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POETRY.

AWAY TO THE WEST.

BY WM. K COLE.

Away to the West, where the primeval wood
Yet throws its dark fringe on the Michigan flood;
Where pale in their beauty, the forest flowers bloom,
And the earth is yet mantled in forest lind gloom;
With the bounds of an empire, the dark virgin soil,
Full of treasures, awaiteth the husbandman's toil.

Away to the West, by the Huron's green shore;
Where nature still reigneth supreme as of yore;
Where, murmuring soft in the flickering gleam
Of its leaf curtained Hill goes the canopied stream,
There stands a broad realm, where the toil of the poor
May keep the grim demon of Want from the door.

Away in the West, 'neath the brightest of skies,
And horizon bounded, the prairie land lies—
The prairie land, over whose surface is rolled
A garment much fairer than diamonds and gold;
There the hard hand of Labor but waveth its wand,
And a harvest all golden springs up from the land.

Away to the West! ye who grovel and pine
In the haunts of the many; in tunnel and mine:
Banish pick-axe and shovel; then, ho! for the plough;
For a tithe of the labor that dampens your brow,
Will place you in plenty—a tithe of your toil,
Make you chief of the manor, and Lord of the soil.

Ye famishing legions from Europe justified,
Ye exiles of hunger, ye seekers of bread,
Away with the moment, and linger no more
By the waves that have borne you across to our shore;
For millions and millions as yet there is room,
Where the Prairie lands smile and the forest trees bloom.

OUR SHIP.

BY FRANCIS BENNOCK.

A song, a song, brave hearts, a song
To the ship in which we ride;
Which bears us along right gallantly,
Defying both wind and tide.
With a dip and a rise, like a bird she flies,
And we care not for wind or squall,
While faithful officers rule the helm,
And heaven smiles o'er us all.
Then a ho and a hip to the gallant ship,
That carries us o'er the sea,
Through storm and foam, to a western home—
A home of the brave and free.

With a fearless bound to the depths profound,
She rushes with proud disdain;
While pale lips tell the fears that swell,
Lest she never may rise again.
With a courser's pride, she paws the tide,
Unbridled by bit! now!
While the charmish sea she dashes with glee,
In a cataract from her prow.
Away, away, by night and day,
Propelled by steam and wind;
The watery waste before her lies,
And a flaming wake behind.

She bears not on board a lawless horde,
Piratic in thought and deed;
Yet the sword they would draw in defence of law,
In the nation's hour of need:
Professors, and poets, and merchantmen,
Whose voyagings never cease,
From shore to shore, the wide world o'er,
Their bonds are the bonds of peace.
Then a ho and a hip to the gallant ship,
That carries us o'er the sea,
Through storm and foam, to a western home—
A home of the brave and free.

She boasts the brave, the dutiful,
The aged and the young;
And woman bright and beautiful,
And childhood's prattling tongue.
With a dip and a rise, like a bird she flies,
And we care not for storm or squall;
For faithful officers rule the helm,
And heaven protects us all.
Then a ho and a hip to the gallant ship,
That carries us o'er the sea,
Through storm and foam, to a western home—
A home of the brave and free.

[Composed on board the steamer Niagara, and set to music by Mr. Hatton.]
New York, Aug. 21, 1848.

MISCELLANY.

Industry in Females.

Industry in a female, is always an important trait. There is indeed, so much uncertainty in the voyage of life, that no young man can be deemed otherwise than very imprudent, who joins his fate to that of a person whose domestic education and habits of life have been adverse to the practice of this essential virtue. In a career where the utmost prudence is often incompetent to secure success, and where in nine cases out of ten, the fairest prospects are permanently blighted, and the brightest expectations nipped in the freshest bloom, to enter their domestic station, and to assume the several responsibilities of husband, father, citizen, with who is wholly inadequate to sustain shocks of adversity, or to alleviate the burden of misfortune by mutual assistance and support, is not only an evil, but a crime! And yet there are thousands who do so—thousands who annually lead to the alter beings with minds as vacant, and hands unaccustomed to employment, as though they had existed from childhood in a mental and moral vacuum—wholly ignorant of ordinary wants, and of the means by which they are hourly supplied.—*Ex.*

☞ The Boston Watchman, sometime ago told this tale:

"Father, what does the printer live on?"

"Why, child?"

"You said you hadn't paid him for two or three years, and yet you get his paper every week!"

"Take the child out of the room—what does he know about right or wrong?"

The Country Cousin.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"Charles, are you going to Mrs. Smith's party to-night?"

"No Ellen, I am not."

"Now did the sun ever shine on such a provoking fellow before? Here Papa has been sending you to college, and no sooner did you complete your course than off you went scampering all over Europe, like a creature half wild, hunting up antiquities, and plunging into half buried cities. At last you are back again, *finished*,—polished up by travel and books, until polishing can do no more for you. Your voice is like an Italian's—you have the politeness of a Frenchman—the scholarship of a German—the complexion of an Englishman—the wit of an Irishman, and last though not by any means least the *imperial whiskers* of a Russian. You are fitted to go into society, and dash about as never mortal being dashed in this town before. The Goldings, the Ledyards, and the Stanyans are half dead to get an introduction to "Charles Lincoln, Esquire, recently from Europe;" but alas!—do I hear rightly? You resolutely and determinedly refuse to gratify them. You will not even condescend to honor a little social party, gotten up expressly on your account, with your august presence. Now, tell me *why* you refuse to gratify some of our most brilliant belles this evening?

"Pshaw! Ellen, you run on like a crazy creature. I am not half so important a personage as you would make me believe myself to be, and, moreover, I am tired of balls, parties, and assemblies. I have seen and admired beautiful, amiable, witty and artificial creatures, called *ladies* and *belles*, until I am heartily sick of seeing and admiring. I had rather take a nap on the sofa, than chat about French Novelists or Italian Vocalists. I have heard those themes discussed a thousand times—I am weary, tired to death, of fashion and noise, and I am determined to go down to-morrow to the country,—clear off down to Glenwood—where our third cousin's cousin lives, old Ephraim Gilbert. I remember how happy I used to be there, when I was a boy, making dandelion-chains for Grace, and setting bird-traps for little Sam. By the way, Ellen, is Grace married?"

I "don't know nor care," replied Ellen pouting out her pretty lip, and kicking an ottoman half over by her feet. "You are so provoking! I had set my heart on cutting a dash with my lion brother, but I find myself bitterly disappointed."

"Can't help it, sis! I have made up my mind to go off among sensible people, every day, common-sense-sort-of-people once more, and so I must. I want some of Aunt Pamelia's garden strawberries, and fresh cream. I want to hear the birds sing, and the brooks purl, and the lambs bleat, and the cows low, and a thousand other heart-cheering sounds, which used to come to me down at Uncle Ephraim's."

"And Grace churn, and Sam hallo, and whistle, while following the plough," said Ellen in the same petulant manner.

"Yes, yes," said the young man, running his white fingers through his French whiskers carelessly, above all things I want to hear Grace sing at her churning, and Sam whistle.

"Well, then, I suppose the die is cast—the thing is settled. Miss Grace Gilbert is to become Mrs. Charles Lincoln. They will be married about three months hence, out in Aunt Pamelia's sitting room, upon a nicely sanded floor, by Parson Littlejohn, and after the ceremony is through with, Aunt Pamelia will herself hand about the refreshments—nut-cakes, apples, cider and cheese, and such like substantial things. May the Lord deliver me from the sight!"

"No, no, Nell, indeed I shall not dispense with your services on the occasion. Sam will be bride's-man! you will be bride's-maid."

The picture drawn by Ellen's imagination of a country wedding, finished out by her Brother's allusions to herself, struck her so ludicrously that she could not restrain a hearty laugh. Her ill temper vanished away, and rising she drew the sofa, upon which she was sitting, to the window, and sat down where the rich light of the setting sun, tinged with a more golden hue her flaxen hair, and lingered and played upon the rich furniture and fine old pictures with which the room was decorated. "Charles," at length she said abruptly, after a long silence, during which both had apparently been lost in thought. "You were not in earnest just now!"

"I was in earnest when I said I was not going to the party, but was going to the country," replied he, pulling out his gold repeater very deliberately.

"What has possessed you with the idea, Charles?"

"Why? is there anything very incomprehensible about such an intention, Sis?"

"What amusements do you propose following there?"

Oh! amusements will not be rare. I am a geologist and mineralogist, and I shall find specimens of mica, crystal slate, and no body knows what not. I am a botanist, and expect at this season to find the woods full of wild flowers, as well as game, for I shall take my fowling piece along. Then I shall talk with Uncle Ephraim about importing stock, &c.—help Aunt Pamelia about her cheese, and ride horse-back with Sam and cousin Grace."

"You will be ashamed to be seen in the company of cousin Grace, I dare to assert," said Ellen a little spiritedly.

"Not unless she is a different being from what I expect to find her," said Charles.

"She *will* be a different being, brother—she has grown up, I dare say, tall and awkward—her hands will be embroidered by domestic labor, and her dress will excite your laughter. What opportunity has *she* ever had of mingling in polite society, and becoming a *lady*? None Charles. Her father is a country farmer—ours a city banker. We may be distant cousins, but we are not associates."

Charles did not reply, but wound and rewound his watch chain about his finger. He thought of Grace Gilbert as he had last seen her—a child of nine summers, with rosy cheeks, auburn hair, blue eyes, and a forehead which bore the impress of more than childhood's intelligence. He had thus thought of her a thousand times. In the fine old studios of Italy, where forms of almost angelic beauty looked out from the canvass, and whispered seemingly of Heaven, the image of that child came up between him and them, and he turned away with a *home sickness* about his heart. In the circles of Paris, where he had loved among the most courtly of beauties, the face of the child still followed him—he could not rid himself of it. Again and again, as he moved about, he said to himself, "if I ever live to reach America, I will see Grace Gilbert: the bud was fair—the flower will be beautiful."

At last he turned back with a glad heart towards the home of his childhood. He reached it, and found that Ellen, his only sister, had grown up in his absence, to be what the world called, "a brilliant woman;" he found his father's house the centre of fashion and gaiety, and then his heart yearned more than ever after the *one being* whose remembrance had tinted his life, with all the rosy colorings of Hope.

True to the resolution he had formed, he departed the morning after the conversation related, alone, for the residence of Uncle Ephraim Gilbert, down in Glenwood. When he arrived near his journey's end his anxiety to know what kind of creature Grace had become during the years of his absence, became almost painful. Every thing in the vicinity of the farm as he passed hastily along, served to remind him of his childhood—there was the crooked tree where he and Sam had once hung a swing, and tossed Grace upward until she came near fainting from dizziness—here was a brook where he had culled moss for her to weave into baskets—there he had angled, and further on he had chased the hoop. What a change had come over him since those glad days! then he was ignorant of the world; now he was intimate with all its most subtle ways.

As he drew near the fine old white farmhouse, of the Gilberts, his ear was attracted by a strain of piano music, which stole sweetly through the half-raised windows of the old fashioned parlor. He paused a moment and looked eagerly towards them, but they were so completely covered by an immense white rose tree which was trailed along the casement, until a mass of snowy flowers and thick green leaves hung like a curtain over them that he could discover nothing that was passing within. He passed on to the gate, where an elderly gentleman was standing, whom he immediately recognized as Uncle Ephraim. He announced himself, and was received with a perfect outburst of joy.

"I never should have known you in the world, Charles," said the old man, surveying him from head to foot. "Bless me, how you have grown. But come into the house where your Aunt and Cousin are sitting."

Charles followed mechanically, the footsteps of the old man over the stone-paved walk, which wound among the shrubbery in the front yard, and then up the stone steps leading into the house. He had often entered the palaces of the old world, more self-possessed than he now followed the footsteps of that old farmer into his parlor. As he entered the room, a young lady of seventeen or eighteen, was leaning gracefully with one elbow resting on the piano, while with her other hand she turned over the leaves of a new piece of music. She was below the ordinary size, and her delicate form was clad in a dress of purest white. Some of her hair had escaped from the comb which should have confined it, and hung in fine auburn ringlets about her cheeks. One glance told Charles Lincoln that his fairest dream was more than realized. Grace Gilbert had ripened into beautiful womanhood.

* * * * * *

Summer had passed away, and winter had brought nicely-piled grates, and heavy carpets—thick clothing and furs into the parlors of the Lincolns. They were rich; they knew nothing by experience of the pinching cold and want of utter destitution.

Ellen sat with an open letter in her hand, while Mrs. Lincoln was busy over a long strip of ruffling close by. At last Ellen spoke. "Mamma here is news for us from Charles; can you guess what it is?"

"No indeed, I cannot," said Mrs. Lincoln, looking earnestly up. "Nothing unpleasant I hope"

"No, I am sure from the manner in which he writes, that he regards the matter as far from unpleasent. He is about to be married to one of the lovliest creatures in the world, according to his story. He does not say where she is from, but I think from her name she must be a foreigner—"Maria Jane Sozenoski." He became acquainted with her on the continent. Since his return to America, he has had the pleasure of meeting with her in Philadelphia—the acquaintance has been renewed, and now he brings her home, as "Mrs Lincoln." He says we must be prepared to give her a warm reception, for he is sure we will love her.

"I hope we shall," said Mrs. Lincoln thoughtfully. "I always had great confidence in Charles's judgement—I believe he would choose a wife wisely."

"I do not know about it," said Ellen with a laugh. "Mamma did you know that the fellow went down to Glenwood, soon after his return from Europe head-over-ears in love with Grace Gilbert. That is, he fancied he *should* be in love with her, for he had not seen her since she was a very little girl. But I think the trip sobered him. He came back, and to all my enquiries about her, he was as mum as a deaf man. I have not heard him mention her name since."

"Grace was a beautiful child, but she cannot have made much of a woman—her advantages have been too limited," remarked Mrs. Lincoln. "I could have told Charles that before he started."

A few weeks after this conversation, all was stir and bustling gaiety in the house of the bride-groom. Charles came home with his lovely and accomplished wife. To Ellen, the sister, fair and graceful creature whom he introduced, was almost more than human. She was never weary with looking into her sweet face—never faced with the low thrilling tones of her voice—never fatigued with holding her soft hand clapsed in her's, or with following her through the brilliantly lighted rooms, prepared for her reception. She loved her from the first moment that she saw her with the enthusiasm of a friend, and the pride of a sister.

Charles watched her narrowly, and every now and then, a half-formed smile played upon his lips. At length he took Ellen's arm and drew her into one of the recluded recesses by the window.

"What do you think of my bride Sis?—Are you *ashamed* to acknowledge her as your sister?

Ellen turned her eyes full of wonder up into his face.

"Ashamed of her Charles! She is the most perfect creature I ever saw."

"And yet," said the bridegroom in a teasing tone, "you once told me that I should be *ashamed* of her."

"Never!" said Ellen in astonishment, you jest, Charles!"

"No, sister, I do not. The fair creature that you see yonder, is none other than cousin Grace Gilbert, of Glenwood, now my wife."

Ellen uttered a faint scream, and said, "Charles, how much you have deceived us,—"Maria Jane Sozenoski, indeed!"

"I know that you, as well as half of the world, loved high-sounding foreign names. So I re-christened Cousin Grace, for your especial benefit. I told you in my letter, that I first met with her on the continent. So I did—it was on the Western; somewhere in the vicinity of Uncle Ephraim Gilbert's farm. You knew the geography of the place very well when you were a little girl. I afterwards met with her in Philadelphia, whither Uncle sent her to finish her school education, and whither I repaired by agreement. Is it not all as clear as daylight?"

"It is," said Ellen, "but who would have thought it? I shall look up country cousins after this.—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

THE CITY WE LIVE IN.

WALL STREET.—We are conscious of a double sensation as we write the words: one of descending motion, when we think of all the million deceits and degradations and hypocrisies and miseries played off there as in some ghostly farce; another, proud and elevating, in thus taking familiarly on the point of our pen the great purse-string of America—the key of the Union. As money rules the world, so Wall street rules money; and from its dingy dens go forth the mandates which makes plenty or misery, peace or war, and stamp the whole character of the nation and the destiny of its people. It may have been thought strange by many small victims and outsiders, that we passed over Wall-street while treating of the gambling-houses of the metropolis. Not so. It is true that gambling is carried on as the chief business there; but it is upon so gigantic, so systematic a scale, that it reaches the dignity of history. It rather deserves a place in our history of revolutions.

Wall-street! who shall fathom the depth and the rottenness of thy mysteries? Has gorgon passed through thy winding labyrinth, turning with his smile everything to stone—hearts as well as houses? Art thou not the valley of riches told of by the veracious Sindbad, where millions of diamonds lay glistening like fiery snow, but which was guarded on all sides by poisonous serpents, whose bite was death and whose contact was pollution?

Let us look from the front of this lofty temple to God, down Wall- street. What do we see? Nothing but a dim confusion—a turbid stream of painful, intertwisted motion, rolling and chafing between gray stone banks on either side. That is all there is of Wall-street—absolutely nothing but some heaps of granite as they might be mole-hills, with men running about like pismires, in and out, and about and about.

But let us look again. Wall-street, after all, can't be so dreadful a place as all this comes to. You must at least admit that it has set the town a noble example of what ought to be done in the way of architecture. Whatever may be its faults—and doubtless it has as many of them as a pretty woman—it is beyond all odds the handsomest street on the continent. In the length of half a mile from the Custom-House there is a greater amount and variety of architectural taste than in many an entire city. The Custom-House itself is a grand structure, quite worthy of being the central gate, as it were, of the gigantic commerce that pours through it the wealth and luxury of the world, to be distributed in a thousand avenues through a rich and prosperous empire, inhabited by twenty millions of extravagant people. This edifice, with its busy yet quiet inmates, will, perhaps, one day claim our especial notice. At present we will pass down its interminable steps, reminding one of the descent from the Pyramid Gizeh; and stumbling over a row of learned canary-birds, pitching into a repository of carving-knives, and upsetting a kennel of young puppies, pursue our way. On either side, the street presents a graceful and unbroken line of classic fronts and Grecian porticos, of lofty steps and dizzy colonnades. It would seem as if we had found an avenue of temples—and so we have; only they are all erected to one divinity and devoted to the worship of one god—Mammon. Midway stands the massive Exchange, looking as if it had been hewed out of a solid granite mountain. It is supported on one side by the inevitable fancy-soap and shaving-cream man, and on the other by an oyster-wagon. Up its steep steps and through its labyrinthian halls and chambers, rush ever an eager throng of men, as if they went whirling about in some gigantic puppet-show, while a concealed hand pulled convulsively at the wire. Within the innermost range of columns, we push open a massive door, and enter the Rotunda—almost a Coliseum in its magnitude and spacious proportions, and in every way a perfect work of art. This is the very sanctuary of Trade and Commerce, those Titanic powers which rule the world. But they must only be glanced at to-day. To examine and describe in detail what is taking place here would detain us too long from our walk. A thousand busy beings are in humming motion and activity within these walls; and upon the low, half-uttered, half-indicated dialogues going on, the wealth or poverty of hundreds of thousands—the price of stocks, the quotations of flour and cotton, the plenty or scarcity of money—all will be decided. In such a scene as this, the mere operations of the money-making faculty lose the commonplaceness of their character, and become almost poetical and sublime. This is the heart of trade—and such a heart!

On the southern corner stand a half-score or so of excited faces, many of them with the Israelitish nose so proverbial for smelling out a good thing in embryo or a bad one just beginning to taint. These are the famous Third Board—mostly lame ducks who have been disabled for life in their passage through the more secret operations of the regular Board up-stairs, and green-horns who are very anxious to come in and be caught. They are at present unable to deal in realities, or "Fancies" either, but they still take the keenest interest in what transpires in the former field of their labors, and in brisk and animated discussions of the prices and prospects of stocks, seem to derive a melancholy pleasure in "fighting their battles o'er again." Poor fellows! While gravely debating questions of millions, many of them would find a most inconvenient tightness in the money market if they were to attempt treating themselves to a shilling stew!

It is now high tide in Wall-street. Every cellar vomits its pale young man with calf-skin memorandum-book, griped firmly as he hurries away to one of the innumerable Banks, or swallows some wild-looking "short," who rushes down and hysterically inquires of his obliging neighbor, Mr. Smith, whether he hasn't a few hundred over. It is half-past two o'clock, and the crisis is fast coming on! From cellar to cellar he speeds, as if he bore the blazing brand of Roderick Dhu, and feared that it would go out before it had performed its mission. No help! no help! everybody seems, strangely enough, as short as himself. In thirty minutes he, who yesterday commanded his thousands, will be ruined and a beggar—a mark set upon him which will forever debar him from gaining credit there again. He sees passing in swift perspective his splendid mansion above Bleecker given up to the hands of the sheriff—his heartless wife and spendthrift daughters lending him with complaints and reproaches at his altered state—his friends one by one deserting him—his position lost and himself an outcast. Who wonders that, in a moment of despair, he seizes whatever is left him, defrauds his creditors of his remaining assets and elopes, or—still more quiet and gentlemanly way—applies a razor to the jugular, and thus frees himself at once of earthly ills!

But hark! the clock strikes three. As if by magic, the bustle and confusion which but now ran through the street ceases, and the whole neighborhood rapidly subsides into the calm of Sabbath. Stillness re-asserts her empire. Wall street is locked up and gone home for the day. The omnibusses in Broadway expand with their double fares—many even mount the step, preferring the chance of being thrown off, or rubbed off against a cab, or splashed deplorably; and the whole living scene disappears—leaving nothing but the gray stone walls and irregular pavements, and innumerable tin signs, of all that which was so lately noisy and lively Wall street.—*Tribune.*

THE HEIRESS.

A sprightly, rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired little girl used to sit, in the pleasant evenings of June, on the marble steps opposite my lodgings, when I lived in Phila, and sing over a hundred little sonnets, and tell over as many tales, in a sweet voice, and with an air of simplicity that charmed me many a time. She was an orphan child and commonly reported to be rich. Often and often I sat after a day of toil and exertion, and listened to her innocent voice breathing forth the notes of peace and happiness which flowed cheerfully from a light heart, and felt a portion of the tranquility steal o'er my own soul. Such was Eliza Hadley when I first knew her.

Several years had elapsed during which time I had been absent from the city, when walking along one of the most fashionable squares, I saw an elegant female step into a carriage, followed by a gentleman and two pretty children. I did not immediately recognize her face, but my friend who was by my side, pulled my elbow: Do you remember, little Eliza, who used to sing for us, when we lived together in this city? I did remember—it was herself.

She used to be fond, said he, of treating her little circle of friends with romance—and at last she acted out a neat little romance herself. She came out into the circles of life under the auspices of her guardian—it was said by some she was rich—very rich—but the matter of publicity, however the current, and as was generally believed, well-founded report, was sufficient to draw around her many admirers, and among the number not a few serious courtiers.

She did not wait long before a young gentleman on whom she had looked with rather a partial eye, because he was the gayest and handsomest of her lovers, emboldened by her partiality, made her an offer. Probably she blushed and her heart fluttered a little but they were sitting in a moonlight parlor, and as her embarassment was more than half concealed, she soon recovered, and as a waggish humor happened to have the ascendency she put on a serious face, told him she was honored by his preference, but that their was one matter she wished perfectly understood before, by giving a reply, she bound him to his promise. Perhaps you may have thought me wealthy; I would not for the world have you labor under a mistake upon that point; I am worth eighteen hundred dollars!

She was proceeding, but the gentleman started, as if electrified; eighteen hundred dollars, he repeated, in a manner that betrayed the utmost surprise; yes ma'am, says he awkwardly, I did understand you was worth a great deal more—but.

No sir, she replied, no excuse or apologies; I did understand what I have said you—you are embarrassed now; answer me another time; and rising she bid him a good night.

She had just escaped a trap; he went next to her guardians, to enquire more particularly into her affairs, and receiving the same answer, he dropped the suit at once.

The next serious proposal followed soon after, and this too, came from one who had succeeded to a large portion of her esteem; but by applying the same crucible to the love he offered her, she found the like result. He too left her, and she rejoiced in another fortunate escape.

She sometime after became acquainted with a young gentleman of slender fortune, in whose approaches she thought she discovered more of the timorous diffidence of love than she had witnessed before. She did not check him in his hopes, and in process of time he too made her an offer. But when she spoke of her fortune he begged her to be silent. If is to sister, worth and beauty, said he, that I pay my court; not to fortune. In you I shall obtain what is of more worth than gold. She was agreeably disappointed. They were married, and after the union was solemnized she made him master of her fortune with herself. I am indeed worth eighteen hundred dollars, said she to him, but I have never said how much more, and I never hope to enjoy more pleasure than I feel this moment when I tell you that my fortune is one hundred and eighty thousand.

It was actually so; but still her husband often tells that in her he possesses a far more noble fortune.

AN INJURED FRIEND.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

Perhaps there is no feeling more painful to bear, than the thought that we have slighted or injured one who has always been kind to us.—As we look back and review the past, we can bring to mind a hundred instances of disinterested love and kindness. We may have been confined to a bed of sickness and our friend has been unwearied in his attentions to us and often expressed the wish that he could suffer in our stead. His first inquiry in the morning was, "Do you feel better?"—and at night his last words were, "I hope you will have a comfortable night." We could tell by his looks that his words came from the heart. When health came to our relief, no one was more grateful than our friend. He manifested it in a dozen ways. He encouraged us; he bought us little deliencies and he watched every movement to be sure that we were gaining strength day by day. Can we forget such a friend?—Who could be so base? In every difficulty—in every trial—in every sorrow—he was the first to bring relief, or to share in our distress. There was nothing that he would not sacrifice in our behalf. Not a word did he speak, not a motion did he make to pain our hearts; but with him all was disinterested kindness. Now to slight such a friend—to turn from him in the hour of prosperity—to pain his generous heart—is the height of cruelty, and they who are thus guilty, when the hour of serious reflection comes, must feel a pang scarcely to be endured. They would give worlds could they recall the fact and once more secure the affections and the love of him who has been slighted and cast away. But no—the grave has hid his form and it is too late to ask forgivness. To our sins we pray that of unnatural and slighted kindness may never be added. All others we can bear with more fortitude.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

FOR THE FARMERS.

Timely Hints—Winter is Coming.

As winter approches there are many things which claim the attention of the husbandman, especially in the arrangement of his domestic concerns. We shall be pardoned, perhaps, for indicating a few of the most important duties incumbent upon him at this inclement season, and when nothing that can contribute to his comfort, and enhance the enjoyment of his dependants should be neglected or overlooked.

In the first place, let him study economy in all things, but be particularly cautious never to let this sterling virtue degenerate into meanness. In the management of his affairs he should endeavor to circumscribe his expenditures within the prudential limits of actual necessity. Not a dollar should be expended unnecessarily, or for the gratification of any whim or caprice, or to indulge a useless pride in those who naturally look to him for protection and support. A farmer, above all men, should be a man of principle, and this will always insure, on his part, a ready conformity to such practices as will ultimately lead him to affluence, and a respectable and honorable station in society of which he is a part.

WOOD-HOUSE.

Wood-houses, provided the business has not already been accomplished, should now be filled. It is a good plan to have a mixture of green and dry fuel for winter use, as by burning that which is seasoned, a greater consumption is necessary than where a part is green or partially dry. Recent experiments in heating rooms with fuel in different states of dryness, have established the fact that wood recently cut, when ignited by the assistance of a quantum *sufficient* of a thoroughly seasoned article, produces a more durable and steady, as well as a more intense heat. It is wrong to suppose that all the fluid matters contained in wood, are lost by evaporation in burning. The sap of the sugar maple, for instance, disproves this theory.

BARN AND OUT-BUILDINGS.

See that these are made close and comfortable. Animals do much better when sheltered from the cold. Less food is required, and they are not so liable to be attacked and debilitated by disease. The more comfortable an animal is kept, the less substance he will require. Hogs especially should have warm quarters and be supplied with clean dry straw for litter. Their food should also, at this season, be warm and stimulating. With such treatment they will thrive rapidly and be fit for the tub much earlier than when treated with less care.—*Cor. Tri.*