

Poet's Corner.

POST-LETTERS.

Lottery tickets every day,—
And ever drawn a blank!
Yet none the less we pant and pray
For prizes in that bank;
Morn by morn, and week by week.
They cheat us, or amuse
Whilst on we fondly hope, and seek
Some stirring daily news.

The heedless postman on his path
Is scattering joys and woes;
He bears the seeds of life and death
And drops them as he goes!
I never note him trudging near
Upon his common track
But all my heart is hope, or fear,
With visions bright, or black!

I hope—what hope I not—vague things
Of wondrous possible good;
I dread—as vague imaginings.
A very viper's brood:
Fame's sunshine, fortune's golden dews
May now be hovering o'er,—
Or the pale shadow of ill news
Be cowering at my door!

O mystery, master-key to life,
Thou spring of every hour,
I love to wrestle in thy strife,
And tempt thy perilous power;
I love to know that none can know
What this day may bring forth,
What bliss for me, for me what woe
Is travelling in birth!

See, on my neighbor's threshold stands
Yon careless common man,
Bearing, per chance, in those coarse hands,
—My Being's altered plan,
My germs of pleasure, or of pain,
Of trouble, or of peace,
May there lie thick as drops of rain
Distilled from Gideon's fleece!

Who knoweth, may not loves be dead,—
Or those we loved laid low,—
Who knoweth? may not wealth be fled,
And all the world my foe?
Or who can tell if Fortune's hour
(Which once on all doth shine)
Be not within this morning's dower,
A prosperous morn of mine?

Ah, cold reality!—in spite
Of hopes, and endless chance,
That bitter postman, ruthless wight,
Has created poor romance;
No letters! O the dreary phrase:
Another day forlorn:—
And thus I wend upon my ways
To watch another morn.

Cease babbler!—let those doubtings cease:
What? should a son of heaven
With the pure manna of his peace
Mix up his faithless leaven?
Not so!—for in the hands of God,
And in none earthly will,
Abide alike my staff, and rod,
My good and seeming ill.

SPRING.

By T. K. HERVEY.

The Spirit of Spring is in the woods! and there,
Like love—the untiring—ministering to death,
She sitteth, with the rainbow in her hair,
Feeding the violets with her patient breath!
She speaks—and lo! the primrose, with a sigh,
Wakes up to hear; the wall-flower climbs her knees;
She waves the sunshine through the cool, gray sky,
And hangs her raiment on the naked trees.
The wind, her high-voiced herald, hath gone forth
To shout her coming on the floor of heaven;
And far, unto the storm-lands of the North,
The snow-fiends wild barbarian brood are driven:—
And rivers, that were hoarse with winter's cold,
Now dance unto their own sweet dities old!

The lake, that had the ice-chain at its heart,
Now meets the stream in freedom and in song;
The lily makes the sweet, clear waters part,
Like some fair Naiad, seen their wave among:—
And mortal eyes that gaze that mirror through,
To seek, far down, her palace-home of spars,
Find that its carpet is the upper 'blue,'
And in her sandals, that she wears the stars!
Spring—like an angel clad in raiment white—
Hath rolled away the stone from Nature's tomb;
The frosty seals have melted in her light,
And all the flowers are risen in their bloom!
Then looked that angel on my spirit's gloom,
And sounded in my heart:—"Arise," she said;
Ah, me! there came no answer from its dead!

Hints to Farmers.—In a treatise on Productive Farming, just issued from the press, the following observation occurs:—"It is in vegetable as in animal life; a mother crams her child exclusively with arrow-root—it becomes fat, it is true, but, alas! it is rickety, and gets its teeth very slowly, and with difficulty. Mamma is ignorant, or never thinks that her offspring cannot make bone—or what is the same thing, phosphate of lime, the principal bulk of bone—out of starch. It does its best; and were it not for a little milk and bread, perhaps now and then a little meat and soup, it would have no bones and no teeth at all. Farmers keep poultry; and what is true of fowls is true of a cabbage, a turnip, or an ear of wheat. If we mix with the food of fowls a sufficient quantity of eggshells or one chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay many more eggs than before. A well-fed fowl is disposed to lay a vast number of eggs but cannot do so without the materials for the shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be. A fowl, with the best will in the world, not finding any lime in the soil, nor mortar from walls, nor calcareous matter in her food, is incapacitated from laying any eggs at all. Let farmers lay such facts as these, which are matters of common observation, to heart, and transfer the analogy, as they justly may do, to the habits of plants, which are as truly alive, and answer as closely to evil or judicious treatment, as their own horses."