

POETRY.

A NOON SCENE.

The quiet August noon is come,
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds, at rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast,
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

Oh, how unlike those merry hours
In sunny June, when earth laughs out,
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout.

When in the grass sweet voices talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell.

But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground—
The blessing of supreme repose.

Away! I will not be to day
The only slave of toil and care!
Away, from dusk and dust!—away!
I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,
Among the plants and breathing things,
The sinless, peaceful works of God,
I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come, then, in whose soft eyes I see
The gentle meanings of thy heart;
On day amid the woods with me—
From men and all their cares apart.

And where, upon the meadows breast,
The shadow of the thicket lies,
The blue wild flowers thou gatherest,
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.

Come, and when mid the calm profound
I turn those gentle eyes to seek,
They, like the lovely landscape round,
Of innocence and peace shall speak.

Rest here—beneath the unmoving shade—
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The vill'ge trees their summits rear
Still as its spire: and yonder flock,
At rest in those calm fields, appear
As chiselled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks—
There the hushed winds their Sabbath
keep;
While a n ar hum from bees and brook,
Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.

Well might the gazer deem that when,
Worn with the struggle and the strife,

And heart-sick at the wrongs of men,
The good forsakes the scene of life.

Like this deep quiet that, awhile,
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
Shall be the peace whose holy smile
Welcomes him to a happier shore.

VARIETIES.

Drawing an Inference.—Dr. Monsey, with two or three old members of the university, in the course of an evening walk, differed about a proper definition of man. While they were severally offering their notions on the subject, they came to a wall where an itinerant artist had drawn various representations of animals, ships, &c. After complimenting him on his skill, one of the gentlemen asked him if he could draw an inference. "No," said the artist, "I never saw one." Logic then gave way to jocularly, and a man coming by with a fine team of horses, they stopped him, spoke highly of the condition of his horses, particularly admiring the first. "That horse, carter," said another of the gentlemen, "seems to be a very strong one, I suppose he could draw a butt." The man assented. "Do you think he could draw an inference?"—"Why," said the man, "he can draw any thing in reason." "There," said Monsey, "what becomes of your definition, when you met a man that could not draw an inference and a horse that could?"

The Timber Trade.—We met an old friend yesterday returning from New-York, where, as he informed us, he had just sold a quantity of Lumber, which he had rafted down. In reply to some questions as to what kind of Timber he had taken to market, he said it was "hand spike, chisel-handle, and corset stuff!" We were startled at the idea of rafting Corset timber, in the log, to New-York; but a brief explanation set us right. You must recollect, said our friend, that there are nearly or quite six millions of females, in the United States; and that they all, white, yellow and black, wear corsets. Now when you reflect that it requires nearly as much Timber to put a lady "in stays," as it does to set up a flour barrel, can you wonder that Corset Timber forms an important item in the Lumberman's account?—*Alb. Jour.*

Impudence.—Capt. Marryat, the sea novelist, says that before he went to sea, he had always considered a London cock-sparrow to be the truest emblem of consummate impudence; but he afterwards discovered that he was quite modest, compared to a midshipman. As a specimen, take the following: The first lieutenant informs the captain that Mr. Malcolm, a young middy, had chopped off four inches of Porter's tail, at the beef block. Middy is sent for, and appears. "Mr. Malcolm," cried the captain in great warmth, "how came you to cut off my dog's tail?" "Me, sir," re-

plied the youngster, demurely, "I did'n't cut off his tail, sir," he cut it off himself!" "What, sir," roared the captain. "If you please, sir, I was chopping a piece of beef, and the dog, who was standing by, turned short round and put his tail under the chop-per."

Benefits from a taste for Gardening.—I think nothing contributes more to the sobriety, comfort and cleanliness of a laborer, than a taste for gardening, when it can be instilled, and which I think a proprietor ought to promote by every means in his power. I have seldom known a laborer who was fond of and kept his garden neat, whose house and family also, were not so, and who did not spend his leisure hours with them, and in his garden, instead of in an ale-house. I have generally found them fond of gardening; but, for want of sufficient knowledge, they often get disgusted by their not succeeding to their wishes.

"*MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP.*"—*The English Papers* give an account of an enamored youth of the tender age of sixteen, who like young Norral, "left his father's house," without informing his tender parents where he was going. Rumor, however, informed them that the young man had, on several occasions, shown a remarkable predilection for the state of matrimony, and that he had probably gone off for the purpose of consummating his wishes.—The father started in pursuit, and reached a parish church in the neighbourhood just as the parson was in the midst of the interesting formula, to bind the Adonis to the lady of his love, a plump desirable little girl from the same village. "I forbid the banns," said the father, rushing into the church. "Does any one know just cause why these people should not be joined together," said the parson. "I know a dozen," replied the old gentleman. The parson went on heedless of the interruption, until he came to the last clause of the ceremonial, "whom God hath joined let no man put asunder." "By —, I'll do it if I can," roared the irritated parent, and laying hold of his amorous son, dragged him by main force out of the church, tumbled him into a carriage which was waiting on the outside, and drove off, leaving the disconsolate bride "to wave the willow o'er her nuptial bed."

The following definitions of experimental and natural philosophy were given to us a few days since by a Pearl-st. merchant. "Experimental philosophy," said he, "is to ask a man to endorse a note.—Natural philosophy" is to refuse it."—*N. Y. Paper*

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