The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS. HUNTINGDON, OCTOBER 17, 1855. VOL. 11, NO. 17.

THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE,

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Love of my Youth.

Love of my youth! I turn to thee
My heart now bound, that once was free;
My step now slow that once was light,
My eye now dim that once was bright—
To thee, my love! I turn to thee.

Love of my youth, to thee I cast
One more sad look—it is the last—
In dark sorrow and earth's deep gloom
I rest; but ere I reach the tomb
To thee my love, I turn to thee.

Love of my youth, to thee I speak,
Heed me, for I am growing weak,
Heed you my last, my dying sigh—
But oh! before this flesh shall die,
To thee my love, I turn to thee.

Love of my youth—my light my life,
For thee I join in earthly strife,
For thee I weep, I mourn, I sigh;
For thee my love—for thee I die—
I die for thee, my love, I die.

THE POST OFFICE.

BY J. B. FOSTER.

The mail has arrived! welcome news to those who are expecting to hear from friends near and dear to them. But first of all that crowd the office is the business man. With consequential air and stately step he strides along and demands rather than asks for his letters. They are instantly delivered and he hastily scans their contents; a smile of pleasure steals across his features, as he reads of profitable investment and quarterly dividends. And then, curses, not loud, but deep, are muttered as he finds some scheme for acquiring wealth has failed.

Next, perhaps, a timid maiden, anxious to hear from her lover, inquires, with a faltering voice, and a blushing face, if there is a letter for her; if not as is too frequently the case, she turns away in sorrow to wait impatiently the arrival of the next mail.

And now an old and trembling mother approaches the office; she has been there every day for weeks, expecting to hear from her long absent and only son. A tear dims her eye and rolls down her careworn cheek as she receives the customary and emphatic no! to her inquiry. She retraces her steps slowly and with sorrow. The office is no more crowded—the letters are nearly all delivered; and the clerks are busy with their books.

How much joy is felt by those who hear from long absent friends—how much sorrow is experienced by those who are disappointed in the nonreceipt of letters which were expected; or by sad intelligence that may be contained in those that are received, none can tell.

"Is there a letter here for my mother?" asked a young and really beautiful girl, who had just entered the office. The quick, restless glance of her mild blue eye told plainly that she feared she should again be disappointed.

"What name?" asked the clerk without once looking at the beautiful being that stood before him.

"My mother's name is Morton, Lucy Morton."

"M-M-Morton," muttered the clerk, "there is no such letter here."

The girl stood a moment in silence, then bursting into tears she hastily left the office. She traversed many streets, and at last entered an old house in one of the obscure streets in the city.

"No, mother," said she, as she entered, "there is no letter to-day! what will become of us?" and she sank into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"Ellen," said her mother, who, though worn down by care and suffering, was still beautiful, "do not despair, we shall not suffer and to-morrow perhaps the letter will come."

"To-morrow, mother, so you have said every day—and every day we are disappointed. No, mother, he will not."

"He will, Ellen, I am sure that he will; it is our only hope, and I cannot give it up, so let us have good courage and hope for the best."

"But mother, what can we say to Mr. Brown? you know we promised to pay him the rent to-day."

"We cannot do it now."

"And what will he say; I dread to see him; I hope he will not call to-day."

"We must tell him the truth, Ellen, and I hope he will be willing to wait a day or two longer."

"He said he would wait only till to-day.

"But perhaps he will."

"And if he will not?"

"Then we can leave his house and go—"

"Alas! I do not know, my child, where we can go. But we shall not suffer, my trust is in higher power than man."

The conversation was here interrupted by a knock at the door. Ellen quickly wiped the tears from her eyes, and admitted—Mr. Brown.

"I have come," said he, for what you owe me—you are ready to pay I presume."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Morton, "that it is impossible to pay you to-day, but—"

"You can't pay?"

"Not to-day."

"So you have said every day for a month."

"And must say so still, for it is not in my power to meet your demands."

"When can you?"

"I have informed you that I am expecting some money from my father; as soon as that arrives you shall be paid."

"When will that be?"

"I cannot tell you; I expect it every day."

"Well," said Mr. Brown, rising to go, "I'll tell yon one thing which you can depend upon. You have put me off with promises now for more than a month; and I will be put off no longer. If you pay me thirty dollars before to-morrow night, I will be satisfied. If not, you must leave this house."

"But have some charity for us and—"

"I have; charity you know begins at home, and I must have the mony for the support of my family. So only till to-morrow night will I wait." Thus saying, he left the house.

The mother and her daughter were long silent; at last Ellen said—

"Mother, I will go, and if possible, find some work that I can do."

"I cannot spare you, my daughter."

"But, mother, something must be done, we can get no sewing to do because the times are so hard, they all say. We have no money and no way to procure any, unless I can find employment."

"What can you do, Ellen."

"Anything, I care not what—sweep house, work in the kitchen, anything rather than see you suffer."

"Well, Ellen, wait till to-morrow, then you may see what you can do."

"No, mother, I will go now, for that will be so much time saved; and if I find a place I shall be ready to go to work one day sooner." So saying, she put on her bonnet, and bidding her mother good-bye, departed on her errand.

Ellen returned at night, but she had been unable to find any employment.

"Our prospect darkens," said she, "and what to do now I know not."

"I have still hopes of hearing something from my father," said Mrs. Morton.

"Is he wealthy?"

"He is."

"How come it that he lets you suffer, then?"

"I have never told you, Ellen, but now I will. I married your father against his express commands, and he refused to aid him or me in the least. But now, that your father is dead, and we are suffering, I think he cannot refuse to lend us assistance."

"How long since you heard from him?"

"I have not heard from him for three or four years; and have not seen him since I was married."

"You wrote to him?"

"Yes, after your father died. I thought he could not refuse us assistance when we were actually suffering; and I still expect his aid."

"What made you leave New Orleans, mother? If you had staid there you would have been near your home, and would have known whether your father would assist you or not. And now we must wait for the arrival of a letter by mail. But perhaps after all, grandfather is dead."

"He may be, Ellen; but I think I should have heard of it if such had been the case.—And even if he were dead, my brother George would have received my letter; he told me the last time I saw him, that he was still my brother, although my father had disowned me."

"Then you had a brother."

"Yes—a good, kind brother; would that I could see him. But, Ellen, we will talk of these things no more to-night? it makes me feel sad when I think of my youthful days, when I was free from care, and happy."

"And yet you forsook your home for—"

"Yes, Ellen, for your father! He was all that was noble, kind and generous, but he was *poor*; that curse always followed him. And it was the thoughts of that, more than anything else, which finally caused his death, and left me when you were very young, to struggle on alone. But I will not repine; perhaps my suffering is a punishment for my disobedience to my father. God knows I have suffered enough already."

The night wore slowly away, and to Mrs. Morton and her daughter the morning brought no consolation—unless hope for the future be called such. And it is, for the miserable have no other medicine but hope. After all—no matter how great misfortune, or what suffering they endure—will feel a thrill of pleasure as they look forward to the future. Even the eye that has long been dimmed by sickness, will kindle with renewed lustre when they may be restored to health and strength in the days to come. If we could but know the amount of suffering and wretchedness that it is yet concealed in the misty, unknown future, we should be deprived of one of the greatest blessings of life—and that is the anticipation of better days. 'Tis human nature and as such is right, for those who only look upon the dark side of life, are daily conjuring up fears, which are worse than the reality, and unhappy presentiments oftentimes work out their own fulfilment. Then let us all hope for the best and be satisfied with such a lot as is meted out to us by Him who rules the stormy sea, and guides aright our wandering barque.

Again Ellen prepared for her daily visit to the post office; and it was their only hope, and in that they had been disappointed so often that it seemed to Ellen that disappointment was her lot.

—She entered the office with trembling steps.

The clerks were all busily employed in delivering letters, for the southern mail had just arrived. She waited till nearly all had been served; and approaching the desk she asked the usual question expecting to hear the same answer, yet hoping for the best. The clerk looking over the letters—

"Morton did you say?"

"Yes sir."

"Here is one," and handed to her a large letter or packet. With joy she seized it, and dropping from her hand a single twenty five cent piece, was about to leave the office.

"Here," said the clerk, "this is not enough; the postage is half a dollar."

"Half a dollar!" exclaimed Ellen.

"Yes, it is a double letter."

Ellen stood a moment in silence. Then slowly advancing to the desk she put the letter into the clerk's hands, took her money and turned away.

"Are you not going to take it?" asked the clerk.

"I cannot!" she exclaimed, while in spite of all her efforts to restrain her feelings, the tears started from her eyes. "I cannot I have no more money." The last words died upon her lips as she left the office.

"That's too bad!" said the clerk to one of his associates, as she went out.

"What's too bad!"

"Why, this letter."

"What of it?"

"The girl, did you see her?"

"No."

"She was handsome as a picture and she has been here very often for a letter, and now when it has come she cannot have it."

"Why not?"

"She can't pay the postage."

"Well, let her wait till she can then."

"I have half a mind to pay the postage myself."

"You had better, I guess; maybe she'll pay you."

"I would if I know where she lived, or who she is. It is too bad to charge fifty cents for a letter. More than she can earn in a week, in these hard times. But its none of my business. If she comes again though she shall have the letter if I have to pay for it myself."

When Ellen returned home she found Mr. Brown already there.

"Was there any letter?" asked her mother as soon as she entered the house.

"There was but—"

"Where is it? was it from New Orleans?"

"I don't know where it was from, but I have—"

"Let me see it quick," said Mrs. Morton.

"I have not got it."

"Not got it? why? have you lost it?"

"No! I could not pay the postage."

"What have you done with the money that we have saved for more than a month to pay postage with?"

"I have got the money mother, but the postage is half a dollar. Perhaps Mr. Brown will advance the money and—"

"No I won't advance money! you need not think of that," said the hard-hearted landlord.

"But perhaps it contains money."

"So you said once before, and I let you have the money and I have never seen it since."

"But we were disappointed then."

"Yes, and may be again! I don't believe you have any letter in the office. It's only a sham to put me off."

"I shall say no more!" said Mrs. Morton.

"Then" said Brown, "I must commence business." And soon an officer entered and commenced moving the little furniture that Mrs. Morton owned. "There is not half enough to pay me now," added Brown; but it will be better than nothing."

Mrs. Morton watched their movements with tearful eyes, but without saying a word; she knew it would be of no avail. The room was in a few moments stript of all it contained. Calling to Ellen, she said, "Come, my child, we will seek somewhere a place for the night, and perhaps we may find kinder friends."

But Ellen was not there. As soon as the officer had entered the house she had left it. With hasty steps she retraced her way to the Post Office. Almost breathless, she entered and looked around for the clerk with whom she had conversed when there before. But he was nowhere to be seen. Her business was urgent and she approached the other clerk, and asked for the letter. He handed it to her, saying at the same time, "You have got the money then, have you, my pretty lass?"

"I have not," she said, "but will you not take this ring, and let me have the letter?" at the same time she held out a plain gold ring.

The clerk thinking he might possibly make something to himself by taking the ring and paying the postage, took it to examine.—There were words engraved upon it, and he read,—"*from E. P., to his sister Lucy.*"

"Let me see that," said a well dressed man stepping up to the clerk. He took the ring and after looking at it a moment, turned to Ellen and asked,

"Where did you get this?"

"It is my mothrr's sir."

"Your mother's?"

"Yes sir!"

"What is her name!"

"Lucy Morton."

"Where is she? conduct me to her—Hence," turning to the clerk, "here is your postage;" and handing the letter to Ellen, he said, "Come I will go with you," and they left the post office together.

When they reached her home, Mrs. Morton was anxiously awaiting for Ellen's return. "Where have you been?" she asked: "they have taken what little we had left, and we are now alone with nothing in the world."

"But mother! exclaimed Ellen, "this gentleman has paid for our letter, and here it is."

"Thank you, sir, for your kindness to a poor woman," said Mrs. Morton. And opening the letter, a shower of bank notes fell upon the floor.

"'Tis from my brother!" she exclaimed.

"Yes" said the stranger "it is."

"And you—you are my brother George!" and she fell upon his neck and wept tears of joy.

"Yes," said George, (for it was indeed him) "I am your brother, and you are my long lost sister."

"But how came you here!"

"Father has been dead some time, and I received your letter. As soon as I learned your situation, and where you were, which I did not know before, I sent off that letter as quick as possible, and came directly on after you. I met my niece at the post office, where I had gone to learn tidings of you.—The ring which I gave you when we were playmates, I knew, and I determined to surprise you as I have. And now your days of sadness are past, for my home is yours; my wife will be glad to meet my sister and her beautiful daughter!"

"What, woman! not gone yet?" said Mr. Brown entering the house, "money all over the floor, too." For in their joy they had forgotten to pick up what had dropped from the letter.

"We are going instantly," said George, and if my sister owes you any thing more than you have got by the attachment of her scanty furniture, I will cancel the debt. So good day sir."

In a few days, Mrs. Morton, with her brother and daughter, started for the South, where a good home with every comfort of life awaited them. And thus we leave them.
—*Colebrook River, Jan.*, 1854.

A Scene on the River Platte.

BY A LADY LOOKER ON.

Affairs of a private nature rendered it necessary for me to communicate with my husband, and as letters were, in all respects, unsafe, I thought it better to go myself (I was at Montevideo, and he was in command of the Brazilian blockading squadron, up the river Platte, before Buenos Ayres.) An excellent opportunity presented itself in a brazillian corvette, commanded by an elderly, civil, and good natured Frenchman.

All being arranged, I took leave of my children, recommending them to the kind offices of my friend and neighbors, and embarked on the 25th of January, 1826.

It was very cold weather, and the air of the Platte is peculiarly piercing; we tried to heat a stove, which the captain had kindly procured for me, but it choked us with smoke, and we were obliged to relinquish the attempt, which, perhaps, was not to be regretted; very warm clothing, and as much exercise as possible on deck, being far better methods for aleviating this sort of discomfort. The French, generally, in their private arrangements, are more economical than we are; the captain had little closets fitted up in his cabin, where he carefully kept locked up his china and glass ware, and all such stores of provisions as he could conveniently keep in them; what was wanted he regularly gave out himself every morning, and he kept the keys in his own pocket—notwithstanding all this, we had a most liberal and excellent table, the finest coffee I have tasted on board ship. *Our mess* was composed of the captain, the pilot and myself; the pilot was, I believe, the only Englishman on board, all the rest were French, Brazillians and negroes. I had brought with me some needle work, books and writing materials, which with the grand occupation of keeping myself warm, quite filled up my time for three days of my voyage.

Early on the morning of the 26th, I suspected by a certain movement and hubbub on board, that we were approaching our destination—I rose and began to make my toilet as quickly as possible. The captain presently knocked at my door, and informed me that we had reached the squadron, and should presently speak; he therefore begged to know what he should say about me—for the good man seemed shrewdly to suspect that I had taken upon myself to go, nobody knew why, where everybody thought I had no business to be. I replied "merely say that I am on board, if you please sir." Accordingly, in a few minutes after the Commodore had hailed him, I heard the intelligence bawled out through his trumpet in good Portugeese. My husband's boat was along side in a second, soon followed by those of several of the other commanders, and we sat down to such a breakfast as they had not enjoyed for many days; after which we took leave of our kind host, inviting him to dine with us on the following day.

The weather was beautiful and we passed a very pleasant day in visiting several of the principal vessels.

On the following morning the squadron got under weigh, and anchored us as near to Buenos Ayers as possible. The Brazillian vessels were much too heavy for service on the River Platte, and drew too much water, an incalculable disadvantage to them during war. However, we were able to get near enough to have a very interesting view of the city and harbor and having retired from the dinner table, where most of the commanders were our guests, I sat on the poop, surveying with peculiar and somewhat painful interest, the novel scene before me. The vessels of our gallant enemy seemed to me alarmingly close; and as to Buenos Ayres, although it looked so pretty, quiet, and inviting, I could not help secretly wishing it further off

The gentlemen soon joined me, and took their coffee, and were each on board their own vessel before dark. I felt rather fatigued, and was in bed by nine.

The scene still haunted me, and I could not help saying to my husband, with a voice betraying a little apprehension, "suppose our Buenos Ayres friend were to take it into their head and pay us a visit to-night;"

"Let him come," was the reply; and then "nonsense, my dear go to sleep," which order I obeyed with dutiful promptitude.

I recollect awaking shortly afterwards, with a start of terror; strange and confused noises were around me—"the enemy is among us!" rung in my ears; my husband, already up, cried out "Very well;" and then saying to me, "I will be back in a minute," he left me. I crept out of bed, huddled on some clothes, and poked my feet into my husband's large slippers, because they lay closest to the bed. The shots whizzed fearfully above my head, and well I knew that it was a mere chance whether or not they entered the cabin windows. My husband soon returned, with the steward, and taking me by the arm, drew me as quickly as possible on deck, and then down the companion ladder; the steward collected all my traps, and followed us. We went into the gun room, which lay quite aft, beneath the poop cabins—it was lined on each side with small sleeping cabins. In one of these (a spare one which had not been occupied,) he placed me, recommending me to lie down underneath the bed place, and having thus disposed of me, returned to his duty. The firing at this time was tolerably warm; the little cabin, from the circumstance of its being a spare one, was filled with rubbish, and on looking underneath the berth, I found it was occupied in the same way; and the whole was so small, close and sickening, that I began to think I might as well be shot as smothered. I looked into the gun room, where a marine officer was seated composedly by the powder magazine, which lay open before him; I decided to take my station here on the floor, leaning against the side of the cabin I had just emerged from.

The fire began to slacken—sometimes it ceased altogether, and was renewed at intervals which gradually became longer. I do not think my companion and I exchanged a single syllable—he was a little, quiet, elderly man, and as nothing from the magazine was yet wanted on deck, he had as snug and idle a time as myself; he nodded and napped until some sudden repetition of the firing roused him; then he crossed himself, sighed and napped again.

About the middle of the night my husband came down and begged I would turn into the little bed, and try to take some repose. The night had became so very dark, that it was probable the struggle would not be renewed until dawn, when the enemy would, he presumed, try to get back in their stronghold, which he should prevent, if possible; as yet, he thought little damage had been done on either side.

I according crept into the little bed, which the steward cleared and prepared; an unusual stillness prevaded the whole vessel, and I soon sunk into a feverish and dreamy repose.

No dawn found its way into our abode; but I was conscious of a stir beginning through the ship. I looked into the gun-room; the dim lamp was still burning, and the little man still nodding; we were both, however, thoroughly shaken out of our drowsiness by a sudden and tremendous broadside, given by our vessel, which was succeeded by various demands for ammunition stores, so that the old gentleman began to be fully and actively employed, the fire on both sides being kept up with unremitting warmth. The steward, with professional coolness, apologized for want of coffee, but brought a tray with wine, bread, cold fowl, and pie, which he secured with care.

From this time we were nearly six hours closely engaged; we were aground three times—a species of danger which gave me much uneasiness. Now and then an officer (they were chiefly Englishmen) came down, and having poped his head, face, and hands into water, and taken a glass of wine from my tray returned. From them I received the most encouraging reports, and their faces, though hot, black, and dirty, looked so merry and full of hope, that the very sight of them did me good. I learned that several men were wounded, but none as yet dead, at least that they knew of. They generally remarked that the enemy fired too high—(comfort for me.)

I did not see my husband *since midnight*, and began anxiously to watch for his coming. I began to feel weary and dejected. I had *lost all idea of time, and ventured to ask my* friend, the marine, what o'clock he thought it was; he went to his cabin for his watch, and seemed as much surprised as I was to find that it was between eleven and twelve.

I imagined that we must be coming to a *conclusion, the firing was no longer so* constant and steady—a long pause had now succeeded; but as to what had been done, what had been really effected, I knew no more than if I had remained at Montevideo. At length I heard my name called by my husband; I flew out of the gun-room, and reached the bottom of the companion ladder, when on looking up, the light struck me so suddenly and so dazzlingly, that I could scarcely tell whether the begrimed and blackened figure that stood at the top, was my husband or not, and even his voice was so changed and hoarse that I hardly recognized it as he cried out, "Come up directly—I want you particularly *to see with your own eyes, the position of* the vessels now, at the close of the action."

"I shall be very glad to come up—but—are you sure the action is quite closed?"

"Yes, I don't think that we shall have another shot, I shall give no more—come, come! and up I went. In ascending my foot slipped twice, which I attributed to my own agitation: but it was no such thing—I had stepped in blood! It was down this ladder the wounded had been conveyed, and while pausing at the top to recover from the sickning sensasion that I experienced, the groans of a young wounded officer from the cabin below, met my ear.

Alas! how little can those who only read of battles, through the cold and technical medium of a general officer's bulletin, conceive of the reality? This first slippery step of mine into an actual field of slaughter, conveyed an impression which can never be erased.

Summoning all my presence of mind, I accompanied my husband to the side, and stepped upon the carriage of a gun, looked around. The first that fixed my eye was the ship of the Buenos Ayrean Admiral, stranded, a complete and abandoned wreck—there she lay, covered with honorable wounds. The Admiral's flag was on board one of the smaller vessels, and he was effecting his retreat in good order, I then looked up at our own ship—to the eye she seemed almost as complete a wreck as her antagonist. Her sails were floating in ribbons, her mast and yards were full of shot—every thing was crippled; she had besides numerous cannon shot imbedded in her hull, while others had passed right through the opposite side; the decks were smeared with blood—the seamen, overcome with fatigue, were crawling about, or sinking with their heads on the carriages of the guns. I then looked at our other vessels, which were grouped at some distance behind; but I could not discover that they or the Buenos Ayreans, who were conveying away their gallant Admiral, had suffered the slightest damage. I then discovered two of our vessels in the distance, one very far off indeed; the nearest to us we observed had her fortopmast shot away, but for the fate of the other we could not then account. We ascertained that she had left early in the action, because her captain had received a wound in the arm.

A few hours were devoted to the rest and refreshment of which the whole ship's company stood so much in need; but towards evening repairs and cleaning had begun; the other vessels were called to our assistance, especially the one I had arrived in, and in a day or two we were pretty well patched up, I took my leave next day for Montevideo.

Wisdom and Folly.

LOVE, BABIES, AND BUTCHER'S BILLS.—There is probably no business in which common sense is less heeded than in that of love. The moment a girl begins to think of "orange blossoms," that moment she bids fare well to reason, and plunges into a sort of lunacy from which all the eloquence in the world cannot extricate her;

Driving a baulky horse is a pleasant business, and so is the attempt to wean a jackass from thistles. But what are baulky horses and jackasses compared to the "stakiness" of a girl who has "got the devil in her head," because a young gentleman with hollow cheeks and bright blue continuations, gets upon the cellar door every night, and pours his love into her through the medium of a four-and-ninepenny flute?

Difficult as it is for a fresh cod to climb a greased liberty pole, with a kicking boy in his mouth, we would much sooner go about to look for such a phenomenon, than to hunt a girl with an inflamed heart that would listen to "good advice," or who could be made to believe for one moment, that the enjoyments of hymenial life depended at all on the frequency of bread, or the price of butcher's meat. Even prodigals have not so hearty a contempt for money, as have those whom Cupid has inoculated with the virus of "beatific lunacy." Having no appetite while courting, they imagine that their demands for corned beef and cabbage will always find a substitute in sighs and huggings. How they will deceive themselves.

Although love is a boy of limited appetite, Hymen takes to roast beef like an alderman. But even grant that marriage, like courtship could feed on flutes and fatten on a nosegay, how will it be with the Harriets, Peters, Johns, and Matilda Janes that are fated to spring from it? Will they, think you, feed on air, and rest satisfied with sugared endearments? Far from it. Children have no respect for the poetics of life, and much prefer a pantry full of pies to all the velvet sentiments that even Moor's Melodies abound with.

These remarks, we know will be termed "shocking" by many a fair reader—but shocking as they are, they are true, as scores of them will discover, when too late to heed the admonitions they contain. No state in life has more uses for a fat pocket book than marriage.

☞ WASHINGTON.—He was not a despot. He founded the political liberty, the same time as the national independence of his country. He used war only as a means of peace. Raised to the supreme power without ambition, he descended from it without regret, as soon as the safety of his country permitted. He is the model for all democratic chiefs. Now you have only to examine his life, his soul, his acts, thoughts, his word; you will not find a single mark of condescension, a single moment of indulgence, for the favorite ideas of democracy.—He constantly struggled even to the weariness and sadness—against its extractions.—No man was ever more profoundly imbued with the spirit of government or with respect for authority. He never exceeded the rights of power, according to the laws of his country; but he confirmed and maintained them in principle as well as in practice, as firmly, as loftily, as *he could have done* in an old monarchical or aristocratical state. He was one of those who knew that it is no more possible to govern from below in a republic than in a monarchy—in a democratic than in an aristocratic society.

A Polite Drunkard.

We laughed a good deal, a day or two since, at a scene in Williams Court.* A couple of policeman had picked up a man helpless drunk and dragged him to a Station House, No. 2, in a borrowed hand cart. The inebriate was so much sobered by his ride that he could stand, after a drunken fashion, and taking a handful of change from his pocket, he said to the officers—

"How much—hic—for the carriage? How much ter pay, hay?"

"There's nothing to pay," answered the officers, "and you may just walk into the Station House."

"Blamed if I'll g-go in till I've paid for this ride. D' ye s'pose I'm a mean cuss?—No sir ree! I'll pay for this carriage like (hic) a—"

Before he could finish the sentence, the poor fellow was down among the sinners, in the lower regions of the Station House.

☞ *"Does the razor take hold well?"* inquired a darkey who was shaving a gentleman from the country a few evenings since. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in *his eyes*, "it takes hald first rate, but *it don't* let go worth a cent."

☞ The Dutchman who refused to take a one dollar bill because it might be altered from a ten, prefers stage traveling to railroads. The former, he says, rides him eight hours for a dollar, while the latter only rides him one.