

her old assistant, who take care of the poultry. A large hen barn, duck and turkey house comprise this establishment, and we found the mistress of it with her big hat on supplying their little troughs with fresh water. After looking at her poultry, she took us to the room where she keeps the pottery made in the community, which is of the plainest and neatest kind, and out of one of her little mugs she fed us, as she does her poultry, with a cool draught of spring water. We returned to our inn to dinner, where we found a large company from the neighboring towns. At four P. M., after a delightful shower, that made all nature radiant, though it did not diminish the intense heat, we took *the carriage*, and drove through a romantic country to Bolivar, to visit the furnace and iron works which belong to the settlement, though out of it, and carried on by hired persons not of the community. Returning we stopped at the wine garden. It covers the slope of a sunny hill, half a mile from the village. The vines are trained on short poles like hops, and bear the fruit principally on the lower part. We rode home by the way of the extensive hop garden, luxuriant and fragrant, and more graceful and beautiful than all the vineyards in the world.

After tea we went out to see the milking, the most interesting scene of the place. Down a lane, just opposite the inn, is an immense barn-yard and barn, with a house at one end for the cow girls and another at the other for cow boys. There are three houses. At early morning they go out to their milking, and after it they may be seen with their leathern wallets containing their food for the day, slung under one arm, sallying forth, some with their detachments of cows and sheep, and others with the young cattle, to their respective grazing spots; while you meet women with large tubs of milk on their heads taking it to the village dairy. About seven in the evening the whole herd is back again; you hear the cow bells far off in the distance, and then commences the evening milking. After this the horn is blown, and one may see the lads and lasses, each by themselves, collecting in the piazzas of their houses for their evening meal. Our trunks are packed, and in a few minutes we are to leave this lovely spot, probably never to realize the wish, that we might pass a season in the midst of its rural pleasures and country fare. We may see fine

scenery, but nowhere in our country such easy countenances, free from care, and so picturesque a population. Every individual gives a smiling greeting, and even the young girl driving her team speaks in a gentle musical tone.

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LINES.

You go to the woods — what there have you seen?  
 Quivering leaves glossy and green;  
 Lights and shadows dance to and fro,  
 Beautiful flowers in the soft moss grow.  
 Is the secret of these things known to you?  
 Can you tell what gives the flower its hue?  
 Why the oak spreads out its limbs so wide?  
 And the graceful grape-vine grows by its side?  
 Why clouds full of sunshine are piled on high?  
 What sends the wind to sweep through the sky?  
 No! the secret of Nature I do not know —  
 A poor groping child, through her marvels I go!

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SONNET.

“To die is gain.”

WHERE are the terrors that escort King Death,  
 That hurl pale Reason from her trembling throne?  
 Why should man shudder to give up his breath?  
 Why fear the path, though naked and alone,  
 That *must* lead up to scenes more clear and bright,  
 Than bloom amid this world's dim clouded night?  
 Is not his God beside, around, above,  
 Shall he not trust in His unbounded love?  
 Oh, yes! Let others dread thee if they will,  
 I'll welcome thee, O death, and call thee friend,  
 Come to release me from these loads of ill,  
 These lengthened penances I here fulfil,  
 To give me wings, wherewith I may ascend,  
 And with the soul of God my soul may blend!

HUGH PETERS.