Miscellaneous.

PARODY ON HOHENLINDEN.

In seasons when our funds are low,
Subscribers are provoking slow,
And new supplies keep up the flow
Of dimes departing rapidly.

But we shall see a sadder sight,
When DUNS pour in from morn to night,
Commanding every sixpence bright
To be forked over speedily.

Our bonds and due-bills are arrayed—
Each seal and signature displayed—
The holders vow they must be paid,
With threats of "Law and Chancery."

Then to despair we're almost driven—
There's precious little use in livin',
When our last copper's rudely riven
From hands that held it lovingly.

But larger yet those dues shall grow,
When interest's added on below,
Length'ning our chin a foot or so,
While gazing at them hopelessly.

'Tis so, that scarce have we begun,
To plead for time upon a dun,
Before there comes some other one,
Demanding pay ferociously.

The prospect darkens! On ye brave,
Who would our very bacon save!
Waive, patrons! all your pretexts waive!
And pay the printer cheerfully.

Ah! it would yield us pleasure sweet,
A few delinquents now to meet,
Asking of us a clear receipt,
For papers taken reg'larly.

STRANGE LIFE OF A HOMISCIDE.

A writer in the Thomaston Watchman gives the following singular biography of James Hightower, recently convicted of manslaughter in that county. Three years in a dungeon, it seams, is nothing to what he has endured.

About twenty-one years ago a young lady of this section of country, belonging to a respectable family become the victim of a vile seducer; the fruit was a boy, who is the subject of our narative. His mother as is the case usually with those of her sex who are unfortunate, married a man of low breeding and in adverse circumstances; consequently her son was destined to recieve but a limited share of education or moral training. At a tender age his character was peculiar and in some respects very extraordinary. When only seven years old he was attending a sugar-cane mill; by some means his left arm and hand were crushed, by which accident he forever lost the use of his hand.

At the age of ten he was bitten by a rattlesnake; being nearly alone on the place, he had to call to his aid all the presence of mind of which he was master. Fortunately he used the proper antedote and thereby saved his life. In the short space of a few months he was again bitten by one of the same species of reptiles; by pursuing the same course as heretofore, he was again rescued from the jaws of death.

Between the age of twelve and fourteen, he made several attempts to take the life of his step-father which shows that he would not be imposed on. About that age he also snapped, several times, a loaded musket at a neighbor. When fourteen years old, he was knocked down by lightning, and did not recover for some time. At the age of sixteen he was attacked, while hunting in the woods, by a very large panther. The panther soon bore him down—he exhibited great presence of mind by feigning death. The panther then carried him into the swamp, covered him with sticks and grass, after which he took his leave in search of more prey. Our hero, after the panther's departure, arose and made his escape home. He was badly torn—two of his jaw teeth were bitten out, and many wounds were inflicted.

But he was not thus to die, for he soon recovered and very soon after his recovery gave his step father a severe whipping and left him. Excepting another slight shock by lightning, his path was smooth until nineteen, when he became enamored of a young lady; though figuring in a higher sphere, his superior in intellect and family, yet she was smitten by the boy of misfortune, and resolved to marry him, notwithstanding the opposition of her relatives, who made severe threats against our hero. But what cared he, who had successfully battled againrt rattlesnakes, panthers, and even the high powers of Heaven, for the threats of man? Nothing daunted, he continued to urge his claims; after finding all his efforts for a compromise unavailing, he pegun a determined course. He procured his license, placed a magistrate at a conspicuous point in the woods, and proceeded himself on foot to the house that sheltered her whom he loved—secretly forced the door of her chamber, and conducted her about five miles through the wods to the place of rendezvous.

Before arriving at the place where the hymenial altar had been temporarily erected, illuminated by the blaze of lightwood knots, and the pale rays of the moon alone, our hero fell into his former path of bad luck, for he was bitten by a moccasin snake; but he was too well used to snake bites to suffer that occurrence to retard his progress at such a momentous crisis, and like a brave and undaunted boy, pursued his course, and in accordance with his anticipations was lawfully married about 12 or 1 o'clock at night. His moccasin bite did not long keep him in bed, for he then possessed a nurse of unceasing attention. After his final recovery, he carried his wife to the home which he had provided for her, hoping that his cup of misfortune was then full, and that he would enjoy the bliss attending a married life.

But he was not destined long to enjoy that repose which he so much sought. He soon became entangled in a quarrel with one Mr. Wheeler; the result was, Wheeler was killed, and our hero, after a regular trial in a court of justice, was convicted of manslaughter, and now, at the age of twenty, has gone, leaving his wife, his anticipated babe and his sweet home, to the penitentiary, there to be incarcerated within its dismal walls for the space of three years, which to him must seem long, long. Who can contemplate his past life and not say, surely he is the child of misfortune? Have his misfortunes ended? Alas! who can tell! That fact is yet concealed by the dark curtain of futurity.

A FRENCHMAN IN A FREE COUNTRY.—When I lived in la belle France, sare, zey used to say to me, you should go to Amerique. Dat one great countree where every body do just as zey like. Zat please me, so I pack up my box and go board 'ze sheep, and pretty soon after a long time, I land in ze Amerique.

A porter seize my trunk wheder I want him or no, and carry him off. So I have to run after him, and try to get it away. Tell him I report him to the *gens d' armes*. 'Zis be a free country,' he said, 'and I want a quarter dollar.'

I give it to him, for I very much afraid I lose my box. As I go along ze street, a man spit tobacco juice and it fell on my coat, and I say to him, 'Sare, you have soiled my coat. You should take out your *mouchoir* and wipe him off.' But he only laugh, and say, 'Zis is a free country.'

I saw a man cruelly beat his leetle boy with a poker, so my heart fill with compassion and I say to him, 'Sare, you are one bad man to hurt zat leetle enfant so wiz ze poker.' 'Go about your business, you rascal,' sez he, 'I guess zis is a free country.'

A leetle while after I met a great big Irish Paddy, wiz what you call a *shillaleh*, in his hand. He came up to me, point at a leetle ribbon which I wear in my waistcoat, and said, 'Be jabers, are you one of zem bloody know nothings?' 'Sare,' said I, 'I here shall tell you I not bloody at all.'

'Are you a know nothing?' he said. I not know what it mean, so I say, 'I don't know.' 'Ah!' he exclaim, 'you don't know, you *know Nothing!* I will make you to know zat zis is a free country, as free for me as for you,' and wiz zat he raise his shillaleh, and lay it on my head.

I run away very much frighten. Mon Dieu zat ever I should come into a free country, where every body do just as they like, and nobody to stop zem. I shall sail in the sheep for France. I don't want to live no more in a free country.

MAKING LOVE TO THE WRONG PERSON.—A young gentleman who had been paying his addresses in *propria persona* to a young lady in Cincinnati, left a few months ago, and went down the river on business. A correspondence was immediately opened between the enamored pair, but after exchanging several letters, the young lady was mortified at finding that her letters were unanswered, and consequently she ceased writing. The real secret of her receiving no letters was the fact that another young lady of the same name, supposing they were intended for her, took them from the Post Office, and opened a correspondence with her proxy lover. Some two months passed away, when the young man wound up by a direct proposal, and insisted on an immediate answer, averring, at the same time, that he thought the tone of her letter very different from those received when he first left Cincinnati, and upbraiding his love with inconstancy. This last epistle was too much for our romantic incognito; and being conscience-smitten for the part she had been acting, and fully persuaded that some other lady had been pining for the man she was wooing, sought her out, and delivered up the letters to their rightful owner. The matter was speedily arranged, and the real lovers have since become united in the bands of wedlock.

BREAKING THE NEWS.—Cuff had been out with the cart and oxen and returning early his master asked him what was the trouble.

"Why, massy, de wheel is broke."

"Is that all, Cuff?"

"No, massy, de tongue broke too."

"What, did the oxen run away?"

"Yes, massa, and killed the nigh ox."

"Is it possible, Cuff?"

"And de off ox too, massa."

"You black rascal, you have made a perfect smash up, why didn't you tell me so?"

"Why, massa, said Cuff, scratching his wool, "I spose dat one wheel broke be ficient of itself individooly, without proceeding into the entire argument of the cart and oxum.

THE BLESSINGS OF OLD AGE.

The venerable Josiah Quincy, Sen., ex-President of Harvard University, having been toasted at the Alumni dinner, made an excellent speech, from which this is an extract:

"On every occasion, whether public or private, an old man has sure to be reminded of his years. Why was this? Old age did not simply consist in length of days, for as the President had quoted,

"Wisdom is grey hairs in man,
And an unspotted life is his old age."

If it arose from sympathy, there was no ground for it, the sympathy was absolutely thrown away. So far as his experience reached, old age was the happiest period of life. And why not? Had we not then got rid of the nonsense of love, (laughter,) the folly of ambition, the grumbling of envy, the delusions of hope? He repeated that old age was the happiest portion of life, provided that in youth and manhood the individual is obedient to the laws of nature, regulating health and strength, and leads a life of respectability and usefulness. In order to be happy and long-lived it was important that there should be harmony between the beginning, the middle, and the end of life. The young man should cultivate and foster the qualities which he sees to be respectable and esteemed in the old; and the old man, on the other hand, should retain, and seek to perpetuate the feelings and vivacity of youth."

The ex-President closed with this sentiment:

"The hoary hair with which wisdom crowns the young and the unspotted life which is the crown of man at every point of his existence."

A SITUATION VACANT.—Some years ago a black man called on a clergyman in Western New York, avowed himself a fugitive slave, and asked for food and shelter, which was freely accorded. Two or three persons being cognizant of the fact, called in to see the "runaway nigger," when the following dialogue ensued:

"S'pose you had pretty hard times down South—lickings a plenty?"

"No—I never was whipped."

"Wasn't!—Well you had to work awful hard?"

"My work was very light."

"Guess your clothes wan't very nice?"

"I was always well clothed—I was a good servant."

"Reckon your vituals wasn't uncommon nice?"

"As good as I desired."

"Well! I should give it as my opinion that you was a mighty big fool for running away from such a place as this, just for the sake of shirking for yourself."

"Gentlemen! my place down South is vacant. Any of you can have it by applying for it."

"BA-A-A! BA-A-A!" shrieks a half-naked infant of about eighteen months old. 'What's the matter wit mamma's thweet yittle ducky?' says its affectionate mother, while she presses it to her bosom, and the young sarpint in return digs its talons into her face. 'Daden, missis, I know what little massa Dim wants,' exclaimed the cherub's negro nurse. 'You black huzzy! why don't you tell me, then?' and the infuriated mother gives Dinah a douse in the chops with her shoe. 'Why, he wants to put his foot in dat har pan ob gravy wots on de harf!' whimpers the unfortunate blackey. 'Well, and why don't you bring it here, aggravating nigger you?' replies the mother of the bawling young one. Dinah brings the gravy, and little Jim puts his bare feet in the pan, dashing the milk-warm grease about his sweet little shanks, to the infinite delight of his mother, who tenderly exclaims: 'Did mama's yittle Dimmy want to put its teeny-weeny-footies in the gravy. It shall paddle in the pan as it scoosey-wooseys, and then shall have its pooty red frock on, and go and see its pappy-yappy!'

CONFIDENCE IN ONE'S SELF.—When a crisis befals you, and the emergency requires more courage and noble manhood to meet it, be equal to the requirements of the moment, and rise superior to the obstacles in your path. The universal testimony of men whose experience exactly concides with yours, furnishes the consoling reflection that difficulties may be ended by opposition. There is no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. If you prove recreant in the hour of trial you are the worst of reercants and deserve no compassion. Be not dismayed nor unmanned when you should be bold and daring, unflinching and resolute.

☞ A Grand National Convention of babies is to be held at Springfield, Mass., on the 5th of next month, when prizes amounting in value to $500 will be awarded to the finest babies exhibited.

AN UNSELFISH PRAYER.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writing from Florida, gives an incident in relation to a prayer offered by request during a severe drought, by a venerable Methodist preacher who bore no good will to the Baptists. His prayer was somewhat remarkable for its unselfish tone, and ran this wise:

"Let it rain, beginning at my plantation, in Hamilton county, coming down the religious neighborhoods of Columbia and Nassau, where immersion is not practised and reaching Black Creek, even Black Creek, and bringing forth in abundance, none of your little 'nubbins,' however, but long ears, as long as this good right arm."

A GOOD ONE.—A prominent Democrat in Westmorland tells the following good one on the Whigs, though it bears most heavily on his own party:

"A European who had just obtained his naturalization papers, was approaching the polls to vote for the first time. Being met by several Whigs with tickets, he inquired to which party they belonged, and on being informed, shook his head significantly, saying —"I can't vote your ticket; here are my papers, and I am sworn to support the Constitution and the Democratic party." This was enough and the man was permitted, without further annoyance, to vote the Democratic ticket, in accordance with what he supposed to be his naturalization obligation."