

## 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 sallies 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!  
A d 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 itself 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.—

Powellton, 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 previous-  
ly 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 re-  
quired much more time and atten-  
tion, before it could be housed.

I found my cattle to day con-  
tending for it eagerly, when por-  
tions of it were thrown before  
them in the midst of the most fra-  
grant clover hay. The quantity  
was estimated at two tons per acre.

Upon another field, which, after  
having been fifteen years in com-  
mon, was manured with oyster-  
shell lime at the rate of a hundred  
bushels per acre, I caused six  
bushels of corn to be sown im-  
mediately 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 suppos-  
ed 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 prop-  
er quantity, or that three bushels  
from selected ears would be suf-  
ficient. 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 permis-  
sion 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 king-  
dom, (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, (a-  
bout as many as the city of Lon-  
don,) 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 groan-  
ing beneath the oppressive weight,  
while the morals of the rising gen-  
eration are awfully corrupted.

Perhaps no people on earth are  
so passionately fond of promenad-  
ing 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 arran-  
ged with all the taste and elegance  
imaginable. Dancing masquer-  
ades, 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 admira-  
tion. They are truly, a polite,  
refined, friendly, hospitable and  
learned people. In no country  
have I observed so much tender-  
ness and affection between friends,

between man and wife, and be-  
tween children and parents; no  
where 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 in-  
describable. 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 sup-  
port 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 char-  
acter 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 selfdependence,  
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 con-  
quests, it is after the manner of  
those brave generals, who quick-  
ly 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 experi-  
ence 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 sil-  
ence 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 innoc-  
ence.

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 introduc-  
tion, and knew nobody. He  
waited in vain for clients, his abili-  
ties were unknown, and of course  
unappreciated. At length he  
devised a plan for bringing him-  
self into notice. He took a rattan,  
walked over the way to Mr.  
Smith's store, and without saying  
a word, astonished the unoffend-  
ing Mr. S. with a terrible flog-  
ging. A prosecution followed;  
our young Lawyer made a splen-  
did 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 conse-  
quent 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?—  
"Vell 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 busi-  
ness—if our WHEAT be good."

Perpetual Motion.—Mr Lewis  
Rabcock, a watchmaker at War-  
rington Village 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 ma-  
chine. 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 inces-  
santly, 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 inven-  
ter intends taking it to Washing-  
ton the approaching winter.

"My dear brethren," said a pas-  
tor from his pulpit, "never put  
yourselves into the liability of los-  
ing 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 mat-  
ter 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.