



H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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FIRST PREMIUM PIANO PORTES.

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MY FIRST PARTY.

BY J. R. PORTER.

There is no period in a person's life more awkward or embarrassing than when he divests himself of the trammels and confinement of a school-boy's life, and takes his station in the world—his own bed and master.

At eighteen I obtained a situation in a retail dry goods store—and with light heart and willing hands, I engaged with much assiduity in my new avocation.

The next morning I held a consultation with my friends, as to the propriety of accepting or refusing the invitation. I gave the note to the oldest clerk and requested his advice.

Such was the kind advice of my friend, and I was soon persuaded to accept the invitation, and retired to the desk to write an answer.

I began again, and wrote the following: "Dear Madam—I got your note last evening, asking me to your house next Wednesday; and as father told me to get into good company if I could, I guess I'll come."

In dressing for the party, when the night came, my knees began shaking, and my whole body suffering under such excitement, that one would have supposed that I was under the operation of a galvanic battery.

After various reverses, I succeeded in arranging my dress to my satisfaction; and, as I viewed myself in the glass, I became more composed—feeling convinced I never before appeared so much to advantage.

Three times did I incline my body to the ground, and three times did I attempt to speak, but my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth and refused utterance.

The lady during this movement retained the same composure and expression as when I first bowed. "Must I speak first," thought I. I made a desperate push, and taking hold of her sleeve, I asked "what she gave for this calico she had on?"

"No, ma'am, I recollect now, we held a case from New York. Capital article for cloaks. We shall sell them at \$2 dollars a yard; perhaps you would like a pattern?"

"Why, ma'am, this is the punch you ordered, pray take it, no one shall see you drink it, for I will stand before you."

"Why they are playing psalm tunes," thought I, observing none moving faster than a walk. "I should think they were all frightened to death; but I will show them how the thing is done."

"But the dance will make me all right," I thought when the musician called out, "right and left." I started at once, eager for the dance, but was detained by my partner, who informed me that my turn had not yet come.

"Miss Scott, permit me to introduce to you Mr. Snider, one of my old country friends."

"Forward and back, and cross over," called the musician. Away I started, and as I got opposite my partner 'now is the time,' thought I, 'to take the pigeon wing.' Springing from the floor with all my strength I made a flourish with my feet as I came down, but the carpet proved a slippery foundation—my heels flew up—I lost my equilibrium and fell prostrate on the floor.

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GEMS OF POESY.

LIBERTY HYMN.

LIBERTY HYMN. BY REV. J. O. FORMAN. TUNE—The Morning light is breaking. Joy to all hands possessing Light from the Source above, That share the gracious blessing Of Gospel truth and love; Joy that the world is waking From its lethargic sleep, And signs of good are breaking Across the mighty deep.

HORACE GREELEY OF THE TRIBUNE.

The Philadelphia Bulletin relates a good story of Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune. The Bulletin says: At the late Whig Convention held in this city, he was not only an interested spectator, but an active, ardent participant, advocating the claims of his favorite Clay without reference to time, place, or circumstances, reckless of broadcloth—that is, if such a piece of elegant superiority ever entered into the composition of one of Horace's coats.