

MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Patriot.

TO THE ROXBURY MOSCHETOS.

A true! a true! ye tiny things,
Put up your nippers, shut your wings,
And bear your Poet!

I'll speak the words of truth and nature;
If not, why let some big Moscheter

Stand forth and show it!

I'll call for you the sweetest words,

Ye beauteous flock of humming birds,
That well will jingle;

And while your Laurest sweetly sings,

Pray, pray keep quiet all your stings,

For faith they tingle.

Full oft, most sorely I've been bitten,

And oft, most angry I've smitten

With mighty blows;

Though when I laid the foemen dead,

My fist, full furious, came like lead,

Whack on my nose!

And, sirs, I never began the fray,

No—No—I've often ran away,

Full fast, I rock'd;

And if you think I fight for fun,

I'll tell you, every mother's son,

Yer just mistak'n.

There! there's a rascal on my face!

Dye think I'll bear such foul disgrace,

I'ou varlot rule?

Take that!—and half dead, kick and sprawl,

If I could only bear tree owl

I would do me good!

My costest smarting with the pain,

No more my anger I'll restrain,

Nor fear your faces;

Villains, I know what you're made for,

(Remember, what I say, I've paid for,)

So keep your places.

In self-defence the serpent stings,

And then his honest rattle rings

It's warning shrill;

But ye, blue-bottle umps of Satan!

Ere we can vent our rightful hate on,

Yer've got your fill!

Then whiz! away! and cry, ye brutes!

Come, "follow," "follow," like "Dear Frey-

chutz,"

Ye ugly quizz's!

And while we stop to cure the smarts,

We feel five dozen venom'd darts,

Confound your phizzes!

Why, one would think some meddling tools

Had taught ye in our human schools,

My Lords and Madams:

Ingratitude belongs to man?

And has, since Adam's days began,

Or Mrs. Adam's?

There's not a bug, a worm, a fly,

A toad, a spider, flea, that I

E'er seek to kill;

But of your race I've millions slain!

And for as many more again,

Bring in your bill!

Oh! had I firmly by the wing,

Ten millions of you on a string,

I'd show you fun!

Oh! not an instant would I stay,

With nettle scourged a year, a day,

And just begun!

Dye bite? dye bite?—what, all at once?

Trust me, I'm not so great a dunce

To fight the fleet;

Take that, and that, and that, and that,

By George! I'll lay some hundreds flat,

And then retreat!

Pm off but pray, sirs, do not think

I'll off you the prettiest pink

Or civil speeches;

No! from henceforth I'll pound and maul you,

And all my days forever call you

The D—l's leeches!

Examination of a country School Master.

To give an idea of the dignity and importance of one of these examinations, we publish the following, cut from an old newspaper, and handed to us by a friend, as a specimen. The *dramatis personae*, the Rev. Mr. Longwind, Deacon Pitchpipe, Squire Roundabout, Dr. Liverleaf, and Col. Cut-and-thrust, on the one part, and the teacher on the other.

Bath Gazette.

Rev. Mr. Long. Mr. Teacher, what portion of mankind are fore-ordained to be saved?

Teacher. All who conduct themselves in a christian manner.

Deacon Pitch. How many molasses will it take to keep thanksgiving in the whole State of New-England?

Teacher. That depends on the number of pumpkin heads.

Squire Round. What is the most properst way of speaking to say I inspect, or I expect?

Teacher. That depends on whether it be a matter of inspection or expectation.

Dr. Liver. Which of the western States is *Feladelfia* in?

Teacher. It is in one of the middle States.

Dea. Pitch. To what denomination of Christians do the Turks belong?

Teacher. None. They are Musulmen.

Squire Round. How much pork will it take to support a darn'd great family?

Teacher. Upwards of considerable.

Col. Cut. What was the name of the name of the Spartan colonel who "fought till all was blue" at the straits of "Gibraltar?"

Teacher. Leonidas fought nobly in the straits of Thermopylae?

Rev. Mr. Long. What part of speech is this book?

Teacher. "This book" makes two parts of speech.

Col. Cut. What year was King James the first brought to the block?

Teacher. He was a block-head as long as he lived.

The teacher was next required to spell *hoss-block*, *wine-pipe*, *cheeny-weare*, and a number of other words, which the seniors pronounced with equal correctness.

But to make short work of a long examination, we will merely state, that the candidate was drilled about three hours and a half, in a style equally learned, important and dignified with the above specimen; after which he had the impudence to turn upon his assailants, and the following counter examination took place:

Teacher. Deacon Pitchpipe, will you be good enough to inform we what religion the pagans profess?

Dea. Pitch. Why, I take it sir, they are but little better, if any, than so many heathens.

Teacher. Squire Roundabout, supposing a frog should undertake to jump to the top of a steeple 90 feet high—but as often as he leaped up 2 feet, should fall back 3—how long would it take him to reach the top?

Squire Round. I have not time now to calculate it; but for a rough guess I should say upwards of a fortnight.

Teacher. What is your idea of Captain Symmes' Hole?

Squire Round. Why, I told him it wouldnt answer no purpose at all—that 'twas so shalled the taters would all freeze afore spring, and I guess he'll find it so sooner or later.

Teacher. Mr. Longwind, what is the latitude of Boston?

Rev. Mr. Long. Why, sir, it is sometime since I looked at my geography, but I should say, as far as my recollection serves me, about 50 deg. north.

Teacher. Col. Cut-and-thrust, in what year did Gen. Burgoyne surrender?

Col. Cut. In the year '18—but was taken by lord Cornwallis, at the siege of Bunker-Hill.

Teacher. What is your opinion of Brutus' evil genius?

Col. Cut. I should say he was rather a queer genius, 'take him by and large'—he was the same *teller*, if my memory serves me, that met Brutus at *Philippi*oxa.

Teacher. Deacon Pitchpipe, how do you spell boot-Jack?

Dea. Pitch. B oo-u-te—boot—j-a-k—jack—boot-jack. I larn't that of Uncle Stephen when I warnt knee high to his great toe.

Teacher. Who was the first Christian Emperor?

Dea. Pitch. Alexander the Great, the same that first introduced the reformation into Old England.

Teacher. Dr. Liverleaf, please to inform me what tree produces the cork, and also in what region it grows?

Dr. Liv. Yes, sir, I'll endeavor to: The tree is the *corkis queribus* and grows in Lapland, where the Peruvian bark is brought from.

Teacher. What part of speech is *and*?

Dr. Liv. Its a *dejunctive proposition*, that serves to unite two paragraphs, and from them into one sentence.

Teacher. Mr. longwind, is there properly speaking any passive verb in our language?

Rev. Mr. Long. I take it so, to be sure, or else Murray would not have told us so. Besides, why hadnt the English language ought to have a passive verb, as well as the Greek and Latin?

Teacher. I cannot tell, any more than I can, why a toad ought not to have a tail as well as a puppy.

Gaming.—An extraordinary case of crime was recently tried before the tribunal of Malaga; the history and termination of which will be given in the article annexed:—

Don Clemente Salmazeda, a rich merchant established at Malaga, took, sometime back, his two sons, Francisco and Angel, into partnership with him. Francisco, the eldest, who acted as cashier, had a mistress named Jacoba, with whom he became so infatuated, as to have no will but her's. At her lodgings he spent the greatest part of his time, and particularly his evenings. Several young men, amongst whom was Don Florencio Gidalva, were also in the habit of passing a part of the evening at Jacoba's apartments. After some time it was proposed, by way of killing time, to play at the game of *Monte*. Florencio Gidalva was appointed banker. Night after night Francisco Salmazeda played, and invariably lost; until at length the deficit in the cash of the firm entrusted to him, became so great, as to render discovery inevitable. Though warned by some of his friends that he was the victim of a set of sharpers, he had hitherto been so blinded by his passion for Jacoba, that he neglected to watch the manoeuvres practised upon him. However, having at length good reason to suppose that he had not only been cheated of his money, but also supplanted in the favors of Jacoba by F. Gidalva, he repaired on the evening of the 25th September last, to his mistress's lodgings, where he found the usual party, and sat down to play, resolved, if possible, to defeat the strata-

gem of which he had so often been the dupe.

Having staked a large sum upon a card, he felt his foot pressed upon, in a very significant manner, by that of Florencio Gidalva, the banker of the game; an intimation that was meant to be addressed to some other of the party. The game of course went against him. The moment he lost his money he rose up,

drew a poignard, and plunged it into the heart of Florencio Gidalva. The rest of the party rushed from the room. Francisco pursued them, and overtaking his faithless and cheating mistress, Jacoba, stretched her dead at his feet. In a short time the corregidor, who had been informed of the circumstance by some of the fugitives, entered Donna Jacoba's house, and found Francisco alone with the two dead bodies. He frankly acknowledged being the author of their deaths, and detailed the machinations which impelled him to the commission of the crime. The depositions of the servants fully confirmed the truth of these details. Don Francisco was brought to trial, and sentenced to the galleys for a hundred years and a day, which sentence has been approved by the chancery of Grenada.

From the Watertown, (N. Y.) Register.

We witnessed on Tuesday, a circumstance which we believe is rather a singular one in the history of the animal world.

A rat was thrown into a box containing one hundred living rattle snakes, for the purpose of showing the manner of attack by these reptiles.—When first thrown into the box, he evidently excited considerable displeasure amongst the serpents at the sight of such an intruder. They, however, made no immediate attack upon him, but put their heads rather boldly around him, apparently for the purpose of examining his make and quality. The rat taking this impudence in high dudgeon, soon began to play his part among his new comrades by adopting their own mode of warfare, and biting every one that presumed to come within his reach. His usual aim would be at the head and neck of the snakes, where he would fasten his teeth so firmly, that they would frequently drag him the whole length of the box, before he would let go his hold.

In this way he soon became master of the field, and by merely turning his head towards them, the snakes would retreat to the back ground for safety. However, to close the scene, after the rat had been in the box four or five hours, one young snake, of more courage than his companions, placed himself in a posture of attack, and by one effectual blow, put a period to the conquests of the warrior rat.

Figure of Speech. At a training in one

of the northern counties of this state, several years since, the professional merits of two drummers, a certain Ben Morse, drum major to the regiment, and a very uncertain Tom Burnham, a candidate for the same office, were discussed very freely by the soldiers, over a pint tumbler of blue ruin, at a cake and beer shanty, just without the sentry; some maintained that Burnham was the best musician; others again that Morse had not his superior "in the six counties;" when a long, lantern-jawed, freckle-faced chap, standing some six feet four, without either stockings or shoes, elbowed his way into the ring, with an old rusty Queen Ann's firelock in one hand, a card of rye ginger bread in the other, and after picking his teeth with his bayonet, and wiping his face on something that served as an *apology* for a coat sleeve, addressed one of the company thus:—"I tell you what it is, Corporal Cowan, I grant that Morse can beat Burnham in drumming our training tune, but then you come to the real sentimental—I tell you Corporal, (and he spoke the words with great emphasis) Tom Burnham can drum Ben Morse's shirt tail off!"

Social Hints.—When I see a young man the nature of whose business impudently demands all his attention, loitering about public houses, spending his time and money, and what is of much, if not of more consequence, his respectable standing in society, then I say to myself, if he does not "tack ship," he will be on a lee shore, and consequently among the breakers." When I see young married people launching out into great extravagancies beyond what their pecuniary affairs will admit, then I say to myself you had better "haul aft" and run closer to the wind, or you will soon have to make a losing stretch to get to the windward again." When I see parents indulging their children in every thing their little fancies prompt them to desire, then I say to myself your children will soon be your masters, and it is probable, should they come to years of maturity, they will be a cause of trouble to you in your oldage, and by their improper conduct, "bring down your grey hairs with sorrow, to the grave."

Affectation.—The following is a literal transcript of a letter, actually sent, a short time ago, to the mistress of a school at Hendon, by the mother of one of the boarders:—"As I had good hedication

myself