

THE DRUNKARD'S COMPLAINT OF THE SHORTNESS OF HIS NECK.

A jolly son of Bacchus sat,
Black Betty hugg'd 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 sigh'd:

"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 come!

"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 nay, perhaps I'd be content
E'en did it only reach a mile.

"To have it stretch'd I would not reck,
Could I sustain the hepen strife,
And only lengthen out my neck
Without the short'ning of my life."

Thus sigh'd 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 ludicrous 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 Crincumpaw?—I came within an inch of wearing. How soon will he be back?"
"Why, I s'pose 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!" said the man, eyeing him suspiciously, "did you ever pull a tooth?"

"Did I! 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-flea 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 flea 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 flea; "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 oars, he asked if it hurt.

"Out with it!" said the man, angrily stammering 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 didn't hurt.

When the patient, ungrateful for all his attention to his feeling, instead of replying, merely drew his fist and taking the operator on the side of the head, very nearly knocked him down. Then imitating the language of the student, he asked in turn, "Does that hurt?"

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 nusskull for him.

"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 Lazybones 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. Lazybones, 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 keep such a useless animal."

"Well, well, my dear," said Dick, "say no more about it. I'll get rid of him one of these days."

This was intended as a mere get off on the part of Dick; but as his wife kept daily diaging his ears about the dog, he was at length compelled to take some notice of the subject.

"Well, wife," said he one day as he came in, "I've sold Jowler."

"Have you indeed?" says she, brightening up at the good news—"I'm dreadful glad of it. How much did you sell him for, my dear?"

"Fifty dollars." "What fifty dollars for one dog? How glad I am! That'll almost buy us a good horse. But where's the money, my love?"

"Money!" said Dick, shifting a long nine lazily to the other end of his mouth, "I didn't get any money—I took two puppies, at 25 dollars a piece."

MAJOR JACK DOWNING'S LAST.

Boston, June 25th, 1833.

MR. EDITOR:—I have seen in your paper a "Crown's Inquest," saying I was drowned at the bridge at Castle Garden, and picked up down in York bay—this is a ternal lie, and wish you to say so—I did not so much as get my feet wet when the bridge fell, though it was a close shave, I tell you. I was riding right along side the General, if any thing a little ahead on him. But this aint the only thumper I've heard about that scrape. I have heard that Mr. Van Buren had saw'd the string pieces under the bridge, any body may guess for what, but that can't be so—for he was right behind the General when the bridge fell, and all the folks was floundering in the mud and water. I thought he was gone too, for he was right

in the thickest of 'em. I and the General clapt in the spurs, and we went quick enough through the crowd on the Battery; and the first thing I saw was Mr. Van Buren, hanging on the tail of the General's horse, and streaming out behind as straight as old Deacon Wiloby'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 there like frogs—and such an eternal mixing—Colonels, and Captains, and Niggers, 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 arter another. Governor Cass had a badanna tied round his head—what, says I, "Governor are you hurt?" "Not as I knows on," say 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 its 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 natur; 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.

I suppose it won't amount to nothing to tell you what we did in York; for it seems to me every living creature was there. I never see such a crowd in all creation, and it has been just so all the while up to this hour.

I've got the rumatiz all over me—I ha'n't had my hat on for nearly three weeks. As soon as we go out, I take one side and the general t'other, and once in a while we change sides, and keep it up, bowing right and left. Like that better than shakin hands, for I can stand it now, and with one swing bow over five thousand folks at once, and we can't shake off half that number before breakfast.

Mr. Van Buren gets along pretty well here among the Yankees, considering—but he has got his hands full, I tell you.

They don't hurra here quite as much as they do down south, but kinder like to talk over things, you know; and we've got plaguy little time for that. "Major," says Mr. Van Buren, one day, "I wish you would do all the talkin to these manufactory folks—you have a nack that way"—well says I, "I don't know but I have"—but says I, Mr. Van Buren, I guess you can talk as glib as most folks."

So he can; for I raly believe if Mr. Van Buren was to set up a factory, he would turn out cloth to suit any kind of living cretur, and no one could tell whether it was made of cotton or flax, hemp or wool—twilled or plain, strip'd or checker'd, but little of all on 'em—I never see such a curious cretur as he is—every body likes him and he likes every body, and he is just like every body; and yet, in all the droves of folks I've seen since I left Washington, I never saw any body like Mr. Van Buren.

Enos Lyman got a painter to try and get a likeness of Mr. Van Buren, for his sign board to the tavern, on the road to Trenton. Well, now says I, just put up your brushes, you may just as well try to paint a flash of heat lightning in dog-days.

But he tried it, and the sign board looks just about as much like Mr. Van Buren as a salt cod fish looks like a pocket handkercher.

We start to-morrow mornin down east, and I shan't be able to write another word till arter we have been to Downingville—I'm going on ahead to lend sergeant Joel a hand to get things to rights there, and if you don't hear of cracking work down there, that 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 mullication here, Major," says he—"No," says I, "general—Mr. Calhoun would stand no more chance down east here, than a stump tail bull in fly time."

So no more at present from your obedient servant,
J. DOWNING, Major
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

The Two Waiters.

Never was there a truer saying, than that misery loves company. This was very pleasantly illustrated the other day in the case of Jacob and Jemmy, two of the waiters of a certain Hotel in this city. Jacob, who feels the importance of his station as head waiter—or, as an hostler would say of his four legged animals, feels his keeping—went to a barber's to get shaved and have his hair cut. After the operation was finished, Jacob began to rumage in his pockets, as if to find the wherewithal to discharge the barber's fee.

"How much do I owe you, Mr. Barber?" said he.
"One and sixpence."

"Hem?" said he, stroking his chin, and viewing himself in the glass, "cheap enough too. A man feels forty per cent better for having his beard taken off and his head trimmed. One and sixpence I think you said?"

"Yes."
"Well I declare, Mr. Barber, I—I—put on my tother pantaloons this mornin, and and faith, I've left my pocket book and money at home. But you needn't be at all concerned about getting your pay, for I'm head waiter to the ——— Hotel, and I'll—"

"How the d—l do I know what you're waiter to?" interrupted the barber impatiently—"I don't know you from Tom, Dick, and the—"

"But I'll pay you upon my honor."
"Your honor! Don't tell me about your honor—but get out of my shop, and never show your rouge's face here again." Thus saying the wrathful Knight of the strap fell upon the waiter, and deaf to his protestations and promises, kicked him into the street.

Jacob went home and feeling rather sore about the seat of honor, contrived to get one of his fellow waiters into a similar scrape.

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

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

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

"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, Mither Barber," said he "its 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 in 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, Mither 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 story, now!" exclaimed the Irishman, with utter astonishment, "to be after axin one and sixpence iv me, seein as how the head waiter of the ——— Hotel 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 engraving 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.

Lawrenceburgh, June 13th, 1833. —24

Just Received

FROM NEW-ORLEANS, a large supply of

Sugar, Coffee, MOLASSES, AND MACKEREL.

And for sale by SHAW & PROTZMAN.

June 1st, 1833.

A CARD.

THE subscriber has just received a NEW and SPLENDID assortment of DRY GOODS FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Consisting in part of

Superior Mulberry, Blue, Brown, Snuff, Steel mixed and Olive colored Broad Cloths;
Blue Casimere;
Fashionable Striped, Blue and Steel mixed Cassinett;
Scarlet, Red, White and Green Figured and Plain Flannels;
Square and Long Merino Shawls;
Fancy, Crape, Deleane, Cashmere, Gauze and Silk Dress Handkerchiefs;
Plain and Figured Bobbinett;
Thread, Bobbinett and Cotton Laces;
Black Bobbinett Veils;
Green Borage;
Black and White Crape Ribbons;
Pink, Straw and White Florence;
Black and White Satin;
Leghorn and Straw Bonnets;
Bleached Muslin; Broad Sheetting;
White and Black Silk Hats;
Drab, White and Black Fur do;
Boots, Shoes and Brogans.
A large assortment of Hardware, Cutlery, Saddlery, Glassware, Iron and Nails;
Cast Steel Cross-Cut Saws, Fresh Gun Powder;
Young Hyson and Black Tea; with other articles necessary for the accommodation of customers.

JOHN P. DUNN.

Lawrenceburgh, April 11, 1833. 13-4f

Cash for Wheat, at

RISE SUN, (INDIANA.)

CASH and the market price will be paid for Wheat on delivery at the

Steam Flouring Mill, Rising Sun Landing, during the season.

The subscriber intends attending personally at the mill, and will also grind on contract for those who furnish Wheat at customary rates.

DANIEL HINSDALE,

Agent for said Mill.

Cincinnati, 8th July, 1833. 26-4w.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC!

THE undersigned cautions the public against receiving an assignment of a note given by him to Thomas Burk for \$35, dated October, 1832, and payable 9 months thereafter, as the said note was obtained by fraud and without consideration, and will not be paid, unless compelled thereto by due course of law.

MOSES ADAMS.

July 10, 1833. 26-3w

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have taken out letters of administration from the clerk's office of the Dearborn Probate Court, on the estate of Luc Ringer, late of said county, deceased; those therefore indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement, and those having claims against it will present them duly certified for adjustment. The estate is believed to be insolvent, and will be settled accordingly.

WILLIAM CAIRNS, Adm'r.

July 9, 1833. 26-3w

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have taken out letters of administration from the clerk's office of the Dearborn Probate Court, upon the estate of Henry H. Helms, late of Dearborn county, dec'd; those indebted to the said estate, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them properly authenticated for settlement. The estate is believed to be insolvent.

JOHN U. ENGEL, Adm'r.

July 9, 1833. 26-3w

Clocks, Watches, &c.

THE subscriber has just received from Philadelphia, an extensive and splendid assortment of

JEWELRY, TABLE AND TEA SPOONS, (SILVER AND COMMON);

Also—A Selection of Common, Patent Lever and Repeating

WATCHES.

And various other articles, not strictly in his line, among which are

Percussion Caps, &c. &c.

All of which he will sell at Cincinnati prices. He has removed his shop to the room on the west side of High street, lately occupied by Dr. Ferris, as a Drug Store, and adjoining E. D. John's store, where he will be ready at all times to repair Watches, Clocks, and attend to all kinds of business in his line.

F. LUCAS.

Nov. 29 1832. 12-4f

One Cent Reward!!

THE public is hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting George Fulcher, an indentured apprentice to the undersigned, who absented himself from my employment in May last, and has not since returned. The above reward will be paid for his return to me, but I will not pay any charges, or be responsible for any thing the said George may do, nor pay any debts by him contracted.

ZACHARIAH BARKER.

July 5, 1833. 25-3w

LAW.—DANIEL J. CASWELL and DANIEL S. MAJOR, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, have entered into partnership, and will practice in the third Judicial Circuit of Indiana, particularly in the Counties of Dearborn, Franklin, Ripley and Switzerland; Also in the Supreme Court at Indianapolis. Office on Short street immediately opposite Mr. Ludlow's large brick building; where D. S. Major will at all times be found, unless absent on business, ready to attend to any professional services that may be required. He will also attend to the settlement of estates before the Probate Court; and of claims before the Commissioners Court of Dearborn county. Persons wishing Deeds, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney, or conveyances of any kind, can have them drawn in a legal and unexceptionable form, by calling at their office.

All business confided to Caswell & Major will receive the united and strict attention of both.

Lawrenceburgh, Oct. 13