Poetic Recess.

LAY OF THE WANDERING ARAB.

Away—away! my barb and I—
Free as the wave, fleet as the wind,
We sweep the sands of Araby.
And leave a world of slaves behind!
'Tis mine to range in this wild garb,
Nor e'er feel lonely, though alone—
I would not change my Arab barb
To mount a drowsy Sultan's throne.
Where the pale stranger dares not come,
Proud, o'er my native sands, I rove—
An Arab tent my only home.
An Arab maid my only love.
Here freedom dwells without a fear,
Coy to the world, she loves the wild;
Who ever brings a fetter here,
To chain the desert's fiery child?
What though the Frank may name with scorn
Our barren clime, our realm of sand:
There were our thousand fathers born—
Oh! who would scorn his fathers' land?
It is not sands that form a waste,
Nor spots the most by freedom graced,
'Tis there man feels the most sublime!—
Away—away! my barb and I—
Free as the wave; fleet as the wind,
We sweep the sand of Araby;
And leave a world of slaves behind!

From the Columbus Journal.

O YES! I TAKE THE PAPERS.

BY GEORGE B. WATTS.

O yes! I take the papers—
Their trifling cost is never missed,
Although I have stood for forty years.
Upon the printer's list.

Talk not of warriors—Faust released
Earth from the terrors of her kings—
He twirled his STICK, and darkness ceased,
And morning streamed along the East,
On Freedom's burnished wings.

O yes! I take the papers.
And sons and daughters, tall and small,
For they have been, through thick and thin,
The pastime of us all.

'Twas nobly said, that should a star
Be stricken from the dome of night,
A printing press, if stationed there,
Would fill the vacuum to a hair,
And shed a broader light.

That man who takes no papers,
Or taking, pays not when they're read.
Would sell his corn to buy a "*horn*,"
And live on borrowed bread.

The printer opes the wide domains
Of Science—scatters Education
All o'er the land, like April rains:
And yet his labors and his pains
Are half his compensation.

Miscellaneous.

Merry-making in Congress.—It seems that there is rare sport occasionally, in the hall of Congress. Mr. Prentiss of Mississippi, in his long speech on the defalcation of the Government, delivered some time since, told some humorous stories. The little boys "and children of a larger growth" around him, were highly pleased Before the Hon. Member concluded his remarks, he paused, we supposed for the want of breath, and requested his friend, Mr. Wise, to read aloud the following fable:

"And how did it happen, Pat, that *Mister Van Buren* always kept in with the ould gineral, as he did?"

"Why, I'm thinking, Murphy, i. was because he always had *such a bad could jist!*"

"And what had his having a *could* to do with the matter at all, at all?"

"Why, did ye never hear, Murphy, my boy, of the fox tnat had a could? Then I'll tell ye. Once there was a lion that wanted to know how polite all the bastes were. So he made a great smell in his den with brimstone, or something else—I dou't mind jist—but it smelt enough to knock you down intirely; and then he called in the bear, and says he, 'Good morning, Mr. *Bear*, and what d'ye think of the den this morning?' and says the bear, says he, 'Why, it smells *bad*.' 'What's that you say?' says the lion; 'take that,' says he; (ating him up altogether!['take that, and tache ye politeness, ye unmannerly son of a cub!' Now, when the bear was ate up, the lion called in the *monkey*, and asked him the same question precisely.—Now, the monkey, seeing the bear that the lion had swallowed, lying dead in the corner, says he, 'May it please your majesty, (says he,) 'it's jist the most delightful smell I ever smelt in my life, at all, at all. 'So it is,' said the lion, (patting him on the head, easy like, so as to bate the breath clane out of his body,) 'so it is,' (said he,) 'and now you'll not tell another lie soon I'm thinking.

"Now, when the lion had kil't the bear and the monkey, he called in the *fox* to him, and, says he, (looking very strange, and ready to eat him up, if he should make the laste *fox paw* at all,) 'Good morning, *Fox*,' says he, 'how does my parlor smell to day?' And says the fox, (wiping his nose with the brush of his tale, and pulling down his eye-lid with his paw, as much as to say, 'D'ye see any green there, my honey?') 'Faith,' says he, 'may it please your majesty, I've a very bad *could* this morning, and it's me that can't smell at all, at all.' So the lion laughed and tould the fox he was a very clever baste, and that *he might tread in his footsteps if he could straddle wide enough*, and that all the other basts should mind him or he would ate them up as he had done the bear.".

Drunkology.—The New Orleans Sun says a machine has been invented down east which enables a man to tell when he is getting too drunk to walk. It is called a *fuddleometer*, and gives timely warning by hitting a fellow suddenly under the jug, the minute he has got enough.

Agricultural Papers.—Why don't you take an agricultural paper, is a question put to farmers, and many will answer, O, I take more papers now than I can read.

This is poor management, for the farmer to take papers on various other subjects to his own affairs. In selecting his papers, the farmer should by no means overlook those which are devoted to his own profession, and advocate his own interest; on the contrary, these should have a decided preference. How can a farmer or any other man get thorougly acquainted with his profession, without study and investigation, especially when there is so much to be learned from science, and the slow process of experiment, as in agriculture, that a thousand years would not suffice for one man to learn alone what has already been discovered and recorded.

Go into the study of the minister, lawyer, doctor, politician, and you will find them with a library of Standard works on their professions, and with periodicals that bring them fresh intelligence and new discoveries, and they will still be studying and improving, but you will look in vain for agricultural works. Should the lawyer or doctor read on all other subjects and neglect his own profession, who would employ him? who would have any confidence in his skill?

Some farmers say their fathers were farmers, and they have always lived on a farm, and they know all about the business, and no one can learn them any thing, and so they go on in the old way, without one thought as to its being right or wrong, and never dream of improvement.

Now, farmers, *walk up to the chalk*, furnish yourselves with standard books on your profession, take an agricultural paper, and become enlightened in your own affairs, and you will find your business more pleasant and you will be elevated to that important station which American farmers ought to hold—a most respectable, intelligent, independent and important class of citizens, the support and defence of the country, L. O.

A Sulky Woman.—Sulkiness, if you are not blind, is to be avoided by all means. A sulky man is bad enough, what then must be a sulky woman, and that woman a wife, a constant inmate, a companion, day and night. Only think of the delight of sitting at the same table, and sleeping in the same bed not exchanging a word all the while!—Very bad to be a scolding for such a length of time, but this is far better than sulks. If you have your eyes, and look sharp you will discover symptoms of this, if it unhappily exists. She will at some time or other show it towards one or other of the family, or perhaps towards yourself and you may be quite sure in this respect marriage will not mend. Sulkiness arises from capricious displeasure not founded in reason. The party takes offence unjustifiably—is unable to frame a complaint, and therefore expresses displeasure by silence The remedy for sulkiness is to let it take its full swing: but it is better not to have the disease in your house, and to be married to it, its little short of madnesss.—*Cobbett.*

In Kentucky there are colleges for women, which confer on their pupils the titles of "M. P. L," "M. A." &c. meaning "Mistress of Polite Literature.," "Mistress of Arts." Somebody suggests an improvement, and recommends institutions which instead of these titles shall give their students, "M. G. P," Make Good Puddings, "H. G, C." Has Good Children "K. S. N." Knit Stockings Neatly; "M. H. H" Make Husbands Happy,—[Mobile Enq.

Riding Sideways.—Ann of Bohema, cousort of Richard the Second, first introduced the fashion of riding sideways. Until that period the ladies in the highest rank were in the habit of riding in litters, or astride on horses. Chaucer, in his Canterbury Pilgrims, describes the wife of Bath, as having on her feet 'a paire of spurres sharpe.'

The Portland Times contains the following good 'un—"Is that clean butter?" said Mike to a countryman, who had a wagon full of butter for sale on Fore street, last week. "Guess it ought to be," replied the countryman, "it took the old woman and three of the boys all night to *pick the hairs out on't*"

A professional scribe, (a Persian) being applied to by some one to write a letter, replied that he had something the matter with his foot. "Of what consequence is that replied," the applicant, "I do not want you to carry the letter." "No," returned the other, "but if I write the letter, I am sure to be sent for to read it—for no one else can."

State of South Carolina
ABBEVILLE DISTRICT.
IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

Wade Speed, surviving partner of Watkins & Speed, for the use of John Watkins, vs Adolphus J. Sale.	Attachment in Debt.
John Watkins, Admr. of H. M. Watkins, vs. Same.	Attachment in Assumpsit.

THE Plaintiffs, in the above stated cases, having filed their declaration in my Office, on the twenty-second day of November, 1838, and the defendant having no wife or attorney known to be in this State, upon whom a copy of the said declarations can be served: therefore Ordered, that the said defendant do appear and make his defence within a year and a day from the filing of the said declarations, or final and absolute judgments will be awarded against him.

JNO. F. LIVINGSTON, c. c p.
Clerk's Office.
Feb 14, 1838 } W & P $10 aqe 3

State of South Carolina.
ABBEVILLE DISTRICT.
IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

Mark S. Anthony vs Adolphus J. Sale.	Attachment: Debt.
Drury Callaway, vs Adolphus J. Sale.	Attachment: Assumpsit.
Speed & Hester, surviving partners, vs Adolphus J. Sale.	Attachment: Debt.

The Plaintiffs in the above cases having, on the twenty-second of November, 1838, filed their declarations in my Office, and the defendant having no wife or attorney known to be in this State, upon whom a copy of the declaration, with a special order of the Court endorsed thereon, can be served: therefore Ordered that the said Adolphus J. Sale, do appear and make his defence, within a year and a day from the filing of the declarations as aforesaid, or final and absolute judgment will be forthwith given and awarded against him

JNO. F. LIVINGSTON, c. c. p.
Clerks Office.
Feb 14, 1839 } B & T $10 aqe 3