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THE AMERICAN FARMER.

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THE OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN FARMER is in the second story of James H. Graham's new stone building, in South Hanover street, a few doors from Philadelphia's hotel, and directly opposite the Philadelphia where there is a large business will please call.

Poetical.

As appropriate to the following equities been, by the late William Gaylord Clark, a poet who had never been surpassed in this country, for sweetness, harmony and pathos. OCTOBER. BY THE LATE WILLIAM GAYLORD CLARK. Solely, yet beautiful to view, Months of my heart! Thou dost have here, With all the fairest days to see, The summer's melancholy bar. The meaning of thy smile I fear, And bars of purple clouds appear, Obscuring every thought that's true. These solemn shadows I beg they voice— It tells my soul of other days, When but to live was to rejoice. Oh, visions bright—oh, visions bright, Whence came ye, and how long will ye stay? I ask my spirit's veiled powers, I ask my path and where I stray. I look to nature and behold My life's dim course, as if I were, In hours of mirth and of joy— The years are passing, and I am old, And sighing with the wind I feel, While their low plains murmur by, How much their movements are contrast Of life and human frailty. When Spring's delightful moments show, They come in showers from the sky, They stir the leaves and the grass, They stir the flowers and the trees, They stir the winds and the clouds, They stir the waters of the sea, They stir the hearts of men and women, They stir the hopes and the fears, They stir the joys and the sorrows, They stir the loves and the hates, They stir the passions and the passions, They stir the souls and the souls.

Miscellaneous.

THE CRUSTY OLD UNCLE. BY ALBRED CHRONICLE. INTRODUCTION. "Emily, my love," said Mrs. Foresight, "it is essentially necessary to our interests that you should be very circumstantial in the process of my dinner, the pleasure of whose company to dinner we expect to do. We have staid six o'clock, and depend on it, it will be here punctually to a minute; therefore, I beg you will be ready to receive him. Put on your plain muslin, and wear no ornaments; and dress your hair in ringlets, instead of a la mode—of it is so particular."

Confused and half afraid, the man did his bidding, and immediately sent the maid to inquire (of Miss Emily) if Miss Emily was at home.

"You don't like me," continued he abruptly. "Accustomed to the smoothness of flattery, truth appears, in comparison, rude and offensive." "Nay, sir, I do not dislike you; and I do like your truth," replied Emily, boldly. "Then tell me what you think of old Flint?" Emily blushed deeply as she summoned up courage to reply; "I think him, sir, a very sincere gentleman with very odd notions."

THE MINISTER.

Among the "set" selected to meet the rich uncle at Mr. Foresight's table was Mr. Schwyn, the minister of the church, who had been a young man about eight and twenty, and was in his manners, and very studious, with a stipend of three hundred pounds a year. Among his other attainments, he was a first-rate chess player; and, notwithstanding the heat of the old lady's remarks, he had been playing a game of chess with a friend, which the conqueror reaped almost as much honor as the victor. Frank Flint called on evening upon the "parson," as he called him, and he was at home. He was seated at a table, and he was engaged in a study, which the youth was busily occupied with his books and papers.

THE BROTHERS.

Mr. Foresight was the daughter of Frank Flint's sister. He had also a nephew, (the son of his elder brother), a married man, with six children, who held a situation and lived comfortably on his limited income. He was ambitious, like his cousin and her husband, of keeping up an appearance above his means. In many respects he resembled the old minister. When Frank Flint called upon him, he welcomed him heartily; but when, in the course of conversation, the Anglo-Indian expressed his opinion that he had a great deal to say to him, he was not of our reckoning, I have, thank Heaven! been able to support myself and family decently. I have given them all a good plain education, that will enable them to provide for themselves, as their fathers have done before them. I love and respect and I ask no patronage from the rich; and so long as I possess the blessing of health, they will never want. My yet in the prison of life, and hope in the courts of nature to see them all respectively settled.

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There's a health to the farmer who lives on the land, by the high and the lowly he never forgets. The poor and the rich will together share. That nation his their lives will be wretched while they are poor. Look around you—what treasures his riches unfold, His garden filled with those flowers of bright gold, His pigs and his fowls all bristling with fat, And his house full of every kind of good stuff.

Western Correspondents.

The following capital story is from a letter published in a late number of the Spirit of the Times: One evening in particular, I was rallying my companion upon his low spirits, and attributing it to long absence from his wife, making an unfavorable comparison between his situation and that of a bachelor, when our quondam friend as usual, joined in. "Marriage," said he, "is a fine thing when you are once in it, and know what you've got; but it's rather tedious to begin on—you're so likely to get a good many more of them, if you're not, make one I want it in earnest; for if I'm married, I shall have to stand perhaps what I don't want to."

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