

MISCELLANEOUS.



BETTY BROOM.

A country girl was Betty Broom,
That went to live in town;
And never felt she was so much up,
As when she first came down.

She had a pretty face,
A heart above disguise,
And yet she could, at any time,
Throw dust in people's eyes.

For Betty was a chamber maid,
And swept her mistress' room;
And her mistress said she ne'er before
Had found so stout a Broom.

A fireman, young, and straight and tall,
To Betty courting goes:
Was it not strange, that being in love,
He should neglect his hose?

Quoth he, "I am a fireman bold;
And isn't it a shame,
That all my engine unity,
Cannot put out this flame?"

He swore that loss of wagers'd self
Ne'er put him in a pet;
And yet he swore he'd hang himself,
If he should lose his Bet.

And he declar'd, come weal, come wo,
From her he ne'er would part;
For though he long'd to ring her hand,
He ne'er would bring her heart.

When'er he talk'd about his love,
So much on vows he ran,
That all his friends declared he was
A promising young man.

"Besides," said they, "his constancy,
No trifle can impair;
He loves good living and of course
Can ne'er forget his fare."

"'Tis true he was a farmer bred,
And that for lack of pence;
But then he is a gentleman,
For he had learned to fence."

I wonder how young men can bear
To promise, sigh, and flatter;
'Tis plain that matrimony now,
Is made a money matter.

And so it proved, for he was false;
And then you know what follows,
Miss Betty sued him, gained the cause,
And chang'd her grief for dollars.

He rav'd and stamp'd in useless rage,
Made many fiery speeches,
And swore 'twas a degen'rate age,
When women sued for breaches.

To my daughter on her birth day.

BY BERNARD BARTON.
My child, this is thy natal day,
And might a father's prayer
For thee inspire his votive lay,
What blessing shouldst thou share!

Shall wit, or wealth, or beauty move
Thy sire to bend his knee?—
I hold thee far too dear my love,
To ask these things for thee.

If wish of mine might prove of worth,
Be this thy portion given;—
Thy Mother's blameless life on earth—
Thy Mother's lot in Heaven!

An insane Man's idea of a true Republican.—A diversity of ideas has been entertained in different countries, respecting the nature a true republican. During the former French revolution, it was one who delighted in anarchy and bloodshed. In the time of Oliver Cromwell, it was one who hated the king, eschewed wigs and sung psalms through his nose. In our own times and country, it is one who is for holding fast to the negroes and driving off the Indians. But the following characteristic of a true republican, as the reader will perceive, differs from all the others. The anecdote is related by a physician of our acquaintance.

He was called upon to visit a man in this city, who, in a fit of insanity, had attempted to cut his own throat with a pair of shears. He made several clips through the skin, but did not succeed in dividing any of the important blood-vessels; and the principal injury he did was notching out a piece of his windpipe. The doctor mended up his throat as well as he could, and gave him particular directions to keep his head still. But in visiting him the next day, he found he had been tossing about, and had got the dressings sadly deranged. But one curious idea seemed to have taken possession of him, viz.: that the doctor had carried

off his head. Full of this strange notion, he demanded of him as soon as he entered, what he had done with his head.

"Your head!" said the man of medicine, "why, I tried to fasten it on, yesterday, but I see you have torn off the dressings."

"Now, doctor," replied the patient with a look of suspicion, "that story wont do to tell me; I'm not to be imposed upon. You know very well that you carried off my head, and unless you bring it back within half an hour, I shall have recourse to the law. *Verbum sat sapienti*—you understand me." And he gave a significant look, as much as to say, if I have lost my head I know how to recover it.

The doctor was a little puzzled what to do. But he again assured him that, notwithstanding the efforts he had made to divide them, his head was still sticking to his body.

"I wonder you'll persist in telling that story," said the incredulous patient; "you see I've too much brains to be imposed upon, and I insist upon your restoring my head. As for my body—I don't care a fig for that, you may take it and welcome. But my head I must have; I'm a true republican, and have a right to my head—it's one of the inalienable rights of man, and I'm determined to have it, if it costs me my life." *N. Y. Pa.*

A solid Hog'shead.—The heading and some of the staves of a tobacco hog'shead which had been exported from New Orleans to Bremen have recently been returned to the former city. The heading is of solid oak, six inches thick, and the pieces exhibited—which comprise only a part of which the hog'shead was composed—weigh upwards of 350 pounds. A letter from Bremen mentions that frauds of this character have been frequently committed in shipments from New Orleans.

Jury Trial.—One J. H. Deady being on trial at Montreal for burglary, the Jury returned a verdict of guilty. The Chief Justice said, the Court seldom interfered with a verdict of a jury, but he would respectfully ask if the Jury had considered that the prisoner had been proved to be 24 miles from the place where the crime was committed; and there was no other possibility of his having committed the crime than by his travelling 43 miles, and crossing two ferries in one night. The jury were then remanded and soon after returned a verdict of not guilty. The prisoner was then put on trial for receiving stolen goods.

Reminiscence... Thomas Burnside, of Stratford, N. H. was one of Roger's Rangers in the French war, and slightly wounded in the battle of January 21, 1757. Some years afterwards, he was desirous of becoming a Justice of the Peace. He procured Col. Burr to assist his views, and carrying with him by his direction, as a present, a firkin of butter and a piece of linen, waited upon Governor Wentworth at Portsmouth. He stated to the Governor that the inhabitants of the town could not live peaceably any longer, without a magistrate. The Governor inquired how many inhabitants belonged to the town, and who was the fittest man for the office. Thomas

answered that himself and his neighbor were the only inhabitants and himself the only man qualified for the appointment; for his neighbor was no more fit for Justice of the Peace than the d—l was. The Governor gave him his commission and was highly amused with the singularity of his application. This was an old fashioned method of acquiring an office; but comical as it appears, we have more respect for the pretensions of Justice Burnside than for a score of those which are now-a-days made use of for similar purposes; he made no pretensions to more patriotism than other people, but honestly considered himself the fittest man, and produced the solid material to pay for his commission.—*Boston Traveller.*

Bets.—A claim was lately brought before the Court of King's Bench, in England, to recover the amount won upon a fight between a couple of Dogs—Lord Chief Justice Abbott refused to try the case, being of opinion that the time of the Court was not to be wasted in trying which dog or which man won a battle, as the whole of these wagers were illegal. It is hoped the time will soon come, (says the Journal of Law) when all kinds of bets will be excluded from the grave consideration of learned Courts.

A Man of Bone.—In the Dublin museum is the body of an ossified man, a Mr. Clark, who fell asleep in the open air when in a perspiration, and caught a severe cold; soon after, ossification commenced, and continued for several years, till the whole man changed to bone. After his teeth had grown together, and become one solid mass, his miserable existence was prolonged by breaking an aperture, through which nourishment was received until his death.

Savannah Georgian.

Interesting to the Ladies.—The Journal of Health strongly recommends simple soap and water, as the best wash for preserving the complexion, instead of the thousand varieties of cosmetic lotions, which are so much used. There are five personal cleanliness, regular exercise, temperance, pure air, and cheerful temper: Let all pouting beauties ponder on this. The Journal puts its veto on the use of distilled liquor, Cologne water, &c. and insists that, to use them for a wash, is to destroy the suppleness, transparency and smoothness of the skin, and to cover it with unseemly blotches.

Medical Science.—The following epologue, says d'Alembert, made by a physician, a man of wit and philosophy, represents very well the state of this science. Nature, says he, is fighting with the disease. A blind man armed with a club, that is, the physician, comes in to settle the difference. He first tries to make peace between them. If he cannot succeed in this, he strikes at random; if he hits the disease, he kills the disease; if he hits nature, he kills nature.

A Clincher.—The word is frequently made use of when some circumstance is related which it would be an insult to the understanding to believe;

but as it is seldom heard but among the lower orders of society, so it entirely derives its origin from thence. Two journeyman mechanics were one day contending for superiority in the art of invention, and at length laid a wager which of them could coin the greatest lie. When the stakes were deposited, he that was to begin swore vehemently that one moonlight night he threw a tenpenny nail with such force, that it went quite through the body of the moon, which was then at full. That's true, said his opponent, for I was on the other side at the very moment, and with my claw hammer I clinched the nail. The last fellow was adjudged the prize, and from that time every outrageous falsehood has been termed "a clincher."

The best time to wind up a watch.—There is a time for all things, says Solomon, a time to sing and a time to make merry—and we add a time to wind up a watch. What that time is depends upon a man's habits. Are you an early riser and shave before breakfast—the morning should also be allotted to your chronometer. Do you sleep till the sun is midway in the heavens—wind up your watch the half hour before dinner, it will give you an appetite. If you are a man of business, be punctual about your time-piece, wind it up as regularly as you go to bed—that is the best time for a man who goes to bed sober—but if your habits are irregular, or you accustom yourself to whiskey punch or gin-sling, by way of a night-cap, don't undertake to wind up your watch at that hour—ten chances to one if you find the key-hole—leave it till morning, and then if your hand is not steady, call a servant to do it for you—there is nothing like having a watch wound up properly.

Behind hand.—An idle fellow the other day complaining of his hard lot, said he was born the last day of the year, the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been behind hand. He believed it would have been fifty dollars in his pocket if he had not been born at all!

This man belongs to the same school of wits no doubt with him who hired himself out to labour for life at eight dollars a month, with an agreement that he should have half his pay at the end of every month, and the rest when his time was out.

Taunton Reporter.

Go-betweens.—There is perhaps not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between. By which I mean that creature who carries to the ears of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from the mouth of another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By this vile officiousness he makes that poison effective, which else were inert; for three-fourths of the slanders in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

Exercise.—Persons whose habits are sedentary, deceive themselves into a belief that

mere physical exercise will preserve health; and accordingly take daily walks for the purpose, while the current of their thoughts remains unchanged. This we conceive to be a radical error. The only exercise that can produce a really beneficial result, is that which breaks up the train of ideas, [fox hunting for example,] and diverts them into new and various channels. An eminent writer has said that every man to derive his reflections from the objects about for it is to no purpose that alters his position, if his attention continues fixed to the same point. This is no doubt true; and in order to the attainment of any advantage by exercise, especially walking, the mind should be kept open to the access of every new idea, and so far disengaged from the predominance of any particular thoughts, as easily to accommodate itself to the entertainment which may be drawn from surrounding objects.

Rebuke of the Archbishop of York to a Clergyman.—The Rev. Mr. ——— waited upon Markham to inform him that the Rev. Henry Goodbridge, a very respectable clergyman well known in the North of England, kept race horses. "No, you don't say so," replied his Grace. "Yes," said the meddling informant, "and he has actually entered one of his horses to run the ensuing meeting at Doncaster." Then said his Grace, "I'll bet you guinea he wins."

We remember to have seen says the New Harmony paper, not a hundred miles from the city distinguished by "the learned Portuguse" as the Athenaeum of America, a sign over a manufactory in these words:

"NALES MAID HEAR."

The following notice, therefore, 'not being the worst, may stand in some rank of praise. It was put up at a store done in this town a few days since, and is copied to the word and letter, with the exception of the signature... Let us have schools!

NOTES.

j for BeD eney person traden
With mi Woman She has not
sence enuf to trad for hir Self
nor no Body els
j Will not Stand Good for none
of hir contrack
from this Date October the 25 1820.

Conundrum... Mr. Parke, in his musical Memoir, speaking of a Sunday evening musical party, says the amusement of the evening was conundrums. "At length Mr. Sheridan, in his turn, gave the following. 'Why is a pig looking out of a garret window like a dish of green peas?' This coming from Sheridan, excited great attention, every one setting his wits to work to discover the similitude, when, having racked brains to no purpose for some time, they at length unanimously gave it up. 'What!' said Sheridan, 'can't any of you tell why a pig looking out of a garret window is like a dish of green peas?' 'No no,' being the reply, he, enjoying the perplexity he had thrown them into, good humoredly rejoined, 'Faith, nor I neither.'

Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.