

MISCELLANY.

From the New-York Albion.

The Soliloquy of a Bachelor.

UPON BEING JILTED BY HIS FAITHLESS MELINDA.

Heigh ho! may the d—l confound me if ever
Hereafter to love or be lov'd I endeavor;
I have made three attempts at this thing they
call marriage.

And in each have encounter'd a deuced miscar-
riage—

This last stuck, might properly make me splen-
tic!

And my feelings, I own, are not wholly pathet-
ic.

When I think of the close of my fav'rite adven-
ture,

Which I hop'd, would result in a wedding
Indulgence—

I'm dislik'd! and the thought my tranquility
ravages,

The girls one and all must be turning to sav-
ages;

For, surely although I may not be a true sage,
I might justly have looked for more christian-
like usage—

To be we com'd and smil'd on 'midst oceans of
flattery,

By her against whom I had planted love's bat-
tory;

To be told in the fondest of terms, she regard-
ed,

My bliss as her bliss—and to be then discarded!

Ye pow'r! what a blow! could the merciless
hatchet

Of the fiercest of Indians in cruelty match it?

I'd as well try to pull down the stars from the
sky;

Or up to their orbits without pinions to fly;

I'd as well try to number the drops of the
ocean,

Or to calm the huge waves when in stormy
commotion:

In short—I'd as well try to unbar the gates

Of Eternity's fabric, and conquer the Fates;

As to try to obtain that fam'd blessing of life—

That hew'ly possession on earth call'd—a
wife—

I mean by a wife—a beautiful woman,

Enrich'd with a mind that's above what is com-
mon;

With a heart that in gentlest affection can melt;

And a face that can show when affection is feit;

Who will modestly blush when her praises are
nam'd,

And weep—without anger—whenever she's
blam'd.

Such a consort as this would, methinks, give a
relish

To life, and its whole range of scenery embel-
lish.

But 'tis over with me—I must shift as I can—

Though I can't be a husband—I'll yet, be a—
man:

I'll not weep—nor go mad—nor become melan-
choly—

Nor plunge, as some lads would, in all sorts of
folly—

But I'll think upon fortitude's ral'yng merits—

Will eat—drink and sleep,—and what's best—
keep my spirits.

*Amplified by Moore—

“Who will blush when she's praised, and weep
when she's blam'd.”

FRANK VANDERHACKEN'S DREAM.

Frank Vanderhucken was one of those discontented mortals, who are eternally endeavoring to wear out the patience of our good lady, “Dame Fortune,” with his complaints. His crop never grew to his liking; the season was always too wet or too dry, too warm or too cold. The price of grain was always too low, and that of groceries too high, for the plain reason that he sold the former and had to buy the latter—because madam and the young ladies loved to set a smart tea-table; and Frank, himself, was no very decided enemy to good living. But things went wrong and he was not a happy man.

His neighbors used to call him a cast-
building sort of a fellow, and said all his
troubles arose from his dreaming he was a
very great man every night, and waking up
plain Farmer Frank in the morning. But
however this may have been, his affairs be-
came in time, somewhat deranged, in conse-
quence of inattention to business, which
grew out of his perpetual repining. A
heavy heart never drives business speedily,
and misfortunes, some times comes in ear-
nest to those who take so much pains to
persuade themselves they are unfortunate.

Thus were affairs situated, when Frank,
who, from being discontented with his own
situation, had become envious of that of
every one else. After a long walk over his
farm, at this time loaded with the promise of
a rich harvest, he returned home, and throw-
ing himself on a sofa, fell into a profound
sleep. Directly, a tall, noble looking figure,
wrapped up in a large cloak, stood by
his side, and accosted him, with, “come
Frank, my name is Fortune, go with me.
I have long heard thy complaints, and I
propose holding a fair to-day, by attending
which, thou mayest possibly better thy hard
lot.”

He arose immediately and putting on his
hat accompanied his mysterious guide.

Presently he found himself in an exten-
sive plain, crowded with a great number of
persons belonging to all the different pro-
fessions in the country.

Here, said Fortune, pointing to the great
assemblage, here are many thousands of
good men, either of whom will exchange
situations with you, even handed, at my
command. You may now, therefore, take
your own choice.

Frank thanked his good friend—his eyes
sparkled with pleasure, as the crowd began
to pass, one after another before him—and
he could hardly contain his joy, as his eyes
rested on the portly form of a rich neighbor
of his, who was one of the first to approach
him, and whose long purse he had often
envied.

That is the man if you please, said Frank.

At the back of his companion, old Mort-
gage stood by his side, and very complai-
antly began to deliver up his deeds, and
bonds, and obligations—and having done so,
Frank was about to run home with the glad
news, and get ready to put the old man in
possession of his farm, when Mortgage lift-
ed up his gouty leg and Fortune called—

stay Frank, this goes with the rest—the
bargain is, situation for situation, and the
gouty foot goes with neighbor Mortgage's
estate.

Frank was thunderstruck. He started
for a moment, and then threw down his bun-
dle of papers as a man would a hot dump-
ling. I would not have the gout for all the
date, said Frank.

The next personage that arrested Frank's
attention, was a wealthy shipping merchant
of the city. He was again in raptures, and
bent on the exchange. The merchant began
to deliver inventories of his property
and amongst the rest those of the cargoes
of five vessels at sea. These last constituted
a main part of the clear estate—and
Frank never knew the anxiety that follows
the possession of such property till now.
He remembered the great storm but a few
days before—and had heard of the wreck of
some vessels on the shore—he hesitated—
he trembled—he turned to go—but he felt
that he should be forever unhappy—and he
once more declared himself to be dissatis-
fied, and that as yet he had not found one
whose situation was better than his.

Then a dashing young fellow, who owned
by far the largest, richest, and most elegant
farm in all Annandale, presented himself,
and Frank was sure of being pleased. He
had often wished for Jeju's fine horses and
carriage, and thought, to be a farmer after
that sort, would be worth living for. But
when the young buck came to deliver up
the title deed, a bond and mortgage with
interest unpaid for half a dozen years, was
inclosed in it, enough to swallow two thirds
of the estate, and horses and carriage in the
bargain. Frank drew back. No, sir, says
he, The Dairy is clear of debt, and don't
slip through my hands in this way.

Thus it turned out with some hundreds
of others who were presented as candidates
for a change of situation with Frank.
Though those were taken promiscuously
from among the rich and poor—farmers,
merchants, mechanics, professional men,
etc. Some were encumbered with debts,
others with disease that belonged to their
necessary modes of life. Some had one
trouble, some another difficulty—and
Frank, in the end, was thoroughly convinced
he never would be able to better his
situation, on the whole, by an exchange,
expressed to his kind guide his perfect satis-
faction with his own condition.

“Take this home with you,” said Fortu-
ne, “none are perfectly happy in this
world—few comparatively so.”

“In every situation, there are difficulties
to be encountered—and he is the happiest
man, who is determined to be happy with
what he has, instead of troubling his head
about that which he has not. You can see
but the out side of others—you know noth-
ing of the secret troubles which perplex
their bosoms—try to be happy, and you will
be as happy as your neighbors.”

Frank awakened from his sleep just as
Fortune finished his speech and has ever
since been a changed man. There is not,
at this day, a more merry fellow in all Ann-
andale.

On-dits from Washington. Rumor states
that the boarders at Gadsby's were alarmed
on Friday night, by a terrible out-cry in one
of the chambers, occupied by the members
of the juvenile convention. On proceeding
to the spot, they found a promising
young politician standing in the middle of
the room, wringing his hands, and vociferating
most lustily for his mammy. It seems
the poor little thing had waked up in the
night, and finding itself alone in a dark
room, was almost frightened out of its wits.
Mr. Gadsby, with his usual amenity, gave
the little child a handful of sugar plums,
and placed a careful old black nurse in the
room to sing “Hush a-bye Baby” to it.
Whereupon it ate itself to sleep, and was
sufficiently recovered to make a speech the
next day in the convention.

It is also whispered in the fashionable
circles that a distinguished member of this
promising body, burnt himself so seriously

last evening, by snuffing a candle with his
fingers, that his life is despaired of, and noth-
ing but the presence of his nurse will par-
ticipate him.

An express has been despatched for the old
lady, and all the little children of the
metropolis were brought by their mam-
mies and nurses to console with the unfor-
tunate sufferer, who it appears never knew
that fire was hot until now.

Every body at Washington cries shame on
the parents and guardians of these little folks,
for thus permitting them to go from home, without
somebody to take care of them.

The poor little son with the burnt finger does
nothing but cry all the day, though the ladies Orphan
Asylum, pay it great attention, and a benevolent
matron sits by its side all day, singing
songs from mother Goose's melodies.

It is affirmed that the only one of these which
appears to sooth him in the least is—

“Harry shall have a fine hobby,
And Harry shall ride to the fair,
And Harry shall have a red riband,
To tie up his bonny brown hair.”

It is said that the “Juvenile delinquents”
begin to be so home sick, that it will be
impossible to keep them together much
longer, especially as milk begins to grow
scarce in the District, and several have
been obliged to go to bed without their sup-
per in consequence. They will probably
adjourn soon, *sine die*—to the nursery.

New York Courier.

MODERN DICTIONARY.

JAIL.—A large building where gentlemen
go to pay their debts.

EDITOR.—A poor wretch who every day
empties his brain to fill his stomach.

GALLOWS.—Where gentlemen sometimes
stretch their necks.

DEATH.—An ill bred fellow who visits
people at all seasons, and insists upon their
returning his visits immediately.

JURY.—Twelve prisoners in a box to try
one at the bar.

N. Y. Mirror.

From the N. Y. Courier and Enq.

VARMOUNT, APRIL 25, ATTEEN 100 AND 32.

Deer Misther Kurryer and Inkwerer,—I
ges iplu you lookey sharpule find in this
letter a two-doller Kimkile bill, which I want
tu give tu Dokter Phoster, tu help him,
hetchel oald Deekon Huntinton, for taken
up hiz wife kaize she was ridin on a Sabbath-
day. I kno a good minny ov these oald
square toed stiff rumps. I've got an ever-
lastin gruge agin some ov em—they'll du
inny thing under heaven the minister tells
em. Iph he siz the boy—they'll no Dokter
Phoster. Won uv um tride tu kut up hiz
shines with me worse, but I was a leetle
tu wide awaik for him. When I go to Yawk
I hv to go smack thru Konnettykut—so
won Sabbathday I was ridin thru Infield, as
still as a kat krawls after a mouse—un just
az i got rite against the meetin house out
put oald Deekon Parsons, with a s-a-n
book in one hand and a tarnal big kane in
the other. Hello! siz he,—yew wikkid
kitter don't you kno its Sabbathday? So I
put on a pritty middlin kind of a long face,
and told him I was going to see my ant
Nabby—who'd marryd Deekon Amariah
Bige-low. Wall! siz he, Deekon Bige-low
or Deekon Bigel-high, u kan't go no furder
no'll arter sundown, kaise me Deekon, un
squire—i'm selekt man and keep that tav-
ern, un you must go rite strate thare and
stay awl day; you can get good intertaine-
ment fur man un beest—I told him I was
plagy glad on't for I was pritty darn'd nir
half starved un so was the oald mare, and the
only reisn I was ridin Sabbathday waz, kaise
I hadn't got a single hooter ov minny—but
seen he was so good I didn't care if I stade
awl nite—so's tu let the oald mare git kinder
filled up, iph he had good hay and otes. (I
told a mose darnashun, awl fired lyce—kaise
I had my trowsers pocket, stuck chuk full
of Arnul's Kimkiles.) By the lord harry if
he didn't roal up hiz ize—like a duk in a
thunder storm. What siz he—you haint
got no minny. Hel!—how dare you tra-
vel a Sabbathday when you haint got no minny
to pay the fine—we dont allow no body
that haint got no minny to travel thru this
town by no means not a Sabbathday—so
you had better be joggin along—but don't
stop tu my house—so I started and when I
got a little out of his reach, I shook a roll of
kimkiles at him. Then siz I, what du you
think ov that oald snapstrings! He throw'd
his big kain arter me, un holler'd—O! yew
wikkid varmount, iph I coul' catch yew i'd
shake yer gizzerd out. I laid the string on
the oald maire—in that's the last I ever
see of Deekon Parsons. Noty beeny—I
don't never go thru Hartford since they had
the grate Koavensun, last war time. think it kinder smells bad.

Yewer loovin frind till dith.

JOE STRICKLAND.

Editors Difficulties. Next to poverty,
delinquent subscribers, and dums, to which
most editors are subject, the greatest diffi-
culty is to please the public. For so great
is the variety of public taste and feeling,
that had the conductor of a periodical pa-
per as many heads and as many pens, as
his paper has readers, he could never hope
to please all; for they cannot please them-
selves. Does he speak out in language
plain and simple? it is mere common place;
the taste of the learned is not gratified; it
is fit only for the vulgar. Does he aspire
to elegance, the unlearned cannot under-
stand; and the learned regard him as a pe-
tantic fellow, dabbling in what he had no
pretensions to. Does he show his colors
and boldly contend for his ground? he is
too severe. If he hides himself beneath a
mass of equivocal matter, he is temporising.
If he publishes extracts better than he can
write, he has no talents of his own to dis-
play; and if he fills his paper with original
matter, he might have given something bet-
ter from the works of others. If he at-
tempts to philosophize, it is dull and un-
interesting; and if he writes on plain and
familiar subjects, every body knew them
before. Does he attempt to instruct? he
needs to be instructed. Does he use his
endeavor to amuse; it is light and trifling.
People generally are fond of being praised,
and one would suppose this might satisfy
them, but let an editor try the experiment,
and he will find out his mistake. For such
is the power of envy, that no one will thank
him for praising him, and every body will
hate him for praising others. Most people
are fond of hearing their neighbors slandered;
but if you attempt to point out either the
vices and follies of mankind, every one
will find something applicable to himself;
and here again you encounter the whole
mass. Every person can tell you how to
conduct a paper to please him; and of
course to offend every one else. These
being stubborn facts, there is no alternative
but for an editor to please himself if he
can and hazard the consequences.—If he
does this he will be certain of satisfying one,
which is more than he can say if he tries to
please all.

A countryman happened to be driving
his team on the margin of the Carolina
Rail Road, just as the Engine, with the
Cars attached, passed by with great rapidi-
ty. Motion by steam never having entered
into the head of the wagoner, he stood
aghast at the sight, while his frightened
horses ran off, breaking the vehicle and
scattering and otherwise injuring its con-
tents. When his senses returned, the poor
fellow set off in pursuit of his horses and
property—but the damage was so consider-
able that he was fain to resort to a subscrip-
tion to indemnify his loss. The Contributors,
we are happy to learn, were liberal,
but one more inquisitive than the rest, asked
“why he did not hold on to his horses?”
“Hold on!” said Hodge, “how the devil
could you expect me to hold on, when I
saw Hell in harness coming down upon me?”

Augusta Constitutionalist.

Cowhiding by proxy.—A negro on a

plantation in the West Indies having misle-
haved, was sent by his master to the over-
seer with a note, in which the latter was di-
rected to bestow upon the delinquent div-
ers and sundry stripes. Now Sambo had
been sent upon such errands before, and
keen were his pangs at being again delegated
upon such unpleasant duty. He surveyed
the note with a rueful visage, and meditated
how he should escape the seemingly
un