



UNCLE HALS LOVE STORY. (Continued.)

Reader, were you ever in love? if not, I hardly know how to explain myself to you; but from those who have felt the piercing and electric influence of Cupid's dart, I must solicit one kind word of friendly encouragement, one feeling of sympathy, for you know full well the feelings of one placed my situation.

I have already given you a brief outline of my Dulcinea, and will now proceed with my story. I tell you what, at this juncture of my position, I felt 'alloverish queer.' I was going straight forward, about to meet the glance of one whom I was already persuaded I had deeply injured, whilst my heart was going "pitty-patty," like a chickens hst, for I almost fancied that I heard those loud jarums of woman's tongue which Shakespeare has so glowingly described. Determined to proceed, I made for the spot where she was seated, resolved to let the storm of her wrath pass over as quick as possible, and if in my power, bring about that reconciliation which I had so long in vain labored to effect; but guess my surprise on my near approach, at beholding one, if possible, infinitely more beautiful and lovely than her I had anticipated. I could now get a full view of her face, and although there was much in that countenance to remind me of my former love, yet the youthfulness of her appearance informed me of the mistake I had fallen into, through the defect of my eyes, and the pale but mellow light of the moon. But one glance from her beaming eye cleared my heart of all its little forebodings, and although in the presence of one to whom I was an entire stranger, her blandness of manner & softness of speech on my salutation, informed me but too well that my presence was any thing else but unpleasant. Now as there is a great peculiarity of manner about me, I forthwith decided in my mind that I would carry it to extremities, as to the who and whereabouts she was, and 'whither she came from;' so taking a seat by her side, 'I have the pleasure,' says I, 'to introduce to your acquaintance, Uncle Hal, of whom perhaps, you have heard, and as I desire that we should not be strangers, will you please favor me with your name?' 'My name,' she replied, 'is Catharine P——.' Reader, did you ever have a blow on your cranium from a bandy-ball while playing shinney? then you know exactly my feelings; but this I halt suppressed. She continued, 'as I have often heard you spoken of, Uncle Hal, by one that was near and dear to me, I will give you a brief history of my life. I was born, (she continued,) seventeen years ago, on the billows of the raging Ocean. My mother, whose name also was Catharine, being disappointed in an early affection, determined on leaving the land of her fathers, the land of her birth, and try if possible, to find that serenity of mind, that peace of life, in a foreign clime, which the scenes and recollections ever present to imagination in her own country denied her; for this purpose she shipped for Calais in France, at which port she arrived after a passage of 23 days. It was her first intention to bury herself in seclusion, but her disposition which was rather melancholy, increasing almost to a stupor, she was persuaded by the earnest solicitations of the few friends and acquaintances she had formed, to mingle more with the world, and try if possible to eradicate every relic of her former passion from her mind. To this end she prepared herself to attend a party given to a half nephew, who had, the week previous, joined himself in wedlocks embraces to a rich and beautiful heiress. 'Tis unnecessary that I should follow her through all her meanderings, suffice it then, that her hand was sought, and although I believe her affections which clung like ivy, were not altogether driven from her thoughts, yet,

she consented to accept for her lord one, to whom although she could not give her white heart, yet enough of those warmer affections which make happiness in wedlock, and the tide of life to pass smoothly, and sweetly as the murmuring of the little brook as its waters run gently and serenely over its pebbly bottom.

"When I was only 14 months of age, my father died, and as my mother had never enjoyed her health since my birth, it was feared that I would indeed be left an orphan. I never have known a father's protecting care, and very little of a mother's maternal goodness, for just as I was entering my sixth year, grief, that canker worm of woman's feeble nature, deprived me of her, and I was left almost to the hands of strangers. A sufficient competency, however, was left me to render me easy, as it regards pecuniary matters, and my education was therefore by no means neglected; and as soon as this was completed, I determined to visit the land of my mother, and claim protection from those relations, who, if they have the least semblance to her, I might well be proud to own. I therefore prepared for my journey and having procured the company of the lady who you see with me. I set sail for America, and six weeks ago arrived safe in the goodly city of —, and to night being my birth night, I am happy in having an opportunity offered me of becoming acquainted with Uncle Hal."

I tell you what reader, this little story made me feel mighty somehow or other—I don't exactly know which, but I felt as if I want more than 40 years of age, so thinks I to myself, as the mother loved me so well, [and she is out of the way,] I will just make love to the daughter; but I didn't know how to commence, so I resolved to get another opportunity for this, and after seeing her home and gained permission to visit her, I trudged back to my lonesome cottage deprecating the facts that made me an old bachelor.

Your affectionate friend,
UNCLE HAL.

A CHAPTER ON WHISKERS. (WRITTEN FOR THE RASP.)

I am a devoted admirer of Eloquence, and to have this propensity gratified, I attended on several occasions the deliberations of the recent Whig Convention, and notwithstanding I was highly delighted by the lofty bursts of Elocution and brilliant sallies of wit, I was at no time more perfectly enraptured, than on hearing Don Whiskerandos behind the bar of the House, defending most vehemently the cause of Whiskers. I should judge that the person whom he was addressing, entertained a repugnance to the cheek hairs, and that our hero was endeavoring to dissuade him from his prejudice. Howbeit, let him speak for himself.

If I have a weakness, said Whiskerandos, [which I doubt,] it is for whiskers. I have a going out of the heart for them—I *pre-dilect* them. Cultivating and wearing them myself, I honor those who wear and cultivate them.—

Whiskers are indeed, a possession of inestimable worth. Not to mention their preeminent value in the field of Mars, what have they not accomplished in the arena of the little god of the bow and quiver? How many an adamant citadel has fallen before the power of their formidable artillery! Many a man who else might have dragged out a miserable existence in poverty and rags, has found himself, almost in a day through the instrumentality of their unflinching efficacy, rolling in wealth, and reveling in the arms of beauty. *Vide* Earl Granbury Petersburg, of Norfolk.

In mind's eye, now, methinks I see such a one, resolved to the utmost of his ability, to profit by the blessing which has been accorded to him by a merciful dispensation. Methinks I see him curled and promatumed, emerging from his dressing room, the model of a whiskered beau. He leaves his dwelling and directs his steps to the boudoir of his ladye-love—the mistress of thousands of broad acres and tens of thousands of bright dollars. He enters—he approaches—he marks the approving glance bestowed upon the well oiled curls that adorn his cheeks. His hand by accident rests upon a guitar; lightly raising the instrument, he sinks upon his knees before the object, first (after

himself,) in his heart of hearts, and thus melts into song:

"I give thee all—I'd give thee more,
If more than this *could* be;
My whiskers huge—behold the store,
I freely bring to thee.

Each curling fibre there reveals
The hero's soul full well;
And better far—the soft heart steals
Of many a dazzling belle.
I give thee all," &c.

And appeal like this no woman can resist. The conquest is won! and lo! our hero is made the lord of countless wealth, and the envied possessor of matchless loveliness. Therefore, I ask, if such be the power of whiskers, who would not be be-whiskered? And if fruit so golden may grow from the judicious cultivation of this invaluable crop; who would be so weak as to be deterred by the sneers of envious smooth faces, from devoting to the development of its capabilities, that time and assiduous attention which only is necessary to transform a nunny into a nabob. Let others do as they will, I wear whiskers; or as Patrick Henry said (not the 'Convener,') 'I know not what course others may pursue, but as for me, give me whiskers, or give me——to the devil!'

This knock down argument settled my hash, Mr. Editor, and I straightway shanked it for a striped pole, and had marked out upon my cheeks the pathway for a huge pair of whiskers to follow. And now, sir, if you wish to succeed in any matrimonial adventure, take my advice, (for I am a Proselyte,) and follow my example, and what you fail to accomplish by the glib red-rag, will be performed by whiskers. Oh! invincible whiskers!!!

Dutch Justice.—Justice—Brisoner! pe you guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—Guilty, your worship.

Justice—Sigs monts in der house of correction. Tudder brisoner. Pe you guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—Not guilty.

Justice—Den vat der duyvel did you come here for? Go 'pout yer pusiness? Court's up! Shentlemen, let's go over to Ike Hagerman's and dake someding warm for de stomach's sake!

LOVE LETTER.

The following love letter was addressed to a lady in this city, by one of the young dandies of the town. The lady has placed it in our hands to be published. We are not at liberty to give the names of the parties. It needs no comment.

My Dear gal—You don't know how much I does want for to se yer. Ye shadder keeps flikerin afore my wildered vishun al the huj time and I can't no how git red out. O if you but knod them feeshus I hav for yer how you would stare tho.

I seed you onts when you was in the kars and I heerd on you and wanted fur to git a introduction at you, but cudn't no how. So I jist thot I had better for to rite yer and deklar mysel to yer. My feeshuns is jist as sharp now as when I fust sa yer and I can't no how git rid on um. I thot it wud be good for me to jist rite yer and lit you no how I did feel. I shal cum and see yer sun and hopes you will be faveral at me. I is very yong fur one of my age. I han't much muay but am rich in feeshins. I livs on a farm down here, and thinks mi ernins wil sport us; 11 shillins a week and gits found, this is bout as much as any body gits here, and they thinks I am purty smart. Sister Sal givs her luv to yer and would like to hav yer for a sister in law.

from yer feeshunate luyer

E**** V****.

P. S. My kusin wil put on the supescription cos I can't rite so wel.

Good.—The New York Aurora man, in speaking of a late festival there, says: when the signal for supper was given, there was a general 'demonstration' upon the tables, by the whole company. Ladies and gentlemen, young and old, ugly and beautiful, were all crammed together in one heterogeneous mass, each one striving to the utmost to reach the tables.—Our own modesty was very much shocked (?) in consequence of being literally forced to recline upon the bosom of a young and very

beautiful girl for a considerable length of time. She blushed, and we blushed, we believe, but it was, luckily, very plainly to be seen, that we were perfectly innocent in the matter. She was evidently startled by the sudden juxtaposition, for we felt her warm heart beating violently through at least five thicknesses, (including our jacket,) and we are not at all certain but that she felt ours beat too. At any rate, we heard it beat, distinctly, and it was in perfect unison with hers.

'Very much of a pressure here,' we at length ventured by way of apology.

'Yes,' replied the little fairy, with an arch smile, 'but it is one which no honest man should regret.'

WOMAN.

"I love the girls, ah! that I do—
And so may he who tries:—
I love their pretty prattle, too,
They talk so with their eyes!
And then again, their lips so sweet,
And colored like a rose,
Breathe nectar, when with ours they meet,
And banish all our woes.

"Yes girls are brilliants which were made
To deck the breasts of men—
And Adam wore one it is said,
And all the world since then,
Then why should I without one be?
Oh! I'll adopt the plan,
When I can find one who'll have me,
And be a married man.

MAN.

I love the men, ah! that I do—
And so may she who tries:—
I love their soft persuasions, too,
They plead so with their eyes!
And then again their words so sweet,
And ardent, kind, and true,
Breathe happiness when us they greet,
Or bid a fond adieu.

Yes! men are creatures which were made
To be adored by woman—
And Eve, the first, loved one 'tis said,
And all the soft sex since then,
Then why should I without one be?
Oh! I will change my 'nomen,
When I can find one who'll have me,
And be a married woman.

A GREAT SPEECH.

On the bill against imprisonment for costs, Mr. Swackhamer made the following thrilling speech, which our reporter lived just long enough to write down.

'Mr. Speaker—'Taint right to imprison folks for costs. Sir, take a poor viddler woman—a respectable widow sir, (are not all widows respectable?) make her pay costs which she can't, and then stick her into prison for it! I ask sir, whether she is to be considered a respectable widow, or vether she is to be considered a *wagabone*. Now a man of feeling and respectability wouldn't think her a *wagabone*, but in the eyes of the vulgar crowd she would be considered a *wagabone* and vorse as a *wagabone*, and she would go down to ancestry as a veritable *wagabone*!

This speech—the great speech of the session—was received with shouts of—laughter. '*Wagabone*!' Why the word isn't right at either end! Oh dear! Well, well.

[Albany Mic.

Vermont Jockey.—A countryman from Vermont offered a horse for sale to a merchant. He supposing that the fellow had procured the horse dishonestly, asked if he knew 'Squire —, of Windsor, Vt. He answered, 'Yes.' 'Well,' says the merchant, 'he is a great rascal.' 'Very wel,' replied the jockey, 'he says the same of you.' Being asked which he believed—'Faith, I believe you both.'

COURTING.

Ab! you tarnal Sewke, I loves you, I doz.
La, Jonathan!
Wal, you deedn't kinder haul off that way.
Come here, Sewke.

I shan't. (She comes up though.)
O! Sewke, I wish I was that pin.
La Jonathan, how you does talk poetix.
Wal, I knows it; my mother writ worses.
If Sewke, I was only that pin.

Now Jonathan, too tell me what you mean?
O, dear Sewke if I was only that pin I sho'd be so happy, kos you see then I rest my head on that fond, lovin' buzzim of yours: yes that I would Sewke.
Why Jonathan!

Don't bite your finger, girls.