



MEETING OF THE LAZY CLUB.

For the first time, since my notings of this sociable body, I could but admire the happy temperament which seemed to exist at their last meeting, April 1st, 1842. I somewhat feared to attend, knowing the waggishness of several of its members, I did not know but they might play an 'April fool' trick off upon me— But knowing that you were dependent upon me for their interesting proceedings, I thought it my duty, as the faithful chronicler of their potent deliberations, to be present and give you the result of my "pryings." Reader, I wish from my soul, you could have seen them, as I did, when I first got view of them. Smoking seemed to be the entire order of the evening. On an old worn out cushioned arm chair, sat, or rather, half reclined the Hon. President, with legs crossed, and head enveloped in smoke, proceeding from the huge cigar which he indolently held between his teeth, listening in expressive silence to the eulogium being pronounced by Sir Jack Barrister, upon the cherished weed. He must have been indulging in pleasant reveries, and doubtless from the happy smile that played upon his lazy phiz, he was indulging in all the luxurious day-dreams of ideal pleasure; he uttered not a single sound; but I knew he must be holding converse with the bright creations of the Poet, and with all his most rapt and glowing enthusiasm. But the great treat consisted in the Barrister's panegyric of the delicious weed. I wish I were possessed of the Stenographic art, to enable me to give you *verbatim et literatim*, this eloquent production, but I will relate according to the best of my recollection:

'Bulwer,' said he, has said, it is a great soother, a pleasant comforter; blue devils fly before its breath—it ripens the brain, it opens the heart, and the man who smokes, thinks like a sage, and acts like a Samaritan. And an old writer of the 17th century, presents us with the following exquisite morceau:

Though many men cracke,
Some of ale some of sack,
And think they have reason to do it,
Tobacco hath more,
That will never give o'er,
The honor they do unto it.
Tobacco engages
Bot sexes, all ages,
The poor as well as the wealthy;
From the court to the cottage,
From childhood to dotage—
Both those that are sick and the healthy.

All classes alike appreciate its enjoyment; the toil-worn artizan, finds solace in its soothing influence, while the Poet draws inspiration as he muses on the fleecy vapors, as they glide in transparent beauty through the attenuated air. What can be more luxuriously delightful than to sit esconced quietly before a blazing fire, and regaling oneself with the rich fragrance of a fine cigar—whether it be one of S. L.'s best Regalia, Principe, Havanna, Cuba, Imperial, or Queen Victoria's, you will find the same delightful, dreamy, enchanting effects. As Byron has emphatically said before me, so say I, give me a cigar! A cigar! the very word has fragrance in it. Its odor transcends that of a rose, or a roast pig. It springs up as from an altar, and floats on the air like incense.— Apart from every other consideration, it is one of the great help-mates to the glorious cause in which I am engaged—*Temperance*. To enter into the true relish of a cigar, no drinks

should be allowed. 'I can no more,' Mr. President, so I concluded,

'To sing the praises of that glorious weed,
Dear to mankind, whate'er his race, his creed,
Condition, color, dwelling, or degree,
From Zembla's snows, to parch'd Arabia's
sands;
Loved by all lips, and common to all hands!
Hail, sole cosmopolite—Tobacco, hail!
Slag, long-cut, short-cut, pig-tail, quid or roll,
Dark negro head, or Oronoko pale;
In every form congenial to the soul!
'Tobacco hail!'

And the speaker made his *exit in fumo!*

Here Mr. Quidlover rose and said, 'he belonged to the chewing crowd, and as there was none of the 'pig tail' upon the board, he should forthwith despatch their faithful valet George for some—and as the speaker who had just taken his seat seemed to be of the opinion that smoking was the *only* way in which the delicious weed inspired Poetic genius, he would indite his order in poetic strains, and thus convince him of his error. He accordingly perpetrated the following:

My boy George,
Not very large,
Goes straight from me to you,
To get some weed,
Virginia breed,
To soothe me while I chew!

The meeting was a very convivial one, and ended in grinding and smoke.

PAUL PRY.

Why is a rum tavern unlike a pair of blue spectacles?

Because in looking through one, we find that *all* objects *apparently* are blue, and in looking through the other, we find *some* of them to be *so in reality*.

'You are wherry flat,' as the sailor said to the small boat.

Affection—Kissing a girl with your mouth full of tobacco.

A Bootless Task.—For a barefooted loafer to discuss the merits of French and American boots. Better split the difference, and earn enough to pay for a pair of *split cowhides*.

Dark Doings.—Some years ago, a colored gentleman, who was very dark, died suddenly. The coroner came and the verdict of the jury was—'So black that he couldn't live.'

'*There is Nothing in it*.—A gentleman once introduced his son to the late Rev. Rowland Hill, by letter, as a youth of great promise, and as likely to do honor to the university of which he a member. "But he is shy," added the father, "and idle, and I fear buries his talents in a napkin." A short time afterwards the parent, anxious for the reverend gentleman's opinion, inquired what was thought of his son? "I have shaken the napkin," said Rowland Hill, "at all corners, and there is nothing in it."

Poor picking for Thieves.—A man of an agreeable and merry disposition, but very poor, finding one night some thieves in his house, told them, without putting himself in a passion, "I cannot imagine what you expect to find in my house in the night time, since I can find nothing in it in the day time."

VERY FAIR.

'Are you fond of novels, Mr. Jones?'
'Very,' responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought, by the lady questioner, fond of literature.

'Have you,' continued the inquisitive lady, "ever read 'Ten Thousand a Year?'"

'No, madam—I never read that many novels in all my life!'

COURTSHIP.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Oh! Laura!—will nothing I bring thee
E'er soften those looks of disdain?
Are the songs of affection I sing thee
All doom'd to be sung thee in vain?
I offer thee, fairest and dearest,
A treasure, the richest I'm worth;
I offer thee, love, the sincerest,
The warmest e'er glowed upon earth!

But the maiden, a haughty look flinging,
Said, 'cease my compassion to move:
For I'm not very partial to singing,
And they're poor whose sole treasure is love'

My name may be sounded in story—
I offer thee, dearest, my name,
I have fought in the proud field of glory!
Oh Laura come share in my fame!
I bring thee a soul that adareth thee,
And loves thee wherever thou art,
Which thrills as its tributes it brings thee
Of tenderness fresh from the heart.'

But the maiden said, 'cease to importune;
Give Cupid the use of his wings;
Ah, fame's but a pitiful fortune—
And hearts are such valueless things!

'Oh Laura, forgive, if I've spoken
Too boldly—nay turn not away—
For my heart with affection is broken—
My uncle died only to day!
My uncle, the nabob—who tended
My youth and affection and care,
My manhood who kindly befriended—
Has died—and—has left me—his heir!'

And the maiden said, 'weep not sincerest,
My heart has been your's all along;
Oh! hearts are of treasures the dearest—
Do—Edward—go on with your song.'

Cent per Cent.—A worthy dame, late from the Emerald Isle, went into a grocery store on Saturday, to buy a fip's worth of candles and some other article, and laying down a railroad quarter, asked timidly 'what is the discount to-day, sir?' 'Twenty-five per cent., madam.' 'Twenty-five per cent! O, by St. Patrick, are you going to take out the whole quarter?' [Baltimore Sun.]

A gentleman travelling in Ireland, asked a fille de chamber, at Belfast, if she was sure the rail-way from thence went no farther than Lisburn; she replied, 'Indeed it does not, but it comes back again.'

Two men by the name of Beans were hung in the north of England. A countryman passing near and seeing the crowd, enquired what they were doing? 'Only stringing Beans,' was the reply.

Why are a company of soldiers like Lavater, the physiognomist? Because they *right about faces*.

Epitaph on Joseph King, a Tall Spare Man.

Here lies a man than whom no better's walking,
He was, when silent even, always talking,
A king by birth was he, and yet was no king,
In life was thin-king, and in death was Jo-king.

A WINTER SCRAP.—The following quaint Epitaph was written on the tomb-stone of a youth at Firth, in Denbighshire, in England.

'Our life is but a winter's day;
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed,
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed!
Large is his debt, who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay.'

TO KATE.

I love you, Kate, I do by gosh!
As Uncle Ben he loveth spush!
As hens love corn, or pigs potatoes,
I love you as I do tomatoes!

The sage Boston papers are discussing the question, whether a lady who has been married three or four times, can properly be said to be in the *habit* of marrying.

LOVE.

Associated with Friendship, and following as the perfection of that principle, we inculcate Love. The former leading to the establishment of reciprocity, and friendly aid founded upon union in the prosecution of benevolent operation, love applies the finish and perfects the beauty of the picture, and implants deeply in the soul the love of mankind, and a desire to promote their happiness universally. It is not in the wild whirl of worldly engagements that we are alive to the beauties of this principle—the mind is then too active. Nor is it perceived in its claims by the drone in creation's hive, who sits surrounded by the beautiful phenomena of nature, without having his soul elevated by their grandeur, or roused to their contemplation by the harmony of their action and regularity of recurrence. In neither state are the beautiful influence of love to be perceived. It is in that calm hour of solitude, when the soul has its communings with the spirit world—when the busy and tumultuous scenes of life and its pursuits appear in their true aspects—when the moral feelings, elevated by an inquiry into the springs of human action, and viewing man as the citizen of two worlds, realizes the only source of happiness in the existence of the affections. It is then that the cold speculations of false philosophy are lost sight of—selfish feelings are merged in a more extended view of human responsibilities, and the tendency of human actions—it is then that the law of our being, 'Love thy neighbor,' is interpreted aright, and acknowledged as an emanation from the great source of moral being. Hail, Heaven-born Love, left, like the prophet's mantle, to afflict humanity, when He ascended who first exhibited its precept to mankind in a life of tenderest sympathy with suffering, and consummated the grand exhibition with the blood that rolled the rocky steeps of Calvary. Along the dreary and bleak wastes of life, there are few spots fertile with flowers, the sun light of beauty falls unheeded on many a desert, and penetrates many a recess of misery and destitution; yet is thine, oh love! to cheer these desert recesses of sorrow, and to sustain with thy smile the traveller worn down with toil.

A gluttonous fellow in days past, while on his way down the turnpike for Albany, stopped near dinner time to refresh himself at a country tavern. Applying to the landlord for some dinner, he was answered that a pig had been roasted for a party that would be there in half an hour; but if he would cut smoothly from the Caledonian, he might go in before the party arrived. In went the glutton. Half an hour after, the landlord followed to see if his visitor was near done, when to his astonishment, the glutton (as the last of the pig was disappearing in the vortex of his mouth) exclaimed, 'Landlord, landlord, have ye got any more ob dese leetle hocks.'

'Ladies wear pantaletts, remarked Mr. Jay, to hide the holes in their stockings.' And gentlemen, replied Miss Tartar, wear their hair long to hide the places where their ears were cropped off.

GET MARRIED.

Bachelors, old and young, read the following:

If you are desirous of wealth, get married, for a good wife promotes habits of industry and economy, and prevents a great many unnecessary expenses which cannot be avoided in a single life.

If you are looking for stations of distinction and honor, get married, for a good wife will seek to advance her husband in the prosecution of all honorable purposes, and lend him that aid and encouragement which he can derive from no other source.

If you would become a good citizen, get married, for he is alone worthy of the title, who is connected to the great family of man by the ties of husband and father.

If you are fortunate, get married for a good wife will increase your prosperity and render you twice 'blessed' in the enjoyment of your riches.

Get married—Let your plans and purposes for future life be what they may, the business of getting married is one that should be attended to first, as it neither interferes with your plans, nor prevents their execution.