

The Mower.

I'm a father of ploughmen, a son of the soil.
And my life never tires, for pleasure is toil.—
There are worse stains to bear than the sweat on
the brow.
And worse things to follow, my friend, than the
plough.

What is sorrow? I think such a matter there is,
But to me it showed never its ill-looking pliz,
What is want? To be idle, to steal, and to lie,—
And sickness? the Doctor can tell but not I.

I suppose I must come to the scratch though at last,
For Time has a scythe that would cut down a
mast.

Though on the corners of three score and ten,
Your corners I cut, and can do it again.

If the best of you're willing to try with me feels,
Let him strip to the cotton, and look to his heels—
Through the clover and timothy look at my swath,
Like the wake of a frigate,—stand out of my path.

Boston Courier.

Song.—BY CAMPBELL.

When Love came first on earth, the Spring
Spread rose buds to receive him,
And back he vowed his flight he'd wing
To Heaven, if she should leave him.

But Spring departing, saw his faith
Pledged to the next new comer—
He revell'd in the warmer breath
And richer bower of Summer.

Then sportive Autumn claim'd by rights
An archer for her lover;
And even in Winter's dark cold nights
A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls and fire-side joy,
For this time were his reasons—
In short, young Love's a gallant boy;
That likes all times and seasons.

From the Boston Statesman.

Stanzas.

There may be pleasure in the sound
Of trumpets in the battle wailing;
And joy to hear the vessel bound
Along the summer billows sailing;

But never sound so sweet can be
As woman's voice of melody.

It may be joy, to list the chime
Of horn and hound, 'mongst green hills ringing;
And in the Spring's calm evening time
To hear the thrush and blackbird singing;

But never sounds so sweet can be
As woman's voice of melody.

But sweet though be that silvery voice
In hour of pleasure or of sorrow;
Its tones best bid the heart rejoice,
When soft affection's words they borrow:

Oh! then, what sounds so sweet can be
As woman's voice of melody?

From the American Monthly Magazine for Sept.

Fables,

BY J. K. PAULDING.

The drop of water, the brook, the river, and

the ocean.—A drop of water, that sparkled like a

jewel in the sun, once fell from the clouds, into a

little mountain-stream, and, ere it lost its identity,

exclaimed, in all the anguish of dissolution, "Alas!

what a catastrophe—I am swallowed up in immensity!"

The little stream lagged, as it leaped down

the mountain side, at the lamentation of such an

insignificant thing as a drop of water, and, vain of

its consequence, continued brawling its crystal way

in all the pride of conscious superiority, until, at

length, with a sudden plunge, it fell headlong into

a mighty river, and, like the drop of water, was

lost in a moment, crying out, in its last agonies,

"Oh! fate! who would have thought the brook of my

size could be swallowed up so easily?" The river

murmured its contempt for the little foolish stream,

and continued its course, gathering strength and

pride, breaking through mountains, tearing the

rocks from their seats, and coursing, in a thousand

graceful meanders, through flowery meadows, until

it found its way to the vast and melancholy

ocean, in whose boundless waste it lost its being

like the drop of water, and the little mountain-

stream. "Is it possible?" exclaimed the mighty

river, "that I have been thus collecting tribute from

half a world, only to become nothing at last?"

"Tis thus with thee, oh man! Thou beginnest

in insignificance, like the drop of water; thou becomest

a laughing, leaping, brawling thing, like the

brook; thou warest proud and great, like the

mighty river; and ere thou canst say, in the vanity

of thy heart, "What an illustrious mortal am I!" thou

art lost in eternity.

The mole-hill and the mountain.—A towering

mountain reared its head to the skies, on one side

of wide and deep valley; on the other a little

mole-hill lay basking in the sun. As it contemplated

the distant mountain, shooting its snow-capt

bow to the regions of boundless space, far above

the clouds, and beheld the gilded glories of its distant

summit, the mole-hill became discontented

and unhappy. It contrasted its own insignificance

with the awful and majestic outlines of its mighty

neighbor; it wished a thousand times it could raise

its head above the clouds; it sighed at the thought

that it could never become a mountain, and im-

peached the justice of the gods, for having made it

only a mole-hill to be trodden upon by man, and

crawled upon by the most contemptible insects.

In short, it pined itself into wretchedness, and sacri-

ficed all the comforts of its own littleness to the

desire of becoming great.

As it one day lay gazing upward at the distant

object of its envy, a storm suddenly gathered

around the summit of the mountain; the lightnings

leaped with forked tongues, the thunder rolled,

the tempest lashed its lofty sides, and the torrents

poured down, tearing down their way, and plough-

ing deep ravines in their course, while all beneath

remained perfectly quiet, and the little mole-hill lay

basking in the sunbeams of summer morning.

Scarcely had the storm passed away, when the earth

began to rock and tremble, as with an ague; a

trembling and appalling noise raged in the bowels of

the mountain, which suddenly burst, throwing vol-

umes of smoke, and showers of fire into the peace-

ful skies, that turned from blue to glowing red.

Rivers of burning lava gushed out from its sides,

coursing their way towards the valley, and scat-

tering the verdure and the woods into black smok-

ing ruins. In a few hours the majestic mountain

seemed as it were disembowelled, and having nothing

to sustain it, fell in, with a crash that shook the

surrounding world, and hid the ambient skies in a

chaos of dust and ashes. The mole-hill had all

this time remained quiet and safe in its lowly re-

treat, and when the obscurity had become dissip-

ted, and it beheld the great object of its envy crumpled into a mass of smoking ruins, it became all of a sudden the happiest of mole-hills. "Body o' me!" it cried "but it is a great blessing to be little. Oh, ter! I thank thee that thou didst not make me a mountain!"

The revenge of the beasts.—One day a number of animals that had been highly aggrieved by the tyranny and injustice of man, resolved to petition Jupiter for satisfaction. "Oh, Jupiter!" exclaimed the camel, "revenge me on this indolent tyrant, who, instead of carrying his own burdens, claps them on my back, and drives me into the desert, where I travel whole days without a drop of water."

"Oh, Jupiter!" cried a great fat green turtle, "revenge me on this gluton, who kidnaps me while I am sleeping in the sun—starves me for weeks on board of a ship, and eats me afterward, though he gives me nothing to eat." "Oh, Jupiter!" squeaked the pig, "he stuffs me first, and then stuffs himself with me afterward;" and, "Oh, Jupiter!" brayed the ass, he loads me with panniers of liquor and delicious fruits, and gives me nothing but water and thistles: I beseech thee to revenge us!" "Behold answered Jupiter, "thou art revenged already! Dost thou see that turbaned wretch yonder, chewing opium, and dozing away a miserable existence? And dost thou see yonder christian, in his night-gown and slippers, taking doses of physic and making wry faces! And dost thou see that wretch, reeling along, with his blood-red face and carbuncled nose? The one is a martyr to indolence; he is thy victim, oh, humpbacked camel; he is reaping the fruits of making three bear his burthens, instead of carrying them himself. The physick-taking mortal is paying the forfeit of your wrongs, oh, pig and turtle!" And the reeling wretch is securing to himself a life of guilt, misery and disgrace, by means of the liquor thou carriest on thy back, oh, most unreasonable donkey! Go thy ways in quiet, for again I say thou art amply revenged." The petitioners departed, but the camel, being a quadruped of great gravity, and somewhat of a philosopher, could not help thinking to himself, neither he nor the rest of the beasts were much the better for this species of vengeance. It is thus with man. He persuades himself that revenge will redress his wrongs and assuage his sorrows, and when he hugs it to his heart, finds only the fangs of the serpent distilling venom into his wounds.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM THE INDIA-

ANS.

In the year 1810, while two hunters, by the names of Colter and Potts, were setting their traps, in Missouri, they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals—soon after which from 500 to 600 Indians made their appearance, and beckoned to them. Potts expecting to be tortured to death, if he was taken, drew up his rifle and shot one of the foremost Indians—upon which, in return, they filled his body so full of arrows, that he fell dead instantly.

They now seized Colter, stripped him naked, and began to contrive how to put him to death. Some were for setting him up as a mark to shoot at; but the old chief interposed, and asked him if he could run fast? Colter, understanding Indian customs, & knowing it would be hard outrunning 500 to 600 Indians, replied that he was a very bad runner, though the hunters did not call him so. The chief now led him 300 or 400 yards, and then released him, telling him to save himself if he could.

At this moment, the horrid war whoop sounded, and that he fell dead.

Colter ran like a deer across the plain six miles in breadth, and the Indians after him, at full speed. At every instant he was treading on the prickly pear with his bare feet, and wounding them.

When about half way across the plain, he ventured to look over his shoulder, and perceived that the Indians were widely scattered, except one, and he 90 or 100 yards off. A faint gleam of hope now cheered his heart, and he exerted himself still more, till the blood gushed from his nostrils and almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer.

Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the action, and perhaps by the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop; but, exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavoring to throw his spear, which struck in the ground and broke. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight.

The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton wood, on the border of the plain, through which he ran and plunged into the river.

Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper part of which, a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and after several efforts, got his head above water amongst the trunks of the trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet.

The Indians arrived, screeching and yelling like so many *furies*. They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was rejoicing at his escape, until the idea arose, that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night, when hearing no more of the Indians, he dived under the raft and swam silently down the river to a considerable distance, where he landed and travelled all night.

Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful; he was completely naked, under a burning sun; the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly pear. He was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance round him.

He arrived at the Fort in seven days, however, having subsisted on a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri, now known by naturalists as *psoralsa esculenta*.

The extraordinary rise in the price of cotton is said to be in a great measure owing to the fact, that the rich banker, Mr. Rothschild of London, is engaged in a cotton speculation. The cause of the rise in the price of this article in 1825, is also ascribed to the same gentleman. This shows what can be done by the power of money when under the direction of a skilful capitalist.

From the Philadelphia Spy.

A FAMILY VISIT.

The other day I went to visit my old friend Tom Limkins who promised to show me some of the finest young Linkins that ever breathed. I don't say he didn't, because what he considers fine I may consider coarse, according to the axiom—"What's one man's bane is another's antidote." I knocked at the door *pro forma*, when in an instant, all was glorious confusion within. "Tom, you rascal, put away that chair. Here, Susan, throw this in the bed room; wipe down the table, quick; get the broom and sweep up the room;—there's always somebody coming, when nobody don't want to see 'em."

Unluckily the key-hole was so large, that I couldn't avoid hearing all this, and was taken completely aback; whether to retreat or advance was the question. I had sounded the alarm; I could not well do the first, and, therefore, preferred the latter, although at the expense of some few minutes precious time, which Mrs. Limkins employed in setting her house in order. After giving them a fair opportunity to do all that I heard them threaten to do, I again ventured a gentle rap, which was answered with the somewhat trite rejoinder "walk in." In I walked. "Why, h! Mr. Sheepshanks, how do you do? how's the wife, and all at home? I never was so glad to see any one, in all my life; sit down."

I sat down; and was proceeding to answer all these kind inquiries, when I was interrupted by one of the fine young Linkins bawling out, "Mother, Tom's punking me." "Tom you bad fellow, what do you mean; go and sit down in the corner, and, if you stir again, I'll cut you in inch pieces!" Tom had heard all about inch pieces before, and knew very well that there was no particular meaning in them. I was resuming the thread of my discourse, when Tom made another interruption, by *making mouths* (so they termed it) at little Joe. Little Joe didn't like to be made mouths at, so enters his complaint, and Tom was sent into the next room, to give a *family concert*. In vain did I essay to broach a conversation on "matters and things in general;" it was useless; the fine young Linkins was too fond of showing off their parts. I was drawing my visit to a hasty conclusion, and had already sized up my chapeau; but the good lady would have me stay to tea. "Indeed you must, Mr. Sheepshanks—if you don't I won't never ask you again!"—(Thinks I, "it's better to endure the ills we have, than fly to others, that we know not of.") I am sure of my tea, if I stay, and I am not sure of it if I go, and therefore, I will oblige them. I did so, and, after many "dreadful notes of preparation," I was ushered into the room adjoining. Scarcely had we seated ourselves, when at the door announced another visitor. "Pshaw! this is always the case," exclaimed Mrs. Limkins—"our house is always run down by folks nobody wants to see." (I believe my face began to grow warm!) Sally went to the door & was followed by Mr. Yarny, a nice old gentleman, &