

FROM THE ALBANY ARGUS

MESSRS. EDITORS—A ten dollar note of the bank of Lansingburgh, came a few days since into my possession, with the enclosed lines written upon the back of it. I have transcribed them, and they are at your service. The poet added to the inscription, the declaration, that "this bill was received by me, as the prize for my Ode to the Moon," from the editor of the Boston Telegraph, Jan. 26. 1825."

Go, thou bane of genius! go!  
Go, thou necessary ill!  
Let thy grov'ling minions know,  
Genius can despise the still!

Tho' his coat be threadbare worn,  
Tho' his merit be denied,  
Tho' his heart be deeply torn,  
And his character belied.

Tho' grim poverty assail,  
And neglect and care oppress,  
Daring genius will not quail,  
E'en in utter wretchedness!

He bath that within him burning,  
Which sustains him 'gainst thy frowns:  
Thee and all thy voteries spurning,  
For a glorious renown:—

Without my knowledge or my suit—  
All unsought, thou cam'st to me;  
The first pecuniary fruit,  
Of my unhired minstrelsy.

Unregretted now thou goest;  
My servant—not my god—thou art  
And by thy inscription showest  
Thou'rt not the idol of my heart:

Go not to the o'erreaching knave,  
Nor the avoricious spirit,  
Nor licentious passions slay!—  
Seek and bless neglected merit.

To the poor—  
Solace of those who roam forlorn:  
Seek virtue's unfrequented door  
And bless the suffering child of scorn.

If oppression strive to wring  
Thee from unprotected need,  
Tell him that remorse shall bring  
Curse on his heartless deed.

Should the miser seek to gain,  
And secure thee with his pelf,  
Tell him that deep disdain  
Marks the wretch who lives for self.

Or should profligacy aim  
To arrest and squander thee,  
Tell him that contempt and shame,  
Shall disgrace his memory.—

Go! and as thou goest tell  
Every kind and generous heart,  
That I warmly wish it well,  
And would gladly now impart  
Thousands such as thee, to bless  
Every child of wretchedness.

A FRAGMENT.—The sun arose on a fine morning in June, in all his beauty and glory; the pearly drops that hung on the spires of the meadows, shrunk away at his approach. the cattle on the mountains rose and stretched themselves in gladness, & regaled themselves with the rich verdure moistened by the morning dew; the lark soared high in the air, and sounded her shrill matin song, and the less vocal birds awakened by the

sound, joined in a sort of confused harmony.—The buxom lad sung a merry song as he hastened to the field; and the rosy-cheeked lass as she sat by the window, looked out upon the beautiful morning, and painted it on her cheek with a smile. Ah! beautiful, said I, is Nature. But at evening a different scene was presented: a small cloud appeared in the west, which kept rising and swelling; the vivid lightnings began to streak across his breast, and the distant thunder seemed the foreboder of the tempest; as it approached the zenith, the winds arose, and with a sudden crash tore the huge boughs from the oak, mighty son of the forest; the beasts of the field looked astonished, and man gazed in amazement. The rain poured down in floods; the lightnings seemed to inflame the whole atmosphere, and joined with the mighty roaring of the wind, and the crashing of the thunder, seemed to say that "all was lost." Terrible, said I art thou, O God of Nature.

CREDULITY.—One of those gentry who get their living by their wits, lately arrived at a town in England, and advertised a bill of performances by five Arabian conjurers, among which was the following:—They are all brothers by the same father; their names Muley, Benassar, Abdallah, Mustapha and Suckee. At the conclusion of their never yet equalled feats of slight of hand, legerdemain, &c. they will take each a lighted torch in either hand, when lo! incredible to relate! Suckee, with the burning torches, will jump clean down Mustapha's throat, who, in an instant, with equal dexterity, will jump down the throat of Abdallah; then Abdallah will jump down that of Benassar; and Benassar down his brother Muley's, who, lastly, notwithstanding he is incumbered with his four brothers, and eight torches, will throw a flip flap summerset down his own throat and leave the audience in total darkness!

The house was crowded to overflowing, but unfortunately for the audience, the conjurers, after getting their money in their pockets, jumped down their own throats before the performance began, and were never seen afterwards; one item only of the bill being exhibited—that of leaving their dupes completely in the dark.

LOVE AND ITS EFFECTS.—Love is like honesty, much talked of and little understood; like common sense valuable and scarce—the miser calls it a bad mortgage—the stock jobber, a sinking fund—the doctor, a hypochondria—the lawyer, a suit in chancery—a soldier, his parole of honor—and a sailor, the mariner's compass. An Englishman in love, amuses himself with—the blue devils: ask him a question, and I will hold a thousand pounds to a drat you feel yourself insulted by his answer; for instance—

"Fine morning M. Bull?"  
B. I have seen a thousand finer.  
"How are you o day, sir?"  
B. Don't know—can't tell.  
"What ails you, friend John?"  
B. What the devil business have you with my ailments?

An Irishman in love, (and who loves like him?) gets merry with Irishwomen, then exclaims, "Och! Sheelah, Sheelah! my box diamonds! my essence of cruelty! my pearl of pearls, and my flower of all flowers, except the potatoe flower! Arrah, dear, why will you shut your one eye against Terrence M'Gladdery? Hav'nt I got a gentale, cominodious, lolly, nate little mud edifice? Hav'nt I got a cow, and a turf stack to feed her with? Hav'nt I got an empty

flower garden, full of potatoes? Och-an ey! Och-an ey! ever since you stole my heart, I feel it banging against my ribs, just like the pendulum of a cuckoo clock! Sheelah, dear, widout you be mine, poor Terrence will be after dying an oud maid! By the powers of butter milk, 'e'll just go off like the snuff of a rush light—so he will!

A Scotchman in love, takes a pike o'sneeshin, frae his mull, a' whyles claws his elbows when it do na yuk. "Hech, Donald, man! what the muckle deil's name's come ower ye noe? Fye, fye, dinna be Maggy M'Cree's pawky ee'n dirl ye through? O, Sawney, Sawney len' me ye'r lug a wee bi, my discreet frien', and keep a secret. It's no her twa gim'let ee'n, or her panted face, I'm courtin', it's her siller! her siller!

A Welchman in love, looks as illly as the goats on his mountain—refuses leek porridge and toasted cheese—thus proving the power of the blind archer to be the same in every country. "Poor Shenkin ap Morgan ap Shones pe merry pat—hur heart go pit-a pat, all tay!

Hur cannot work, hur cannot pla,  
Hur cannot sleep, hur can't be gy,  
O luf hur do, Winifred, luf hur do,  
your life.

And Shenkin and Winifred  
be man and wife.

A Dutchman in love, is colder as confectioners ice hou e, and a Spaniard as hot as a grill'd devil: a lawyer in love, pleads away his soul, and a Love sick Doctor physis away his soul—by the bye, a doctor must be sick indeed, when he takes his own physic; a Musician in love, fiddles away his soul, and a poet rhymes away his senses

ORIGIN OF PHRASES.—To ride the Roast—is to govern, manage or preside over: Johnson observes, "as it was originally written Roist, which signifies a tumult, and then impeded to direct the rabble.—Bradley's variety of Literature.

Piping Hot—This expression is taken from the custom of a baker's blowing his pipe or horn in villages to let the people know his bread was just drawn, and consequently hot and light.—Brady.

Under the Rose—That is privately or secretly. The rose was, it is said, a cred to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, and therefore frequently placed on the ceilings of rooms destined for the receiving of guests, and implying, that whatever was transacted there should not be made public.—Brady.

To come in pudding time—that is, by dinner time, or time to begin dinner, pudding being the first dish that was served up.—Brady.

A Welsh Rabbit—bread and cheese toasted; that is a Welsh rare bit.—Brady.

Pettifogger—A little dirty attorney, &c. It is derived from the French words, Petit vogue, a small credit, or little reputative.—Brady.

SPANISH LADIES.—The dress of the Spanish lady is remarkably elegant, and generally adorns a very perfect shape. Black is the universal colour, and the robe is most tastefully vandyked. A mantilla, or veil of black silk or lace, and sometimes of white lace, is thrown over the head, and leaving the face uncovered falls gracefully over the head and shoulders, and is confined at the waist by the arms of the wearers. They are both expensive and peculiar in dressing their feet with neatness, their little shoes fit close. The large black eye, the dark expressive glance, the soft blood tinged eye of the glowing complexion, make the unwilling Englishman

and delicate feelings of interest, to avoid any or dispute, in vain the commanding superiority of these dastardly and fine formed dastards.

Advice to a Baron.—Hope not for perfect happiness, said, Mademoiselle Maintenon to the Princess of Navoy, on the eve of her marriage; to the Duke of Burgundy there is no such thing on earth; and though I were it would not be found at court. Greatness is exposed to all kinds of attacks more severe than those of private station. Be neither vexed nor ashamed to depend on your husband. Let him be your dearest friend your only confidant. Hope not for constant harmony in the married state. The best husbands and wives are those who bear occasionally from each other sallies of humor with patient mildness. Be obliging without putting great value in your favors. Hope not for a full return of tenderness. Men are tyrants who would be free themselves and have us confined. You need not be at the pains to examine whether it is right to be well founded; it is enough if they are established. Pay heed to keep you from jealousy. The complaints of a husband are never to be regarded as complaints, reproaches or other behavior.

A more person once preached a long sermon against dram drinking, and from a speech report said he was not wholly exempt. "Whatever ye do brethren" and he, do it in moderation, and aboon all be moderate in dram drinking. When you get up, indeed ye may tak a dram, and another just before breakfast, and perhaps another after; but dinna be always dram drinking. If ye are out in the morn, ye may just brace yerself up with another dram, and perhaps take another before luncheon, and some I fear take one after, which is no so very blawable; but dinna be always dram, dram, dramming away. Nobody can scruple for one just afore dinner, and when the dessert is brought in, an' after its ta'en away; and perhaps one or it may be twa, in the course of the afternoon, just to keep ye from drowsying & snoozling; but dinna be always dram, dram, dramming. Afore tea and after tea, and between tea and supper, is no more than right and good; but let me caution ye, brethren, not to be always dram, dramming. Just when ye start for bed, and when ye are ready to pop into't, and perhaps when ye wake in the night, to take a dram or twa is no more than a Christian may lawfully do; but, brethren, let me caution you not to drink more than I've mention'd or may be ye may pass the bounds of moderation!"

TO WASH WOOLEN GOODS.—The art of washing woolen things so as to prevent them from shrinking is one of the many desiderata in domestic economy worthy of being recorded—and it is therefore with satisfaction that we now explain this simple process to our readers. All descriptions of woolen goods should be well washed with soap in very hot water and as soon as the article has been cleansed, immerse it in cold water; let it be wrung and hung up to dry.

A GOOD PRECEDENT.—A gentleman in Salem, N.J. recently received a letter from Philadelphia containing the following: "Owed in 1803 10 dollars; Interest 15 dollars; Paid Feb 15th 1826 enclosed in this letter, 25 dollars.—Friend Tost"

There was much sound and palpable argument in the speech of a country lad, to an idler, who boasted his ancient family.—"So much the worse for you, said the peasant, as we ploughmen say, the older the seed, the worse the crop."