

SELECTED.

From the Norristown Herald.

ARGUMENTATION BY SUBTRACTION.

A rustic bred in country life,
Had pass'd remote from noise and strife,
The morning of his day:
Mid flow'ry meads and fertile fields,
Where nature in profusion yields
Her stores of corn and hay.

To luxury and want estran'd,
He plough'd the soil, or woodlands rang'd,
Or reaped the golden corn:
His nervous limbs brav'd all fatigue,
No sleepless nights, no foul intrigue,
Disturb his thoughts 'till morn.

When seated round the cheerful fire,
His wife and prattling babes conspire
To cheer his Winter's night:
Content he then felt happier far
Than does the hero in the war,
Who gain'd the sanguine fight.

But anxious thoughts invade his mind;
He feels with his own wants entwined
The wants of others grow:
A rising family now share
His daily bread, and meddling care
Sits heavy on his brow.

One Winter's day, when thrashing corn,
Alone he thought, within the barn,
Well fill'd with cares his head;
Perplex'd and in a thoughtful mood
Upon his flail staff leaning stood,
And to himself he said:

"From two—take one, and three remains,
From two—take two, and four's the gains:
And three from two leave five:
If this goes on my master's cow
Will ne'er get paid for, that I know,
Whilst him or me's alive."

The master, unperceiv'd, was near,
And did with due attention hear
This strange conclusion drawn;
Not apprehending by what rule
They were produced, for he at school
Had ne'er such problems known.

"What rule is that," said he to John,
"You ground these propositions on!"
Says John, "Subtraction, sir!"
"Prove that," says Hodge, "and as I live,
To thee the cow I'll freely give,
'Ere from this spot I stir."

"Four years ago, my wife and I
Were bound by wedlock's sacred tie,
None were more blest than we;
And ere the second year begun,
These arms embrac'd my first born son,
Then one from two made three.

"Another year roll'd o'er my head,
My wife again was brought to bed,
Thus two—from two made four;
'Twas then the cow to me you sold,
Which has been worth her weight in gold,
And is so to this hour.

"Another son in one year more,
Increas'd my stock of living store:
Thus three—from two made five!"
"The cow is thine," said Hodge to John,
"I fairly own she's fairly won:
Long may she live and thrive."

THE DEJECTED APOTHECARY.
It happen'd in a healthful year
(Which made provisions very dear,
And physic mighty cheap.)
A doctor, sore oppress'd with want,
On business turning out so scant,
Was one day seen to weep.

A neighbor asked him why so sad?
And hoped no dangerous illness had
To any friend befall.
'Oh Lord! you quite mistake the case!
Quoth Blister—"Sir, this rueful face
Is—'cause my friends are well."

FROM THE TRENTON EMPORIUM.

THE SPROUT FAMILY.
The Sprout family was exceedingly numerous in the village of Arrowford, which is situated about fifteen miles above the Alesbury Falls, and was quite wealthy. They had settled the place principally, having removed from the eastern parts of Pennsylvania, some twenty years before, in number then about half a dozen families; which had increased and multiplied until almost every respectable sign board in the place had the name of Sprout on it, and two-thirds of the farms around were called Sprout farms, in consequence of being, or having been owned by them. They were a thriving, but close-dealing and cautious set of men, always active and enterprising in matters relating to their own interest; honest, but exceedingly exact in their dealings with others and each other, and possessing just about as much public spirit, generosity and charitable feeling as is common to that class of men. In their emigration they had left behind them but one solitary branch of the family, and that one, being poor and unable to join with the more fortunate, was, of course, soon forgotten, so that in the lapse of so many years it had grown almost

utterly out of remembrance.
The original settlers, being brothers, uncles and cousins to each other, had now pretty generally disappeared, and the younger branches, in pursuance of their fathers' original plan, were adopting the rule of intermarrying, for the preservation of the family wealth. One of these affairs in which love and interest were so intimately connected, that the reader would feel little pleasure in being introduced to the parties, was in preparation on a fine summer morning, when I happened to be in the village on business. The birds were flying about and singing sweetly among the trees which shaded the low houses; the walk before the doors was swept clean, and looked neat, and the girls peeped out of the windows in clusters; their cheeks bearing visible marks of the industry of the morning, some of them looking, indeed, as though they had been rubbed a little with coarse towels, or had been in contact with rough faces. Every thing seemed lively and cheerful, and I took my post by the front window of the tavern bar room, that I might mark, at once, what was going forward within and without.

The landlord happened to be the brother of the Sprouts assembled there pretty generally, to drink punch and smoke a cigar with the was-to-be happy man, who had chosen that, also, as his post, probably from considerations of superior gentility, for no place in a village is so respectable as the village inn, especially if it be kept by a man well versed in his business. They were a well dressed, decent set of people, with a good deal of apparent family pride, and remarkably fond of the terms uncle, cousin, &c., if one might judge so from their endless use of those cozening appellations.

Towards noon, a venerable pedestrian, clad in a thread-bare coat, stained velvet breeches, soiled waistcoat, and hat and shoes at least as venerable in appearance as himself, armed with a rough walking stick, and seeming much fatigued, was seen travelling down the street towards the inn. The novelty of the sight attracted every eye; but the unknown, having arrived opposite the inn, deliberately uncased a pair of old spectacles, and having surveyed the sign a few moments, made for the house. The way was cleared for him, and when he reached the middle of the bar-room, he inquired for Charles Sprout, the landlord—Charles came forward—"Cousin Charles," said he, "I am very glad to see you," reaching forth his hand at the same time; cousin Charles, however, appeared wholly indisposed to this familiarity with one who did not look like having a loose five-penny piece in his pocket, and replied abruptly, drawing back, "who are you? I dont know you." "Not know me!" replied the old man, "I am Nicholas Sprout, your father's brother, and am come down, that I may see my dear relations in this pleasant town before I die." "I guess," said Charles, smiling contemptuously, "it would have been as well to have died at home; but how are we to know who you are? Assertions do not pass current here, when coming from men of your appearance." There was a general titter at this colloquy among the young men, but one of the old Sprouts, who sat in the corner, having looked sharply at the while at the stranger, left the room, and calling to one of the boys, "This is a bad business for some of you," said he, "sure as the world it is Nicholas Sprout, and he'll be easier admitted than gotten clear of; my word for it; a poor soul, he'll be off, however; see that you dont send him to me," saying which he took his way, and soon disappeared.

A general whisper now spread around, and operated like a shot among a flock of quails. In fifteen minutes there were but three Sprout faces remaining. These the old man was endeavoring to convince of his relationship, and as he did it so pointedly as to silence even their jokes and scoffs, they told him of the wedding, and advised him, as he could not be entertained in the village, to go down to old granny Scarcum's by the cross roads, where he could stay till the busy time was over, for a trifle, after which he might have an opportunity of seeing some of his old relations, who could not see a company now; as to the young folks, they knew nothing about him, Charles said, and it would not be worth while to call on them. The poor old man, however, wished to go to the wedding; they objected to the distance, and the bad road ignorant, the profligate, or the vicious. The so-called man will not often visit him persisted in his going away, until at last, the who is ever surrounded by the refuse of earth; his tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, and with neither will a man of good sense and delicacy trust himself among the brawlers of the streets.

Compassion and curiosity induced me to follow him, which I did, leaving the trio of young are forming their characters, to erect a standard of company and conversation; and while they are got clear of their troublesome visitor. But I solicited to treat all with respect, beware of was thunderstruck, when I reached the street, lessening their own value in the opinion of men to find every door where a Sprout lived, shut tight—every soul gone from the street. I avoid the haughty and distant carriage which stood and saw the old man go to three of them will most assuredly bring contempt, and by a life regulated by the precepts of unerring wisdom, and proper sentiments of honor and dignity, secure to themselves the friendship of the head and wiped away the tears with an old sciences.

He had not remained there long, however, before a gentleman on an elegant horse rode up to him, dismounted, sat down by him, and entered into earnest conversation. There was something so singular in this, that the Sprouts, beginning to suspect their relative might not be the poor friendless soul they supposed, one after another half opened their doors, and stood upon their sills, while one or two ventured to stroll down the piazza of the inn, where now the three young gentlemen whom we left in the bar room, had taken their seats, and were listening to the conversation over the way. The respectable and familiarity with which the gentleman treated the old man, went so far to confirm these suspicions, that a good deal of manoeuvring then odd, that like the story of the two cats, not among the Sprout family soon followed; the even a tail remained, or any trace whatever of surmise was spread abroad, and in half an hour the departed sucking. The next night came,

a dozen or more were collected at the inn, and several ventured to go over to the strangers.

Just at this crisis, a splendid gig drove up, and an elegant young man sprung out of it, exclaiming, "la, father, what's the matter here?" "Nothing, my son," was the reply, "only our own relations, for the most part, have forgotten us, and those who remember are so busy that we must go down to the cross roads, and put up for the night." The secret revealed, it was amusing to see how the faces of the relatives of the good man changed from white to red and back again; they looked at each other, lost in amazement—stupidly enough to be sure. At length Charles ventured to speak, "my dear uncle, if you will honor my house so much you shall have every accommodation it can afford." "No, I would not put you to any inconvenience for the world, we will go to the cross roads," "Indeed you shan't not," said a dozen at once, for all the Sprouts came flocking around by this time, every one inviting their dear relative home—pressing him, entreating him, almost pulling him by force—insisting there were no accommodations at the cross roads.

As this scene was going on, the strange gentleman, who had come on horseback, stepped over to the inn, and while drinking a glass of punch, whispered to Mrs. Sprout that old Mr. Sprout was worth a hundred thousand, and that his relatives would lose a round sum, probably, by this unlucky breach. This news spread like electric fire through the village, and the women and children came mourning out to see their rich relative, and tears of joy at meeting, and "God bless you, sir," and the most pressing invitations were as plenty now, and as cheap as grass blades in the meadow. The village and all that it contained, one would have thought, was at his service, but he continually shook his head; it was too busy a time with them, he said, and his clothes were old, his appearance mean, he might disgrace them, he would at any rate go back to the next tavern on the road, and from his purpose all the protestations of leisure, the praise of his person, and even of his old clothes, with the offer of new ones on loan, in abundance, could not move him, and that night he slept at the Blue Ridge Inn, on his return home, where he narrated the story with good humour.—From this place, that morning, he had set out on foot for Arrowford; leaving his attendants behind, that he might make a trial of the value his long unvisited relatives set upon him, and which he deemed could only be fairly estimated by presenting himself before them in the garb of his original poverty.

Reader, perhaps you may smile at this simple tale. Doubtless you fancy the Sprouts a set of rascals—but, look at home—how do you esteem a poor relative? If your consciences do not condemn you, neither do I; but set it down as truth—the Sprouts are not the only people in the world who value rich relations higher than poor ones.

TO YOUNG MEN.

To pass through life with any degree of honor to himself, the young man, on his first entrance into the world should make a choice of proper company. It is not enough that his principles be of the right kind; neither is it sufficient, that his mind is pure and his intentions right. His associates must be among the excellent of the earth. Vices are infectious, and the purest principles are liable to be corrupted. The company of the Sabbath breaker, the profane swearer, the liar, the drunkard, and the impure, is extremely dangerous. When vice becomes familiarized to our view, we lose the abhorrence of it almost insensibly and though we may still appear to walk in the paths of obedience, yet we gradually recede from virtue, and by a continuance in such courses, we soon are prepared to commit downright wickedness.—But this is not all. The wise and prudent will even shun the appearance of him whose associates are among the vilest of the vile. But there is yet a kind of intercourse with the world which even tends to lesson a young man in the opinion of men of pure lives and nice sentiments of honor and propriety. This is a spirit of accommodation of the low and vulgar. A courteous deportment towards all, is undoubtedly commendable, for all may justly lay claim to common civility and offices: but no one is under obligation to receive as bosom companions, the ignorant, the profligate, or the vicious. The so-called man will not often visit him persisted in his going away, until at last, the who is ever surrounded by the refuse of earth; his tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, and with neither will a man of good sense and delicacy trust himself among the brawlers of the streets.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

SINGULAR DETECTION OF A THIEF.
A few days ago a thief was detected in the following singular and ludicrous manner:—Mr Thomas, a respectable cow keeper and dairyman, residing at Islington, had a sow pig which produced a large litter of young ones, which for some time she appeared to bring up with all maternal affection: but suddenly one of the swinish family disappeared, and was no longer to be found; and as it is known to naturalists that sometimes, notwithstanding their maternal affection, mothers devour their young, it was thought that perhaps the mother had devoured the odd, that like the story of the two cats, not among the Sprout family soon followed; the even a tail remained, or any trace whatever of surmise was spread abroad, and in half an hour the departed sucking. The next night came,

and with it disappeared another pig—the next night another, "and another still," until the litter was minus four of its members. Mr. — now began to think his sow too ravenous a disposition to keep any longer, and to save the remainder of the young from a premature death, he sold the sow, litter and all.

The pig sty being now unoccupied, Mr. — thought he had best convert it to some profitable use, and accordingly hired it out to the itinerant exhibitor of a bear, and on the very night that the sow and her young quitted it, Bruin entered into possession. About two o'clock the next morning Mr. — was disturbed by the loud lamentations and moaning of a man in distress, and getting out of bed, he proceeded in the direction of the pig sty, from whence the complaints seemed to come, and listening for a moment at the door, he was astonished to hear a man, evidently in great agony, exclaim, "Oh, for God's sake let me go, and I will tell you where the pigs are." Mr. — was no longer in any doubt as to what became of his lost pigs, and convinced that Bruin had hold of the thief, he thought it a good opportunity of discovering where his property was deposited, knowing that as the bear was muzzled, he could not devour the man in haste. His interest therefore, getting the better of his humanity, he let the thief remain in the clutches of the bear during the following dialogue:—"Well," said Mr. —, in a sepulchral tone, "and where are the pigs?" "Oh, I have them at home!" replied the captive. "And who are you? what is your name?" "My name is James —, I live at No. 5 — street, and the four pigs are there safe." Knowing the person's name who was thus mentioned, who happened to be a neighbor, Mr. — was now satisfied, and proceeded to call up the keeper of the bear, who lodged close by himself, not daring to venture at liberating the man. The keeper being arrived, a light was procured, and on entering the sty, there they saw Bruin seated on his hind part, with the man firmly clasped round the middle, face to face, and squeezing him in a most affectionate manner. The moment the keeper spoke to him the bear dropped the man, who by this time was as much dead as alive. He, however, soon recovered, and received no further injury than a good squeezing and a few hard brushes of the bears muzzle on the face. Mr. — considering that the man, whose character had previously been very good, had received sufficient punishment, he got back his pigs, and declined any prosecution.

ANECDOTE.

A young man, having finished his medical studies, applied to an old gentleman, of austere temper and surly manners, to know whether his neighborhood would be an eligible situation for a Physician. "Why," replied the other, in an impatient tone, "what can you do?" "Why, Sir, I can feel a pulse, and discover from it, to what diseases the person is most subject." "Here, then," stretching out his arm, "feel mine."—The Doctor obeyed, and after some sagacious indications said, "I find, Sir, you are subject to grievous head-aches." "Never had a head ache in my life." A profound silence ensued. In a short time the doctor took his leave, saying, "I suppose, Sir, you think me a fool." The inexorable Pluto retorted, "Sir, you seem to know what I think, though you don't know how I feel."

TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

The following is a literal copy of a speech, delivered at a debating Society in one of the townships of this County, Corporal Trim's eloquence is no touch to this master piece.
Well—the subject to be excused is wether ardent spirits does any good or not. I conder it dont. Just think of our ancistors in future days.—They lived to a most numerous age—So that I think that whiskey or any ardent spirits dont do any good, [Long pause] Well—the question to be excused is wather ardent spirits does any good or not—So that I include that it dont. [Another pause] I cant git hold on the d—d thing.
Lan. Free Press.

The Two Farmers.—Two farmers, who were neighbors, had their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to condole the other on their misfortune.—"Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbor! Do you know I have done nothing but fret ever since? But bless me! you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up just now. What are these?" "These" cried the other, "why these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." "What! coming up already?" cried the fretter. "Yes, while you was fretting, I was working!" "What! and don't you fret when you have a crop?" "Yes, but I always put it off till I have repaired the mischief." "Lord, why then need you fret at all." "True," replied the industrious gardner, and that's the very reason: in truth, it is very pleasant to have no longer reason to think of misfortunes; and it is astonishing how many might be repaired by a little alacrity and energy.

A dandy calling his barber a *fisher scull* hoo-by, so irritated the friseur, that he swore if he ever dared to repeat the phrase, he'd give him such a dressing as he never had in his life, adding *fisher scull* indeed! I'd have you know that my scull is as thick as yours, and be d—d to you!

Terrify and tease no person, not even your most intimate friends, by false reports, vexatious jokes, or any thing which can give them a moment's uneasiness. There are unpleasant realities enough in this world, without adding unnecessary and imaginary evils.

PASSION.—Plato speaking of passionate persons says they are like men who stand on their heads they see all things the wrong way.