

THE BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

[Selected by a Lady for the Germantown Telegraph.]

Returning home at close of day,
Who gently chides my long delay,
And by my side delights to stay?
Nobody.

Who sets for me the easy chair,
Sets out the room with neatest care,
And lays my slippers ready there?
Nobody.

Who regulates the cheerful fire,
And puffs the blazing fuel higher,
And bids me draw my chair still nigher?
Nobody.

When plunged in dire and deep distress,
And anxious cares my heart oppress,
Who whispers hopes of happiness?
Nobody.

When anxious thoughts within me rise,
In sore dismay my spirit dies,
Who soothes me by her kind replies?
Nobody.

When sickness racks my feeble frame,
And grief distracts my fever'd brain,
Who sympathizes with my pain?
Nobody.

Then I'll resolve, so help me, Fate,
To change at once this single state,
And will to Hymen's altar take—
SOMEBODY.

How Jim French became a Doctor.

BY LANCEY.

Jim French never had a capacity above taking care of horses or some such menial kind of service, and many is the basting that Jim's father has given him for hanging round stables, loafing with the hostlers, and driving horses to the blacksmith's to get shod; and such like services; and many a hearty laugh has been raised at Jim's expense, when the old man has sought him out and, with whip in hand, nicely and tightly applied to Jim's inferior portions, he made Jim 'walk Spanish' to his respective home.

Jim's father, having become tired with this loafing about stables, resolved on sending him to learn the carpenter's trade. Accordingly a bargain was struck with a very industrious and well-qualified master-carpenter, and Jim was duly installed as knight of the auger and jack-plane.

Jim flummoxed and fluttered away for a week and cut his hand, whereupon he went blubbering to his master, and told him 'he was sorry he had learned the trade.'

His master thought he had, in fact, learned as much of the trade as he would; 'and, Jim,' said he, 'I advise you to give it up, for no man with an intellect but two degrees above a clam, will ever be able to learn my trade.'

Jim was glad to hear this and, consequently, sloped, very much to his own satisfaction, as well as that of his master, but much to the disappointment and chagrin of his respected father.

Jim took the first train of cars and came to Boston. Here he loafed and killed time in various ways, seeking employment at stables and similar places. But it was no go; he began to be desperate; his money was vanishing and something must be done.

A bright idea struck him one morning, and nearly knocked him down. 'I'll be a doctor,' says he to himself. Glorious idea! At it he went.

He procured some wormwood and molasses, cooked it up and made a syrup. He then procured some salt water, and this he bottled up. The former he christened by the famous name of 'Ticonderattlebury's Syrup,' and the latter he called 'Hyfantinklebury's Lotion.'

'My eyes! what an idea!' said Jim to himself, contemplating the bottles of medicine he had prepared, as they sat ranged upon a shelf, in a front room which he had hired on a somewhat frequented thoroughfare. 'Ain't I some?'

A second brilliant idea struck him, and knocked him 'co-flop' into his arm-chair. 'Now for a name for myself,' said he; 'plain Jim French won't go down with the flats.'

The next day saw his name painted on a tin sign which, by a certain twistification vulgarly called 'a poet's license,' read as follows:—

DOCTOR LA FRANK,
From Europe, late Physician and Surgeon to
the Royal Hospital.

Office hours, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

This was a killer. It took the flats right down and Jim had customers.

He used to employ a little Irish boy to go out the front door with bottles of medicine and run up the street as if the deuce was after him and return by a back street and enter the house by a back entrance, bringing the same bottles with him. This game worked very well until it was found out, then he tried another. He used to go to a place of public amusement occasionally, and about the middle of the evening, the boy would come, all out of breath, and tell the policeman or doorkeeper that Dr. La Frank was wanted immediately for a very sick woman or man was giving the last kick. Frequently the inquiry was made: 'Is Dr. La Frank among the audience? If he is, he is wanted immediately.'

Jim would rise with a great deal of dignity, and walked out of the house, the observed of all observers.

Jim was at the height of prosperity. One day he received a note through the Post Office, the purport of which was as follows:—

Dr. La Frank:
DEAR SIR—I feel it a dooty I owe the great

public to inform you that my child was awfully afflicted with 'worms, meezles, and skyattica,' and his case had baffled the skill of all the doctors in Tweedleham, and they gin him up; by a kind providents, I heard of you and your wonderful medersin, and I determined to have a three dollar bottle of famous Syrup, which did his business for him. The eruption on his skin entirely dispersed at the sight of the 'Loshun,' it warn't necessary to take it.

Yours, dootifully,
EMILY MAC.

It is unnecessary to state that Jim got the milkman to take this note, which he wrote himself and put it in the Post Office, some fifteen miles out in the country, and Jim had the pleasure of receiving and paying postage on one of his own puffs, and forged certificates—a fair specimen of those published to the world by all the Quack Doctors in Christendom.

Of course, Jim had this put into three papers, marked 'ff.' at the bottom, which the printer told him meant 'till forbid,' but Jim said 'he should tell folks that it meant—'tain't forged.

Jim went on swimmingly, until one day a man was brought into his room who had been run over by a team, and had suffered a fracture of his arm.

Two men came to the door, and bore the injured man between them.

'Are you a surgeon?' inquired one.

'Yes,' replied Jim, in a consequential tone; 'or rather, I ought to be, for I was six years at the Royal Hospital, France.'

'Bring him in, then,' said one of the men.

And the patient was accordingly brought in.

Jim put a couple of shingles each side of the arm and bound it with bandages as tight as a drum, without any care whether the bones were within half a mile of right, for he didn't know whether they were or not. He charged the man ten dollars, put him in a cab and told him to go home and go to bed, and not stir from it for three weeks.

The man suffered so much that he was obliged to call in a physician, who discovered that the fracture was not properly reduced and that, unless the arm was broken and reset, he would be crippled for life.

On inquiry, it was ascertained that the man had been duped by a quack, and he was advised to prosecute for mal-practice. The preliminary steps were accordingly taken. Jim got wind of it; he left suddenly between two days, and the last that was heard of Dr. La Frank, he was en route for California, by the way of the isthmus, to try his marvelous skill abroad in the practice of medicine and surgery.

[From the American Agriculturist.]

Tim Bunker on Raising Girls.

Ever since I sent you that account of the 'gal hoss race' got up by Col. Lawson last Fall, I have been thinking about the way girls are brought up in this country. Indeed, I have had considerable many ideas on that subject, ever since our Sally was born, and the matter has been brewing, as Mrs. Bunker says of her beer, for well nigh twenty years. Last Winter when I was down South, I got some more ideas, and I am now so full upon this topic, that I shall boil over, unless I dip out a little into your paper.

I count a well grown, well behaved, and well educated woman, as the very blossom of creation. She was the last made, reserved for the last, because best. As there is nothing so good and beautiful in the world as a good woman, so there is nothing so bad as a spoiled woman. And now I am sorry to say, that very many girls are utterly spoiled. They are not well balanced and well adapted to the work that woman has to do. The most are brought up with such notions, that they go through life discontented and unhappy.

There is Deacon Smith's daughter Eliza—a fair sample of the kind of bringing up I mean. They are very good people over there, but they seem to forget that children have got to grow up, and can't be playthings forever. They did not teach her to do anything, when she was a little girl. She pretended to go to school, but it was only when she took a notion to go. There was no habit of study fixed, and so she got discouraged, and disgusted, with all kinds of books that required any thinking. She had as little discipline of body as of mind, could not sew well, did not know how to make up a bed, or to darn a stocking, could not broil a fish, or boil a pudding. Some how, her mother seemed to think, these every day matters were not worth attending to. She said she was going to make a lady of Eliza, and marry her off to some rich man, who would not want a wife that knew how to work. She was going to have her 'larn the ornamentals,' as she called them; music, painting, embroidery, dancing, and such like. Sally used to say that she did not know enough about the lessons to last her over night, when she left the academy, and I do not think she has learned much more about the common branches since. She was sent off to a fashionable boarding school in your city, when she was fifteen, where they do nothing but put the polish on to young women. But I should like to know what is the use trying to polish a woman, before you have got a woman to polish. You can put the shine on to a leather boot for there is some substance to it. But you might rub brown paper, with the best of Day Martin, till doomsday, and not get a bit of gloss; there ain't substance enough to hold the blacking. And you can put the polish on to marble, and bring out leaves and flowers, and all sorts of ornamental things, upon the surface, but you might as well undertake to polish hasty pudding, as to do anything with soap-stone. It won't hold

the stroke of the chisel, or respond to the touch of pumice stone.

And it is jest so with sending a woman in the gristle to a fashionable boarding school. A girl wants to be solidified by home duties, and solid studies, before she is fit to be sent away to take on polish. Something ought to be done for her physical education, to make her body fit for the responsibilities of house-keeping, and I don't know of anything better than to have her help her mother. A woman has no business to be married until she has shown her capacity to keep house. They should know how to do every thing from washing dishes, emptying slops, making soap, and yeast cakes, up to the nicest kind of cooking, and needle work.

If they are ignorant of these things, accomplishments won't save them from mortification, and domestic unhappiness. They will be as bad off as poor Eliza was, at her first dinner party, after she got into her new house. She had not been married to Dr. Sturgis more than two months, before she invited a company of their friends to dine. The Deacon and his wife were there, and quite a number of middle aged and elderly people like Mrs. Bunker and myself. There was a great display of silver ware, and fine linen upon the table, forks, castors, spoons, napkin rings, and fruit dishes, that you could see your face in, and china plates, platters, and vegetable dishes with gilt edges, and nosegays in the middle so handsome and natural, that you could almost smell the perfume of the flowers.

There was an air of triumph upon the face of Mrs. Deacon Smith, as we sat down to dinner, as much as to say, 'now we shall see what it is to have a daughter educated at a fashionable French boarding school, and keep house in style.' There was considerable unctious about Mr. Spooner's grace before meat, as if he had got it up for the occasion. The company were in the best of spirits, and Dr. Sturgis was slicing away at the turkey's breast, when attention was suddenly arrested by sundry corn, oats, and buckwheat, slipping out of the undressed crop of the fowl. The women folks at that end of the table put their handkerchiefs to their noses, as if they had got wind of something that did not smell like the roses on the bottoms of their plates. Mrs. Deacon fidgeted about in her chair, as if she was on pins. Eliza looked as crimson as a beet, clear to the roots of her hair. The Deacon was at the other end of the table, very busy discussing the last sermon, or election, with Mr. Spooner, and did not see the trouble. Our Sally looked wicked, and winked across the table to Josiah, and there was a twitching about Josiah's mouth, that I should say was wicked also, if he was not a minister.

Dr. Sturgis got over the matter nicely, by remarking upon the undone condition of the turkey, and calling a servant to remove the dish. Fidelity to truth, I suppose, did not require him to tell whether the rawness pertained to the cooking, or the dressing of the fowl, or the housekeeper, that lay back of both. Fortunately a liberal allowance had been made for the dinner, and the boiled fowls, purchased of a farmer who married a house-keeper, as well as a woman, did duty for the roast turkey cooked with his crop in.

Now I suppose a good many of your readers among women folks, will hold up both their hands in astonishment, at my standard of a good housewife. I say it is a shame and a disgrace, for an American woman, not to know how to do every thing that is done, or ought to be done, in her kitchen. There is just as much merit, and womanly worth, in knowing how to bring a turkey upon the dinner table, so that it shall not be offensive to the smell and taste of her guests, as there is in singing a good song, or in dressing in good taste.

It adds very much to the comfort of a woman, to know how to do everything from garret to cellar. The polish is all well enough, but let there be something in the first place, to put the polish on to. This doll-work, in the place of a good old fashioned wife that knows what she is about is poor business.

Now what I want to say to all parents that are bringing up girls is just this. Do not be afraid of putting them into the kitchen—that school of womanly virtues—and keeping them there, till they can tell the difference between a churn and a tea kettle—till they know how to scour a skellet, black a stove, wash a floor, and cook a turkey.

Yours to command,
TIMOTHY BUNKER, Esq.

DESERET ALPHABET.

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LATH & SHINGLE MARKET.

ALWAYS on hand, SHINGLES & LATH of the best
quality at my old stand, for which I will take Wheat,
Stock, Store pay or Cash. JAS. WELLS,
27-2 one bl'k south of Gilbert & Gerrish's Store.

NOTICE.

THE co-partnership heretofore existing between the
undersigned at Camp Floyd is hereby dissolved by
mutual consent.
Dyer, Bros. & Co. at Camp Floyd are authorized to
settle their business. R. H. DYER,
23-11 GILBERT & GERRISH.

NOTICE.

WE having taken the house formerly occupied by
GILBERT, GERRISH & DYER at Camp Floyd, it
will in future be well supplied with a good assortment of
GOODS, and one of the partners will be there all the
time.
Our friends will please call and see us.
23-11 GILBERT & GERRISH.

I HAVE

IN my possession one red STEER, 3 years old, star on
forehead, with hole in left ear.
Also, one 2 year old BULL, red speckled roan; no
brands.
The owners are requested to prove property, pay charges
and take them away. DAVID LEWIS,
27-2 East foot of Big Mountain.

A. S. BECKWITH,

Gold Pen Manufacturer,

JEWELER and STENCIL CUTTER, Gold Pens & Jew-
elry made to order. Stencils cut on short notice.
Watch materials supplied to the trade on liberal terms.
Gold and Silver bought, a few doors north of Perry's
Store, at Bywaters' Watch Maker. 26-17

CALVES TAKEN ON SHARES!

I will take calves to herd on the following terms, viz:—
I will warrant the owners one half the number of
calves against all risk whatever, until they are three
years old, at which time (or sooner if desired) I will de-
liver the owners' half in G. S. L. City, free of charge.
I am prepared to receive calves at the house on South
Temple Street, formerly occupied by bro. Jenkins as a
saddlery. 23-3m ELI B. KELSEY.

JORDAN MILLS ON HAND AGAIN!!

WE have just completed some important improvements
in the machinery of Jordan Mills and are now pre-
pared to turn out a much superior article of FLOUR to
any we have before supplied to the public.
We would call the attention of Merchants, Bakers and
others who may want a superior article of FLOUR.—
Samples always to be found at the JORDAN MILLS
DEPOT.

Those who come from a distance for grinding can re-
turn with their grain by stopping over night.
We tender our sincere thanks to our patrons for
past favors, and solicit a continuance for the future.

Hungarian Millet Seed for sale.

Wanted—A first rate Miller, one without a family
would be preferred.
A. GARDNER,
G. A. SMITH,
D. R. ALLEN, Miller.
27-11

NOTICE.

ANOTHER SALE OF PUBLIC
MULES, WAGONS, & HARNESS.

On Tuesday the 20th inst.

WILL BE SOLD AT

PUBLIC AUCTION AT CAMP FLOYD,
UTAH TERRITORY.

For specie or Government Funds about 400 excellent
DRAFT & SADDLE MULES, and also a number of
WAGONS, together with HARNESS for the same com-
plete.

The Mules are all young, sound, thoroughly broken, and
in good condition; and the Wagons and Harness are in
complete repair, with all equipments for immediate
service.

The sale will commence on the day above mentioned, in
lots of one or more, and will continue from day to day
until all are sold.
G. H. CROSMAN,
27-3 Depy. Q. M. General, U. S. A.