



O! man, whose foot is trite and still,
And whose less ardent wayward will,
Bids him stoop to creep, in vain to hill,
All round this glorious world has reel'd;
O! say, of all things eyes have seen,
Each town of gold, each grove of green,
Which is the sweetest, happiest scene,
The richest town, the fairest field?
O lady, lady! that dear place,
Though poor of soil and scant in space,
Where the we love, the Girl whose grace
Has with sweet bond and bless'd the breast—
That spot where she in pomp doth bide,
Now ever mean, o'er all beside,
Emits a sort of power and lands of pride,
Is sweetest, richest, fairest, best!

Old shoes—sneakers—worn out cleeks—
Cut fingers and dead eels,
Figure in verse, besides soft rhymes
On hose and ragged hats.
And if'er such prosaic themes
His pen the poet shakes,
Frenzy may surely strike the quill
That praises Buckwheat Cakes.

The dreamy memory of the plate
I feasted on last night,
Plays with my fancy now, and warms
My bosom with delight.
I muse upon it, and my mouth
Yet waters with the thought,
Knowing that I to night can buy
Others where that was bought.

You'll know a yucker by the way
He sits before his dish,
His plate well heaped, he seems to have
On earth no other wish.
Softly balers his eager nose
The pleasant fumes are fanned,
While he pines the luscious treacle on
With an unsparing hand.

No turtle soup no rich champagne,
With him can have such power;
An Alderman might envy him
The luxury of the hour!
No thought of digestion comes,
No head ache gives him fears,
As silently he ponders o'er
Each cake that disappears.

He pays his six, once and retires,
On bee hived fields to dream,
And fire side thoughts of home once more
Across his memory gleam
'Tis pleasant, and 'tis cheap enough,
The thought it conjures up,
Better than sparkling wine that fills
The coronation cup.

He never lived in yunker land
Who loves not pumpkin pie,
Neither did he who does not drink
The mug of cider dry!
New England, never pleasant dreams
In that youth's mind awake
Where bosom warmth met with mine
In praise of Buckwheat Cakes.

The aggregate amount paid into the treasury for state and canal purposes, for the year ending the 14th November 1831, is \$235,385 75, which, added to the balance remaining in the treasury on the 15th Nov. 1830, viz \$6,230 44 amounting to 242,666 19.

A hint to the sedentary.—Speaking, reading aloud, and singing, are useful kinds of exercise, and it is supposed that this is at least one cause of the greater longevity of clergymen, public speakers, teachers in universities, and school masters; and Dr. Andrew pleasantly observes, that one reason why women require less bodily exercise than men, is, that they are in general more loquacious. Hence those sedentary artificers, who, from habit, almost always sing at their work, unintentionally contribute much to the preservation of their health.

James C. Fisher,	Samuel Wagner,
Thomas B. Cope,	Robert Wald,
Robert Smith,	Timothy Paxton,
Gustavus Callahan,	William J. Duane,
Fobias Wagner,	Joseph Roberts,

A Christmas dinner spoiled—A lady residing in Pearl street, called to a black fellow whom she saw passing the door with an axe on his shoulder, and an empty dinner basket in his hand, yesterday afternoon, and requested him to go down into her cellar and split a load of wood which had been recently saved; the fellow eagerly accepted the job, and went to work, but before he was half done, an uncommonly fine turkey caught his longing eye, hanging from a joist, within his reach, and caused a suspension of operations for a while, during which, the vision of a fat holiday dinner, of poultry and mince pies, and potatoes of "old rye," quickly succeeded each other's flush through his troubled brains, and fairly made his mouth water with the delightful thoughts. In this state of excitement he seized the magnificent bird, and in a twinkling, it was closely trimmed, and snugly stowed away in his basket, and covered with an old rag of a napkin, in embryo for Christmas; he then fell diligently to the prosecution of his labors. Having finished, shipped his boat, picked up his basket and axe, and was ushered into the presence of the lady for his wages. The moment the lady saw the full basket, she thought there was something wrong, and carelessly asked him what he had in his basket. "Only a stick of wood!" was the reply. "Well, let me see it!" said the lady, at the same time taking hold of the basket, which the fellow instantly dropped, and dashed in

By order of the county commissioners,
EDWARD L. LEE, Secy.

THE publisher deems it advisable at the commencement of the new year, to return his thanks to his patrons for the favors already bestowed, and informs them and the public that he enters upon his duties with renewed prospect of rendering it still more interesting than at any former period—he has completed his arrangements, and is now in the receipt by every packet which arrives here or at N. York from England, of most interesting periodicals, from which he will be able to furnish his readers with the latest literary productions of merit, instead of receiving them second hand from publications in this country—for those who attach an importance to the proteus changes of fashion, he has been induced to add *La belle assemblée*, which is believed by the gay world to hold the mirror up to nature, and which will enable him to present them with the earliest notice of all changes in taste and fashion which are constantly taking place, and from it to select the elegant engraving with which it adorned to grace the pages of the *Souvenir* quarterly—in short, no expense has been spared that will be likely to add to the value of our publication, but whilst our attention is thus directed to what transpires in Europe, it shall not permit us to neglect native merit; and we shall freely select from American publications what seems adapted to our purpose, and last, but not least, we have succeeded in enlisting in our interest many valuable correspondents, both in this country and Europe, whose productions would do credit to any publication, and were we at liberty to give them names to the public, would add lustre to any work to which they were attached—in short, no exertion will be spared to render the *Souvenir* in all respects worthy the patronage of the public. Both as a cheap and elegant emporium of useful and interesting information, and valuable repository of specimens of miscellaneous literature, strict attention will be bestowed on its moral tendency, and a constant watchfulness preserved over the cause and interests of virtue. A portion of the contents will be as follows:

- Subscriptions to commence and end in January or July in each year; a few copies may be had from the exchange most of the year.