

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

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### TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.

No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrears are paid.

Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

### BANK NOTE LIST.

Rates of Discount in Philadelphia.

Banks in Philadelphia.		
Bank of North America	par	
Bank of the Northern Liberties	par	
Bank of Penn Township	par	
Commercial Bank of Penna.	par	
Farmers' & Mechanics' bank	par	
Kennington bank	par	
Schuykill bank	par	
Mechanics' bank	par	
Philadelphia bank	par	
Southwark bank	par	
Western bank	par	
Moyamensing bank	par	
Manufacturers' and Mechanics' bank	par	
Bank of Pennsylvania	par	
Girard bank	par	
Bank of the United States	25	

### Country Banks.

Bank of Chester co.	Westchester	par	
Bank of Delaware co.	Chester	par	
Bank of Germantown	Germantown	par	
Bank of Montgomery co.	Norristown	par	
Doylston bank	Doylston	par	
Kist bank	Easton	par	
Farmers' bk of Bucks co.	Bristol	par	
Bank of Northumberland	Northumberland	par	
Honesdale bank	Honesdale	par	
Farmers' bk of Lanc.	Lancaster	par	
Lancaster bank	Lancaster	par	
Lancaster county bank	Lancaster	par	
Bank of Pittsburg	Pittsburg	par	
March's & Manuf. bk.	Pittsburg	par	
Exchange bank	Pittsburg	par	
D. do. branch of	Hollidaysburg	par	
Col'a bk & bridge co.	Columbia	par	
Franklin bank	Washington	par	
Monongahela bk of B.	Brownsville	par	
Farmers' bk of Reading	Reading	par	
Lebanon bank	Lebanon	par	
Bank of Middletown	Middletown	par	
Carlisle bank	Carlisle	par	
Erie bank	Erie	par	
Bank of Chambersburg	Chambersburg	par	
Bank of Gettysburg	Gettysburg	par	
York bank	York	par	
Harrisburg bank	Harrisburg	par	
Miners' bk of Pottsville	Pottsville	par	
Bank of Susquehanna co.	Montrose	par	
Farmers' & Drivers' bk	Waynesborough	par	
Bank of Lewistown	Lewistown	par	
Wyoming bank	Wilkesbarre	par	
Northampton bank	Allentown	no sale	
Berks county bank	Reading	no sale	
West Branch bank	Williamsport	par	
Towanda bank	Towanda	no sale	

### Rates of Relief Notes.

Northern Liberties, Delaware County, Farmers' Bank of Bucks, Germantown	par
Berks Co. Bank	50
All others	18

### Watches, Silver Ware & Jewelry

James Peters & Co.,

No. 105 N. 24th St., corner of Elfreth's Alley, Philadelphia.

J. P. & Co. continue to manufacture at their old stand, Silver Spoons, Spectacles, Thimbles &c. on as low terms as any other manufactory in the city. They have on hand and keep constantly for sale, beside their own manufactures, Watches of all kinds & prices; Silver Ware, Jewelry & Fancy Goods, in their variety, which will be sold low. Spectacle Glasses fitted to all ages and sights, in Gold, Silver, German Silver and Steel Frames, with convex, concave, periscope, blue, green and green glasses.

Watches-makers supplied with all necessary articles in their line, such as Tools, Materials, Glasses &c.

Watches repaired at short notice and warranted to perform.

Cash or exchange given for old Gold and Silver.

Phil'a., Dec. 11, 1844.—2m.

### Rockdale Foundry.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Huntingdon and the adjoining counties, that he still continues to carry on business at the Rockdale Foundry, on Clover Creek, two miles from Williamsburg, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, of the best materials and workmanship, and with promptness and despatch.

He will keep constantly on hand stores of every description, such as

### Cooking, Ten Plate.

PARLOR, COAL, ROTARY, and WOOD STOVES;

LIVINGSTON PLOUGHS, Anvils, hammers, Hollow Ware, and every kind of castings necessary for forges, mills or machinery of any description; wagon boxes of all descriptions, &c., which can be had on as good terms as they can be had at any other foundry in the county or state.

Remember the Rockdale Foundry.

Old metal taken in exchange for any castings.

WILLIAM KENNEDY.

Mr. K. has recently purchased the patent right of a cooking stove for Huntingdon county—the stove will be set up by him and warranted to the purchaser to be as good as any in the State—orders furnished.

July 17, 1844.—1f.

BLANK BONDS to Constables for Stay of Execution, under the new law, just printed, and for sale, at this office.

### VALUABLE PROPERTY

AT PRIVATE SALE. THE subscriber, desirous of removing west in the coming summer, offers a rare chance to persons in want of a handsome property, and a comfortable home. It consists of two adjoining tracts of land, being in Shirley township, Huntingdon county, Pa., on the public road leading from Shirleyburg to Huntingdon, one half mile from the former place, and four and a-half miles from the Penn'a Canal. Each tract contains

### 170 ACRES.

more or less, of good tillable ground in a high state of cultivation. The improvements on the upper tract are, an excellent Mansion House, a good Double Barn, and all convenient out-houses, such as spring-house, wash-house, smoke-house, &c., &c., with two convenient springs of water. It also contains an Apple and Peach Orchard, of young and thrifty trees. Of this tract, 140 acres are cleared, 25 of them of the best quality of timothy ground.

On the lower tract there are 100 acres cleared, with 25 acres good meadow ground similar to the above, and two excellent orchards, one planted within a few years. The improvements are, a good Double Frame House, Double Barn, and the necessary out-houses, with a well of good water. This portion of the property also contains an excellent

### Grist and Saw-mill,

both situated immediately on the public road. Both are in excellent repair and doing a prosperous business.

TERMS OF SALE:—One half of the purchase money to be paid in hand, and the balance in two equal payments, with the usual securities, or an undisputed title, and possession of the property will be given on the first of April. Persons wishing to purchase, are requested to call and examine the property. JACOB SHARRER.

February 19, 1845.—6t.

### To Purchasers—Guarantee.

THE undersigned agent of the Patentee, of the Stove, "The Queen of the West," understanding that the owners, or those concerned for them, of other and different patent Cooking Stoves, have threatened to bring suit against all who purchase and use any of "GULL'S PATENT COOKING STOVE"—"The Queen of the West." Now his is to inform all and every person who shall purchase and use said Stove that he will defend them from all costs of damage from any and all suits, brought by their owners, or their agents, or any infringers of their patents. He gives this notice so that persons need not be under any fears because they have, while consulting their own interests and convenience, secured the superior advantages of this "Queen" not only of the West, but of the East.

ISRAEL GRAFFIUS.

July 24, 1844.

### "QUEEN OF THE WEST" Cooking Stove.

For sale by I. GRAFFIUS & SON, Alexandria, Huntingdon county, Pa., cheap for cash or country produce at the market price.

The "Queen of the West" is an improvement on Hathaway's celebrated Hot Air Stove. There has never yet appeared any plan of a Cooking Stove that possesses the advantages that this one has. A much less quantity of fuel is required for any amount of cooking or baking by this stove than by any other.

Persons are requested to call and see before they purchase elsewhere.

July 3, 1844.

### ALEXANDRIA FOUNDRY

### I. GRAFFIUS & SON,

RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Huntingdon county, and the public generally, that they continue to carry on the

### Copper, Tin and Sheet-iron Business

in all its branches, in Alexandria, where they manufacture, and constantly keep on hand every description of ware in their line; such as

### New and Splendid Wood Stoves

22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches long.

### RADIATOR STOVES.

New Cooking Stoves of all kinds, and Also four sizes of Coal Stoves, ALSO STOVE-PIPE, AND STOVES FINISHED. All kinds of castings done, for Forges, Saw-mills and Threshing-machines. Also WAGON BOXES, MILL GUDGEONS, and HOLLOW WARE, all of which is done in a workman-like manner.

Also, Copper, Dye, Wash, Fuller, Pressing, and Tea Kettles, for sale, wholesale and retail.

Persons favoring this establishment with their orders may depend on having their orders executed with fidelity and despatch. Old metal, copper, brass and pewter taken in exchange. Also wheat, rye, corn and oats taken at market price.

Alexandria, July 3, 1844.

NOTICE.—The subscriber respectfully requests all persons indebted to him for work done at the old establishment, previous to the 1st of November last, to call and settle their accounts without delay.

July 3, 1844.

ISRAEL GRAFFIUS.

### T. H. CREMER,

### ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

BLANK BONDS—Judgment and command—for sale at this office.

### POETRY.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,  
He oft invites her to the Muses' lore."

### From the London Literary Gazette.

### A New Song to an Old Tune.

When John Bull's pocket is touched, he is generally surly and sulky, and in few instances contents himself with reprisals in the shape of so good natured a squib as the following. Having heard it sung, with the accompaniment of some merry laughter, we begged the MS. from the author, and print it in the hope that it will amuse on both sides of the Atlantic, though it hits pretty hard at the doctrine of Repudiation.—Ed. L. G.

Yankee Doodle borrows cash,  
Yankee Doodle spends it,  
And then he snaps his fingers at  
The jolly folk that lends it.  
Ask him when he means to pay,  
He shows no hesitation,  
But says he'll take the shortest way,  
And that's Repudiation!

Yankee vows that every State  
Is free and independent;  
And if they paid each other debts,  
There'd never be an end on't.  
They keep distinct till 'settling' comes,  
And then throughout the nation,  
They all become 'United States,'  
To preach Repudiation!

Lending cash to Illinois,  
Or to Pennsylvania,  
Florida, or Mississippi,  
Once was quite a mania.  
Of all the States 'tis hard to say  
Which makes the proudest show, sirs,  
But Yankee seems himself to like  
The State of O-I-O-W, sirs!

The reverend joker of St. Paul's  
Don't offend much their plunder,  
And often at their knavish tricks  
Has hild' his witty thunder.  
But Jonathan by nature wears  
A hide of toughest leather,  
Which braves the sharpest pointed darts,  
And cannon's put together!

He tells 'em they are clapping on  
Their credit quite a stopper,  
And when they want to go to war  
They'll never raise a copper.  
If that's the case, they coolly say,  
Just as if to spite us,  
They'd better stop our dividends,  
And hoard 'em up to fight us!

What's the use of money'd friends  
If you mustn't bleed 'em?  
Ours, I guess, says Jonathan,  
The country is of freedom!  
And what does freedom mean, if not  
To whip your slaves at pleasure,  
And borrow money when you can,  
To pay it at your leisure!

Great and free Americae  
With all the world is vying,  
That she's the 'land of novissers'  
There's surely no denying.  
But be it known henceforth to all,  
Who hold the U. O. L. sirs,  
A Yankee Doodle noisise is  
A Yankee Doodle no, sirs!

### MISCELLANEOUS.

### NORAH CLARY'S WISE THOUGHT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

She was sitting under the shadow of a fragrant lime tree, that overhung a very ancient well; and, as the water fell into her pitcher, she was mingling with its music the tones of her Jew's harp,—the only instrument upon which Norah Clary had learned to play. She was a merry maiden of 'sweet seventeen'; a rustic belle as well as a rustic beauty, and a terrible 'coquette'; and as she had what, in Scotland, they call a 'toucher,' in England, a 'dowry,' and in Ireland, 'a pretty penny o' money,' it is scarcely necessary to state, in addition that she had a bachelor. Whether the title, which was certainly given *in alto*—was or was not designed as a summons to her lover, I cannot take upon myself to say; but her lips and fingers had not been long occupied, before her lover was at her side.

'We may as well give it up,' said Norah Donovan, she said, somewhat abruptly; 'look, 'twould be as easy to twist the top off the great Hill of Howth, as to make father and mother agree about any one thing. They've been playing the rule of contrary these twenty years, and it's not likely they'll take a turn now.'

'It's mighty hard, so it is,' replied handsome Morris, 'that married people can't draw together.—Norah, darlint! that won't be the way with us.—It's one we've in heart and soul, and an example of love and—'

'Folly,' interrupted the maiden, laughing. 'Morris, we've quarrelled a score o' times already, a bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter.—Shall I talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kennedy, or repeat what Mark Doolan said of me to Mary Grey?—eh, Morris?'

The long black lashes of Norah Clary's bright brown eyes almost touched her low but delicately pencilled brows, as she looked archly up at her lover—her lip curled with a half-playful, half-malicious smile; but the glance was soon withdrawn, and the maiden's cheek glowed with a deep and eloquent blush, when the young man passed his arm round her waist, and pushing the curls from her forehead, gazed upon her with a loving but mournful look.

'Leave joking now, Norah; God only knows how I love you,' he said, in a voice broken by emotion; 'I'm yer equal, as far as money goes, and no young farmer in the country can tell a better stock to his share than mine; yet I don't pretend to deserve you, for all that; only I can't help saying that, when we love each other (now don't go to contradict me, Nory, because ye've as good as owned it over and over again,) and yer father agreeable, and all, to think that yer mother, just out of *debtment*, should be putting betwixt us, for no reason on earth, only to 'spite' her lawful husband, is what sets me mad entirely, and shows her to be a good-for—'

'Stop, Mister Morris,' exclaimed Norah, laying her hand upon his mouth, so as effectually to prevent a sound from escaping—'it's my mother ye're talking of, and it would be ill-blood, as well as ill-bred, to hear a word said against my own parent. Is that the pattern of yer manners, sir, or did you ever hear me turn my tongue against one belonging to you?'

'I ask yer pardon, my own Norah,' he replied meekly, as in duty bound; 'for the sake o' the lamb we spare the sheep. Why not!—and I'm not going to ginsay but you mother—'

'The leas' said's the soonest mended!' again interrupted the impatient girl. 'Good even, Morris, and God bless ye; they'll be afeer missing me within, and this little mother thinks wike I am.'

'Norah, above all the girls at wike or pattern I've been true to you. We have grown together, and since you were the height of a rose-bush ye have been dearer to me than anything on earth.—Do, Norah, for the sake of our young heart's love, do think if there's no way to win yer mother over. If ye'd take me without her leave, sure it's nothing I'd care for loss o' thousands, let alone what ye've got. Dearest Norah, think; since ye'll do nothing without her consent, do think—for once be serious and don't laugh.'

It is a fact, universally known and credited in the good barony of Bary, that Morris Donovan possessed an honest, sincere and affectionate heart—brave as a lion and gentle as a dove. He was, moreover, the priest's nephew—understood Latin as well as the priest himself; and better even than that, he was the beau, the Magnus Apollo, of the parish; a fine noble-looking fellow, that all the girls (from the house-keeper's lovely English niece at Lord Gort's, down to little deaf Bess Mottican, the lame dress-maker) were regularly and desperately in love with; still, I must confess he was at times a little stupid—not exactly stupid either, but slow of invention—would fight his way out of a thousand scrapes, but could never get peaceably out of one. No wonder then, that where fighting was out of the question, he was puzzled, and looked to the ready wit of merry Norah for assistance. It was not very extraordinary that he loved the fairy creature—the sweetest, gayest of all Irish girls—light of heart, light of foot, light of eye—now weeping like a child over a dead chicken or a plundered nest; then dancing on the top of a hee-reek, to the music of her own cheering voice—now coaxing her termagant mother, and anon comforting her heaped-up father. Let me not suppose that I have over-crawled the sketch of my Bannow lass; for although her native barony is that of Bary, the two may be considered as wedded and become one.—The portraits appended to this story are at least veritable, and 'from the life.' You will encounter such, only in our district—neatly attired, with their white caps, when the day is too warm for bonnets—in short, altogether 'well dressed.'

'I'm not going to laugh, Morris,' replied the little maid, at last, after a very long pause. 'I've got a wise thought in my head for once. His reverence, your uncle, you say, spoke to father—to speak to mother about it! I wonder (and he's a priest) that he hadn't more sense! Sure mother was the man! But I've got a wise thought; good night, dear Morris—good night.'

The lass sprang lightly over the fence into her own garden, leaving her lover *perdu* at the other side, without possessing an idea of what her wise thought might be. When she entered the kitchen, matters were going on as usual—her mother bustling in style, and as cross as 'as bag of vessels.'

'Jack Clary,' said she, addressing herself to her husband, who sat quietly in the chimney-corner, smoking his *dooden*, 'it's well ye've got a wife who knows what's what! God help me, I've little good of a husband, barring the name! Are you sure Black Nell's in the stable?' 'The cow and the calf, had they fresh straw?' Another nod. 'Bad cess to ye! can't ye use yer tongue, and answer a civil question?' continued the lady.

'My dear,' he replied, 'sure one like you can talk enough for ten.'

This very just observation was, like most truths, so disagreeable, that a severe storm would have followed, had not Norah stepped up to her father and whispered in his ear, 'I don't think the stable door is fastened.' Mrs. Clary caught the sound, and in no gentle terms ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of Black Nell. 'I'll go with father myself and see,' said Norah. 'That's like my own child; always careful,' observed the mother, as the father and daughter closed the door.

'Dear father,' began Norah, 'it isn't altogether about the stable I wanted ye,—but—but—the priest said something to ye to-day about Morris Donovan.'

'Yes, darling, about yerself, my sweet Nory.'

'Did you speak to mother about it?'

'No, darling, she's been so cross all day. Sure I go through a dale of pace and quietness. If I was like other men, and got drunk and wasted, it might be in reason; but—as to Morris, she was very fond of the boy, until she found that I liked him; and

then, my jewel, she turned like sour milk in a minute. I'm afraid even the priest 'ill get no good of her.

'Father, dear father,' said Norah, 'suppose ye were to say nothing about it, good or bad, and just pretend to take a sudden dislike to Morris, and let the priest speak to her himself, she'd come round.'

'Out of opposition to me, eh?'

'Yes.'

'And let her gain the day, then?' that would be cowardly,' replied the farmer, drawing himself up. 'No, I won't.'

'Father, dear, you don't understand,' said the cunning lass; 'sure ye're for Morris; and when we are—that is, if I mean—suppose—father, you know what I mean,' she continued, and luckily the twilight concealed her blushes—if that took place, it's you that would have yer own way.'

'True for ye, Nory, my girl, true for ye; I never thought of that before!' and, pleased with the idea of 'tricking' his wife, the old man fairly capered for joy. 'But stay a while—stay, aisy, aisy,' he recommenced, 'how am I to manage? Sure the priest himself will be here to-morrow morning early; and he's out upon a station now—so there's no speaking with him—he's no way quick either—we'll be bothered entirely if he comes in on a sudden.'

'Leave it to me, dear father—leave it all to me,' exclaimed the animated girl; 'only pluck up spirit, and whenever Morris' name is mentioned, abuse him, but not with all yer *axax*, father—only from the teeth out.'

When they re-entered, the fresh-boiled potatoes sent a warm, curling steam to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured into a large wicker dish, and on the top of the pile rested a plate of coarse white salt; noggings of buttermilk were filled on the dresser; and on a small round table a cloth was spread, and some del. plates awaited the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing.

'What's for supper, mother?' inquired Norah, as she drew her wheel towards her, and employed her fairy foot in whirling it round.

'Plaguy snippens,' she replied; bits o' bog chickens that ye've always such a fancy for; Barney Leary kilt himself.'

'So I did,' said Barney, grinning; 'and that widgeon, of Morris Donovan's, is the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down.'

'If Morris Donovan's stick touched them, they shan't come here,' said the farmer, striking the poor little table such a blow, with his clenched hand, as made not only it, but Mrs. Clary, jump.

'And why so?' asked the dame.

'Because nothing belonging to Morris, let alone Morris himself, shall come into this house,' replied Clary; 'he's not to my liking, any how, and there's no good in his bothering here after what he won't get.'

'Excellent!' thought Norah.

'Lord save us!' ejaculated Mrs. Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes on the table, 'what's come to the man? Without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding to distribute the savory 'birds'; when, to her astonishment, her usually tame husband thrust the dish and its contents into the flames. The good woman absolutely stood for a moment speechless. The calm, however, was not of long duration. She soon rallied and commenced hostilities.

'How dare you, ye spalpeen, throw away any of God's milk after that fashion, and I to be here!—What do you name, I say?'

'I name that nothing touched by Morris Donovan shall come under this roof; and if I catch that girl of mine looking at the same side o' the road he walks on, I'll tear the eyes out of her head, and send her to a nunnery!'

'You will! and dare you to say that to my face, to a child o' mine? You will, will ye? We'll see, my boy! I'll tell ye that, if I like, Morris Donovan shall come into this house, and what's more, be master of this house; and that's what you never had the heart to be ye, ye poor old snail!—So saying, Mrs. Clary endeavored to rescue from the fire the hissing remains of the burning snipes. Norah attempted to assist her mother; but Clary, lifting her up, somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with its claw, fairly put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mrs. Clary stormed and stamped, and Mr. Clary persisted in abusing, not only Morris, but Morris' uncle, Father Donovan, until at last the farmer's help-mate *suave*, ay, and roundly too, by cross and saint, that before the next sunset, Norah Clary should be Norah Donovan. I wish you could have seen Nory's eye, dancing with joy and exultation, as it peeped through the latch-hole;—it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in our monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning, before the sun was fully up he was throwing his early beams over the glowing cheek of Norah Clary; for her 'wise thought' had prospered and she was hastening to the trying-traverse, where, 'by chance' either morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donovan. I don't know how it is, but the moment the course of true love 'runs smooth,' it becomes very uninteresting, except to the parties concerned. So it is now left for me only to say that the maiden, after a due and proper time consumed in teasing and tantalizing her intended, told him her saucy plan and its result. And the lover hastened upon the wings of love, (which I beg my readers clearly to understand are swifter and stronger in Ireland than in any other country,) to apprise the priest of the arrangement, well knowing that his reverence loved his nephew, and nice that was to be, (to say nothing of the wedding supper, and the profits arising therefrom,) too well, not to aid their merry jest.

What bustle, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing, gave the country-folk enough to talk about during the happy Christmas holidays, I cannot now describe. The bride, of course, looked lovely and 'sheepish,' and the bridegroom—but bridegrooms are always uninteresting. One fact, however, is worth recording. When Father Donovan concluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss had passed, farmer Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprang tip, seized a shillelah of stout oak, and whirling it rapidly over his head, shouted, 'Carry me out! by the powers, she's beat! we've won the day! could Ireland forever! Success, boys! she's beat! she's beat!' The priest, too seemed vastly to enjoy this extemporaneous effusion, and even the bride laughed outright. Whether the good wife discovered the plot or not, I never heard; but of this I am certain, that the joyous Norah never had reason to repent her 'wise thought.'

### The Beggar and Banker.

A STORY FOR THE MINT.

'Stand out of my way,' said a rough voice under my window, one day as I sat musing over the bustling scenes below me, at my lodgings.

'Your honor will please to recollect,' replied a sharp but somewhat indignant voice, 'your honor will please to recollect that I am a beggar, and have as much right to the road as yourself.'

'And I am a banker,' was retorted still more gruffly and angrily.

Amused at this strange dialogue, I leaned over the case, and beheld two citizens in the position which a pugilist would denominate *squared*, their countenances somewhat menacing, and their persons presenting a contrast at once ludicrous and instructive. The one was a purse proud, lordly mannered man, apparently in silk, and protecting a carcase of nearly the circumference of a hoghead; the other a ragged and dirty, but equally impudent and self-important personage; and from a comparison of their countenances, it would have puzzled the most profound M. D. which of their rotundities was stored habitually with good victuals or drink.

Upon a close observation, however, of the countenance of the banker, I discovered, almost as soon as my eye fell upon it, a line bespeaking something of humor, and awakening curiosity, as he stood fixed and eyed his antagonist, and this became more clear and conspicuous when he lowered his tone and asked:

'How will you make right appear?'

Said the beggar: 'Why, listen a moment and I'll teach you. In the first place, you take notice, God has given me a soul and body just as good for all the purposes of thinking, eating and drinking, and taking my pleasure as he has you—and then you remember Divas and Lucruses as we pass. Then, again, it is a free country, and here, too, we are on an equality—for you must know that here even a beggar's dog may look a gentleman in the face with as much indifference as he would a brother.

I and you have the same common master; are equally free; live equally easy; and both travelling the same journey, bound to the same place, and both have to die and be buried in the end.

'But,' interrupted the banker, 'do you pretend there is no difference between a beggar and a banker?'

'Not in the least as to essentials. You swagger and drink wine in company of your own choosing—I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than wine, in company which I like better than your company. You make thousands a day perhaps—if you are contented, I am—we are equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes; I am just as comfortable in old ones, and have no trouble in keeping them from soiling; if I have less property than you, I have less to care about; if fewer friends, I have less friendship to lose; if I do not make as great a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement—I am as great as you. Besides take my word for it, I have fewer enemies, meet with fewer losses, carry as light a heart, and sing as many songs as the best of you.'

'And then,' said the banker, who had all along tried to slip in a word edgewise, 'is the contempt of the world nothing to you?'

'The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt—you have perhaps the one, and I share of the other. We are matched there, too. And besides; the world deals in this matter equally unjust with us both. You and I live by our wits instead of by our industry; and the only difference between us in this particular worth naming is, that it costs society more to maintain you than