

THE SEAMSTRESS.

Struggling in hunger's grasp she lay,
Dying in cold alone,
Her breath in sobs was passing away,

She long had felt affliction's power,
And misery's badge had worn;

Her childhood poverty obscured,
Her youth was e'en more dark,

The Tempter seized this as his time,
Another soul to win,

Plymouth, October, 1853. ANNIE.

Miscellaneous.

CONFESSIONS OF A QUACK.

My days, my very hours are numbered;
The cold hand of death presses heavily
Upon me; I feel that this bed will be
The last, save an earthly one, on which

Yours went on; I grew up into a man;
But as I advanced, the little town desined.

That dear parent was so fondly attached
To her only offspring, that during her
Life she never would allow my tender
Frame to be exposed to the cruelty of

The next day she received the follow-
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Number 3.

murder, and finally, end his days at the
gallows, unless you take great pains in
cultivating his organs of generation, &c.,

My mother's rage at this epistle may
be conceived. She instantly set off on a
crusade against the phrenologist, and call-
ed every neighbor and gossip in the place,

I wished to put my mother's toriose-
shell cat into mourning on the occasion,

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As soon as I arrived at that populous
town, I boldly engaged a handsome lodg-
ing, and put an advertisement into the pa-
per, wherein, drawing upon the credit of
my future fame, I announced that "Doc-
tor Thalaba Killman" was to be consulted

The doctor had studied the superior prac-
tice of the continent; he had been trust-
ed to draw the teeth of the Emperor of
Russia, had operated on the King of Prus-
sia for the stone, and cured the Queen of
Sardinia of dyspepsia vulgaris.

I spent the intervals, till the appear-
ance of my advertisement, in writing out
autographs of those illustrious persons,

The first patient that visited me was an
elderly lady, who complained of looseness
of spirits. She said she was always mis-
erable except when in company.

Notwithstanding Mr. Large's threat, I
have always been less afraid of the dead
than of the living; and it will appear with
reason. For, after having carried on a
most thriving trade for years, and having

I tried my hand at several other towns:
Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, all had the
benefits of my presence. The same suc-
cess attended me at each of them;

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But as I advanced, the little town desined.

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ing note:—
"The real reason of my not announc-
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prompted them not to throw a chance
away; they bought a bottle. Before I
had finished it, I could hear certain inar-
ticate noises, and could stammer a few
words, and there was a glimmering of
light.

Your obedient servant,
MATTHEW MOLE.

"Sympathy Cottage, Coal Hole, Alley,
To Dr. Thalaba Killman:—
Miss Alicia Leticia de Montmorency
Sniggs presents her unfeigned acknowl-
edgments to Dr. Killman, and begs to in-
form him that her little boy has been cured

I felt I had as much right to issue these
testimonials, as Don Matias had to forge
letters to himself, and I am happy to
say mine were more profitable than his.

The following I received from Notting-
ham:—
"Sir: For many years I have been en-
doring the worst pain that the human spe-
cies, at least the male part of it, is liable
to, I mean the tooth ache!

To Dr. Killman, Sir—You are a beast,
and a scoundrel, a rogue, a cheat, a thief,
a quack, an impostor! I bought two bot-
tles of your stuff, to cure me of the
stomach-ache, and they have made me
worse. If I die, I'll be damned if I don't
haunt you!

I had been taking a walk one evening,
and had just returned to my own door,

I was found by the police, and carried
into my house. The blows on my head
produced temporary derangement. A doc-
tor was sent for, and he prescribed for me.

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YELLOW FEVER.—The South-Side
Democrat, (Petersburgh, Va.) remarks:—
In the recent epidemic which devastat-
ed New Orleans, we have been informed
that few, if any, of the sufferers were

Gentle Reader—If you have a remark-
ably strong constitution you may read the
following; but if not, we beg you to
pass it over:—
If a cigar makes a man ill, will a che-
ruse make a Man-illa?

A Cute Yankee.

The following good one is published in
the September number of Harper's Mag-
azine. It is told by a correspondent who
signs himself "Timmins."

Among our passengers coming home,
said he, was Mr. H—, not long ago, a
deputy collector in our port, at the cus-
tom-house, a most entertaining gentleman,

When I was Deputy Collector in my office
one hot afternoon, when a long, slab-sided
Yankee fellow came in with a kind of qui-
p look, his hat dangling in his hand, his

"Well, sir," I asked, "what is wanted?"
"Be you Mr. H—?" said he.

I answered that I was the Deputy Col-
lector of the Customs of the City of New
York.

"Excactly," says he, "yes, the very man
I want to see."

He fingered his hat again, and I grew
impatient and nervous.

"Go on," said I, "and get through."

"Well," he went on, "I was down to
Havanna the other day, and being fond of
smokin' I bought a few cigars for my own

"Twenty thousand cigars for your
own use? This alters the case entirely."

"Well, sir, on payment of duty, the
cigars may be taken away."

"Dewy! not arter they're 'entered,'
there ain't no dewy is there? That's
what the man said that took them off the

I explained to him that the cigars must
pay a duty, and that it was a great favor
to himself to be permitted to take them

"Well," said he, putting on his hat, and
holding the door ajar, "I han't got no
money to pay dewy; but I'll go up

"I've come to get them cigars," said he,
"that was arrested for dewies. My
friend, here, will pay the dewies."

The necessary preliminaries were gone
through with, and the cigars were taken
away.

Early on the morning of the next day,
as I was sitting at my desk, I felt a faint
tap on my shoulder; and looking up,

"How de du to-day?" said he.

"I'm quite well, thank you; but what
do you want of me now?"

"Nothin'," said he, "nothin'—got done.
And he gave a wink and a leer that
none but just such a Yankee as himself
could give."

Burr and Randolph.

Col. Burr who had been Vice-Presi-
dent of America, and probably would
have been the next President, but for his
unfortunate duel with Gen. Hamilton,

He requested I would introduce him to
Mr. Grattan, whom he was excessively
anxious to see. Col. Burr was not a man

At length the door opened, and in
hopped a small, bent figure, meagre, yel-
low, and ordinary, one slipper and one
shoe; his breeches' knees loose; his cravat

"What is your business with me? state
it," said I, rather sharply, "my time is too
valuable to be wasted in useless talk or de-
lay."

"I've got into a little trouble, and I
come to see if you couldn't help me out
a little."

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More for the purpose of breaking the
monotony of riding all day, without stop-
ping, than to gain information, Mr. Lord,
reined his horse up to the fence, and ex-
claimed:—
" My little boy, can you tell me how
far it is to Sangamon Bottoms?"

"I reckon," was the reply.

"Do you enjoy yourself out here in
the woods?"

"What ails your pants?" says Lord.

"Tore 'em," was the laconic answer.

The spirit and disposition of a man by his
ordinary gait and mien in walking. He

LONGFELLOW has said much that is
beautiful in rhyme; and even his prose
is but another rhythm for his poem.

ANCIENT IRISH DUELING.—The ancient
mode of duelling in Ireland, was gener-
ally on horseback. The combatants were
to gallop past each, at a distance marked

RICHIELEU—Who has ever seen this
fine play, and has got anything of a mem-
ory, but recollects the beautiful senti-
ment which the author makes Richieleu
utter, when addressing the young man

RICHIELEU—Young man, be blithe! for
note me, from the hour you grasp that
packet, think your guardian's rain rains
rains fortune on you!

CITY LIFE.—Rev. Samuel Osgood, of
New York, says of those in the rural
districts, who criticize city morals and life,

THE hotter the weather, the worse boys
act. The moment the thermometer is
above 80, it requires five servant girls

PATERNAL.—"My son, what wouldst
you do if your dear father should be sud-
denly taken away from you?"

FUNCH has a new motto for Russia,
which is, "Bear and Ovaries."