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BY GEORGE HOWARD,

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Letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid, or they may not be attended to.

Miscellaneous.

From the N. Y. Star.

SONG OF THE DELUDED TAILOR.

By William Cox

Oh the days of ready money
Are forever fled away!
There's nothing now but I O U,
And promises to pay:
And promises to pay, that last
Like snow flakes on the river:
A short while rather dubious,
Then gone, alas! for ever!

I would a lowlier craft were mine;
I would that I had been
An author, or an actor,
Or the painter of a scene.
But strong ambition fired my soul—
Alas! for me and mine!
And I must needs make clothes to fit
The human form divine.

And boldly, proudly, I can say,
They were most truly made:
So neat, so close, so every thing—
Yet, how am I repaid?
Our young bucks mock at law, and laugh
At bailiff, dun, or jailor,
And daily study how they best
Can victimize a tailor!

But vengeance, vengeance still is mine!
I yet can work them wo!
And those who will not pay their bills,
To prison straight must go.
They shall not triumph in my fall,
Or tread gay fashion's maze,
Without a hint that there is yet
A man that's called "Old Hays!"

Full chorus of similar deluded Tailors

Oh! the days of ready money
Are forever fled away!
There's nothing now, but I O U,
And promises to pay; &c.

GOING A-FISHING.

Mr. Fitzgig was a valiant bachelor:—

Abide you yet, and abide you yet,
You little know what'll betide you yet.

Mr. Fitzgig made a Mrs. Fitzgig of Miss Serena Pump.

The marriage noose will make you fret,
And a wayward wife will tame you yet.

Mr. Fitzgig had seen manifestations of Miss Seraphina Serena Pump's energies; for he was present when she took a cat by the tail which had scratched her, whirling it two or three times round her head, and slung it, whizzing and crashing through the window into the street. The lover, however, nothing doubted of his ability to make a good wife of Miss Seraphina—

But what is there by sea or land
That can a wayward woman stand?

Alas, for Fitzgig! Fiery ladies may be beautiful—so may a kicking poney—but tame them if you can.

Fitzgig, in two weeks, was metamorphosed into "only my husband." He struggled hard; but who can resist his fate?

"I'm going out of town a fishing to-morrow, my dear," said Fitzgig, as he buckled on his stock before the glass, early one morning; but I'll be back, my darling, soon the next day."

"No you won't, my love," shrieked Mrs. Fitzgig, as she sat bolt upright in the bed: "I see how it is—tired of your poor wife already: yes tired! I say tired!"

So Mrs. Fitzgig sprang out of her nest, lifted up a pitcher of water, and smacked it all to pieces on the floor.

Fitz repeated in tremulous tones, "I'm only going a fishing."

The bason followed the pitcher Mrs. Fitz seized the looking-glass, and ejaculated, with a significant glance, "going a fishing!"

What could Fitz do! The war was unexpected, and he had not caculated the cost.

"No, I believe I ain't going a fishing!" Mrs. Fitz saw she had made an impression. Her military genius whispered to her to follow it up.

"Ah, you only say that to deceive your poor neglected wife—there's some mistress—that's the fish—and you want to sneak off."

Now, Fitz looked conscience stricken.

"You are a going a fishing, Mr. Fitz," said she, and crash went the mirror against the wall.

Mrs Fitz commenced dressing, tore the things, upset the table, whirled the lamp at a picture of the delights of wedded love, which graced the walls, and, with unwashed face, slammed the door and marched down stairs, repeating the word "fishing" as she passed.

Fitz sat on the side of the bed for an hour, like Marius on the ruins of Carthage. At length he sneaked down.

"Good morning, Mr. Fitzgig—going a fishing, Mr. Fitzgig?"

"No, dearest Seraphina Serena, I ain't a going a fishing; I want my breakfast."

"No breakfast here, Mr. Fitzgig. Sally and Thomas—all gone—gone a fishing, Mr Fitzgig. If you want breakfast, get it yourself."

The battle was over—Fitz, previously broken by the breakage of the brittle ware up stairs, had little spirits left—and punishing him in the bread-basket was attacking him in the tenderest part. He sued her for forgiveness, and, after two hours solicitation, she suffered him to kiss her unwashed cheeks.

Fitz was thus changed at once into "only my husband"—the humblest of all humble animals. He fetches and carries, goes errands, lugs banboxes and boudles, and smirks and looks dutiful.

Before he was broken in, he used now and then to grumble and get sulky; but then Mrs. F. was wont to give him *such* a look, and whisper in so stern a voice—*Do you want to go a fishing, Mr. Fitzgig?*—that—alas, poor Fitzgig!—*Paris Sunbeam.*

Dr. Franklin's Wife.—Franklin, in a sketch of his life and habits, relates the following anecdote of his frugal and affectionate wife. A wife could scarcely make a prettier apology for purchasing her first piece of luxury.

We have an English proverb that says:—

"He that would thrive,
Must ask his wife;"

it was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper makers, &c. We kept no idle servant; our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was for a long time bread and milk, (no tea,) and I ate it out of a two penny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon; but mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle; being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, than that she thought *her* husband *deserved* a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate or china in our house, which afterwards, in the course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

Crime.—It is a remarkable fact that three-fourths of our convicts are single men. The record says, the more married men we have, the fewer crimes there will be. He contends that marriage renders men more virtuous and more wise. The father of a family, is not willing to blush before his children.

Daughters.—Let no father impatiently look for sons. He may please himself with the ideas of boldness and masculine energy, and moral or martial achievements; but ten to one he will meet with little else than forwardness, reckless imperiousness and ingratitude. 'Father give me the portion which falleth to me,' was the imperious demand of the profligate prodigal who had been indulged from his childhood. This case is the representation of thousands; the painter who drew his portrait, painted for all posterity. But the daughter, she clings like the rose leaf about the stem to the parent home, and the parental heart; she watches the approving smile, and deprecates the slightest shade on the brow; she wanders not on forbidden pleasure grounds, wrings not the heart at home with her doubtful midnight absence, wrecks not the hopes to which early promises have given birth, nor paralyzes the soul that doats on the chosen object. Wherever the son may wander in search of a fortune or pleasure, there is the daughter within the sacred temple of home; the vestal virgin of its innermost sanctuary, keeping alive the flame of domestic affection, and blessing that existence of which she is herself a part.

From the "Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick."

The Yankee Lawyer and the Quaker.—I guess you've never been in the States. There you'll see the great Daniel Webster, he's a great man, I tell you; King William, No. 4, I guess, would be no match for him as an orator; he'd talk him out of sight in half an hour. If he was in your House of Commons, I reckon he'd make some of your great folks look pretty streaked; he's a patriot and statesman, and a most particular cute lawyer. There was a Quaker chap too cute for him once, though. This Quaker, a pretty knowin' old shaver, had a cause down to Rhode Island; so he went to Daniel to hire him to go down and plead his cause for him; so, says he, "Lawyer Webster, what's your fee?" "Why," says Daniel, "let me see; I have got to go down south to Washington, to plead the great insurance case of the Hartford Company; and I've got to be at Cincinnati to attend the Convention; and I don't see how I can go to Rhode Island without great loss and great fatigue; it would cost you, may be, more than you would be willing to give." Well, the Quaker looked pretty white about the gills, I tell you, when he heard this: for he could not do without him no how, and he did not like this preliminary talk of his at all; at last he made bold to ask him the worst of it, what he would take? "Why," says Daniel, "I always liked the Quakers; they are a quiet, peaceable people, who never go to law if they can help it, and it would be better for our great country if there were more such people in it. I'll go for you as low as I can afford; say 1000 dollars." The Quaker well nigh fainted when he heard this, but he was pretty deep too; so says he, "Lawyer, that's a great deal of money; but I have more causes there; if I give you the 1000 dollars, will you plead the other cases I shall have to give you?" "Yes, says Daniel, "I will, to the best of my humble abilities." So down they went to Rhode Island, and Daniel tried the case, and carried it for the Quaker.

Well, the Quaker, he goes round to all the folks that had suits in Court, and says he, "What will you give me if I get the great Daniel to plead for you? It cost me 1000 for a fee; but now he and I are pretty thick, and, as he is on the spot, I'd get him to plead cheap for you;" so he got 300 dollars from one, and 200 from another, and so on, until he got 1100 dollars; jist 100 dollars more than ho gave. Daniel was in a great rage when he heard this. "What," said he, "do you think I would agree to your letting me out like a horse to hire?" "Friend Daniel," said the Quaker, "didst thou not undertake to plead all such cases as I should have to give thee? If thou wilt not stand to thy agreement, neither will I stand to mine." Daniel laughed out, ready to split his sides, at this. "Well," says he, "I guess I might as well stand still, for you to put the bridle on this time, for you have fairly pinned me up in a corner of the fence, any how;" so he went good humoredly to work, and pleaded them all.

Premium.—The editor of the Philadelphia Botanic Sentinel offers a premium of *One Hundred Dollars* for the best written essay, in the nature of a critical examination of the question—"Are the discoveries of Dr. Thomson in the healing art, of any practical benefit to the community?" The writer must be a graduate of some respectable medical college, and the essay must contain not less than fifty nor more than one hundred and fifty common duodecimo pages.

Dentistry.—The Courier & Enquirer, and the Mirror, both have referred to a new principle in the construction of artificial teeth by Mr. Leavitt, Surgeon Dentist, 311½ Broadway, which requires more than ordinary attention, because it is remarkable for its novelty and utility. The complicated machinery of springs, ligatures, gold plates, &c. &c. are all dispensed with, and atmospheric pressure is substituted, which enables the artificial substitute to be used with perfect ease for all purposes of firm mastication, without any unpleasant metallic taste from the metal or complication in the management of springs and machinery.—*N. Y. Star.*

☞The rumored discovery of a gold deposite in Albemarle county, Virginia, turns out to be a hoax, as might have been anticipated. The doubloons are all counterfeits.—*ib.*

Extraordinary Fact.—It was Dr. Currie, the accomplished biographer of Burns, who first recommended cold immersion in cases of fever, more particularly where the type takes the name of scarlet. The suggestion, we believe, proved not a little startling, and the public naturally enough revolted at the idea of tearing a patient from his warm bed and plunging him suddenly into a cold bath, whether under cover or in the open air. But the practice gained ground notwithstanding, and many striking recoveries were accomplished by a remedy, which to many seemed worse than the disease, or at all events more likely to kill than cure. Still so peculiar a mode of treatment required the greatest delicacy on the part of the practitioner, and tho' not of the faculty, we have always understood that it was in a certain critical stage of the diseases that Dr. Currie himself considered it safe and advisable to hazard the experiment. Accordingly the practice has been discontinued, from the aversion which parents and relatives so generally cherish to so rough a trial, and further, from the opinion that copious sponging serves all the purposes of a cold bath. In this opinion we confess we do not agree, but be that as it may, we proceed to record the following very curious fact. A young man residing in Castle Douglass, whose name will be given privately, if required, had, while laboring under influenza, accompanied or followed by typhus fever, became so delirious that his friends had to watch him closely. From some accident, however, his attendants, for a brief space, were out of the way on Tuesday, the 22d March, and on that day the patient rose from his bed, and with no other clothing than his night cap and shirt, actually walked to the Carlinwark loch, bathed, and returned home in the same manner he went. Going and returning, the distance is, as near as may be, half a mile, and it will be recollected that Tuesday was a bitter day, with severe frost in the valleys and snow upon the hills. On reaching his father's house, he was immediately put to bed, and strange as it may appear, soon after became perfectly calm and collected. The fever, too, abated, and on Saturday last, when a friend wrote to us, he still improved to such a degree as to induce the hope of speedy convalescence.

Dumfries Courier.

Wife Selling.—One of those disgraceful exhibitions, the sale of a wife, took place on Monday. The husband is a blacksmith named Garth. He first sold her for a shilling, then bought her back again, and resold her to a married man for half a crown. The wife of the purchaser came in on learning the fact, and amused a company of fellows of low character who were present, by mauling her faithless spouse rather severely.—*English paper.*

☞The Wandering Piper has travelled 23,798 miles on this continent during the last four years and collected $27,000, of which he has given $12,000 to charitable institutions and paid $15,600 for travelling expences; leaving him minus $600. If so, he is the first "bonnie Scot" who has been caught in a Yankee trap.

N. Y. Star.

☞The advantage of shade trees, in limiting the extension of a fire, is said to have been practically and strikingly illustrated a day or two since at Augusta, Ga. where a fire which had broke out in a kitchen on Reynold street, was thus prevented from spreading to the adjoining buildings.*ib.*

The mysterious Stranger.—At a very fashionable boarding establishment in one of the large cities, a singular circumstance lately occurred.

A gentleman and lady with a ver beautiful little boy, about two years old, arrived and took apartments. Every thing about them indicated that they were accustomed to the first walks of society—and that they were quite wealthy. They gradually became acquainted with the gentlemen and ladies residing at the establishment, won their respects and secured their confidence. They were taken in their soirees and in return kept open apartments to all. A rich lady who was frequently of their social party, became much attached to the little boy. She won his affections, and pleased with the various attentions she bestowed, he was frequently in her parlor.

The strangers often went abroad in the city and vicinity, leaving the smiling boy with his new and devoted acquaintance. She became more and more attached to him as he developed new evidences of innocence and loveliness, and the strange lady encouraged his new formed attachment with unwonted constancy.

It was a few months since the strangers arrived at the establishment. They visited the parlor of their new acquaintance, in their usual friendly and familiar manner. They stated that they were going to ride out, (as they frequently had done before,) and the stranger lady said that they had better take the little boy with them, as she feared he "was getting to be too much trouble to her kind friend." But she strongly objected to the child's accompanying them, averring that it was too cold, and that instead of his being a trouble to her, she was unhappy to have him leave her for a length of time. They kissed the boy, bade the kind hearted and benevolent lady good morning—took their departure and have not since been heard of.

In the bosom of the boy's frock was afterwards discovered a large sum of money, with this laconic note: *Be a mother to this child and Heaven will bless you for it.*

New York paper.

☞The New Orleans papers contain a temperate declaration drawn up by the officers, crews, and passengers of the schooner Julius Cesar, lately captured, and since released, by the Mexicans. They state that they had been in irons on board the Gen. Teran, and most cruelly treated. The wives of the passengers were also brutally marched through the streets to the prison, under escort of troops. These ladies refused to leave their husbands. They were afterwards released.

N. Y. Star.

Slave Trade.—By advices from Bermuda, we learn that the British brig Wanderer, arrived at Nassau, N. P. on the 6th ult. with a slaver, under the Portuguese flag, captured a few days before. The Bahamian says, we understand this slaver had originally on board 470; but in consequence of being short of provisions, and the prevalence of the small pox, the poor creatures died so fast that the number had been reduced to 400, or thereabouts.—*ib.*

Potatoes.—We every day hear complaints about watery potatoes. Put into the pot a piece of lime as large as a hen's egg; and how watery soever the potatoes may have been, when the water is poured off the potatoe will be perfectly dry and mealy. Some persons use salt, which only hardens potatoes.—*N. Y. Times.*

To make Fire and Water proof cement.—To half a pint of vinegar add the same quantity of milk; separate the curd, and mix the whey with the white of five eggs; beat it well together, and sift it into a sufficient quantity of quick lime, to cover it to the consistency of a thick paste. Broken vessels mended with this cement never afterwards separate, for it resists the action both of fire and water.

Antidote against Arsenic.—The hydroxyd of iron is said to be a certain antidote against the poison of white arsenic.

A Fact.—A young lady in Vermont having by accident, spilt a few drops of patent hair oil on her cheeks, before going to bed, awoke next morning with whiskers several inches long.

Portsmouth Times.