

POETIC PRESS.

From the Irish of Billy O'Rourke.
BACHELOR'S HALL.
Bachelor's Hall! what a queer looking place it is!
Kape me from such all the days of my life;
Sure, but I think what a burning disgrace it is,
Never at all to be getting a wife.
See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,
Placing his hat on the fire;
Soon it slips over; St. Patrick he's mad enough
(If he were present) to fight with the squire.
Now, like a hog in a mortar bed wallowing,
(Awkward enough) see him kneading his dough;
Trot! if the bread he could eat without swallowing,
How it would favor his palate you know.
His dishcloth is missing, the pigs are devouring it,
In the pursuit he has battered his shin;
A plate wanted washing, grimalkin is scouring it,
Thunder and turf, what a pickle he's in.
Pots, dishes, and pans such crazy commodities,
Ashes and prater skins over the floor;
His cupboard a store-house of conical oddities,
Things that had never been neighbors before.
His meal being o'er, the table's left setting so;
Dishes take care of yourself if you can;
But hunger returns, then he's flinching and fretting so;
Och! let him alone, the basis of a man!
Late in the night he goes to bed shivering,
Never the bit is the bed made at all;
He creeps like a tarpan under his kiverin—
Bad luck to the picture of Bachelor's Hall!

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the Florist's Guide.
THE MATRIMONIAL GARDEN.
Man is formed for social enjoyment, and if it be allowed that "it is not good for man to be alone," it may be justly inferred that it is not good that woman should be alone; hence a union of interests, a union of persons for their mutual benefit. By this union, a sort of seclusion from the rest of our species takes place; and, as a garden is a retired apartment, appropriated to culture and improvements, the married state may not be unaptly compared to it in many respects.
It is good and honorable for the human species, prudently and cautiously to approach this delightful enclosure. Its entrance in general is extremely gay and glittering, beyond strewn with flowers of every hue and every fragrance, calculated to charm the eye and please the taste; but they are not all so; and as there are many persons who may wish to enter this garden at some time or other, who are yet strangers to its various productions, their attention should be directed to the cultivation of those plants which are beneficial, and to the avoiding or rooting up of those which are injurious.
And first, let the cautionary adventures in this garden, not to dream of permanent happiness; if you should so dream, experience will soon make you wiser, as such happiness never existed but in visionary heads. If you are desirous that this garden should yield you all the bliss of which it is capable, you must take with you that excellent flower called GOOD HUMOR, which, of all the flowers of nature, is the most delicious and delicate; do not drop it or lose it, as many do soon after they enter the garden—it is a treasure that nothing can supply the loss of. When you get to the end of the first walk, called "Happy Noon Path," you will find the garden open into a vast variety of views, and it is necessary to caution you to avoid many productions in them which are noxious, nauseous, and even fatal in their nature and tendency, especially to the ignorant and covary. There is a low small plant, which may be seen in almost every path, called INDIFFERENCE. This, though not perceived in the entrance, you will always know where it grows by a certain coldness in the air which surrounds it. Contrary to the nature of plants in general, this grows by cold and dies by warmth; whenever you perceive this change in the air, avoid the place as soon as you can. In the same path is often found that baneful flower, called JEALOUSY, which I advise you never to look at, for it has a strange quality of smiting the eye that beholds it with a pain that is seldom or never got rid of.—Jealousy is a deadly flower; it is the acornite of the garden, and has marred the happiness of thousands.
As you proceed you will meet with many little crooked paths. I advise you, as a friend, never to go into them, for although at the entrance of each, it is written in large letters I AM RIGHT, if you do enter, and get to the end of them, you will find the true name to be PERVERSENESS. These crooked paths occasion endless disputes, and as it is difficult to make the crooked straight, it is better to avoid them altogether, lest, as it sometimes happens, a total separation be the consequence, and you take different paths the rest of your lives.—Near this spot, you will meet with a rough, sturdy plant, called OBSTINACY, which bears a hard, knotty fruit, that never digests, and of course must injure the constitution; it even becomes fatal, when taken in large quantities. Turn from it, avoid it as you would the cholera.
Just opposite to this, grows that lovely and lively shrub, called COMPLIANCE, which, though not always pleasant to the palate, is very salutary, and leaves a sweetness in the mouth; it is a most excellent shrub, and produces the most delicious fruits. Never be without a very large sprig in your hand; it will often be wanted as you go along, for you cannot be happy without it in any part of the garden.
In one of the principal departments, stands a very important plant, called ECONOMY; it is a thriving quality; cultivate this fine plant with all your care; it adorns and enriches at the same time. Many overlook it, some despise, and others think that they shall never want it; it is generally overlooked in the gaiety and levity with which people enter this place, but the want of it is generally paid for with bitter repentance. There are two other plants of the same species, which are very closely connected, called INDUSTRY and FRUGALITY, and I must take leave to tell you that, unless both the male and the female partake largely of their branches, very little success can be expected; in this they must unite. Take care that you provide yourself and partner with a supply of each as soon as possible, after you enter the garden.
There are two or three paths which run much into one another, and deserve the closest attention of the softer sex; I mean REGULARITY, EXACTNESS, and NEATNESS. Do not think, as some do, that when you have once got into the garden, you may be neglectful of these paths. Remember that your companion will see your neglect, which will affect his eye, and may alienate his

heart. Enter on these departments, then, as soon as you enter the garden, and when you are once fairly in, you are in for life; the danger is, that if you do not get into them at an early period, you will not find them afterwards. Near these walks is to be found that modest plant, called HUMILITY.

It is the violet, "doom'd to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."
It appears of little worth in itself, but when joined with other virtues, it adds a charm to life, and spreads a fragrance around its wearer. Cultivate, then, with all your care, this sweet little plant, and you will find it prevent the growth of all poisonous and noxious weeds.
Allow, me also, to drop a hint on the subject of cultivation, as connected with propagation, as that most probably will be your employment in this garden, sooner or later. Should you have the rearing of a plant, remember that it is frail in its nature, and liable to be destroyed by every blast, and will demand all your care and attention. Should you be witness to a blast on its dawning beauties, Oh, how your fond heart will bleed with tenderness, affection, and sympathy! The young shoot will naturally twine around all the fibres of your frame. Should it live and thrive, spare no pains to "train it up in the way it should go." Weed it, water it, prune it; it will need all the cultivator's skill.—Without this, many weeds and baneful plants will grow up with it and blast your fondest hopes. Be ever mindful that this is a trust of which both parties are accountable.
Without careful cultivation what can you expect but the most luxuriant growth of unruly appetites which, in time, will break forth in all manner of disgraceful irregularities! What, but that ANGER, like a prickly thorn, will arm the temper with an untractable moroseness! That PEEVISHNESS, like a stinging nettle, will render the conversation irksome and forbidding!—That AVARICE, like some choking weed, will teach the fingers to gripe, and the hands to oppress! That REVENGE, like some poisonous plant, replete with baneful juices, will rankle in the breast, and meditate mischief to its neighbor! While unbridled LUSTS, like swarms of noxious insects, taint each rising thought, and render "every imagination of the heart only evil continually!" Such are the usual products of unrestrained nature!—Such the furniture of the uncultivated mind!

By all means, then, pay due attention to culture. By suitable discipline clear the soil. By careful instruction implant the seeds of virtue. By skill and vigilance prune the unprofitable and over-luxuriant branches—"direct the young idea how to shoot,"—the wayward passions how to move. The nature man will then become the chief ornament of the garden. Around him CHARITY will breathe her sweets, and in his branches HOPE expand her blossoms. In him the personal virtues will display their graces, and the social ones their fruit—the sentiments become generous, the carriage endearing, the life useful, and the end happy and peaceful.

From the New York Daily Advertiser.

We are indebted to Capt. Jumper, of the Two Polities, for the following extract from his "Log Book." Further extracts from which, we hope to be able, occasionally, to lay before our readers.—We can assure "Captain Jumper," if he has taken the same precaution, to read the "sayings and doings" of our friend, the Major, that was practised by Roswell, the travelling companion of Johnson—by O'Meara, the Physician of Napoleon—Lady Blessington, of Byron—and many others—too tedious to mention. "All we can say is, his reputation will not 'fall a-stern' of the best of them—however much their heroes' may."

On Board Two Polities.

To Mr. Deight.
As it is the fashion now a-days to keep a run of the sayings and doing of other folks, who have got a name in the world, I thought it might interest a good many of your readers to get, now and then, a leaf out of the Log-book of the Two Polities, under my command, during the passage I made last winter to France, when your old friend Major Downing was a passenger. He and I spun a good many long yarns together, and a good many things turned up of considerable interest. The Major was about as good nature'd a passenger as I ever had with me—only, once and a while he'd get a little crabbed; and tho' I knew that he could not know much about sea duty, yet he once and a while would try to take a hand in matters that look'd plausibly like having things his own way, especially in bad weather, and once he and I came specky nigh leaving a real blow up; but I overlooked a good deal, for two reasons. First, I knew he was in a great hurry to get to France, and every thing was on the "go-ahead" order with him; and, 2nd, I was willing to make considerable allowance for his desire to take the lead, on account of his having been so long in Washington. There was one thing, however, I could not stomach at all, and that was his readiness "to take the responsibility," and I tell'd him, right up and down, that might do on shore, but it would never do for any man to take "the responsibility" on board the Two Polities, but her commander, SOLOMON JUMPER.

From the Log Book of the "Two Polities."

January 4, 1835, lat. 45 45, lon. (by dead reckoning) 32 20. These 24 hours commenced with fair breezes, and clear pleasant weather—all sail set that would draw. At 1, 20, saw clouds suddenly gathering in the S. W., with distant low thunder, and now and then a feeble lightning—all the rest of the horizon pretty considerable clear. At 1, 30, just another such a gathering bound up in the North; and things all about began to look pesky queer, and the oldest sailor on board never had seen the like. The sun had look'd that morning looking like a ripe pumpkin, (a sarin sign of rain and good weather.) The fowls in the coop hadn't been seen to give themselves any extra firing. The porpoises all had been moving slowly about. The barometer pined "dry." The sand in the nimit glass ran free, and what was a surer sign of good weather than all the rest, was that old Mr. Swanson, my chief officer, had just stow'd away his tarpelin jacket, (or storm stay sail as he call'd it,) and that a lone w'd shake a reef out any day—so there was no sign of bad weather, and of course no occasion for it.
But the clouds kept gathering, and things began to look grossy. At 2, 10, call'd all hands, and reef'd the mainsail, and took the bonnet off the gub. At 2, 20, the wind began puffing from S. W. to N. E., with considerable thunder and lightning, and rain, some snow, and considerable hail—settled away the mainsail and furl'd it, and kept the schooner before the wind a spell under the foresail and gub—the sea running considerable high, and the schooner laboring much, thought it prudent, for the

safety of cargo and vessel, rigging and sail, to say nothing of the live stock, to leave too and lay by till I could see the nature of this squall. At 3 o'clock, furl'd foresail and gub, and set a storm stay sail, and hove to—the schooner heading S. W. and half West and falling of N. by E.

The storm raged considerable violent till after sun set—at 5 Bells set the watch, and as the crew had been at hard duty kept just enuf on deck to mind the helm, and keep the light in the rigging, to prevent being run foul of, for it was awful dark—at 9, 30, the wind lull'd and veer'd from pint to pint all around the compass, and I did not think it prudent to make sail till day light. At sun rise all look'd clear again, and seeing the squall had gone by, we made sail on our course. On making a calculation of courses and distances run, allowing for drift of current and heaves of the sea, found we had made no head way these last 24 hours, but, if anything, was a little astern. This being stated to our passenger, Major Downing, he became very angry, and said I had not acted up to my agreement, which was to make all despatch—that I had said the Two Polities was strong, well found, and man'd, and well commanded, (all which was true enough, and I didn't contradict it)—that he was in a hurry—he wanted to go ahead—he didn't fear squalls nor did any man of his party, except a "White" squall, and that if the Two Polities was to leave too and lay by the best part of 24 hours in this kind of way, he warn't going to submit to it, and the Gird'w'd never forgive him if he did, and that he w'd take command of the schooner himself—and if she swamp'd, why he could swim the rest of the way as well as any man.

After blowing out so for a considerable spell, I tell'd him, very coolly, all that might do on-shore very well—but it w'd never do on board the Two Polities—there was only one man there who had command, and who'd take responsibilities, and that Captain Solomon Jumper alone was accountable to the owners of the vessel and cargo, and all on board must do their duty—as for the squall we had just gone through, never the like had I ever seen before, for going on 19 years I had never seen the like on't—that I thought it prudent to leave too, and if I lost a day's run by it, it was easier to make that up, and regain lost distance, than it was to regain spars and rigging—that the Two Polities was a good sound vessel as ever was, but she could not stand every thing, with all sail set.

But the Major was still very angry, and talk'd all "over caution," and all that—and said at last, he began to think my intention was to get him so late to France that he would have nothing to do there but to turn about and take passage home with me again. I tell'd him if such squalls would lead to that I would not be sorry for it, as I lik'd always to have a passenger, and especially such a passenger as he was, going and coming. That got his dander up worse yet, and he was just going to swear, and said that he would rather return home on foot, round by the north pole, than renew his passage with me. I see there was trouble now, and I don't know how I would have quieted it, if a notion hadn't just come across me—and, says I, Major, what do you think I thought on during that squall last night.

"How do I know," says he; well, says I, I'll tell you—I thought, says I, that pesky squall coming up, just as it did, right again all signs of fair weather, and when there warn't no reason in it nor occasion for it, was exactly like that squall last year ago in the Bank. "O shaw!" says the Major. Well, says I, it was. "How you talk," says he—and I could not help thinking, says I, that Squire Biddle was puzzled by it about as much as I was, for he had never seen the like on't before, nor any body else, says I.

This stump the Major considerable, and he began to whistle Yankee doodle—he always does that when he is in a scrape, and wants to get out o'it. But that was the last I heard of complaining about heaving to, and "over caution," and so forth.

REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.—WITCH DOCTOR!

We are informed that a family by the name of Cash, in the lower end of this County, or in the edge of Rockingham, N. C., who are said to be quite respectable, and in good circumstances, had conducted themselves in so mysterious a manner, for several months, as to excite a good deal of speculation and interest among their neighbors. During that period, it seems, they had carefully secluded themselves from observation. No one was allowed to enter their dwelling, nor could they be seen attending to any of the business of the farm, or of the household. Things remained in this state until about ten or twelve days ago, when a few of their neighbors determined to unravel the mystery.—They went to the house, and admission being denied at the door, one of the company was raised on the shoulders of another, so that he could look in through the window—when a scene was presented which induced them at once to force an entrance into the house. A corps was found lying on a bed, in one corner of the room, in a most horrid and disgusting state of putrefaction. It proved to be the body of Mrs. Cash, who had evidently been dead for weeks, if not months. The old man had a pallet in the middle of the floor, the daughter a bed in another corner of the same room, and the son (a young man) was found up stairs. The stench was overpowering; and it is astonishing that human beings could have survived for so long a time in it.—It was ascertained that the woman had died about Christmas, and that she had been kept, by direction of a Witch Doctor, (whose name we are sorry we have not heard,) under the delusive expectation that she would come to life in a given period. It is not improbable, too, that a part of the villain's prescription was, that the family should not suffer any one to see them in the mean time, lest his imposition might be discovered. We understand that about a year ago the family took up the notion they were bewitched—that their minds became somewhat unsettled, and they of course prepared to become an easy prey to those scoundrels who designate themselves by the infamous title of Witch Doctors. We believe this is a solution of the whole matter. The health of the family is said to have suffered considerably, and that their minds are in a wretched state.

It is presumed that the family must have attended to the business of the farm after night, as they were never seen by day, and their cattle were in fine order, and a large quantity of grain (say about 500 bushels), was found threshed out and cleaned up.—Virginia Free Press.

WHISKEY AGAINST TEMPERANCE.

A severe contest seems to have been carried on between the Whiskey Drinkers and the Tempe-

rance men, in the Borough election in Circleville, Ohio, which resulted, as appears from the votes polled, decidedly in favor of the Whiskey Boys.—The highest Whiskey candidate, says the Alexandria Gazette, having 133 votes, and the highest Temperance candidate only receiving 67. After the result of the election was known, the Whiskey Boys determined to have a jollification over the victory, in the military style. But some of them paid dearly for their victory, as appears from the following account of the affair, as given in the Circleville Herald.—Peoples' Press.

"Between ten and eleven o'clock, they charged, and discharged a six pounder, in the west part of the town, to the great annoyance of the good people who were seeking repose, and to the destruction of the windows in the vicinity. From thence they repaired with the weapon of war, to the summit of Mount Philippi, alias 'the Mound,' the southern part of the town. Here there were three heavy discharges, the two first accompanied with yells and tumultuous shoutings. In loading for the last shot, (which was very incautiously attempted without securing the vent,) the charge exploded, and the groans of death were substituted for shouts of triumph. It was now midnight—and when the writer repaired to the scene of death, about ten minutes after the catastrophe, he found the ground strewn with the bodies of four men. Mr. John Wright was horribly mangled, gave one convulsive struggle, and was dead! A man named Hood was awfully disfigured, and so wounded in the right arm as to render immediate amputation near the shoulder necessary. The other two were only stunned, and, after a few minutes regained their feet, not being materially injured. The tumultuous crowd who had a few minutes before thronged the summit, and vexed the welken with their shouts, had disappeared, and the scene was dismal and solitary.

NAMES.

Many a man does not know the meaning of his own Name. We have amused ourselves with name hunting and, present our readers with the result.

- Nathan—the giver. [Hebrew.]
- Abram—immortal. [Greek.]
- Ann—the gracious.
- Phillip—the lover of horses.
- Alphonsus—our health. [Goth.]
- Alexander—the help of men. [Gr.]
- Abel—vanity. [Heb.]
- When Cain killed Abel, he certainly did not kill vanity. There are a great many Abels in the world under different names.
- David—dear. [Heb.]
- James—the supplanter. Jacob, the primitive name, has the same meaning.
- Abraham—the father of a multitude. [Heb.]
- Agatha—the good. [Gr.]
- Agnes. We know not whence to derive this name, unless from the Latin Agne, 'a lamb,' perhaps the first fair one who bore this name was tuid and gentle.
- Cain—possession. [Heb.]
- Catharine. We can find a beautiful derivation for this name, in a Greek word signifying 'pure.'
- Asher—one that is happy. [Saxon.]
- Clara. We suppose that is from the Latin Claurus; 'a bright and fair.'
- Aaron—a mountain. [Heb.]
- Elizabeth—the oath of the Lord.
- Adah—an assembly. [Heb.]
- Isaac—laughter. [Heb.] The greatest we ever knew was Isaac.
- Margaret—exalted. [Heb.]
- Mary—bitter. [Heb.]
- How do we hear it said that Mary is a sweet name.
- Rachael—sheep. [Heb.] This is but a sheepish name.
- Rosalind. This is a beautiful name—we believe it first appeared in the songs of the Troubadours. It signifies, in the Rose of the word, Rosamundi. [Latin.]
- John—the mercy of the Lord. [Heb.]
- Theodore—the gift of God. [Gr.]
- Sarah—the princes, of a multitude. [Heb.]
- Margaret—a pearl. [Gr.]—Philadelphia Paper.

The Boa Constrictor.—Nearly a hundred miles below Calcutta, at the embouchure of the Hooghly, is the delta of the streams and creeks, all of which are salt, except those which communicate immediately with the principal arm of the sacred river; the numerous canals being so disposed as to form a complete inland navigation. A few years before our visit to Calcutta, the captain of a country ship, while passing the Sunderbunds, sent a boat into one of the creeks to get some fresh fruits, which are cultivated by the few miserable inhabitants of this inhospitable region. Having reached the shore, the crew moored the boat under a bank, and left one of their party to take care of her. During their absence, the lascar, who remained in charge of the boat, overcome with heat, lay under the seat and fell asleep. Whilst he was in this happy state of unconsciousness, an enormous Boa Constrictor emerged from the jungle, reached the boat, had already coiled its huge body round the sleeper, and was in the very act of crushing him to death, when his companions fortunately returned, and attacking the monster, severed a portion of his tail, and so disabled it that it no longer retained the power of doing mischief. The snake was then easily despatched, and found to measure 62 feet and some inches in length. The immense size of these snakes has been frequently called in question, but I know not why it should, when the fact has been authenticated by so many eye-witnesses. Nor was it unknown to ancient historians. Suetonius, in the 43 chap. of his lives of the twelve Caesars, mentions that the Emperor Augustus, over and above the regular shows, gave others occasionally for the purpose of exhibiting any extraordinary object of which he might have obtained possession; amongst which, he mentions the rhinoceros, a tiger, and a snake 75 feet long—quingucubus cubitorum.—Oriental Annual.

Very good Reasons, and conclusive.—Pauling, in "New Pilgrim's Progress," a work to be soon forthcoming from the Harper press, gives the following reasons why certain gentlemen should not get married in the month specified below.

"Very old, single gentlemen, of a certain age, should be careful how they marry in the month of January, for reasons which shall be nameless; or in February, for reasons which will readily present themselves; or in March, for reasons we do not propose to specify; or in April, for reasons best known to ourselves; or in May, for reasons of the first magnitude; or in June, for reasons which cannot be omitted; or in July, for reasons which none will venture to controvert; or in August, for reasons which every one will understand; or in September, which to be ignorant of, would impeach the reader's understanding; or in October, for reasons highly appropriate; or in November, for reasons deep and profound; or in December, for reasons as plain as the nose on your face.

The Three Jolly Husbands.—Three Jolly Husbands, out in the country, by the name of Tim Watson, Joe Brown, and Bill Walker, sat late one evening dining at a village tavern, until being pretty well corned, they agreed that each one, returning home, should do the first thing his wife told him, in default of which he should the next morning pay the bill. They then separated for the night, engaging to meet again next morning, and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as they related to the payment of the bill. The next morning Walker and Brown were early at their posts; but it was some time before Watson made his appearance. Walker began first:

"You see, when I entered my house, the candle was out, and as the fire gave but a glimmering of light, I came near walking, accidentally, into a pot of batter that the pancakes were to be made of this morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor at sitting up so long, said to me, sarcastically, 'Do put your foot in the batter.'—Just as you say, Magray," said I, and thereupon, without the least hesitation, I set my foot in the pot of batter, and then—went to bed." Next, Joe Brown told his story: "My wife," said he, "had already retired to rest in our usual sleeping room, which includes the kitchen, and the pretty well corned, they agreed that each one, returning home, should do the first thing his wife told him, in default of which he should the next morning pay the bill. They then separated for the night, engaging to meet again next morning, and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as they related to the payment of the bill. The next morning Walker and Brown were early at their posts; but it was some time before Watson made his appearance. Walker began first:

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Astonishing Memory.—The following story, though almost incredible, is found in the English papers: "There is still living, at Sterling, a blind old beggar, known to all the country round by the name of blind Aleck; who possesses a memory of almost incredible strength. It was observed, with astonishment, that when he was a man, and obliged by the death of his parents, to gain a livelihood by begging through the streets of his native town of Sterling, he knew the whole of the Bible, both old and new Testaments, by heart! from which you may repeat any passage, and he will tell you the chapter and verse, or you may tell him the chapter and verse, and he will repeat to you the passage, word for word. Not long since, a gentleman, to puzzle him, read with slight vocal alteration, a verse of the Bible. Aleck hesitated a moment, and then told where it was to be found, but said it had not been correctly delivered; he then gave it as it stood in the book, correcting the slight error that had been purposely introduced. The gentleman then asked him for the nineteenth verse of the seventh chapter of Numbers. Aleck was again puzzled for a moment, but then said hastily, 'You are fooling me, sir; there is no such verse—that chapter has only eighteen verses.' Several other experiments of the sort were tried upon him with the same success. He has often been questioned the day after any particular sermon of speech, and his examiners have invariably found that, had their patience allowed, blind Aleck would have given them the sermon or speech over again.

American Sea Captains.—A Liverpool correspondent writes: "Too much praise cannot be given to the owners and captains of the American packets which trade to Liverpool. All packets of newspapers, periodicals, &c., are brought across the Atlantic free of expense, and even delivered with the least possible delay. This is so unlike the sordid disposition of our English shipping agents, who, as ship owners and captains, that we feel it our duty, and acknowledge it with all the gratitude it deserves. It is a literary and political accommodation, of the most welcome and agreeable kind."

Remedy for Poison.—A soldier of the revolution, residing in Hudson, and who requests those who desire to know his name to refer to Daniel Dunbar of that place, has addressed to us for publication, a letter, the substance of which, to save room, we state in brief: He states that the application of toasted onions, under the hollow of each arm, to be repeated every quarter of an hour for three or four hours, will remove poisons from the system, whether introduced externally or internally. He says it was found effectual on board the Prison ship at New Jersey, when a number came on board who were poisoned. We know not whether the information is new.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

Anecdote.—A printer in England, some years ago, who printed an edition of the common Prayer Book, unluckily omitted the letter e, in the word changed, in the following sentence: "We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye." A Clergyman, not so attentive to his duty as he might have been, read it to his congregation as it was printed: "We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye."!!

From the Genesee Farmer.

THINGS A FARMER SHOULD NOT DO.

A farmer should never undertake to cultivate more land than he can do thoroughly; half tilled land is growing poorer—well tilled land is constantly improving.
A farmer should never keep more cattle, horses, sheep, or hogs, than he can keep in order; an animal in high order, the first of December, is already half wintered.
A farmer should never depend on his neighbor for what he can, by care and good management, produce on his own farm; he should never beg fruit while he can plant trees, or borrow tools while he can make or buy; a high authority has said, "the borrower is a servant to the lender."
The farmer should never be so immersed in political matters as to forget to sow his wheat, dig his potatoes, and bank up his cellar; nor should he be so inattentive to them as to remain ignorant of those great questions of national and state policy which will always agitate, more or less, a free people.
A farmer should shun the doors of a bank, as he would an approach of the plague or cholera; banks are for men of speculation, and theirs is a business with which farmers should have little to do.
A farmer should never be ashamed of his calling; we know that no man can be entirely independent, yet the farmer should remember, that if any one can be said to possess that enviable distinction, he is the man.
No farmer should allow the reproach of neglecting education to be against himself or family; if knowledge is power, the beginning of it should be early and deeply laid in the district school.
A farmer should never use ardent spirits as a drink; if while undergoing severe fatigue, and the hard labor of the summer, he would enjoy robust health, let him be temperate in all things.
A farmer should never refuse a fair price for any thing he wishes to sell; we have known a man who had several hundred bushels of wheat to dispose of, refuse \$8, because he wanted \$8, 6d., and after keeping his wheat six months, was glad to get \$6, 6d. for it.
A farmer should never allow his windows to be filled with red cloaks, tattered coats, and old hats; if he does he will most assuredly acquire the reputation of a man who carries long at the whiskey, leaving his wife and children to freeze or starve at home.
There are three things of which the man who aims at the character of a prosperous farmer will never be niggardly—manure, tillage, and seed; and there are three things of which he will never be too liberal—promises, time, and credit.