

MISCELLANY.

ELECTED.

ELEGY ON A QUID OF TOBACCO.
It lay before me on the close graz'd grass,
Beside you path, an old Tobacco Quid;
And shall I let the mute adviser pass
Without one serious thought? No, Heaven
forbid!

Perhaps some idle drunksd threw thee there;
Some husband, spendthrift of his weekly hire;
One who for wife or children takes no care,
But sits and tippl'd by the alehouse fire.

Ab, luckless was the day he learnt to chew!
Embryo of ill, the Quid that pleased him first!
Thirsty from the unhappy Quid he grew,
Theo to the alehouse went to quench his thirst.

So great events from causes small arise—
The forest oak was once an scorn seed;
And many a wretch from drunkenness who dies,
Owes all his evils to the Indian weed.

Let no temptation, mortal, ere come nigh—
Suspect some ambush in the parley bid—
From the first kiss of love ye maidens fly!
Ye youths avoid the first tobacco Quid.

Perhaps I wrong thee, O thou vet'ran chaw,
And better thoughts my musings should engage,
That thou wert rounded in some toothless jaw,
The joy, perhaps, of solitary age.

One who has suffer'd fortune's hardest knocks,
Poor, and with none to tend on his gray hairs,
Yet has a friend in his tobacco box,
And whilst he rolls his Quid, forgets his cares.

Ev'n so it is with human happiness—
Each seeks his own according to his whim:
This toils for wealth, one fame alone can bless,
One asks a Quid— Quid is all to him.

O, vet'ran chaw! thy fibres, savory strong,
Whilst aught remain'd to chew, thy master
chew'd;
Then cast thee here, when all thy juice was
gone,

Emblem of selfish man's ingratitude!

A happy man, O cast off Quid, is he,
Who, like as thou, hast comforted the poor;
Happy his age who knows himself like thee—
Thou didst thy duty—Man can do no more.

From the Stonington Yankee.
Of all the coquets that are found in the nation,
There is none that more cheats, than *Anticipation!*

She wellest all sexes, conditions and ages,
The grave and the gay, and the politic sages:
The young and the old, the rich and the poor,
All live on her smiles, till she turns them out
door.

From the New York Enquirer.
JOE STRICKLAND.

Konstanty Nople, Jennewerry, 1828.

Dear & lovin' uncle Ben,
I spoke you thort kaze I waz so darn
for of that I wansnt goen tu rite you agin,
but iph you think I kan ever forgit you
ur Ant Nabby, yew are tallmally mistak'en,
kaze I should remember yew if I waz
tother side ov awl kreashun, not by a
darn site—un iph I ever git Bak agin i'll
be hang'd if yew ever ketch me in this
kathrote kuntu agin. taint half so
good as old Varmount—I kum plaiy
neer starvin to deth afor I got here, we
hadn't northen under heaven tu ete half
the time only Dry Kod fish un taters—
finally and tarnally arter an everlastin
long passage we got here i'd been see
sil awl the time, un had pritty neer
spewd my gizard up, til by the lord har
ry I wa'nt much bigger rounk than De
kon Bigalows pitchfork handel—when I
got hear the axme if I waz ever in
Turky before, no ses I, but I've had a
darn menny turkys in me—i'd always
heerd a plaiy deal about, Turky in
Urop, in the gogfry when I went tu shool
tu Ikkabud Krane, whare I larnt to Spell
—un by the jumpin jingo my mouth war
terd az soon az I landed—byme bye a
darnashun Big lookin.Blaik kind ov a fel
ler cum along with trousses on az big az
meel bags, un a plaiy komikle lookin
thing on his hed az big az won uv Dekon
Bingham's behavies—hollo ses I mister
Whisker, Divvle or whatsomever yur
name is, by the grate Mogul ses I, jist
git me evry Turky in Urop, un i'll be
darnid if I dont swaller the hole boodle
uy un at won singel meel, for i'me as
hungree as a church yard—heven and
airth how the feller skairt me, by the
lord he pulled out a Darnashun long
krooked, kind ov a soard, that looks for
awl the world jist like old Leftenant
Wedsters Hay Nife un ses he yew darn
krishun dog yu've kum out ov greese,
un want tu Swaller awl turky at one
mowfull, ift yu say another wurd by
the grate mayhommet, i'll kut yew up
az fine az link meet—now thinks I hear's
the divvle tu pay, but i'll spunk tu
him—so sis I, yew Darnashun Black sun
ov a turnip—I havnt seen a spunfull ov
greese sinse I started from yor so yew
may put up yure Darnashun long krooked
nife—ift you think fer tu kut up en
yur Darn karlykews with me, I
yur yule find yureself Pritty plegly mis
taken, by the grate mountin iph yew
say another Sassy wurd, i'll jump down
yure ternal throte un gallop yure guts
out fur too koppers—by Jingo he lookt
pritty nigh az wite az skim milk, un
ses he hoo the divvle are yew, with
yure spindle shanks, ses I i'me Joe
Strickland from old Varmount, and darn
ye-size—I've got more rale Kimikle Eliz,
in my pokket when awl turky & Egpt
put together—un i've kum heer tu git
the grand Signer to make arnold a Bash

or with forte thowsent tales—heven and
aerth, how kweek he hawld in his horns,
kaze he'd heard about arnold & what a
Darn kritter he was for selin prizes and
wuz az frad ov him az he was of the old
Nik un ses he, friend Joe, will yew take
a chaw ov opym with me—noe ses I I
ruther take a jin koke tale by a darn site,
now my deer uncle Ben, i'll just let the
kat out ov the bag & tell yew partly
what I kum to this kuntry arter—for
there aint noboddy under heven now,
only arnold and he told me tu keep my
mouth klos az a klam shel till I got Bak,
so yew musn't even tel ant nabby nothen
about—last summer, when I & Joe Laugh
ton went to Nigh-agry to se that vessel go
over the kattyrack—I kum akrast on a old
Squor that told me iph I woud give her
kwart ov rum, she woud tel me whare
Morgan was, so I give her a kimikle Dol
ler Bill—nou ses I whare is the Darn
kritter, then she sed he'd gon tu konstan
tly nople, now by jingo thinks I when I
go to git Arnold made Bashor i'll just
look arter him—un by the grate moses
Peter I had'nt bin beer fore days afore I
sea a komikill lookin kind ov a fellor, awl
drest up just like a tirk, with big trouser
on—with his face lookin rite at me, but
kept goin to ther way—thinks I thats a
white Hall boteman, kase he looks one
way un goes tother—so I run arter him
un thinks I'll give him a littel masonry,
Jist tu se what he's made ov (kaze i'me a
bit ov a mason, i've been on the grid
ion) so ses I hello. Jubelo—hello Jubel
um ses he—hoo the divvle ar yew sis I
with yure hed on tale foremust, sis he
i'me, kaptin Bill morgan, un iph yull keep
yure mouth shut I'll tell yew awl about
it so we set down on a stump un then he
sed that he'd liv'd in york State a good
wile un koud,nt make northen, un He
thort he'd kut a kaper and Print a book
about freemasonry, and then got sum fel
lers from Kanady to karry him of, so tha
took him to nigh-agry river and when
tha got him in the middle tha chopt his
hed off with a Darn big cleaver un flung
him overbored, un he swum as much az
too rod afore he overtake his hed when
he grabd it with both hands and stuck
it on agin un paddled fur Kanady, whare
he found an old Squor Doktor, that fas
ed his hed on with Beaswax and Terpin
tum, but he had been in sech a Darn
hurry he'd got the rong side afore, and
Darsn't take it of agin for feer it woud,nt
stick on agin—when he got well he started
for Konstanty nople, un went awl the way
by land—now he gits a darn good price
for takin kare of the grand Signors ser
aglo, he is kinder kaptin ov the Unacks,
that take kare ov the gals—kaze, when
he's goin won way he looks tother. I
told him I kum to tak him bak tu York,
whare I kould git too thowsen dollars if I
brort him alive on if I kild him un Bort
him bak ded, I should git three Thowsen
—he sed that he'd took so menny steps
in free masunry That the divvle itself
kouldn't kill him and offred me forty
thowsen dollars, tu let him alone un not
whare he is, til arter the Next lection
un i've agreed to say nothen about it, so
you must jist keep still—he tooks a grate
deel about somebody, thots got a wick
tu his name, but I forgit what the rest
is—it is north wick or kandle wick
or some sick-wick and beses he'll be giv
er, in york state in spite or the
divvle—he laffs as iph heven un aerth
were kummin together, when he has
what a Darn fuss tha mak about him nou
that think he's ded, un he ses that a grate
menny of them that make the most noise
about him—hav menny times offred
him fore shillin to drink a kuart of Sider
Brandy rite down, jist tu see it kill him,
but tha aint at the bottom on, i'll tel
yew more about it when I kum home—
paper is pritty darn Skairse here or els
i'd rite more, in my next letter i'll tel
yew about the grecs. I'll be hanged
iph I no which is the best ov the too the
Grecs will Steal evry thing yuve got,
on the turks will kut yure hed off, so
betwene both tha ar a Darn kouckle
Sect—

from yure Lovven Nefsw
til Deth JOE STRICKLAND
Unkle Ben
in Varmount—

From the desk of Poor Richard the Scribe.
"I WILL BY AND BYE."

Zounds! sir, you may as well swear
that you will never do it! I'm out of all
patience with these "by and bye" folks.
An hour of the present time is worth a
week of the future.

Why, I know a bachelor, who is as
well calculated for matrimonial felicity
as every virtue and every accomplishment
can render him—but he has been
putting off the happy time, from one
year to another, always resolving that
he would marry "by and bye," till the
best ten years of his life are gone, and
he is still "resolving" and I fear "he will
die the same."

He that would gather the roses of
matrimony must wed in the May of life.
If you wish only the withered leaves and
the thorns, why, poor Richard says,
put it off till September.—"Procrastination
is the thief of time."

I made a visit last winter to see my
old friend Jeremiah Careless. When
he put my horses into the stable, he took
me to his barn floor to see some wheat
he had just threshed. I observed to him
that one of the boards of the barn was

near falling, and he had better nail it.
"I will by and bye," said he. Things
about the farm looked as though "by
and bye" folks lived there.—next morn
ing the boys came running in with sad
news. An unruly bull had torn off the
board, and the cattle had supped and
breakfasted on the white wheat, and old
brindle, the best cow in the drove, was
sundered so that she died. Now two
nails worth a penny, and five minutes of
time would have saved the life of old
brindle and the white wheat in the bar
gain.

Passing by my neighbor Nodwell's the
other day, I saw that his wife had made
a fine garden, and the early peas were
shooting above the ground. "It looks
well, said I, neighbor—but there is a
hole in the fence, which you had better
mend, or the hogs will ruin your gar
den."—I will "by and bye," said he.
Happening to go by there two days after,
I was deafened with the cry of "who-ee
who-ee—stu-boy, stu-boy"—a drove of
hogs had come along, and while my
neighbor was taking a nap, they had
crawled through the broken fence and
destroyed the labor of a week. "Never
put off till to-morrow what you can do
to-day"—Poor Richard says.

Condensed from a recent Swedish work.

Intoxication.—The laws against intox
ication are enforced with great rigour in
Sweden. Who ever is seen drunk is
fined, for the first offence three dollars;
for the second, six; for the third and
fourth a still larger sum—and is also de
prived of the right of voting at elections,
and of being appointed a representative.
He is, besides, publicly exposed in the
parish church on the following Sunday.
If the same individual is found commit
ting the same offence a fifth time, he is
shut up in a house of correction, and con
demned to six months hard labour; and if he is again guilty, to a twelve month's
punishment of a similar description. If
the offence has been committed in pub
lic, such as at a fair, at an auction, &c.,
the fine is doubled; and if the offender
has made his appearances in a church,
the punishment is still more severe.
Who ever is convicted of having induced
another to intoxicate himself, is fined
three dollars, which is doubled if the
drunken person is a minor. An ecclesi
astic who falls into this offence loses his
benefice; if it is a layman who occupies
any considerable post, his functions are
suspended and perhaps he is dismissed.
Drunkenness is never admitted as an
excuse for any crime; and who ever dies
while drunk, is buried ignominiously,
and deprived of the prayers of the church.
It is forbidden to give, and more expli
citly to sell, any spirituous liquors to
students, workmen, servants, apprentices
and private soldiers. Who ever is
observed drunk in the streets, or making
a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to
prison, and detained until sober, without,
however, being on that account exempted
from the fines. Half these fines go
to the informers, who are generally pol
ice officers the other half to the poor.
If the delinquent has no money, he is
kept in prison until some one pays for
him, or until he has worked out his en
largement. Twice a year a list of them
are read in the pulpit, by the clergy; and
every tavern-keeper is bound, under the
penalty of a heavy fine to have a copy
of them hung in the principal rooms of
his house.

Legislative Eloquence. The following
extract from a speech of M. J. Ives of
Westfield, in the house of representa
tives of the state of Mass. on the thea
tre question, is published in the West
field Register.

Mr. Ives rose!—"Mr. Speaker—Sir
—I rise, Sir, to state that I did not sol
icit the station which I hold here nor did
I expect it—nor am I qualified for it; and
I think, Mr. Speaker, you and this hon
orable house will think so before I
get half through—but, I am a consistent
man, and wish to be considered as such,
I find that I was wrong in my vote yes
terday—I am convinced so from the
great and respectable majority that was
against me. Mr. Speaker, Sir I believe
I was instigated by the devil in my vote
yesterday—Sir, we were told here yes
terday, by the gentleman from Boston, a
long and pitiful story of one young man
being ruined in consequence of theatres
—what, Sir! is this the only solitary in
stance that can be found? I presume so,
or we should have heard from it. What,
Sir! tell me of the deleterious or immoral
effect of theatres! Sir, I think the
morals of this place are very good—the
citizens are very polite! I hear no cur
sing, or swearing—Sir! I have seen
more immorality in the little town I have
the honor to represent—more drunkards—
more lying at taverns—more cursing
and swearing, than in this great
metropolis! Sir, I believe I was instig
ated by the devil, in my vote yesterday—I
am convinced I was wrong—Sir! I am a
consistent man." Here Mr. Ives was
called to order by the Speaker, because
he would gather the roses of matrimony
must wed in the May of life.

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matrimony must wed in the May of life.
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the thorns, why, poor Richard says,
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he put my horses into the stable, he took
me to his barn floor to see some wheat
he had just threshed. I observed to him
that one of the boards of the barn was

An Invitation to Dinner.—It was ob
served that a certain covetous rich man
never invited any one to dine with him.
"I'll lay a wager," said a wag, "I get an
invitation from him." The wager being
accepted, he goes the next day to this
rich man's house, about the time he was
known to sit down to dinner, and tells
the servant that he must speak with his
master immediately, for that he could
save him a thousand pounds. "Sir," said
the servant to his master, "here is a man
in a great hurry to speak with you,
who says he can save you a thousand
pounds!" "Yes, sir, I can—but I see
you are at dinner; I will go myself and
dine, and call again." "O pray, Sir,
come in and take a dinner with me." "Sir,
I shall be troublesome." "Not at all." The
invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over, and the family
retired. "Well, sir," said the man of
the house, "now to our business. Pray
let me know how I am to save this thou
sand pounds?" "Why, sir," said the other,
"I hear you have a daughter to dis
pose of in marriage." "I have." "And
that you intend to portion her with ten
thousand pounds." "I do so." "Why,
then, sir, let me have her, and I will take
her with nine thousand." The master
of the house rose in a passion and turned
him out of doors.

Backgammon Boards.—We frequently
find backgammon boards with backs let
tered as if they were two folio volumes.
The origin of it was thus: Eudes, Bishop
of Sully, forbade his clergy to play at
chess. As they were resolved not to
obey the commandment, and yet dared
not have a chess-board seen in their
houses or cloisters, they had them bound
and lettered as books, and played at
night, before they went to bed, instead
of reading the New Testament or the
Lives of the Saints; and the monks cal
led the draft or chess board their wooden
gospels. They had also drinking-vessels
bound to resemble the breviary, and
were found drinking, when it was sup
posed they were at prayer.

From the Boston Evening Bulletin.

REFINEMENT.—Should any one doubt
the fact, that the people of the United
States are the most learned and enlight
ened, and classical people under heaven,
let him peruse the effusions that are dai
ly emanating from our political presses.

—Apollo and his hand maids, that were
wont in old times, to caper about on the
summit of the Parnassian mount, treading
on flowers, breathing and conversing with
gods, have now become mere scullions
and scavengers in the service of Adams
and Jackson; *ex gratia*—an "Adams man"

says—

Had General Jackson New Orleans lost,
The presidential path he'd never crossed!

To which a "Jackson man" responds—

If Henry Clay had died at Chent,
Would Adams have been Presi-deut?

Most sublime couplets!—equal to the
magnificent maxim of Monsieur Jean

Lencir, the celebrated reformer, who
declares that—

First, to make man think at all,
Is, of all things, the prin-ci-pal.

Or the rhyme of the Kentucky songster—

Come all ye bold Kentuckians, I'd have you
for to know.

That for to fight the enemy we're going for
to go!

—

An Irish Sergeant on a march being
attacked by a dog, pierce the animal

with his halbert. On the complaint

of the owner, the superior officer said

to the offender—"Murphy you were

wrong in this. You should have struck

the dog with the bot end of your

halbert, and not with the blade."

Plais

your honor," says Murphy, "and I would