BY THOS. MACKELLER.

Once methought I saw an angei Smiling in a maiden's eyes,
And my heart was captive taken,
Like a city by surprise.

Then it seemed another angel Springing upward from my heart, From mine eyes looked on the other, And beheld its counterpart.

At the moment of the greeting,
From her lips no whisper fell,
And before her I sat silent, Rapt in a delicious spell.

Love, awaiting in my bosom, Dove, of pure impulses born, Lighted up my happy pathway,

Marked for mine the gentle maiden With the angel in her eyes; Years agone we linked our fortunes By indissoluble ties.

#### I'm Dreaming, Love, of Thee.

BY ALLIE VERNON.

The stars are shining brightly In the blue vault above, And spirits breathing lightly, Are whispering tales of love I hear the tones of angels-A joyous melody;

But I heed not their sweet music. I'm dreaming, love, of thee. The breeze is softly sighing As it fans my cheek and brow. And the flowers are replying

In strains so rich and low. I hear the brooklets murmur, In tones of fairly glee; But I heed not their sweet music, I'm dreaming, love, of the

## Wit and Tumur.

#### THE GHOST RAISER.

My Uncle Beagley, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century as a bagman will tell stories. Among them he tells his Single Ghost Story so often, that I am heartily tired of it. In self-defence, therefore, publish the tale, in order that when next the good, kind old gentleman offers to bore us with it, everybody may say they know it. I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was travelling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Chester. I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look out for some snug way-side inn, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunder-storm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth, and started off with me at full gallop through lanes and cross-roads, until at length I managed to pull him up near the door of a neat-looking country inn.

Well," thought I, "there was a wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge." And alighting, I gave him in charge to the stout farmer's boy who acted as ostler. The innkitchen, which was also the guest-room, was large, clean, neat and comfortable. very like the pleasant hostlery described by Izaac Walton. There were several travellers already in the room-probably like myself, driven there for shelter-and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire while waiting for supper. I sus me—he is stretching out his arms they were all warming themselves by the twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef and carrots, and stewed hare.

The conversation naturally turned on the mishaps occasioned by the storm, of tion. which every one seemed to have had his full share. One had been thrown off his horse; another, driving in a gig, had been upset into a muddy dyke; all had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather-a regular witch's sabbath!

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their sabbath a fair moonlight night to such weather as this !"

These words were uttered in a solemn tone, and with strange emphasis, by one of the company. He was a tall, dark-looking man, and I set him down in my mind as a travelling merchant or pedlar. My next neighbor was a gay, well-looking fashionably dressed young man, who, bursting into laughter, said:

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very well, to be able to tell that they dislikes getting wet or mud-

dy."
The first speaker, giving him a dark, fierce look, said :

"Young man, speak not so lightly of thinks above your comprehension. "Do you mean to imply that there are

such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had the courage to look at them."

The young man stood up flushed with anger. But presently resuming his seat he said, calmly:

"That taunt should cost you dear, if it were not such a foolish one.'

"A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing on the table a heavy leathern purse. "There are fifty guineas.— I am content to lose them, if before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced the form of any one of your deceased friends; and if, after you have recognized him, you allow him to kiss your lips

We all looked at each other, but my young neighbor, still in the same mocking

manner, replied:
"You will do that, will you?"
"Yes," said the other—"I will stake these fifty guineas, on condition that you will pay a similar sum, if you lose."

After a short silence, the young man

said gailey:
"Fifty guineas my worthy sorcerer, are
"Fifty guineas my worthy sorcerer, are sessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager. The other took up his purse, saying, in ontemptuous tone:

"Young gentleman, you wish to draw

" I draw back !" exclaimed the student "Well! if I had the fifty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back." "Here, said I, are four guineas, which will stake on your wager.'

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money; and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning that he placed all the stakes in

the student's hands, and prepared for his experiment. We selected for the purpose a small summer house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a small table in the summer house, and took away the candles. We remained outside, with the pellar amongst us. In a low, solemn voice, he began to chant the following lins:

"Wha: riseth slow, from the ocean caves

And the stormy surf?
The phantom pale sets his blackened foot On the fresh green turf,"

Then, raising his voice, solemnly, he "You asked to see your friend, Francis

Villiers, who was drowned, three years ago, off the coast of South America-what do you see?" "I see," replied the student, "a white

light arising near the window; but it has no form. It is like an uncertain

We, the spectators, remained profoundly silent. "Are you afraid ?" asked the merchant

in a loud voice. "I am not," replied the student, firmly. After a moment's silence, the pedlar stamped three times on the ground, and

"And the phantom white, whose clay-cold

Was once so fair, Dies with his shroud his clinging vest And his sea-tossed hair

Once more the solemn question: "You, who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb-what to you see

The student answered in a calm voice. but like that of a man describing things as they pass before him:

"I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom; its head is covered with a long eil-it stands still !" " Are you afraid ?"

"I am not!"

We looked at each other in horrortricken silence, while the merchant raisng bis arms above his head, chanted, in sepulchral voice: And the phantom said as he arose from

He shall know me in sooth ! will go to my friend, gay, smiling and fond As in our first youth!" "What do you see?" .

"I see the phantom advance; he lifts sigh. his veil—'tis Francis Villiers! He approaches the table—he writes !—'tis his signature!" " Are you afraid?"

A fearful moment of silence ensued ;then the student replied, but in an altered "I am not."

With strange and frantic gestures, the merchant then sang: And the phantom said to the mocking seer

I come from the south ; Put thy hand on my hand, thy heart on my heart. Thy mouth on my mouth !"

" What do you see?"

joined the party. Presently, being sumble will have me! Help! help! Save mended by the hostess, we all sat down, me!"

"Are you afraid now?" asked the merchant in a mocking voice. A piercing cry, and then a stiffled groan

were the only reply to this terrible ques-

"Help that rash youth!" said the mer-chant, bitterly. "I have, I think, won the wager; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money, and be wiser for the future."

He walked rapidly away. We opened the door of the summer-house, and found the student in couvulsions. A paper, signed with the name "Francis Villiers," was on the table. As soon as the student's senses were restored, he asked where was the vile sorcerer who had subjected him to such a horrible ordeal-he would kill him! He sought him throughout the inn in vain; then, with the speed of a madman, he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him-and we never saw either of them again. That, children, is my Ghost Story.

"And how is it, uncle, that after that, you don't believe in ghosts?" said I, the

first time I heard it. "Because, my boy," replied my uncle, neithee the student nor the merchant ever returned; and the forty-five guineas, belonging to me and the other travellers, continued equally invisible. Those two swindlers carried them off, after having acted a farce, which we, like ninnies, be-lieved to be real."—Househould Words.

Personalities.—An eccentric parson in the Old Dominion, who is known by the somewhat unique name of Servant scribes. Jones, once dined with a Mr. Owl. Mr. Owl placed before his guest the mortal remains of a fowl whose bones formed the depris of a former repast. The parson was called upon to ask a blessing, which he dil in the following manner:

"Lord of love, Look down from above, And bless the Owl That ate the fowl. And left the bones For Servant Jones."

## Zackly So.

The man that now-a-days will write And not pre-pay his letter, Is worser than the heathen are,

What don't know any better-And if you take a fine tooth comb, And rake down "all creation," You could not find a meaner man In this here mighty nation.

Good as the Wheat," or "Seven up" for a Wife.

In the State of Tennessee, there is a certain village boasting of a tavern, three stores, and four groceries, where, from morning till night and from night till dawn, a person entering the town may find, in the tavern, stores, or groceries aforesaid, one or more groups of persons playing cards. Gambling there is reduced to a science-the history of the four kings is thoroughly studied and from the schoolboy to the gray-headed veteran, from the miss in her teens to the mother of a large family, they are initiated into the mysteries of high, low, jack, game; right and left bowers; the honors and the odd trick. One of the best players in the village was Major Smith, the tavern keeper; or, as he expressed it, the proprietor of the hotel; a widower, who like

"Jeptha, Judge in Israel, Had a daughter passing fair."

Fanny, the daughter, was one of the prettiest girls in Tennessee, and therefore one of the prettiest in the world; for we here digress in order to lay down as ipsi dixit, that Tennessee women, in point of beauty, are matchless. The sweetheart of Miss Fanny was a young farmer, residing in the neighborhood, whom we will designate by the name of Bob.

It happened that one day before harvest the young man was detained in the village, and found him, as usual, at the hotel, seated between the Major and his daughter. After a desultory conversation between the two gentlemen, on the state of the weather, the prospects of the approaching harvest, and such important staples of conversation, the Major asked Robert how his wheat crop promised to yield. In reply, he was told that the young farmer expected to make at least one hundred bushels. The Major appeared to study for a moment, then abruptly proposed a game of old sledge or "seven up," the stakes to be his daughter Fanny against the crop of wheat. This, of course the young man indignantly refused, because he could not bear the idea that the hand of her he loved should be made the subject of a bet, or that he should win a wife by gambling for her, and, perhaps, because he knew the old man was "hard to beat," and there was a strong probability of his losing both wheat and wife.

It was not until the Major, with his usual obstinacy, had sworn that unless he won her he should never have her, that the young man was forced reluctantly to

The table was placed, the candle lit, the cards produced, and the players took their seats, with Miss Fanny between them to watch the progress of the game. The cards were regularly shuffled and cut, and it fell to the Major's lot to deal. The first hand was played, and Robert made gift to his opponent's high, low, game. Robert then dealt, the Major begged; it was given, and the Major again made three to his opponent's one. "Six to two," said Miss Fanny with a

The Major' as he dealt the cards, wink-

ed knowingly and said-"I am good for the wheat, master Bob." The old man turned up a trump-in as a spade. Fanny glanced at her father's had-her heart sunk ; he held three, eight spot, and the king! She then looked at Robert's hand, and lo! he held the ace, queen, duce, and jack, or knave. She

whispered Robert to beg—he did so.
"Take it," said the Major. Robert led his duce, which the Major too't with his three spot, and followed by playing the king; Robert put his queen upon it. The Major supposing it was the young man's last trump, leaned over the table, and tapping the last trick with his

nger said-"That's good as wheat." " Is it ?" asked Robert, as he displayed to the astonished Major the ace and jack

yet in his hands. "High. low, jack, gift, and the game." shouted Robert.

" Oou !" ejaculated Fanny. "Good as wheat," added Robert, as he flung his arms around her neck and kissed

In due time they were married, and after that, when anything occured of a pleasing nature to the happy couple, they could express their emphatic approbation of it, by the pharase, "Good as Wheat."

## Sunday Reading.

### An Infidel.

Walking one day in the village where I was laboring, I met a man who I knew openly avowed himself an infidel. After the usual salutations, I said to him, "Well, Mr. B., what is the condition of your soul, this morning?"

His answer was, "Oh! I am an infidel."
"I know that, Mr. B., but as a man of effection, who understands what infidelity is, you will not pretend to me that you know the Bible is not the word of God." After a few moments' reflection, he replied, "I acknowledge that I do not know

that it is not, but I do not believe it is." "Well, Mr. B., if the Bible should not be the word of G.d, can you be sure that there will not be just such a state of retribution beyond the grave as the Bible de-

"No. I am sure of nothing beyond the grave, but I do not believe there will be any retribution."

"Then, Mr. B., your reason compels yon to admit, that you cannot know, but living and dying as you are, you will go to hell, and be as miserable there to all eternity, as the Savior represented the rich man to be."

"It is true I can be certain of nothing beyond the grave, whether I shall exist at all there, or if I do, what will be my condition is a mere matter of conjecture."
"Keep this in mind, Mr. B., when you

lie down and when you rise up, that you do not know but that you shall go to hell when you die, and if you can rest with the possibility of such an end, your mind is differently constituted from

We parted, and he went about his business, but, as I afterwards learned, never enjoyed any peace until he indulged a hope in Christ.

Infidels do not reflect how baseless their scheme is. It keeps them from the consolation of the hope of a blessed immortality, and gives them nothing in return .-Surely their rock is not our rock, our enemies themselves being judges .- Wisner's "Incidents."

#### I can do nothing with that Girl, she learns nothing.

A lady, an old Sunday School teacher, was much struck with the strong faith and extreme patience of poor Mary M——, young girl of eighteen years of age, whom she was induced to visit, hearing that she was in great want, and suffering from a most painful kind of scrofula.

Finding Mary could read but imperfect-

ly, and had little knowledge of the Old Testament though well versed in the promises of the New, which was to her a never-failing source of comfort, always applied when any one bewailed her sad state, the lady inquired, "Mary, who taught you what you have learned?" Mary answered, "I had no education

except two years at a Sunday-School, when I was about ten years old; but I had a hasty teacher, who always said she could do nothing with me, for I learnt nothing. I was always slow at answering, I was so often in pain, but said nothing about it, for I was afraid the teacher would tell me not to come again, if she knew how bad I was. She often praised the other children, when I would have answered just the same, if she had given me a moment's time. After a while kinder teacher came of a morning, then gave up going of an afternoon. ot like to be scolded." Mary added, "when I became too ill to go to school at all, I put in my pence for a Testament. after I had learnt at school, I was soon able to read it, though no one thought I could do so well."

Mary died in perfect peace and joy, wo years since. The hasty teacher, whose name was not remembered, never knew that she had been allowed "to do any thing with Mary," and that Mary had learned to be wise unto salvation .- Sunday-School

# Agricultural.

#### Work for the Month.

THE PLANTATION .- Attack the weeds rigorously, and cut them down without mercy, both on the plantation and in the garden. Remember that no land, however rich, can grow good farm crops and weeds at the same time, and that it costs as much to raise weeds as it does to make corn or cotton. Millets, Oats, Rye, Wheat, &c., will now be ready to cut in many sections. In stacking your small grain, or straw, elevate it above the ground on a platform of rails resting on wooden blocks or large flat "rocks." Both Cotton and Corn will need vigorous working this month, and the latter should be ready to 'lay by" the latter part of the month. The Pumpkin crop must be attended to this month, as early as possible, or it will be too late. Sow Peas, either among the corn, in spots not rich enough for cotton

THE GARDEN AND ORCHARD. -Sow, for winter use, a full crop of green-glazed, su-gar-leaf, drum-head or Savoy Cabbages, protecting the beds well from the sun, and giving them a plentiful supply of water when necessary. Carrrots may also be sown, in deep, rich soil; also, Tomatoes, Radishes, Snap Beans, &c., &c. Plant a full crop of Okra-transplant Celery, Cabbages, Tomatoes, Egg Plants, &c. Spring Onions may now be taken up. Choose a dry day for the operation, clean the bulbs from earth and all loose, outer skins, remove them to the house and dry them on the floor of an airy room. When well cured, tie them in ropes or bunches, and hang up until wanted for use. Set out slips of Sweet Potatoes, as recommended. You need not wait for a "rainy day" to transplant anything, if you will follow the directions given for "grouting." Plant the seeds of Cucumbers, Melons, Gherkins, &c., for a late crop. Gather your ripe Irish Potatoes, and try the method of preserving recommended by our friend Moore -we have no doubt it would succeed well, and hope to see it tested fully. In the Orchard, it will be well to look to trees newly planted out, which should be well mulched, and liberally watered in the dryest weather just about sundown. Trees overladen with fruit should be relieved of a portion of their burden. Pick off all the small ill-formed specimens that encumber the branches-thin out the fruit where it is crowded too close, and prop up the limbs where necessary, with crotched or forked stick, putting a soft, thick piece of cloth in the crotch to prevent the branches from chafing with the wind. Keep all weeds and suckers down in the orchard, stir the ground and cultivate it with low crops that need the hoe, and do not neglect to mulch all high headed an I lanky trees—those trained properly, with low, spreading heads will furnish shade for emselves, and for mulching you may substitute a good wheel-barrow load of well-rotted manure, to be dug in about the roots !- Southern Cultivator,

## How to make Bacon Plenty.

Messrs. Editors: The present high prices of meat should cause the planters of the South to reflect, and see if they cannot devise some plan to remedy the evil. I know a planter whose cotton crop amounted to about \$3,000, and he pays this year from five to six hundred dollars for meat; and I have no doubt that thousands of others do the same, in proportion to the amount of their crops. Now, gentlemen, I propose the following remedy:

In the first place, every planter should raise a sufficient quantity of corn, and ne-ver be under the necessity of buying; ver be under the necessity of buying;—
then, if possible, enclose enough land to
keep his hogs in, and not permit them to
run at large, to become wild or be killed
up by his neighbor's negroes. In the next
place, make a boiler as follows: get two planks, each ten feet long, two and a half feet wide, and two inches think: then

In a few weeks he united with the Bap- | make the bottom and ends of sheet iron, by nailing it on the planks; set this boiler on two rows of bricks, about one foot high from the ground, with a chimney for a flue. This boiler can be heated with a very small quantity of wood. Into this boiler put your corn, cotton seed, pump-kins, peas, cabbage leaves, turnips, potatoes, kitchen slop. and every thing that a hog will eat, and boil them together, every day, occasionally throwing in a little salt and ashes, and have several troughs close by the boiler, and feed your hogs every night with this food-and my word for it, we shall soon be able to be exporters, instead of importers, of bacon and pork.

The same quantity of food given to hogs cooked as above will raise and keep fat three times as many as when given to them in the ordinary raw state. All this can be done by a boy ten years old, who, by attending to your hogs in this way, will make you more money than two of your best field hands can in the cotton field .-Try this for two years, and if you do not succeed, come to me and I will pay all your losses incurred in the experiment.

I have also a plan for feeding workorses, which I consider much better and more economical than the usual method. and by which they will do more work, and keep in better order, during the plowing eason-which plan, if I thought it would interest the readers of the Cultivator, I would give in another communication.

G. D. MITCHELL. Cedar Grove, Miss., May, 1822. Southern Cultivator.

Many farmers cut Wheat too late, (waiting until it is dead ripe) and still more permit the grain to remain a long time in the field iu small stacks after it is harvested. Both practices are wrong. Wheat intended for seed ought to be fully ripe before it is cut; but that which is to be ground into flour should not stand so long. The proper time to cut it is in the "doughy (out of the milk,) but not hard or state. Where one has many acres to harvest, it is difficult to avoid cutting some a little to early, or a great deal too late.

So soon as the straw is sufficiently cured he crop should be housed, stored away in a barn, or thrashed. Wheat straw is worth half the price of hay, if the grain be cut at the right time, and the straw properly saved from rain, dew and sunshine. Where good hay is cheap, say four or five dollars a ton, the saving of wheat straw for forage need not command much care. But at the South, where first rate hay is rarely worth less than seventy-five cents or one dollar per 100 lbs., the stems and leaves of all the cereal grasses should be preserved from damage by exposure to the elements, and used for winering stock. Sheep are kept all winter on straw alone, by the large wheat grow-ers in Western New York; and so are mares and colts and cattle. Good barns, sheds and stables are not so common as they ought to be, and no farmer who has the means to make these useful buildings should be without them. They will pay a high interest on their cost, greatly economize fodder, and operate to improve our live stock .- Cultivator.

## Heaves .-- "Bellowsed" Horses.

Messrs. Editors: I have noticed several very interesting articles in the Cultivator, upon the various subjects, but have not is yet, seen anything recommended as a cure for "Bellowsed" Horses. I would be very much obliged if any gentleman would publish a remedy for the above mentioned disease, as there are several horses in my neighborhood afflicted with it.

Very Respectfully, B. J. HAYES. Lexington, S. C., May, 1852.

REMARK .- We suppose our correspondent alludes to the disease generally known as "Heaves," for which a writer in the Boston Cultivator gives the following rem-

"I notice in your last number, an enquiry for a remedy for the heaves in horses. I will give you, in my opinion, the best remedy now known, which is simple and will be of use to any one that owns a heavey horse. Feed on cut hay, and add two parts Indian meal to one part of shorts, (bran) adding to each feeding a table-spoon full of ginger. This I have used as a remedy for ten years, and find that a horse so fed will work and do as well as though his wind was sound."-

## PROSPECTUS OF THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.

### Volume X, For 1852.

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