

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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## POETRY.

Many of our readers, doubtless, have read and admired the following lines from the pen of some (to us) unknown but highly gifted poet. To all who may have any "music in their souls," it must have a charm that can be felt but not described. We have read it times unnumbered, and without enjoying any less pleasantly the kind of bathing of the spirit which the loosed sympathies spread in benignant floods upon the inner man, calming and cooling the irritations excitements which the summer heats of the world's vexations are constantly engendering.

### THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot  
Where mortals weep no more!  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some valley in the west,  
Where, free from toil and pain,  
The weary soul may rest!  
The loud waves dwindled to a whisper low,  
And sighed for pity, as it answered "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,  
Whose billows round me play,  
Know'st thou some favored spot,  
Some island far away,  
Where weary man may find  
The bliss for which he sighs,  
Where sorrow never lives,  
And friendship never dies!  
The loud waves roaring in perpetual flow,  
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, "No!"

And thou, serene moon face,  
That with such holy face,  
Doth look upon the earth  
A sleep to night's embrace,  
Tell me, in all thy round  
Hast thou not seen some spot  
Where miserable man  
Might find a happier lot!  
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe;  
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded "No!"

Tell me, my sacred soul,  
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,  
Is there no resting place  
From sorrow, sin and death?  
Is there no happy spot  
Where mortals may be blessed,  
Where grief may find a balm,  
And weariness a rest!  
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,  
Wav'd their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes,  
in Heaven!"

### GOING TO TEXAS.

Our nation's hope, the Temperance band,  
In many a town erect is,  
And he who hates what we have planned,  
Had better go to Texas.

The pledge, the pledge, it is the thing,  
A shield that now protects us;  
Nor will we cast it off and wing  
The vagrant's flight to Texas.

To "touch not, taste not, handle not,"  
For every one a text is,  
And he who'll strive the pledge to blot,  
Must slide away to Texas.

The pledge, the pledge, &c.  
Let drunkard-makers sigh and weep,  
But never dare to vex us,  
Or with the pledge their law we'll sweep,  
And roll them off to Texas.

The pledge, the pledge, &c.  
The wine and cider toppers quail,  
Our pledge their soul perplexes,  
But they, with those who quize ale,  
Must pledge—or off to Texas.

The pledge, the pledge, &c.  
The brewers and distillers prate—  
"This pledge so ill affects us,  
That we must soon absquatulate,  
And hide ourselves in Texas."  
The pledge, the pledge, &c.

Let those who sell the poison, groan,  
Our pledge their conscience vexes,  
When left by whiskey friends alone,  
They'll think of death—or Texas.  
The pledge, the pledge, &c.

In empty bar-rooms let them cry,  
"Our customers neglect us,"  
Then take the eagle's wings and fly  
Away—away to Texas.  
The pledge, the pledge, &c.

### NEW BOOTS.

Of all the troubles here below,  
The worst I know is,  
Is the insinivativ' way  
A new boot always goes on.

You goes and tries it on, you does,  
It seems a perfect fit,  
And lets you walk a square at least,  
Before it hurts a bit.

You FEELS IT THEN, I feels it NOW,  
Your foot seems all on fire;  
You vows'ts to lay down in the mud,  
You almost HAS to swear.

You wants to kick each man you meets,  
You do kick all the dogs—  
The little niggers in your way,  
You treats them vus nor hogs.

The world to you is one vast boot,  
Vith nought but pain inside it—  
If such a thing as joy there is,  
You vonders vere they hide it.

Boots causes half our misery,  
And more than half our crimes,  
For tight-it-sours the very best  
Of tempers at such times. COARS.

A poor scamp getting into a great rage at his wife, told her she'd never see his face until he was rich enough to come back in a carriage. He kept his word, for in less than two hours, he was brought back drunk on a wheelbarrow.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE FIRST PIANO-FORTE.

The two heroes of this little history present a complete contrast. They began, continued, and ended their worldly career, under nearly opposite circumstances. One, at first rich, became suddenly poor through extravagance and dissipation; the other, originally poor, became all at once rich by the force of ingenuity and industry. The one gloried in his high-sounding title; the other was proud of being simply an artificer. The glittering courier revelled in the royal saloons of Versailles; the laborious operative passed his days in a Parisian workshop. One finished his life on the public scaffold, condemned in 1793 by a populace driven to excesses by the tyranny of their superiors; the other peacefully expired amidst the blessings of his family and friends, his honest industry rewarded by affluence, and honored by the fever of royalty.—Finally, the first called himself Armand de Gontaut, Duke of Lauzun; the second was Sebastian Erard.

At the epoch when our tale commences, Sebastian Erard was a poor artisan whom reverse of fortune had driven from Strasburg, his native town, to seek alone, without money and friends, his daily bread in Paris. He was well educated; in his early youth he had studied drawing, architecture, and had devoted some time to scientific pursuits. He had dreamt, with the artless enthusiasm of youth, of one day distinguishing himself as an artist, a professor or an architect. Conceive, then, his disappointment, when, at the age of sixteen, he found himself a journeyman maker of harpsichords.—Pride and ambition unceasingly tormented him. In the obscure workshop where he pursued his monotonous avocations, he frequently gave way to a certain degree of vexation. But, happily, Sebastian Erard possessed nobler gifts than fall to the lot of most persons in his humble grade. Even his melancholy was no misfortune to him, for it made him a thinker. His intelligence again turned his thoughts to good account, and his ambition made him act upon them. The presentiment that he should some day materially better his condition, never left him; and, inspired by this hope, he seldom complained aloud, but diligently pursued his work; for well did he know that any advancement he should make must be following the very path along which he was now travelling. Instead therefore, of bolting off the course, as ambitious, but thoughtless young men are apt to do, Erard reflected deeply on the nature of his art, and whether it might not be in his power to effect some important improvement upon it. With a critical eye and ear, he at length detected the deficiencies of the instruments it was his business to make—ill-toned, inharmonious spinets and harpsichords, with which the ears of the court were content to be charmed. He remarked that, from their imperfect mechanism, it was impossible that they could remain long in tune, and that even when their intonation was correct, the sound produced was harsh and wry. These imperfections, which constant use of the instruments prevented some of the best musicians from perceiving, became apparent to the inquiring mind and ear of the young artisan. But a remedy for them had yet to be discovered; and for that object did Erard incessantly apply his invention. At length he became acquainted with the principle of an improved keyboard, introduced by Silbermann, a German manufacturer, and that engendered in him a new and happy idea, the result of which the reader will presently learn.

While Sebastian Erard employed every spare minute in working out his new idea theoretically—for he had not the means of doing so practically—the other actor in our musical drama performed a very different part. Engaged in the useless employments and profitless pastimes of a man of fashion, the Duke of Lauzun sought to revive, at the court of Louis XVI., the dangerous gallantries and dissipated manners of the gay, but brilliant court of Louis XV., and the regent. Nor was he ill-calculated to effect, by his own example, so evil an object; he was handsome, rich, and possessed of a high flow of spirits with a good share of intellect and wit. His conduct, however, was not always pleasing to Marie Antoinette, the Queen; but so great a favorite was Lauzun with the King, that she never ventured to show her dislike to him openly.

Among other things which displeased her majesty, was a courtship sometimes carried beyond the bounds of good breeding, which the Duke had established with the Marchioness de Milleroy, a lady whose position as a governess to the royal children ought to have induced on her part the most guarded conduct. As there was nothing positively improper in Lauzun and her forming a mutual regard, both took umbrage at the little checks which the queen thought it her duty on several occasions to give them. An opportunity to resent these supposed affronts soon occurred, and by a circumstance which brought Sebastian Erard most unexpectedly within the pale of court patronage.

Marie Antoinette, though surrounded by all the allurements of the French court, could not forget the land of her birth. "The Austrian," as she was correctly called, would often retire to the solitude of her chamber to call up from the depths of her memory, scenes of childhood and of home. She gathered about her a host of objects which served to remind her of Austria. The books, pictures and sculptures which adorned her private apartments were all from Germany. But one article was wanting to make the collection complete. The young Queen of France was a proficient musician, and loved the melodies of her native land; but how

could she give effect to them with the inharmonious spinet then in her chamber? She resolved therefore, to have a harpsichord from Vienna, and soon a magnificent instrument of improved tone and elegant form, well worthy of a royal residence, replaced the old spinet. That it should be displayed to the best advantage, the young Queen determined to give a concert, at which she commanded her instructor and countryman, Gluck, the celebrated composer, to assist.

The new harpsichord was constructed by Silbermann, with his latest improvements, and won the admiration of all present. Amongst the guests were the Duke of Lauzun and the Marchioness de Milleroy.

The praises bestowed upon the instrument made the letter envious of its possessor, dispute the difference in their position and rank; and she demanded of the Duke de Lauzun a harpsichord of equal excellence and external beauty, to that of the Queen. The age of chivalry had not even then passed away, and the lover was bound to obey the wishes of his intended, be they ever so extravagant, but another and perhaps stronger motive prompted him. He saw that by complying with this request, a means of mortifying her majesty—of, in fact, lessening her popularity. He took care on every opportunity to point general attention to the readiness with which Marie Antoinette preferred the production of her native to those of her adopted country. And he undertook to prove, in the present instance, that this preference was not guided by merit. "In a short time," he boasted, "I will produce an instrument of French manufacture superior in tone and in magnitude of appearance to the vaunted importation of the Queen." He possessed wealth, ingenuity and perseverance; his boast was therefore not an idle one.

The Duke made the tour of all the eminent manufacturing establishments in Paris, but found no one who had enough of courage to undertake the seemingly impossible task he proposed; for all had heard of the marvellous harpsichord of Silbermann. After nearly giving up the pursuit in despair, he determined to visit the manufactories of a humble tiler. In one of these, a young and intelligent journeyman happened to overhear the offer made by the Duke to his master, by whom it was declined. He started from his seat, and with a confident brow, declared he would undertake the commission.

The Duke at first took little notice of the young artisan, but won at length by his earnestness and enthusiasm, consented to listen to a detail of the improvements in the making of harpsichords, which in addition to those of Silbermann, the new candidate for his patronage proposed. With the leave of his employer, Sebastian Erard (for it was he) hastened to his lodgings for the drawings and notes he had made of his new invention. An hour afterwards, he was closeted with the Duke at the residence of the latter. His explanations were so satisfactory, his plans so manifestly practicable, that Lauzun immediately engaged him to make the required instrument. A workshop was fitted up with an expensive assortment of tools and materials in the Duke's house, in which the young artisan employed himself early and late.

His perseverance and industry were at length crowned with success. When his work was finished, that of decoration began. This was the first instrument which had a moveable keyboard, shifted by pedals, to modulate its tones at the will of the player—which had a soft and loud pedal. It was in short, the first piano-forte. The Duke de Lauzun was delighted, and determined that no accessory ornament should be wanting. He caused it to be enclosed in a magnificent case of gilded japan-work; the pedals were surrounded by a mythological group, exquisitely carved, from a design by the sculptor Houdon; whilst the profuse gilding was in many places relieved by exquisite paintings by Boucher, Greuze and Vauloo, the most celebrated artists of the day. Finally, the triumph of mechanical skill was placed in the apartments of the Marchioness de Milleroy, who gave a concert, which the Queen condescended to attend.

The admiration lately excited by her majesty's new German harpsichord was now completely thrown into the shade by that expressed for the instrument of native manufacture. The tones it gave out from under the skillful fingers of Piccini, the Italian composer, who was the first to play upon it, blending exquisitely with the beautiful voice of the Princess de Polignac, who he accompanied. The Queen herself was not less enchanted than the rest, and unwittingly hastened on that triumph which the malevolence of the Duke and Marchioness had prompted them to anticipate.

"Pray," enquired the Queen of Lauzun, as she broke up a group of detractors, of which he was the most active and sarcastic, "to whose skill are we indebted for this charming instrument?"  
"To that, your majesty of a Frenchman," replied the Duke; with as marked emphasis as he durst assume.

"His name?"  
"Sebastian Erard."  
"Indeed! that is the person I have heard of before," rejoined the Queen!

"Unfortunately the names of a few meritorious Frenchmen," retorted the Duke, laying a stress upon the latter word, "are known at the Court of Versailles."

Without noticing this discourteous sneer, Marie Antoinette inquired to whom the piano belonged. Lauzun explained that it was made by his direction, and that he was the possessor.

"You," repeated the Queen, with the good-natured archness by which she was always ready to

conciliate the most undeserved ill-will. "And pray what use can a colonel of huzzars make of so elegant, so lady-like an instrument?"

The Duke replied with an affection of sentiment, that music was his most cherished relief from the cares of state and the fatigues of military duty.

The truth was, Marie was so charmed with the instrument, that she longed to become its possessor, and demanded upon what terms Lauzun would part with it. This was exactly the result he wished; and with every appearance of sorrowful humility, he assured her majesty it was not in his power to part with it.

"How so?" she asked a little piqued. "It's your own, and —"

"It was mine yesterday," interrupted the Duke, "but to-day it has become the property of —"

"Of whom?" impatiently required the Queen.

"Of the Marchioness de Milleroy," answered Lauzun, with a low bow.

Where pleasure is the idol, and frivolity the pursuit it takes but a trifling occurrence to create a sensation. This was the case on the present occasion. The Queen, despising this equivocation, turned quickly from the now triumphant courier and quitting the apartment abruptly, broke up the party.

Enough, however, had been done to make the fortune of Sebastian Erard. Next morning he was sent for, to Versailles, and presented to her majesty, who not only ordered from him a new piano-forte, but obtained from the King a *breve*, or patent, for his ingenious improvements. Once honored with Court patronage, the young artisan's early dreams of ambition were speedily realized.

Meantime a circumstance occurred which exercised an unfavorable influence over the career of the Duke de Lauzun. Extravagance had so impaired his fortune, that his union with the Marchioness de Milleroy—herself by no means rich for her station—was deferred till an appointment which he expected to receive at the death of a relation should become vacant. The command of the French Guards had for a long period been vested in the chiefs of the Duke's family, and his uncle, the Marshall de Biron, hitherto held the appointment. The Marshall died, and Lauzun believed as a matter of course, besides succeeding to the title (his uncle left no fortune), he would be invested with the vacant and lucrative command. To his mortification, however he was disappointed, and through as he afterwards learnt, the influence of Marie Antoinette. From that moment he changed his side in politics. The first lowering of the revolutionary storm, which afterwards burst with such appalling severity, had already clouded the political horizon. He joined the opposition, then headed by the Orleans family—he wrote pamphlets against the Court—he composed epigrams against the Queen—he satirized the nobility. In short he performed an active part towards exasperating the populace against their rulers—towards hastening the deplorable crisis, which had so fatal a termination.

During the progress of this terrible revolution, to so insane a pitch was the popular indignation raised against aristocracy, that to be nobly born was considered a crime punishable with death. The King and Queen were early victims; their supporters and adherents followed. Lastly, even that action of the nobility who in the beginning led the popular tumult were successfully led to the scaffold. The Duke de Lauzun was one of the earliest sacrifices of the popular nobility. He ended his career under the guillotine, leaving behind him the record of only one meritorious action—and even that was performed by accident, and out of pique—namely, rescuing from unmerited obscurity the talents and industry of Sebastian Erard.

The revolution had no other ill effect upon the latter, than that of interrupting the operations of a manufactory which had rapidly grown to be the most considerable in Paris. Sebastian Erard, respected by his fellow citizens, was entrusted by them with a responsible municipal office. In executing it, a part of his duty lay in restraining, as much as was possible, the wholesale pillage that was going on in all the residences of the king and nobility.—He had occasion to hasten to Versailles for that purpose, and found that most of the apartments had been already ransacked without mercy. Those formerly occupied by the Marchioness de Milleroy, were, on his arrival, undergoing spoliation. "The first piano-forte" was still there. Rough hands had already been laid upon it. His threats and entreaties were for a time vain; but when the pillagers heard his name, and the story of the instrument, they desisted. The piano was unanimously ceded to him; and it is said that his descendants still possess several interesting relics of the first piano-forte.

An aged and venerable divine, who discovered that a mischievous of his son had been racing his old mare, scolded the young rogue in very severe terms, and exhausted all his powers of reproof and reprobation; but in the conclusion could not resist the temptation to inquire how the race terminated.—"She beat 'em," was the answer. "Ah!" said the old gentleman, "she's a fine creature, Jim; when I rode her, nothing could pass her on the road."

A New York editor says that the "Kiss-me-if-you-dare bonnets" are all the fashion in the city of Gotham. He seems to think they will be fatal to many an old bachelor, because they make pretty damself look so tempting.

Why is a crying child at church like an aching tooth? Because it ought to be taken out.

### Misery of a Bachelor's Life.

Poor fellow! he returns to his lodging—I will not say his "home." There may be every thing he can possibly desire, in the shape of mere external comforts, provided for him by the officious zeal of Mrs. —, his housekeeper; but still the room has an air of chilling vacancy, the very atmosphere of the apartment has a dim, uninhabited appearance—the chairs, set around with provoking neatness look reproachfully useless and unoccupied—the tables and other furniture shine with impertinent and futile brightness. All is dreary and repelling. No gentle face welcomes his arrival—no kind looks answers his listless gaze he throws round the apartment. He sits down to a book—alone; there is no one sitting by his side to enjoy with him the favorite passage—the apt remark—the just criticism; no eyes in which to read his own feelings; his own tastes are unappreciated and unreflected; he has no resource but himself—no one to look up to but himself; all his happiness must emanate from himself. He flings down the volume in despair; hides his face in his hands, and sighs aloud, O! me miserum.—*Portland Tribune.*

TRUE FEMALE NOBILITY.—The woman, poor and if ill clad as she may be, who blankets her income and expenditure—who toils and sweats in unrepining mood among her well-trained children, and presents them, morning and evening as offerings of love to her husband, in rosy health and cheerful cleanliness, is the most exalted of her sex. Before her shall the proudest dame bow her jewelled head, and the bliss of a happy heart dwell with her forever. If there is one prospect dearer than another to the soul of man—if there is one act more likely to bend the proud and inspire the broken hearted—it is for a smiling wife to meet her husband at the door with his host of happy children. How it stirs up the tired blood of an exhausted man, when he hears the rush of many feet upon the staircase—when crow and carol of their young voices, mix in glad confusion—and the smallest mounts or sinks into his arms amidst a merry shout. God! it was a hallow from every countenance that beamed around the group. There was a joy and a blessing there.—*London Journal.*

SNARLING.—For a man to enjoy himself, he must take the world as it is, mixed up with a thousand shades and a thousand spots of sunshine—a cloud here and there; a bright sky; a storm to-day, and a calm to-morrow; the chill piercing winds of autumn, and the bland reviving breath of summer. He should realize too, that he is surrounded by individuals of different dispositions and characters, and take the mass as they are, and not as he fancies they ought to be. He should look up to heaven in gratitude for what he enjoys, and not censure God for what he has not granted. Then he will cease fretting and snarling and not before. If there is one character on earth who deserves the appellation of fool more than another, it must be that person who continually frets and snarls and never sees a moment's peace, while surrounded with everything to please and instruct.—*Portland Argus.*

POOR OLD BACHELORS.—In cold weather bachelors are entitled to much sympathy. A portion of their miseries in winter has been thus graphically described by a member of the rusty fraternity:

"For a man of phlegmatic temperament—a bachelor—it requires a mighty effort to go to bed of a cold and freezing night—a mightier to turn over when he gets there—but the mightiest of all to get up again. Before he goes, he warms and turns, and turns and warms—pokes his toes to the fire and then his heels—rubs his hands—bakes his shins—and then sneaks off to bed.—Then if a shank happens to stray over the linen, six inches from the warm place where it was originally planted, he snatches it back as though it were snake bitten. But when day comes—when the breakfast dishes begin to rattle on the table—here we must be excused, for 'tis no joke.

NEGRO SREWBREDS.—A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase fish. He went to the stall and taking up a fish, began to smell it. The fishmonger observing him, and fearing the bystanders might catch the scent, exclaimed, "Hallo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?" "Me no smell your fish massa." "What are you doing then, sir?" "Why me talk to him, massa." "And what do you say to the fish, eh?" "Why what news at saa—dat's all, massa." And what does he say to you?" He says he don't know; he no been dar dese tree weeks!"

"John, you've been edging about and lolling around here every Sunday evening for a great while—what can you be arter?" "Why, dear Sally, didn't you know that I was arter you?" "Lack-a-day! John—why I thought it was me that was arter you; so come and let's both be arter the parson, right off."

Do not enter a room suddenly, says the Spirit of the Age, where you know there is a young lady and gentleman sitting, busily engaged in fanning a flame. Of course not; if you do, you will stifle the flame, and be sure to meet with a cool reception. Isn't it so girls!

In Asia, there is one newspaper for every fourteen millions of inhabitants; in the United States, one for every ten thousand.

"These are hard times, indeed," as the man said when he was turned out of jail because his creditors could not pay his jail fees.