

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN,"
H. B. MASSER, PUBLISHERS AND
JOSEPH EISELY, PROPRIETORS.
H. B. MASSER, Editor.
Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Mas-
ser's Store.

SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.

By Masser & Eiseley.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, March 23, 1844.

Vol. 4--No. 26--Whole No. 182.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING.
1 square 1 insertion, \$0 50
1 do 2 do 0 75
1 do 3 do 1 00
Every subsequent insertion, 0 25
Yearly Advertisements: one column, \$25; half
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length of time they are to be published, will be
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ingly.
Sixteen lines make a square.



From the Madisonian.

"FOR LIFE IS BUT AN HOUR."

They raise, and pass, and fall, like waves upon
the sea.

The mighty and the weak, the good and bad
alike:

Sinner and saint, and all, plunge in eternity
When twangs the dreadful song for grim faced
Death to strike?

Of all the countless millions of the written past
Not one remains—and yet how few prepare to
die!

Where hours, minutes, so many seconds would
be cast

Upon the things of earth—so few beyond the
sky!

Of late a gifted mortal, one of earthly might,
Spoke words of hope and wisdom to a mourn-
ing friend.

"An hour—but so brief—ere there was her long
flight.

"For life is but an hour—prepare your soul to
ascend!"

And ere the hour passed, the speaker's tongue
was cold:

Death pale'd his parted lips, but banished at their
smile.

Struck the bright minute-hand into the fretted
gold.

And life's race being o'er, thus marked the
final mile.

*These words were spoken by the lamented
Epitaph, just before his death, to a friend who
had lost the partner of his bosom.

The blow which killed the late Secretary of
State, broke the crystal of his watch, and struck
the point of the minute hand into the face. This
it still remains, and perhaps will forever, mark-
ing the precise time of the explosion; fourteen
minutes and three quarters past four o'clock.

A FANCY SKETCH.

A maiden at her casement stood,
Musing on things long since gone by;
She wiped away a pearly tear,
And faintly heaved a gentle sigh.

The moon poured forth her silvery beams,
And as the lonely fair one sat,
She raised her sweet melodious voice,
And sang—"It's all around my hat!"

I saw that beautiful fair once more!
The smile had left her sunny brow;
She'd lost her pleasant cheerfulness—
Her looks betokened sorrow now.

Her countenance was pale with grief,
Her heart was full—she could not speak;
And as the hour drops trickled down,
They leaved the part from off her cheek!

When once again I saw that form,
Her eyes shone bright with brilliant fire;
Her quivering lips and scornful glance,
Were tokens of her vengeance here.

Her looks were wild, her cheeks were flush-
ed,
With lime more crimson than the rose;
She raised her hand, and with her fist—
She cracked her sister o'er the nose!

From the Wilkesbarre Advocate.

Cure for the Heaves.

WILKESBARRE, March 8, 1844.

MR. LEWIS,—In your paper of this week,
there are some remarks on the subject of
"Heaves in Horses, and its Cure." An appeal
is made to gentlemen of the South, where hay
is not made, whether that disease is here
known. Being a Southerner, and happening
to have had some personal experience, in rela-
tion to that disease, I do most cheerfully re-
spond to the enquiry: The disease called the
"Heaves," is very common at the South, where
Corn Fodder is the only feed. It may also be
useful to add my experience. I had a family
horse, valued for his good qualities, which be-
came almost useless, in consequence of that
complaint. Among other things recommended
as a specific, was *Lime-water*, as a common
drink. I tried it with but partial effect. The
horse was not cured. Since moving to this
place, I had a horse taken with that disease—
believing the disease to be incurable, it was
nearly a year before I made an effort for his re-
lief. Having been whitewashed, it occurred to
me to make trial of lime again. A common
house pail about half full of whitewash was fil-
led at the pump, and put in a corner to settle.
From this pail I moistened about two quarts of
corn meal, which I gave my horse, morning and
evening; filling up the pail with water, occa-
sionally. At first, my horse refused, I perse-
vered and he soon became reconciled to his
fare. The change for the better was manifest
in less than a week. I continued to administer
the lime at intervals, until a perfect cure was
effected. About two years after, I parted with
him, a sound horse. I describe my failure in the
first instance to the fear lest I should injure by
over lining. A CITIZEN.

The girls of Padigum drink a pint of yeast
before going to bed at night, to make them rise
early in the morning.

EXTRACTS OF READING.

FOR THE AMERICAN
RELIGION.
BY PRESIDENT WOOL.

While we are disposed to allow, to their full
extent, the pleasures of literary pursuit, and
the important advantages of intellectual illumi-
nation, it must be confessed, that man has wants
which nothing can supply, and woes which no-
thing can relieve, but the sanative influence of
religion.

What can moderate anger, resentment, malice,
or revenge, like the thought that we may ask
God to forgive our trespasses only as we for-
give the trespasses of others? What can quiet
murmurings at our lot, like the deep sense of
moral demerit which the gospel presses on the
conscience? What can cool the burnings of
envy, or allay the passion for renown, like a re-
membrance of the transitory nature of all
human glory?

What can produce resignation to the loss of
friends, like a confident hope of meeting them
soon in a brighter world? What can prompt
to deeds of benevolence, like the example of
Him, who, though he was rich, for our sakes
became poor? Is there any thing which can
give steadiness to purpose, or stability to char-
acter, like an unwavering regard to the will of
God?

Considerations of more worldly policy, or in-
terest, furnish no steady magnetic influence to
give one uniform direction to all the plans and
actions of life. Patriotism may fire the spirit
with valor to sustain the onset of an invading
war;—but who can meet with unflinching tem-
per, the thousand petty ills that life is heir to,
like him whose aim is heaven!

What sublimity like moral sublimity, when
we regard the grandeur or permanency of
its effects? What more sublime than the tri-
umphs of a dying Christian, when in the midst
of its decaying and crumbling habitation, the
spirit plumes itself for its lofty flight, and de-
parts in the buoyancy of hope, for the regions
of eternal day? These are the gifts of Chris-
tianity.

But it is on man, in his social capacities, and
political relations, that moral principle is des-
tined to exert its most important influence. It
is in society that man has power. It is in so-
ciety, that virtue develops its benevolent ten-
dencies, and that vice scatters fire-brands, ar-
rows, and death. Has the example of vice
wrought powerfully? so has that of virtue.
Have many been beguiled to their destruction
by the enticings of the sinful? multitudes have
been allured by the persuasions of the good, to
fairer world-views.

ELOQUENCE OF THE PULPIT.

BY DR. E. RUSH.

The eloquence of the pulpit is nearly allied to
music, in its effects upon the moral faculty. It
is true, there can be no permanent change in
the temper and moral conduct of a man, that is
not derived from the understanding and the will;
but we must remember that these two powers
of the mind are most assailable when they are
attacked through the avenue of the passions;
and these we know, when agitated by the pow-
ers of eloquence, exert a mechanical action up-
on every power of the soul.

Hence we find in every age and country
where Christianity has been propagated, the
most accomplished orators have generally been
the most successful reformers of mankind.
There must be a defect of eloquence in a pre-
acher, who, with the resources for oratory which
are contained in the Old and New Testaments,
does not produce in every man who hears him,
at least, a temporary love of virtue.

I grant the eloquence of the pulpit alone can-
not change men into Christians, but it certainly
possesses the power of changing brutes into
men. Could the eloquence of the stage be pro-
perly directed, it is impossible to conceive the
extent of its mechanical effects upon morals.

The language and imagery of Shakespeare
upon moral and religious subjects, poured upon
the passions and the senses in all the beauty
and variety of dramatic representation; who
could resist or describe their effects?

THE SABBATH IN PARIS.—The Paris corre-
spondent of the National Intelligencer writes:
"The revel-rout of the masked ball the Grand
Opera house, which began at midnight on Sat-
urday last, continued until near 7 o'clock on
Sunday morning. Spectators inform me that
the scene was magnificent and the music elec-
trical beyond description. Every Sunday is to
be halloved in this way for some weeks, and
the Opera is sustained, chiefly, and altogether
ruled by the Government."

WHERE ARE THE PHRENOLOGISTS?—The
London Punch publishes the following:—Wan-
ted by an aged lady of very nervous temper-
ment, a professor who will undertake to mesme-
rize all the organs in her street. Salary so
much per organ.

Result of Accident.

Many of the most important discoveries in
the field of science, have been the result of ac-
cident. Two little boys of a spectacle maker
in Holland, while their father was at dinner,
chanced to look at a distant steeple, through
two eye-glasses placed one before another.
They found the steeple brought much nearer
to the shop windows. They told their father on
his return; and the circumstance led to a
course of experiments, which ended in the tele-
scope. Some shipwrecked sailors once col-
lected some seaweeds on the sand, and made fire
to warm their shivering fingers and cook their
scanty meal. When the fire went out they
found that the alkali of the seaweed had com-
bined with the sand and formed glass, the ba-
sis of our discoveries in astronomy, and abso-
lutely necessary to our enjoyment.

In the days when every astrologer, and every
chemist was seeking after the philosopher's
stone, some monks, carelessly making up their
materials, by accident invented gun-powder;
which has done so much to diminish the bar-
barities of war.

Sir Isaac Newton's most important discov-
eries, concerning light and gravitation, were
the result of accident. His theory and experi-
ments on light were suggested by the soap bub-
bles of a child; and on gravitation, by the fall
of an apple as he sat in the orchard. And it
was hastily scratching on a stone, a memoran-
dum of some articles brought him by a wash-
woman, that the idea of the lithography first
presented itself to the mind of Senefelder.

The Vinegar River.

The water of the river of Pusamio, which
rises among the Andes of New Granada, South
America, has a sour taste; and the inhabitants,
who are acquainted with no other acid than vi-
negar, call the stream *Rio Vinagre*, or Vinegar
river. The sourness, however arises from the
water being impregnated by sulphuric acid,
which it receives from the interior of a volcano,
where sulphur is abundant, and where the river
has its source. Within the crater of the volcano,
it is said, there is an immense basin of
boiling water, the vapors from which escape
with much violence, and have a suffocating
smell, being composed of sulphurous acid. The
water of this basin is covered with a coat of
sulphur; and a crust of the same substance is
formed on the rocks above it, rising like a dome
over the crevice, which forms the communica-
tion with the open air. The natives of the
vicinity affirm that the crust has sometimes ac-
quired a thickness of as much as four feet, in
less than two years. Acidulated by its impregna-
tion with this powerful mineral, the Rio Vi-
negre, of course, becomes unfit for the support
of animal life; and even the Rio Cauca, into
which the Vinegar river empties, is destitute
of fish during the course of twelve miles, on
account of the mixture of these sour waters
with its own. The fish are again found in Cauca
at the point where it receives the tributaries
of two other streams. The Vinegar throws it-
self into the Cauca over three beautiful cas-
cades, the minute spray from which causes a
prickling sensation in the eyes.

THE PHRENOLOGIST.—Babe's real name is Brown.

We think we have heard it somewhere before.
Notwithstanding the assertions of Babe to the
contrary, he feels no degradation in his position;
refuses to see the good, and glories in the
company and conversation of the vicious. His great
ambition is to be considered a hero, and he is
constantly alluding to his firmness and courage
in the presence of rowdies, pugilists and
gamesters, who are too frequently admitted to
his presence. It is horrible to look upon a man
in full health and the prime of life, with one
foot in the grave and the other crumbling
earth from the edge of the excavation, so cal-
lous-hearted and reckless.

Webster, Babe's accomplice, it has been re-
ported, was found drowned. We place no con-
fidence in the report; it is industriously cir-
culated to defeat the aims of justice, nothing more.

A. Y. American.

History says that Napoleon was able to lie
down, or stand any where, and fall asleep in a
few minutes. That accounts for their giving
him the name of *Napoleon*. "Sleep, warri-
or, sleep!"

A shopkeeper at Doncaster had, for his vir-
tues obtained the name of the *little rascal*. A
stranger asked him why this appellation had
been given him? "To distinguish me from the
rest of my trade," quoth he, "who are all great
rascals."

"Do you see that Frenchman yonder?" A-
mid all the harshness of life, dull times, and en-
vious vicissitudes, he maintains his temper, and,
without a cent in his pocket, laughs and jokes,
and snaps his fingers at the world. He has only
one friend, and that is his *snuff*. He nose
that friend, and we need not wonder that he is
so *blissed*, since he uses it out of a *bladder*.

Extracts from "Palme's Travels in Kor- dofan."

A KO-DOFAN BREAKFAST.

On arriving at the appointed hour, I was in-
vited to sit down on an anghar, covered with
rich carpets, and a pipe and merissa were brought
me; but I saw no preparations for breakfast, not
so much as a fire on the hearth. I was satisfied
there was no intention to put me off with a pipe
and merissa; so, as I had not much time to
spare, I asked my host, without much cere-
mony, where the breakfast was. He told me it
would be ready directly, and, pointing to a sheep
that was skipping about in front of the door,
said, he had only awaited for my arrival to have
it killed. At a signal from his master, a slave
cut off the creature's head with surprising rap-
idity, and then, without even waiting to skin
the animal, ripped open its belly, took out its
stomach, cleaned it, and having cut it in small
pieces, laid these on a wooden dish. He then
took the gall bladder, and squeezed it over the
tempting fragments, as we in Europe might
squeeze a lemon. After this, a liberal allow-
ance of red pepper was shaken over the whole,
and our breakfast was ready, the operations I
have described having all been completed in a
surprisingly short time. I was invited to fall
to before the delicate morsel cooled, but I ex-
cused myself by saying that so exquisite a dish
would not agree with a European stomach, and
that I would content myself by looking on. I
was laughed at for my bashfulness, and the rest
of the party evidently enjoyed the fare set be-
fore them. In the sequel, I frequently saw this
dish served up as a favorite delicacy, and curi-
osity led me to taste it. The flavor is by no
means disagreeable. The pungency of the
pepper, and the bitterness of the gall com-
pletely neutralize the rawness of the meat.—Never-
theless I never could prevail on myself to eat
heartily of the chosen morsel."

HORRIBLE TYRANNY.

The first governor of Kordofan, after the con-
quest, was the Dettendar, the son-in-law of Me-
hemet Ali. "I would have treated the accounts
I heard of the atrocities of this man," says Pal-
me, "as mere fables, had not the tales that were
told to me by the natives been confirmed by
respectable witnesses in Sennar, and even by
Turkish officers whom I questioned on the sub-
ject in Egypt, many of whom had been present
at the scenes they described." He then pro-
ceeds to relate a few anecdotes of this ruthless
tyrant; but as the Dettendar was eventually de-
posed, on the ground of his oppressive govern-
ment, Mehemet Ali, can only be held partially
responsible for this man's crimes. Yet a few
specimens of his administration of criminal jus-
tice may not be misplaced here.

A peasant who complained of having been
robbed of a sheep by a soldier was blown from
the mouth of a cannon for troubling the Det-
tendar with so insignificant a complaint; a ser-
vant who had stolen a pinch out of the Dettendar's
snuff-box was flogged to death; a man who had
boxed his neighbor's ear was punished by having
the feet cut away from the palms of his hands;
and a negro, who having bought some milk, re-
fused to pay for it, and denied having drunk it,
had his stomach ripped open, to ascertain whether
the accusation was well founded. In his gra-
den the Dettendar had a tame lion generally
confined in a cage, but sometimes allowed to
follow his master about in his walks. This ani-
mal had been taught to fly with the utmost ap-
parent ferocity at every stranger who appeared,
and the favorite amusement of the Dettendar
was to look on and enjoy the terror of his
visitors when suddenly attacked by the lion.
On one occasion eighteen of his domestic ser-
vants, in paying their customary compliments
on the festival of the *Baerans*, intimated that
they were all sadly in want of shoes. He told
them that their wants should be supplied, and
on the following day actually ordered eighteen
pair of iron horse shoes to be nailed to the feet
of the poor dependents, who, in this condition
were ordered to repair to their several avoca-
tions. Modification ensued almost immedi-
ately with nine of them, who died amid frightful
torments, and then only did the ruler allow the
survivors to be unshod, and consigned to the
care of a surgeon.

"Several volumes," says Palme, "would
be filled if I were to tell all the well-authenti-
cated acts of atrocity committed by this human
tiger in Kordofan and Sennar. To be known
to be possessed of wealth was certain death, for
a pretext was never wanting for accusing the
unhappy owners of some imaginary crime. By
proceedings such as these the Dettendar was
supposed to have amassed immense treasures,
when Mehemet Ali, wearied at length by the
incessant complaints raised against his son-in-
law, found means to depose him from his gov-
ernment by causing to be administered to
him a dose of poison. Since then the govern-
ment has become somewhat milder, and some
check has been placed on the arbitrary con-
duct of the public officers; still their disre-
spect of the seat of government makes it impossible for
the inhabitants to complain of the numberless
acts of oppression to which they continue to be
subjected."

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE GEOR- GIA MAJOR.

PINEVILLE, Feb. 6th, 1844.

Mr. THOMPSON:—Dear Sir—News! news!
Glorious news! Hurra for me!

—Let the kettle be the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoner without,
The cannon to the heavens, the heaven to the
earth."

For Mary's got a baby!!!

And a monstrous fine boy at that! The king
of Denmark, you know, wanted to set all he-
ven and earth in an uproar, just because his
excellency was gwine to take a drink of licker.
But if ever a man did feel like this world wasn't
big enough to enjoy his happiness in, I think I
ought on this important occasion. I never had
such feelings before. When I was elected Ma-
jor of the Georgia Militia I felt a good deal of
pride and gratification, and when I married
Mary, I thought I was the happiest man in
Georgia, but this last business has cap'd the cli-
max over every thing that has ever happened
to me in all my born days. It wouldn't do for
people to get much happier in this world than I
am, now mind I tell you.

I don't want to brag over other people, and
I know it's an old maxim, that 'every crow
thinks its own young ones the whitest,' but I'll
tell you what's a fact—mine is one of the sur-
prisenest children that ever was seen in these
parts. It ain't but just four days old this eve-
ning, and its got plenty of hair on its head, and
the prettiest little feet and hands, with toes and
fingers, all just as natural as grown people's,
and when it opens its eyes it rolls 'em all round
the room just like it know'd every thing that
was gwine on. Mother says she really does
believe the child know'd her the first time
she took it in her arms, and old Miss Stallions
says all she's afraid of its too smart to live.

The galls is almost crazy about it, and such an-
other pullin and hawlin about it as they do keep
one wants it and 'tother wants it, and they
won't give the little feller a chance to sleep for
lookin at it, and showin it to people and talkin
to it, and its all the time 'come to its any—
twicest little precious baby—any's little sugar
candy, dumpey diddle,' and every time I take
it they're all scared to death for fear I'll hurt it
in some way.

Just as I expected, the namin has been more
troublesome than a little. I picked out 'Henry
Clay,' for his name more'n a month ago, but
they all wanted to have a say in it, and every
one had a name that they liked 'best of any.
Mother said she never liked to have any of her
family named after great political characters,
for she never know'd a George Washington, or
a Thomas Jefferson that was any matter of ac-
count in her life, except the first ones, and their
names wouldn't be no better than common
people's if their character wasn't. Old Miss
Stallions wanted to call him Aberlam Stallions,
cause that was her husband's name, and
sister Calline wanted him named Theodore A-
dolphus, cause they were her favorite novel
names, and sister Kesiah wanted him named
Charles Beverly, cause he was one of the most
interestinest characters in 'The Children of the
Abbey.' I wanted 'em all to be satisfied, but it
seemed like there was no fixin the business to
any body's likin, until after they all talked
themselves down tired about it, we all agreed
to leave it to Mary to decide. Poor Mary did
know what to do, when they all gathered
round her beggin her as hard as they could.

"Remember your poor old father that's dead
and gone, child," said old Mrs. Stallions.
"Oh, don't call him Aberlam, that's such an
old time name," says the galls.
"Theodore is no pretty," says sister Calline.
"Oh, that's such an outlandish French name,"
says all of them.

"But Charles Beverly, was such a good char-
acter in the 'Children of the Abbey,' and sounds
so noble," says sister Kesiah.
"No Christian child ought to be named a no-
vel name," said Miss Stallions, "they're all
lies from end to end."

"Call him what you've a mind to, dear," says
mother, for you're his mother, and ought to
please yourself."
Mary looked up in my face with her pretty
blue eyes, and smiled so sweet when sister
Calline laid the baby in her arms—and then
she said, as she hugged it to her bosom—"Tome
to its mudder, sweet little Henry Clay—it all
be called HENRY CLAY so it tall, mudder's
presencens little ring-dove so it is, and it shall
be President too, when it gits a man, so it shall!"

"Hurra for Clay," says I. "Hur—"
"Hush-h-h-h, Joseph," says mother, "aint you
shamed to shock Mary's nerves so?"

The fact is, I felt so glad I forgot what I was
about. But I went rite off and rite down in the
family record:

HENRY CLAY JONES.
The first son of Joseph and Mary Jones, was
born on the 21 of February, 1844.

I've been so much frustrated for the last
week that I hardly know what I'm doing half
the time, and I don't spose I shall find time to
do much else but nurse the baby for some time
to come. Mary's rite prier, and little Henry

Clay is makin a monstrous good beginning in the world. No more from Your friend til death.

JOS. JONES.

The Talking Machine.

The poet WILLIS had an interview last week
with the Talking Machine exhibited in New
York, which he thus describes in a letter to the
editors of the National Intelligencer:
"I had a half-hour's interview with the TALK-
ING MACHINE this morning, and found him a
more entertaining android than most of my
woolen acquaintances—(the man who *thinks*
for him being a very superior person.) I must
first give you a *tableau* of the room. A German
woman takes your half dollar at the door, and
points you to a semi-boxed up Turk. (query:
why are all automata dressed in turbans?)—
A Turk seated in a kind of low pulpit, with a
green shirt, a good complexion, a very fine
beard, and a pearl breastpin.

But from under his shoulder issues a bunch
of wooden sticks, arranged like a gamut of
pump handles, and behind this, ready to play
on his Turk, sits Mr. FABER, the contriver. (I
immediately suggested to Mr. F., by the way,
that the costume and figure had better have
been female, as the *busble* would have given
a well-placed and ample concealment for all
the machinery now disenchantly placed out-
side—the performer sitting down naturally
behind and playing on her like a piano.) The
Turk was talking to several ladies and gen-
tlemen when I entered, and my name being
mentioned by one of the party, he said: "How
do you do, Mr. ——" with perfect distinct-
ness.

There was a small musical organ in the room,
and one of the visitors played "Hail Columbia!"
the automaton singing the words "like a man."
There was no slighting or slurring of diphthong
or vowel, syllable or aspirate. Duty was done
by every letter with a legitimate claim to be
sounded—the only fault being a strong German
accent, (which of course will wear off (I a-
vel), and a few German peculiarities, such as
pronouncing *v's* like *w's*, gargling the *g's* *terals*
&c., &c.

I understood Mr. Faber to say that he was
seven years contriving the utterance of the
vowel *e*. Mr. F. has a head and countenance
fit for a speech maker, (master of the gift of
speech, I mean)—a head of the finest model,
and a mouth strongly marked with intelligence
and feeling. He is simple, naïf, and enthusi-
astic in his manner. The rude musical organ
in the room was his own handiwork, and at
the request of one of the ladies he sat down to
it and played a beautiful waltz of his own com-
position. He may well be completely absorbed,
as he becomes to be, in his androids. It says any
thing, in any language. It cannot cough—
not being liable to bronchitis; nor laugh—being
a Turk—but it can sing, and has a sweet breath
and a well governed tongue. In short, it is
what would pass in the world for "a very fine
man."

"A suspicion has since crossed my mind that
I may here have stumbled on an explanation of
the great mystery of this supernatural addition
to the figure, the supernatural continuance of
articulation in the female requiring perhaps
some anatomical assistance to the lungs. If so,
it would appear that women like "the church"
cannot do without a *bishop*."

A gentleman called upon a friend, last sum-
mer, who had recently signed the total absten-
cence pledge, and was asked by his host to take
a glass of wine with him. "Why," said the
guest, "I thought that you had signed the pledge."
"So I have, but then you know all signs fall
of dry weather," replied the host.

IS JEOPARDY.—A merchant, not remarkably
conversant with geography, picked up a news-
paper and set down to read. He had not pro-
ceeded far, before he came to a passage stating
that one of his vessels was in jeopardy. "Je-
opardy! jeopardy!" said the astonished mer-
chant, who had previously heard that the ves-
sel was lost "let me see, that is somewhere in
the Mediterranean; well, I am glad she has
got into port, as I thought it was all over with
her."

A joke is told of Valabreque, Catalani's hus-
band, that when Madame complained to him at
some concert, that the piano forte was too high
for her voice—meaning, of course, in pitch—he
sent for a carpenter to shorten the legs of the
instrument.

"What do you ask for this article?" inquired
Obadiab, of a young Miss. "Fifteen shillings."
"Aint you a little dear?" "Why," she replied,
"washing, 'all the young men tell me so."

"We love women a little for what we do lines
of them, and a great deal more for what we do
not."

TAKE TEA.
A witty fellow once was asked,
"Pray where do y'e take your tea?"
"My friend, where else do you suppose,
But to my mouth" said he.