

## Miscellaneous.



### BLUE-EYED MARY.

Come, tell me blue-eyed stranger,  
Ah! whither dost thou roam,  
Through this wide world a ranger?  
Hast thou no friends, no home?  
They call'd me blue-eyed Mary,  
When friends and fortune smiled;  
But ah! how fortunes vary—  
I now am sorrow's child.

Young William was my lover,  
I thought our hearts were join'd;  
But ah! he's proved a rover,  
And Mary's left behind.  
With these bouquets of posies  
I wander through the streets,  
And cry, "Who'll buy my roses?"  
But no kind voice me greets.

Come here—I'll buy thy flowers—  
To ease thy hapless lot—  
All wet with morning showers—  
I'll buy—forget me not.  
Kind Sir, then take these roses,  
They're fading like my youth—  
But never, like these posies,  
Shall wither Mary's truth.

Then gazed at her the stranger,  
And clasp'd her to his breast—  
No more I'll be a ranger;  
For William now is blest.  
This kiss was known to Mary—  
She then in rapture smiled,  
And said, "How fortunes vary—  
No more I'm sorrow's child."

### THE STAR OF EVE.

Tell us, thou glorious Star of Eve,  
What sees thine eye!  
Wherever human hearts can heave  
Man's misery!  
Life, but a lengthened chain;  
Youth, weary, wild and vain;  
Age, on a bed of pain,  
Longing to die:

Yet there's a rest  
Where earthly agonies  
Awake no sighs  
In the cold breast.

Tell us, thou glorious Star of Eve,  
Sees not thine eye,  
Some spot, where hearts no longer heave,  
In thine own sky?  
Where all life's wrongs are o'er,  
Where anguish weeps no more,  
Where injured spirits soar  
Never to die?

### QUERE.

Minerva elected, I pray tell me true,  
Were men not to woo women, what women  
would do?

ANSWER—By a Young Lady.

Were men not to woo us, you ask what we'd  
do?  
Zounds! I'll tell you—though I blush red as  
rubies,  
You should find we would woo, and better  
than you,  
For we'd take no denial—ye boobies.

**Religious Societies.**—The city (says the New-York Evening Post) is at present thronged with visitors from nearly all parts of the Union, who have come to attend the anniversaries of several societies principally of a religious nature.

The Sunday School Union celebrated its anniversary on Tuesday, 8th May. A procession of about 7000 children from this city and Brooklyn was formed at the Park, which proceeded to the Castle Garden, where religious exercises were had and addresses were made by several of the Clergy. In the evening the Society assembled at the Middle Dutch Church. Here the Annual Report was read, from which it appeared that instruction is now given in 62 schools belonging to the Society, the first of which was established in 1816. The whole number of male scholars at present is 4715, and that of female scholars 2081—making 6796 in the whole. The number of teachers is 1095. The Schools pos-

sess 24 libraries, containing 6600 volumes.

The Anniversary of the American Tract Society took place on Wednesday, 9th May, at the Middle Dutch Church. During the year ending May 1, this Society have printed 3,056,001 tracts, comprising 35,308,500 pages.—The receipts of the Society for the past year amount to upwards of \$30,000, being more than three times the income of the preceding year.

On the same day in the evening, the first anniversary of the American Home Missionary Society took place at the Brick Church in Beekman street. This Society it seems has assumed the responsibilities of the United Domestic Missionary Society, and has undertaken to fulfil its engagements—195 congregations have been aided during the past year, and 168 ministers are employed, of which 135 are settled or employed in single congregations, and the others divide their services between two or more congregations. More than \$20,000 have been received the past year, and nearly \$14,000 expended.

The anniversary of the American Bible Society was held on Thursday, 10th May, at the Middle Dutch Church. Letters were read from several persons—one of them from the President of the United States—apologizing for their inability to attend. The Annual Report was read, by which it appears that the receipts of the Society during the year ending 1st May, amounted to \$64,764 13, which is \$11,774 19, more than those of the preceding year. Of the whole amount, \$35,366 29, were received in payment of Bibles and Testaments, \$19,282 32, as free donations, \$4,225, as subscriptions to pay the debt on the Society's House, and \$2,970, as permanent loans. The amount of expenditures is \$66,522 33.

**Columbia College.**—The affairs of this Institution, in the District of Columbia, appear to be in a state of complete derangement. The Professors have resigned their situations, and the Students have for the present been dismissed. A vacation of the College took place on the 1st May, and will continue till the second Wednesday in September next, by which time it is expected such arrangements will be made with the creditors of the College, as will enable the Trustees to cause its exercises to be resumed.

**A Dangerous Adventure.**—Not long since, a reverend clergyman in Vermont, being apprehensive that the accumulated weight of snow upon the roof of his barn might do some damage, was resolved to prevent it by seasonably shovelling it off. He therefore ascended it, having first, for fear the snow might all slide off at once, and himself with it, fastened to his waist one end of a rope, and given the other to his wife. He went to work, but fearing still for his safety, "my dear," said he, "tie the rope around your waist:" no sooner had she done this, than off went the snow, poor minister and all, and up went his wife.

Thus on one side of the barn the astounded and confounded clergyman hung, but on the other side hung his wife, high and dry, in majesty sublime, dinging and dangling at the end of the rope. At that moment, however, a gentleman, luckily passing by, delivered them from their perilous situation.

**Purging by Steam.**—Under this imposing head, the Macon (Geo.) Telegraph, tells us, a machine has been invented for making Lee's Pills by steam, and by means of which five pecks can be manufactured in a minute.

**Combustion.**—Trotter relates ten cases of a combustion of the human body from the use of ardent spirits, all which are attended by proofs sufficient to authenticate any possible event. One of the cases is stated in the following language:

"It is the case of a woman eighty years of age, exceedingly meagre, who had drank nothing but ardent spirits for several years. She was sitting in her elbow chair, while her waiting maid went out of the room for a few moments. On her return, seeing her mistress on fire, she immediately gave the alarm, and some people coming to her assistance, one of them endeavored to extinguish the flames with his hands, but they adhered to them as if they had been dipped in brandy or oil on fire. Water was brought and thrown on the lady in abundance, yet the fire appeared more violent, and was not extinguished, till the whole body had been consumed. The lady was in the same place in which she sat every day; there was no extraordinary fire, and she had not fallen."

**A Good One.**—Mr. Tracy, of Connecticut, and Mr. Macon, of North-Carolina, being in Congress together, a drove of mules and asses was driven past their lodgings. Macon, standing at the window, says, "Tracy, there goes some of your constituents; where are they bound, think ye?" "Oh, to North-Carolina, to be sure," replies Tracy, "to be school-masters."

**A Tropical Climate.**—Insects are the curse of tropical climates. The vete rouge lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours—they will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose.—you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockatrices, and snakes, get into the bed—ants eat the books—scorpions sting you on the foot—every thing stings, bites, or bruises you are wounded by some piece of animal life, that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Mariam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup—a non-descript with nine wings is struggling in the

small beer, or a caterpillar with several dozen eyes in his belly is hastening over the bread and butter. All nature is alive and seems to be gathering her entomological hosts to eat you up as you are standing, cut off your coat, waist-coat, and breeches. Such are the tropics. All this reconciles us to our dews, fogs, vapor and drizzle—to our apothecaries rushing about with gargles and tinctures—to our British constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces.—*Edinburg Review.*

**Love at first sight.**—If there be any such thing on earth as love at first sight, it is the love of a bank note, whether white, spotless and unprofaned by indorsement, crisp, pure, and immaculate in silver, papery intact innocence, as it comes like a snow-drop from the parent bank; or dirty, blurred and blotted, scribbled, sleazy, greasy, thickened, frowsy, and thumb'd, as it comes from the fond and reluctant hands of doating men. These are the friends it always glads us to meet; these are the friends it always grieves us to part with.

**Catching Ideas.**—At a public meeting the other day, a person remarked of another, that he "had caught an idea." This catching of ideas is one of those queer mental phenomena, for which the learned in cranioscopy find it marvelously difficult to account. Indeed, all phrenological writers concur in placing this faculty among inextricable perplexities of their favorite science. Some philosophers affirm, and some deny, that ideas are inherent; but there is no longer a doubt that they may be caught—and like Scotchmen, to be useful, they should be caught young. There are various modes of catching—some matters, such as the small pox, and the itch for talking, are taken by infection; others, such as pickerel and popularity, are caught with bait. Ideas, however, can be legitimately secured only by studying Burke, and Curran, and Philips, and Sheridan—commit to memory a few passages from their speeches, and you may declaim with wonderful fluency—pouring forth such cataracts of ideas, as to outstrip and overwhelm the understandings of all who attempt even to guess at your meaning.

**Philosophical.**—Light goes about thirteen millions of miles in a minute. Sound moves sixty thousand feet in a minute. A strong wind goes twenty feet in a second. When a cannon is fired, if we are distant a mile, we hear the report twenty-four seconds after we see the flash. The nearest of the stars is five thousand times more distant from us than the sun; its distance then is seventy-seven billions, four hundred millions of miles. Were a cannon to be fired from a star, it would require five millions, four hundred thousand years for the report to reach us.

To flatter a good man is needless; a bad one, an insult. We may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.