

Miscellaneous.



OLD AND NEW TIMES.

When my good mother was a girl—
Some thirty years ago,
Young ladies then knew how to knit,
As well as how to sew.

Young ladies then could spin and weave,
Could bake, and brew, and sweep;
Could sing and play, could dance and paint,
And could a secret keep.

Young ladies then were beautiful—
As any beauties now—
Yet they could rake the new-mown hay,
Or milk the "brindled cow."

Young ladies then wore bonnets too,
And with them their own hair;
They made them with their own good straw
And pretty too they were.

Young ladies then wore gowns with sleeves
Which would just hold their arms;
And did not have as many yards
As acres in their farms.

Young ladies then oft fell in love,
And married, too, the men;
While men, with willing hearts and true,
Loved them all back again.

Young ladies now can knit and sew,
Or read a pretty book—
Can sing or paint, and joke and quiz,
But cannot bear to cook.

Young ladies now can blithely spin
Of "street yarn" many a spool;
And weave a web of scandal, too,
And dye it in the wool.

Young ladies now can bake their hair,
Can brew their own cologne;
In borrowed plumage often shine,
While they neglect their own.

And as to secrets, who would think
Fidelity—a pearl?
None but a modest little Miss,
Perchance a country girl.

Young ladies now wear lovely curls,
What pity they should buy them;
And their bonnets, heavens! they fright
The bean that ventures nigh them.

Then as to gowns, I've heard it said
They'll hold a dozen men;
And if you once get in their sleeves,
You'll ne'er get out again.

E'en love is changed from what it was—
Although true love is known:
Tis wealth adds lustre to the cheek,
And melts the heart of stone.

Thus Time works wonders—young and old
Confess his magic power;
Beauty will fade; but virtue proves
Pure gold in man's last hour.

Singular and amusing case.—

A singular application to the civil tribunal of the place has lately excited much amusement as well as attention in the town of Dreux, in France. A child, named Rose Victoire Vivien, had, it seems, been born on the 23d of Sept. 1802, and was duly registered, at the time, before the mayor of the commune of Allainville, as a female infant, in the presence of her father and other witnesses. From that period to the age of 26, she has constantly worn a girl's dress, and been considered a female; nay, it is even asserted that some two years since she expressed a determination of becoming a nun, and actually passed three months of her novitiate among the *dames Hospitalleres* of Chartres. The death of her uncle, Denis Vivien, however, having secured to her a small property, her views changed, and she began to think of establishing herself otherwise in life; but, somehow or other, the young men of Allainville hesitated at espousing a damsel of 26, with a rather suspicious looking chin, and Miss Rose Victoire Vivien remained in single blessedness. If public report is to be believed, this order of things was by no means satisfactory to the

young lady; she grew restless and melancholy, fell into a fever, and went to consult a doctor, who, to her inexpressible surprise, assured her that, instead of being an old maid, she was neither more nor less than a young bachelor. The news at first perplexed, then pleased her; and, having communicated the fact to her astonished friends, her next step was to apply to the proper authorities, in order to have the registry of her birth rectified. On the 13th ult. her application came on to be heard, and the Court appointed three physicians (Messrs. Marechal, Boniteau, and Bertron) to examine into and report on the case. This was done on the 1st inst. when the medical board, to the surprise of every body, pronounced the lady to be to all intents and purposes a gentleman, and a decree was consequently given in favor of her virility. The moment judgment was given, we understand, Monsieur Rose Victoire Vivien walked away to the shop of the Sieur Chapelain, the most fashionable tailor in all Dreux, exchanged his petticoats for a dress more consistent with his newly acquired privileges, and as all hopes of a husband are now out of the question, set off in search of a wife. It is not a little remarkable that, according to the French Journals, a similar application was made to the same tribunal no longer ago than May, 1814, in behalf of one Marie Marguerite Metay, when two of the very same physicians (Messrs. Marechal and Boniteau) were called in, together with a third named Andre, and gave in a similar certificate; it is also added, that Mary Margaret Metay is at this moment a thriving farmer in the commune of Bu, with a very pretty wife, who is an excellent manager, and expects every day to present her husband with a fine little Master or Miss Metay.

Liverpool Albion.

Methodists.—The Wesleyan Methodists of the city of Leeds, (England,) have resolved not to receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, except from the hands of the Clergy of the Church of England.

A Yankee Trick.—The Dover N. H. Republican contains an account of an impostor who had made his appearance in that town and vicinity, stating that he was an Asiatic Turk, and had been taken by pirates when on a trading voyage, put into an open boat and set adrift—that he was picked up afterwards by a British vessel and carried to Quebec, whence he found his way into New-England. He called himself 13 years of age, spoke Arabic and Latin, but, as he said, was entirely unacquainted with the English. After sponging the good people out of divers sums of money, and procuring certificates from the officers of Bowdoin College, and other distinguished persons, that he did actually speak Arabic and Latin, and appeared to be an object of charity, he was suddenly found to be a *Yankee in disguise*. It is somewhat remarkable that this fellow should have the audacity to

repeat the trick, which if our memory serves us, he was detected in playing off some two years since, and quite as remarkable that the shrewd ones of New-Hampshire and Maine, should allow themselves to be duped by a stale device, which was long ago exposed to the community thro' the medium of every newspaper in the country.

Ghosts.—The Ghost in Edgefield, S. C. has disappeared. After playing its fantastic tricks for sometime to the amazement of the neighborhood, it has vanished or been laid, and we hear nothing about it. The Waltham Ghost has also been laid, if not in the Red Sea, in the county gaol. In the one case the rogue who pleased himself with exciting the fears of his fellow men, got tired of his roguery, and stopped it of his own accord—in the other, in despite of white sheets and black clothes, the rogue is to be compelled to answer to a legal tribunal for the violation of certain statutes in such cases made and provided.

Prosecution Society.—The formation of societies, for the forwarding of almost every purpose in life, whether political, civil, religious, moral, or social, seems to be all the rage. The Savannah Georgian informs us that a number of the citizens of Columbia county, in that State, have formed an association, under the name of the "Columbia Moral Prosecuting Society," for the purpose of using extraordinary vigilance in bringing to public prosecution all persons guilty of violating the laws against gaming, illicit traffic with slaves, and the profanation of the Sabbath. One of their rules forbids the members to support any person for office, who is known to violate the law, in playing, either publicly or privately, at any game prohibited.

Hard Times.—All cry out hard times. Every body is in debt and nothing to pay with. Well then we must be indulgent to one another, as we must stand in need of indulgence. Now is the time to reform—to study economy, curtail expences, simplify the fashion, to wear out old coats, to lessen gown patterns, diminish exterior dimensions of bonnets, let our hats down one story, and to bring into vogue once more our good old substantial homespun "check" and "stripe"—lambs wool and worsted. The ladies, dear creatures, must set the example. They must turn their harps and pianos into looms and spinning-wheels, and shine out of a Sabbath in all the glory and splendor of homespun. No more rustling of silks, nor display of laces, when calico and cotton fringe will do as well, and, as the saying is, come much cheaper. Besides, as retrenchment is the word, let out your plaits and tacks and lessen your patterns.

It is a good time, too, to establish temperate societies, and cheap living societies—to make pound cake of corn meal and molasses, and restore gluttons from the consequences of surfeiting, by confi-

ning them to bean porridge and hominy. Let the reform extend both to food and physic, and the doctors prescribe white mustard instead of jalap and ipecac. Indeed, if the proposed retrenchment in eating and drinking take place, the doctors will starve for all the physic that will be wanted. No other sudorifics will be needed than sage and catnip.

Honestly, we have departed strangely from the simplicity and economy of former times. The world has grown extravagant. We build our houses and bonnets too large and our steeples too high. We must retrench, raze and curtail. The printer must take the hint, and not publish so many long yarns. Some of our newspapers are as big as a southern plantation. Its a waste of paper. They should be reduced to what was formerly the rule, just the size of an old fashioned pewter platter. It would not take half so long for industrious folks to read 'em.—*Thomaston Reg.*

To make Corn Soup.—Cut the corn from the cob, and boil it in water until it is sufficiently done; then pour in new milk, with salt, pepper, and one or two eggs; continue the boiling, and stir in flour in order to thicken it a little. This soup will be superior to the best turtle soup ever made.—*Win. Rep.*

Cucumbers.—The Lancaster Penn. Sentinel says: By cutting from the vine one cucumber, two, four, or even six may be made to grow from the stem from whence the single cucumber was taken. Let the cucumber be cut off with a knife, leaving about an eighth of an inch of the cucumber remaining on the stem upon which it grew; then slit the stem with a knife from its end to the vine, leaving a particle of the cucumber to each division, and as many divisions as remain there will be cucumbers.

Sweet Cider.—Rack off 30 gallons sweet cider; put in one gill of fine salt, and one pound of chalk. This will keep it sweet for two years.

Cattle Cured.—A writer in the Richmond Enquirer says: One of my oxen was taken a few days ago very suddenly with very singular symptoms, such as I had never before seen. He appeared perfectly deprived of the use of his limbs, and was taken in very rapid succession with convulsions. They came on by a wild gaze of the eye, and very apparent sensations of horror, lasted generally from two to three, and sometimes as long as five minutes, and during the intervals the animal gave evident symptoms of weariness. Upon examination I found his horns perfectly cold, which induced me to bore them, and into the holes (made 4 or 5 inches from the head) I poured a strong mixture of black pepper, salt and vinegar. Not more than fifteen minutes elapsed before the convulsions ceased; in less than an hour he fed as usual, and at this time, (three days since his attack) is apparently as well as any animal on my farm.