, the farmer will be amply repaid in their increased size and improved health.

FEEDING CATTLE IN WINTER.

Feed and fodder cattle at fixed times, and dispense their food and fodder in a fixed routine. I had a striking instance of the bad effects of irregular attention to cattle. An old staid laborer who was appointed to take charge of the cattle, was quite able and very willing to undertake the task. He was allowed to take his own way at first; for I had observed that many laboring men display great ingenuity in their work. Lowings from the stock were heard in all quarters, both in and out of doors, and they intimated that my ancient cattle-man was not endowed with the organ of order, while I observed that the poor creature himself was constantly in a state of perspiration. To put a stop to this disorderly state of things, I appointed his whole day's work by his own watch; and on his implicitly following the plan, he was not only soon able to satisfy the wants of every animal committed to his charge, but had abundant leisure besides to lend a hand to anything else requiring temporary assistance. His heart overflowed with gratitude when he found that he could easily make the objects of his charge happy; and his kindness to them was so sincere that they would have done whatever he liked.

What Can be Done on One Acre of Ground.

The Editor of the Maine Cultivator published a few weeks ago his management of one acre of ground, from which we gather the following results: one-third of an acre in corn usually produced thirty bushels of sound corn for grinding, besides some refuse. This quantity is sufficient for family use, and for fattening one large or two small hogs. From the same ground he produced two or three hundred pumpkins, and his family supply of dry beans. From a bed of six rods square, he usually obtained sixty bushels of onions; these he sold at \$1 per bushel, and the amount purchased his flour. Thus, from one-third of an acre and an onion-bed, he obtained his bread-stuffs. The rest of the ground was appropriated to all sorts of vegetables, for summer and winter use; potatoes, beets, parsnips, cabbages, green corn, peas, beans, cucumbers, melons, squashes, &c., with fifty or sixty bushels of beets and carrots for the winter food of a cow. Then he had also a flower garden, raspberries, currants and gooseberries, in great variety, and a few choice apple, pear, plum, cherry, peach and quince trees.

Some reader may call the above a "Yankee trick;" so it is, and our object in publishing it is to have it repeated all over Yankee land and everywhere else. If a family can be supported from one acre in Maine, the same can be done in every State and county in the Union.

EXPERIMENT WITH THE PEAR.

Rev. J. P. Richardson, of Otisfield, Me., in a communication in the *Christian Mirror*, says that, five or six years ago, he grafted the St. Germain Pear into a forest tree, called the *Sweet Pear*, and this year gathered from it nearly half a bushel of most delicious fruit. The tree, as it grows wild, is one of the first that blossoms in the spring, and bears a fruit about the size of a choke berry. The writer of this article grafted one of these bushes with a Bartlett, last spring, and it has grown finely, and thrived better than the original stocks. He also grafted the same pear on a common thorn bush, which grew very thriftily, to the length of 18 or 20 inches. A small mountain ash was also successfully budded with the same fruit. As pear trees sell very high, it may be to many an interesting fact that they can make as good trees from useless bushes in the woods, as they can purchase from the nurseries at \$1.35.

How to Preserve Wood for Fuel.—Wood lots.

Wood should not be allowed to lie exposed to the weather at a season of the year when fermentation takes place. In cold winter weather no change is made, and frozen wood will endure as long as frozen skeletons of animals in Siberia. But warm and wet weather soon put it into an incipient state of fermentation, and though it may appear to lose nothing in weight or in spirit during a summer's exposure to the weather, it does lose in both.

When wood is well split at the time of cutting, it loses less than when it is not. *Heart*

wood, as boards and shingles, when well dried, is not changed much by exposure to the weather for years. But more than half of the wood brought to market is sap wood and bark these suffer much by exposure.

Farmers who have wood-house room will find it to their account in storing up a good supply early in the season. The sooner the green wood from the forest is split and sheltered from the weather the greater will be the virtue of the article for fuel. It will not kindle sooner than wood that lies out in a pile through the summer and is packed into the wood-house in the fall in dry weather. But it will give out more heat, while it does not waste away so fast.

Wood that has been piled up in large bodies through the summer is better than such as has lain open to the weather—much of it has in part been sheltered—some of the sticks covering the others and completely protecting them from slight rains.

When wood is to be hauled to a great distance it is an object to have it dried on the spot where it is cut. In other cases it is best to haul the green wood home at once, and put it under shelter before the warm weather can operate upon it.

The first snows make the best sledding—and the first part of winter gives a better opportunity to cut the wood close to the ground. This is an important matter, whether the wood lot is to be cleared, or whether it is to be left to sprout up again. When the trees are cut close to the ground the young sprouts shoot out with much more vigour than when they are cut high.

In regard to cutting down all, "both great and small," it is now generally agreed that this is better than to select the old trees for fuel and let the small trees remain standing. In cutting the large ones many of the small ones are crushed and spoiled. When all are cut a new growth comes, and though the old stumps send forth no shoots, there are usually enough young stumps, in a hard wood growth, to cover the ground again.

It is not advantageous to encourage a very thick growth of trees. These must have air and light as well as other vegetation. Roads may be made for teams through wood-lots without the least detriment to the growth. You will see quite as much timber on an acre where there are roads wide enough for ox teams, as where there are none. You often find white oaks and black oaks and maples so thick that they grow quite slowly.

White pine trees that are not very near each other have many limbs and leaves—some coming out of the trunk very near the ground. Such trees make wood at least four times as fast as any that stand near together in a forest. Forest trees run up tall and have but few limbs and leaves. They have not the means, therefore, of gaining much through the leaves. Nourish the roots as much as you will, yet if there is but little top the growth will not be rapid.

Some farmers take pains to go into their thick forests and cut the least thrifty trees. Care should be taken that enough are left to cover the ground with leaves and to kill the grass, for trees seldom grow fast in land that is tight swarded. Hoop poles are often selected on thinning our lots. The mischief of this is, the best are taken and the poorest left.—*Ploughman.*

THE FOOD OF MAN UNDER DIFFERENT CLIMATES.—M. Schleiden, in a lately published work, has the following passage on the subject:—The Gancho, in the vast pampas of Buenos Ayres, casts his lasso on the ostrich, or wild ox, and consumes ten or twelve pounds of meat daily; the word bread is to him unknown. The Irishman after his day's toil reverts to his potatoes and considers himself happy if he can find enough of them for his family and his own wants. Meat to him is a great luxury, and a herring added to his potato is a great thing. The huntsman, ranging the wide spread prairies, wages war with the buffalo, and regales himself on the fat and juicy spinal prominence, which he roasts between hot stones. The industrious Chinese brings to market the rats which he has been carefully fattening, and soon finds wealthy customers. The Greenlander buried in his snow crushed hut, carefully preserves for his sustenance the oil which he has pressed from the body of the putrifying whale. The negro slave chews the sugar cane and eats bananas. The African merchant feeds his domestics exclusive on sweet dates. The Siamese injects into his stomach an amount of rice which would stagger a European, &c. &c.—*Lancet.*