

### A Man who could Conform to Anything.

An American clergyman, a man who prides himself on his adaptation to places and times, found himself in the pulpit of a Dutch Reformed church the other Sunday. Just at the close of the introductory services, a black gown lying over the side of the pulpit caught his eye. He was rising to deliver his sermon, when it forced itself on his attention again. "Sure enough," thought he, "Dutch Reformed clergymen do wear gowns." I might as well put it on." So he solemnly thrust himself into the garment, and went through the services as well as he could, considering that his audience seemed singularly agitated, and indeed on the point of bursting into a general laugh, throughout the entire service. And no wonder! The good doctor, in his zeal for conformity, had attired himself in the black cambric duster in which the pulpit was shrouded during week-days, and had been gesticulating his eloquent homily with his arms thrust through the holes left for the pulpit lamps!

"MOTHER, where's Bill?" "My son, do not let me hear you say Bill again. You should say William." "Well, mother, where's William?" "In the yard, feeding the ducks." "Oh, yes, I see him now. But, mother, what makes the ducks have such broad williams?" "Go out to your brother directly, you little scamp, or I'll box your ears."

### Mr. Sleeper.

Mr. Abraham S. Sleeper, came near being knocked down, one day, by a man on whom he called, saying—

"I've heard that a celebrated oculist has just arrived in town, and I'd advise you call on him, he may possibly render you essential service, if not effectually cure your unpleasant infirmity."

"There's nothing the matter with my eyes," said the man, in astonishment.

"Then take down your sign," said Abe, "for I am sure, by it you acknowledge being cross-eyed."

The sign read, "I. S. Quint."

Abe had a lady friend, who married a man named Nathan Ellwood Husband. He once remarked to her:—

"I should judge, Mrs. Husband that you were not very hard to please in selecting a partner for life."

"What makes you think so?" asked she half angry.

"Because you are satisfied with N. E. Husband," replied Abe. But the lady required a full explanation before she would be pacified.

He once incurred the displeasure of a friend of his, by remarking:—

"Mr. Ball, I am surprised to learn that, in spite of your well-known strong know-nothing proclivities, you have married an 'Emma Grant.'"

Only a week ago he advised a lady friend not to walk along the streets during the day if she would avoid being annoyed.

"Why, what have I to fear?" asked she.

"Because," replied Abe, with a grin, "you know the city authorities have of late shamefully neglected their duties, which has resulted in the accumulation of piles of ashes in the streets. And should the folks see you promenading along, they would beset you with all manner of vessels filled with ashes, expecting you to take them away."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked the lady, in supreme astonishment.

"Because you are Ann Ashmann," was the reply.

At another time he electrified a tailor, named Owen, by remarking:—

"Why are you never out of debt?"

"Mr. Sleeper," replied the tailor, "what do you mean? I do not owe a penny."

"Yet you are 'Owen the tailor,'" remarked Abe, with a laugh.

"Again, he said to a person, he presumed he would

never reach a ripe old age; on being asked why he thought so, he replied: "Because you will always be a Greenman."

A man was once committed to prison for shamefully beating another. Abe remarked that this was the first instance he ever knew of a person being imprisoned for beating A. Drumm.

The last joke he uttered, was a pun on his own name. He was on his death-bed, when he called to a friend and said:

"I am not an Irishman, but promise me to observe the custom of that country after I am no more; have a jolly wake over my body."

"Why do you make such a strange request?" asked all who heard him.

"Because it is the most natural thing in the world to wake A. Sleeper," was his reply.

"Here's all about the battle!" cried a newsboy vending his wares in New York. An officer hearing the exciting announcement, purchased a copy, and hastily glancing at the head lines of the dispatches, remarked to the dealer, "Where's all about the battle? I can't see it." "No," said the sarcastic youngster, "and you never will see it as long as you hang around this city."

### A Clean Sell.

A shrewd countryman was in town the other day, gawky, uncouth and innocent enough in appearance, but in reality with his eye teeth cut. Passing up Chatham street through the Jew's quarter, he was continually encountered with opportunities to buy. From almost every store some one rushed out, in accordance with the annoying custom of that street, to seize upon and force him to purchase. At last one dirty-looking fellow caught him by the arm, and clamorously urged him to become a customer. "Have you any shirts?" inquired the countryman, with a very innocent look. "A splendid assortment, sir. Step in, sir. Every price and every style. The cheapest in the street, sir." "Are they clean?" "To be sure sir. Step in, sir." "Then," resumed the countryman, with perfect gravity, "put one on, for you need it." The rage of the shopkeeper may be imagined as the countryman, turning upon his heel, quietly pursued his way.

"WIFE, I am to live but a few hours at most—I shall soon be in heaven."

"You'll never be any nearer than you are now, you old brute! You'd look well stuck up in heaven—I think I see you now."

"Dolphus, Dolphus!" hoarsely growled the old man, "bring me my cane and let me larrup the old trollop once more before I die."

### Cure for Jealousy.

A jealous man, who was on a visit to London, was induced to call on a clairvoyant and ascertain what his wife was doing at her residence, some ninety miles away. "She is sitting in her parlor," said the lady, "and she looks out of the window, as if in expectation." "Strange," said the gentleman, "what can she expect?" "Some one is entering the door; she caresses him fondly." "Horrible!" interrupted the gentleman, thinking of the Divorce Court. "Now he lays his head in her lap, and looks tenderly into her eyes." "Dreadful! she shall suffer for this!" "Now he wags his tail," continued the sleeper; and as this explained the story, old Jealousy decamped, and resolved not to be inquisitive again with regard to his wife.

### AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?" I looked at John—John looked at me, (Dear patient John who loves me yet As well as tho' my locks were jet); And when I found that I must speak, My voice seemed strangely low and weak, "Tell me again what Robert said?" And then I list'ning bent my head. "This is his letter:—"

"I will give A house and land while you shall live, If in return, from out your seven, One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn, I thought of all that John had borne Of poverty and work and care, Which I, though willing, could not share, Of seven hungry mouths to feed, Of seven little children's need, And then of this.

"Come, John," said I, "We'll choose among them as they lie Asleep;" so walking hand in hand, Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped Where Lillian the baby slept; Her damp curls lay like gold allight A glory 'gainst the pillow white, Softly her father stooped to lay His rough hand down in loving way, When dream or whisper made her stir, And huskily he said, "Not her—not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed And one long ray of lamp-light shed Adwart the boyish faces there, In sleep so pitiful and fair, I saw on Jamie's rough-red cheek A tear undried. Ere John could speak, "He's but a baby too," said I, And kissed him as we hurried by. Pale, patient Robby's angel face Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace. "No, for a thousand crowns, not him," He whispered while our eyes were dim. Poor Dick! and Dick! our wayward son, Turbulent, reckless, idle one— Could he be spared? Nay, he who gave Bid us befriend him to the grave; Only a mother's heart can be Patient enough for such as he; "And so," said John, "I would not dare To send him from her bedside prayer." Then stole we softly up above, And knelt by Mary, child of love, "Perhaps for her 'twould better be," I said to John. Quite silently He lifted up a curl that lay Across her cheek in willful way, And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee," The while my heart beat audibly. Only one more, our eldest lad, Trusty and truthful, good and glad— So like his father. "No, John, no— I can not, will not, let him go."

And so we wrote in courteous way, We could not give the child away; And afterward toil lightened seemed, Thinking of that of which we dreamed, Happy in truth that not one face We missed from its accustomed place; Thankful to work for all the seven, Trusting them to Ours in Heaven!

Journal kept by  
Tristram S. Phipps  
On board Ship Hobowock Falmouth  
June the 14<sup>th</sup> 1844

Ship Hobowock of Falmouth 414 tons

Roland R. Jones master

whaling June 14 1844 - May 1 1848