

POETRY.

THE FARMER.

Wake up my muse! wake up my soul!
 Survey the globe from pole to pole,
 'To what employment shall I bow?
 Pursue the arts or hold the plough?
 Upon a just and strict attention,
 The plough appears a high invention.
 The great Messiah, when he wrought,
 Made yokes and ploughs as we are taught;
 Mogul, renown'd of India's land,
 First takes the plough into his hand!
 His Millions then in honor toil
 To pulverize the fertile soil;
 The famed Elisha you'll allow,
 He drove the ox or hold the plough,
 The rugged earth he rent and tore,
 With oxen numbered twenty-four.
 Immortal Job, more rich and grand
 Than any in the eastern land,
 He launch'd his plough, the earth gave way,
 His thousand oxen rent the clay.
 Of all pursuits by men invented,
 The ploughman is the best contented;
 Although his profits are not high,
 Yet on their labors all rely;
 Mechanics all by him are fed,
 Of him the merchant seeks his bread;
 His hands give food to every thing,
 Up from the beggar to the king.
 Our clothes from him must all arise,
 To deck the sop or dress the wise.
 We then by vote may justly state,
 The ploughman ranks among the great;
 More independent than them all,
 Who dwell upon this earthly ball.
 All hail ye farmers young and old;
 Push on your ploughs with courage bold;
 If then the plough supports the nation
 And men of every rank and station,
 Let kings to farmers make their bow
 And never speak against the plough.

VARIETIES.

"What great events from trifling causes spring."—The most active, the most influential, and the most generous promoter and partisan of the cause of American freedom, was the Marquis de La Fayette. The circumstance from which his connexion with America originated was curious and remarkable, and occurred in the commencement of the year 1776, when this illustrious friend of human liberty, then in the nineteenth year of his age, was in garrison with his regiment at the town of Metz. Here arrived, in the course of a continental tour which he was pursuing, the Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King of Britain, who, having contracted a marriage that was deemed unsuitable to his dignity, was discountenanced by his reigning brother, and denied the privilege of presenting his duchess at court. The duke sought to cover his disgrace under the show of a conscientious opposition to the measures and policy of the British government, and vented his discontent in passionate declamations in favour of liberty and reprobation of arbitrary power. Having accepted an invitation to dine with the French officers at Metz, he launched, after dinner, into an animated exposition of British tyranny, and of the gallant spirit of resistance which it had

provoked in America; and indulged his spurious zeal on this theme with such success, as to kindle in the breast of young La Fayette a purer and more generous fire, and awaken the first glimmering of that purpose which soon after broke forth with so much honour and glory, in the enterprise by which he staked his life and fortune on the cause of American freedom. And thus the irritated pride and effervescent impatience of a discontented scion and ally of royalty, was able to rouse the zeal, dormant as yet from lack of knowledge and opportunity, of a champion—as virtuous and heroic at least as the world has ever produced—of the principles of democracy and the just rights of men. So strange (was the remark of La Fayette himself fifty-three years after) are the concatenations of human affairs!

Great events hang on little things.—I wish to have you see this so clearly, that you cannot forget it, because it will be of great use to you, all the way through life, if remembered.

In the new country, that is, in the new states where the great forests are not cut down, and where only a few people live, the fire sometimes, when it is dry in the autumn, gets into the woods. It burns the dry leaves, the dry limbs, and twigs, and dry trees, even the green trees. Sometimes it gets so hot that nobody can go near it. It leaps from tree to tree burning and cracking, and rushing on like a fierce army in battle. A thousand war horses could not make more noise; and in the night it throws up its flames, and is seen a great way off. Sometimes it goes almost a hundred miles before it can be stopped. Now see what this has to do with my lecture.

A little boy was playing one day just at the edge of the woods. His mother was gone; and though he knew it was wrong, yet he went into the house and brought out some fire. He felt it was wrong, but thought that nobody would ever know it. He played with the fire awhile and it did no hurt. At length the wind blew a spark into the woods, and the dry leaves caught; they blazed, the whole woods were on fire. On the fire went, kindled into a great flame, raging and burning all before it. For whole days, and even weeks, it roared and raged without hurting any body. But one day, when the wind blew hard, it burned on faster, and more awfully. And as it swept through the forest it passed by a small new house, which a poor man had just built, almost in the middle of the forest on some new land he had just bought. The man was gone away. When at a great distance he saw the fire, and hastened home as fast as possible. But oh, what a sight! The woods were all burned black. Not a leaf was left. They looked like a funeral. His little house and barn were burned up, and what was worse, his faithful wife and child;

all was burned up. On the spot where he left them happy in the morning, nothing was left but a pile of smoking ashes.

All this, all this, because that little boy disobeyed his mother, and played with fire! All this from one little spark of fire! How much, how very much may hang on little things.—Todd.

AMBITION.—Do not aspire to things that are beyond your reach, but be satisfied with the present good which you enjoy. If you are actuated by a laudable ambition, let it be to excel in the profession you have chosen, instead of sinking below in some other. It is a common error of mankind, that they will not be persuaded that every calling or business has its mixture of good and evil. They see the gilding of the object to which they aspire, but not the canker within. Our seeming good fortune is often envied by those who know nothing of the anguish we endure; as we envy that of others, whose trouble and anxiety do not afflict us.

AVARICE.—Never has the avaricious man enough. He is always eager for any lucrative office; caresses and flatters the rich; is cautious in lending his money to the poor; complains of hard times; is oftentimes peevish with his relations, whom he perpetually admonishes about prudence in expenditure; assumes a very sanctified demeanor in church; has no relish for the enjoyments of life; yet his selfishness is still alive to the increase of his riches. He deprives himself of the necessaries of life; he fancies himself to be indigent, and trembles with the apprehension that he may become still more so by accident. He is even poorer than the beggar who subsists upon alms.—During his whole life he has seen nothing but rents, rolls, and deeds, and mortgages. By degrees he withers away, and the fruits of his toil are left to his heirs, who do not even respect his memory.

A mature spinster of the illustrious house which has produced our present Colonial Secretary, having desired her attendant to read the Scriptures to her, the latter stumbled on a passage in Genesis, in which the word "giants" was rather defaced, and read, "There were grants on the earth in those days." "Ah," exclaimed the lady, with rapture, "there is a convincing proof that my family yields to none in antiquity!"—Paris Advertiser.

Curious Anagram on the Name of Mathews.—The name of the late (Charles) Mathews furnishes so curious an instance of an Anagram, inasmuch as it completely illustrates his own peculiar power of identifying himself with the subjects of his imitations, that we have found a corner for the preservation of it:—

Mathews—saw them?

Mathews—was them.