

THE DRUNKARD'S COMPLAINT

OF THE SHORTNESS OF HIS NECK.

A jolly son of Bacchus sat,
Black Betty* hugged with fond desire,
And, as he joined in closer chat,
The color of his nose grew higher.

Yet 'mid this warm ecstatic glow,
With all he valued in full tide,
He either felt, or fancied woe,
And plaintive thus his sorrows sighed:

"Sure, Nature, parsimonious dame!
Who slakes her thirst with rain and dew,
Meant we should play a sim'lar game,
And wet our lips with water too.

"Else why, alas! did she bestow
A neck so short on men of note,
We scarce can feel the liquor flow
Before it's fairly down the throat!

"Or was the dame in want of clay,
That she should make so short a route
Along the oesophageal way,
Nor any farther stretch it out?

"Full sure the task were short enough,
With lib'ral hand, to have set in
A little longer piece of stuff
Between the bosom and the chin.

"Has not the horse a longer neck,
Who never tastes a drop of rum?
Does not the crane a longer deck,
Who never near a tavern came?

"While I, alas! unlucky soul,
Who pleasure buy at so much cost,
Scarce to my lips can lift the bowl
Before the precious drops are lost.

"Oh, had my neck a sweet extent,
As long as Danube or the Nile!—
But may, perhaps I'd be content
If 'en did it only reach a mile.

"To have it stretched I would not rock,
Could I sustain the hempen strife,
And only lengthen out my neck
Without the short'ning of my life."

Thus sighed the man in plaintive sort,
But strove the cause of grief to drown;
And as he found his neck too short,
He oft'ner poured the liquor down.

[Selected.]

*A name for the bottle.

Tooth Drawing.

We have been favored with the following judicious account of a student's first attempt at tooth drawing, by a friend. It is an extract from a forth coming volume entitled "The Life and Adventures of Dr. Dodimus Duckworth, A. N. Q. to which is added the history of a Steam Doctor," by the author of a Yankee among the nullifiers. The work is published by William Stodart, 6, Cortlandt street, and will be out in the course of a week.

N. Y. Times.

The writer's established character, for wit and drollery, will be the best passport it can have to the liberties of the public.

Dodimus, after seeing sundry exhibitions of his master's skill, began to be very anxious to try his own at a cast of practice. An opportunity was not longer wanting; for one morning, as he was exercising the pestle in his master's absence, and longing for a chance of attempting something by his own ability, a man entered the shop with a handkerchief round his jaws, and with a countenance more rueful than if he had lost all his relations.

"Is the doctor at home?" said he.

"No, sir."

"Where is he?"

"He's gone over to Crincumpaw."

"To Crincum dev—I came within an inch of swearing. How soon will he be back?"

"Why, I 'spose in the course of two or three hours, if you can wait so long."

"Two or three ages, you might as well say—I can't wait a minute."

"Who's sick?"

"There aint no body sick. But I'm as mad as I can live: I've got the jumping tooth-ache; and I want the doctor to pull it."

"I do that myself," said the student, beginning to take the instruments from a drawer.

"You'd said the man, eyeing him suspiciously, "Did you ever pull a tooth?"

"Did it? I wonder if I haint, now!" returned the student, as to carry with it a conviction to the mind of the hearer, that he was expert in the business. Then desiring him to take a seat, he began to examine the offending tooth.

"Do you see it?" said the patient.

"I wonder if I don't?" said Dody.

"Oh, how it does jump!" exclaimed the patient, at the same time springing upon his feet and raving round the room like a bedlamite; "I believe in my soul it'll jump out of my head!"

"Shut your mouth then," said the student, "do, and keep it in till I get ready to pull it." He seated the man once more, and desired him to extend his jaws as wide as he could; he introduced a horse-fleam by way of a gum lancet, and began to cut around the tooth.

"What are you about there?" roared the patient, as well as he could articulate with the fleam in his mouth.

"I'm cutting the goom," replied the student.

"You've got the wrong tooth!" roared the man; and seizing the hand of the operator, he wrenched it violently away; when springing up and spitting out the blood, he exclaimed—"you've cut my tongue half off!"

"Why didn't you keep your head still then?" said Dody.

"Still you blundering toad, you; and let you pull the wrong tooth! The one I wish to have drawn is on the other side of my mouth, and in the upper jaw, instead of the under."

"Very well; how should you know which I was cutting? You couldn't see it, and I could."

"Yes, but I could feel it though."

"Feeling is nothing at all to be compared to seeing," said the very scientific student. "I could see what I was about, while you was only feeling."

"Well, one thing I know," persisted the man, "you have got the wrong tooth."

"Very well," returned Dody, "just as you say. I'll pull out any tooth you like; I aint at all particular about that."

The patient was presently seated once more and opening wide his jaws, designated with his finger the particular tooth he wished to have extracted.

"I see it," said the student, beginning again to flourish the horse fleam; "I'll get the right one now, if there's any right to it." Then cutting freely round the tooth, he took the

extracting instrument and began to make a demonstration of applying it, when the patient charged him anew to be sure and get the right tooth.

"Don't put yourself in a pucker," replied the youth; "don't you think I've pulled a tooth afore to-day?" Then applying the instrument, he began to twist; but presently resting on his ears, he asked if it hurt.

"Out with it!" said the man, angrily stamping with the instrument in his mouth.

"Very well, sir," said Dody, and began to twist once more; but stopping again, while the patient writhed with pain, he inquired a second time, with singular humanity if it was a whistle. I don't believe any one was drowned—but some did get a mortal ducking. I never see such a mess, they went in like frogs—and such an eternal mixing—Colonels, and Captains, and Nigars, and Governors, and Sailors, and all—it made no odds which went first, or what end was uppermost. And when we got up to the tavern where we put up over night, I and the General had a real laugh to see all our folks coming in, one after another. Governor Cass had a badanna tied round his head—what, says I, "Governor are you hurt?" "Not as I know on," says he; "but I lost my wig," and sure enough, come to take off the handkercher, his wig was gone. "Well," says I, "Governor, you've the whole Indian tribes in your Department, and it's a hard case if you can't get a scalp to suit you"—and the General snorted right out at this—and then came Gov. Massy, and he had his pantaloons rip'd from the waistband, clean down to his knee. Well, says I this beats all natr; it will cost more than 50 cents to mend them. Never mind, Massy, says the General—if you can't get them are pantaloons mended—the State'll give you a new pair—and then we all snorted and snicker'd, I tell you.

Dody now raised his fist, and was about making a rejoinder in similar terms; but suddenly recollecting himself, he forebore to strike, saying it was his business to cure and not to kill; and that if the patient would allow him to apply the instrument once more, the tooth should come out pretty darn quick.

The patient acquiesced; but swore if he stopped again to ask whether it hurt, he would break his good-for-nothing numskull. I meant it all in a civil way," returned the student, and had no idea you'd be affronted about it. But I'll make the tooth hop like a parched pea; if I don't, then darn me! With that he applied the instrument, and giving it a sudden and forcible wrench, out came two teeth. "There," said he, "wasn't it done slick?"

"Oh! you've pulled my head off!" exclaimed the man, springing upon his feet, applying his hand to his jaw, groaning, roaring, and raving like a mad bull which has just shaken a mastiff from his nose.

"Well, 'twas done plaguy slick, want it?" said Dody, "for the first one?" thus in his exultation, betraying the ignorance which he before had the cunning to conceal.

"The first one!" roared the man, with mingled rage and astonishment; "didn't you just now tell me you had pulled many a one?"

"I wonder if I did!" returned the prudent youth.

"Yes, you did," said the patient. Then looking at the spoils of his mouth, which his pain had prevented his examining before he broke out with new rage. "Confound your awkward soul! you've pulled two teeth instead of one!"

"Well, you needn't be so mad about it," returned the student, coolly; "I shan't charge you for more than one."

"Shan't charge! No, I guess you won't. I wouldn't a had it pulled, that sound tooth for a bright silver dollar. It's enough to lose a rotten one."

"It's no loss to lose a rotten tooth though," replied the student, "and as for the sound one, that would have been rotten sometime, if I hadn't pulled it. I think it best to make a business of it when you're about it, and have a good number pulled at once. They come cheaper that way."

"You hadn't ought to ax any thing for pulling either of these, seeing you've made such a fist of it."

"Well, I told you I shouldn't charge you for more than one."

"I'll be darned if I'll ever pay you that."

"It's no consarn of mine," returned the student, "you may settle it with Doctor Whistlewind."

The patient again bound up his jaws with the handkerchief, put the two extracted teeth in his pocket, to keep as a memorial of his sufferings, and bidding the student good day, left the shop.

Selling a Dog.—Dick Lazbones was the owner of a large dog, which cost him as much to keep him as it would two pigs; and the dog besides was utterly useless. Nay, he was worse than useless, for in addition to the expense of keeping, he took up house room, and greatly annoyed Dick's wife.

"Plague take the dog!" said she. "Mr. Lazbones, I do wish you would sell him, or kill him, or do something or other with him. He's more plague than his rotten neck is worth—always lying in the corner and eating more than it would take to maintain three children. I wonder you will make 'em all stare, I'm mistaken!—The general is amazingly tickled with the Yankees; and the more he seen on 'em, the better he likes 'em. "No nullification here, Major," says he—"No," says I, "general—Mr. Calhoun would stand no more chance down east here, than a stump tail bull in thy time."

So no more at present from your obedient servant,

in the thickest on 'em. I and the General clapt in the spurs, and we went quick enough through the crowd on the Batter; and the first thing I saw was Mr. Van Buren, hanging on the tail of the General's horse, and streaming out behind as stark as old Deacon Wilbey's cue, when he is a little too late to meeting. Some of the folks said it look'd a little like the "Flying Dutchman"—and some said something about "Tam O'Shanter;" but never mind, we snaked him out of that scrape as slick as a whistle. I don't believe any one was drowned—but some did get a mortal ducking.

"I never see such a mess, they went in like frogs—and such an eternal mixing—Colonels, and Captains, and Nigars, and Governors, and Sailors, and all—it made no odds which went first, or what end was uppermost. And when we got up to the tavern where we put up over night, I and the General had a real laugh to see all our folks coming in, one after another. Governor Cass had a badanna tied round his head—what, says I, "Governor are you hurt?" "Not as I know on," says he; "but I lost my wig," and sure enough, come to take off the handkercher, his wig was gone. "Well," says I, "Governor, you've the whole Indian tribes in your Department, and it's a hard case if you can't get a scalp to suit you"—and the General snorted right out at this—and then came Gov. Massy, and he had his pantaloons rip'd from the waistband, clean down to his knee. Well, says I this beats all natr; it will cost more than 50 cents to mend them. Never mind, Massy, says the General—if you can't get them are pantaloons mended—the State'll give you a new pair—and then we all snorted and snicker'd, I tell you.

For this purpose he pitched upon Jemmy, an honest unsuspecting Irishman.

"Jim," said he, "you want shaving and trimming."

"Faith, and that's throue enough too," said Jemmy, "I was just thinking of goin till the barber's, afore ye speake."

"I've jest been myself," said Jacob, "and overpaid the barber"—naming him—"one and sixpence, because he couldn't make change. Now that'll jest pay for shaving you and cutting your hair."

"Sure enough, and so it will," said Jemmy "and I'll pay you another time."

"Never mind that," said Jacob. "You just mention to the barber, after you've got slicked up that it's on my account, and he'll say it's all right."

Away went Jemmy and got smoothed up to the amount of one and sixpence. As soon as the job was completed, I suppose, Misster Barber," said he 'tis all right, isn't it?"

"All right!" exclaimed the man of suds who had scarcely yet got over his irritation from the former case—what's all right?"

"Why, the cuttin iv me beard and the shavin of me hair, to be sure."

"Right! yes, I suppose it's right, if you're satisfied with it."

"Thank ye, Misster Barber, I'm perfectly satisfied—and I'll bid ye good mornin."

With that Jemmy was leaving the shop, when the barber seized him by the collar, and demanded his one and sixpence.

"Aint that a pretty sthory, now!" exclaimed the Irishman, with utter astonishment, to be after axin one and sixpence iv me, seen as how the head waiter of the — Ho'paid that same for me not an hour ago."

At hearing the head waiter named again, he felt all his former passion reviving, together with a good deal of additional fury; and letting the whole upon poor Jemmy, he gave him such a beating scarcely left a sound bit of flesh in his whole body.—Jemmy went home and complained bitterly of the ill usage.

"What?" said the head waiter, "did the barber use you ill?"

"Faith, and that's what he did," said Jemmy; "he bate me almost until a Jelly."

"Confound the rascal!" said Jacob, he treated me in the same way; and I'm satisfied —"

"Satisfied of what are ye?" asked the Irishman.

"Of nothing," said the Yankee—"only that you've got as bad a dressing as I—that's all."

N. Y. Constellation.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,

April 12, 1833.

IN the late conflagration of the Treasury building, nearly all the correspondence of the Secretary of the Treasury, from the establishment of the department to the 31st March, 1833, was destroyed; including, as well the original letters and communications addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury, as the records of the letters and communications written by him. With a view to repair the loss, as far as may be practicable, all officers of the United States, are requested to cause copies to be prepared, and authenticated by them, of any letters (excepting those hereinafter alluded to) which they may have at any time written to, or received from the Secretary of the Treasury; and all those who have been in office and other individuals throughout the United States and elsewhere, are invited to do the same.—That this correspondence may be arranged into appropriate books, it is requested that it be copied on folio foolscap paper, with a sufficient margin on all sides to admit of binding, and that no more than one letter be contained on a leaf. It is also requested that the copies be written in a plain and distinct or engrossing hand. Where the original letter can be spared, it would be preferred. The reasonable expense incurred in copying the papers now requested, not exceeding the rate of ten cents for every hundred words will be defrayed by the department.

The correspondence which has been saved, and of which, therefore, no copies are desired, are the records of letters written by the Secretary of the Treasury to Presidents and Cashiers of banks, from the 1st October, 1819, to the 20th February, 1833, all the correspondence relating to revolutionary claims under the act 15th May, 1828, and to claims of Virginia officers to half pay, under the act of 5th July, 1832, and to applicants for the benefits of the acts of the 2d March, 1831, and the 14th July, 1832, for the relief of certain insolvent debtors of the United States. Copies of some circular letters and instructions written by the Secretary, have also been preserved; and, it is requested, that before a copy be made of any circular letter or instruction, written by the Secretary of the Treasury, the date and object of the circular be first stated to the department, and its wishes on the subject ascertained.

LOUIS McLANE,

Secretary of the Treasury.

April 22, 1833. 17-3mo

LAW. NOTICE.

AMOS LANE, Attorney and counsellor at law, will, in future, give his undivided attention, to his profession—may be consulted at his office, on high street, near the clerk's office, at all times, except when at Court—will attend the Circuit, Probate, and Commissioners' Courts, in the County of Dearborn. The Circuit Courts in Franklin, Switzerland, Ripley and Decatur counties. The Supreme and District Courts at Indianapolis. And will attend to business of *Importance, either civil or criminal* in any other courts in this, or adjoining states. He trusts that his long and successful practice, will insure him his former liberal portion of professional business, when the public shall be assured, that all business entrusted to his charges, shall receive his prompt attention, and best efforts, to bring it to a speedy and successful close.

AMOS LANE.

Lawrenceburg, June 13th, 1833. —24