

POETRY.

YOU DON'T EXACTLY SUIT ME.

A youth to me a wooing came,  
For pity did implore me,  
And hoped I ne'er could slight or blame  
The lad that must adore me.  
I liked him much, but hid my plan,  
To see how he'd repute me,  
So frowning cried, Don't tease, young man,  
You don't exactly suit me.

He seem'd confounded, vex'd, he staid,  
Then vow'd he'd ne'er, deceive me,  
Says I, Your presence can be spared,  
If you please, sir, you may leave me.  
To leave you, love, I never can,  
I swear by all your beauty;  
Now pray, says I, don't tease, young man,  
You don't exactly suit me.

He staid, sigh'd, hung down his head,  
Which prov'd I'd fairly caught him,  
O haste, my love, to churce he said;  
You see to what I'd brought him.  
Dear sir, says I, if that's my fate,  
To wed a woman's duty,  
Let's fly, or we shall be too late,  
You now exactly suit me.

SONG.

Oh, where art thou dreaming,  
On land or on sea?  
In my lattice is gleaming  
The watch-light for thee;  
And this fond heart is glowing  
To welcome thee home,  
And the night is fast going,  
But thou art not come:  
Thou com'st not—No, thou com'st not!

'Tis the time when night flows,  
Should wake from their rest,  
'Tis the hour of all hours,  
When the lute murmurs best,  
But the flowers are half sleeping  
Till thy glance they see,  
And the lute's lute is keeping  
Its music for thee:  
Yet thou com'st not—No, thou com'st not!

THE GARDEN OF THE MIND.

There is no hour in which the force and beauty of analogy are felt with so much power and interest as that which we spend in a garden. Few tasks are more agreeable than that of comparing what is natural with what is mental. Possessing such a disposition, a man is as much a student when handling a spade or a pruning-knife, as when using a pen or a book. It is from his own idleness, if thorns and briars spring up in the natural garden instead of flowers and fruits; and it is the same with his intellect, it being his own fault if his mind produces only what is light, trifling, and useless, instead of what is elegant, and good and useful. According to his own exertions, he will possess a garden or a wilderness. If the soil be stony ground, it will soon become a waste unless it receive his unremitting attention. Colton says, "There are as many kinds of minds as mosses," we may add too—"as of soils."—Is it not astonishing, that in spite of the most assiduous cultivation on the part of teachers, some children are found stubbornly ignorant, making no way, and bearing no blossom? And is it not as remarkable that others with perhaps less of tutoring, keep ahead of their companions in their pursuit and acquirement of knowledge, exhibiting in themselves a fondness and an aptitude for learning, and a mental fertility perfectly marvellous? How much of this may be explained, by what is termed *temperament*, and how much may be the result of an innate indolence or activity, is a question to be answered by those who have much experience in education. Much (to keep up my metaphor) may depend upon the Gardener, as well as the soil. One may be more competent to the care of a flower-garden, another of an orchard; the one for what is elegant in manners, the other for what is useful in action. If soils require the warmth of sunshine, the gentleness of showers, and the roughness of storms, so do minds, according to their different natures and conditions, need often to be rewarded by smiles, frequently to be assisted by good-nature, and at times to be shaken and awed by punishment. They are only obstinate and sullen natures, however, that want the last, as they are the more hardy and stubborn plants and trees that require to be moved by the tempest to the very roots. As some plants are so tender as to require to be guarded against the weather—one needing the sun, the other the shade, so do delicate minds call for a corresponding attention from the eye and hand of an intelligent tutor to discover each alternation of strength and weakness. Does my garden require weeding? So does my mind of its errors and prejudices, and crude notions. Does my field need to lie in fallow to recover its vigour? as also does the mind ask for recreation and rest. Do my fruit trees require pruning? so must my intellectual faculties be checked and restrained from running waste in speculative and unprofitable pursuits; they must be kept in more to themselves to become fruitful. I am pleased to see the blossoms of spring decorating my orchard with their young, bright trees; but if they come out too soon, I feel

rather alarmed than pleased with their forwardness. It is the being "*In season*" that pleases us with every thing around. It is so with the garden of the mind. Precocity however striking is seldom lasting. It is the sure but steady growth that gives us the promise of a rich autumn. Gardening, as an exercise, brings health to the body. Education whether it be of others or of ourselves is an exercise that gives strength to the mind. I am resolved then from time to time, to examine more attentively than I have done, the state of my mental garden. I would not have it without flowers, nor shall flowers *alone* grow there. It shall in future bring forth fruits both pleasant and wholesome.—Go then, my soul, devote thy best powers and faculties to this great culture, nor forget to turn thy "mind's eye" to that Heavenly Eden where thou needest not fear the blights of spring, or the frosts of winter; for there thy garden shall flourish in one eternal summer.

Addison says, that a dog has been the companion of man for nearly 6,000 years, and has learned of him only one of his vices; that is to worry his species when he finds them in distress. Tie a tin canister to a dog's tail, another will fall upon him; put a man in prison for debt, and another will lodge a detainer against him.

SAILOR'S CURIOUS PETITION.—"To the most Noble Lords and Gentlemen of his Majesty's (God bless him) Treasury. A bit of a petition from C. P., (seaman) a prisoner in the county gaol, Devon, commanded by Mr. Cole, Esq.

"Most Noble Gentlemen.—You will please to excuse your poor petitioner in taking the liberty of sending you this petition; but he is informed by the gentleman magistrate, Mr. Lockyere, Esq. who committed him, that it is to your lordships he must apply to be let out of prison, and let your lordships know for what he was put in there. My most noble gentleman, your petitioner is by trade, a sailor, and has served his Majesty in a man-of-war sixteen years, and lost his larboard arm in fighting for him, on board His Majesty's ship *Victory*. Your petitioner has been very ill of a fever, and is as thin as a rope-yarn, and cannot work as a sailor for want of his larboard fin, and not being willing to heave to, commenced to sell little books in Plymouth, where your petitioner lives, but not about my master, the King or any of your lordships. Your petitioner had not long been at this work, when he was boarded by a land shark, (a Jew) who is a constable at Plymouth, and lugged before Mr. Lockyere Esq., who inquired into the business, and told your petitioner he must either pay a fine, or go to goal for three months: pay I could not, and to goal I was brought; where I am laid up in lavender, like Paddy Ward's pig, for three months; unless your lordships will please to give orders to the contrary, which please God I hope you will, and I will praise your lordships all the days of my life."

Signed C.P.

The late Prince Bishop of Wursburg in one of his hunting parties, met a boy attending some swine. The Prince among other questions, asked him what his wages were for a swineherd? "A new suit, and two pair shoes every year," was the reply. "No more," said the prince, "look at me, I am a shepherd too, but I wear better clothes and look better." "That may be, Sir," said the boy in his simplicity, "but I dare say you have more *swine* to keep than I have."

NO MISTAKE.—An Irish pig-merchant, who had more money in his pocket than his ragged appearance denoted, took an inside place in one of our stage-coaches. A dandy who was a fellow-passenger, was much annoyed at the presence of Pat; and having missed his handkerchief, taxed him with having picked his pocket, threatening to have him taken before a magistrate at the next stage. Before they arrived there, however, the exquisite found his handkerchief, which he had deposited in his hat. He made an awkward kind of an apology upon the occasion; but Pat stopped him short with this remark "Make yourself aisy, darling, there's no occasion for any bother about the matter. You took me for a thief, and I took you for a gentleman, and we are both mistaken, that's all honey."

LOUIS XI. AND THE VIRGIN MARY.—A Fool of Louis XI. to whom he did not attend, as not thinking him capable of making observations, overheard him making this pleasant proposal to our lady of Cleri, at the great altar, when nobody else was in the Church. "Ah! my dear lady, my little mistress, my best friend, my only comforter I beg you to be my advocate, and implore God to pardon me the death of my brother, whom I poisoned by the hands of that rascal the Abbot of St. John. I confess this to you as to my good patroness and mistress I know it is hard, but it will be the more glorious for you if you obtain it, and I know what present I will make you beside." (See *Brantome's life of Charles VIII.*)

The fool repeated all, word for word, when the King was at dinner before the whole Court.

Fine ladies who use excess of perfumes, must think men like seals—most assailable at the nose.

Some time since, a sailor, on his ship being paid off at Portsmouth, hired a post-chaise to convey him to town, and particularly ordered the postilion to keep a look-out-a-head, and to be sure to inform him when they touched at Bagshot heath, for (to use his own expression) he had heard that the coast "was infested with pirates." Jack had provided himself with a quantity of pistols and other deadly weapons, and armed "from top to toe," he crept into the vehicle, bidding the driver "shove off." Nothing occurred till they reached the borders of the piratical province, when the postilion turned round, and informed "his honour," they were upon the Heath. "Then," quoth he, thrusting both his feet through the front glasses of the chaise, "down with the bulk-heads, and stand prepared for action!" and in this position with a pistol in each hand, to give the enemy a broadside in case of his appearance, the tar continued to the end of his journey.

MODE OF MAKING SOY.—Soy, the famous sauce for all kinds of food, is made from beans. The beans are boiled until all the water is nearly evaporated, and they begin to burn, when they are taken from the fire, and placed in large wide-mouthed jars, exposed to the sun and air; water and a certain portion of molasses or very brown sugar are added. These jars are stirred well every day, until the liquor and beans are completely mixed and fermented; the material is then strained, salted, boiled, and skimmed, until clarified; and will after this last process, become of a very deep brown colour, and keep any length of time. Many persons have thought that gravy was used in preparing this condiment; but this appears not to be the case, the composition being entirely a vegetable one, of an agreeable flavour, and said to be wholesome. There are two or three qualities of it; to make the best requires much care and attention. Japanese Soy is much estimated in China, on account of the superior manner in which it is made; perhaps they have a particular sort of bean for the purpose. Shopkeepers at Canton who sell Soy, have large platforms on the roofs of their houses, where the jars for preparing Soy are all arranged, and exposed to the sun; for the consumption of this article is enormous. Neither rich nor poor can dine, breakfast or sup without Soy: it is the sauce for all sorts of food, gives a zest to every dish, and may be said to be indispensable to a Chinese repast.—*Dobell's travels.*

WASTE OF BONES is at all times reprehensible, but more especially as they are employed as a manure for dry soils, with the very best effect. They are commonly ground and drilled in, in the form of powder, with turnip seed. Mr Huskisson estimated the real value of bones annually imported, (principally from the Netherlands and Germany) for the purpose of being used as a manure, at £100,000; and he contended that it was not too much to suppose that an advance of between £100,000 and £200,000 expended on this article occasioned 500,000 additional quarters of corn to be brought to market.—*London's Encycl. Agricul.*

GOOD FLOUR.—According to the assize acts, a sack of flour weighing 280 lbs. is supposed capable of being baked into 80 quarter loaves; one-fifth of the loaf being supposed to consist of water and salt, and four-fifths of flour. But the number of loaves that may be baked from a sack of flour, depends entirely on its goodness. Good flour requires more water than bad flour, and old flour than new flour. Sometimes 82, 83, and even 86 loaves have been baked from a sack of flour, and sometimes hardly 80.

LEGAL ADULTERATION OF BREAD.—Within the city of London, and in those places in the country where an assize is not set, it is lawful for the bakers to make and sell bread made of wheat, barley, rye, oats, buckwheat, Indian corn, peas, beans, rice or potatoes, or any of them, along with common salt, pure water, eggs, milk, barm, leaven, potatoe or other yeast, and mixed in such proportions as they shall think fit.—(3 Geo. IV. cap. 104, and 1 and 2 Geo. IV. cap. 50.)

ROASTING COFFEE.—Coffee in this country is rarely well roasted; and in this consists its chief excellence. Dr Mosely long since observed—"The roasting of the berry to a proper degree requires great nicety: the virtue and agreeableness of the drink depend on it, and both are often injured by the ordinary method. Bernier says, when he was at Cairo, where coffee is so much used, he was assured that there were only two people in that great city who understood how to prepare it in perfection. If it be underdone its virtues will not be imparted, and in use it will load and oppress the stomach; if it be overdone, it will yield a flat burnt and bitter taste, its virtues will be destroyed, and it will heat the body, and act as an astringent." The desirable colour of roasted coffee is that of cinnamon. Coffee berries readily imbibe exhalations from other bodies, and thereby acquire an adventitious and disagreeable flavour. Sugar placed near coffee will in a short time so impregnate the berries as to injure their flavour. Dr Mosley mentions, that a few bags of pepper, on board a ship from India, spoiled a whole cargo of coffee.

AN ODD STORY.—About 150 years since there was in France one Captain Coney, a gallant gentleman of ancient extraction, and Governor of Coney Castle. He fell in love with a young gentlewoman, and courted her for his wife. There was reciprocal love between them but her parents understanding it, by way of preventing it, shuffled up a forced match between her, and one Mr Fayel, who was heir to a great estate. Hereupon Captain Coney quitted France in discontent, and went to the wars in Hungary against the Turks, where he received a mortal wound near Buda. Being carried to his quarters, he languished four days, but a little before his death, he spoke to an old servant, of whose fidelity and truth he had ample experience, and told him that he had a great business to trust him with, which he conjured him to perform; that after his death he should cause his body to be opened, take out his heart, put it in an earthen pot, and bake it to a powder, then put the powder, into a handsome box, with the bracelet of hair he had long worn about his left wrist, (which was a lock of Madame Fayel's hair,) and put it amongst the powder, with a little note he had written to her with his own blood, and after he had given him the rites of burial, to make all speed to France and deliver the box to Madame Fayel. The old servant did as his master bid him, and so went to France; and coming one day to Monsieur Fayel's house, he suddenly met him with one of his servants, who knowing him to be Captain Coney's servant, examined him; and finding him timorous, and to falter in his speech, he searched him, and found the said box in his pocket, with the note which expressed what it contained; then he dismissed the bearer, with injunction that he should come there no more. Monsieur Fayel going in, sent for his cook, and delivered him the powder, charging him to make a well relished dish of it, without losing a jot. For it was a very costly thing, and enjoined to bring it in himself, after the last course at supper. The cook bringing in his dish accordingly, Monsieur Fayel commanded all to leave the room, and began a serious discourse with his wife. That ever since he had married her, he observed she was very melancholy, and he feared she was inclining to consumption, wherefore he had provided a very precious cordial, which he was well assured would cure her, and for that reason obliged her to eat up the whole dish; she afterwards much importuned him to know what it was, when he told her she had eaten Coney's heart, and drew the box out of his pocket, and showed her the note and the bracelet. After a sudden shout of joy, she with a deep-fetched sigh said, "this is a precious cordial indeed," and so licked the dish adding, "it is so precious that it is a pity to eat anything after it." She then went to bed, where in the morning she was found dead.

L—A—W.—The circumlocution and diffuseness of law papers—the apparent redundancy of terms, and multiplicity of synonyms, which may be found on all judicial proceedings, are happily hit off in the following which we copy from *Jenk's New York Evening Journal*:—

"A LAWYER'S STORY.—Tom strikes Dick over the shoulders with a rattan as big as your little finger. A lawyer would tell you the story something in this way:—And that, whereas the said Thomas, at the said Providence, in the year and day aforesaid, in and upon the body of the said Richard, in the peace of God and the State, then and there being, did make a most violent assault and inflicted a great many and divers blows, kicks, cuffs, thumps, bumps, contusions, gashes, wounds, hurts, damages, and injuries in and upon the head, neck, breast, stomach, lips, knees, shins, and heels of the said Richard, with divers sticks, staves, canes, poles, clubs, logs of wood, stones, guns, dirks, swords, daggers, pistols, cutlasses, bludgeons blunderbusses, and boarding pikes, then and there held in the hands, fists, claws, and clutches of him the said Thomas."

MOTION.—"How many kinds of motion are there," said a Glaswegian professor of physics to one of his very bright pupils.—"Three, Sir," was the reply. "Three! name them."—"The Retrograde, the Progressive, and the *Stand-still motion*."

LEGAL ADULTERATION.—Several publicans being assembled at Malton in Yorkshire, in order to renew their licenses to retail beer, the worthy magistrate addressed one of them (an old woman) and said, he trusted she did not put any pernicious ingredients into the liquor; "I'll assure your worship, there's naught parricious put into our barrels, that I know of but t' exciseman's-stick."

THE BOARD OF HEALTH.—A Countryman walking the streets of New York, found his progress stopped by a close barricado of wood. "What is this for," said he to a person in the street. "Oh, that's to stop the yellow fever."—"Ay, I have often heard of the Board of Health, but I never saw it before."

A Philadelphia paper announces the arrival of the Siamese twins in that city in the following manner:—*One of the Siamese Twins arrived here on Monday last, accompanied by his brother.*