

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

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PUBLISHED BY  
**THEODORE H. CREMER.**

## TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid. Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

## REAL ESTATE

### Public Sale.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of the county of Huntingdon, will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, on **Thursday the 28th of December inst.**

At one o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, late of Abraham Vandevander of Henderson township, in said county, dec'd., to-wit:—a certain piece or parcel of land, situate in said township of Henderson between the Juniata river and Jacks Mountain, adjoining lands of Absalom Plowman on the Northeast and other land of the said Abraham Vandevander on the west, containing

### 75 ACRES,

more or less, being a part of a larger tract on which the said deceased lived up to the time of his death.

### TERMS OF SALE,

one third part of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sale, and the residue in two equal annual payments thereafter, with interest, to be secured by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser. By the Court, **JOHN REED, Clerk.** Attendance will be given by **PETER SWOOPE, Adm'r.** Dec. 6, 1846.—ts

### Auditors' Notices.

The undersigned, appointed by the court to distribute the proceeds arising from a Sheriff's sale of the personal property of Dr. Joseph Cameron, will attend for that purpose at the prothonotary's office in the borough of Huntingdon, on the 1st day of January next.

**GEORGE TAYLOR, Auditor.** Dec. 6, 1846.

The creditors of John Patton, Esq., late of Walker township, Huntingdon county, dec'd., will take notice that the undersigned appointed to distribute among the creditors the assets remaining in the hands of Daniel Africa and George Taylor, Esq's, his administrators, will attend for that purpose, at his office, in the borough of Huntingdon, on Friday the 22nd day of Decem- 1846, when and where all persons interested are requested to present their claims or be debarred from coming in for a share of the estate.

**JOHN CRESSWELL, Auditor.** Dec. 6, 1846.

The undersigned appointed auditor for the purpose of making distribution of the money arising from the Sheriff's sale of the real estate of J. & T. Mitchell and J. & T. Mitchell & Co., gives notice that he will attend at the prothonotary's office, in the borough of Huntingdon, for that purpose, on Monday, the 1st day of January next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all persons interested may attend and make their claims before said auditor, or be debarred from coming in upon said fund.

**JAMES STEEL, Auditor.** Dec. 6, 1846.

The undersigned appointed auditors for the purpose of making distribution of the money arising from the Sheriff's sales of the real estate of M'Bride, Royer & Co. and of Jeremiah C. Betts, do hereby give notice that they will attend at the prothonotary's office in Huntingdon, for that purpose, on Monday the 1st day of January next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all persons interested may attend and make their claims before said auditors or be debarred from coming in upon said fund.

**JOHN CRESSWELL, } Auditors.  
JOHN CRESSWELL, }  
GEORGE TAYLOR, }** Dec. 6, 1846.

The undersigned appointed auditor for the purpose of making distribution of the money arising from the Sheriff's sale of the real estate of Isaac Neff and Walker & Neff, and of the personal property of John Bouslough, respectively, hereby gives notice that he will attend at the prothonotary's office, in Huntingdon, for that purpose, on Monday the 1st day of January next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all persons interested may attend and make their claims before said auditor or be debarred from coming in upon said fund.

**GEO. TAYLOR, Auditor.** Dec. 6, 1846.

### Orphans' Court Notice.

ALL persons interested will take notice, that by virtue of a writ of partition or valuation, issued out of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county and to me directed, I will, on Wednesday the third day of January, A. D. 1847, by Jury of Inquisition, convened on the premises, proceed to make partition or valuation, according to law, of the real estate, which was of Peter Bowers, late of Woodberry township, in said county, deceased, situate and lying in the said township.

**JOHN SHAVER, Sheriff.** Sheriff's office, Hunting- } don Dec. 6, 1846.

### T. H. CREMER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HUNTINGDON, PA.

## POETRY.

The following breathings of true poetry are found in the last Louisville Journal. It is said, but we know not upon what good authority, that they were called forth by recollections of the eloquence of the Rev. Mr. STOCKTON, so well and favorably known to our readers.

### Fulfil Eloquence.

The day was declining—the breeze in its glee Had left the fair blossoms to sing on the sea. As the sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and still, Dropped down like a gem from the brow of the hill; One tremulous star in the glory of June Came out with a smile and sat down by the moon As she grazed her blue throne with the pride of a queen— The smiles of her loveliness gladdening the scene.

The scene was enchanting! in distance away Rolled the foam-crested waves of the Chesapeake bay. While bathed in the moonlight a village was seen With the church in the distance that stood on the green; The soft sloping meadows lay brightly unrolled, With their mantles of verdure and blossoms of gold, And the earth in her beauty, forgetting to grieve, Lay asleep in her bloom on the bosom of eve.

A light hearted child, I had wandered away From the spot where my footsteps had gambol'd all day; And as free as a bird's was the song of my soul, As I heard the wild waters exultingly roll; While lightning my heart as I sported along, With bursts of low laughter, and snatches of song, I struck in the pathway worn o'er the sod By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

As I traced its green windings, a murmur of prayer With the hymn of the worshippers rose on the air, And drew by the links of its sweetness along, I stood unobserved in the midst of the throng. For a while my young spirit still wandered about With the birds, and the winds, that were singing without; But birds, waves, and zephyrs, were quickly forgot In one angel like being that brightened the spot.

In stature majestic, apart from the throng He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song! His cheek pale with fever—the blue orbs above Lit up with the splendors of youth, and of love Yet the heart glowing rapture that beamed from those eyes Seemed saddened by sorrows, and chastened by sighs.

As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold With its loves unrequited, its sorrows untold.

Such language as his may I never recall, But his theme was salvation—salvation to all, And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue.

Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole, Enforced by each gesture it sunk to the soul Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod And brought to each bosom the message from God.

He spoke of the Saviour—what pictures he drew! The scene of His suffering rose clear on my view— The cross—the rude cross where He suffered and died; The gush of bright crimson that flowed from His side.

The cup of His sorrows—the wormwood and gall; The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall; The garland of thorns—and the demon-like crew Who knelt as they scoffed Him—"Hail king of the Jews."

He spoke, and it seemed that his statue-like form Expanded and glowed, as his spirit grew warm; His tone so impassioned—so melting his air, As touched with compassion he ended in prayer; His hands clasped above him—his blue orbs up-thrown,

Still pleading for sins that were never his own, While that mouth where such sweetness ineffable clung, Still spoke, tho' expression had ceased on his tongue.

Oh God! what emotions the speaker awoke! A mortal he seemed—yet a deity spoke! A man—yet so far from humanity risen; On earth—yet so closely connected with Heaven! How oft in my fancy I've pictured him there As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer, With his eyes closed in rapture—their transient eclipse Made bright by the smiles that illumined his lips.

There's a charm in delivery—a magical art That thrills like a kiss, from the lip to the heart; 'Tis the glance—the expression—the well chosen word,

By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred; The smile—the mute gesture—the soul stirring pause— The eye's sweet expression,—that melts, while it awes—

The lip's soft persuasion—its musical tone— On such was the charm of that eloquent one!

The time is long past; yet how clearly defined That boy, church, and village, float up on my mind; I see amid azure the moon in her pride With the sweet little trembler that sat by her side; I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along, Leap up in their gladness and sing her a song, And tread in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod, By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

The time is long past, yet, what visions I see! The past, the dim past, is the present to me. I am standing once more 'mid that heart-stricken throng:

A vision floats up—'tis the theme of my song; All glorious and bright as a spirit of air; The light like a halo encircling his hair— As I catch the sweet accents of sweetness and love, He whispers of Jesus—and points us above.

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced! Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost effaced, Till memory, the fond one that sits in the soul, Took up the frail links, and connected the whole; As the dew to the blossom—the bud to the bee— As the scent to the rose—are those memories to me. Round the chords of my heart they have un- blyingly clung.

And the echo it gives, is the song I have sung.

AMELIA.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE WIFE.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE CASKET OF FATE."

"All precious things, discovered late,  
To those that seek them issue forth;  
For Love, in sequel, works with Fate,  
And draws the veil from hidden worth."

### CHAPTER I.

Cold and white as the bridal blossoms in her hair was the youthful cheek, which a glow of love and pride should have kindled into color—for Harriet Percy, though about to become the bride of one of the most admired and distinguished men in her country, was too well convinced of his indifference to be happy in the prospect. She knew that with him it was a marriage of expediency. That he was poor—that he required means to further his ambitious views, and that, though uniformly kind and respectful in his manner when they met, he had scarcely bestowed a thought upon her mind, heart or person, during the three weeks which intervened between their introduction to each other and this their bridal morning.

For years before that introduction, even from childhood, she had worshipped his lofty genius, and admired at a distance his noble form. He was the idol of her every dream—her hero—her ideal! His haughty bearing, his coldly intellectual expression, which would have repelled a less ardent and romantic heart, had for her an inexpressible charm. And when, at a party given by a mutual, match-making friend, during the first season of her entrance into society, he had been introduced to her, she was so agitated and confused by her various emotions, that she could only blush and reply in monosyllables to his polite attempts at conversation.

Poor Harriet was angry and mortified at herself; and utterly unobservant, in her own guileless truth, of any mercenary motive on his part, she was not less amazed than delighted when, after two or three interviews of the same description, he formally proposed to her father for her hand, and was at once accepted. Exulting in her conquest, yet awed by his distant demeanor, she hardly knew at first whether to be happy or the contrary; but loving and gentle as she was, there was a latent spirit of pride and lofty resolution in her soul, which she had never dreamed of till it was awakened by her present situation.

With a woman's instinct, she learned to read his heart. She saw that the demon Ambition had obscured, without obliterating, its nobler and more tender feelings, and she trusted to time and her own truth to conquer the one and arouse the other.

But in the mean time she would be no pining victim to neglect. Her sweet lip curled—her dark eyes flashed—her high spirit revolted at the thought! She would sooner die than humble herself in his eyes! She would love him, it is true, dearly, deeply, devotedly; but it should be in the silent depths of a soul he could not fathom. Not till he should own a love, fervent and devoted as her own, would she yield to the tenderness he inspired. Not till then should be unveiled to him the altar on which his image dwelt enshrined like a deity of old, with the breath of affection for its incense, ever burning over and around it, and the fruits and flowers of feeling and of thought—its sacrifice.

She would wed him, because her fortune could assist his efforts for the good of his country and his own distinction. She would have bestowed that fortune upon him without her hand, but she knew his pride too well to dream he would accept it, and her resolution was taken.

For his life Mr. William Harwood could not have told whether his intended bride had any claims to beauty or to talent. He saw that her manners were refined, he knew that her fortune was immense, and he was satisfied. He heeded not—he never dreamed of the riches of her heart and mind. But while ambition and selfishness blinded his eyes to her superiority, it was not so with others. A dazzlingly fair complexion, soft, wavy hair, of the palest brown, hazel eyes, intensely dark and fringed with long, thick lashes of the same hue, a straight Greek nose, a mouth of exquisite beauty, in the expression of which sweetness and spirit were charmingly combined, a light and gracefully moulded form—these were the least of her attractions. A thousand nameless graces, a thousand lovely but indescribable enchantments in manner, look and tone, betrayed the soul within; and yet, with all this, she was so modest, so timid, so thoroughly feminine and gentle in all her ways and words, that the world never dreamed of calling her a beauty, or of making her a belle. It was those she loved that she enchanted.

### CHAPTER II.

She stood like a beautiful statue by his side. She quelled her tears—she hushed her heart, and spoke in accents calm and cold as his own the vows which were to bind them for life unto each other. She received the congratulations of friends and acquaintances without a sigh, a blush, a sign of emotion—modestly but coldly. Even Harwood himself wondered at her strange self-possession, and while he wondered rejoiced that she had so little feeling to trouble him with. But when her father approached to say farewell, and lead her to the carriage, which was to bear her far from home, her proud resolve gave way!—She threw herself on his breast and sobbed passionately and wildly, like a griefed and frightened child, till her husband, astonished at such a display of emotion in one un-

usually so quiet and subdued, drew her gently away, and seating himself beside her in the carriage, ordered the driver to proceed.

Harriet withdrew from his arm, pleaded fatigue, covered her face with her veil, and soon succeeding in conquering every outward sign of emotion, sat still and silent during the journey.

It was the evening of the wedding-day. The bride had retired to dress for dinner, and Harwood sat dreaming before his library fire, when a note was put into his hand by a footman. What was his surprise at the contents!

"You do not love me!—and no pretence of love which you may adopt from motives of duty or compassion will avail with me. You had your object in proposing this union—I had mine in accepting that proposal. Be content that those objects are gained, and let me be your wife but in name, I beseech you."

### "HARRIET HARWOOD."

Harwood started at the paper in astonishment at first; but he had always looked upon Harriet as a child, and he soon began to consider this as some childish and romantic whim, which required his indulgence.

Amused, perplexed, and, if the truth must be told, a little piqued withal, he hastily wrote on a slip of paper—"Be it so!" and folding it, laid it on the table by the side of her plate.

Harriet blushed as she entered, but took her seat quietly and silently. She glanced at the paper, and with a trembling hand unfolded it. Her cheek and eye kindled as she read, and her pretty lip quivered for a moment. She next put the billet by, and proceeded, with calm and graceful self-possession, to the duties of the table. And Mr. Harwood thinking to himself, for the first time, that his wife was a remarkably pretty woman, dismissed the subject from his mind, and discussed his dinner with great *gout*, and the political topics of the day with still greater.

Fair reader! you will say that Mr. William Harwood was a most unfeeling person. But that was by no means the case. He had been, from childhood, so devoted to intellectual pursuits, that he had never found time even to think of love. Had his good angel but whispered to him, at that moment, that his beautiful *vis a vis* loved him as her life, and that her full heart was waiting and expecting his love in return, he would have given it as in honor bound, and had wondered that he never thought of it before; but the trouble was, he didn't happen to think any thing about it; and I, for one, cannot find it in my heart to scold him, for if he had thought I should have had no story to tell.

### CHAPTER III.

Seeing Harriet only at meals, and absorbed in his ambitious schemes, Harwood at last almost forgot that he had a wife, and the poor girl strove to content herself in her own silent and secret worship of her husband.

But love, unloved, is but  
A weary task at best!  
Better be lying in the grave,  
In dreamless, careless rest!

She mingled sometimes with the gay; but society had no excitement for a mind like hers. She could not long enjoy a conversation in which her heart was not in some way interested. For, while the poetry of feeling was her element, Harriet was not an intellectual person—she was more spiritual than intellectual—her heart supplied the place of a mind.

One evening, at a party, a young English officer approaching Harwood exclaimed, "My dear sir! do you know, can you tell me the name of that beautiful creature leaning by the window? There, that pale, dark eyed girl in white! You ought to know, for she has been looking at you, with her whole soul in the look, for the last five minutes."

Harwood looked up; he caught the eloquent gaze of those beautiful eyes; he saw her start and instantly avert them, with a sudden blush, as if detected in a crime, and strange and new emotions thrilled his heart. The hour had come. Love, the high-priest had suddenly appeared at the altar, and the fire was kindled at length, never again to be wholly extinguished. For the first time aroused to a sense of her singular loveliness, for the first time suspecting her hidden passion for himself, he colored, smiled, and seemed so confused, that his friend was turning away in surprise. But Harwood recovered himself, and taking his arm, led him forward and introduced him to his wife.

As we have said before, Harwood was by no means without a heart, but his giant intellect and his situation in life had hitherto rendered him unconscious of so valuable a possession. After listening for a few moments impatiently to Harriet's graceful and naive conversation with the handsome young officer, he drew her hand within his arm, and pressing it tenderly, whispered, "Let us go home, dear Harriet; I am weary of this scene."

"Dear Harriet!" Was she dreaming—the words, tone, the look, the light caress, all thrilled to her inmost heart. Her eyes filled with tears, and trembling with the heavenly ecstasy of the moment, almost fainting, indeed, from excess of emotion, she murmured,

"Yes let us go at once."

He sprang into the carriage after her, and drew her to his heart. "Oh, William! do you—do you love me! Can it indeed be true!"

"My wife!"

The scene is sacred—let the curtain fall.

### CHAPTER IV.

"More close and close his footsteps wind,  
The magic music in his heart  
Beats quick and quicker till he find  
The quiet chamber far apart."

At an unusually early hour, the next evening, Harwood returned to his now happy home, and, hastening up the stairs, paused at the door of his wife's boudoir, arrested by her voice within. She was singing, in a low and touching voice, and with exquisite taste, a simple song which he had never heard before. Though naturally very fond of music, it had happened by some strange chance that he had not heard Harriet play or sing, indeed he did not know that she possessed the accomplishment.—The words of the song went straight to his heart, and thus they ran:

I knew it! I felt it!—he loves me at last!  
The heart-hidden anguish forever is past!  
Love brightens his dark eye and softens his tone;  
He loves me—he loves me—his soul is mine own!

Come care and misfortune—the cloud and the storm—  
I've a grief can oppress me, no shadow o'errest,  
In that blessed conviction—he loves me at last!

Echoing, with his rich, manly voice, the last five words, Harwood opened the door and held out his arms, and his happy and beautiful wife flew to his embrace, with a fresh and artless delight, peculiarly fascinating to the world-worn man she worshipped.

### CHAPTER V.

For three months, Harwood was a devoted lover and husband, and Harriet was happy in his love; but he could not all at once, and forever, forego the glorious dreams of his youth—and by degrees he returned to his political duties, and grew gradually stately and cold, and apparently indifferent as before.

And now Harriet was more wretched than ever. Now, that she had once experienced the happiness of being loved, caressed, admired, she could not endure life unloved by tenderness and hope. By nature, ardent, susceptible, dependent, upon those around her for happiness, and clinging to all who could offer her affection, it had been only by a violent struggle that she had forced herself into a state of apparent apathy, during the first few weeks of her marriage; but, once aroused from it, she had abandoned her whole being to the enchantment of Love's happy dream, and henceforward life was lost without it.

Her husband's returning coldness and neglect had wounded, but not subdued her heart; and what was the wife to do with all the now unemployed feeling and fancy awakened in its depths!

The interesting young officer, before mentioned, had fallen in love with Harriet at first sight, ere he knew she was the bride of his friend; and, though distinguished in the field by his bravery and skill, *self-conquest* was an art he had neither learned nor dreamed of. Visiting from time to time at the house, he soon saw her unhappiness, and penetrated its cause. His sympathy was excited—his visits grew more frequent—with refined and subtle tenderness, almost irresistible to a heart like hers, he entered earnestly into her pursuits—read with her, walked with her, sang with her—praised her mind and heart—called her "the sister of his soul," and so adapted himself to her affections that Harriet found herself on the verge of a precipice, ere she was aware she had overstepped the limits of propriety and discretion. It was a sort of spiritual magnetism, which she tried in vain to resist.

Harriet would never have been guilty of actual crime—she was too proud and too pure for that; but in a soul so highly toned, so delicately and daintily organized as hers, the slightest aberration, in thought, look or deed, from the faith which was due to her husband, produced a discord, involving the loss of self-respect, and consequent misery and remorse.

And now Love and Sorrow swept the strings, and awakened a melody sweet, but plaintive as the sound of an *Æolian* harp. They had made her a poet, and she poured forth, in frequent verse, the various emotions they aroused.

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### CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Harwood had just returned from a long journey. He had been unsuccessful in two or three important projects, and disgusted with the uncertainty attending his pursuits, he had suddenly determined to abandon politics altogether. His heart yearned towards his sweet wife as it had never yearned before. He had been away from her so long! He needed her love now, he needed her soft voice to soothe and comfort him, and came prepared, not only to receive but to give consolation. He entered her boudoir softly, intending to surprise her. She was reclining on the sofa asleep—pale and sad, with tears still lingering on her lashes, and her fair hair streaming from her childish brow—her lips half parted, and sighing as she slept, she looked so enchantingly lovely that he sprang forward to awaken her with a kiss, when a paper, lying loosely in her hand, arrested his attention. He drew it softly from her. It was addressed "To My Husband," and thinking himself thus justified in reading it, he did so, with what emotions may be better imagined than told. It was as follows:

Oh! hasten to my side, I pray!  
I dare not be alone!  
The smile that thropts, when thou'it away,  
Is fonder than thine own.

The voice that often charms mine ear,  
Hath such beguiling tone,  
'Twill steal my very soul, I fear,  
Ah! leave me not alone!

It speaks in accents low and deep,  
It murmurs praise too dear,  
It makes me passionately weep,  
Then gently soothes my fear;

It calls me sweet, endearing names,  
With Love's own childlike air.

My tears, my doubts, it softly blames—  
'Tis music to my heart!

And dark, deep, eloquent, soul-filled eyes  
Speak tenderly to mine;  
Beneath that gaze what feelings rise!  
It is more kind than thine!

A hand, even pride can scarce repel,  
'Too fondly seeks my own,  
It is not safe!—it is not well!  
Ah! leave me not alone!

I try to calm, in cold repose,  
Beneath his earnest eye,  
The heart that thrills, the cheek that glows—  
Alas! in vain I try!

Oh! trust me not—a woman frail—  
To brave the snares of life!  
Lest lonely, sad, unloved, I fall,  
And shame the name of wife!

Come back! though cold and harsh to me,  
There's no more in thy side!  
Better unloved, yet safe, to be,  
Than lost to truth, to pride!

Alas! my peril hourly grows,  
In every thought and dream;  
But—not to thee my spirit goes,  
But still—yes! still to HIM!

Return with those cold eyes to me,  
And chill my soul once more,  
Back to the loveless apathy,  
It learned so well before!

Jealousy, anger, pity, remorse and love were at war in the breast of Harriet; but with a moment's reflection through the past, upon his own conduct, the three latter conquered, and, kneeling by her side, he pressed his lips upon her brow. She murmured softly in her sleep, "Dear, darling husband! do you love me!" and the color trembled in her cheek like the rosy light of morning on the snow.

Harwood pressed her passionately to his heart, and she awoke terrified, ashamed, penitent, yet happy at length beyond expression, for she forgave and was forgiven. She had overrated, in her sensitive conscientiousness, the extent of her error. Her fancy, her mind, rather than her affections, had beguiled her. Harwood felt at once that the dewy bloom of purity had not been brushed from the heart of his fragile flower, by the darling wing of the insect that had sought it, and henceforth it was cherished in its proper home—his own noble and faithful breast.

### The Man Vot Brints Noosepapers.

A journeyman printer lately set out on foot for the interior of Ohio, a distance of five hundred miles, with an old brass rule and three dollars in cash in his pocket. He soon found himself in Pennsylvania, and being weary, called at the inn of a Dutchman, who he found quietly smoking his pipe, when the following dialogue ensued:

Vell, Misher Walking Schtick, vat you vant?  
Refreshment and repose:  
Supper and lodgings, I reckon?  
Yes, sir, supper and lodgings.

Pe you? A Yankee pedlar, mit chlewelry in your pack to cheat to gals?  
No, sir, no Yankee pedlar.  
A singin' teacher, too lazy to work?  
No, sir.

A chentel shoemaker, vot stehays till Saturday night, and laysh drunk in de porch ofer Sunday?  
No, sir, or I should have mended my boots before this. But I am disposed no longer to submit to this outlandish inquisition. Can you give me supper and lodgings?

Trekely. But vot he you? A look achent taken honest people's money for a little larin' dat only makes em lasy?  
Try again, your worship.

A dentist, breakin' te people's chaws, at a toller a schmagn, und runnin' off mit ole Shambock's taughter?  
No, sir, no tooth puller.

A kernoljus den, feeling to young folks' heads, like so many cabchitt, and charging 25 cents for telling fortunes, like a blam'd Yankee?  
No; no, phrenologist, neither, your Excellency.

Vell, den, vot de life are you? Choost tell, and you shall have some of de best sassage for supper, and stehay all night, free gratis, mitnut charging you a cent; mit a chill of whiskey to start on before preakfast.

Very well, your honor. To terminate the colloquy without further circumlocution; I am an humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art, preservative of all arts—a typographer, at your service!  
Votsel dat?

A printer, sir, a man that prints books and newspapers.

A man vot brints noosepapers! Oh! yaw! yaw! By Choopier—aye! ye! Datsch it! a man vot brints noosepapers—yaw! yaw! Walk up, walk up, Misher Brinter! Chems, dake de chentleman's pack off. Chohn, bring some junks to de fire. A man vot brints noosepapers. I wish I may pe shot if I did't tink you vas a tailor.

DESCRIPTION OF A YANKEE.—"We are born in haste," says an American writer, "we finish our education on the run; we marry on the wing; we make a fortune at a stake, and lose it in the same manner, to make and lose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, going at the rate of twenty miles an hour; our soul a high pressure engine; our life is a shooting star; and death overtakes us like a flash of lightning."

There is a man down east who celebrates his birth day by paying for his newspapers.