

POETRY.

AGRICULTURE.

From the *New-England Farmer*,
BY T. S. EDWARDS.

Although some men, with pride elate,
Can't condescend to cultivate
The life supporting soil;
The heavier husbandry ordain'd,
Nor can the proudest be sustain'd
Without the Farmer's toil.

If Adam, in his sinless state,
Was well employed to cultivate
The soil which gave him birth,
One would suppose his sinful race
Would not esteem it a disgrace
To till the fruitful earth.

Yet many a hale and brawny lout
Won't stoop to set himself about
So noble an employment!
In doing mischief, doing nought,
And doing nothing which he ought,
Is placed his whole enjoyment.

Some do, as stupid as a stump,
Have had the happiness to thump
Their pates against a college;
Can construe, possibly, *quid agis*?
And therefore think themselves great sages,
Quite prodigies of knowledge.

Yet being gentlemen of trade,
They will not touch an axe or spade,
But useful labor shunning,
They lounge about in lazy bands,
Through tippler's shops and tavern stands,
Like rattle-snakes a sunning.

And some the learn'd professions crowd,
Whose shallow pates are not allow'd
To take in two ideas;
Their feeble wits for years they task,
Ere pride will suffer them to ask
What nature's fix'd decree is.

All these, a poor mistaken race,
Think husbandry a disgrace,
Though Washington thought not;
And hands which empire's rod could wield,
Have been employed to till the field,
And bless'd their happy lot.

Now these our lays are not design'd
To undervalue men of mind,
Nor fruits of intellect;
The learn'd professions we would fill
With men of science, sense and skill,
Most worthy high respect.

Still, these professions, 'tis allow'd,
Are sadly 'cumber'd with a crowd,
A nice but needy train,
Oblig'd to tax their brains with double
A common farmer's toil and trouble,
A livelihood to gain.

Merchants are useful in their places,
But if society embraces
Too many of the cast,
As sure as man's to trouble born,
Straight thro' the small end of the horn,
Some must be squeez'd at last.

Reader, I don't pretend to say,
But that your eminency may
Be blest with parts uncommon;
A better head and heart, perhaps,
Than commonly since Adam's lapse,
Are own'd by man or woman.

It does not follow thence, however,
Your hands, so delicate must never
Perform "laborious work;"
That you should loiter life away,
And vegetate from day to day,
As lazy as a Turk.

You are, perhaps by mother wit,
As well as education, fit
Some famous part to act;
But it is possible there may
Be other great men in your day,
As good as you, in fact.

And if you've reason to suspect
The highest toils of intellect
Are not for you decreed;
Your hands, in useful labor plied,
May, with God's blessing, still provide
For every real need.

Then swing the axe, or ply the spade,
Or work at that mechanic trade
Which suits your genius best;
Become a tinker, rather than
A mischievous or idle man,
A nuisance or a jest.

And shun those imps, with pride elate,
Who cannot stoop to cultivate
The life sustaining soil,
And contravening God's commands,
Will not employ their heads nor hands
In any useful toil.

Revolutionary Anecdote.—In the commencement of the American Revolution, when one of the British king's thundering proclamations made its appearance, the subject was mentioned in Philadelphia; a member of Congress who was present, turning to Miss Livingston, said, "Well, miss, are you not greatly terrified at the roaring of the British lion?" "Not at all, sir, for I have learned from natural history, that that beast roars loudest when most frightened."

FROM THE THEATRE (N. Y.) REVUE.

THE VILLAGE PRINTER.

"Who seeks to please all men each way,
And not himself offend;
He may begin his work to-day,
But God knows when 'twill end."

(OLD SPANISH.)

A doctor, a schoolmaster, and a printer, are three as prominent essentials to the establishment of a village of the first class, as a squire, a tavern, and a blacksmith, are to one of the fourth or fifth. The printer in the primitive times of our country was usually left out; but riper age and the general diffusion of light, brought him gradually into the service, and increased his character and estimation so much, that he has at least become of as vital consequence as either of the others. If time allowed of comments of this sort, I might be led to say that I view this symptom of the genius of our countrymen as a trait of great and unquestionable promise in a political and moral point of view. But with these things I have nothing to do, and therefore leave the subject as I found it.

In a respectable village, which was growing into notice, and which was located not many miles from the Susquehanna, some years ago, the inhabitants, being stricken with the prevalent sentiment, erected a press, and procured from the city a genuine graduate of the type, to take charge of the concern. This was the first introduction our hero, Will Sutton, had to the country. He was young, and withal an honest and ingenious youth, of a mild and gentle temper, and but little skilled in the intrigue and deception so current in the world, and which his hasty transit from the shackles of apprenticeship to the post of a publisher and an editor, had allowed him no time to shake hands. Flattered by the blaze of what looked like the opening of a splendid prospect, he, soon after he entered on his new duties, relieved the original proprietors of their burden, and assumed the responsibility of the concern himself.

To become popular, in other words to please every one, is, perhaps, the first aim and the freshest hope of every inexperienced and virtuous mind. It was so beautiful in theory, and the road appears at first so plain and easy, that he never dreams of difficulty in succeeding in the practice. Will determined therefore to take every body's advice, and, wherever advice clashed, to choose the medium between the two extremes.

He commenced his paper by giving the greatest variety possible, and proffering the most liberal terms, as much as to say, pay me when and how you can; people were pleased with the first numbers, and many good folks took him at his word, and sent in their names. He set this down as ample promise of future success, and built abundant hopes upon it; but sundry printed, written and verbal lampoons soon roused him from his dreaming; one of his brother printers not far distant, had lost a subscriber or two through his agency, and, as his body was out of reach, his equitable neighbor contented himself with a desperate attempt to slip the noose round his character, and hang it up to infamy.—This was the first move that honest Will saw through, which staggered his faith and weakened his credulity.

He rubbed his eyes and looked at it a moment, then concluded sagely, if I offend but this fellow, whose motives are broad and palpable, and who cannot deceive others, I may still accomplish my aim; I'll set him down as a cypher. I'll still be popular. Two or three weeks elapsed, however, and the buzz of a hundred busy friends began to hum upon his ear—too much of this—too much of that, and not enough of another description of matter; he listened—he was perplexed—it was the medium he had been pursuing; how should he now act? He at last made up his mind: wholly excluded the description of matter that had the fewest advocates, and increased the quantum of other kinds; a dozen or two were still left complainants, and as he could do nothing with them he set them down as cyphers with the printer; with these exceptions, he still resolved to please every body.

Next came in one of his worthy neighbors, with a lampoon in his hand for an enemy of his, and politely requested its insertion. Sutton saw a dangerous predicament staring him in the face. If he published it, he should make a powerful man and a host of connexions his enemies—he reasoned the matter over with himself, and concluded to refuse it an insertion. The

author became outrageous; he and his friends turned their faces against the printer, and poor Will was soon compelled to add at least a half a dozen cyphers to his already lengthened row. Before this circumstance had become cool on his memory, a flock of birds flew across the village, and the opinions of the people became divided on the question, whether they were wild ducks or wild geese. Sutton published the fact, and gave his opinion that they were ducks; the geese party called him a fool, a catch penny, a straggler, and a puppy; in almost despair he added a dozen and a half cyphers to the account he was keeping. But when he looked at that account even now, it bore a small proportion to the population of the country, and he concluded that he would at least eventually please a majority of the people if he could not succeed with all.

Even in this, however, he was unfortunately disappointed; election times came on; there were two candidates for governor, and Sutton was put completely at his wits' end. He knew neither of the candidates; to the matter of their politics, as they were both represented to be plain, honest, sterling patriots, he could not conjure up an objection, and both parties demanded his exclusive assistance. What was to be done? He stood neutral a little while, until he found himself rapidly going out of favor with both parties. The crisis demanded a change of policy. He accordingly made a bold push, and sided with the strongest party, consequently he broke with all the others, made a few warm friends, and very many bitter enemies. Will saw now the blighting of all his prospects; he did not change his resolution however, but confined his hopes to the pleasing of the party whose cause he espoused. Surely, he thought, as he sighed over these vicissitudes, I shall keep these for whom I have made this great sacrifice, in my interests, and ensure their good will.

But the time now drew nigh, when, to please his creditors, it was necessary to collect all the money due from his customers. He owed for paper, and ink, and rent, and types, and press; and these must be paid for. The collector was rigged off, and sent on the round; two weeks brought him back, with about ten per cent on his accounts, and with the news that Messrs. A. B. and C. &c. including a hundred or two names, wished their papers stopped if they were to be dunned in this way.

"Alas," said Will, as he sat down in his office door, in utter despondency, "is this the end of all my care, and mortification. In striving to please all I have offended all." But honest Will Sutton's is not a solitary case. This brief chapter of a printer's trials will be recognized at this day by some of the craft, though Bill is under the marble, and his office turned into a huckster shop. "So say (we) all."

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

Modern art of Match-making.

Being one of those enviable young men who have "every qualification for making the marriage state happy," I was eagerly seized on as a proper victim of the systematic conspiracy of mothers to get off their daughters; and I soon got a pretty near insight into the whole affair. Very few houses indeed are opened to a regular ball, or even to "an early dance," in which there is not a daughter or a niece to be disposed of. The money lavished on gaudy decorations, soups, wild-fowls, ices and Champaign, is therefore merely put out at usance to be returned in a good settlement; inasmuch, that the more apparently wanton the profusion, the closer may be deemed the calculation; seeming hospitality being nothing on earth but a well-baited trap.

On these occasions every body is asked for some purpose: lords, baronets, &c. for their titles; dragons for their regimentals; frightful old women in blue gowns and silver tissue turbans, for their sons and heirs; handsome married women to draw the men; ugly girls as foils, and pretty girls because the ball cannot go on without them. Some are invited to make up a card-table for the rich dowager mother of an heir at law; some because they have an air of fashion, or write "Albany" on their card. Every thing in short is measured, to the minutest particular that can proceed or retard the great event which is the main-spring of the whole.

Although it is a part of good policy in hawking-mamma, to fly her girls generally at all young fellows or old fellows of decent fortune, yet she has, for the most part, some individual in view, who is more particularly the object in pursuit; and it is truly astonishing how uniformly that favored individual finds himself, in spite of himself, in contact with the young lady who has him in chase.

Tall, thin, pale girls are my aversion; yet for two months I was nightly haunted by such a spectre, who forced me to ask her to dance by "meeting my eye in an early hour of the debate," by planting herself assiduously at my side, and engaging me in a series of innocent questions at the first preparatory scrape of the violins.—Somehow or other I was always obliged, too, to hand her down to supper, and consequently to sit beside her at the table.—From this persecution I fortunately escaped by a lucky equivocal, which seemed to hint that I was engaged to a girl in the country, whose estate joins ours; and the next evening, I had the happiness to see the stately galley bear down on another prize.

It is a curious but a melancholy sight to behold the long rows of overdressed girls, many of them, I hope, unconscious of the purpose for which they are thus launched on society—with their fidgetty anxious mothers, settling from time to time their hair and dress, nodding disapprobation, or smiling encouragement (as the puppet contradicts or favors the purpose in hand by her carriage and demeanor) and having no eyes, nor ears, but for the one object of painful solicitude. Still more melancholy is it to witness the last struggles of an unfortunate "abandonata," whose tenth season is passing in vain, with "nobody coming to marry her, nobody coming to woo oo-oo!" (I hope the reader can whistle the tune for that last desponding monosyllable, while each causeless giggle, intended to display at dimple, bears evidence of another accident in the "human face divine," which I forbear to name; and a profusion of fiery eclipses charms, that is no longer prudent to expose to the broad glare of lamps and wax lights.)

When a gudgeon is observed to rise freely to the bait, he is asked to dinner, and engaged in riding parties in the morning. A luncheon also regularly set out as a rallying point for young men whose appetites are often more ductile than their passions. Hearts are thus ensnared through the medium of cold tongue and bread and butter, and a sure love potion is Madeira and soda water. When all else fails, the good old lady herself hints very plainly her reasonable expectations, and strives hard to carry an hesitating swain by barefaced inuendo.

* A fashionable lounging house in London.

PATRICK O'RAFFERTY.

NEW-YORK, OCT. 9.

On Monday last, a huge rabble of the profane vulgar, consisting of at least one hundred and fifty persons of all ages, and as many colors as there may be from the deep jet to the transparent olive, came pushing along through the streets to the police office, conducting a poor young Irishman, who was charged by the clerk of one of the markets with stealing a string of black fish, which Pat "then and there" held in his hand. As he ascended the stand in front of the bar, he was interrogated substantially as follows:

Magistrate. What is your name?

Answer. Patrick O'Rafferty, your honor.

M. How long have you been in this city, and where did you come from?

A. I have been here five days, and came from Donegal, by way of Nova Scotia.

M. And why did you steal the fish?

A. I did not steal it.

M. Explain the circumstances then by which you became possessed of the fish?

Ans. "The fish, your honor! Why as to the matter of that, I was down this morning upon the wharf, and I saw a man come upon the wharf, and take a little net—and then he opened a little bit of a trap door, and he put down his net into a nate little coffin, (a car) and caught a fine mess of fish. And is that kind of fishing fraa in this country, said I to the man, and he told me it was—and so I've see I thought a fine mess of black fish would be very good upon an empty stomach—and so I took hold of it, (the net) and when I put it down into the little coffin, I caught all these fine fish, your honor."

The poor fellow wept piteously upon being told that he had committed a crime; and it was evident to the magistrate, that he had been the object of sport by some wag, and was utterly unconscious of having committed any felony in taking the fish, but only a trespass in using the net. He was therefore dismissed with a suitable admonition—promising very faithfully never to fish in the little coffins again. (New-York American.)

BEING IN LOVE.

Being in love, like being in debt, is to be in a state of apprehension.—From the first development in our hearts of that sensation which informs us, that an objection is not indifferent to us to the moment of certainty, there is a perpetual irritation that makes

what may be styled the fever of the passion, which, as medical men would say, takes a variety of character, from the slower kind of temperate climates to the intense paroxysms of tropical ones. The high-spirited man, warm in constitution and full of ardour, will generally find love a tropical affection; while the lover of a thin diluted blood will be scarcely sensible of the insidious advances of his disorder. With some, being in love is merely a matter of calculation and contracts; with others, it is a register of sighs and melancholy, of romantic sensations and impracticable expectations. Part of the anxieties of this important period human existence arise out of the conventional forms of society. The state of nature knows nothing but physical love; the other genera have sprung from refinement. Accordingly, the most whimsical things have prevailed in love affairs, invented, perhaps, to season the approaches of the lover with variety. One man advances, as certain, that love expires with the first kiss; he therefore prudently avoids saluting his mistress with his lips for a dozen years. A second confounds the means with the end, imagines the state of being in love is the happiest, and looks upon what the lover of passion hails as the summit of his wishes, the possession of his mistress, as the first step of love's decline. Another is so fastidious in his views, and possesses so much of what phrenologists would call "adorativeness" in his pericranium, that being in love, with him, (and oftentimes bending at a shrine at which no mortal being but himself would feel inclined to bow the knee,) is an act of complete devotion. Thus, much of love depends upon imagination, rather than any thing positive; for there are instances of being in love with an imaginary object, as in some singular constituted disposition with a statue, like the Parisian girl who fell in love with the Apollo Belvidere.

The epoch of being in love, notwithstanding all, is the most agreeable in the whole course of life. The soul has then no craving to gratify. Existence is at its highest premium, for it is then we are farthest from indifference. He who is in love cherishes life, but enjoys it the better for little drawbacks in other affairs, which only heighten love's relish when we return to it. It is a better and pleasanter thing than money-getting or courtship, or sullen study, or maddening ambition, or a thousand gasping desires that engross us wholly without our feeling satisfaction in their pursuit. These are solitary objects; being in love is participating with another, and therefore it is a more social pleasure. The romantic tinge which often colours our conduct is an agreeable characteristic—it increases the attraction, and confers a hallowed charm upon the passion. Being in love is a restraint upon evil feelings—a situation favorable to virtue. The love of women is a corrective of our perverse natures, and, while its season lasts, always mends the heart. Let an unbiassed and discriminating *centenaire* answer what part of life he could look back upon with the most kindly feelings; what portion of his departed years he most cherishes in his remembrance, and he would doubtless answer, the time when he was in love. The memory of that delicious season, its little adventures, its hopes, fears, and enjoyments, always come over us with a rush of pleasing warmth, a sunbeam piercing the clouds of departed time, and irradiating for a moment our tottering steps and grey hairs. Being in love mingles us with the better things of life, keeps beautiful forms perpetually before the eyes, gives us pleasing dreams, elevates the spirits, and exalts our views. It tempers our harsher dispositions with the gentleness of beauty, and subdues our proudest pretensions to the government of tears and caresses, of mildness and persuasion. He who has never been in love is a miserable blockhead, who is ignorant of the highest joy that distinguished life possesses for mortals.—Being in love is, in fact, a sort of millennium far above all life's other good. I would desire no better state than that of being in love for a thousand years; and, as Quin wished he had a mouth from England to Nova Scotia, and every inch of the way palate, that he might fully enjoy John Dory, I would demand the temperament of youth, from seventeen to twenty-five, for the above space of time, and all its ardent susceptibility, to heighten my long season of innocence and happiness.

London paper.