# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

Vol. IX, No. 21. HUNTINGDON, Pa., JUNE 5, 1844. Whole No. 437.

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.


## POETRY.

*From the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

### NAPOLEON.

BY A FARMER POET.

"During his captivity at St. Helena, Napoleon in an excursion over the Island, took the plough from the hands of a farmer, and skilfully traced a furrow of considerable length."

The hero of an hundred fields,
Close prisoned in his rocky isle,
Sought that delight which Nature yields
Man's troubled spirit to beguile;
His schemes of boundless pride were foiled—
Gone was his dream of glory now;
He turned where rustic labor toiled,
And held, with skilful hand, *the plough.*

Ah, had he known no other lot,
How happy then had been his life!
Secluded in some rural cot,
Aloof from fickle fortune's strife;
What though unknown his peaceful name
Among the mighty ones of earth?
A guileless heart had been his fame,
Forth-heralded by deeds of worth.

He might have lived beloved, revered,
The patriarch of the rural vale,
By every lawless villian feared
Who makes the cheek of Beauty pale;
High Priest of Justice and of Truth,
Dispensing good among his race,—
That were a life divine, in sooth,
And worthy of celestial grace!

Or had that *Roman* virtue high,
Which fired the breast of WASHINGTON,
Led him to nobly 'do or die,'
Till France had fame and freedom won;
Then, yielding up the helm of State,
With a whole nation's blessings crowned,
Ah, nobler far had been his fate,
Tilling with his own hands the ground!

This proud and mighty son of earth
Was nursed in penury and grief;
Nor heeded he of rank or birth,
By *Nature* formed of men the chief;
Knowledge from source like this hath sprung;
Had Europe's conquerer no claim
For *peaceful triumphs* to be sung,
More lasting than Marengo's fame?

Behold at last the conqueror's lot,
The final end of lawless pride;
His eyes closed on a desert spot,
Silent mid ocean's surges wide—
And grief pursued him till he died!
Mid tempests dire he passed away;—
'The everlasting hills' deride
This mighty thing of mortal clay!

The Pyramids, Rivola's day,
Imperial pow'r, the world's renown,
The triumphs of despotic sway,
Of thrones and coronets cast down,—
These never, never can atone,
For but one tear of guileless worth,
Forced in the conquest of a throne,
Which wither'd myriads from earth!

Down with *Ambition's* bloody wreath,
Accursed may they still remain—
Those laurels foul with scent of death
And carnage on the battle-plain!
Oh! would just men stand sternly forth,
With frowns of awe, and words of might,
How would corruption shrink from earth,
Like darkness from day's burning light!

Enshrined within the people's hearts,
The *truly great* shall never die.
Fame, like the rainbow's hues departs,
But Virtue comes from God on high;
And nobler in His sight is *he*,
The humblest of the sons of Truth,
Than he who tasks his life to be
Tyrant of men o'er Right and Ruth.

Thou honest son of rustic toil,
Thou art the truly noble one;
For bounteous Heaven with gracious smile
Approves thy race of life well run;
Submit to no foul passion's sway,
With wreaths of knowledge deck thy brow,
*And kings will cast their crows away,*
*To seek true glory at the plough.*

Wayne county Pa., April, 1844. I. J.

*From the Lady's Book.*

### The Broken Circle.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

We mourn for the loved and cherish'd
Called hence in her early bloom,
Like a fair young flower, which perish'd
In the glow of its rich perfume:
We weep for the circle broken—
For affection's severed ties—
And emblem every garnered token
Of the lost one in hallowed sighs.

But we mourn not in hopeless sorrow—
Our darkness is not all gloom—
For from Faith can our lorn hearts borrow
A light that illumines the tomb:
And a message of peace doth greet us,
From the loved one borne to her rest—
Though she comes not to earth to meet us,
We shall go to her and be blest.

☞ For variety—see fourth page.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PHANTOM

OF

### PETER SCHLEMIHL.

Though many years have elapsed since I first perused the admirable narrative in which Chamisso makes us acquainted with the fate of Peter Schlemihl, I have not forgotten the feeling of awe that took posession of me on reading his marvellous adventures. A circumstance that lately occurred brought it on its most vivid colours before me I relate it, in the hope of interesting, not only those to whom the story of Schlemihl is familiar, but also others who, being as yet in ignorance of his history may be induced to make themselves acquainted with it. To render myself intelligible to this latter class it will, however, be necessary to give a slight sketch of his story.

Peter Schlemihl barters his shadow for riches and a life of misery is the consequence of the unholy bargain.

'His shadow!' cries every one, astonished.

'So it was; and a little reflection will show the value of this neglected follower, and the evil that would attend his loss.

The shadow, like original sin, was born with man and has in like manner been his inheritance for thousands of years. All the the ills incident to morals leave him unharmed. No sword has ever reached him; no flame burnt him. Neither hunger, pestilence, nor poverty can annihilate him. Unrefined by education, he is equally bound to the barbarian and the civilized man; to the fool and the wise; the negro and the white. With all has he struggled on, through difficulty and danger, a true and faithful companion. Learn, then, to honour thy shadow!

For those who do not feel convinced of his worth, I will quote the words of Schlemihl himself.

'I looked around, but as far as the eye could reach nothing was to be seen save the wide extending monotonous plain. No bush, no tree, not a stone on which to lay my weary head; no sound broke the death-like stillness; nothing was stirring; no lowering clouds to remind me of my distant enemies, no fluttering bird to recall my forsaken friends. I felt that I had no longer any connexion with my fellow-creatures; that I was alone—deserted—lost. The sun was setting as I rose, when, lo! a second figure rose before me, an old friend—a faithful companion—my shadow. The same that had formerly glided with me over verdant meadows and through flowery vales; that had been reflected in the moonlight on the marble pillars of palaces, and stretched itself at my feet as, by the light of some expiring taper, I waited at the given rendezvous. In joy and in sorrow, in prosperity and misfortune, it had ever clung to me. I eagerly stretched-out my hands; the shadow followed my example. I raised them towards heaven, and it imitated my movements. I threw myself upon my knees, and with me knelt my shadow. I was comforted; and when to others not a shade of hope would have appeared, I drew immediate consolation from my shadow, for it had forsaken all, smiling landscapes, stately hills, and luxurious palaces, to follow me, and now lay quiet and contented by my side on the hard sand of the desert.'

We will suppose that by some chance a man should lose his shadow. Would it be possible to repair the loss of this second self? Never! a leg may be carved, a finger turned, but who can create an artificial shadow!

In an ungarded moment Peter Schlemihl parted with his; but had he known the friend he was resigning, he would as soon have signed away his soul. No sooner did his fellow-creatures perceive the loss, than they averted their faces from him, and none would hold communion with the shadowless being. It was then that after the most desperate expedients to repair this loss, Satan, observing his dispair at the failure of his efforts, cunningly offered to return the dearly prized shadow in exchange for his soul. Happily he had strenght to resist this temptation; and retiring from the world, he dedicated himself to the study of nature assisted by the wonderful seven-league boots, which were probably bestowed on him by some mighty power that approved and protected him. But to my tale.

My luggage had preceded me to the diligence; and as I hurried into the coach yard, I could hear the conductor calling over the numbers of his passengers.

'Number eight!'

'Here, here!' exclaimed I.

'Cabriolet, left-hand corner,' said he.

'How delightful!' thought I, 'the very place I should have selected; for besides being insured against more than two unpleasant companions, I shall be able to see the country.' The conductor opened the door, and I got in. Good heavens! the whole coupe was crammed with band-boxes, from the largest to the smallest sizes, round, square, oblong, blue, black, and white, a perfect choas of paste board. But my intention was not long fixed upon the boxes, for in the opposite corner, nearly buried under them, sat a female, whose pretty face soon attracted my admiration. A delicately-formed Grecian nose, a complexion of dazzling fairness, added to large blue eyes, with long silky lashes, formed a picture that reconciled me in a moment to the obnoxious band-boxes. It was completed by two long braids of dark brown hair that fell from under the snowy cap, and contrasted delightfully with the brilliancy of her complexion. 'I wonder what she is?' thought I. 'Either a lady's maid or a milliner,' I answered to my own question. Arranging my features in their most insinuating expression, sinking my voice into its softest tone, and pulling up my shirt-collar, I said—

'Shall I have the pleasure of your company as far as F——?'

'Yes,' she replied, 'I am going to F——where I hope to arrive this evening as I have much to do there.'

'Indeed!' I said, glancing at the heap of packages, 'the business is urgent, no doubt?'

'Oh yes,' she returned, 'I am taking the last fashions to the Countess of C——.'

I was about to reply, but the postilion was already mounted and blowing his horn; and everybody knows that when a German postilion blows his horn, his hearers bless themselves, and wait in silence till he has finished. The conductor sprang to his seat, the horses moved; when just as I was congratulating myself on being alone with the pretty milliner, the door was suddenly opened, and there appeared—Good Heavens! Could it be a man? Did ever mortal see limbs of such outrageous longitude? While I gazed at him with doubt and astonishment, he, not even giving himself the trouble to wait till the steps were let down, made but one stride from the pavement to the middle place in the cabriolet; and while one long spindle-shank still rested on the ground, his old white hat actually touched the window at the opposite corner. The question where he was to find room in a coupe, already half-filled with band-boxes, seemed for the first time to occur to him; but he did not suffer it to embarrass him long, for, stretching out his arm, he quietly began to stow them away in the pockets and under the seats. He then packed the rest neatly together, and gradually drawing his lengthy limbs into the coach, took his place between me and the milliner. How he got there, Heaven only knowns! but without causing the least inconvenience to either of us, there he sat, doubled together like a bat with folded wings.

A general silence followed his entrance; the conversation had been interrupted, and no one seemed disposed to commence a fresh one. I threw several side glances at the new comer. He was an elderly man, on whose sallow face time had plowed many a furrow. His long aquiline nose almost concealed two small eyes so deeply sunk in his head, that it was imposible to judge of their color, while the wrinkles that surrounded the corners of his large, ill-shaped mouth, give a disagreeable expression to his countenance, that was by no means diminished by a long chin covered with a scanty red beard. A shabby hat, only partially concealed a head of bushy hair of the same unpleasing hue. His dress consisted of a dark grey coat, the cuffs of which did not reach to within six inches of his wrists. Trousers of the same material, and as short as the coat-sleeves, completed the costume of this strange figure. A small steel chain induced me to suppose he possessed a watch, the only visible luggage he had brought with him.

The reader will easily imagine that this was an apparition little calculated to create a favorable impression on a young and handsome woman, and yet, seated between me and the fair occupant of the other corner, I might as well have had the Chinese wall in his place. Had he been one of the handsomest men living I could not have felt a more thorough detestation of him than I did. There was a something, too, in his appearance not entirely strange to me; and although I could not recollect that I had ever seen his face before, its expression seemed familiar. This circumstance perplexed and annoyed me. At length the stranger looked hard at me, and seemed desirous of breaking the long silence; but, meeting with no encouragement on my part, he turned to the milliner, and asked, in a drawling voice, from whence she came?

'From R——,' was the answer.

'No offence, I hope,' continued the stranger.—'Are you going to F—— ?'

'I am,' she replied,

'On business, I suppose?' was the next question.

'Yes. And where do you come from?' she continued, with a view as it seemed of avoiding further questioning.

'Where do I come from?' he replied with a chuckling laugh. 'I have just left Hamburg.—Have you ever been at Hamburg? Fine city,' he went on, 'large city—rich city. I made a good thing of it at Hamburg,' rubbing his hands together as if recalling some pleasant recollections.

'From Hamburg!' I repeated to myself. 'Why, it was in Hamburg that———' I wonder what sort of business he had at Hamburg?'

At this moment the postilion began to curse and swear, as postilions alone know how. His rage was certainly excusable, for the lash of his whip having entangled itself in the harness, he had, after ten minutes spent in trying to disengage it, at length lost his patience, and given a sudden jerk that had broken the whipcord. He could no longer crack his whip, and, after a fruitless search in his pockets for a new lash, he turned as a last resource to the coupe, and asked if any one could give him a piece of string. Before I had time to recollect whether I could assist him, my long neighbor had unbuttoned the three top buttons of his coat, and, taking a small roll of whip-cord from his breast pocket, offered it to the postilion. The latter seemed to receive it as a matter of course, and, cutting it in two equal parts, he put the one by for some future emergency, and having mended his whip with the other, commenced cracking it with redoubled energy.

We were now commencing the descent of a steep hill, and the conductor sprang from his box in order to put the dragon, when his foot slipped and he fell with some violence on a heap of stones at the roadside. Shocked at the accident, I jumped out of the coach to offer my assistance. Fortunately, he had received no other injury than a slight cut on the face, from which the blood flowed pretty freely.

'Has anybody a piece of sticking plaster?' said he.

No sooner was the question asked, than the stranger again opened his shabby coat, and drawing forth a large black leather pocket-book, took a sheet of court plaster from it, and offered it to the wounded man. He tore off a piece, applied it to the cut, and thrusting the remainder into his pocket, quickly mounted his seat, and at the word 'Forward!' the coach rolled on.

'You have torn your cloak,' said the milliner, as I regained my place. On examination I found she was right. There was a large rent in the blue lining.

'If I had a needle and thread I would soon mend it,' she continued.

Scarcely had she finished speaking, before our companion once more opened his coat, drew forth the pocket-book, and, taking out a small packet of needles and some blue silk, offered them to her.

We now stopped to change horses, and my pretty companion had only just time to finish her task before we were once more in motion.

'How tiresome not to have scissors,' said she.

That the scissors immediately made their appearance out of the same coat, the same pocket, and the same pocket-book, now caused me no astonishment. I thanked the pretty sempstress, assuring her that I should look on the darn in my cloak as a souvenir. She blushed, and to hide her confusion, commenced praising the needles. My neighbor assured her that they were English, and requested her to accept them, which she did without further remark.

'The incarnate fiend!' thought I; he has everything at his command, he serves everybody, and yet no one thanks him.'

Each moment I became more uneasy at his presence. The air which had been so cold as to force us to keep everything closely shut, now seemed thick and sultry. I opened the window and wished for a storm, rain, wind, thunder, anything, in short, to change the atmosphere.

'I will smoke,' thought I. After asking the pretty milliner if she objected to the smell of tobacco, and receiving a negative answer, I began filling my pipe. Like most smokers, I generally carry a flint and steel with me, but on the present occasion I had lost or mislaid the former. While I was vainly seeking it, my mysterious neighbor handed me a piece of ready-lighted tinder, which he took out of a small box from his fathomless pocket. I hesitated to accept it; but he quickly placed it in my pipe, and I began smoking without even thinking of thanking him for his civility.

Suddenly the small window which communicates with the interior of the coach was opened, and a voice asked if anybody had a smelling bottle, as a lady was taken faint. What could be expected but that our friend should plunge his hand into his pocket and draw forth a large bottle of salts, which disappeared like magic through the opening. The irritation of my nerves became so intolerable at these proceedings, that to divert my attention I attempted conversation.

'Do you know,' I said, addressing myself to the milliner "that you shall have the opportunity of seeing a magnificent exhibition of pictures at F——?'

'Would you like to look over the catalogue?' interrupted the Grey-coat, at the same time placing one in my hand. I had in vain endeavored to procure one at the town of P——.

'Nothing is impossible to him, that is certain,' though I.

'Will you be able to find your way in the bustle of a large commercial town?' I continued to the milliner.

'I believe it will be difficult,' she returned, 'as it is my first visit to F——.'

"In that case you should get a plan of the town,' I remarked.

'It gives me great pleasure to be able to offer you one,' said the stranger, with his peculiar laugh, while he presented her with the map in question.

'Oh! here is the theatre,' she exclaimed, as her eye ran over it; 'I wonder what is to be performed to-night?'

'That you may easily see,' said the unknown, handing her a play-bill, that appeared still wet from the printing-press.

The face of the young milliner lighted up with pleasure; but as for me, my very flesh crept, and I resolved to remain silent, lest some inadvertently expressed wish should give this limb of Satan an opportunity of laying me under some obligation. I had already seen enough to make me certain he was no mortal. Whipcord, court-plaster, needles, silk, tinder, smelling-bottles, catalogue, map, and play-bill, all had come out of his pocket, and that before the wish to see them had been well uttered. I felt certain that if a wheel had broken, a horse fallen, or an extra chaise been required, he would, with the greatest facility, have provided for the want out of the same pocket. There was no longer any responsibility or doubt—it was the Evil One—Satan himself lurking within the uncouth form of the traveller.

I was interrupted in my reverie by the dilligence suddenly stopping. I jumped out, and making an inward vow that nothing could induce me to take my place again next this outrageous being, I called the conductor aside.

'Who is the tall gentleman that was in the coupe with me?'

'Can't say; he came too late to be entered on the way-bill.'

'But is there no name on his luggage?'

'Luggage,' repeated the conductor; 'he has got it all on his back. He has no extra weight to pay for like you.'

Every thing seemed to confirm my suspicions.—He could not be a merchant and come from Hamburg without luggage. I sat down on a small bench before the post-house. The sun was already sinking and shot its rays horizontally from under a cloud, shedding a soothing warmth over me, and throwing my shadow in dark outlines on the newly white-washed wall behind me.

As I remained resting my chin on my stick, lost in thoughts I was roused by a well-known voice. I looked up and saw the owner of the grey coat approaching. Much as I wished to avoid him I found it impossible to move away. I felt nailed to the spot where I sat like a bird under the facinating gaze of a rattle snake. Advancing to within four paces of me, the stranger raised his hat, and mumbled some sort of salutation. Summoning all my energies for a last effort.

'What is it you want with me?' I asked, in, I believe, a somewhat unsteady voice.

'I beg pardon for interrupting you,' he replied, with a low bow, 'but if you would only allow me ———'

'Allow what in the devil's name?'

The stranger advanced another step, pointed to to the wall, and muttered half aloud, 'What a very beautiful shadow!'

I shrank back upon my seat. My blood froze, and I remained for a moment incapable of speech, but motioning him away with my hand. There was now no longer any doubt that he was the same evil being who had cheated poor Schlemihl of his shadow in Hamburg. And should I continue to travel with him?—Never! I would die first.

I wiped the sweat from my forehead, and entered a coach office, placed a thaler in the hand of the conductor, with a requst that he would remove my dreaded companion to the interior. He smiled as he cast a sly glance at the pretty milliner. My object was, however, gained, and I once more took my place, with lighted heart, in the coupe, where I passed the rest of my journey in agreeable conversation with my neighbor.

Having imprudently named the hotel where I intended stopping, and feeling no wish to be followed by the owner of the grey coat, I determined on changing my plan; and although the house I now made choice of was at some distance from the coach-office, I preferred my inconvenience to the risk of again meeting him. Accordingly, after waiting some time for my luggage, I proceeded to the hotel. The rain descended in torrents; I had heated myself in walking, and was drenched to the skin; this, added probably to the excitement I had undergone in the day, made me feel restless and feverish, and I retired early to bed. Heavens! what a night! Shall I ever forget it? There I lay, tossing and tumbling from side to side, vainly endeavoring to sleep; and when at length I closed my eyes, the most fearful images presented themselves to my heated imagination.

At one moment I was followed by Peter Schlemihl in *propria persona;* at another the grey-coated stranger; with his chuckling laugh, was persuading me to sell my shadow to him. Then came shadows without owners, followed by the shadowless beings themselves, and amongst them my own figure.—Then, again, as I walked, it seemed that my shadow was restored, while the dreaded stranger following appeared as if watching an opportunity to pilfer it from me.

On awakening in the morning I found myself so indisposed as to be compelled to send for a physician, who wrote a prescription and ordered me to keep my bed. This I did for two days, but on the third, finding myself considerably better, I rose and dressed myself. The first person I met on entering the public room of the inn, was the waiter, who informed me that during my illness a gentleman had frequently inquired after me, and had been anxious to see me; which, however, had not been allowed in consequence of the physician's orders that I should be kept perfectly quiet and undisturbed.

'Did he leave his name?' I asked.

'He did not, sir, but will call again to-morrow; he is a very tall, thin gentleman, and wears a grey coat.'

It was clear! Satan was following me, determined not to loose his prey.

The coach started at seven o'clock every evening—how fortunate! I secured a place, sent my luggage to the office, and waited in trembling till the hour should come that would see me safely out of the town of F———. As the time approached I became uneasy. I locked the door, and every footstep made my heart beat with redoubled violence. Could I escape him! Ha! a quarter of seven.—Thank God! I flew to the office, scarcely daring to look round for fear of seeing the accursed grey-coat; nor till we were fairly outside of the town, and the horses proceeding at a brisk pace did I feel sufficiently secure to unmuffle my face, which I had concealed in the folds of my cloak.

How greatly was I surprised, in glancing at the only person who, beside myself occupied the coupe, to recognize the pretty features of the milliner. She seemed equally pleased at the meeting, as it gave her an opportunity of talking over everything she had seen during the three days passed in F———.

What difference in our recollections of the same place. She had visited theatres, exhibitions, tea-gardens, everything, in fact, that could render her stay agreeable, while I had been in bed with a raging fever. The time passed quickly as she related, and I listened to all she had heard and seen, till at length (there must be an end to everything, even to a pretty woman's conversation) she had nothing more to tell. We remained silent for some time, when, suddenly recollecting the grey-coated stranger, "Have you ever seen our former travelling companion?' I asked.

'Oh, yes!' replied she, 'he has been with me often; but we only concluded our business this morning.'

'What!' I exclaimed, as dreadfully shocked, I involuntarily looked round for the thoughtless shadow. But it was already dark, and I was forced to to remain in painful uncertainty.

'Yes,' she continued, 'he is very clever; he took my shadow in a minute.'

'Your shadow!' I exclaimed, almost beside myself; 'how horrible! and could you allow it to be taken?"

'Why not!' said she, seemingly much astonished.

'And do you know, unhappy girl, who that grey-coated monster is?'

'To be sure I do,' replied the modiste, looking at me as though she entertained some doubts of my sanity. 'I have got his card; and at the same time fumbling in a coquettish little silk reticule, she held out to me a small piece of pasteboard, some three inches square. I hesitated a moment before taking it, and vague ideas of burnt fingers passed through my mind; but observing that my companion's pretty digits were unsinged by the contact, I at length took the card. The following words were engraved upon it:—

J. ZEIZELF, from Hamburg,
Takes profiles by the shadow.

FLY BLOWN.—The iodine of nitrogen is an article so highly explosive, that when dry, it will explode on being touched. Professor M——— says that he has sometimes prepared it for his experiments, and placed it on paper to dry; the flies would light on the paper, and in the course of their preambulations, their feet would touch the particles, and before they were aware of the danger, they would be as effectually *blown up*, as if they were on board a western steamboat when she collapsed a flue.

A NEW METHOD OF CATCHING RATS.—Locate your bed in a room much infested by rats, and on retiring to bed, put the light out, and then strew over your pillow some strong cheese, three or four red herring, some barley meal, or new malt, and a sprinkling of dried codfish. Keep awake until you find the rats are at work, and then make a *grab.*

'I tell you wat, Sam, I hab a monstus 'spute wid maassa dis mornin, down in de cotton patch;' 'You don't see so, Cesar! wat you 'pute wid maassa?' 'Yes, I tell you for one hour, we 'spute togeder, down in de cotton patch.'

'Wa, wa, wat you 'spute about?'

'Why, you see Sam, maassa come down da whar I was hoein, an maassa, he say squash grow best on sandy ground, an I say so too; and dar we 'spute about it for more 'en one hour!' 'My lor!'

POETRY AND OYSTERS.—An oysterman a few evenings since, after having regaled the ears of the good citizens with a number of variations of that interminable 'Yeo—prime—O—ya—a—a—,' and not succeeding in his endeavors to effect sales by any ordinary method, he burst forth in a stream of poetry, that one would think enough to wake up the loggerheads, and make the wood chucks leff dare holes.

I am a lively lad,
And I lately come from *Bosting,*
And I make an honest livelihood,
A sellin' werry good oy*stie.*
Yeo—prime oystis!

'I don't know what to do with my feet,' said a passenger, endeavoring to squeeze into a crowded stage; 'you had better leave them in *the boot,*' replied the driver.

It is said that Mons. Sylvain, who dances with Fanny Elssler, is an *Irishman*, named Sullivan, and that he can only dance a *Paddy do,* (pas do deux.)

Why are the people in Chester, like rabbits?—Because they live in a *borough.*

I don't like such *rote-man-tick* excursions, as the boatman said, ven a man vanted him to take him across the river, and trust for the fare.

'T were vain to tell thee all I fell, as a sailor said to the bo'son, ven he was *catechising* him.

I'm travelling *in cog.*, as the man said ven he vas pulled in by the wheel, at the steam mill.

It has been a long time fashionable for ladies to have young gentlemen dangling after them; we read in the bible about Ruth and her *Boaz.*

What miracle can the Governor of Pennsylvania perform? He can turn Rum into *Porter.*

'Punning is the smallest kind of wit,' said a person who did not deal much in the article. 'Certainly,' was the reply; 'it is a very *pun*-y matter.'

Why is England like a celebrated patent medicine? Because it is British '*ile.*

What rum-suckers they must have been in old times, when even the noblemen used to carry *casques* on their heads!

Why is a *lame duck* like one in the bilbees?—Because he's punished with *steels.*