

# Original Poetry.

[FOR THE LEDGER.  
On the Death of Henry Clay.

No more, no more the minute gun, the tolling bell,  
The cannon's doleful sound—in solemn accents tell,  
He is no more!—and every wind on every shore  
Joins in the same sad song—he is no more!  
He is gone, he is gone—brightest star of the West,  
Eclipsed not in glory he sank to his rest,  
But his bright beams will linger till time shall decay,  
And fond memories still cherish the illustrious CLAY."

Let all party spirit be laid to the earth,  
Let's think not of this—but of talents and worth,  
For our brightest and greatest are passing away—  
CALHOUN is to longer—no more HENRY CLAY.  
Now silent in death—that once eloquent tongue,  
Whose praises a nation in raptures have sung;  
Now silent in death, and his troubles all o'er,  
But a nation might weep when her CLAY is no more.

He spake and his country delighted to hear,  
For his voice sweet as music fell soft on the ear;  
But that voice is silent—his troubles are o'er,  
But our country might weep—HENRY CLAY is no more.  
Like a sun he went down in glory and might,  
Overspreading the earth with his mantle of light—  
Like a sun may he rise in effulgence and love,  
Mid the throng of redeem'd ones that worship above.

VENILLA.

FOR THE LEDGER.  
Have you Paid the Printer?

BY J. M. H.

Old Autumn comes with chilling breath,  
And vegetation falls in death;  
The Wintry blast goes whistling by,  
And mournfully the bleak winds sigh—  
So have you paid the PRINTER?

Remember that from week to week,  
In Summer warm and Winter bleak,  
How anxiously you always look,  
And will not disappointment brook—  
But have you paid the PRINTER?

Remember that in joy or pain,  
He still must tax his anxious brain;  
And from a thousand places choose,  
The latest and most current news—  
So have you paid the PRINTER?

Are you so silly as to think,  
That he can live without the "chuck,"  
That he Chamelon like can bear,  
Fishes thus to live on air?  
Then go and pay the PRINTER!

His great expense remember too,  
In thus accommodating you;  
And so for fear of harder times,  
Go now and pay him down the dimes,  
And say "I'VE PAID THE PRINTER!"  
Lancaster, S. C. Sept. 1852.

# Wit and Humor.

How a Coat was Identified

In the Justice's Court, in this city, a case was recently decided in the most novel way. A coat was in dispute, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants. The parties were Irish, and "full of grit," ready to spend all they had rather than "give up best." The affair had been carefully examined, and the Court was "in a quandary," not knowing who had the best claim on the garment. However, a moment before his honor was to sum up the evidence, Patrick Power, one of the claimants, made the following proposition for settling the affair. Said Patrick—

"Timothy, Maguire, now ye say the coat belongs to yerself intirely; I say it is me own. Now mind ye, Timothy, the both iv us will take the coat an' look it all over; the man that finds his name on it shall be the owner."

"Done," said Timothy.  
"And ye'll stick to the bargain?"

"To be sure," said Patrick, as he passed the coat into the hands of Timothy, who vainly searched every part of it for his name, and passed it back to Patrick, saying in a triumphant manner—

"And now let us see if ye can find the lik s iv yer own name upon the garment."

"Ye'll stick to the agreement," said Patrick, eagerly grasping the coat.  
"Upon the honor iv a man," was Timothy's reply.

"This howld on abit," said Patrick, as he drew his knife, and opening a corner in the collar of his coat, taking therefrom two very small peas, exclaiming as he held them out in his hand—  
"There—d'ye see that?"  
"Ye; but what iv that?" said Timothy.  
"A divil a dale it has to do wid it; it is me name, to be sure—peas for Patrick an' peas for Power be jers!"  
He got the coat, he did—N. O. Dela.

**A Merry Youth.**  
Last week the "Swamscot Dorcas Sewing Society" held their annual meeting, and on motion it was resolved, that our parson wait on Tony Jones, and see if nothing can be done to correct the manners of Toly. Jr. The next day the Parson waited on Tony senior, informed him respecting the object of his visit. Tony listened patiently, and then replied—  
"Parson, I'd let Tony go to meeting every Sunday, if I only know'd you was a goin to preach; but, parson, thar arant a boy in the city at Swamscot what's got more manners than my Tony, and I can convince you of that in just a mimit. You see Tony out there skinning them are niffers?"

The parson nodded assent.  
"Now, see, I'll call," and raising his voice to the highest pitch, he shouted—  
"Tony!"

The response was quick an equally loud—  
"Sir!"  
"Don't you hear that, parson?" said the old man. Don't you call that manners?"

"That is all very well," said the parson, as far as it goes."  
"What do you mean by as far as it goes? That boy, sir, always speaks respectfully to me when I call him;" and raising his voice he again called—  
"Tony!"

The response "Sir" was equally loud and prompt. Again the old man called—  
"Tony!"

The boy dropped a half-dressed, fish, and slaking his fist at his sire, called out—  
"You miserable black old drunken snob, I'll come there in two minutes and maul you like blazes!"

The parson was astonished, the old man disconcerted for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, he tapped the parson on the shoulder, saying—  
"You see, parson, my boy has got grit as well as manners. That chap will be an ornament to your society one of these days."

I need not add that the parson incontinently mizzled.

"My dearest you really must discharge that old servant who opens the door for me, he is growing more impudent every day," said a rich and well received admirer.

"Indeed, I have thought of doing so," was the reply, "that's my father."

**Agricultural.**  
From the Southern Cultivator.  
Experimental Farming—Curing Meat—Raising Clover, Peas, the Grasses, &c.

MESSRS. EDITORS—As you request each of your subscribers to write something for your paper, and believing the mass of agricultural knowledge is made of small items, I have determined to tell part of my experience.

In the first place, there has been so much said about curing bacon, I will give you my information on that subject.—Three years ago this summer, a gentleman told me he did not smoke his bacon at all. This was a new idea to me. I had been raised to believe it could not be saved without smoke. At next hanging time, I determined to try it. Bagged a few hams and hung them with some shoulders in the garret of an out house. During the month of June, we took down the shoulders, and dried them; we found them much sweeter and clearer of rust than those in the smoke house. Some of the hams we let hang until January following, then found them to be the best bacon we had ever saved. All I believe necessary in saving bacon, is to have your hogs fat. Salt it well; kill without any regard to the moon; hang it in a high and well ventilated house, (do not smoke house); ceil your house above your meat, to break the rays of the sun, and the work is finished. All I ask is for each of your readers to try a few pieces next hanging time; go into it cautiously as I did; you may not have the same success. My opinion now is, that smoke only serves to rust, not to dry the meat.

As Clover has recently become my hobby, I must tell some of my experience with it. Two years ago last March, I commenced sowing my hill sides in clover. A portion of my hill sides I leveled and bedded up in four foot beds; ran a light harrow on the top of each ridge, and sowed my seed without harrowing; (I have tried harrowing and brushing, in both grass and clover seed, but have succeeded best without either.) Another portion of the same kind of land, followed up, harrowed it well and smooth, but the clover stood the dry season much the best on the land that was bedded. And the beauty of the system is, your ridges hold all the droppings of your stock, as well as all other kinds of litter. I now have clover on these hill sides from one to two feet high, and so thick in many places you cannot see the ground by looking straight down when riding through it. And this, too, on land that last year would not have produced one barrel of corn to the acre. I asked a gentleman, while riding through it a few days since, if he did not believe the clover then on the land, if saved, would

be worth as much as two crops of corn on the same land. He said "yes—more than four." Is this not a strong argument in favor of clover? This fall I intend reversing these beds, and subsiding it as deep as I can. I will then let it lie two more years in clover, and if it does not then produce better than it has done for the last ten years, I will let it go to grass as long as I have the management of it.—For I do contend that cultivating poor points is about as poor a business as a farmer ought to undertake. He generally wastes his best manure on them, and is barely paid for his cultivation.

When your land is leveled (which I contend every farmer ought to do,) you may take a streak, embracing your hill side, without causing you to have scarcely a short row more by the operation. There has been so much said about the right time to sow clover seed, and finding the time most generally recommend does not suit our latitude, I think each farmer ought to experiment for himself, making an accurate minute in his journal of the time sowed, and the result. I find it will not do here to sow it late in the fall, or early in the spring, on fresh plowed land. It is a seed that vegetates very quick; when young it takes but a small freeze, to throw it up and kill it. On stubble, or land that has not been fresh plowed, it is not subject to this disaster. In our latitude, October or March, I believe to be the safest time to sow it. I would prefer October for all kinds of grasses in our climate. If you have rain to bring it up then, it gets roots enough to stand the winter, and of course is better able to stand the dry and hot summers we frequently have.

In March, 1851, I sowed my oat land in clover, had a fine stand until after harvest, but the dry and extremely warm summer, killed it nearly all out. I have sown the thinnest portion of it over this spring; am determined to have clover and grass plenty for all my stock. One of my cows now, will give more milk than two of the same quality that have to get their living out of the woods, and will make more butter than four of them will, while my oxen look like Kentucky beef cattle. I also have some young mules that persons generally take to be as old again as they are; while sheep, goats, and every thing else, are fat and increasing. All too from cultivating grasses, for Uncle Sam's pasture has failed here. I now have nearly one third of my open land in grass and clover, and intend increasing this proportion as soon as I get some more bottom land opened. I believe by letting any of our level lands lie a few years in grass of any kind, it will renew it. I have an old grass lot now in corn, that will this year make double as much as the land joining, that has been regularly cultivated; you can tell where the fence runs as far as you can see it. I am in hope I will live to see one half of the open land in Fayette county, in grass and clover, ours ought to be a county of Farmers in its broadest sense. In place of buying bacon and mules, we ought to raise a large surplus; it is true we have a good average bottom country. We also have a good corn, wheat, oat, and grass country. Then why not divide our pursuits, and in place of wearing out our lands, enrich them. This I believe can be done on any good clay soil.

If I had not said so much about clover and grass, I would speak of peas; but will simply say that the farmer that does not plant his entire corn crop in peas, is working quite contrary to his own interest. I have tried blue grass, herds' grass, timothy and Texas musquit grass, all of which do well here. The musquit I commenced with last fall; it stood the winter well, and this summer had made a very heavy growth of grass; I believe it is destined to be the grass of this country. This spring, I sowed some on my woods lot amongst the timber; I wished to see how it would stand grazing on timbered land.—The result, so far, is entirely satisfactory.

Respectfully,  
F. E. WIRT.  
Near Sumnerville, Tenn., June 10, 1852.

**Stories for the Young.**

SOME years ago, when conducting an Infants' School in the town of S—, I had occasion to reprove a little boy for inattention and bad conduct. Finding reproof insufficient to improve his behavior, I sentenced him to stand in the corner of the room, for a quarter of an hour. Just as the little fellow was going to the appointed place, another little boy named J. R.—(not six years of age) came up to me, and said, "Please, sir, may I stand in the corner for him?" This, I need not say, very much surprised and astonished me.

However, suppressing my thoughts, I said, "If I allow you to take his place, I shall keep you in the corner all the time I have named, and a quarter of an hour is a long time to stand in the corner." This, however, did not move him from his purpose. "Sir," said he, "I dont mind that." I then pointed out the disgrace connected with his being seen in the naughty boy's corner: that when ladies and gentlemen came in to see the school, they would say, "there stands a naughty boy." But nothing could turn J. R.—aside, he still persevered in his desire to stand in the place of his naughty school-fellow, and to the corner J. R. was allowed to go. In silent prayer, I asked for that wisdom that cometh from above, to enable me to turn this event into some useful lesson.

When the quarter of an hour had expired, I called the little fellow to me, and

said, "Now, tell me, did the little boy ask you to stand in the corner for him?" "No, sir," "Did he not deserve to be punished for being so naughty?" "Yes, sir,"—"Then why did you offer to go in the corner for him?" "With all simplicity he replied, "Because I love him." At this time all the children were looking on and listening with anxious interest. I then called the little offender to me, and said to him, "Now you go and stand in the corner for being so naughty." Then a host of little ones cried out, "That wouldn't be fair sir." "Nor just," said one. "Why not?" said I, "Yes, sir, but you have let another boy be punished for him, and therefore you must not punish him. My point was now gained. Turning to the children, I said, "Does this event put you in mind of anything?" "Yes, sir," said several voices, "of Jesus Christ dying for our sins." "What do you call J. R. in this case?" "A substitute." "What is a substitute?" "One who takes the place of another." "Whose place did J. R. take?" "The place of sinners." "J. R. tells me the reason why he is willing to stand in the corner for his naughty school fellow was, because he loved him. Now, can you tell me what led Jesus to be willing to die for sinners?" "Love." "Can you give me a nice text to prove that?" "He loved us, and gave himself for us." "Very good. You told me, just now, that it wouldn't be fair or just to put the naughty boy in the corner after I had punished another boy in his stead. Can you learn any lesson from this?" "Yes, sir, God can never punish any sinner who believes in Jesus Christ;" and, said a little fellow, "He never will, for he says, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should never perish, but have everlasting life.'" Much more was said on this interesting and all important subject, on that day, which, I have reason to hope, was profitably remembered by the dear children under my charge. I have often mentioned the story of J. R. standing in the corner for his naughty schoolfellow, when I have been endeavoring to explain the scripture way of salvation in my humble addresses to the poor, and often has it been said to me, long afterwards, "Ah! sir, we have never forgotten that story of the little fellow who stood in the corner for his schoolfellow;" and often does it make my heart rejoice to think that the Lord Jesus stood for me when he died on the cross for my sins.—The Churchman's Monthly Magazine.

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**DYSPEPSIA.**  
DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S



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