



THE FARMER.

Sweet is the farmer's sleep!
Sweet if by toil he earns his bread;
He knows not half the cares and dread,
Which agitate the weak man's mind;
And make his watch and weep;
But casting sorrow to the wind,
Sweet is the farmer's sleep!

Refreshing are his dreams,
No tantalizing scenes of wealth
Mock him possessed of ease and health,
He fears not murderers, storms, nor fire,
The weak man's mighty themes;
But innocence and peace inspire
His light and pleasant dreams.

And when the cheerful morn,
The watchful cock proclaims aloud,
Light fly his slumbers, as a cloud,
Reflect by the noon-day sun,
On wings of light is borne,
No headach veils, in mantle dun,
The farmer's happy morn.

O bless my sweet repose!
When toil invites my limbs to rest,
May no false horrors harm my rest.
Breath through my lids thy kindest dreams,
My willing eyelids close,
And as the farmer's seems,
Besuch my sound repose.

ESQUIRE GAMBLER'S MARRIAGE GERMONY.
You broumish now, you goot mane dare
Vot stant upon de vhor,
To hab dish Woman for your vife,
And lub her ebermore,
To feed her vell wid sourcruit,
Peens, buttermilk, and cheese;
And in all things to lend your aid
Dat vill promote her ease;

Yes, and you woman stantin dare
Do pledge your vord, dish tay,
Dat you vill take ver your husband
Dat man, ant him opey;
Dat you vill ped and poard wit him,
Wash, Iron, and ment his cleas;
Laugh when he shimes, veep when he shighs;
Drus share his choys and voes.

Vell, den, I now, viden dese valls,
Vid joy and not vitt kriet,
Broumouce you bote to be von mint,
Von name, von man, von beef;
I poobish, now, dese sacred bants,
Dese matrimonial ties,
Pefore mine vife, Got, Kate and Poll,
And all dese gazing eyes.

Ant, as de sacred scripture say,
Vot Got unites togeder
Let no man dare asunder put,
Let no man dare tem sever,
Ant you bitekroom dare, here you stop,
I'll not let go you collar.
Pefore you answer me dis ting,
Dat ish;—Vare ish mine dollar?

Saturday Courier.

ONE PEEP WAS ENOUGH;
OR THE POST OFFICE.

All places have their peculiarities; now that of Dalton was the discourse, which Johnson's Dictionary entitles "conversation on whatever does not concern ourselves." Every body knew what every body did, and a little more. Eatings, drinkings, sleepings, walkings, talkings, doings—all were for the good of the public; there was not such a thing as a secret in the town.

There was a story of Mrs. Mary Smith, an ancient dame, who lived on an annuity, and boasted the gentility of a back and front parlour, that she once asked a few friends to dinner. The usual heavy antecedent half hour really passed quite pleasantly, for Mrs. Mary's windows overlooked the market place, and not a scrap of mutton could leave it unobserved; so that the extravagance or meanness of the various buyers furnished a copious theme for dialogue. Still, in spite of Mr. A's pair of fowls, and Mrs. A's round of beef, the time seemed long, and the guests found hunger growing more potent than curiosity. They waited and waited; at length the fatal discovery took place—that, in the hurry of observing her neighbours' dinners, Mrs. Smith had forgotten to order her own.

It was in the month of March that an event happened which put the whole town in a commotion—the arrival of a stranger who took his abode at the White Hart: not that there was any thing remarkable about the stranger; he was a plain, middle aged, respectable looking man, and the nicest scrutiny (and heaven knows how narrowly he was watched) failed to discover any thing odd about him. It was ascertained that he rose at eight, breakfasted at nine, ate two eggs and a piece of broiled bacon, sat in his room at the window, read a little, wrote a little, and looked out upon the road a good deal; he then strolled out, returned home, dined at five, smoked two cigars, read the *Morning Herald*, (for the post came in of an evening,) and went to bed at ten. Nothing could be more regular or unexceptionable than his habits; still it was more extraordinary what could have brought him to Dalton. There was no chalybeate spring, warranted to cure every disease under the sun; no ruins in the neighborhood, left expressly for antiquarians and picnic parties; no fine prospects, which, like music, people make it matter of conscience to admire; no celebrated person had ever been born or buried in its environs; there were no races, no assizes—in short there was "nothing." It was not even summer; so country air and fine weather were not the inducements. The stranger's name was Mr. Williams, but that was the extent of their knowledge—shy and silent, there seemed no probability of learning any thing more from himself. Conjecture, like Shakspear, exhausted worlds, and then imagined new. Some supposed he was hiding from his creditors, others that he had committed forgery; one suggested

that he had escaped from a mad house, a second that he had killed some one in a duel, but all agreed that he came there for no good.

It was the twenty third day of March, when a triad of gossips were assembled at their temple, the post-office. The affairs of Dalton and the nation were settled together—newspapers were slipped from their cover, and not an epistle, but yielded a portion of its contents. But on this night all attention was concentrated upon one, directed to "John Williams, Esq. at the White Hart, Dalton." Eagerly it was compressed in the long fingers of Mrs. Mary Smith, of dinnerless memory—the fat landlady of the White Hart was on the tip-toe to peep, while the post mistress, whose curiosity took a semblance of official dignity, raised a warning hand against any overt act of violence. The paper was closely folded, and closely written in a cramped and illegible hand—suddenly Mrs. Mary Smith's look grew more intent—she had succeeded in deciphering a sentence—the letter dropped from her hand. "Oh, the monster!" shrieked the horrified peeper. Landlady and post-mistress both snatched at the terrible scroll, and they equally succeeded in reading the following words: "We will settle the matter to morrow at dinner, but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife, the horror is too great." Not a syllable more could they make out, but what had read was enough. "He told me," gasped the landlady, "that he expected a lady and gentleman to dinner—oh the villain! to think of poisoning any lady at the White Hart, and his wife, too—I should like to see my husband poisoning me!" Our hostess became quite personal in her indignation.

"I always thought there was something suspicious about him; people don't come and live where nobody knows them, for nothing," observed Mrs. Mary Smith.

"I dare say," returned the post mistress, "Williams is not his real name."

"I don't know that," interrupted the landlady, "Williams is a good hanging name; there was Williams who murdered the Marr's family, and Williams who buried all those dear children; I dare say he is some relation of theirs: but to think of his coming to the White Hart—it's no place for his doings, I can tell him: he shan't poison his wife in my house, out he goes this very night—I'll take the letter to him myself."

"Dear! dear! I shall be ruined, if it

comes to be known that we took a look into the letter," and the post-mistress tho' in her heart that she had better let Mr. Williams poison his wife at his leisure—Mrs. Mary Smith, too, reprobated any violent measures, the truth is, she did not wish to be mixed up in the matter, a gentrywoman with an annuity and a front and back parlour was rather ashamed of being detected in such close intimacy with the post-mistress and the landlady. It seemed likely that poor Mrs. Williams would be left to her miserable fate.

"Murder will out," said the landlord the following morning, as he mounted the piebald pony, which like Tom Tough, had seen a little service, and hurried off in search of Mr. Crampton, the nearest magistrate.

Their perceptions assisted by brandy and water, he and his wife had sat up long past "the witching hour of night," deliberating on what line of conduct would be most efficacious in preserving the life of the unfortunate Mrs. Williams, and the result of their deliberation was to fetch the justice, and have the delinquent taken into custody at the very dinner table which was to be the scene of his crime. He has ordered soup to-day for the first time; he thinks he could so easily slip poison into the liquid. There he goes, he looks like a man who has got something on his conscience," pointing to Mr. Williams, who was walking up and down at his usual slow pace. Two o'clock arrived, and with it, a hack chaise: out of it stepped, sure enough, a lady and gentleman. The land lady's pity reprobated—such a pretty young creature, not above nineteen!—"I see how it is," thought she, "the old wretch is jealous." All efforts to catch her eye were in vain, the dinner was ready and down they sat. The hostess of the White Hart looked alternately out of the window, like sister Ann, to see if any one was coming, and at the table to see that nothing was doing. To her dismay she observed the young lady lifting a spoonful of the broth to her mouth! She could restrain herself no longer, but catching her hand, exclaimed, "Poor dear innocent, the soup is poisoned!" All started from the table in confusion, which was yet to be increased:—a bustle was heard in the passage, in rushed a whole party, two of whom, each catching an arm of Mr. Williams, pinned him down to his seat. "I am happy, Madam," said the little bursting magistrate, "to have been under Heaven, the humble instrument of preserving your life from the nefarious designs of that disgrace to humanity." Mr. Crampton paused in consequence of three wants—want of words, breath, and ideas.

"My life!" ejaculated the astonished lady.

"Yes, Madam, the ways of Providence are inscrutable—the vain curiosity of three idle women has been turned to good account." And the eloquent magistrate proceeded to detail the process of inspection to which the fatal letter had been subjected: but when he came to the terrible words—"We will settle the matter to morrow at dinner: but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife!"—he was interrupted by bursts of laughter from the gentlemen, from the injured wife, and even from the prisoner himself. One fit of merriment was followed by another, till

it became contagious, and the very consta-
tions began to laugh too.

"I can explain it all," at last interrupted the visitor. "Mr. Williams came here for that quiet so necessary for the labors of genius: he is writing a melo-drama called "My Wife"—he submitted the last act to me, and I rather object to the poisoning of the heroine. This young lady is my daughter, and we are on our way to the sea coast. Mr. Williams is only wedded to the Muses."

The disconcerted magistrate shook his head and muttered something about the-
tres being very immoral.

"Quite mistaken, sir," said Mr. Williams. "Our soup is cold: but our worthy landlady roasts fowls to a turn—we will have them and the veal cutlets up—you will stay and dine with us—and, afterwards, I shall be proud to read "My Wife aloud, in the hope of your approval, at least of your indulgence."—Keepsake.

THE YANKEE WHO CROSSED THE ATLANTIC ALONE.

The following interesting narrative is from the London Service Journal. A correspondent of the New York Gazette says that Mr. Shackford, the hero of the story, resides in the western country, has a son now a ship master out of the harbour of New-York.

He built, or purchased a small vessel in which he embarked alone, and navigated to Great Britain. When he arrived in port, he was supposed to be a pirate—that he had murdered the crew of the vessel—and was arrested. He produced his shipping paper, which contained one name only, and other documents to prove his proper character, and it was not until some persons in England were found who knew him in this country, that he was set at liberty.

The Yankee's visit to Sir Joseph Banks.—Sir Joseph Banks, hearing that there was a man in London, who had crossed the Atlantic in a boat alone was desirous of seeing him, and got some Americans to go to the hotel, and contrive ways to bring him to his house. This was easily effected. Shackford in company with Capt. Folansbee, paid Sir Joseph a visit. They were ushered into a room devoted to Natural History. Shackford looked around and was placed to see many things that were real curiosities, preserved so well. At last he saw a young crocodile in a tub of water, and took notice of him, as he appeared, now above; and now below the surface. Sir Joseph soon made his entry. "Is this Mr. Shackford that crosses the Atlantic in an open boat?" inquired Sir Joseph. "Yes sir," was the reply, "I have done that, sir." What were your sensations in the middle of the ocean alone?" was the next enquiry.

"Why sir, I suppose you mean to ask how I felt on my voyage, I was sometimes dry, and I drank; I was sometimes hungry, and I ate; I was sometimes sleepy and I dozed a little, that was easy, for I had a nice cubby, and fixed a tiller, and there was no great difficulty in that. What mathematical instrument had you?" was the next inquiry.

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mud puddle in creation as well as the Nile.—"Now," said Shackford, "I have great love for learned men but they don't know every thing. Sir Joseph was glad to get rid of the maniac, who had crossed the Atlantic in a boat something more than his friend Cook had done when the navigator and the philosopher had quarreled.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

This illustrious philosopher was once riding over Salisbury plain, when a boy keeping sheep called to him—"Sir, you had better make haste on, or you will get a wet jacket." Newton, looking round observed neither clouds nor a speck on the horizon, jogged on taking very little notice of the rustic's information. He had made but a few miles when a storm suddenly arising wet him to the skin. Surprised at the circumstance, and determined, if possible, to ascertain how an ignorant boy had attained a precision and knowledge in the weather of which the wisest philosopher would be proud, he rode back as he was. "My lad," said Newton, "I'll give thee a guinea if thou will tell me how thou canst foretell the weather so truly." "Will ye, Sir?" I will then," said the boy, scratching his head, and holding out his hand for the guinea. "Now, Sir," having received the money, and pointing to the sheep, "when you see that black ram turn his tail towards the wind, 'tis a sure sign of rain within an hour." "What?" exclaimed the philosopher, "must I in order to foretell the weather, stay here and watch what the black ram turns his tail?" Yes, Sir," Of rode Newton, quite satisfied with his discovery.

GOOD OLD WAY.

I am one whom, in familiar phrase, they call an old fellow. I have seen something of life, have been an observer of the course and progress of things, and have painfully noted the mrood of false refinement, and the manifest departure from ancient simplicity. This reproach to modern manners, applies with peculiar justness, to affairs of courtship. Have at you, gentle reader, for a brief anecdote. Sometime in the last century, one of those clerical meetings, kept up, time immemorial, in New England, was held at my grandfather W's, in Connecticut.

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