

Poetical.

*A parody on Alexander Selkirk's verses, or
A Song for Bachelors.*

I am monarch of all in my cell,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the hen coop all around to the well,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh celibacy! where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy state?
Better wed and have children in swarms
Than in "single blessedness" wait.
I am out of connubial reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never cheer'd with the smiles or the speech
Of a wife and dear brats of my own.
The fair nymphs who give charms to the
town
Once cast their sweet smiles upon me;
Every smile is now chang'd to a frown!
This change—oh how shocking to see!
The charms of a wife and of love,
Were divinely intended for man;
Oh could I but woo like a dove,
How soon I w'd partake of the plan!
My sorrow I might then assuage
In the ways of love, marriage and truth;
Might teach from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the salutes of youth.
Matrimony! what treasure untold
Besides in that heavenly world!
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all else that this earth can afford.
But the sound of a wife's lovely voice
In my cabin I never have heard;
Nor for sons did I ever rejoice,
Or smile when a daughter appear'd.
Ye stars that have made me your sport,
Convey to my desolate door,
Some cordial endearing report
Of fair ones I visit no more.
Does any one now and then send
A thought or a wish after me?
Oh tell, if I have such a friend!
And where I can such a friend see?
How fleet is the glance of the mind?
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest it lags behind,
And the swift-wing'd arrows of light.
When I think of the charms of a wife
In a moment she seems to be here!
But soon as I waken to life—
She's gone!—and I'm left in despair.
The pigeons have gone to their nest,
The pigs have laid down in their lair;
I have also a place for to rest,
And alone to my bed I'll repair.
Ev'ry man should be blest with a wife;
A dear wife—how enchanting the thought!
She gives charms and she gives pleasures to
life,
And reconciles man to his cot.

From the American Farmer.

*On substitutes for Hay—Indian
Corn broadcast on rye stubble
and sward—its product and va
lue.*

Watertown, Feb. 1, 1827.

After a rye crop had been taken, the richest part of the field was ploughed; yellow Scotch and white turnip seeds were sown—One acre of the same field was at the same time ploughed; four bushels of Indian corn were sown and ploughed under, with a very shallow furrow; an adjoining acre which had not been previously ploughed, was sown with the same quantity of the same corn, which was in the same manner ploughed under with the stubble; it was all harrowed and rolled.—The land had been limed five years since and was in fine tilth.

The turnips failed entirely; the corn vegetated regularly, covered the ground thickly, and put out tassels when five feet high. It was mown when in full blossom: treated exactly as hay; but from the succulence of the stalks it required much more time and attention, before it could be housed.

I found my cattle to day contending for it eagerly, when portions of it were thrown before them in the midst of the most fragrant clover hay. The quantity was estimated at two tons per acre.

Upon another field, which, after having been fifteen years in common, was manured with oyster-shell lime at the rate of a hundred bushels per acre, I caused six bushels of corn to be sown immediately after the sward and lime had been reversed. The land was harrowed closely, and heavily rolled; the crop was mown and managed as that of the last field. Its product was esti-

mated at two tons and half per acre.

In another part of the same field, manure taken *fresh* from the stable, was spread upon sward which had been limed as in the last instance. About three bushels of Indian corn were sown on the dung and were ploughed under with the sward, which was after harrowed and rolled. Fewer seeds were used, as it was supposed the manure would cause most of them to vegetate vigorously. This piece of land although much shaded by a close row of trees on its southern boundary, produced more abundantly than the last—It was cut and managed as before I am inclined to believe, from the results of all these experiments that four bushels of corn in that state of soundness, in which it is usually found after having been threshed some months, is the proper quantity, or that three bushels from selected ears would be sufficient. It must be observed, that the latter part of the season was unusually favorable to the growth of Indian corn—I have the honor to be, &c.

JOHN HARE POWELL
To the President of the Penn
Agric. Society.

From the Baltimore Gazette.

A much respected friend has favored the editor with the perusal of the following letter, and permission to publish it:

*Extract of a letter from an Ameri
can gentleman travelling in Eu
rope, dated Leipzig, Saxony.*

"A few of the peculiarities of this country shall occupy the remainder of this sheet. Europe is a military country; every town, street, and corner, is crowded with soldiers. Saxony, which at best is but a very inconsiderable kingdom, (the one half having been ceded to Prussia by the Holy Alliance, because the king made common cause, or for awhile took part with Napoleon,) containing about 1,300,000 inhabitants, (about as many as the city of London,) maintains a standing army of 15,000 men—Prussia, 600,000 and Russia one million! These armies cost an immense sum of money. The people are groaning beneath the oppressive weight, while the morals of the rising generation are awfully corrupted.

Perhaps no people on earth are so passionately fond of promenading as the Germans. Thus, we find in almost every town, & also in the vicinity of the town, the most beautiful shaded walks and public gardens, laid out and arranged with all the taste and elegance imaginable. Dancing masquerades, concerts, gambling, music, theatrical exhibitions &c. &c. are all the rage, and no inconsiderable quantum of the conversation turns upon those subjects. The merits of the performers, the appearance of the masks, the dexterity of the dancers, are so often discussed as to nauseate the stomach of every man who takes no pleasure in them; and what to me is most surprising is the melancholy fact, that these amusements are more frequent on the Lord's day than on any other. Still, however, there is much in the German character that excites my admiration. They are truly a polite, refined, friendly, hospitable and learned people. In no country have I observed so much tenderness and affection between friends,

between man and wife, and between children and parents; nowhere is the stranger received with more cordiality, and no people on earth can boast of so many profoundly learned men; I verily believe there are more authors in Germany than in half the world besides, and more books are printed here than in most other parts of the globe taken together.

"All Europe has its eye, at present, fixed with most intense interest upon the United States; and the eagerness and enthusiasm with which they overwhelm me with questions concerning our laws and political affairs is indescribable. Thousand are in a state of suspense; wondering whether it be possible that our government can be managed without a king, and whether the Christian religion can sustain itself without the intervention and support of government, or without a union of church & state. Though I have no doubt, that there are some in this country, who would rejoice in the downfall of our Republic, yet there are many who wish us success, and would weep over our misfortune. Such is the admiration of the American character all over Europe, that the very name is a passport to the most friendly reception. Let us in the mean time humbly put our trust in the Lord of Hosts, and earnestly pray him to preserve us from pride and self-dependence, and to perpetuate upon the rock of ages the inestimable civil and religious privileges, which it is our happy lot to enjoy."

Beauty, without the charms of wit and language, has but little force and if it makes any conquests, it is after the manner of those brave generals, who quickly subdue a province, but know not how to keep it. The empire of the fair is at least as much maintained by the charms of wit, as by those of the face.

With a sound heart be assured you are better gifted, even for a worldly happiness, than if you had been cursed with the abilities of a Mansfield. After long experience of the world I affirm, before God, I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.—Junius.

The Alpine.—The Alpine Horn is an instrument constructed with the bark of the cherry tree, like a speaking trumpet, and is used to convey sounds to a great distance.—When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells highest on those mountains takes his horn and calls aloud, "praised be the Lord!" As soon as he is heard, the neighboring shepherds leave their huts and repeat those words. The sounds last many minutes, for every echo of the mountains and grotto of the rocks repeat the name of God. How solemn the scene! Imagination cannot picture to itself any thing more sublime; the profound silence that succeeds, the sight of those stupendous mountains, upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, every thing excites the mind to enthusiasm.—In the mean while, the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air and soon after retire to their huts to enjoy the repose of innocence.

Getting into notice.—The best

talents in the world must be known in order to be patronized. Man is the child of opportunity.—circumstance either makes or mars him—but he may sometimes make circumstance. Some years ago a young lawyer of fine talents and deep learning, and a graceful orator withal, settled in one of our western villages.

He took no letters of introduction, and knew nobody. He waited in vain for clients, his abilities were unknown, and of course unappreciated. At length he devised a plan for bringing himself into notice. He took a rattan, walked over the way to Mr. Smith's store, and without saying a word, astonished the unoffending Mr. S. with a terrible flogging. A prosecution followed; our young Lawyer made a splendid speech, showed what he was, was fined a hundred dollars and was immediately retained in three suits of importance. He has since made a large fortune by his profession.

Anecdote.—In a time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion, an honest old Dutch farmer, of the Mohawk, was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were in the right way to heaven?—"Well den, (said he) ven we ride our wheat to Albany, some say dis is the best road, and some say dat is the best; but I don't think it makes much difference which road we takes; for when we get dare, dey never ask us which way we come—and it is none of deir business—if our WHEAT be good."

Perpetual Motion.—Mr. Lewis Babcock, a watchmaker at Watertown, has constructed a machine of Brass, of about 18 inches high and 10 inches wide, which has the power of winding itself up once in five minutes, by means of a spring lever, that falls instantly, without diminishing or retarding the power of the machine. When put together, it commences motion immediately, without any starting cause, and moves a pendulum at about the same rate of a clock pendulum.—We are informed that it has now been running about five week incessantly, and several distinguished mechanics, who have seen it, say that they see no reason to hinder its running perpetually, until it is worn out. The ingenious inventor intends taking it to Washington the approaching winter.

"My dear brethren," said a pastor from his pulpit, "never put yourselves into the liability of losing your reason. Reason is a bridle which has been given us to direct our passions. On the same day the pastor got drunk. One of his parishioners asked what he had done with his bridle. 'Good faith,' says he, 'I have just taken it off to drink.'

A solicitor who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady, that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to file your bill, for it is sharp enough already."

It is a brave man who stands bullets and the storm of battle; he is firmer who withstands flattery.