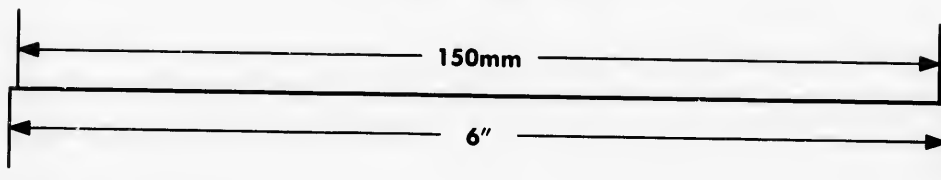
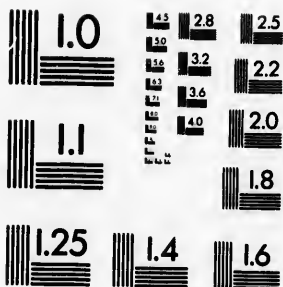
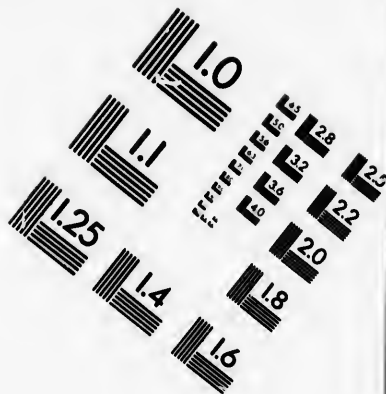
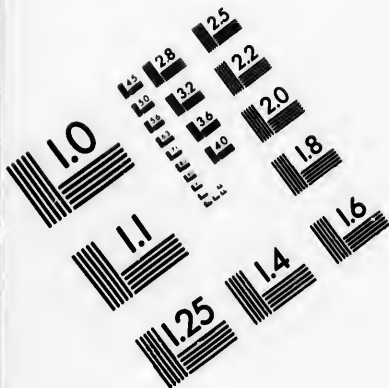


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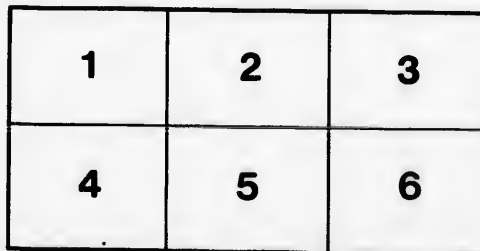
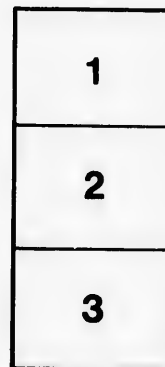
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YANKEE NOTIONS;

OR THE

AMERICAN JOE MILLER.

BY

SAM SLICK, JUNR.

LONDON:—BALL, ARNOLD, & CO.

EDINBURGH:—FRASER AND CRAWFORD.

GLASGOW:—JOHN ROBERTSON.

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

WE recently received, per the "Munchausen," Boston Packet, an unusually bulky package. On opening it we felt rather surprised to find that it consisted of, (as it appeared) a large collection of school copy books, written either upon a blueish grey or whitey brown paper. Our first impression was, that some transatlantic joker had selected some name common in this part of the world, (such as our own) as the subject of his witticisms, and that WE were to pay the penalty in the shape of carriage, and that too in rather a large sum. Upon ruefully meditating upon so unusual an affair, our eye caught the top lines of a page, where the letters had as if accidentally revolved themselves into the words

CRUEL STRONG.

Before sending the contents to a tobacconist, we naturally paused and examined more particularly into the nature of the enigma, when we at length discovered a whole copy-book addressed to ourselves, which contained a long rambling rigmorole, written in a "full bold hand,"

that sufficiently satisfied us we were the only parties designed to be benefitted by this colossal manuscript, and that the transmitting of it to us was no joke, although, to our astonishment, intended to be the quintessence of jocularity. We give an extract or two from the epistle itself, that our readers may be satisfied of the genuineness of the article thus unexpectedly consigned to us, and of the originality of the source from whence it arrived.

We may here state, that we have rather been put to a disadvantage on account of the ship-agent being charged at so much per lb. duty upon the paper contained in the parcel, by the Custom-house of the port at which it arrived, and not until his appeal to the Board of Green Cloth, were we relieved from the otherwise ruinous charge, it having been found, by that sapient body, that being only a single communication, it was liable in the tax upon "foreign letters only." But, provokingly, during the delay, the nature of the contents seems to have transpired in London, and several imitations have since been published, which we hope this, the real Simon Pure, will completely extinguish.

After accounting very satisfactorily and flatteringly for the manner he had acquired our address, and for the confidence he had formed in regard to our doing justice to his interest, our correspondent says,—“Uncle Sam having made reytber a good speck out of that sight of twaddle he had picked up all along from Funday to Halifax, for them blue noses has as much palaver as an Ingen Squaw, an that’s a fact, and I guess I thought as how,—I wants to improve my bold hand everlasting strong—I hate your tarnation runing hands—I am always afeer’d when the hands run the heels aint far a-stern ov them; an when I

seed that Uncle Sam's book was blown ski hi, an talked all over the old country, I guess I felt mighty savage till I could get my hand raized so strong, that feyther's team, with the old mare to boot, coud'nt make it budge a bit, or run the valle of a cent. I calculate I felt quite spry when I hit upon the plan of copying out, right smart, all them sprightly notions that our immortal *press* skatters over A-meri-kee, with the speed of a red hot thunderbolt through a keg ov butter; and if uncle has made a grand hit, I guess I will make a ditto, and no mistake. Am not I also a free-born citizen of our great glorious flourishing and united country—live not I in the same atmosphere—don't I feed on the same pork and beans—nor ideafied by the same sangaree egg-flip and mint-jalep—not to be able to write as powerfully clear, let alone my round text hand, which has, with practising on Sundays, got *so awfully* strong and long, that my letter L beats the main-mast of the Constitution frigate all to splinters."

After running on in the same strain, he concludes with the incomprehensible phrase of "*going the hog with him.*"

Since the above, and the portion we have now published of Mr. S.'s labours, has been sent to the press, we have received another communication, in which he inquires regarding our delay, (which we have already accounted for to our readers,) and more particularly, wherefore we have not sent out his share of the *hog*. He concludes with the following prediction, which we doubt not his willingness to fulfil:—"By the bye, what do think of us drubbing you about the Backwoods of New Brunswick; I hope you arn't too 'cute to run away without getting an everlasting downright particular good cuffing; you will find us ter-

nally strong in Maine, where, with a FAIR-FIELD, we ax no
favour but to lick you, and that right slick:—

“ With corn stalks comb your hair,
Yankee doodle dandy.”

“ I am, don’t forget, (*the hag, we suppose,*)

“ Your cruel Friend,

“ SAM SLICK, JUN.

“ *Post Scrape.*—Don’t be sending remits by your lumber
vessels to Pict-yu, Merry-mas-ye, or Fun-day, or I’ll never
feel them as much as our Sea Carpenter did when he
swallowed New-fun-lan, and spat it out again, cause it
was too cold and raw for his displetic stomach,—but send
right slick away to Slick-ville, A-meri-kee.—S. S. JUN ”

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YANKEE NOTIONS;

OR THE

AMERICAN JOE MILLER.

MIGHTY SHARP.

"Do ye think ye make them there things mighty sharp!" said a visitor in the West to a cutler in New York. "I do," was the answer; "none better or sharper in the States." "We make them far sharper in Kentuck, I guess," rejoined the interrogator,— "why man, my father made a scythe there, so tarnation sharp, that when he hung it upon a tree, *its shadow cut a fellow's leg off.*"

AN APT SCHOLAR.

"What studies do you intend to pursue!" said an erudite pedagogue one day, when a Johnny Raw entered his school-room. "Why, I shall study reading, I s'pose, wouldn't ye?" "Yes; but you will not want to read all the time. Are you acquainted with figures?" "It's a pity if I arn't, when I've ciphered clean thro' adoption." "Adoption! what rule is

that!" said the master. "Why, it's the double rule of two; you know that twice 2 is 4, and, according to adoption, twice 4 is 2." "You may take your seat, sir," said the master. "And you may take your'n too," said the pupil, "for it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

BEAUTIFUL.

The *Eglantine* (New York paper) has the following:—The ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courser presses on her rear: as the winged lightnings leap from the heavens, so does a little nigger run like the devil when a big dog is after him.

NEW REMEDY FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

A doctor in Portland announces, as the latest remedy for tooth-ache, that the mouth must be filled with cream—then you are to *bump your head against the wall till it turns to butter*.—Query, the wall, or the cream, or the head?

THE SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.

"Woman is most beautiful when in tears, like a rose wet with the crystal dew."—*Mobile Examiner*. "We suppose the editor of the *Examiner* whips his wife every Sunday, to make her look beautiful."—*Baltimore Sun*.

CLIMAX.

I stood in the deserted halls of my father—I gazed round on the bare walls and down the hollow-sounding corridors—I cried aloud,—“The friends of my early youth, where are they? where?” and Echo answered—“*Really, I don't know!*”

BODILY STRENGTH.

A friend of ours says, he is growing weaker and weaker every day. He has got so weak now that he can't raise five dollars.

EXTRAORDINARY CROW.

A native of Kentucky imitates the crowing of a cock so remarkably well, that the sun, upon several occasions, has risen two hours earlier by mistake.

VERY SINGULAR INDEED.

"A horse at Mayfield, Sussex, being terribly pestered with flies, kicked his hind foot into his mouth in such a manner as to require the aid of a blacksmith ere the limb could be extricated."—*New York Sun*. The *Sun* does not throw any further light upon this singular incident; but it may fairly be presumed that the teeth of the horse were materially damaged, and certainly the painful anxiety of the poor brute, while standing upon three legs waiting for the blacksmith, may be "more easily imagined than described."

A HANDSOME MAN.

The editor of the *Newbury Journal* is said to be so handsome, that he is forced to carry a club to keep the women off!

PHILOSOPHY.

Experimental philosophy—asking a man to lend you money.

Moral philosophy—refusing to do it.

"A RAT, A RAT!"

The *Providence Gazette* states as a fact, that a rat caught in a trap in that city actually *crept out of his skin to liberate himself!* It appears, says the American editor, that the animal was caught by the forehead, and that having eaten off his forefeet, he crawled entirely out of his skin, leaving the flesh-side of the skin outward.

TREBLE X.

What will Barclay and Perkins say when they hear that at Rhode Island the beer is brewed so strong that it requires *three* men to blow the head off a pot of porter, and they must be tolerably long winded!

LUSUS NATURÆ.

We have been credibly informed that there is now living in Vermont, a man whose feet are so large that he is necessitated to draw on his inexpressibles over his head!

"SASSENGERS."

The *Denham Gazette* says that *sassengers* made of red flannel and potatoes eat very well; but when brown paper is added, they are hardly fit for the dogs.

AH! ROMEO, ROMEO!

When Miss Tree was playing *Juliet* in Philadelphia, Mr. Hamilton, in the *role of Romeo*, was suddenly taken ill just as the balcony scene was about to commence. When she said to Mr. Lindsey, who relieved Mr. Hamilton, "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" a Yankee in the pit cried out, "Kase t'other man's sick."

A BROKEN HEART.

The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is just like a new India rubber shoe; you may pull and pull at it till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em. I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in t'other sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown river, and as strong as a tow-boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law and catechism too. He was a perfect pictur of a man; folks used to run to the window when he passed, and say, "There goes Washington Banks, beant he lovely?" I do believe there wasn't a gall in the Lowell factories that warnt in love with him. Well, when I last seed him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was teetotally defeshed, a mere walking skeleton. "I am dreadfully sorry," says I, "to see you, Banks, looking so pecked; why you look like a sick turkey-hen, all legs; what on airth ails you?" "I'm dyin'," says he, "*of a broken heart.*" "What," says I, "have the galls been jiltin' you?" "No, no," says he, "I beant such a fool as that neither." "Well," says I, "have you made a bad speculation?" "No," says he, shakin' his head, "I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that." "What, under the sun, is it then?" said I. "Why," says he, "I made a bet the fore part of summer, with Leftenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution Frigate. I won my bet;

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but the anchor was so eternal heavy, it broke my heart." Sure enough he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heard tell of *a broken heart.*

LIVING ON SMALL MEANS.

Dr. Alcott has just published a very clever work on this interesting subject, the substance of which work may be summed up in the following few words:—For breakfast, two cents worth of dried apples, without drink. For dinner, drink a quart of water to swell the apples. Take tea with a friend, and so to bed.

SHADE OF THE DEPARTED.

One of the American papers gives an account of a loungee in his editorial office who had been in the habit of sitting so long that when he died his shadow was found fixed upon the wall!

ELBOW-ROOM SCARCE.

Elbow-room has been quite scarce in Nashville during the past week. Such scrourging, gouging, turning in and turning out, has seldom before been witnessed. Instance the following:—Traveller dismounts at a tavern. "Halloa, landlord—can I get lodgings here to-night?" Landlord. "No, Sir; every room in the house is engaged." Traveller. "Can't you even give me a blanket, and a bunch of shavings for a pillow, in your bar-room?" Landlord. "No, Sir; there's not a square foot of space unoccupied anywhere in the house." Traveller. "Then I'll thank you, Sir, to shove a pole out of your second-floor window, and I'll roost on that."

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Mr. Jonathan Jonah Goliath Bang, says,—“ I once knew a fellow of the name of Dunnaker; he'd got some copper mines in the midst of a desert, and a tarnation pretty profitable consarn they would have been too, if there had but been any pasture at hand to feed the critters of horses that worked the machines; but there wasn't, and the whole consarn was fast going into the back settlements, when he hit upon the expedient of supplying the want of grass by the force of imagination. I'll tell you how it was; he put green spectacles on the critters, and fed them on deal shavings; did as well as the best grass in the world!”

EXTRAORDINARY DESPATCH.

The editor of an American paper, in describing the rapid sale of his journal, assures those who choose to believe him, that it goes off like *greased lightning!*

KISSING IN AMERICA.

When a wild lark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says, “Come, sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon.” The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they flare up and say, “I think you ought to be ashamed.”—*Boston Transcript*. When a young chap steals a kiss from an Alabama girl, she says, “I reckon it's my time now,” and gives him a box on the ear which he don't forget in a week.—*Irwinton Herald*. When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes deeply, and says—nothing. We think our girls have more taste and sense than those of down-cast and Alabama. When a man is smart enough

to steal the divine luxury from them, they are perfectly satisfied.—*Picayune*. When a female is here saluted with a buss, she puts on her bonnet and shawl, answereth thus,—"I am astonished at thy assurance, Jedediah; for in this indignity I will sew thee up."—*Lynn Record*. The ladies in this village receive a salute with Christian meekness: they follow the Scripture rule,—When smitten on the one cheek they turn the other also.—*Bungtown Chronicle*.

EITHER WAY WILL DO.

"Will you have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a modest girl. "No, John," said she, "but you may have me if you will."

LABOUR AND RECREATION.

It is said, that in the town of Marblehead, the girls have made an improvement in ironing, which beats the steam engine on common roads all hollow! They spread out all the clothes on a smooth platform, and fasten hot flat-irons to their feet, and skate over them. This is combining the recreative with the useful and ornamental.

TIGHT SLEEVES.

Ladies' tight sleeves are getting into vogue again in Philadelphia. The *Herald* says that some of the sleeves are made so tight as to prevent the ladies from *laughing in them*.

LAW ELOQUENCE IN KENTUCKY.

The following powerful, elegant, and classic appeal was made in a court of justice somewhere in Kentucky, by one

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of the "learned heads" of the bar:—"Gentlemen of the jury,—Do you think my client, who lives in the pleasant valley of Kentucky, where the lands *is rich*, and soil *are fertile*, would be guilty of stealing *eleving* little skains of *cotting*? I think not; I reckon not; I calculate not. And I guess, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you had better bring my client in not guilty, for if you convict him, he and his son John will lick the whole of you!"

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Many of the United States papers give, with every death they announce, the name of the physician who attended the defunct. The following specimen, from a New Orleans journal, will show the business-like manner in which the matter is gone about. "Died at his house in Cotton-street, Jonathan Smith, store-keeper. He was a very well-doing citizen, and deservedly respected. His wife carries on the store. Gregson, physician." The name of the doctor renders the affair complete.

"OYSTERS, SIR!"

A man seeing an oyster-vender pass by, called out, "Give me a pound of oysters." "We sell oysters by measure, not by weight," replied the other. "Well," said he, "give me a yard of them."

EARLY RISING.

A celebrated American journalist is bold enough to impugn the doctrine of early rising in the following terms: "We are no worshipper of the sun ourself, and willingly confess that we don't belong to the *rising* generation; there

is no doubt, to be sure, but that sleep, the great restorative, like other restoratives (champaign for instance,) may be taken to excess. Some constitutions require more, some less; but every individual should find out his own measure; and if your advocates for 'early rising' would make that the foundation of their arguments—and, moreover, use early rising as a relative term, to be dated from the hour of sleep—their labours would be more rational and beneficial. As it is, all theories upon the subject are whimsical. We must rise early, forsooth. Cause the sun does, and the lark does: for the matter of that, the *lark* is not a respectable character—he is sometimes up all night; and, as for the sun, why, he gets up when he pleases, and not always at the same hour; indeed, if our memory serves us, there are some quarters of the globe where that red-faced christian lies a-bed for months.

'Rise before the sun
And make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Served up by Nature on a grassy hill,—
You'll find it nectar.'

You don't say so. There's a breakfast to recommend to a stout gentleman with an appetite! If he had written 'mountain dew,' now, there would have been some reason in it; but these poets are strange fellows; and Thomson wrote that panegyric at mid-day. In conclusion, we are willing to believe that the 'rising sun is a very magnificent object.'"

ADVERTISEMENT.

Persons indebted to the Tuscaloosa book-store, are respectfully solicited to pay their last year's accounts forth-

with. It is no use to honey the matter; payment must be made at least once a year, or I shall run down at the heel. Everybody says, how well that man Woodruff is getting on in the world; when the fact is, I have not positively *spare change* enough to buy myself a shirt or a pair of breeches. My wife is now actually engaged in turning an old pair wrong side out, and in trying to make a new shirt out of two old ones. She declares that in Virginia, where she was raised, they never do such things, and that it is more-over a downright vulgar piece of business altogether. Come, come, *pay up, pay up, friends*. Keep peace in the family, and enable me to wear my clothes right side out. You can hardly imagine how much it will oblige, dear sirs, the public's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

GOING UPON TICK.

A letter from New York says that the times are so hard that the watches have stopped. We are surprised at that, because they are the only business characters that can afford to go; as they can go *upon tick* till the end of time.

GOOD ADVICE.

Never cut a piece out of a newspaper until you have looked on the other side, where perhaps you may find something more valuable than that which you intend to appropriate.

Never burn your fingers—if you can help it.

Let no gentleman ever quarrel with a woman. If you are troubled with her, retreat. If she abuse you, be silent. If she tear your cloak, give her your coat. If she box

your ears, bow. If she tear your eyes out, *feel* your way to the door and—fly.

BAD TIMES.

The *Wheeling Times* says, "The times are so hard, and payments are so rare, that the girls down east complain that the young men cannot even *pay* their addresses."

A CASE OF DISTRESS.

A poor Yankee, on being asked the nature of his distress, replied, "that he had five *outs* and one *in*,—to wit, *out* of money and *out* of clothes; *out* at the heels and *out* at the toes; *out* of money and *in* debt.

NEAT AS IMPORTED.

A friend from New York direct, informs us that the poor fellow who was so tall that he went up a ladder to shave himself, has cut his throat! He is supposed to have become nervous in consequence of an idea he had climbed so high as he could not get back to earth again.

A GOOD UN TO GO.

Yes, as I was saying, this "Old Clay" is a real knowin' one; he's as spry as a colt yet, clear girt, ginger to the back bone. I cant help thinking sometimes the breed must have come from old Kentuck, half horse, half alligator, with a cross of the earthquake. I hope I may be tee-totally ruined if I'd take eight hundred dollars for him. Go a-head, you old clinker-built villain, said he, and show the gentleman how wonderfully *handsom* you can travel. Give them the real Connecticut quick step. That's it—that's the way

to carry the President's Message to Congress from Washington to New York in no time—that's the go,—carry a gall from Boston to Rhode Island, and trace her up to a justice to be married afore her father's out of his bed of a summer's mornin'. Ain't he a beauty? a real doll? none of your Cumberland critters, that the more you quilt them, the more they won't go; but a proper one, that will go free gratis for nothing, all out of his own head *voluntarily*. Yes, a horse liko "Old Clay" is worth a whole seed, breed, and generation of them Amherst beasts put together. He's a horse every inch of him, stock, lock, and barrel, is *Old Clay*.

HOW TO GET A LIFT.

"Pray," said Mr. — to a gentleman he overtook on the road, "will you have the complaisance to take my great-coat in your carriage to town?" "With pleasure, my dear sir; but how will you get it again?" "Oh, very easily," replied the modest applicant; "I shall remain in it."

A DEPUTY WANTED.

"I can't speak in public—never done such a thing in all my life," said a chap the other night at a public meeting, who had been called upon to hold forth, "but if anybody in the crowd will speak for me, I'll *hold his hat*."

RECIPROCITY.

"Will you lend father your newspaper, sir?—he only wants to read it!" "Yes, my boy—and ask him to lend me his dinner—I only just want to eat it!"

AN UN'COUNTABLE PIG.

"You, Socrates," said Mr. Seth Harris, of Poughkeepsie, to his coloured fellow the other day, "You, Socrates, have you fed the pigs?" "Yes, massa, me fed 'um," replied Socrates. "Did you count them?" "Yes, massa, me count 'um all but one." "All but one?" "Yes, massa, all but one; dere br one little speckle pig, he frisk about so much me couldn't count *him*."

WHY AND BECAUSE.

"Why do you use so much tobacco?" said a gentleman to another, the other evening, at a whist party?—"Because I *chews*," was the witty reply.

STRANGE.

A man in Ohio was pursued lately by a black snake. All at once it occurred to him, just as the reptile was preparing to jump at his throat, to run round a small birch tree which stood in his path till he got the creature in a snarl as tight as he could spring. He did so, when, stooping suddenly, he threw back a somerset, and the snake trying to follow him, *tied itself up in a hard knot!*

ABSENCE OF MIND.

A man in Lowell, in attempting to hang himself, forgot to put the rope round his neck, and jumped off the barrel into a mud hole. He did not discover his mistake until he attempted to kick.

A man, thinking he was at home, one evening lately, lay down on the common, and put his boots outside the gate to be blacked in the morning. Another person, after

getting home one rainy night, put his umbrella in the bed, and leaned up in the corner himself.

A fond mother took her darling on her knee, and then a loaf, intending "to make a bread-and-butter for it," as it is called; but, by a strange fatality, she buttered the child's face, and cut its head off before she discovered her mistake.

A LARGE OYSTER.

An oyster was opened at Point Comfort lately, which was so large that it took three men to *swallow it whole!*

HYPOCHONDRIACISM EXTRAORDINARY.

Among the dry, quaint, and philosophical scenes with which Mr. Neal's recent volume of "Charcoal Sketches" abounds, we think this soliloquy of a loafer who had been sleigh-riding and got 'spilt,' is inimitable. "It's man's natur', I believe, and we can't help it nohow. As fur me, I wish I was a pig—there's some sense in being a pig wot's fat: pigs don't have to speculate and burst—pigs never go a sleighing, quarrel with their daddies-in-law wot is to be, get into spreeds, and make tarnal fools of themselves. Pigs is decent-behaved people and good citizens, though they ain't got no wote.—And then they haven't got no clothes to put on of cold mornings when they get up; they don't have to be darnin' and patchin' their old pants, they don't wear no old hats on their heads, nor have to ask people for 'em—cold wittles is plenty for pigs. My eyes! if I was a jolly fat pig belonging to respectable people, it would be tantamount to nothin' with me who was president. Who ever see'd one pig a sittin' on a cold crubstone a rubbin' another pig's head wot got chucked out of the sleigh!

Pigs has too much sense to go a ridin' if so be as they can help it. I wish I was one, and out of this scrape. It's true," continued Doot, thoughtfully, and pulling Tippleton's nose till it cracked at the bridge joint,—“It's true pigs have their troubles like humans—constables catches 'em, dogs bites 'em, and pigs is sometimes almost as done-over suckers as men; but pigs never runs their own noses into scrapes, coixin' themselves to believe it's fun, as we do. I never sees a pig go the whole hog in my life, 'sept upon rum cherries.”

A QUIETUS.

A married lady lately found her two sons quarrelling, and, in the hope of putting an end to the difference, uttered the following threat:—“You young rascals, if you don't desist directly, I'll tell *both your fathers.*”

DANIEL LAMBERT OUTDONE.

An Englishman was observing that the good feeding of England produced the fattest men in the world. Jonathan contended that the good feeding of the States produced the fattest women. “What did your Daniel Lambert weigh?” said the American. “About fifty stone,” was the answer. “Pooh, that's nothing,” said the Yankee, “we have in Pennsylvania at least a dozen women, each the girth of Penn's tree, and one in Staten Island, that it would take a fortnight to walk round.”

DIFFICULTIES OF AN EDITOR.

“An editor,” says he of the *New York Patriot*, “cannot step without treading on somebody's toes. If he expresses

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his opinion fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptuous. If he state facts without comments, he dares not avow his sentiments. If he conscientiously refuse to advocate the claims of an individual to office, he is accused of personal hostility. A jackanapes, who measures off words into verse as a clerk does tape, by the yard, hands him a parcel of stuff that jingles like a handful of rusty nails and a gimlet; and if the editor be not fool enough to print the nonsense—"Stop my paper; I wont patronize a man that is no better judge of poetry." One murmurs because his paper is too literary, another because it is not literary enough. One grumbles because the advertisements engross too much room, another complains that the paper is too large, he can't find time to read it all. One wants the types so small that a microscope would be indispensable in every family, another threatens to discontinue the paper unless the letters are half an inch long. One old lady actually offered to give half a cent additional for a paper that should be printed with such types as are used for handbills. In fact, every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a journal, and the labour of Sisyphus was recreation when compared with that of an editor who undertakes to please all."

AMENDE HONOURABLE.

A Pennsylvania paper contains the subjoined "*amende honorable*, which ought to satisfy any reasonable being:—
 "We yesterday spoke of Mr. Hamilton, of the Chestnut Street Theatre, as 'a thing.' Mr. H. having complained of our remark, we willingly retract, and here state that Mr. Hamilton, of the Chestnut Street Theatre, is *no-thing*."

SHARP EYESIGHT.

An American, describing the prevalence of duelling, summed up with—"They even fight with daggers in a room *pitch dark*." "Is it possible?" was the reply. "Possible, Sir!" returned the Yankee, "why I have seen them."

A SIMILE.

A jeweller in America advertising that he has a number of precious stones to dispose of, adds, that they sparkle like the tears of a young widow.

A HOPEFUL BABE.

A gourd was sometime ago planted by a gentleman, and grew more rapidly than he could ride! Although he had his horse ready saddled at the moment it was put into the ground, and immediately set off at the gallop, it completely out-distanced him!

VERY LIKELY.

The *Boston Post* says, that the reason why cream is so dear is, that milk is risen so high that cream can't reach the top.

TO DESTROY OWLS.

When you discover one on a tree, and find that it is looking at you, all that you have to do is to move quickly round the tree several times, when the owl in the meantime, whose attention will be so firmly fixed, that, forgetting the necessity of turning its body with its head, it will follow your motion with its eyes till it wrings its head off.

ECONOMY.

The *Michigan White Pigeon Gazette* says, a neighbour of ours informs us that wood goes *farther* when left out of doors, than when well housed, some of his having gone upwards of a *quarter of a mile* in one night.

FIRE-WOOD WANTED.

The printer of the *Warren Gazette* lately published the following notice:—"Dry stove-wood wanted immediately at this office, in payment for papers.—N. B. Don't fetch logs that the *devil cant split*."

PET OYSTER.

The *Kentucky Advertiser* mentions, that a gentleman in that place has in his possession an oyster, which is so tame that it follows him about the house like a dog.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

We once knew of a fellow who fancied himself a jack-ass. The beauty of it was, he wasn't much mistaken.

JONATHAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A STEAM-BOAT.

"It's got a saw-mill on one side, and a grist mill on t'other, and a blacksmith's shop in the middle; and down cellar, there's a tarnation great pot, boiling all the time."

POWER OF STEAM.

A steam doctor, in a North Carolina paper, boasts that he has discovered a system by which he can make out of an *old man* an entire *young man*, and have enough left to make a *small dog*!

HOW TO COMMIT MURDER QUIETLY.

Take a young lady—tell her she has a pretty foot—she will wear a small shoe—go out in wet spring weather—catch a cold—then a fever—and die in a month. This recipe never fails.

NOT AFRAID OF WORK.

A person once said to a father, whose son was noted for laziness, that he thought his son was very much afraid of work. "Afraid of work!" replied the father, "not at all—he will lie down and go to sleep close by the side of it."

BIBULOUS.

A poor drunken loafer was picked up in the street last night. There was no *sense* in his head, no *cents* in his pocket, a powerful *scent* in his breath, and he was *sent* to the watch-house.

SHARP RETORT.

A Yankee and a Patlander happening to be riding together, passed a gallows. "Where would you be," said Jonathan, "if the gallows had its due?" "Riding alone, I guess," said the Irishman.

TO CATCH RABBITS.

Schoolboys in the old country think themselves mighty clever when they catch birds by putting salt on their tails. Jonathan, however, goes a-head; witness the following novel mode of catching rabbits. Place apples in the parts where the rabbits frequent, after sprinkling them with snuff, and when they come to smell, the sudden effort to sneeze

which they make never fails to break their necks, and even in some cases has been known to cause them to tumble heels over head a considerable distance!

TAKING CARE OF BAGGAGE.

The following paragraph recently appeared in a provincial paper:—Travellers should be careful to deliver their baggage to proper persons, as a gentleman, a few days since, on alighting from a stage coach, intrusted his wife to a stranger, and has not heard of her since.

QUITE AFFECTED.

I'll tell you an almighty strange thing of how that gall, Ellen Tree, works on the feelings of critters. When she was acting *Julia* in our parts, the door-keeper came away in, for it was tarnation cold, and no one took no notice of the doors, cos no more could well get in; when an old bear sniffed his way into the town, and finding no one astir, for they were all at the play, what does the critter do, but sniffs his way there too, and crawls up behind the boxes. I guess he meant to sup off some of the chaps; but, however, he listened and listened till he got *quite affected*, and so mollified, that he vowed he'd never go man-eating any more: next night he came agin, and brought his wife, and the thing was only discovered on the third night, when he was seen coming down to the box-office along with an alligator.

WHAT WE CALL DUTIES.

Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can. Every man ought to help his neighbour—if he can. Every man

and woman ought to get married—if they can. Every representative to Congress, and in the Legislature, ought to inform his constituents what they are about—if he can. Every man should do his work to please customers—if he can. Every man should please his wife—if he can. Every wife should rule her husband—if she can. Every woman should sometimes hold her tongue—if she can. Every lawyer should tell the truth—if he can. Every preacher of the gospel should be a Christian—if he can. Every reader should add something to the above—if he can.—
Petersburg Constellation.

SHAKING HANDS.

At a late duel in Kentucky, the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected, as unnecessary; “for,” said he, “their hands have been shaking this half hour.”

A 'CUTE LAD.

A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the Baltimore post-office, and money to pay the postage. When he returned, he said, “I guess I did the thing slick; I see'd a good many folks putting letters into the post-office through a hole, so I watched my chance, and got mine in for nothing.”

ABSENCE OF MIND.

We have just heard of a truly distressing instance of absence of mind, of which, we understand, our venerable

friend, and contemporary, Mr. Bot Smith, was the victim. The other evening he proceeded bed-ward, as usual, and, in a fit of absence of mind, put the candle into the bed, and *blew himself out!*

A CURIOUS FACT.

We have it upon the authority of the *New York Era*, that the proprietor of the perpetual motion, lately exhibited at Boston, has absconded without even paying the man who *turned the crank in the cellar!*

A CAPITAL CHARGE.

Murder, gentlemen, is where a man is murderously killed. The killer in such case is a murderer. Now murder by poison is as much murder as murder with a gun. It is the murdering which constitutes murder in the eye of the law. You will bear in mind that murder is one thing, and manslaughter another; therefore, if it is not manslaughter it must be murder. Self murder has nothing to do with this case. One man cannot commit *felo-de-se* on another; that is clearly my view. Gentlemen, I think you can have no difficulty. Murder, I say, is murder. The murder of a brother is called fratricide; but it is not fratricide if a man murders his mother. You will make up your minds. You know what murder is, and I need not tell you what it is not.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

Rear up your lads like nails, and they'll not only go through the world, but you may clench 'em on t'other side.

"PRODIGIOUS!"

By a series of interesting experiments lately made in Philadelphia, a woman's tongue has been found capable of moving one thousand nine hundred and twenty times in a minute! Think of that and weep!

A HOT BERTH.

The *Baltimore Sun* has this advertisement,—“Wanted, three strong men to carry the *Sun*.”

HINT TO ADVERTISERS.

We would recommend, as a sure method of giving extensive publicity to advertisements, that the words, “Not to be repeated,” should be added in small italics. The women, imagining this to be an injunction to secrecy, will do more towards making the matter public, than could be effected by any means with which we are at present acquainted.

MODERN DEFINITIONS, NOT FOUND IN ANY OF THE ANCIENT
DICTIONARIES.

(From a *New York Paper*.)

Hard Times.—Sitting on a cold grindstone and reading the President's Message.

Love.—A little world within itself, intimately connected with shovel and tongs.

Progress of Time.—A pedlar going through the land with wooden clocks.

Genteel Society.—A place where the rake is honoured and the moralist condemned.

Poetry.—A bottle of ink thrown over a sheet of foolscap.

Politician.—A fellow that culls all his knowledge from borrowed newspapers.

Rigid Justice.—Juror on a murder case fast asleep.

Friend.—One who takes your money and then turns you out of doors.

Patriot.—A man who has neither property nor reputation to lose.

Honesty.—Obsolete: a term formerly used in the case of a man who had paid for his newspapers and the coat on his back.

Independence.—Owing fifty thousand dollars which you never intend to pay.

Livery Stables.—A place where you pay a five-dollar bill for the privilege of being upset.

Hard Money.—The specie that is to be buried in the Sub-Treasury dungeon—*hard* to put in and *hard* to get out.

Lovely Women.—An article manufactured by milliners:—

“Who wants but little here below,
And wants that little for a show.”

Otium cum dignitate.—Living at the expense of the public at the State Hotel, Sing Sing. (A jail.)

Termination of War.—Driving the enemy out of one hammock into another, capturing an old negro, and seriously wounding a squaw.

Dandy.—A *thing* in pantaloons, with a body and two arms—a head without brains—tight boots—a cane—a white handkerchief—two brooches, and a ring on his little finger.

Coquette.—A young lady with more beauty than sense—more accomplished than learned—more charms of person

than graces of mind—more admirers than friends—more fools than wise men for attendants.

Credit.—A wise provision by which constables get a living.

Benevolence.—To take a dollar out of one pocket and put it into the other.

WALTZING.

A lady in Nashville being asked to waltz, gave the following sensible and appropriate answer:—"No, thank ye, sir, I have hugging enough at home."

ABSENCE OF MIND.

The last "modern instance" recorded in the Yankee papers, is that of a Vermont waggoner going to market, who lifted his horse into the waggon, and tacked himself to the traces. The veracious chronicler adds, the waggoner did not discover his error until he endeavoured to neigh!

T'other day a man in Baltimore, intending to wind up his watch, through a sudden attack of absence of mind, wound up himself. He did not perceive his mistake until his creditors refused to allow him to go upon *tick* any longer.

The *Nashville Observer* informs us of the following case of absence of mind, which took place in the person of an old lady, who, after stirring the fire with her knitting-needle, proceeded to knit with the poker, and did not discover her error till she commenced scratching her head with it.

A woman in Ohio put her baby into the washing-tub,

and its dirty frock and petticoat into the cradle, and set her little boy to rock it. She did not discover her mistake until the baby cried out when she pinned its left leg to the line, as she hung it out in the yard to dry.

We learn from the *Nashville Banner*, that a land-agent down there, by name Hiram S. Botts, having to ride out in great haste one day last week, actually clapped the saddle upon his own back instead of his mare's, and never found out the mistake till he was quite fatigued with vainly trying to get upon himself.

ADVERTISEMENT.

An advertiser in a Philadelphia paper requests *the person* who borrowed a *pair of pantaloons* of him last summer, to return them forthwith or he will *expose* him. We would rather fear that as the pantaloons in question are probably the only ones the loon's possessed of, he would rather *expose himself* by returning them.

A HINT TO LOAFING LOVERS.

The editor of *The Buffalonian* advises the girls never to marry a man who will come and stay a week at a time with them during the process of courting.

CHURCH GOING.

There is much truth as well as rhyme in the following *jeu d'esprit*, as those of our readers who go to church very well know:—

Two lovely ladies dwell at ——
 And each a churching goes;
 Emma goes there—to close her eyes,
 And Jane—to eye her clothes.

MUSQUITOES.

Let a man go to sleep with his head in a cast-iron kettle among "them critters," and their bills will make a watering pot of it before the next morning.

FINN'S LAST.

The *New York Sun* gives the following as this old joker's last attempt:—"What sort of a light do you call that in front of the Jew's Synagogue?" asked a friend of Finn, as they passed up Crosby-street the other evening. "An Israel light," was the reply. A pretty fair *Jew d'esprit*.

"LAST" FROM NEW YORK.

We understand that a respectable citizen of this place (who, being much afflicted with deafness, was in the habit of using an ear-trumpet) chanced the other day, in a moment of abstraction, to apply the instrument to his *eye* instead of to his ear; and he declares that, to his astonishment, he heard a precious *sight* better that way than by the ordinary course. Thus are great discoveries oftentimes the result of chance rather than design!

POWERFUL GRINNING.

I will tell you an anecdote. I was concerned myself—and I was fooled a little of the wickedest. You all know I love hunting. Well, I discovered a long time ago that a 'coon couldn't stand my grin. I could bring one tumbling down from the highest tree. I never wasted powder and lead, when I wanted one of the creatures. Well, as I was walking out one night, a few hundred yards from my house, looking carelessly about me, I saw a 'coon planted

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upon one of the highest limbs of an old tree. The night was very *moony* and clear, and old Ratler was with me; but Ratler won't bark at a 'coon—he's a queer dog in that way. So, I thought I'd bring the lark down in the usual way, *by a grin*. I set myself—and, after grinning at the 'coon a considerable time, found that he didn't come down. I wondered what was the reason—and I took another steady grin at him. Still he was *there*. It made me a little mad; so I felt round and got an old limb about five feet long, and, planting one end upon the ground, I placed my chin upon the other, and took *a rest*. I then grinned my best for about five minutes; but the cursed 'coon hung on. So, finding I could not bring him down by grinning, I determined to have him—for I thought he must be a droll chap. I went over to the house, got my axe, returned to the tree, saw the 'coon still there, and began to cut away. Down it came, and I ran forward; but never a 'coon was there to be seen. I found that what I had taken for one, was a large knot upon the branch of the tree—And, upon looking at it closely, I saw that *I had grinned all the bark off, and left the knot perfectly smooth*.

DOCTORS TURNED PATIENTS.

The *Buffalo Journal* says, that city is so healthy that the doctors have nothing to do, and seven of them were seen together on the pier fishing.

A TALL SUBJECT.

One Yankee journal states that there is a man in Vermont who is so tall that he-can't tell when his toes are cold!

In alluding to this monstrosity, another paper says, "This is probably the person who never allows his servant to sit up for him, as he can put his arm down the chimney to unbolt the street door.

A third remarks, "The man who was obliged to get upon his knees to unscrew the weathercock of the steeple of the South Meeting House in Boston, was, we guess, a trifle taller than the lengthy Vermonter.

A fourth calculates that he beats tee-total Wilson by a long chalk. "By-the-bye, we hear," he continues, "that Mr. Wilson, by a succession of interesting experiments, has succeeded in an invention for converting long legs into a species of telescopic sliders, by which, the lower part of the shin sliding into the upper, a man may become short or long at pleasure."—*Werry convenient!*

TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

A fellow giving an account of being chased by a mad bull said, "The bull roared like thunder, and I ran like lightning; and, on jumping over the fence as quick as the stars fall from the galaxy, tore my breeches as though heaven and earth were coming together."

"NO OTHER JOURNAL HAS THE NEWS."

A country paper says, under this head—"We stop the press to announce the important intelligence that we have no more paper, and that our ink is all out. If our delinquent subscribers have any bowels of compassion, they will immediately book up what they owe us, in order to enable us to go on with our business. If they do not, this is the last sheet we shall be able to send them—as we are

tired of writing for nothing and finding ourselves. *N.B.*—The paper-maker will not trust us with another ream, unless we pay up the arrearages. *Second N.B.*—This journal will be published *every now and then*, until further notice. *Third N.B.*—The Sheriff is waiting for us in the next room, so we have no opportunity to be pathetic.

AN EDITOR.

An editor is but a creature of the imagination. Nobody ever *saw* an editor. Nobody hath known him. He is invisible, impalpable, immaterial. He is not an individual being, for he is a *WE*! An *I* is a defined substantial entity, which all can understand who have a looking-glass before them. But a *WE*, a singular plural, a *multum in parvo*, is a mystery that cannot be comprehended by common brains.

TO MAKE LEECHES BITE.

If the leech will not bite, bind him apprentice to a broker for a week, and his teeth will become so sharp that he will bite through the bottom of a brass kettle.

DOWN EAST GIRLS.

When the Down East girls wish to threaten each other with a flogging, they say, "I will be into you like a thousand of brick."

SINGULAR RESEMBLANCE.

An American, speaking of his niggers, said, "Caesar and Pompey are so much alike that you can't tell the one from the other, 'specially Pompey."

SOMETHING LITERARY.

"Have you Goldsmith's Greece?" said a gentleman, lately, on entering a book-store in Market-Street. "No," replied a lad smartly, "we don't keep it here, you can get it at Mr. Webb's, the jeweller's."

EARLY RISING IN CONNECTICUT.

The Editor of the *Eglantine* says, that the girls in Connecticut, who are remarkable for their industry, drink a pint of yeast before going to bed at night, to make them rise early in the morning.

EXTRAORDINARY MOTTO.

The *New York Morning Herald* has the following for its motto:—Take no shin-plasters, all damned rogues who issue them—live temperately—drink moderately—eschew temperance societies—take care of the sixpences—never trust a saint—go to bed at ten—rise at six—never buy on credit—fear God Almighty—love the beautiful girls—vote against Van Buren—and kick all politicians and parsons to the devil.

SAM SLICK'S DESCRIPTION OF A TEE-TOTALLER.

I once travelled through all the States of Maine with one of them are chaps. He was as thin as a whippin post. His skin looked like a blown bladder after some of the air has leaked out, kinder wrinkled and rumpled like, and his eye as dim as a lamp that's livin on a short allowance of ilc. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly: real gander-gutted lookin critter, as holler as a bamboo walking cane, and

twice as yaller. He actilly looked as if he had been picked off a rack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet hole. He was a lawyer. Thinks I, the Lord a massy on your clients, you hungry, half-starved looking critter you; you'll eat 'em up alive as sure as the Lord made Moses. You are just the chap to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, tank, shank, and flank, all at a gulp.

A GOOD SHOT.

Two passengers coming down the Mississipi in a steamboat, were amusing themselves with shooting birds on shore from the deck. Some sporting converse ensued. One remarked that he would turn his back to no man in killing racoons—that he had repeatedly shot fifty a-day. "What o' that?" said a Kentuckian, "I make nothing of killing a hundred 'coon a-day, or'nary luck." "Do you know Captain Scott, of our state?" asked a Tennessean bystander, "he is something like a shot. A hundred 'coon! why he never pints at one without hitting him. He never misses, and the 'coons know it. T'other day he levelled at an old 'un in a high tree; the varmint looked at him a minute, and then bawled out, "Halloo, Cap'n Scott, is that you?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, pray, don't shoot, I'll come down to you—I'll give in—I'm dead beat."

ABSENCE OF MIND.

A highly respectable inhabitant of the city of New York lately died under very remarkable circumstances. He was subject to fits of extreme absence of mind from childhood, and one night, upon retiring to bed, having carefully tucked his pantaloons under the bed-clothes, he threw himself over

the back of a chair, and expired from the severe cold he experienced during the night. The editor of the *New York Morning Herald*, who relates this extraordinary fact, assures his readers, as a guarantee of its truth, that he received his information from the individual in question!

TO AGRICULTURISTS.

A beet root is now exhibiting in Velesco, Texas, measuring thirty inches in length, and forty-two in circumference. —*Beat this who can!*

AWFUL!

"A wife and nine children, and flour fifteen dollars a barrel."—*Boston Transcript*. "And twelve dollars per ton for coal: fortunate that we, friend Walter, have no 'little responsibilities' to feed and keep warm!"—*Gloucester Telegraph*. "We are not sure of that. We have ten 'little responsibilities' which lie at our feet every night; and, sooth to say, it costs us a good deal of trouble to keep them warm this cold weather."—*Boston Transcript*. "Then go and buy one of Dr. Ransom's patent toe warmers. But who shall minister to the affliction of a shilling loaf that may be carried in the waistcoat pocket?—Tell us that, friend 'Transcript,' with your bachelor indifference to the woes of housekeeping."—*New York Advertiser*.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE.

It is stated that our friend Horace, in his hurry to get to a party, to which he was, by some unaccountable means, invited, actually pulled his kid gloves over his stockings, and put his pumps upon his hands; nor did he find out his

mistake until after he had offered his foot to dance with the hostess.

GOING, BUT NOT GONE.

The auctioneers are going up awful. They are getting to be quite a fashionable class of society. This comes of their beautiful dashing wives—blessed be their fair cheeks! They are always going about among us, so that the remembrance of them is never gone. Would we could forget them!—they make our hearts ache.

POULTRY PATRIOTS.

These chaps—Mackenzie and the rest—have made special war upon the hen-roosts on both sides the border. Gallant cocks, matronly hens, fluttering pullets, infant chickens, and eggs by cart loads, have all gone into the patriot pot. It is clear they were actuated by *fowl* motives,—their object was altogether *fowl*; and we hope Sir John Colborne will give the chicken-hearted rascals their due, whenever he drops upon them.

NOTICE.

The Loco Foco member of the Middletown convention, who took a pair of boots that did not belong to him, is requested to return them to the owner, or he will be exposed.
—Signed, ONE WHO IS NOT YET READY FOR A DIVISION OF PROPERTY.

CAUTION TO LADIES.

Mr. Charles James Fox, who advertises for a wife in the *Evening Star*, says he is handsome and rich. Ladies,

beware! don't believe him:—his handsomeness consists in a turn-up nose, and his wealth in a turn-up bedstead.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENCE.

"Mister Editor, How much cold wittles is there allow'd you for publishing the *Great Whig meeting* at Masonic Hall, Eh? It's awful that times am so hard that you can't find matter enough to fill your columns but such trash as that, Signed, TIMOTHY. P.S. I wish you would give me an answer, because I am a little curious." EDITOR'S ANSWER:—"Certainly Timothy, certainly,—albeit your grammar has some holes in it—peradventure to match those in your breeches. Well then, Timothy; I received less than a hundred dollars for publishing this 'trash;' and if Timothy and the Loco Focos want to publish any of *their* 'trash,' I'll do it cheaper; and what is more, I won't refuse kitchen shin plasters. Trash for trash is but fair."

ADVANTAGE OF BURNING TWO CANDLES.

A celebrated American judge has a very stingy wife: on a recent occasion she received his friends in the drawing-room with a single candle. "Be pleased, my dear," said his lordship, "to let us have a second candle, that we may see where the other stands."

FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCE.

An aboriginal American was asked if he had known the Bishop of Quebec? "Yes, yes." "And how did you like him?" "Oh vastly!" "But how did you happen to know him?" "Happen to know him!—*Why I ate a piece of him!*"

SCIENTIFIC NATURE OF LINC LAW.

Sam Slick, the Yankee humourist, describes this *popular* law to be best defined by "hanging a man outside a church steeple to see if it is perpendicular."

FARE REDUCED.

There is one advantage, as will be seen from the following anecdote, in low prices:—A gentleman, in one of the American steam-boats, asked the clerk, when he paid his passage money, (one dollar,) if there was no danger of being blown up? The clerk promptly replied, "No, sir, not in the least; we can't afford to blow up people at a dollar a-head."

ABSENCE OF MIND.

A Mr. Jabez J. Jenkinson, of Arkansas, whose sight is such as to render glasses necessary, put his spectacles on his ear instead of his eyes one day last week, and actually walked three miles side ways in a heavy rain before he discovered his mistake.

NAHANT NUTMEGS.

"Which way are you from, Mr. Slick, this hitch?" "Why," says I, "I have been away up south a speculating in nutmegs." "I hope," says the Professor, "they were a good article, the real, right down genuine thing." "No mistake," says I, "no mistake, Professor: they were all prime, first chop; but why do you ax that are question?" "Why," says he, "that eternal scoundrel, that Captain John *Allspice*, of Nahant, he used to trade to Charlestown, and he carried a cargo once there of fifty barrels of nut-

megs: well, he put a half-a-bushel of good ones into each end of the barrel, and the rest he filled up with wooden ones, so like the real thing, no soul could tell the difference until *he bit one* with his teeth, and that he never thought of doing, until he was first *bit himself*.

USE IS SECOND NATURE.

Major N——, upon being asked whether he was seriously injured when the St. Leonard steamer's boiler exploded, replied, that he was so used to being blown up by his wife that a mere steamer had no effect upon him.

CHEAP SUBSTITUTE FOR SUGAR.

The lovely Miss Sligourney of Roseville Cottage, smiles with such exquisite sweetness as to render the introduction of a sugar-basin unnecessary at the largest tea-party. The glances of her not less charming sister, Patience, have been known to penetrate the heart of the least susceptible swains at the range of an ordinary rifle.

TARNATION CUTE.

There is a man in Nashville who is so tarnation cute, that when he rises of a morning, he puts his hand out of the window *to feel if it is light!* (*Finger'd*, we suppose.)

CAUSES FOR MARRIAGE.

One man marries a woman because she looks well when she dances—she never dances afterwards. Another man marries because she has a handsome foot and ankle—which after marriage he never takes the trouble to admire. A third marries for love—which wastes with the honey-moon.

A fourth for money—and finds that his wife does not choose to die, to complete his satisfaction. A fifth, being old in wisdom and years, marries a young woman, who soon becomes a suitable match for him, by growing old with grief.

A NOTION.

A down-easter has invented a patent umbrella, with a gutter around the edge, which causes the rain to run off at one point!

VALID EXCUSE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

“Jem, you’ve been drinking.” “No, I haven’t: I’ve been looking at another man drinking, and it was too much for me.”

CAUTION.

It is said that red noses are among the many injurious effects of tight lacing.—“A word to the wise,” &c.

TO MAKE A MATCH.

Catch a young gentleman and lady, the best you can; let the young gentleman be raw, and the young lady be quite tender. Set the gentleman at the dinner table; put in a good quantity of wine, and whilst he is soaking, stick in a word every now and then about miss; this will help to make him boil. When getting red in the gills, take him into the drawing-room, set him by the lady, and soap them both well with green tea; then set them at the piano, and blow the flame till the lady sings: when you hear the gentleman sigh, it is time to take them off, as they are

warm enough. Put them by themselves in a corner of the room, or on a sofa, and there let them simmer together for the rest of the evening. Repeat this dose three or four times, taking care to place them side by side at the dinner, and they will be ready for marriage whenever you want them. After marriage, great care must be taken, as they are apt to get sour.

TOUCHING, IF TRUE.

A respectable shop-keeper in Boston, on being apprized of the sudden death of his wife, was so much affected, and the intensity of his grief was such, that he deliberately walked up the chimney for the purpose of giving vent to his feelings!

TARNATION THIN.

An ingenious friend of ours who has been on the lean list for some time, informs us he has got so thin now, that he *can't see his reflection in a looking glass!*

CARVING.

"Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddle-wise?" said a gentleman. "No," said one of the guests, "cut it bridle-wise, for then I may chance to get a bit in my mouth."

An Irishwoman called on an apothecary in New York, with an infant that was unwell, to beg something for it. The apothecary gave her some powder, of which he ordered as much as would lie on a sixpence to be given every morning, when the woman said, "Perhaps you will lend me a sixpence the while, as I haven't got one at all."

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship's a very good thing in its way; we are all very friendly and comfortable at the Stamp, for instance, over our grog, where every man pays for himself, but damn hurting yourself for anybody else, you know! No man should have more than two attachments—the first to number one, and the second to the ladies: that's what I say.

SHARP.

An eastern editor, in alluding to a rival town, says, that it takes several of their pigs to pull up a blade of grass; that they are so poor, the foremost seizes the spear in his mouth, the balance having taken each other by the tail, when they give a pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, and if it breaks, the whole tumble to the ground for want of sufficient strength to support themselves. It must take three or four such pigs to make a shadow.

An Irishman being asked by a Yankee if he could dance a *minuet*, replied, "aye, by Japers, I'd dance an hour!"

SAM WELLERISMS.

"If you know'd who was near, sir, I rather think you'd change your tune, as the hawk remarked to himself with a cheerful laugh, ven he heard the robin-redbreast a-singing round the corner."

"Don't say nothin' wotever, ma'am," replied Sam, "I only assisted nature, ma'am, as the doctor said to the boy's mother, arter he bled him to death."

"Sorry to do anything as may cause an interruption to

such merry pleasant proceedings, as the king said, ven he dissolved the parliament."

A comedian at Boston, by way of puff for his approaching benefit, publishes the lines below for the perusal of his friends:—

Dear Public, you and I of late,
Have dealt so much in fun,
I'll crack you now a monstrous great
Quadruplicated pun!

Like a *grate full* of coals I'll glow,
A *great full* house to see;
And if I am not *grateful* too,
A *great fool* I must be!

NEW SPORT FOR OLD JOHN.

A tavern keeper in Long Island advertises a fat hog to be *guessed* for at a dollar a guess; the guesser guessing nearest the weight of the hog to have him. We guess this new game of skill will be adopted by that incorrigible gamester, old John Bull, and guessing become as much in vogue throughout the Old England as it has been in the New.

A POSER.

A Yankee went to see a collection of wild beasts.— While he was looking at a monkey, some one asked him if it did not resemble General Jackson. "No," said he, "but I'll tell you who it does look like. It looks like Mr.

—, the Ohio member of Congress." There was a loud burst of laughter at his saying so, and upon turning round, he saw Mr. —, of Ohio, about three feet from him. He bowed to the company, and said he had either slandered the monkey or Mr. —, and if they would tell him which, he would beg his pardon.

CANDID.

"We candidly assure our readers, that so far from a falling off in the circulation of our paper, the demand for it has increased four-fold; and if the advertisements continue to pour in upon us as they are doing, our health must suffer from over-excitement—will it be believed? our eyes have not gone together for the last three nights."—*Buffalo Beacon*.

"To be sure it will, we only wonder how they could 'go together' with such an ell of a nose between them."—*New York Paper*.

YANKEE GALLANTRY.

A "notion seller" was offering Yankee clocks, finely varnished and coloured, and with a looking-glass in front, to a certain lady not remarkable for personal beauty. "Why, it's beautiful," said the vender. "Beautiful, indeed! a look at it almost frightens me!" said the lady. "Then, marm," replied Jonathan, "I guess you'd better buy one that han't got no looking-glass."

ARITHMETICAL MANIA.

As for Latin and Greek, we don't valy it a cent; we teach it, and so we do painting and music, because the

English do, and we like to go a-head on 'em even in them are things. As for reading, it is well enough for them that has nothing to do, and writing is plaguy apt to bring a man to states-prison, particularly if he writes his name so like another man as to have it mistaken for his'n. *Cypher-ing* is the thing—if a man knows how to cypher, he is sure to grow rich. We are a 'calculating' people; wo all *cypher*.

A NEW ENGLAND ARTIST.

The *Boston Transcript* eulogizes an artist of that city in most unmeasured terms, and winds up with the following praise:—"Art is so innate in him, that if he poke the fire, there is a *red hot* landscape; and we have seen him break a window, every fracture in which became a striking profile portrait."

LOVE SICK WILLY.

One Willy Wright who kept a store,
But nothing kept therein,
Save earthen jugs, and some few kegs
Of whisky, ale, and gin,

Grew sick, and often would exclaim,
"Oh, how my poor heart burns!"
And every week the poor man lived,
He had a weakly turn.

Now, when they saw him thus decline,
Some said that death must come;
Some wondered what the ail could be;
Some said his ail was rum!

At last the very cause was known
 Of every pang he felt;
 Remote, at one end of the town,
 Miss Martha Townsend dwelt.

A portly, love-resisting dame,
 Contemptuous, proud, and haughty;
 But yet, though "fat and forty," too,
 She was not two and forty.

And Willy long had sought and sighed,
 To gain this pretty maid;
 "I have no trade," said he, "so, sure,
 My love can't be betrayed."

To Martha, then, he trembling went,
 And said, "my dear, 'tis true,
 Though I have nothing in my store,
 I've love in store for you.

"And if thou wilt, thou may'st become"—
 But here his tongue was tied;
 And then she bridled up, and said,
 She ne'er would be his bride.

Then, turning Willie out of doors,
 She said, "go, go along;
 I hate the man who's always Wright,
 Yet always doing wrong."

"I leave you, then," said he: "farewell!
Of peace I'm now bereft;
If I am always Wright and wrong,
You must be right—and left."

So then he closed his little store,
Shut up his door and blind;
And settled his accounts, and died,
And left no Will behind.

SPIRIT OF IMITATION.

The American negroes are remarkable for the pertinacity with which they mimic the dress, actions, and manners of the whites. Even in their ultimate funeral courtesies, the spirit of imitation is preserved. An epitaph on a negro baby at Savannah, commences "Sweet blighted *lily!*"

A GRAND ANNOUNCEMENT.

A person at Keswick, wanting to dispose of some bees, to attract purchasers, printed the following placard:—"Extensive sale of live stock, comprising not less than one hundred and forty thousand head, with an unlimited right of pasturage." The ingenious trick succeeded to admiration, for his "stock" brought high prices.

THE WEIGHT OF LIGHT.

An old lady, remarkable for her confused ideas of the meaning of words, thus described a clear summer evening:—"It was a beautiful bright night—the moon made everything as *light as a cork!*"

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Irishmen work better and cheaper than blacks, and they don't live so long. The blacks, when they are past work, hang on for ever, and a proper bill of expense they be; but hot weather and new rum rub out the poor rates for t'other ones.

"PRODIGIOUS."

A dashing Kentuckian describes the richness of the soil of that "State of States," by saying, "If you plant a nail at night, 'twill come up a spike next morning."

DROLL, BUT TOUCHING.

In the crowded saloon of Mr. Catlin, at the Indian lecture last night, in the midst of an intensely interesting discourse, a person raised himself on tiptoe, and, in a solemn and earnest manner said:—"Mr. Catlin, Sir, will you have the goodness to stop for one moment?" The audience looked with astonishment, and the lecturer paused. "I have lost my little boy in the crowd, and I wish to call him." A dead silence ensued among the twelve hundred people assembled. "Clark Potter," cried the father; "*Here I am, father!*" squealed a shrill little voice in a distant corner. Shouts of laughter followed; the urchin was handed over the crowd to the anxious parent, and Mr. Catlin proceeded with his lectures in peace.

GRASSHOPPERS.

"The grasshoppers are happy fellows—they have dumb wives. It is the male insect only that sings." So says the

editor of the *Louisville Journal*. We wonder if the gentleman was henpecked?

AN EXCUSE.

A gentleman finding his servant intoxicated, said, "What, drunk again, Sam? I scolded you for being drunk last night, and here you are drunk again." "No, massa; same drunk, massa; same drunk," replied Sambo.

ANTIPODEAN DIVER.

Sam Patch was a great diver, and the last dive he took was off the Falls of Niagara, and he was never heard of agin till t'other day, when Captain Enoch Wentworth, of the *Susy Ann*, whaler, saw him in the South Sea. "Why," says Captain Enoch to him, "Why, Sam," says he, "how *on airth* did you get here? I thought you was drowned at the Canadian lines." "Why," says Sam, I didn't get *on earth* here at all, but I came slap *through* it. In that 'ere Niagara dive, I went so everlastingly deep, I thought it was just as short to come up t'other side, so out I came in these parts. If I don't take the shine off the sea serpent, when I get back to Boston, then my name's not Sam Patch."

HIC JACET.

One day, when Dr. Channing was paying the toll on a turnpike road in America, he perceived a notice of "whiskey, rum, tobacco, &c.," on a board which bore a strong resemblance to a grave stone. "I am glad to see," said the Doctor to the girl who received the toll, "that you have been burying those things." "And if we had,"

said the girl, "I don't doubt but that you would have gone *chief mourner!*"

"AMAZIN' 'CUTE."

A boy asked one of his father's guests who his next-door neighbour was, and when he heard his name, asked him if he warn't a fool. "No, my little feller," said he, "he beant a fool, he is a most particular sensible man; but why did you ax that question?" "Why," said the little boy, "mother said, t'other day, you were next door to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you." His mother felt pretty ugly, I guess, ~~when~~ she heard him run right slap up agin that 'ere breaker.

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

"How old are ye?" said Mr. Major Kiplins to a dwarfish young man. "Twenty." "I wonder you arn't right down ashamed of being no bigger; you look like a boy of ten." "All comes of being a dutiful child." "How so?" "When I was ten, father put his hand on my head, and said '*Stop there,*' and he then ran away; I've never seen him since, and didn't think it right in me to *go on growing without his leave.*"

DRUNK ON A CENT.

"What a charming bouquet!" said a fascinating lady in the presence of the facetious B——, who was holding a nosegay, "I almost adore flowers; my senses become intoxicated with their odour." Ha! madam," said B——, "you don't mean to say you ever *get drunk on a scent (cent.)*"

BAD TIMES.

The New York correspondent of the *Baltimore Chronicle*, says, that nobody can borrow money there without paying six per cent. a month, and leaving the money as collateral security!

MODEST ASSURANCE.

In the last week's *Herald* we published fifty-four columns of original matter, embracing editorial reports, correspondence, and markets. This quantity of letter-press would make a book equal to 216 pages of Harper's Family Library. The whole of this *Herald* matter is sold for a shilling per week—the Family Library, not containing more, for fifty cents per copy. In point of utility, wit, and amusement, the *Herald* for one week at twelve and a half cents, is worth a dozen volumes of the Family Library sold for six dollars. We are thus driving all the literary booksellers from the field, and will, in a short time, entirely supersede the reading of novels or imported trash from the London stews and gaming houses. We are creating a real, *bona-fide*, every-day, original American literature. We have in our employ six to eight original writers; and our expenditure for literary labour alone, is nearly £3150 per week! But what of that? The public patronize us beyond any paper that ever existed in New York. During the last week our advertising amounted to 122 squares, which, including the time, was equal to three hundred dollars for that week. By our cash book the sum total of last week's was about one thousand five hundred. Our patronage is now worth all the Wall-street prints. Thanks to the sensible men—the pretty women—the cash system—rising

early a-mornings—and the sweet smiles of the ever Blessed Virgin, who looks down from heaven upon me at every full, clear bright moon, and says with a smile, “Go a-head, my son—go a-head, my dear boy.”

A TWO EDGED ARGUMENT.

Late one evening, Drunken Davy, after spending his day's earnings at a grocery, set out for home. “Well,” said he, “if I find my wife up, I'll lick her—what business has she to sit up, and waste fire and light, eh? and if I find her in bed, I'll lick her—what business has she to go to bed before I get home?”

A BOY WANTED.

A shopkeeper in New York the other day stuck upon his door the following laconic advertisement,—“A boy wanted.” On going to his shop next morning, he beheld a smiling little urchin in a basket, with the following pithy label:—“Here he is.”

A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

The honour of newspaper editors is part and parcel of the public welfare. The following dialogue is an unanswerable instance of its tenacity. A distinguished editor was in his study. A long, thin, ghastly-visaged gentleman was announced. With an asthmatic voice, but in a tone of studied civility, for otherwise the editor would have assuredly transfixed him with a fiery paragraph next morning, the stranger said,—“Sir, your journal of yesterday contained false information.” “Impossible, Sir; but tell me, what do you allude to?” “You said that Mr. M. had been

tried." "True." "Condemned!" "Very true," "Hung."
 "Most true." "Now, sir, I am the gentleman himself."
 "Impossible!" "I assure you it is a fact; and now I hope
 you will contradict what you have alleged." "By no
 means, sir." How, what do you mean; you are deranged!
 "I may be so, sir, but I will not do it." "I will complain
 to a magistrate." "As you please; but I never retract.
 The most that I can do for you, is to announce that the
 rope broke, and that you are now in perfect health. I have
 my principles, sir; I never deceive."

A POSER.

One of the New York Papers gives the following as one
 of the latest Wall-Street reports:—A Locofoco was dam-
 ning the banks for suspending specie payments, when the
 president of one of them passing, turned and asked him
 what he had to complain of. "Why, the rascally banks
 have stopped payment, and we can't get specie for our
 rags." "Here, then, you shall have nothing to grumble
 about—hand out your bills, and I'll cash them—hand them
 out." It is useless to say that no draft was made upon the
 gentleman's deposits. The moral is, that those who have
 the least money make the most fuss.

VERY LIKELY.

A correspondent, in writing from the hills, says, "so
 intense has been the heat here, that sportsmen have been
 afraid, on more occasions than one, to load their fowling-
 pieces, lest the powder should ignite without the aid of
 flint or percussion." Now this is nearly as good as the
 gentleman who wrote from America, that "the fogs were

so intense, that when he put his walking-stick above his head, it stuck fast."

WHIPPING A PANTHER.

There lived in the west three brothers, John, Dick, and Bill, famed for their propensity for quarrel and love of fighting. They invariably attended every public place, and elicited a fight if there was a possible chance. And what was very remarkable, the oldest brother present would always claim the privilege of fighting, though a younger one might have brought about the quarrel. So steadfastly was this privilege adhered to, that Bill, the younger, never could have a fight, but would often cry and say, "that his brothers wouldn't let him have a fight, though he b'lieved he was a better man than any of 'em." He was so anxious to try his prowess, and begged so hard for a chance, that it was agreed among them, that the next fight which could be raised should belong exclusively to Bill. Not long after this determination, John and Bill went out upon a hunting excursion. They had wandered about for some time in the woods, when stopping to rest, they discovered a panther couched upon a limb, and in the act of springing upon them. Before John, who had the rifle, could shoot it, it had lit upon Bill, who drew from its sheath his hunting-knife, and with his hands and feet commenced a desperate fight. The panther would no sooner light upon him, than its hold was cut loose, which rendered it frantic, and for a long time they each fought with all the spirit of desperation. During this scene, John, the oldest brother, stood by, leaning carelessly on his rifle, apparently an unconcerned spectator of the fight. The

fight was still prolonged. Bill's clothes were stripped from him, and he, with the panther, literally besmeared with blood. Fortunately Bill's knife found its way to the panther's heart, and freed him from his antagonist. This was no sooner done than, naked, his body streaming with blood from the nails of the panther, he ran up to his brother John to take vengeance for his not having assisted him; who only laughed, and told him of the promise he had exacted, that the first fight which could be raised should belong exclusively to him; saying at the same time, "it had been a beautiful fight—that Bill had given good evidence of manhood, and had acquitted himself with great credit." The compliment was pleasing to Bill. He went to the brook, washed the blood from his body, borrowed some of his brother's clothes, and ever afterward thanked him for being permitted to win for himself so much fame. Bill was at once exalted above his brothers, and ever afterwards retained his reputation; for he who had whipped a panther at fair fight, could never get a chance of losing his hard-earned fame by fighting with a man.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

An American paper gives a pleasant description of the marriage of an honest farmer with a young lady, just graduated from a female country academy, after a residence therein of about six months. The husband, boasting of her learning, says—"She can tell the year and day of the month when our forefathers landed at Plymouth; can know the name of every capital town in the Union; can tell to an inch how far it is from hence to the *Antipodes* I think she calls them; if you should bore a hole through

the globe, and chuck a mill-stone into it, she can tell to a shaving what would become of the millstone. She is likewise a monstrous pretty painter, and can paint a puppy so well that you'd take it for a lion, and a sheep that looks as big and as grand as an elephant. She knows all about chemistry, and says that water is made of two kinds of gin; and air is made of ox-gin and nitre-gin, or (what is the same thing in English) saltpetre-gin. She says, that burning a stick of wood in the fire is nothing but a play of *comical* (chemical) *infinity*, and that not a particle of the matter which belonged to the stick is lost, but only scattered about like chaff in a hurricane."

A SAILOR'S NOTION.

A sailor seeing some of our domestic slave-traders driving coloured men, women, and children on board ship for New Orleans market, shook his head and said, "Jem, if the devil don't catch them fellers, we might as well not have any devil."

THE VALUE OF A WIG.

A southern paper relates the following story of an officer of the army, who, having lost his hair during an illness contracted at New Orleans, provided himself with a handsome wig before starting on a late campaign in Florida. In an engagement with the Seminoles, he was wounded, and fell to the ground, where he lay without the power to rise. The red enemy, who wounded him, came up for his scalp. The officer feigned to be dead, and breathed as low and softly as possible. The Indian stood over him, drew his knife, passed it fearfully and quickly round the head of his victim; and then, with a "whoop!" bounded with his

bloody trophy into an ever-glade. The officer afterwards got back in safety to his camp, and relates with much glee the story of the loss of his—*wig!*

A DIALOGUE.

“Look here, Sambo, you got dat quarter dollar you owes me!” Sambo. “La! Cuff, no; money so scarce, so many stopperages in Mobile, there ain’t no money in circulation.” Cuff. “O sho, Sambo, what de nashum you got to do with Mobile? Nigger, pay up! pay up!” Sambo. “Well, look here, Cuff, me hear massa tell more dan twenty men dat same tale; and I ain’t see no gentleman treat him like you me. Act like a gentleman if you is a nigger.”

A KENTUCKY STEAM-BOAT.

The following specimen of the western superlative is said to be from the mouth of a Kentucky steam-boat captain. While dilating, in a strain of exuberant commendation, on the excellence of his craft, he says, “She trots off like a horse—all boiler—full pressure; it’s hard work to hold her in at the wharfs and landings. I could run her up a cataract. She draws eight inches of water, goes at three knots a minute, and jumps all the snags and sand-banks.”

A GENTLE HINT.

A native of the Emerald Isle lately went to consult the printer of a newspaper in a neighbouring county respecting his runaway apprentice. The printer proposed to advertise him in the usual form, with a suitable reward.

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This did not meet Patrick's idea; "he did not wish to advertise him, only jist to give him a hint." After various attempts at framing a suitable notice, the following was suggested by himself as all-sufficient, namely:—Patrick Flaggerty would inform his apprentice, Timothy Dougherty, that he does not wish to expose him, but give him the hint to return to his master, and serve out his indenture like a good boy, *or he will be advertised in the newspapers.* He is only eighteen years of age, though he thinks he is twenty-one.

PRACTICAL LACONICS.

"Hillo, master," said a Yankee to a teamster, who appeared in something of a hurry, "What time is it? Where are you going? How deep is the creek? And what is the price of butter?" "Past one, almost two—home—waist deep—and eleven pence," was the reply.

VICE-VERSA.

As a canal-boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning by calling aloud, "Look out!" when a little Frenchman, who was in the cabin, obeyed the order by popping his head out of the window, which received a severe bump, by coming in contact with a pillar of the bridge. He drew it back in a great pet, and exclaimed, "Dese Americans say, 'Look out!' when dey mean 'Look in!'"

VERY STONY.

The following whimsical circumstance and peculiar coincidence, it is said, actually took place some time since:—

A boat ascending the Ohio river was hailed by another boat, when the following conversation ensued:—"What boat is that?" "The Cherrystone." "Whence came you?" "From Redstone." "Where are you bound to?" "Limestone." "Who is your captain?" "Thomas Stone." "What are you loaded with?" "Millstones and grindstones." "You are a *hard set* to be sure; take care you don't go to the bottom—Farewell."

A NEW WAY OF GAINING A SUIT.

The *Baltimore Transcript* gives the following:—"Tis not every lawyer that can gain his suit, even with a show of argument on his side. The following case, therefore, may be considered the more extraordinary, where there was not the slightest causes of action:—A few days since a black fellow came running in breathless haste to the dwelling of a grocer, whose store is in Pratt-street, stating that in removing a hogshead of molasses at the store, it had burst and covered Mr. ——— from head to foot, and that he had been sent as fast as he could run to bring him another suit of clothes, before he could move out of his track. The kind lady of the grocer did not wish to see her husband so entirely "buried in sweets," and with becoming haste delivered to the supposed messenger a new suit throughout, with which the rogue decamped, well pleased that his own villany had furnished him with a valid excuse for disappearing in a hurry.

A YOUNG CHAP.

A gentleman, travelling, found by the wayside a man he supposed to be eighty years of age, weeping most bitterly.

Desirous to learn the cause of such immoderate grief, he inquired of the old gentleman why it was that he was crying. He was informed that his father had just been whipping him! "Your father!" exclaimed the astonished traveller, "is it possible that your father is alive?" "Yes, Sir," said the mourner, "he lives in that house," pointing to a small habitation near the road. The traveller was anxious to see the father, and accordingly turned into the house, where he saw and conversed with him, expostulating with him on the absurdity of his conduct in whipping so old a man as his son. The old man apologised, saying, that the young rascal had been throwing rocks at his grandfather, who was at work in the garden.

CONSIDERABLE OF A SHAKE.

The *Buffalo Mercury* says that the ague has been so severe in "them parts," that a person afflicted with it actually shook the *toe-nails* off his *finger-ends*.

NEW WAY OF SCREWING A CUSTOMER.

"My child, take those eggs to the store, and if you can't get ninepence a dozen, bring them back." "Jimmy went as directed, and came back saying, "Mother, let me alone for a trader: they all tried to get 'em for a shilling; but I screwed 'em to ninepence."

VALUE OF AN OATH.

The late Mr. Bush used to tell the following story of a brother barrister:—As the coach was about to start after breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was seated near the

fire, and said he could not think of going without first giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by heavens I will!" replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it."

AMERICAN WHIP.

"You were capsized the other day, Mr. Driver," said a passenger. "Yes, Jackson, I was; but nobody was hurt. The tongue of the pole broke in going down a hill, and I was afraid of running to the bottom of it, so I told the passengers to sit quiet, for I was *only* going to upset them. They sat still, and I turned them over a bank and stopped the horses. I'm banged, if I didn't."

AN AMERICAN DECLARATION—NOT OF INDEPENDENCE.

Should any of our readers be at a loss how to make love, we recommend the following style, as being of the newest pattern: "Will you undervally yourself, so much as to overvally me, so much as to keep company with me?" The propitious answer to this is, "No undervallyment at all, Sir."

A REPUBLICAN ARISTOCRAT.

On Crockett's return to his constituents after his first session in Congress, a nation of them surrounded him one day, and began to interrogate him about Washington. "What time do they dine at Washington, Colonel?" asked one. "Why," said he, "common people, such as you here, get their dinners at one o'clock, but the gentry and big uns dine at three. As for us, representatives, we dine

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at four, and the aristocracy and the senate, they don't get their victuals till five." "Well, when does the President fodder?" asked another. "Old Hickory!" exclaimed the colonel (attempting to appoint a time in accordance with the station), "Old Hickory! well, if he dines before the next day, I wish I may be tee-tolly ruinated—that's a fact!"

THE HIT PALPABLE.

A few days since, a traveller stepped into a bank located in a village in the neighbourhood of this city, and, immediately after his entrance, pulled off his hat, coat, and cravat; this done, he cast a look at the cashier, who was seated in a corner "calm as a summer's morning," and, with a commanding shake of his head, said, "Sir, hadn't you better be gettin' that 'ere water heated?" The teller informed him that he was in the wrong "shop." "You are in a bank, sir, not in a barber's shop." "A bank, eh!" ejaculated the stranger, "dang me, they told me it was a shaving shop."

CROCKETT IN A QUANDARY.

"I never but once," said the Colonel, "was in what I call a real genuine quand-ary. It was during my election-eering campaign for Congress; at which I strolled about in the woods so particularly pestered by politics, that I forgot my rifle. Any man may forget his rifle, you know; but it isn't every man can make amends for his forgetfulness by his inventive faculties, I guess. It chanced that as I was strolling along, considerable deep in congressionals, the first thing that took my fancy was the snarling of some

young bears, which proceeded from a hollow tree; the entrance being more than forty feet from the ground. I mounted the tree; but I soon found that I could not reach the cubs with my hands; so I went, feet foremost, to see if I could draw them out with my toes. I hung on, at the top of the hole, straining with all my might to reach them, until at last my hands slipped, and down I went more than twenty feet to the bottom of that black hole, and there I found myself almost hip-deep in a family of fine young bears. I soon found that I might as well undertake to climb up the greasiest part of a rainbow as to get back, the hole in the tree being so large, and its sides so smooth and slippery from the rain. Now this was a *real, genuine, regular* quand-ary! If so be I was to shout, it would have been doubtful whether they would hear me at the settlement; and if they did hear me at the settlement, the story would ruin my election; for they were a quantity too 'cute to vote for a man who had ventured into a place that he could'nt get himself out of. Well now, while I was calculating whether it was best to shout for help, or to wait in the hole until after the election, I heard a kind of fumbling and grumbling over head; and, looking up, I saw the old bear coming down stern foremost upon me. My motto is always '*Go a-head!*' and as soon as she had lowered herself within my reach, I got a tight grip of her tail in my left hand, and with my little buckhorn-hafted penknife in the other, I commenced spurring her forward. I'll be shot if ever member of Congress rose quicker in the world than I did! She took me out in the shake of a lamb's tail."

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REAL KENTUCK'.

"I had taken old Betsy," says Crockett, "and strangled off to the banks of the Mississippi river; and meeting with no game, I didn't like it. I felt mighty wolfish about the head and ears, and thought I would spile if I wasn't kivered up in salt, for I hadn't had a fight in ten days; and I cum acrost a fellow floatin' down stream sittin' in the stern of his boat fast asleep. Said I 'Hillo, stranger! if you don't take keer your boat will run away with you,'—and he looked up, and said he, 'I don't vally you.' He looked up at me slantendicular, and I looked down upon him slantendicular; and he took out a chaw of turbaccur, and said he 'I don't vally you that.' Said I, 'Cum ashore, I can whip you—I've been trying to get a fight all the mornin'; and the varmint flapped his wings and crowed like a chicken. I ris up, shook my mane, and neighed like a horse. He run his boat plump head foremost a-shore. I stood still and sot my triggurs, that is, took off my shurt, and tied my gallusses tight round my waist—and at it we went. He was a right smart coon, but hardly a bait for such a fellur as me. I put it to him mighty droll. In ten minutes he yelled enough, and swore I was a rip-stavur. Said I, 'Ain't I the yaller flower of the forest? And I am all brimstone but the head and ears, and that's aquafortis.' Said he, 'Stranger, you are a beauty: and if I know'd your name, I'd vote for you next election. 'Said I 'I'm that same David Crockett. You know what I'm made of. I've got the closest shootin' rifle, the best 'coon dog, the biggest tielur, and the roughest rocking horse in the district. I can kill more lickur, fool more varmints, and cool out more men, than any man you can find in all

Kentucky.' Said he, 'Good mornin', stranger—I'm satisfied.' Said I, 'Good mornin', sir; I feel much better since our meetin'; but after I got away a piece, I said, 'Hillo, friend, don't forget that vote.'"

ABERNETHY AND THE SECRETARY OF LEGATION.

The Hon. Alden G—— was dyspeptic, and he suffered great uneasiness after eating, so he goes to Abernethy for advice. "What's the matter with you?" said the Doctor, jist that way, without even passing the time o' day with him—"What's the matter with you?" says he. "Why," says Alden, "I presume I have the dyspepsy." "Ah!" said he, "I see; a Yankee swallows more dollars and cents than he can digest." "I am an American citizen," says Alden, with great dignity; "I am secretary to your Legation at the Court of St. James's." "The devil you are," said Abernethy; "then you'll soon get rid of your dyspepsy." "I don't see that ere inference," says Alden; "it don't follow from what you predicate at all; it ain't a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill, because he is called by the voice of a free and enlightened people to fill an important office." (The truth is, you could no more trap Alden than you could an Indian. He could see other folks' trail, and made none himself; he was a real diplomatist, and, I believe, our diplomatists are allowed to be the best in the world.) "But I tell you it does follow," said the Doctor; "for in the company you'll have to keep, you'll have to eat like a Christian." It was an everlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one raving distracted mad. "I'll be d—d," said he "if ever I saw a Yankee that didn't bolt his food whole, like a boar-

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constrictor. How the devil can you expect to digest food, that you neither take the trouble to dissect, nor time to masticate? It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets instead of your food. It's disgusting; it's beastly. You Yankees load your stomach as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold, and as fast as he can pitch it in with a dung-fork, and drive off; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsy, eh! infernal guzzling, you mean. I'll tell you what, Mr. Secretary of Legate, take half the time to eat, that you do to drawl out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a month."

THE SCOTCH AND IRISH IN AMERICA.

Them ere fellows (the Scotch) cut their eye-teeth afore they ever sot foot in this country, I expect. When they get a bawbee, they know what to do with it; that's a fact. They open their pouch, and drop it in, and it's got a spring like a fox trap—it holds fast to all it gets, like grim Death to a dead nigger. They are proper skinflints, you may depend. You can no more put a leak into them than you can send a chisel into teak wood—it turns the edge of the tool the first drive. If the blue-noses knew the value of money as well as they do, they'd have more cash, and fewer clocks and tin-reflectors, I reckon. Now, it's different with the Irish; they never carry a purse, for they never have a cent to put in it. They are always in love or in liquor, or else in a row; they are the merriest shavers I

ever seed. Judge Beeler—I dare say you may have heerd tell of him—he’s a funny fellow—he put a notice over his factory gate at Lowell—“No cigars or Irishmen admitted within these walls; for,” said he, “the one will set a flame agoin among my cottons, and t’other among my galls. I won’t have no such inflamable and dangerous things about me on no account.” When the British wanted our folks to join in the treaty to choke the wheels of the slave-trade, I recollect hearin’ old John Adams say, we had ought to humour them; “for,” says he, “they supply us with labour on easier terms by shipping out the Irish.” Says he, “they work better and work cheaper, and they don’t live so long. The blacks, when they are past work, hang on for ever, and a proper bill of expense they be; but hot weather and new rum rub out the poor rates of t’other ones.—*Sam Slick.*

CURRENCY IN TEXAS.

A gentleman, in conversation with a citizen of this infant republic, some time since, asked how they supplied themselves with a currency, “O,” he replied, “we have money enough. “Ah,” replied the inquisitor, “what kind of currency have you? Specie, of course, living so near the mines of Mexico?” “Not at all,” said the other; “we pay in cows for large sums, and throw in the calves for the change!”

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