

JONATHAN'S VISIT TO THE GENERAL COURT.

I guess you won't be a little struck up when you find that I'm in Boston. I went up to the State House to see what was going on there; but I thought I'd get off my apple sauce on my way—and seeing a sign of old clothes bartered, I stepped in and made a trade, and got a whole suit of superfine black broadcloth from top to toe, for a firkin of apple sauce, (which didn't cost me much I guess at home.) Accordingly I rigged myself up in the new suit, and you'd hardly know me. I didn't like the set of the shoulders, they were so dreadful puckery; but the man said that all was right. I guess he'll find the apple sauce full as puckery when he gets down into it—but that's between ourselves. When I got up to the State House I found them all at work on the rail road—busy enough I can tell you—they got a part of it made already. I found most all the folks kept their hats on except the man who was talking out loud and the man he was talking to—all the rest seemed to be busy about their own concerns. As I didn't see any body to talk to, I kept my hat on and took a seat, and look'd round to see what was going on. I hadn't been comfortably there long before I saw a slick-headed, sharp-eyed little man, who seemed to have the principal management of the folks, looking at me pretty sharp. Are you a member? says he—sartin says I. How long have you taken your seat? says he. About ten minutes, says I.—Are you qualified? says he. I guess not, says I. And then he left me. But he soon returned and said it was proper for to be qualified before I took my seat, and I must go before the governor! By jingo! I never felt so before in all my born days. As good luck would have it he was beckoned to come to a man at the desk, and as soon as his back was turned I gave him the slip. Just as I was going off, the gentleman who bought my turkie took hold of my arm, and I was afraid at first that he was going to carry me to the governor. How long have you been here long. Then says he in a very pleasant way, a few of your brother members are to take pot-luck with me to-day, and I should be happy to have you join them. Says I, yes, and thank ye too; how long before you'll want me, says I. At 3 o'clock, says he, and gave me a piece of paste-board with his name on it, and the name of the street, and the number of his house, and said that would shew me the way. After strolling round and seeing a great many things about the state house, I went into the street they call Bacon street, and my stars! what swarms of women folks I saw, all dressed up as if they were going to meeting. You can tell cousin Polly Sabburn, who you know is no pink stern, that she needn't take on so about not being genteel in her shapes—for the greatest ladies here beat her as to size all hollow. I don't believe one of 'em could get into our fore door—and as for their arms—I should 'nt want better measure for a bushel of meal than one of their sleeves would hold. I took out the piece of paste-board and began to inquire my way and got along completely, and found the number the first time—but the door was locked, and there was no knocker, and I thump't with my whip handle, but nobody come. And says I to a man going by, don't nobody live here, and says he, yes. Well, how do you get in? Why, says he, ring—and says I, ring what? And says he, the bell. And says I, where's the rope? and says he, pull that little brass nob; and so I gave it a twitch and I'm sure a bell did ring; and who do you think opened the door with a white apron afore him? You couldn't guess for a week—so I'll tell you. It was Stephen Furlong, who kept our district school last winter, for 5 dollars a month, and kept bachelor's hall in aunt Jerusha's tober end of the old house. We was considerably struck up at first, both of us; and when he found that I was going to eat dinner with Mr. — and the General Court, he thought it queer kind of doings—but, says he, I guess it will be as well for both of us not to know each other a bit more than we can help. And says I with a wink, you're half right, and in I went.

Mr. — has about as nimble a tongue as you ever heard, and could say ten words to my one, and I had nothing to do in the way of making talk. I heard a ringing, and Stephen was busy opening the door and letting in the General Court, who all had their hats off; and looking pretty scrumpscious, you may depend, I didn't see but I could stand alongside 'em without disparagement, except my boots, which had just got a lick of bees was and tallow. All at once, two doors flew away from each other right into the wall, and what did I see but one of the grandest thanksgiving dinners you ever laid your eyes on—and lights on the table, and silver candle sticks and gold lamps over head—I guess more than one of us stared at first, but we soon found the way to our mouths—I made Stephen tend out to me pretty sharp, and he got my plate filled three or four times with soup, which beat all I ever tasted. There was considerable talk about stock and manufactory, and liberties and remedies; and a great loss on stock, I thought this a good

chance for me to put in a word—for I calculated I knew as much about raising stock and keeping over as any of 'em. Says I to Mr. —, there's one thing I've always observed in my experience in stock—just as sure as you try to keep over more stock than you have fodder to carry them well into April, one half will die on your hands, to a certainty—and there's no remedy for it—I've tried it out and out, and there's no law that can make a ton of hay keep over ten cows, unless you have more carrots and potatoes than you can throw a stick at. This made some of the folks stare, who didn't know much about stock—and Steve give me a jog, as much as to say keep quiet. He thought I was getting into a quagmire, and soon after, giving me a wink, he opened the door, and got me out the room.

MEASURING FOR A SUPPER.

A tall, raw-boned, black headed fellow, of no very prepossessing appearance, stopped awhile ago at one of the hotels in Boston, and asked for supper. Shaffer, the famous dancing master, who, we are told, is one of the greatest wags in the country, being present, Boniface tipped him the wink to assume *pro tem.* the duties of the landlord. Shaffer putting on such an air of importance as became the master of the house, told the stranger he could have supper, and desired to know what he would choose. "Sausages," replied, the other. "Very well, sir," said the temporary landlord, stepping up to him. "I'll take your measure, if you please." "My measure!" ejaculated the stranger, and began to draw back. "Yes sir," continued the wag, "we always take the measure of people before we get them a meal of victuals." "What! measure a man for a meal of victuals; the same as you would for a coat or pair of trousers? By jingo! that beats me, I tell ye." Then surveying his stout frame with a rueful countenance, he concluded not to take supper, but content himself with a couple of crackers and a glass of cider. "O, very well, sir," said the lover of fun; and the man having despatched the crackers and sent the cider after them, asked if he could have a bed. "I'll see presently," said the counterfeit landlord, and casting his eye busily over a slate that hung up in the bar, he resumed, "Yes, sir, we can accommodate you—we have one that has but eleven in it."—"What! eleven in one bed, and more to be stowed in yet? By hokey! I should like to know how they sleep in Boston." "Well, you shall soon have an opportunity of trying it. Here, Thomas, light this gentleman to bed, in No. 1340." "Stop, stop, Mister! I say, landlord, I should like to know first how we are to lie so many in a bed?" "O, there's no difficulty, at all, sir; we pile them up in layers, four lengthwise, and four crosswise, and then the same number lengthwise again, and so on till we get the bed full." "Is that the way you fix 'em?" Then by the holy spoon!" (making towards the door,) "you don't catch me to stay in Boston this night, I know!"—*N. Y. Constellation.*

NUMBER SEVEN.

Seven is composed of the two first perfect numbers, equal and unequal—three and four—for the number two consisting of repeated unity, which is no number, is not perfect.—Hippocrates says that the septenary number, by its occult virtues, tends to the accomplishment of all things, is the dispenser of life, and fountain of all its changes; and like Shakespeare, he divides the life of man into seven ages. In 7 months a child may be born and live, and not before; and anciently it was not named before seven days—not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical day—the teeth spring out in the 7th year, when infancy is changed into childhood—at twice 7 years puberty begins; at thrice 7 years the faculties are developed, manhood commences, and we become legally competent to all civil acts—at four times 7 man is in the full possession of his strength; at five times 7 he is fit for the business of the world—at six times 7 he becomes grave and wise, or never—at 7 times 7 he attains his apogee, and from that time decays—at eight times 7 he is in his first climacteric—at nine times 7, or 63, he is in his grand climacteric, or year of danger—and ten times 7, or three score years and ten, has been pronounced by the Royal Prophet the natural period of human life. The 7th year, as well as the 7th day, was directed to be a sabbath of rest for all things, and at the end of 7 times 7 years commenced the grand jubilee. Every 7th year there was a general release from all debts, and all bondsmen were set free.—Every 7 years the law was directed to be read to the people—and by that law, every man was commanded to forgive his offending brother 7 times seven; but the meekness of the last revealed religion extended his humility and forbearance to 70 times 7. "If Cain shall be avenged 7 fold, truly Lamech 70 times 7." The Rabbis say, that God employed this number to perfect the greatness of Samuel, his name corresponding to the value of the letters in the Hebrew tongue, which signify 7; whence Hannah his mother, in her thanks, says, "that the barren had brought forth 7." The 7th son was formerly considered with pre-eminence wisdom; and the 7th son of the 7th son is still thought to

possess the power of curing diseases spontaneously. Finally, perfection is likened to gold 7 times purified in the fire.

POLICE COURT.

A poor old negro man came hobbling into court, and stated that he wished to make a complaint; on which the following dialogue took place.

Complainant.—I wish to getta de search warrum.

Court. Do you mean a search warrant?

Com. Yes, massa, a search warrum; I loss 'em and I like to hab 'em.

Court. Well, what have you lost?

Com. I lossa my wife, massa.

Court. Did any body steal your wife?

Com. Oh, for sartin. Da carry 'em away, an I no can fine 'em. Oh, de bomina-shum! If I getta 'em, I put 'em in de house ob correcshum.

Court. Well, as you wish to get rid of her, you had better not trouble yourself about her.

Com. Dat no good law, massa. I come for justice done 'em, an I getta justice.

Court. How old is your wife?

Com. She forty lebben massa.

Court. I suppose you mean fifty-one. If you should get a search warrant, what value would you set upon your wife?

Com. Notting at 'all, massa. I setta no value on a ting wort notting.

Court. Then you had better go home, and think nothing about her.

Here Quambo left the court in great grief, muttering, "no law, no satisfacshum, no notting at all." Turning at the door, he very preciously said—"when your wife run away, an you no can fine 'em, I tink den you will pitty poor nigger. God bressa you, massa."

A long and tedious walk.—We all know Mathew's joke of the Chelsea pensioner, who could not move on when ordered by the police at the lord mayor's show, as his timber toe had got fixed in a water plug; but there is nothing which fancy can imagine in the world, not surpassed by reality the following true narrative will shew:—A poor fellow, who recently suffered the amputation of a limb in St. George's hospital, was turned out cured. Exasperated by the open air after a long confinement, he sought a public house, and, we are sorry to say, got very drunk, in which condition he left to find his way home. Unluckily for him, his wooden pin, like the pensioner's, discovered a wooden hole in Piccadilly; but, unlike the pensioner, the drink made him suppose he could move on notwithstanding. He accordingly performed a revolution with his other leg round the fixed point or pivot, and must have continued at this work sometime, for he imagined he had walked about five miles; till, alas for his perseverance! he was thrown down and broke his other limb. In this lamentable predicament he was picked up and reconveyed to the hospital, after an absence of less than twenty-four hours.

Curious Advertisement.—In the Pottery Gazette appeared recently the following announcement:—"James Scott, whitesmith, gardener, fishmonger, schoolmaster & watchman; teeth drawn occasionally; shoemaker, chapel clerk, crier of the town, running footman, groom and organ blower, keeper of the Town-hall, letter carrier, brewer, winder of the clock, toller of the eight o'clock bell, waiter, and bill poster, fire bucket maker to the Protector Fire-office, street springer, assistant to a Staffordshire potter, fire-lighter to the dancing master, sheriff's officers' deputy, ringer of market bell, toll-taker to the bailli of the hundred, and keeper and deliverer of the fair standings, returns his most grateful acknowledgments to the inhabitants of Stoke, for the many favors already received, and begs to assure them that it shall be his constant study to merit their patronage. N. B. A child's caul for sale.

An Irish lawyer had a client of his own country, who was a sailor. During his absence at sea, his wife had married again, and he was resolved to prosecute her: coming to advise with his counsellor, he was told that he must have witnesses to prove that he was alive when his wife was married again.—"Arrah, by my ehoul, but that will be impossible," said the other; "for my shipmates are all gone to sea again upon a long voyage, and will not return again this twelve month.—"Oh! then," answered the lawyer, "there can be nothing done in it; and what a pity it is that such a brave cause should be lost now, only because you cannot prove yourself to be alive."

A certain citizen, who had suddenly risen into wealth from a very low condition of life, standing up in the pit of the opera one evening, with his hat on, a lady whispered to another, "We must forgive that man; he has been so little used to the luxury of a hat, that he does not know when to pull it off."

A countryman, passing along the strand, saw a coach overturned, and, asking what the matter was, he was told that three or four members of parliament was overturned in that coach. "Oh," says he, "there let them be: my father always advised me not to meddle with state affairs."

A Horse! A Horse!—We have seen various anecdotes lately going the rounds of the papers, illustrative of the wonderful sagacity sometimes exhibited by several animals; but we think none are more remarkable than the following facts furnished by a credible correspondent:

A farmer in Stafford Co. N. H., had a horse, which he ordinarily kept tied in the stable with a halter. He has frequently been known to untie the halter with his teeth, open the stable door, which was fastened with a hasp on the outside, and get into the barn yard; then he would open the great barn doors, by disengaging from a bolt a stick four or five feet long, enter the barn and fill himself with hay. Afterwards, becoming thirsty, he would open a gate, which was thought to be securely fastened, go to the well, where the water was usually drawn with a bucket and sweep, draw a bucket of water and drink; then for the sake of variety, he would take down the field bars, help himself bountifully to clover, and return to the stable; where his master would find him next morning, looking as demurely as a new married daniel.

The worthy matrons of New York, it seems, were lately in great alarm, lest the world should come to an end before strawberry time. Their apprehensions are calmed by this time as to the Strawberries; but as the Comet is only continued over, as the lawyers say, till October, many fine pippins, plums, and pears, are still in danger. The old planet seems to be pretty nearly land-locked by the wicked arts of the Astronomers; but if she can out weather the point now ahead, and get out of her present "tight place," who knows but she may live as long as the youngest of us?

Play or Pay.—The following incident occasioned much conversation. A discussion arose on Monday in a coffee-house on the Boulevard des Italiens between an elderly gentleman and a young man with black mustachios, which was followed by a challenge given by the latter.—When the parties arrived on the spot, the seconds measured the distance and loaded the pistols. During these preparations, the young mustachios hero kept walking about humming a tune. The gray headed gentleman said nothing, but when every thing was ready suggested that an explanation might even then prevent matters proceeding to extremities; but his antagonist, encouraged by this forbearance, indignantly refused to listen to any thing of the kind. His adversary then coolly took up his pistol, and, seeing a bird flying in the air with great rapidity, he fired at and killed it. The young man turned pale, on which the skillful marksman said,—"You have now seen a proof of my skill, and must either stand my fire or add one hundred Napoleons to the subscription opened for the unfortunate cholera patients.—Decide quickly, and recollect that the larger the bird, the more it is to hit him." The proposition was accepted, and we understand that the money was paid on the same day to one of the arrangements of Paris.—*Paris Paper.*

CROSS READINGS.

A tooth was extracted, a few days since, from the mouth of a gentleman of this city—weighing 450 pounds.

A young lady desirous of obtaining a situation in some respectable family, as a private instructress, would be glad to receive—25 kegs of prime chewing tobacco.

Greatful for past favors, and the liberal patronage begs leave to announce the arrival of 14 cases of—remarkable occurrences—suitable for spring and summer wear.

Found, a few days since—a two story Brick house, situate in—a lady's fashionable sleeve.

Why is a lady while decorating her fingers in distress?—Because she's wringing her hands.

Why is P in the alphabet like the most cruel Roman?—Because it's *Near-O*.

Why is there only 46 weeks in this year? Because the other six are *Leads*.

A provident Grave digger.—The Eastern Centinel of yesterday says, "We understand that our worthy grave digger, Charles Hay, on Wednesday morning last provided himself with a new spade, in anticipation of the cholera."

The leading editorial in the last number of the Wellsborough Phoenix, is as follows:

"No paper will be issued from this office next week. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy? The boys must go a fishing."

A painter, intending to describe the miracle of the fishes listening to the preaching of St. Anthony of Padua, painted the lobsters stretching out of the water red, having probably never seen them in their native state. Being questioned on this, and asked how he could justify his representing the lobsters as boiled, he extracted himself by observing, "that the miracle was the greater."

To increase the durability of pests.—It is said that by boring a hole of half an inch in diameter, near the surface of the ground, and at an angle of 45 deg. with the same, nearly through the part, and filling the same with salt, that their durability will be greatly increased. As the experiment is simple, we hope some of our good farmers will try it, and give the results to the public.—*Gen. Farmer.*