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☞ Letters and communications, by mail, will all have prompt attention.

For the Beaver Argus.

FORESHADOWINGS.

Affectionately inscribed to Miss Mary F——.

BY HANNE M. RENO.

Falls the sunlight on thy forehead
While I gaze into thy face—
Close thy arms are round me folding,
In a loving, fond embrace.

By thy dark eye's changeful lustre,
In the light and shade there cast,
Read I, sweetest, thou art dreaming
Of the dreamy, dreamy Past.

To the Future, I am gazing—
Oh, the world is cold and wide,
And the paths our feet must tread in
Dear, they lie not side by side.

After years—long years, I meet thee,
And thy look is cold and cold,
Not the same kind smile I greet there,
Not the welcome as of old.

Dark the thought—the world's chill contact,
E'er may change the warm, the true,
Dry up all life's purest fountains
As the sun dries up the dew.

Put the gloaming closes round us—
I will bid my fears depart—
Yet you love me—while you love me,
Clasp me closer to your heart.

Rochester, Pa.

For the Beaver Argus.

Make my lair with a curry-comb, and pull me up an apple-tree, if I care a jot for it. Let them laugh that lose, they're sure to laugh that win—yes you do care Mr. Bromin—can't help yourself—you've lost the pretty curls—hurrah—lose of one, gain of two, and choice of twenty more—you have so many strings to your bow, Mr. Bromin—you surely could share half a dozen and be none the worse—besides Miss Curl is such a sweet tempered young lady—and very amiable—free from affectations sir, and very discreet withal. Her very eyes made me her willing captive—besides, her kindness is enough to make a poor forlorn individual brighten up. It is so rare that you meet with young Ladies now-a-days like *Kitty Clyde*, and *Pretty Curls*—Where will you find their equals?—not in this town—nor in the next. They never laugh at a poor fellow's expense, or point out to their next neighbor any flaw in said individual's dress—no not they. I tell you if I'm a fish—well never mind what—the dear little Kitty, is a treasure worth more than ever I could purchase; her merry round face, and pretty eyes, are enough to give a fellow the *heart-ache*—oh my—ain't she a *treasure*. Now Mr. Bromin, if you had such a sweet little wife, instead of keeping bachelor's hall, how happy you would be, you would become elevated in this mundane sphere, and fulfil your mission—how you can steel your heart against so much beauty, is more than I can tell—Why do you not come to the point at once—you will become gray, and then the girls will put a stop to your flirtations; you may pipe in vain then. Girls don't like gray-haired sweethearts—well they don't. If you were like Bean Hooker, calling kisses from every flower, then indeed I would excuse you from the horrors of matrimony—but as it is, I am determined that you shall become a respectable Benedict, in spite of all you can say to the contrary. If you only knew what a happy life married life is, you would leave on the first train of cars to hunt up a wife. Now let us suppose at once that you are married, how difficult it is for you to leave home in the morning, and how you wish the hours would quickly pass that you might return to your home. Why do you walk so fast, Mr. Bromin—oh, I am in a hurry home—so you would say—a pair of dark eyes peering through a pane of glass watching for some person that wears a blue knit jacket, would be the cause of your hurry. Ah well, you will be wiser one of these days, respecting life in earnest. Do as you please—but as for me give me a pair of bright eyes, round arms, cherry lips, and kind words to welcome me home. How pleasant it is to have a kind and pleasant *Wife*—after wrestling with men and things in out door life—to greet you with loving words, and cheer your drooping spirits, and stimulate you to fresh exertion, you feel that one glance from those loving eyes is worth ten million pounds to you—it speaks of untold depths of love; one slight pressure conveys to your mind that you have a faithful friend in her, who will not forsake you, though trials and storms of distress may arise, it only adds another link to the chain of her devotion for the husband of her choice. What is so beautiful or pleasant to behold, as a loving pair bound in the bonds of holy wedlock. Men may describe the beauty of many lands, the scenes thereof are not, in our opinion, to be compared with a loving group of little ones climbing on their papa's knee; to them of tendrils, these are they that will entwine around and about your heart, and make home happy; then indeed are you rich—not in silver or gold, but in treasures that are far more valuable in the sight and estimation of an higher power. Rich not for time, but for Eternity. Lucerne.

☞ A lady's seamless skirt is advertised. Good. Anything which will make them wear less is welcome.

A SOLD CONDUCTOR.

A few nights since a laughable affair occurred on the Niagara Falls Railroad, between Buffalo and Tonawanda. It was late in the evening, and the cars stopped at Tonawanda for food and water. Some passengers got on there, and after the train started, Winn, the conductor, started around to collect fares, and take up tickets. About the middle of the rear car, he came across a heavy looking personage in a wool hat, who was apparently asleep. Winn put his hand on the sleeper's shoulder, and said 'ticket.' The sleeper stirred not, nor intermitted his regular snore, which was very much like the bark of an asthmatic dog, mingled with a clam-peddler's peculiar cry. Winn gave the sleeper a heavy punch in the side, but the sleeper awoke not, and his snoring become positively terrific. As a last resort, Winn pulled him back and forth in the seat until he fell between the seats, when he awoke, and looking up with a grin, wanted to know what was wanted. Winn said, 'ticket,' as irascibly as he could. The stranger got up without saying a word, re-seated himself, and commenced a general search of his person, while Winn passed on to collect tickets from the seat beyond.

When he returned, lo! the sleeper was asleep again. Winn went at it again like a trooper, and after going through the same operation, he finally awakened him again. The same conversation occurred, and the same search followed. Winn, all the while standing by in a frame of mind, which might be likened to a cat dealing with a dog—back up and claws expanded. The stranger finally told Winn he had no ticket, and dropped right back into a heavy sleep again. Winn was now fairly enraged, and jerking the stranger about, awoke him again, and demanded t-h-i-r-t-y c-e-n-t-s—quick. Stranger yawned frightfully, and said he guessed not, and went searching for his ticket again. Winn gave the bell rope a savage pull, and went to the door and called the breakman in. The cars stopped—the two approached the stranger, when he arose up six feet and a half in his boots, and broad in proportion, and asked Winn what he was going to do.

"Put you out, you villain!" hissed Winn, quivering all over; "men can't ride for nothing on railroads, especially such sleepy rascals as you."

"W-a-a-l-aslexp, a 'tall,'" said the Yankee, "tho't I'd have a little fun; no use in gettin riled about it; how much's to pay?" said he, pulling from one pocket a handful of double eagles, and from the other a roll of bank notes, almost as thick as his leg; "how much's ter pay?" thumbing the crisp 5's and 10's, and 20's, in his fingers.—"Thirty cents," said Winn, with his eyes standing wide open, which, receiving, he hastened from the car, and starting the train again, amid one of the wildest yells of laughter that ever shook the panelling of a passenger coach. The sleepy man proved to be the Superintendent of the New England road, and had not been asleep at all. Winn has felt *lost* ever since.

AN ENGLISH DOMAIN.

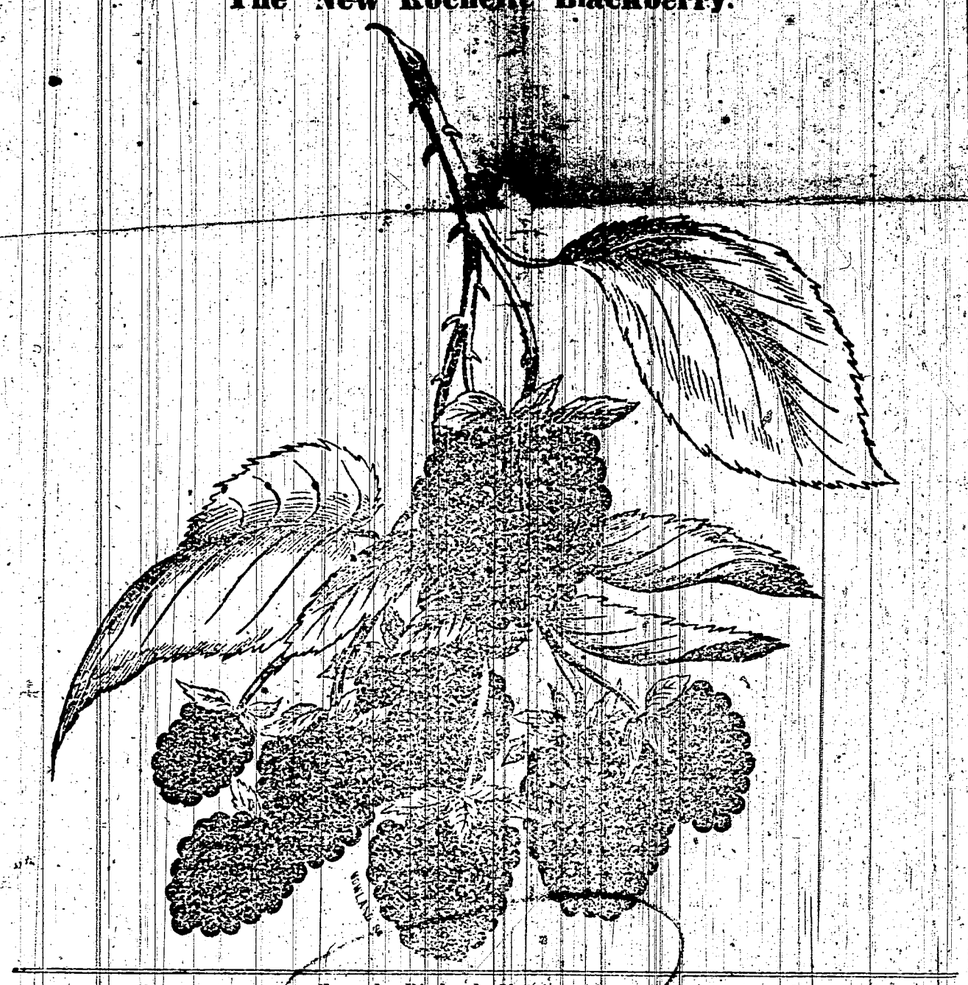
A correspondent of the New York Independent, thus describes the domain of the Duke of Devonshire, recently deceased. "The domain of the Duke would cover one of our largest counties. The park immediately surrounding the palace is eleven miles in circumference, and contains 3,000 acres.

"The principal garden for vegetables, fruits, green-houses, etc., is twenty five acres. There are thirty green-houses, each from fifty to seventy-five feet long. We went into three or four containing nothing but pine-apples, ripe; others contain nothing but melons and cucumbers. One peach-tree on the glass wall measures fifty-one feet in width and fifteen high, and bears one thousand peaches. It is the largest in the world. The grape-houses, five or six in all, are 600 feet long, and *such* grapes! We saw pine-apples weighing ten or fifteen pounds each. One green-house has only figs, another only mushrooms.

"But what shall be said of the great conservatory, filled with every variety of tropical plants? It is one of the wonders of the world. It covers an acre of ground, is 100 feet high, of oval shape, and cost $500,000. It is heated by steam and hot-water pipes, which in all are six miles in length. The apparatus consumes 600 tons of coal in a year. We saw banana trees twenty feet high, with clusters of fruit, sugar-cane, coffee-trees, bamboo, and in short, every tropical plant that can be named. Several of the palm-trees are from fifty to sixty feet high. The smoke of an immense fire underneath, is carried in pipes under ground to an outlet in the woods. The coal is brought in a tunnel 600 yards under ground. One fountain throws a jet of water to the height of 275 feet."

Just From Kansas.—The Rev. H. C. Dean, late Chaplain of the U. S. Senate, has been in the city for a day or two past, stopping while at the house of the Pastor of the 4th street M. E. Church and at other places. He is just from Kansas, where he went an ultra strong Buchanan man.—He relates proceedings, of which, as the Queen of Sheba said to Solomon, the half has not before been told—notwithstanding the next door Organ here, would fain make people believe that the deeds done in that territory had been magnified a hundred fold. He (Rev. Mr. Dean) says that the people of Kansas are waiting the issue of the Lecompton Constitution at Washington, with breathless and desperate resolve. That he never saw men more determined than the great mass of the Kansas people are to resist the enforcement of that Constitution at all hazards, and to the last and bitterest extremity. He himself not only was a thorough theoretical convert, but avowed his sympathy to such an extent with the persecuted people there, that he said he was willing to place his all in disposition for their aid, and to aid them all he could towards resisting the fraud which is sought to be perpetrated upon them.—*Wheeling Intelligencer, 12th.*

The New Rochelle Blackberry.



From the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

Dear Doctor—With your permission we wish to call the attention of your readers to a new fruit which by pomologists is justly regarded as the most valuable acquisition made to the list of fruits for many years. We think no one will be surprised at our good opinion of it, when we inform them that the above cut gives a fair representation of the *actual size*, as well as of the general appearance of a cluster of berries, no larger than many we have seen, handled and tasted.

ORIGIN.

It is a new and perfectly distinct variety, and not the common kind improved by cultivation. It originated near New Rochelle, N. Y., and was first brought into notice by Mr. Seacor, who is much better entitled to the name of it than the gentleman who for pecuniary advantages, wishes it to be called the Lawton.

The shape of the fruit, it will be seen, is not that of the wild blackberry, but resembles the Hovey's Seedling Strawberry—We are inclined to the opinion that it is an accidental cross of the common blackberry and the dewberry. We have been led to this conclusion from the following considerations. The first year the plants trail on the ground, very much like the dewberry, but afterwards they grow uprightly very stoutly, from ten to fifteen feet high. The shape of the fruit is not mulberry like, as the common blackberry is, but resembles the dewberry, though it is much larger, and when perfectly ripe the flavor is quite equal.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PLANT AND FRUIT.

The plants are very hard and vigorous,—more so than the common varieties,—and stand the cold well. The fruit is juicy and fine flavored, with very few seeds. The size can hardly be appreciated by those who have seen only the common kinds. Of about the average size, sixty to eighty berries will fill a quart measure; while of those a little above the medium from forty to fifty will do the same. An inch to an inch and a half may be set down as the average diameter, though larger berries are quite common.

SEASON.

They commence ripening about the middle of July, and continue from five to eight weeks. This is most opportune. Ripening as they do just at the season when there are no other fruits—when the strawberry and raspberry crops have been exhausted, and peaches and grapes have not yet appeared—blackberries could not well be dispensed with, especially when we take into consideration their medicinal and beneficial effects upon the system during the hot season.

PRODUCTIVENESS.

The yield is enormous. One of the editors of the New York Tribune says: "We received a few days since, an invitation from Mr. George Seymour, to visit his nursery and view several acres in bearing.—We arrived on the ground about 10 A.M., in company with a number of ladies and gentlemen, who immediately began to insinuate themselves among the bushes, which were standing very thickly, and all well laden with fruit. Astonishment seized the party, and while viewing the gorgeous display, we for a time forgot to taste the tempting berries. The bushes had occupied this field for two years, and were well supplied with side shoots, all loaded with berries in every stage, from the smallest green, to the largest ripe blackberry, and they *were* blackberries! Those wonderful berries produced on the mountain, or by the old stone wall, on the homestead farm, which produced so fine a flavor in our youthful days, lost all the deliciousness ascribed to them by a lingering memory when we had tasted a few of the fairy fruit New Rochelle. Shall we say how many bushels of fine fruit are taken from an acre? We dare not. We had with us several horticulturists who are engaged in supplying New York with fine fruits. They counted the berries on several bushes, measured them in baskets, and they agreed in estimating the amount which it was quite possible to grow on an acre, but they dared not to repeat it to the uninitiated in the wonders of fruit growing. We had learned from circulars that from four to eight quarts were produced by single canes, and that 500 to 1000 ripe berries were to be counted on a cane of average size; we found one cane having over 1600! Sent to the city in quart boxes, they bring 50 cents at wholesale! Raspberry baskets filled with these berries will sell for 15 cents, and the retailers get whatever they choose to ask. Judging from the present demand, we believe 500 acres may be planted to this blackberry, and the whole results sent to the New York market, they would fall of being plentiful enough to be within the reach of all. In fact we do not believe the market can well be overstocked.

SOIL.

They appear so far to grow well on almost any soil. Some cultivators recommend moist loam, or even clay. We have them planted on very rich and poor soil.—We gathered some of our best berries last season from the poor soil. The editor of the Agriculturist says: "The best growth and fruiting we have seen is upon a rocky side hill, though perhaps not better than others on dark muck and peaty soil."

Lest it might be thought that we overrate this famous fruit, we will add the opinions of a few gentlemen who are every way competent to form a correct judgment of its merits.

Mr. Chas. Downing, in the Horticulturist, thus speaks of it:

—"Having heard a good deal said about the New Rochelle Blackberry for the past year or two, and knowing that many of the new fruits were over-praised, I made a special visit, a few days since, to see for myself, and I can assure you I was well paid for my trouble. There is no humbug about it, and the only wonder is that it has not been more generally introduced and propagated before. The fruit is large and sweet. It is an enormous bearer; indeed the quantity (considering the large size of the fruit,) surprised me, and the berries were perfect."

"As to its size, it will surprise most persons who see it for the first time. At Norwalk we saw several stalks bearing from five to eight quarts, each. We tried some that had been gathered over forty hours, and found the flavor quite good. A quart of them numbered seventy-one berries.—We picked a quart from vines which had received no manure for two years past, and from which the largest had just been selected for the New Haven Horticultural Society, and found that seventy-two of them filled a quart measure.

"The vines grow quite large—many of them over an inch in diameter, and the fruit hangs in clusters. In size more like Green Gage Plums, than like the ordinary Blackberry. The flavor is not apparently diminished by its large size, and the few seeds is not its least recommendation—We think this berry a valuable acquisition to our domestic fruits, and worthy of a place in every garden.—*American Agriculturist.*

"We alluded the other day to the cultivated berries, called the New Rochelle, raised by Mr. George Seymour, at South Norwalk. They are not the wild Blackberry, but a peculiar variety by themselves. They grow to four times the size of the common berry, have a delicious flavor, yield abundantly, are hardy, easily raised, and remain in bearing some six weeks. This fruit will be a great accession to our list of common berries, and 'deserves the attention of our citizens, who are conspicuous for the variety and excellence of their horticultural productions."—*New Haven Journal, 1858.*

Much more might be said in truth in favor of this fruit, but we trust enough has been said to induce all your readers, who have an opportunity, to try it for themselves.

A. Z.

Addition to the Catechism.

We published, some days since, from a Tennessee paper, a new Democratic catechism; which was said to have been produced in that State. The following is presented as an addition to it. It comes from a correspondent of the Michigan Statesman, who reports it as the proceedings of a Dimmocratic meeting held in his diggings:

Resolved, that the dimmocratic papers ort tu maik more political kapitol out of that Canada sead wheet.

Resolved, that wheet rescets bot with western bauk rags at a ded shaiv, is not a part of the dimmocratic policy.

Resolved, that niggers, with their long heels, thik lisps and wully hels, wer maid by natur fur slaivs.

Resolved, that we ort tu redeam Michigan at an urly da, so that we kin get a chance at the public krib, at which the blak republikins have bin knawin so long.

Resolved, that the editur of the Jacksing Patriut be pinted General Smellur of the dimmocratic party in order to diskiver the lokality of the suns of Ham.

Resolved, that ther dotroyt frepres and their grand Rhapids inqirer, be requested to pour out a more abundant amount of dimmocratic truths weakly.

Resolved, that Luis Kass is our fust choys for the guvernor of this stait.

Resolved, that the republikins are usin the public funds to buy wul with.

Resolved, that we will du jist as the southerners want us tu, askin no questions and makin no replies.

Resolved, that we don't kair enything about the spiles of offs, we only kontend for the gellorious principles of the dimmocratic party.

Resolved, that we don't respect the rites of the south as much as we ort.

Resolved, that we tender to Fernandur Wud our kondolensis and on account of recent defeet, and that he be requested tu pik his pluut and try agin.

Facts In Human Life.—The number of languages spoken is 3,064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is 32 years. One quarter die before the age of 7; one half before the age of 17. Of every 1000 persons, one only reaches 100 years. Of every 100, only 6 reaches 65 years, and not more than one in 500 reaches the age of 80 years. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these 33,333,333 die every year, 91,824 die every day, 7780 every hour, and 60 every minute, or one for every second.

Those losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of 50 years than men; but fewer after. The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to 100.

A BEAUTIFUL NARRATIVE.

We think we have no where seen a more simple, touching and beautiful narrative showing forth the power of truth, than this which follows. It is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, the author of "Country Margins," and a most pleasant and genial writer.

"I witnessed a short time ago, in one of our higher courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of the truth.—A little girl nine years of age was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house. 'Now, Emily,' said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, 'I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?

'I don't know what you mean,' was the simple answer.

'There, your Honor,' said the counsel, addressing the court, 'is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath.'

'Let us see,' said the Judge. 'Come here, my daughter.' Assured by the kind tone and manner of the Judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidingly up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart. 'Did you ever take an oath?' inquired the Judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her neck and face as she answered.

'No, sir.' She thought he intended to inquire if she ever blasphemed.

'I do not mean that,' said the Judge, who saw her mistake, 'I mean were you ever a witness before?'

'No sir, I was never in court before,' was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open. 'Do you know that book my daughter?'

She looked at it and answered 'Yes, sir, it is the Bible.'

'Do you ever read it? he asked.

'Yes sir, every evening.'

'Can you tell me what the Bible is?' asked the Judge.

'It is the word of the great God,' she answered.

'Well place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;' and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses. 'Now,' said the Judge, 'you have been sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?'

'I shall be shut up in the State Prison,' answered the child.

'Anything else?' asked the Judge.

'I shall not go to heaven,' she replied.

'How do you know this?' asked the Judge.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the Commandments, pointed to the injunction, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.' 'I learned this, she said, 'before I could read.'

'Has any one talked to you about being a witness in the court here against this man?' inquired the Judge.

'Yes, sir,' she replied. 'My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came here with father, she kissed me and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word I said.'

'Do you believe this?' asked the Judge, while a tear glistened in his eye and his lips quivered with emotion.

'Yes sir,' said the child, with a voice and manner which showed that her conviction of the truth was perfect.

'God bless you, my child,' said the Judge, 'you have a good mother. This witness is competent,' he continued.—'Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined.'

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questionings, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, until he deemed himself impregnable.—Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony falsehood was scattered like light chaff.—The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning device of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the terrible simplicity (terrible I mean to the prisoner and his perjured associates) with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.'

A Hale Old Veteran.—Grant Thorburn is a sensible old man. On the 18th inst., he wrote as follows from New Haven, Conn.

"I have lived another year in this falsely so-called miserable world. I verily believe it is the best world, terrestrial, that ever God Almighty made. I have never felt head, heart nor toothache during the year just gone by; and this day I enter upon my eighty-fifth year. I walk without a staff, and eat my food without brandy or bitters. I never was drunk in my life, and never had a rheumatic pain. I voted three years when Washington was President. I lived twenty-two years under George III, saw the whole reign of George IV, William VI, and Victoria thus far. I was intimate with Hamilton, Jay, Morris, old Governor Clinton and other prominent actors in the revolution.'

"POSTPONING" A GOOSE.

I took passage in one of the packet ships that run between Mobile and New York—She was commanded by a sharp fellow, who was interested in making the trips as profitable as possible. As a general thing, a meaner table was never provided in a cheap boarding house.

During the passage, we were becalmed one day on a part of the coast which was excellent fishing ground, and the captain, with a view of saving a dollar or two, ordered the men to get out their fishing tackle and try their luck. This was done, and a quantity of the finny tribe were soon transferred from their aqueous abode to the deck of the ship.

The captain enlarged upon the delicacy of the fish, and closed by asking, 'What say you to a fish dinner to-day, ladies and gentlemen?' Every body said, 'By all means!'

Attached to the ship was a negro cook, called Centaur.

'Centaur!' cried the captain.

'Ay, aye, sa!'

'Cook a mess of fish for the passengers' dinner; and d'ye hear, postpone that goose!'

'All right sa!'

Centaur seemed troubled, and scratched his wool vigorously. 'What de mean by cooking de fish and postponin de goose? I been on several voyages, if not more—I ben in big hotels and little hotels, mas and boy, for ober so long if no longer dan dat, and dis de fust time I eber hearn ob *postponin'* a goose. Der's pickin a goose, an' drawin a goose, an' stuffin a goose, an' roastin a goose, an' bakin a goose, an' boilin a goose, but *postponin'* a goose I don't believe dat ober. Mrs. Glass, de great cook dey talk 'bout, eber hearn ob it. It must be done, though. Wonder if Jimmy Ducks eber hearn of it? He knows eberything.'

Just as Centaur concluded, Jimmy and two others of the crew passed the galley door, and the bewildered cook anxiously inquired of the oracle if he knew how to postpone a goose?

'De case is dis, you see. Cap'n says to me jis now, says he, Cook a large mess ob fish for de passengers dinner to-day, and postpone de goose. Now, dat is jis was dis what postponin a goose is.'

'Oh,' said Jimmy, winking at his companions, 'that is easy enough. I thought every fool knew that.'

'I thought so too,' said Centaur, 'an' so I say to myself, Jimmy Ducks 'll know.'

'Well you see,' said Jimmy, looking serious, 'it isn't a common way of cooking a goose; but yen it is served up after fish, at the nobility's dinners, they 'postpone' it. Now, this is the mode: After drawing the bird, stuff it with mixture of 'ard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, onions ditto; apples ditto; biscuit pounded into bits, and portions of a fish previously browned on the fire. Then put the goose into the pot, boil it for 'alf an hour, place it in the oven, and take it for 'alf an hour; then put it on your spit, roast it until done, and serve it with gravy.'

Centaur listened with attention, and noting upon the tablet of his brain, Jimmy's directions, started for the galley highly elated.

Dinner time arrived, and Centaur won honors by the style in which he served the fish. Dish after dish appeared; and when every one supposed the meal to be concluded, another dish was placed before the captain, who, on removing the cover, to his indignation, discovered the goose? His wrath was not to be suppressed, and in his passion, he shouted—'Send that infernal cook aft.'

Centaur entered the cabin very good humoredly, having no suspicion of anything wrong, and was startled by the question—

'What de you mean, scoundrel, by disobedience of orders?'

'Beyed orders, sa; done jest what you said, sa.'

'Obeyed orders, you rascal! Didn't I tell you to postpone the goose?'

'Course you did, sa; and I did it.'

'Did what?' shouted the captain.

'Postponed de goose, sa, cordin to directions.'

The passengers saw the joke, and burst into a laugh. The captain was somewhat mollified, and requested Centaur to explain himself.

'Well, sa,' said he, 'you ordered me to cook de fish and postpone de goose. Now I nebber postponed in all my life, an' on course didn't know nothin 'bout it; but Jimmy Ducks 'lighten me on de subject, an' I follow exactly his description. I had trouble enough; don't want to postpone another, no how.'

Everybody laughed at Centaur's explanation; and even the captain smiled.

'Be off, you blockhead!' said he, 'and send Jimmy Ducks here.'

The darkey off in a twinkling, and there being some curiosity as to this new style of cooking, we tried the goose, but could not tell whether we were eating fish, flesh or fowl. Jimmy soon appeared and was compelled to repeat the direction he had given to the cook, forgiveness only being extended to him on condition that he should eat the whole of the goose. The punishment was not very severe, for in fifteen minutes nothing but a skeleton remained of that goose.

'My heyes!' was his exclamation when he had completed the task; 'if that 's a postponed goose, I wish the captain ud ave one postponed every week. The dressin', owsoever, might be varied, so as to be a little more palatable.'