

THE FARMER'S HALL.

From the Ohio Farmer.

Oh! is there ought like the "Farmer's Hall,"
With its whitened fence, and its poplars tall,
And its mossed roof of shingles brown;
Is there ought like this in the sickly town?
Is there ought so fine as summer bowers,
Of grape and clematis woven with flowers,
Where often the wild bee with earliest hum,
Gladdens our ear soon as sol's rays come;
And then the green lawn spread with dandelions

gay,

And the rill too is near with meandering way.
The eglandine wild and briar so sweet,
Oh! when but at farm do we such sights meet?
And far in the vale too, may ever be seen
The kine grazing slowly in pastures so green,
And the feathered tribe all in the bright stream are

laving,

Even cornfields and meadows seem with life to be
waving

Within are scenes my pen cannot portray,
There is the neat sandy floor scoured so white
every day,

The clean cherry table, the "oaken chest" too,
And cupboards with tea cups and plates of pure
blue;

The looking glass dressed in the wild princess fire,
The window and mantle with creeping woodbine;
The flower-pot laden with rose and bell blue,
The pink and the violet of various hue;

And last, but not least, are the fine happy girls,
Their cheeks flushed with health, their teeth white
as pearls,

And a lip that without affectation can smile,

A brow free from care, a heart free from guile.

E. H. B.

A LOOKING GLASS.

DEAR SIR.—When I was a boy, I can well remember how I used to be induced to wash my smutty face, by having a looking glass held before my eyes. For the same purpose, I have extracted the following picture of "a farmer," from the writings of that most eccentric and excellent writer, "Sam Slick," in the hopes that it any of your readers should happen to see any part of himself therein, that he will improve by the view. Here it is:

" . . . That critter, when he built that wrack of a house, (they call 'em halt house here), intended to add as much more to it some of these days, and accordingly put his chimney outside, to serve the new part as well as the old. He has been to "busy" ever since, you see, to remove the barking put there the first fall, to keep the frost out of the cellar, and consequently it has rotted the sills off, and the house has fell away from the chimney, and he has to prop it up with that great stick of timber, to keep it from coming down on its knees altogether. All the winters are boarded up, but one, and that might as well be, for little light can penetrate them old hats and red flannel petticoats. Look at the farm; its broken back roof has let the gable ends fall in, where they stand staring at each other, as if they would like to come closer together (and no doubt they soon will), to consult what was best to be done to gain their standing in the world. Now look at the stock; there's your "improved short horns." Them dirty looking half-starved geese, and them drizzle-tailed fowls, that are so poor the foxes would be ashamed to steal them—that little lantern-jawed long leg'd, rabbit ear'd runt of a pig, that's so weak it can't curl its tail up—that old cow frame standing there with her eyes shut and looking for all the world as though she's contemplating her latter end—and with good

reason too), and that other reddish yellow, long-wooled varmint, with his hocks higher than his belly, that looks as if he had come to her funeral, and which, by way of distinction, his owner calls a horse—is all "the stock," I guess, that this farmer supports upon a hundred acres of as good natural soil as ever laid out door. Now, there's a specimen of "native stock." I reckon he'll migrate to a warmer climate soon, for you see while he was waiting to finish that thing you see the hen roosting on, that he calls a sled, he's had to burn up all the fence round the house, but there's no danger of cattle breaking into his fields, and his old muley has learnt how to sneak round among the neighbours' fields o' nights, lookin' for an open gate or bars, to snatch a mouthful, now and then. For if you was to mow that meadow with a razor and mow it with a fine tooth comb, you couldn't get enough to winter a grasshopper. 'Spose we drive up to the door, and have a word of chat with Nick Bradshaw, and see if he is as promising as outside appearances indicate.

Observing us from the only light of glass remaining in the window, Nick lifted the door and laying it aside, emerged from his kitchen, parlour, and smoke-house to reconnoitre. He was a tall, well-built, athletic man, of great personal strength and surprising activity, who looked like a careless good-natured fellow, fond of talking, and from the appearance of the little old black pipe which stuck in one corner of his mouth, equally so for smoking, and as he appeared to fancy us to be candidates, no doubt he was already enjoying in prospect the comforts of a neighbouring tap-room. Just look at him happy critter—his hat crown has lost the top out, and the rim hangs like the bail of a bucket. His trousers and jacket show clearly that he has had clothes of other colours in other days. The untanned moccasin, on one foot, which contrast with the old shoe on the other, shows him a friend to domestic manufactures: and his beard is no bad match for the woolly horse yender. See the vagrant independent sort of a look the critter has, with his hat on one side, and his hands in his breeches pockets, contemplating the beauties of his farm. You may talk about patience and fortitude, philosophy and christian resignation, and all that sort of thing till you are tired, but—ah, here he comes. Morning Mr. Bradshaw—how's all home to day? Right comfortable, (mark that—comfort in such a place), I give thanks—come, light and come in. I'm sorry can't feel your horse—but the fact is, can't too no use to try to raise no crops, late years, for body don't get half paid for their labour, these hard times. I raised a nice bunch of potatoes last year, and as I couldn't get nothing worth while for 'em in the fall, I thought I'd keep 'em till spring. But as the frost set in, while I was down town election time, the boys didn't fix up the old cellar door, and this infernal cold winter froze 'em all. It's them what you smell now, and I've just been telling the old woman that we must turn 'em and carry them out of the cellar. 'Fore long they'll make some of us sick enough—for there's no telling what may happen to a body late years. And if the next legislator don't do something for us, nobody knows but the whole country will starve, for it seems as though the land now-a-days won't raise nothing. It's actually run out. Why, I should think by the look of things round your neighbour Horton's, that his land produced pretty well. Why, yes—and it's a miracle too, how he gets it—for every body round here said, when he took up that tract, it was the poorest in the town. There are some folks that thinks he has dealings with the "black art," for't does seem as though the more he work'd his land, the better it got.

Now, here was a mystery—but an easy explanation of Mr. Slick soon solved the matter, at least to my mind. The fact is, says Mr. Slick, a great deal of this country is run out. And it wasn't for the lime, mash-mud, sea-weed, salt sand, and what not, they've got here in such quantities, and a few Hortons to apply it, the whole country would run out, and dwindle away to just such great, good-natured, good-for-nothing, do-nothing fellows, as this Nick Bradshaw, and his woolly horse, and woolless sheep, and cropless farm, and comfortless house, it indeed such a great wind rack of loose lumber, is worthy the name of a house.

Now, by way of contrast to all this, do you see that neat little cottage-looking house on yonder hummock, away to the right there, where you see those beautiful shade trees. The house is small, but it is a whole house. That's what I call about right—flanked on both sides by an orchard of best grafted fruit—a tidy flower garden in front, that the galls see to, and to a most grand sarce garden just over there, where it takes the wash of the buildings, nicely sheltered by that bunch of shrubbery. Then see them everlasting big barns—and, by gosh, there goes fourteen dairy cows—as sleek as moles. Them flowers, honeysuckles, and rose bushes, shows what sort of a family lives there, just as plain as straws show which way the wind blows.

Them galls an't tamally racing round to quiltn' and huskin' frolics, their feet exposed in thin slips to the mud, and their honour to a thinner protection. No, no, take my word for it, when you see galls busy about such things to home, they are what our old minister used to call "right minded." Such things keep them busy, and when folks are busy about their own business, they've no time to get into mischief. It keeps them healthy, too, and as cheerful as larks. I've a mind we'll light here, and view this citizen's improvements, and we shall be welcomed to good substantial breakfast, that would be worthy to be taken as a pattern by any farmer's wife in America.

We were met at the door by Mr. Horton, who greeted my friend, Slick, with the warm salutation of an old acquaintance, and expressed the satisfaction of one habitually hospitable, for the honour of my visit. He was a plain, healthy, intelligent looking man, about fifty, dressed as a farmer should be, with the stamp of "Homespun" legible upon every garment, not forgetting a very handsome silk handkerchief, the work throughout of his eldest daughter. The room into which we were ushered, bore the same stamp of neatness and comfort that the outside appearance indicated.

A substantial home-made carpet covered the floor, and a well-filled book-case and writing-desk, were in the right place, among the contents of which I observed several agricultural periodicals. I was particularly struck with the scrupulously neat and appropriate attire of the wife and two intelligent, interesting daughters, that were busily engaged in the morning operations of the dairy. After partaking of an excellent substantial breakfast, Mr. Horton invited us to walk over his farm, which, though small, was every part in such a fine state of cultivation, that he did not express a fear of "starving, unless the legislature did something to keep the land from running out."

We bade adieu to this happy family, and proceeded on our journey fully impressed with the contrast between a good and a bad farmer, and for my own part, perfectly satisfied with the manner that Mr. Slick had taken to impress it indelibly upon my own mind.

Mr. Slick seemed wrapped in contemplation of the scenes of the morning for a long time. At length he broke forth in one of his happy