

THE FARMER.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Clear the brown path, to meet his countess' gleam,
Lo! on he comes behind his smoking team,
With toll's bright dew drops on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth—the hero of the plow,
First in the field, before the reddening sun—
Last in the shadow, when the day is done;
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod.

These are the hands, whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food—the golden pomp of kings;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen,
Changed by the sun, to words of living green;
This is the scholar, whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;
These are the lines—Oh! Heaven commanded toll,
That fill thy dead, the charter of the soil.

True to their homes where faithful arms shall toil,
To crown with peace their own, untainted soil;
And turn to God—to freedom—to mankind;
If her chained bondage, faction shall unbind
Their stately forms, that binding even now,
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plow;
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand;
Till gray lock thunders to the parting sun
The sword has conquered what the ploughshare won.

[From Goethe's Lady's Book.]

Trials of an English Housekeeper.

"My heart's with my Norah, for she is my treasure,
And sleeping or waking—in sunshine or shade—
From morning till nightfall—from nightfall till morning—
I think of my Norah, my own Irish maid."

My new servant, Norah Connor, came in that evening with her things in a bundle in her hand; and I found her such a nice, hard-working body—always cleaning up or doing something—never tired, nor minding how much I put upon her—and positively working like a galley-slave from morning till night for me—all of which was so delightful to see, that I really thought I was suited at last. Indeed, she was so quick over her work, that, after I had made her scrub all the house well down, from top to bottom, and clean all the paint, and take up and beat all the carpets, and give all the furniture, and tins, and coppers, and stoves, a thorough good rubbing, I declare the mere everyday work of the house was literally a flea-bite in her eyes (if I may be allowed the expression.) I was hard put to it to find some odd jobs to keep her fully employed; for I had no idea of paying servants the wages I did to support them in idleness.

A very praiseworthy and charming point in Norah's character was that she was not at all nice about her eating, for, as long as the poor ignorant thing had oceans of potatoes, she did not care about anything else; so, of course, with my usual kindness, I let the good hard-working soul have just what she wanted, for I never did mind what I did for a servant as long as she went on well.

Seeing what the woman was capable of getting through, and that she was never happy unless she was doing something, it did seem to me to be quite a sin and a wicked waste of money to go putting out our washing every week as we did. So I lost no time in telling Norah that I had forgotten to mention, at the time of engaging her, that we always did our washing at home. And I was quite delighted to see how readily the worthy industrious creature consented to serve me.

As a slight stimulus to further exertions, I told her I should allow her a pint of beer on washing-days, which she seemed very grateful for; and I was glad to find that a poor ignorant woman like her was not insensible to my kindness. When it was all settled, I really felt quite happy at having done my duty to dear Edward, for I knew that we were not in a position that would warrant our flinging our money away; and that, as his wife, I was bound to save every sixpence I could, especially as, by so doing, I should be able to get a few little things for myself out of the housekeeping without troubling him about them.

But though Norah Connor went on very well with her work, still after a time she became so frightfully familiar and presuming, that really the woman used to speak to me as if I was her equal. Now, for instance, one morning I rang the parlor bell, and when the woman came into the room, I said, in a quiet voice, "I want a glass of water to drink, Norah."

"You want to drink a glass of wather?" she replied. "Well, I've no objection; drink away, darlin'!"

"Then," I continued, blandly, "I should feel obliged if you would be so good as to let me have one directly."

"Let you have one?" she exclaimed. "Faith, an' didn't I give you permission just now?"

This was past all bearing; but I restrained myself, and merely said, with becoming dignity, "I didn't have you up-stairs, Norah, to know whether you would permit me to drink a glass of water in my own house, or not."

To which she replied, as familiarly as if she were speaking to the servant next door: "Well, by my sowl, when I heard you ask me if I'd let you have the same, I thought you mighty stupid at the time. An' what is it you do want, then, mavourneen?"

"Why," I returned, in measured terms, remembering my station, "I want what I told you before, as plainly as a person could speak—a glass of water."

"Well, then," she cried, "by the powers! if I were you, I'd get it! Isn't there plenty down stairs, honey?"

"But," I continued, calmly, "perhaps you will be kind enough, Norah, to bring me a glass up here."

"Och!" she exclaimed, "so, an' it's only a glass you're wantin' me to fetch you, afther all! A glass wid nothin' in it, is it you mane?"

"No," I replied, almost losing my temper. "A

glass of water, woman, and not a glass without anything in it! Do you understand me now?"

"Out an' out," she cried, with a low wink. "You'd be havin' a glass of wather wid somethin' in it! Oh, go along wid you—wantin' a drop on the sly, now! You're takin' to the bottle, though, betimes this mornin', I'm thinkin'."

I'm sure my fair readers can easily imagine that this threw me into such a passion that it quite made my blood boil. I told the fury to hold her tongue, and never dare to open her mouth about such things again. But the impudent hussy only made me worse, for she kept declaring, "mum was the word with Norah," and saying, "that I needn't go flurrin' myself about her findin' out my sly thricks," and telling me to be easy, for that the "mather should never hear of it from herself."

So that at last, I declare, I was positively obliged to run up-stairs into my own bedroom, in order to get rid of the creature. There I threw myself on the sofa in the most dreadful state of mind, I think, I ever was in all my life; and, torn with all kinds of horrid ideas, I said to myself, "Norah washes very well, it is true—but, alas! what washing can compensate me for this!"

What vexed me, though, even more than Norah, was, that when I went to tell my husband, on his return from business that evening, about how the woman had insulted me, he wouldn't hear a word of it, and said, he was sick and tired of my complaints against the maids; and he never set foot in the house but I had always got some long rigmale-tale about the servant's bad conduct; adding that it was impossible they should be invariably in the wrong; and he firmly believed it was quite as much, if not more, my fault than theirs. And even had the impudence to declare (I thought it best to let him have his own way for once, and go on till he was tired) that he had quite worry enough of his own, at office, and that when he came home, fagged and worn out, to his own fire-side, he was determined at least to enjoy peace and quiet at his hearth; and then he asked what on earth I thought he had married me for (as if I was going to tell him) when the cruel wretch said—it was only to have a happy home! I told him that it was a nice insult to my own face, indeed, and that he seemed determined to find fault with everything that day, as nothing, however good it was, would please him.

Whereupon Mr. Skinston went on, I am sure, wit out knowing what he said, for he begged me once for all to understand that he would not be obliged to listen every day to an account of my troubles with my servants; and he had made up his mind that, if I ever spoke to him again on that subject, he would put on his hat that very moment and go and spend his evening where at least he could enjoy himself. Besides, he told me, he could see that Norah was worth her weight in gold to any person that knew how to humor her; for the house had never been so clean since we were married; and the way in which the girl dressed a potato made her invaluable in his eyes. So that anybody might have seen, like myself with half an eye, that my husband didn't care so much about "his own fireside," and instead of his hearth being uppermost in his mind, that really and truly his stomach was at the bottom of it.

As for the matter of that Norah's potatoes, too, I'm sure I couldn't see anything so wonderful about them. But, of course, Mr. Edward must go thinking them dressed so beautifully, just because they came up in their jackets; though, for my own part, I never could bear the look of the things in their skins; and what's more, it wasn't decent to have them coming to table in such a state. And the next day I told Norah as much, adding that she would be pleased to peel the potatoes before bringing them to the parlor for the future, as they were only fit for pigs to eat in the way she sent them up. Whereupon the vixen flew into such a rage; and abused me in such a way, calling me everything that was bad, and declaring that she would pay me out for it. And then, in the height of her passion, the spiteful fury, with the greatest coolness in the world, emptied all the dripping out of the frying-pan she was doing some soles in, right into the middle of the nice, brisk, clear fire, and created such a blaze that I'm sure the flames must have been seen at the top of the house. Knowing that it was just up on our time for having the chimney swept, I felt certain that it must be on fire; and when I rushed out into the garden, there it was, sure enough, raging away and throwing out volumes of sparks and smoke, just like the funnel of a steamboat at night-time, with such a horrid smell of burning soot, that all the little boys came running from far and near up to our door and shrieking out, "Fire! Fire!" like a band of wild Indians.

When I went back into the kitchen, the spiteful thing was impudent enough to tell me just to look there and see what I had made her do wid my boderations (as she called it) adding "that it wasn't herself, though, that would be afther deserting me in my distress." Feeling, however, that it was not the time to talk to her just then, I made her rake out every bit of the fire there was in the grate, and after that I told her to run up to the top of the house with a couple of pails full of water, and get on the roof and pour it all down the chimney as quick as she could.

Up she went, while I waited below, expecting every minute that I should have a whole regiment of fire-engines come tearing up to the door. When, all of a sudden, I heard the water come splashing down right into the parlor overhead, and saw in an instant that that stupid thing of a Norah must have got blinded with the smoke up above, and mistaken the chimney, so that she had gone pouring it down all over my beautiful stove in the dining-room. In an instant I put my head up the kitchen chimney and hallooed out to her as loud as ever I could: "No—rah! you must pour it down here." The words were scarcely out of my mouth when down came such a torrent of water and soot, right in my face and all over my head and shoulders, and down my neck, that anybody to have seen me would have thought some one had been breaking a large bottle of blacking over my head; while, immediately afterwards, as

if only to make matters worse, I heard a tremendous shout in the street, and on running to the window I at once knew that the engine was at hand; for, tearing along the pavement on the opposite side of the way, was a whole regiment of, I should say, twenty or thirty boys pulling at a rope, and dragging along a little machine, which, I'm sure, if the house had been in flames, could have been of no more use to us than a squirt upon four wheels; while the mischievous young urchins kept hurrahing away as if it was a good bit of fun, and little thinking that what was sport to them was near upon death to me, and a good bit of money out of my pocket into the bargain.

When Norah Connor came down and saw what a pretty pickle both my cap and face were in, the only thing she did was to cry out, "Och, murder! I never saw such a fright as ye look. What on airth have ye been gettin' up to now?" and when I told her what had happened, she actually had the impudence to add that "sure an' I wasn't fit to be trusted alone for two minutes together."

It is impossible for me to give my readers any idea of the state the parlor was in. I saw that I had a whole week's work cut out for me, and how Norah would ever be able to get through it all, I could not say. When I went up-stairs to change my dress, it took me half an hour and a whole cake of Windsor soap before even I could bear to look at myself; and all the time I kept inquiring in my own mind what I had better do in the situation I was; for positively, between Norah Connor's impudence, and my husband's always taking her side, I really didn't know how to act; for I felt myself to be (as Edward calls it) on the horns of a dilemma, and dreadfully tossed about. So, after weighing it well, I determined upon breaking the dreadful news to my husband as gently as I could, before he could catch sight of the mess in the dining-room. Accordingly, while he was hanging up his hat in the hall, I said to him, as kindly as I could, I am sure: "Oh, Edward! Norah has been going on so to-day—you can't think."

But, instead of trying to console me in my distress, Mr. Skinston only banged his hat on his head again, and, saying that "it was always servants, servants, servants! from morning till night," he bounced out of the house again, slamming the door after him like a cannon, and never thought fit to return till half past twelve, when he came home with his hair smelling of tobacco smoke, the bow of his stock twisted round to the side of his neck, and his intellect so muddled, that, do what I would, I could not get him to carry the candlestick straight, but he would keep dropping the spermaceti over the carpet as he went up-stairs.

In the morning, however, I let him see that I was not going to put up with his tantrums; so I never spoke to him all breakfast-time but to answer "yes" or "no" as short and snappishly as I could. Nor did I choose to make it up until the day came to go over the housekeeping expenses, when, as dear Edward paid the money without a single question, I thought I might as well forgive him.

Of course these little breezes did not make me relish Norah's airs any the better, and though she certainly did her work very well, still, as I felt that she was destroying my peace of mind, and was so impudent to me, I considered it a duty I owed to my husband to get rid of her as quickly as I could.

The Overland Immigrant Road.

The Immigrant Road Committee chosen by the mass meeting of Tuesday evening met at the call of the chairman, last evening, at the auction rooms of Messrs. Jones & Middleton, and organized by the election of Capt. Wm. T. Sherman, of Lucas, Turner & Co., as permanent President of the Committee; A. G. Randall, Secretary, and Joshua P. Haven as Treasurer.

The sub-committee appointed to draft a memorial to present to Congress, in behalf of the object contemplated, submitted the following petition, which was unanimously adopted:—[Alta California of March 29.]

Your petitioners, citizens resident in the State of California, respectfully represent to the Honorable the Congress of the United States the following facts, and ask your earnest consideration of our necessities and immediate action for our relief.

We are a population of five hundred thousand in number, occupying the western limit of American possessions upon the Pacific; our State is the growth of little more than five years, yet within that brief period we have erected, as an outpost upon the frontier of our republic, a municipal government faithfully reflecting the spirit of our common institutions.

By energy and enterprise we have laid the foundation for a great State, which, properly protected and encouraged, shall add to the dignity and stability of the Union. We have passed laws yielding willing allegiance to the Federal Government. We have built cities, villages, and works of improvement worthy of an industrious people.

We have planted the germs of a commerce already important, and destined to produce in time most magnificent results, and from which we have already paid large revenue to the Federal Treasury.

Our mines, not yet fairly opened for successful working, have realized, by moderate estimate, \$300,000,000, which we have sent forth to the world, and thus in no inconsiderable degree contributed to the prosperity of our whole country. We have been and still are developing new sources of wealth; we have explored and brought to notice parts of our country hitherto unknown, we have planted ourselves in this distant coast, where we are prepared to do loyal duty in protecting our country from aggression or wrong. Our locality, the character of our people, the nature of our productions, the capabilities of our soil and climate, the accomplishments of the past, and the reasonable hopes of the future, should all commend us to the favorable care of the Federal Government. And, while we appreciate the benefit of all the

appropriations of the Federal Government for our debt, defenses and commerce, which have been so generously expended on our coast, and which gives us reasonable assurance of the future, there is a present necessity, for the want of which our State of California and the whole Pacific coast is now languishing and unprosperous.

Our great necessity is increase of population; our requirement is an immigration of the working and producing classes; our State presents most unparalleled inducements for this class of persons; our climate is unequalled, from its extremes suffering is unknown; our soil is productive, almost beyond belief; destitution to the healthful and willing worker can never exist; our mines yield as readily as upon first discovery and are as permanent and durable as the eternal hills in which they are located; every inducement for immigration is now as strong as when in 1849 and '50 all the approaches to our State were thronged with immigrants. The best portion of our present population arrived here by passage across the plains, and from the length of the journey, the character of the country, the absence of settlements, the inability to obtain supplies and recruit their stock, this journey was not without its inconveniences and its dangers. The recent hostile demonstrations of the Indian tribes have so mutilated the hardships and increased the hazard of this our only land approach, as to render it nearly impracticable and the result has been an almost entire suspension of travel by this route, a cause from which we are now laboring under much embarrassment.

Our petition to Congress is for the immediate construction of a wagon road between the frontier of the State of Missouri and California, following the general route of the old emigrant road, passing through the valley of the Great Salt Lake and reaching California at a point on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, where the Carson river leaves the mountains, and where is now a flourishing village, known as "Carson Valley Settlement." This is the route of the great immigration of '49 and '50. It is mostly a level plain, requiring a few small bridges, the establishment of ferries, occasional excavations, and the sinking of a few wells—it is central, already have 500,000 people crossed it, thus satisfactorily demonstrating the practicability of the route.

Our petition is also for the establishment of military posts at such convenient points along the line of said road, as shall effectually contribute to the protection and safety of the immigrant; the construction of workshops, blacksmith shops and such other aid as may be necessary for the public.

We must earnestly ask of our Government the immediate and favorable consideration of our petition; reflect that we are a part of the People of the United States, now separated from the twenty-two millions of our fellow citizens, by a belt of our national territory less than 2000 miles in width, and over a great portion of which is now the best national road in the world, requiring only here and there improvement, and at a cost by no means great. We are now, as it were, a distant colony; access from other parts of our own country to ourselves, is by a most circuitous route, requiring the passage of two oceans, transit through foreign territory, and a tropical climate; our business is subjected to delays and hazards; our people to danger and inconvenience; our carrying trade pays revenue to a foreign government, and in a measure we are the tributaries and dependents on the will of private corporations.

Should our present friendly relations with other governments be disturbed, our commerce, our correspondence, and our treasure, is subject to embarrassment, interposition and loss, we would find ourselves so far removed from the central authority, that ere troops, munitions of war, or aid could reach us, we should have become subject (so far as a brave people could be subdued) to an enemy, and the insolent exertions of foreign military power over a defenceless people.

Moved by these and such other national considerations as will suggest themselves to the intelligence and patience of your Honorable body; in interest of the present, and anxiety for the future, we most respectfully and earnestly ask the immediate construction of this national highway, protected by adequate military strength.

Your Memorialists will ever pray, &c.

MALE AND FEMALE STOVES.—To secure warmth in-doors, the Russian nobles, knowing nothing about what is wholesome or unwholesome, indulged in double windows, double doors, closed chimneys, and the stoppage, with sand, of every crack that could admit the air. There was a French comedian, M. Frogere, in great favor with the Emperor, who amused him off the stage with mimics and buffoneries; for says M. Robertson, a man with a puppet in his hand, had only to pull the string, and earn more money and applause than was to be got at St. Petersburg from any benefaction to the human race. One day, M. Frogere was dining with a party at a country house near St. Petersburg, when his presence suggested the idea of getting up, at once, a little comedy. The only difficulty was, that the season was severe, and that it would take two or three hours to heat the room in which the comedy would have to be performed. So much delay would spoil the entire plan, and it was about to be abandoned, when the host suddenly declared that he had solved the difficulty. He would guarantee them a warm room in half an hour. Accordingly, he caused all the serfs, laborers and mechanics in the neighborhood to be hurried into the cold saloon, and when it was quite full, shut all the doors, and left the poor men to establish a black hole for half an hour—in his own phrase, to communicate their heat to the atmosphere. The doors were then thrown open, the serfs were ordered to make a precipitate retreat; the smell they left was disguised with a profusion of choice perfumes, and the guests entered, clapping their hands with delight at feeling the warm air and smelling the sweet incense. So they shut themselves up comfortably in the warm, poisonous air, and played their little comedy.