

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

BY G. SANDERSON & E. CORNMAN.]

"NOT BOUND TO SWEAR IN THE WORDS OF ANY MASTER."—Horace.

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

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SCENE WITH A PIRATE.

It is the month of July, 1815, I was on my way from New York to the Island of Curacao, on board the American ship Patrick Henry, commanded by Capt. Tuttle. We had a fine passage, and were looking forward to the end of our voyage in about a week. I was the only passenger, and of course was thrown in a great measure on my own resources for amusement, the chief of which was testing the powers of an admirable glass of London manufacture upon every vessel that showed itself above the horizon. Our Captain was kind and civil, but there appeared a mystery about him that he did not like to be pried into, and our communication had in consequence been reserved. In about latitude twenty degrees, and longitude sixty degrees fifteen minutes, we were running alone with a fine breeze abeam, and all our weather gadding sails set. I was sitting alone in the cabin, ruminating upon the changes of scene and society into which I had been forced so contrary to my inclinations, and wondering whether the happiness of a quiet and domestic life was ever to fall to my lot, when the Captain came down and told me that, as I was so fond of using my glass, there was a vessel just appearing on the horizon to wind-ward, and that I might go and see what she was, for he could not make her out at all. I went on deck, and mounted on the main-top, and began my scrutiny. "Well, what is she?" asked the Captain from the deck. "I can hardly make her out, but I think she is a schooner." "Ay, what's her course?" "South-west by south, I think; about the same as ourselves." I remained in the top for a few minutes, and continued looking at the stranger. "She seems fonder of the sea than I am," continued, "for she might have her topsails and top-gallants, and studding-sails to boot all set, instead of slipping along under her weather sails." The Captain made no answer, but was looking hard at her with his eyes. "Now perceived through my glass a white flag above her foremast, flapping against the mast." "Well, she must have heard of there goes her fore-top-sail." The Captain now went to the companion for his glass, and after looking attentively at her for a short time, "what's that?" he asked; "that her square-sail she's setting?" "I can very well see from the deck." I looked again; "yes, 'tis her square-sail; as 'tis alive, she's changed her course, and is bearing down upon us." But by this time the Captain had mounted the rigging, and was standing beside me; he was eyeing the distant vessel keenly. After having apparently satisfied himself, he asked me to go with him to the cabin, as he wished to talk with me alone. We descended to the deck, and I followed him to the cabin. He motioned me to take a seat, and after carefully shutting the door, "I rather expect," said he, "that fellow's a pirate." "Pirate?" I asked in alarm. "Yes, I say pirate, and I'll tell you why. In the first place, you see, he'd no business to be sneaking along in that little sort of a way, as when we first saw him; who ever, that had any honest business to do, would allow such a breeze to go by without showing more canvas than a powder monkey's old breeches to catch it? Next, you see, what the mischief has he to do with us, that, as soon as he clapped eyes on us he must alter his course, and be so anxious to get out his square-sail? Again, he looks just like one of those imps of mischief, with his low black hull and tall ranking masts. But it's no use talking; I tell you he's a pirate, and that's as true as my name's Isaac Tuttle. And now the only thing is, what shall we do? The Patrick Henry ain't a Baltimore clipper, and that here fellow will walk up to us like nothing. But I'll tell you what strikes me; if we let them rascals aboard, it's most likely we'll all walk the plank; so we'd better try to keep 'em out. We haint got but an old rusty carronade and two six-pounder, and I don't believe there's a ball on board, we came off in such a hurry. Then, there's two muskets and an old regulation rifle

down in my state room; but they haint been fired I don't know when, and I'd as lief stand afore 'em as behind 'em. But our ship's as handsome a looking craft as you'll see; and couldn't we look wicked-like now, and try to frighten that cut-throat looking rascal?" I confess I was at first startled at the Captain's opinion of the strange sail, and his reasoning left me hardly a hope that his judgment was not correct; but his cool and collected manner impressed me with confidence in his management, and I told him he knew best what we should do, and I would second him as I best could. He walked up and down the cabin twice; then rubbing his hands together, as if pleased with his idea; "I have it," he cried; "I'll just go on deck to put things in order, and in the meantime you'd better amuse yourself with looking out your pistols, if you have any, for if he won't be content with a look at us we'll have to fight." I hurriedly took my fowling-piece and pistols from their cases, for I fortunately had both; and though I somehow refused to allow myself to believe there would be any occasion for their use, yet I loaded them all with ball, and in each of the pistols put a brace; this done, I went on deck, where I found the Captain surrounded by his crew, telling them his suspicions, and his plan of action. "But," said he, "may be we'll have to fight; if them villains have a mind to try us, they'll send a boat on-board, and I want to know if you'll help me to keep 'em off. You see it's most likely they'll make you walk the plank, whether you fight or not. If they get on board; and I calculate, if you do just as I tell you, we'll frighten 'em." This was a hearty "Ay, ay, sir," to this short and pithy harangue. "Thankee, thankee, boys," said the Captain; "now we'll not show another stitch of canvas, but seem to take no more notice of that fellow than if we didn't see him; and if he does try to come aboard, then we'll show 'em what we can do." Our Captain was about fifty years old, rather short and stout, but muscular; his face was bronzed with time and tempest, and his locks, which had once been black, were frizzled by the same causes. He was an old sailor and a staunch republican; and as some of his men told tales of fight in which their Captain had borne a part, I presumed he had served, when a young man, in the navies of the States. The crew were busy in obedience to his orders, cutting up a fore-top-gallant into logs of about four feet long; these were immediately painted black; with a round spot in the centre of one end, so as to bear a tolerable resemblance to pieces of cannon, and with two old six-pounders, were placed, one at each port, on our deck five on a side; but the ports were to be kept closed until they were to be thrust out about a foot. A platform was then made on the top of the long-boat, which was fixed between the fore and main-masts, and the capstern, or fourteen pounder, was hoisted up. These things being arranged, the Captain went below, and the crew mustered in knots, to wonder and talk what was to be done. In the meantime, we had been standing on our course, and had not shifted or hoisted a single sail, but were as if perfectly regardless of the schooner. Not so with her, however; for besides a large square sail and square-top-sail on the foremast, she had run out small fore-top-gallant and gaff-top-sails, and on her main-mast, a pretty smart breeze, yawning from the side, at one moment sinking stern-foremost into the trough of the sea, as an enormous wave rolled out from under her, and at the next forced head logs on wards by its successor, while a broad white sheet of foam spread out around her, giving beautiful relief to the get black color of her hull, testifying how rapidly she was going through the water. I could not help thinking of the Captain's expression, for she certainly did "walk up to us like nothing," and as there appeared to be so much time to lose, I went down to the cabin to assume my weapons. The Captain was there arranging some papers, and a bottle was before him, into which we had put a letter. "May be," said he, "something'll happen to me; for if 'em bloody pirates get beat, I will be the first to suffer, and natural enough, too, for all the mischief they'll suffer will be by my orders, just because I did n't like to be over-hauled like an old tar-paulin by every rascal who chooses to say heave to in the high seas. But my mind; only, should you escape, just by the bottle and letter over-board, if you think you can't deliver it yourself." No, I had never seriously considered the probability that I might also be killed in an approaching melee, for I thought that the Captain intended to throw open his ports and let his shams guns, and that, of course, the schooner would take flight. "But when he begins to talk in such a serious strain, I begin to feel very uncomfortable; and not being naturally a warrior, I wished myself anywhere but on board the Patrick Henry." Here I was, however, without a chance of escape, and I suggested to the Captain, that it would be as well for me to put a letter to the bottle also, in case of any accident to him, which was agreed to; and we agreed that if either survived, the letter should be safely forwarded to its destination. After this little piece of preparation, the Captain took me by the hand. "Tis well," said he, "are you willing to share with me the post of danger? Do not suppose I unaccustomed to the

perils of a sea-fight; no, young man; I've supported the glory of the thirteen stripes in many a gallant action, and have witnessed the death of those honored and esteemed as the sons of liberty. Yet they were fighting for their country, and it was their duty to hold their lives cheap; but you are my passenger, and should be under my protection—yet I ask you to share my danger. I wish some one to stand by me on the platform, and help me to manage the swivel. Hands are scarce, and I don't know where else to place you." The hardy fellow's eyes glistened as he made the proposal, to which I, of course, instantly agreed. "Thankee, thankee," he replied, and relapsed into his former character. "Twas strange! he had always appeared on board his vessel as a common Yankee Captain, with little to say, and with a rough uncouth manner; but little removed from his men. Yet he as once, though evidently inadvertently, assumed the air and manner of a polished gentleman; and it certainly struck me that the latter character appeared more natural in him than the former. There was evidently a mystery about him, and I determined to find it out when more opportune circumstances should occur. We went on deck, and the men were still hanging about waiting for the orders of the Capt. to make them start. They were soon given. The cooper and the carpenter were ordered to bring up all hatchets and other offensive and defensive weapons, and with the muskets and rifles, they were distributed among the crew, who received their orders to use them in repelling any attempt on board. The schooner had now come down within half a mile of us, when she suddenly took down her square sail, and hauled her wind, to have a look at us. I dare say she did not know what to make of our seeming indifference. Presently a cloud of smoke burst from her side, and a ball came skipping over the water, and passed astern of us. "I thought so," said the Capt.; "now, lads, show her our stripes." A jill of bunting flew up to the end of our main peak, rested an instant, and fluttered out into the American ensign. The smoke drifted away from the schooner, and she ran up at her gall the ensign of the Columbian Republic. "That's eternally the way with them blackguards; they're always making a fool of some republic!" Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when another column of smoke burst from the schooner, and another ball came skipping towards us, but, catching a swell, it missed us, and we saw no more of it. "That fellow now, I take it, is a good shot, so we'll not wait for another. Clue up the signal, boys; haul aft the weather main-locks; clue up the fore-sail; luff her, ma; luff her a little more—steady," burst from our Captain's mouth; the orders were obeyed with the quickness of a well-disciplined crew, and our ship was hoisted to. "Now, my lads, take your stations, fowling-piece on the weather side, but do n't aim till I tell you." The men took their positions, as directed, round each log on the weather side, and I followed the Captain to the platform where our carronade was mounted. It was loaded to the muzzle with bits of iron, musket balls, lumps of lead and various other missiles, for the Capt. had conjectured truly—there were no balls on board. The schooner hove to, and a bat was lowered, and crowded with men. It approached rapidly, pulled by eight rows. The muzzle of our carronade was depressed as much as possible, and made to bar on the water about fifty yards from the ship. The Capt. stood with his speaking trumpet in one hand, and a hand spike, with which he shifted the position of the gun, in the other. The schooner's bat approached, and was pulling rapidly to get along-side. "Now, sir, keep steady, obey my orders coolly," said the Capt., in an under-tone. "Boy, fetch the iron that's heating in the galley-iron." The boy ran, and returned with the iron rod heated to one end, which was handed to me. "When I tell you to fire, fire, as you value your life, and those on-board." The Capt. now put his speaking trumpet to his mouth, and hailed the boat, which was within a hundred yards of us. "Stop—no nearer, or I'll blow you all out of the water—keep off—keep off, or I say, I'll—" At that instant the man at the bows of the boat who appeared to take the command, gave an order, and a volley from several muskets was fired at us. I heard the balls hit about me, and turned to look for the Capt. to receive my order to fire. He was on one knee behind the cannon, and holding it by the breech. "Why, Capt! what's the matter? Is you bit?" He rallied, "No, thing—they're coming." He gave another hoist to the gun, cast his eye hurriedly along its barrel—*Fire, and be quick!* I needed not a second bidding, for the boat was close alongside. The smoke burst from the touch-hole with a hiss, and for an instant I thought the gun had missed fire, but in the next it exploded with a tremendous report, that deafened me. "Throw open your ports, boys, and show them your teeth," roared the Capt. through his trumpet, and his voice sounded hoarsely unnatural. In an instant every port was up, and our guns protruded their muzzles. I had fancied that I had heard a crash, followed by wild screams, immediately upon the discharge of the cannon, but the report had deafened me; and the smoke, which was driven back in my face, had shrouded me, that I could not see; the unearthly shout of the Capt. had also for the moment driven the idea from my mind, and I now grasped my gun to re-

pel boarders. But my hearing had not deceived me; for, as the smoke was borne away to the leeward, the whole scene of destruction burst upon my sight. The cannon had been most truly pointed, and its contents had shivered the hapless boat, killing or wounding almost every person in her. The longest life time will hardly efface that scene from my mind. The stern of the boat had been carried completely away, and it was sinking by the weight of the human beings that clung to it. As it gradually disappeared, the miserable wretches struggled forward to the bows, & with horrid screams and imprecations battled for a moment for what little support it might yield. The dead and the dying were floating and splashing around them, while a deep crimson tinge marked how fatal had been that discharge. Ropes were thrown over, and every thing done to save those that were not destroyed by the cannon shot, but only three out of the boat's crew of twenty four were saved; the greater part went down with the boat to which they clung. The whole scene of destruction did not last ten minutes, and all was again quiet. The bodies of those who had been shot did not sink, but were driven by the wind and sea against the side of the ship. From some the blood was gently oozing, and floating around them; others, stiff in the convulsion in which they had died, were grinning or frowning with horrible expression. One body, strong and muscular, with neat white trousers, and a leather girdle in which were stuck two pistols, floated by, but the face was gone; some merciless ball had so disfigured him, that all trace of human expression was destroyed. He was the pirate Captain. But where was the schooner? She lay for a few minutes after the destruction of her boat; and whether alarmed at our appearance, or horrified at the loss of so many of her men, I know not, but she slipped her fore-sail, and stood away as close to the wind as possible. We saw no more of her. The excitement of the scenes we had just passed through, prevented our missing the Captain; but so soon as the schooner bore away, all naturally expected his voice to give some order for getting again under way. But no order came. Where was he? The musket discharge from the boat, with the unearthly voice that conveyed the orders for the ports to be thrown open, flashed across my mind. I ran to the platform. The Captain was there lying on his face beside the gun that had pointed with such deadly effect. He still grasped the speaking trumpet in his hand, and I shuddered as I beheld his mouth piece covered with blood. "The Captain's killed!" I cried, and stooped to raise him. "I believe I am," said he; "take me to the cabin." A dozen ready hands were stretched to receive him, and he was taken below, and carefully laid on a sofa. "Ay," he said, "I heard the crash; my ear knows too well the crash of shot against a plank to be mistaken, and my eye has pointed too many guns to miss its mark easily now. But, tell me, is any one else hurt?" "No, thank heaven," I said; "and I hope you are not so badly hit?" "Bad enough. But cut open my waistcoat; 'tis here." A mouthful of blood stopped his utterance, but he pointed to his right side. I wiped his mouth, and we cut off his waistcoat as gently as possible. There was no blood; but on removing his shirt, we discovered about three inches on the right of the pit of the stomach, a discolored spot, about the size of half-a-crown, darkening towards its centre, where there was a small wound. A musket ball had struck him, and from there being no outward bleeding, I feared the worst. We dressed the wound as well as circumstances would permit, but externally the wound was trifling—the fatal wound was within. The unfortunate sufferer motioned for all to leave him but me; and calling me to his side, "Fieel," said he, "that I am dying; the letter—promise me that you will get it forwarded—'tis to my poor widow." "Well, I've tempted this death often and escaped, but 'tis hard to be struck by a villain's hand. But God's will be done." I promised that I would personally deliver the letter; for that I intended returning to N. York from Curacao. "Thank you truly," said the dying man; "you will then see my Helen and my child, and can tell them that their unfortunate husband and father died thinking of them. This ship and cargo are mine, and will belong to my family. Stranger, I was not always what I now seem. But I could not bear that the Yankee slipper should be known as he who once—? A sudden flow of blood prevented him from finishing the sentence. I tried to relieve him by a change of posture, but in vain; he muttered some incoherent sentences, by which his mind seemed to dwell upon former scenes of battle for the republic, and of undeserved treatment. He rallied for one instant, and with a blessing upon his family, and the name of Helen on his lips, he ceased to breathe. The body of our unfortunate Captain was next day committed to the waves, amidst the tears of us all. Our voyage was prosecuted to an end without further interruption. I did not forget the widow of the dying man; how faithfully I fulfilled them, and how I have been rewarded, or how satisfactory to me was the previous history of the poor Captain, need not be told. Suffice it to say, that I am settled in Elm Cottage, Bloomingdale, and am the happiest son-in-law, husband and father in the United States. "Too much of the good thing," as the pismire said when he fell into a hoghead of molasses.

The Perverseness of Women.

There is an old story of a man, who had married a young lady, and who had a friend somewhat sceptical as to the obedient tendency of the wife's disposition, much to the dissatisfaction of the Benedict, who strongly asserted and warmly asseverated that his will was law, and that she never, by any chance, disobeyed any wish or injunction of his. "Have you ever tried her temper in that respect?" said the friend; "have you ever desired her positively not to do any particular thing? for that is my point, since you tell me she never refuses to do whatever you desire her to do." "No!" said the affectionate husband. "I never have found occasion to desire her not to do any thing, but—" "That's it! as the old women say," cried the friend; "female obedience is proved by negatives; tell her not to do any particular thing, give her no particular reason why, and see if she does not do it." "Ridiculous!" says the husband. "Try!" said the friend. "Well," replied the husband, "agreed! we are both going away for the day; what proof shall I put her to? what shall I tell her not to do? may she not play her harp? must she not sing or draw? or, in fact tell me, what you want me to prohibit her from doing, and I stake my life she does it not." "Oh, no!" said the friend, "drawing and singing, and playing the harp, are things which she might abstain from without a murmur, or what is more essential to the affair, a wonder; because she had sung, and played, and drawn a thousand times; it is an injunction not to do something she has never done before—for instance, tell her when we go, not to alimb some particular hill, for particular reasons which you do not choose to give her; or, by way of carrying the principle out to the fullest extent, warn her not to attempt to ride on the dog's back." "Neptune's back!" said the husband. "Yes," replied the friend, "on the back of this most valued Newfoundland dog; the bravest and faithfullest of his breed." "Ride on a dog's back!" exclaimed Benedict, "how can you be so absurd?—as if—" "Ah! there it is," said the friend, "as if—no, take my word for it, if you issue the injunction, without giving her any reason, Harriet will break it." The most incredulous of men rejoiced at the idea, which he felicitously ridiculed, and resolved upon trying the experiment in order to establish his Harriet's superiority of mind, and his friend's exceeding silliness. He parted from his Harriet, and with tender fondness she clung round his shoulder, as he said in quitting her. "Harriet, dearest, we have seldom been separated since our marriage—I shall be back soon—take care of yourself, love—but just don't do one thing I am going to say, dear; don't try to ride upon Neptune's back while we are away." "What!" said the laughing Harriet, "ride upon Neptune—ha, ha, ha! what an odd idea!—is that what you warn me against? why, what a ridiculous notion! why should you tell me that? What nonsense!" "That, my dear," said the husband, "it is a secret; all I beg of you is, not to ride upon Neptune." "Ride upon Neptune!" repeated the lady and she laughed again, and they parted. When Benedict and his friend returned to dinner, the laughing Harriet did not as usual present herself to receive them; there was a sort of gloom pervading the house; the footman who opened the door looked dull; the butler who came into the hall looked as white as his waistcoat; the lady's own maid rushed down stairs, evidently to prevent a scene. "Where is your mistress?" said Benedict. "Up stairs, sir," said the maid, "there is nothing the matter, sir—nothing in the world sir—only my mistress has had a fall—quite a little fall on the walk in the flower garden—and has cut her face the least bit in the world, sir; all will be well to-morrow." "A fall!" said Benedict. "Hamp!!" said the friend. "And up-stairs ran the anxious husband. "What has happened?" exclaimed he, catching her to his heart, and seeing her beautiful countenance a little marred—"how did this happen?" Harriet cried and hid her face. "The explanation never came together clearly before the friend or the family; but the accident was generally thought to have arisen from Harriet's having endeavored to take a ride on Neptune's back!"

AGRICULTURE.

The Hic of the Husbandman.

"I am a true laborer. I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man a hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harp, and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck."—Shakespeare.

We have come to the conclusion, that nature's truest nobleman is the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his face, upon his own bought and paid for plantation. An independent Farmer may stand upon the house-top, and say to himself as Selkirk did—

"I am a monarch of all I survey
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

He is truly a monarch, with a lord or title more secure than that of a peer and peer-Baron, more easily prof and through the new boots be all gone an hour ago.

shedding of blood, but by the lawful labor of the hands. His house is his castle, his acres are his dominions. His gardens are his parks,—his grass plots his lawns, and his forests his groves. His cattle, sheep and poultry are his subjects, and he becomes, at pleasure, either the executioner or the multiplier of such subjects. Tell us if the King upon his throne has more power worth possessing. His happiness, we know, is less, as he increases his toils, cares and sorrows in proportion as the cultivator of the soil diminishes his.

In the spring time he sows, and in the autumn he reaps. Providence has assured him that spring time and harvest shall not fail, and he has the assurance of the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that as he sows so shall he reap. His grounds are watered in the season of drought, with the rains and dews of Heaven, and in the damp season the sun shines to cheer, invigorate, and give promise to his labors. The severer tasks of the summer are succeeded by the lighter labors of the winter. As we have said in the words of Will Shakespeare, he "earns that he eat, and gets that he wears," and his Philosophy is that of the shepherd who said that "good pastures make fat sheep." He may say truly, and with an honest pride—

"I eat my own lamb,
My chickens and ham,
I shear my own fleeces and I wear it."

What could a man want more,—and who can a farmer, capable of enjoying life, possessed of his farm house, his farm, and his necessary implements, of husbandry, ever sigh for a residence within the enclosures of a city,—choosing bricks and mortar, for the obnoxious room of a spacious farm house,—the three or four story brick house for the granary or the haycock,—the purest air of heaven for the atmosphere of a thousand smoky houses; and ten thousand unwholesome breaths? How could a farmer make such a choice as this? We would pause for a reply, did we not know that the only answer which could be devised, after the longest study, would be the unsatisfactory one, that something better was anticipated only,—for it would be a miracle almost for a man to find himself happier, or in better circumstances, after a change of residence from the country to the city. No.—No.—The true Elysian,—the real Paradise on earth is the country,—the green, fruitful, beautiful country. The city for the task master and his hard-worked servant; but the country for the man who wishes for health and leisure,—contentment and a long life.

—The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a Prince's delicates—
His vint's sparkling in a golden cup,
His body coarcted in a curious bed."

The ancient Romans venerated the plough, and in the earliest and purest times of the republic, the greatest praise which could be given to an illustrious character, was to say that he was a judicious and industrious husbandman.—Portland Advertiser.

WALTER CROUCH.

N. B.—This is the tenth time she has run away—nine times have I taken her in again, and if she ever takes me in again, I'll be d—d.

PLEASURE.—Writers of every age have endeavored to show that pleasure is in itself, and not in the objects offered for our amusement; if the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession, some may be awkward, others ill dressed, but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

"I say Jack, can't you give us a little advice upon a soft subject," bawled a lean faced city touch-me-not the other day to a jolly old-souled butcher, who was carefully, and scientifically carving up the lifeless remains of a fine fat bullock. "May be I can—what's broke it?" "Why—why—I'm in love with a gal, and can't contrive how to gain the critter's affection?" Well, don't look so calf-ish—only stake yourself a friend, and I think by sending her a tender-lines (joins) you can soon get all a smacker at the chops.

—Judged at a hotel somewhere in the United States; and in the morning, newly-cleaned boots in search of a pair.

"What kind of boots was your boots?" inquired Billy.

"Quite new ones, have you seen them?" "New ones? why lor, bless you, they're not by deeds."