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SELECTED POETRY.

ONE FRIEND.

BY BLACHE BENNARD.

I do not care for many friends,
They fail the heart to fill;
But give me one true, faithful friend,
With whom life's hours I may spend,
Who loves me, loves me still!

Yet earthly love must pass away,
The grave will bury all;
And joys that seem now priceless once,
Like jewels rare, or golden suns,
Must into nothing fall.

Then ask I for the supreme love
That comes to man from Heaven;
That raises him from care and fear,
That makes his home and Eden here,
And is so freely given.

For it outlives the wreck of time,
And will not pass away,
Though worlds may into atoms fall,
Yet earthly joys may perish all,
If His best love but stay.

SONG.

There is a name which on my lips,
Though seldom breathed, forever dwells,
Like hidden music rocked to sleep
Within the ocean's painted shells.

There is a bright but pensive eye,
Which ever on my pathway shines,
As day and night the gentle stars
Look down and light the darkest mines.

A voice, whose tender accents sound
As if it were the soul which spake:
And of that voice, the lightest tone
Doth in my heart wild echoes wake.

And this is love, the only one
Of Eden's torn and trampled flowers,
Which sheltered by some angel's wing.
Still lives to bless this earth of ours.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

BY MRS. ELECTA M. SHELDON.

'Twas a cold stormy night in November 184-. The wind howled dismally around a neat cottage in one of the villages of the West. The snow and sleet beat on the roof and rattled against the windows. All without was desolate—and though every comfort abounded in that humble home, sickness was there, and mourning, and sorrow.

A young wife lay on a couch of suffering—perhaps of death; a few days before the last child of her love had been carried to its quiet resting place, and now the spirit of the mother seemed just trembling on the verge of time. Anguish was depicted on the face of the husband as he bent over her to catch the accents that came faintly from her lips.

"I cannot live, dearest," she murmured, "you must prepare yourself to part with me"—the heavy eyes closed—a deathly pallor overspread her countenance, and the sorrow stricken husband sought in vain by the most powerful restoratives, to rouse her from the stupor so like death. There was no sense of external things, no motion save the scarce perceptible heaving of the chest, to show that life remained.

Alone, by the bedside watched he through all the long, long hours of that dreadful night. The tempest raged without—a death-like stillness reigned within—the Invisible was there, and a solemn awe drank up the very consciousness of aught but that presence of Omnipotence.

Hour after hour passed by, and still the spirit of the young wife lingered in its earthly tenement; day dawned at length; and hope sprang up in the weary watcher. It is—yes, it is so—there is a quickening of the pulse!—did not a roseate tinge come for a moment to that pallid cheek! Another hour of anxious watching, and the dark eyes looked forth once more from 'neath their drooping lids, and the voice he deemed forever hushed, murmured,

"Fear not beloved, I shall live to bless you"—and again she slept—but not as before; now the pulse-throbs, though feeble, were uniform, and ever and anon the life-blood would flush, for an instant, the cheek and brow.

A few hours passed, and the slumberer awoke refreshed—awoke as from the dead, and fervent thanksgiving arose to Him who had spared the last dearest tie that bound the heart of the watcher to earth.

"I had such a sweet dream of heaven, last night," said the young wife, as, toward evening, her husband sat by her bed-side, "may I tell you;" and she looked up smilingly in his face, her eyes sparkled with unwonted animation, and without pausing for a reply, she proceeded?

"Last night when you told me the doctor's opinion of my disease, I felt that I must die! Then came thoughts of parting with friends—with my husband, the dearest of them all;—and then, oh! then came tho'ts of the judgment and eternity! was I prepared to meet the Judge of all the earth? was I indeed a child of grace—an heir of heaven?

"I soon lost all consciousness—I must have dreamed, yet it does not seem like a dream." She paused a few moments as if to find language to give utterance to her thoughts, and then proceeded.

"I dreamed I had been very ill, and, too feeble to support myself, was borne by my nurse and physician, all three of us robed in white, along a narrow pathway, darkened by a thick foliage of a forest in midsummer; presently we turned an angle in the path—Oh! how shall I describe the glories of that view?

"To the right of where I stood, supported on either hand by those who brought me thither, rose a lofty rock, white as parian marble, and magnificently draped from summit to base with evergreens. Oh! how beautiful were those rich festoons of clinging vines.

"To the left, down in a deep, dark ravine, I could just see the cone-shaped top of what seemed like an immense coal-pit, with columns of black smoke pouring through the apertures.

"Directly in front, and only a short, very short distance from where I stood, a firm massive bridge spanned the stream, whose dark, angry waters moved rapidly yet *silently* along—yes, there was not a sound in water, earth or air, to break the stillness of the scene.

"On the bridge were all manner of vehicles from the rude hand-cart to the magnificent chariot of olden time; there were no horses, but men in long white robes, stood at the other extremity of the bridge ready to obey their Master's bidding.

"From the bridge, on the other side of the river, as far and as high as the eye could reach were pure white clouds; 'as Alps on Alps arise,' so did those beautiful emblems of a God of Purity rise higher and higher, till the eye could not reach their lofty ascent. Here and there, among the clouds, were temples with domes and columns of dazzling white, and being robed in white stood gasing on the earth with looks of calm and holy peace. I saw no sun, but over all this scene was shed a glory that surpassed the richest sunset glow, yet soft as the sweet moonbeams of a summer eve.

"On the right of this scene of glory, this heavenly magnificence, and above the rock I mentioned, I saw the precious Saviour!—A thin, hazy veil obscured the full glory of his majesty, but I could distinctly see his form, and the mild benignant expression of his countenance, and in it I read my own acceptance. Beside him, hand in hand, stood our children—our first-born and the dear one just taken. Oh! the rapture of that moment! Thankfulness that my children were safely home, and joy inexpressible that I was permitted to behold him for whom my soul longed!

"Clasping my hands, I exclaimed, my Saviour and my children! Just then, one of the white robed beings on the bridge began pushing a chariot toward me; my physician asked, 'Will you go to heaven now?' I turned and looked for you, my husband, I saw you pursuing a green shady path alone, and with your head bowed down with grief. The thought that I might comfort you in my early pilgrimage, decided my choice, and without hesitation I answered 'Not yet.'"

"'What are you waiting for?' he asked."

"For my husband," I repeated.

"The chariot stopped and a cloud veiled that glory from my view!"

"I looked to see if the cloud was dark and threatening in token of God's anger; but no! 'twas like the light fleecy clouds that obscure the beauty of the summer evening sky, yet betoken no tempest. I was satisfied."

"I do not trust in dreams," she said as she finished the narration, "but do you wonder that I feel *assured* I shall recover? Oh! how kind of my heaveuly father to give me the sweet teachings of such a dream! Surely I can never, never doubt his willingness to save!"

Rapidly did health return to the invalid; to but few did she mention the sweet vision of that night; but it seemed to her a special blessing of God, given to meet the necessities of her spirit.

Years have passed since then,—years of light and shade, of joy and sorrow. Other little ones have been given, and when the heart-strings have become closely twined about those dear immortal treasures, God has recalled his gifts; and still the childless mother is passing along the path of her early pilgrimage. She rests not the foundation of her immortal destiny on the frail basis of a dream; yet doth the vivid remembrance of that heavenly scene oft check the yearnings of a mother's heart, and give to all the Savior's promises a personal reality.

THE FARMER—A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

BY HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the law of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another the character of a man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his, his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties; and he feels himself connected, by a visible link, with those who preceded him, and he is also, to those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last homes; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in his boyhood beside the brook, which still winds through the meadow.—Through that field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers and his forefathers to the house of God, and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time is come, he shall be laid by his children.—These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them—they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-spring of a fresh, healthy, and generous national character.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

"O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Serene soothing retirement! what rest thou bringeth to the care-worn mind, laden with anxieties, and swaying to and fro in the buisy whirl of life's unsatisfying tumult. Chafed with disappointment and vexation, man turns to thee for refuge, the guilded bait so long pursued has grown dim, and the once keen eye of ambition is now half closed with weary gaze. Sated with all but happiness, he sighs for thee, nor sighs in folly; for fond

"Remembrance soothes his mind
With dreams of former days."

Back, back to the hours when sunshine and joy attended every step, flies the willing mind, and before it springs up in charming concord, the nooks, the glens, the hills, the flowers of the other days departed."

"How balmy from the banks of flowers
The zephyr breathes along."

Yes! 'tis the breeze that fanned my childhood's cheek; lo! it has returned once more. In thy serene embrace, O, solitude! it comes to hush my woes and bid me "in the lap of peace once more recline."

There are times when solitude will prove an antidote more sure than aught else beside; and there are hearts rough and stern as the unhewn oak, while mingling with the world that melt to tenderness in its calm retreat.

Then sacred, thrice sacred, be retirement's amaranthine grove, where neither care, distrust, nor envy dwell.

Reader, try it! Go, when day's lingering light decays—go to the secret place where no intruder marks thy steps, and learn from solitude a lesson; and wouldst thou have the full employment of the hour, kneel! yea, kneel before "the throne," hold an audience with the Deity, who, perchance, some bright plumed angel will send down to wipe thy tears away, and bid thee live for heaven.

FEMALE BEAUTY.—We find beauty itself a very poor thing unless beautified by sentiment. The reader may take the confession as he pleases, either as an instance of abundance of sentiment on our part, or as evidence of want of proper ardor and impartiality; but we cannot (and that is the plain truth) think the most beautiful creature beautiful, or be at all affected by her, or long to sit beside her, or go to a theatre with her, or listen to a concert with her, or walk in a field or forest with her, or call her by her Christian name, or ask her if she like poetry, or be asked whether we admire her shoe, or take her arm, even into a dining-room, or kiss her at Christmas, or on April-fool day, or on May-day, or any other day, or dream of her, or wake thinking of her, or feel a want in the room when she has gone, or a pleasure the more when she appears—unless she has a heart as well as face, and is a proper, good-tempered, natural, sincere, honest girl, who has a love for other people and other things.

If girls will kiss, let them perform the ceremony as if they loved it. Don't let them sneak about the thing as if they were purloining cheese, nor drop their heads "like lilies o'er pressed with the rain." On the contrary, they should do it with an appetite, and when they "let go," should give rise to a report that will make the old folks think somebody is firing pistols around the house.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Farmer.

WORK ON THE FARM FOR OCTOBER.

Wheat.—As our remarks upon seeding Wheat last month, were full, we shall not detain our readers further than to refer them to what we then said upon the subject, and to utter the hope, that all may have already got their wheat in. If, however, owing to any of those casualties which beset the pathway of the agriculturist, there be any with fields unsown, we would admonish them, to make double quick work, and get them sown without further delay, and to put it in well.

Rye.—This grain should have been seeded in August, but may still be sown, if done in the beginning of the month.

Threshing out Grain.—We beg to renew our injunctions of last month, to get through with this labor as early a period as possible. The considerations which we then urged, are always safe to act upon; no man has more necessity than an agriculturist to be ready for the changes of the market—no one is more liable to have his interests sported with by the agents of speculation—none where factitious circumstances, often coined for the occasion, are more likely to tax the profits due to his honest labors and toils. Thus liable to the *tricks* and *witicisms* of trade, it should ever be the business of the grain grower, to get out his crop at his earliest convenience, in order that he may be able to seize upon the propitious period for selling it, as he may rest assured that he can only protect himself from such impositions by unceasing vigilance.

Although we have watched the indications of the wheat crop with much solicitude—with much care and attention, we have, as yet, been unable to decide with any degree of certainty, whether the *aggregate* crop of the whole country has been a *large one*, an *average one*, or whether it is *below* the latter standard, though from present evidences it would appear to have been a large one.

As may well be conceived, amidst so many conflicting interests, stretching over so wide a range of country, as is that now devoted to wheat culture, representations are influenced by divers considerations, and often by those the most mercenary and disreputable. The *speculator*, ever wide awake to whatever may put money in *his own* pocket, that ought to go into that of the *producer*, is not over scrupulous to magnify the products *on paper*, while the latter, influenced by a too confiding spirit, thinks but little about the over-reaching devices that are resorted to to despoil him of the fruits of his industry.

But, be the present year's product what it may, we think the safest plan for the farmer is, to get his grain out early, so as to have it ready for market; and as it is customary *for the* WIRES *of the telegraph to be broken on certain emergencies*, he should look out sharp, and see that his grain is not curtailed of its value upon such occasions. Whenever a farmer hears *that the wires of the telegraph are broken, or out of order, at the time of the arrival of a steamer*, he should be SUSPICIOUS that a trick is intended, and consequently hold on, as he may be sure that the hand of a speculator is mixed up in the affair.

Foreign Corn Market.—It has been gratifying to us, in looking over the commercial news as it has arrived from time to time from Europe, to find that Indian Corn and Meal had most generally held their own in England, as to price, while the demand has been gradually on the increase. This we predicted, four years ago, would be the case; for we then knew that so soon as the intrinsic value of this grain became known, and properly appreciated, it must find favor with the stock feeders of that beef consuming country, as its fattening principles were so superior to most other grains, as to render it a decided favorite for such purpose.

We have seen intimations thrown out in the British journals of late, that the "CHALKY" flavor of corn-meal rendered it unpopular for bread; but this *prejudice* will be overcome when they learn how to make it into *pone* and *johnny-cake*, with the skill of Maryland and Virginia cooks. We say *prejudice* as it can be nothing else, in a country where the *oaten* cake is eaten by millions, a description of bread no more to be compared with one made from corn-meal, than a pettifogger is with a profound lawyer, and God knows there is an immeasurable space between the former and the latter.

As our Corn has about it not only the true elements for fattening stock, but for making good, wholesome, sweet, nutritious bread, it must and will continue to grow in favor in England, Ireland, and Scotland; and, as a consequence, expand its demand in those quarters.

Swine.—Prepare your pens for the reception of the hogs you may intend to fatten, in order that, so soon as the *masts* of the woods may have been consumed, they may be ready for them. Each pen should have a *rubbing-post*; its bottom should be covered with several inches, in depth, of marsh mud, or other rough material, to absorb the liquid evacuations of the hogs, which, as it may become saturated, should, from time to time, be cleaned out and replaced by fresh materials. When removed, it should be formed into compost heaps, and mixed with plaster, or charcoal, to economise the ammoia. Hogs are most excellent manufacturers of manure; but, to render them efficient, you must furnish them with materials to work with. Each hog in a pen, is capable, during the fattening season, of converting two loads of such materials in good manure. No animal voids more urine than the hog, and there are none voiding it of so rich a quality; it abounds in urea, albumen, common salt, muriate of potash, gypsum, chalk, glauber's salts, while the solid evacuations, are supposed to be as rich, in nutritive elements as are those of man. Substances so enriching, should then, most certainly be economised—should be made to perform their rightful offices in the improvement of the soil—in the nuture, elaboration, and perfection of the products of the earth.

All hogs when first taken up for fattening, should receive two or three doses of flour of sulphur, and as many of Copperas, in messes of bran or meal, say a table spoonful, each dose, at intervals of two days apart. Their food for the first two or three weeks should be pumpkins, apples and roots, or other vegetables which should be boiled or steamed, made into mashers with bran or meal, the latter being increased from day to day, so that when they come to have corn or meal altogether, the change may not be injuriously felt by them.

We hardly know, whether it would be prudent for us to remind our readers, that cooked corn meal, will go farther by 30 per cent., in fattening hogs, than will the unground and uncooked whole grain,—and that a saving of 15 or 20 per cent. may be effected by boiling the whole corn. However, let it be prudent or otherwise, as we have told them so, we will take the responsibility of asking them, to try the experiment, and of personally superintending it. Many a barrel of corn that had been given out for fattening hogs, for want of personal supervision, has found its way to a neighboring grogshop.

Charcoal, Ashes, Rotten Wood, and *Salt,* at all times during the periods of fattening, should be accessible to the hogs.

Cattle-yards.—Have as many loads of rough materials hauled as will cover your cattle yard 12 inches in depth; fashion these *basin-shaped*, so as to prevent the escape of the urine. Occasionally spread plaster over your yards after the cattle are confined therein; adding as you can, other rough materials from time to time; and our word for it, by next spring, all such materials will have been made into the most enriching fertilizers which you could desire.

Materials for Manure.—You should gather all the substances on your farm that can be made into manure and carefully compost them, so as to be converted into mould, which, permit us to assure you, is to the elements of fertility, what the blood is to the human system, the life-spring and source of vitality. Without there be *mould* in the soil, or something identical in constitution, no soil can be fertile notwithstanding all the inorganic elements were therein present:—*without the nutritive principle, infertility is inevitable. Mould or animal and vegetable matters, in a state of decay,* is as indispensable to a good soil, as flesh is in the *concocting of a good pot of soup.*

Upon this subject Professor Dana who we look upon as one of the genuine lights of agricultural science, says:

"*Mould* is truly manure. If the mould of soil were separated from the earthly portions of soil, it would deprive that soil of the power of growing crops. Here, then, we come to a broad distinction between the soil and manure. The *soil* is the earth on which plants grow,—the *mould* is the *manure* of that soil. The soil is the earthy,—the mould, that is, the carbon and salts, together with the elements of water, are the vegetable part of arable land."

We repeat:—*The making and preserving of dung heaps should be the first object—the first duty of every farmer,* as without putrescent manures, land cannot be preserved in a state of fertility.

Pumpkins.—It will be well to have your pumpkins gathered before they become injured by the frost. As to the *time* of so doing, your own good judgment must determine. Have them carefully hauled in so as to prevent their being bruised, and stow them away in some cool place. In feeding them out to your hogs and milch cows, you will increase their value as food, by having them *cooked.* For hogs especially, is cooking necessary, as it prevents their purging.

Roots of all kinds, should be harvested and put away, before being injured by the frost.

Time of putting up hogs to fatten.—The precise time when this is to be done, will of course depend upon your supply of mast, to sustain them in a thriving condition in the woods. All we wish to impress upon your mind, is this:—hogs fatten much better in weather moderately warm, than they do in cold weather, more of the food is required to keep up the heat of their bodies, so that all abstracted in that way is a tax upon flesh and fat.

Orchard Trees.—Examine these, cut off all *dead* limbs into the sound wood, make a smooth surface to the wound, and paint it with a mixture made of equal parts of beeswax, rosin, and tar: then brush the bark of the tree with a hard brush, and paint with a mixture of soft soap, salt, and sulphur, as prescribed last month. If the trees are covered with moss or ross, they should be scraped with an iron scraper, before the mixture is put on.

If not recently manured, or cultivated with a manured crop, you should treat your orchard to a dressing this fall, such as we advised for young trees last month. Unfair fruit, and unproductive trees, are the naturtual results of impoverished soils. A half fed infant will be puny and diminutive, so will an apple:—neither can be vigorously grown, without pabulous food.

Palanting a Young Orchard.—Our remarks of last month upon this subject, were too full to need anything this: but we will say that every man who owns a farm, owes it to himself, to his posterity, to society, to have a good orchard of choice fruits. If he is too far from market to sell his fruit, he can use them in feeding his stock, *Cooked* apples, mixed with meal, will fatten hogs as well as corn; cooked apples mixed with meal and chopt straw, forms, with water, one of the best slops that ever was given to a milch cow to encourage the secretion of milk: a mash formed of a peck of cooked apples, 1-2 gallon of oats, or chop, and a peck of cut hay or straw, makes a sustaining meal for a trooper's or ploughman's horse—it acts as a very gentle aperient, tends to loosen the hide, and lubricates the hair, gives tone and energy to the muscular secretions, and encourages a healthful elaboration of fat:—and above all else, good apples, whether cooked, or uncooked, are among the greatest delicacies, the most grateful, healthful, luxuries of the table.—Therefore, if you have no orchard, plant one and thereby fulfil the duties required of you, by God and country.

Drainage.—We repeat our advice of last month, to drain your *wet* lands; it is called for by your best interests. For a view of its benefits, read an article in this number headed "*Importance and benefits of draining lands.*"

Milch Cows.—In addition to the scanty fare of the pastures, milch cows should receive generous messes of succulent food, and hay at night,—and if you have not already provided warm stabling for their winter accommodation, do so without delay.

Young Stock should be provided with additional food of nights, as it is important to bring them into winter quarters in good condition,—equally so is it, to keep them so.

Working animals of all kinds should be treated well.

Buckwheat.—Cut your buckwheat before it is touched by frost. When about half the grain is ripe on the heads is a safe time for harvesting.

After threshing, save the staw for your cattle.

Corn-stalks, properly cured, cut into half inch pieces, and steamed, make excellent provender for cattle, and when mixed with bran or meal, make a good mess for milch cows.

Selling Corn.—Don't sell your corn in the ears; but shell it. The cobs, when ground into meal, make a nourishing food for milch cows and other cattle.

Fall Ploughing.—Stiff clay lands intended for fall cultivation, are always improved by fall and winter ploughing; provided they are not ploughed when either *wet,* or too dry. If they need liming, lime, or marl, could not well be applied at a better time than just after they are ploughed. When applied, it should be harrowed in: such an application will make the lime or marl, tell in the next year's crop. *Fences.*—Examine and repair these.

Out-buildings.—If not already done, these should be cleaned out, and white-washed.

Liming of Lands.—From 20 to 25 bushels of lime per acre, is as much as should be put on poor lands at one time—from 40 to 50 on lands in good heart; but on lands well charged with vegetable matter, 100 bushels may be advantageously put on.

Twice these quantities of marl may be applied, very advantageously.

If we were asked which kind of lime we would prefer? Our reply would be, that made from oyster shells: we taught this doctrine many years ago, when it was almost a heresy to do so; but as we are in the habit of saying what we know to be true, we left the consequence of our opinion to take care of itself, and we are pleased to find, that public sentiment has veered round pretty considerably, to our way of thinking. There was a time too, when *magnesia lime,* was looked upon with holy horror, but we repudiated the idea, and that now is assuming its proper position. *Gas house lime,* we started into public notice, having experimented with it 14 years ago, and found it good; and that too, is being utilized, as every thing ought to be, that can feed a plant, fertilize the earth, or contribute to the necessities and comforts of man or beast.