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TERMS.

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POETRY.

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

From the Mercantile Journal. Plant Flowers around the Grave.

Plant flowers around the grave—
Wreath it with thoughts of gloom
That quiet resting place,
The peaceful, lowly tomb;
But let the bright-hued flowers
Their fragrance o'er it shed,
And link with gentle thoughts, and pure,
The memory of the dead.

Plant flowers around the grave—
From the dark forest bowers,
From the home-garden bring them,
The fair and fragrant flowers;
And let them bloom in light,
The lowly mounds above,
Where the departed rest in peace—
A token of our love.

Plant flowers around the grave—
For many slumber there
As gentle as the flowers,
As pure, as loved, as fair;
This is their quiet home—
Around it will entwine
Flowers, sweet as are the memories
We in our hearts enshrine.

Plant flowers around the grave—
Those who were once so dear,
Gazed oft upon their hues,
And loved them well while here;
Their hands have cherished them—
Brightly they'll cluster now
O'er the green sod that lightly rests
On the pale sleeper's brow.

Plant flowers around the grave—
There let them bloom and fade,
Like flowers in autumn time,
Our hopes in dust are laid;
Spring wakes the sleeping flowers,
And clothes the earth in bloom—
And spring, ere long, shall come to wake
The slumberer in the tomb.

Sleep on! Sleep on!

BY WILLIAM JONES

Sleep on! Sleep on!
Baby, in thy little grave;
Softly o'er thee leaves waft;
And, though evening veils the sky,
Stars in love are thronged on high!
They will have thee in their keeping,
While the dew thy turf is steeping,
With thine hands upon thy breast,
Sleep on! Sleep on!
Thus the sweetest take their rest!

Sleep on! Sleep on!
Lo! an angel host are near;
I can feel their presence here;
They are watching o'er thee now
Baby mine, though blanch'd in brow!
Fast thy mother's tears are falling,
While thy mother's arms are calling,
With thine hands upon thy breast,
Sleep on! Sleep on!
Thus the sweetest take their rest!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE REFUGEE. A Thrilling Tale of the American Revolution.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

During the war of the Revolution, the lower counties of New Jersey were infested by a set of desperadoes, passing under the name of refugees, who in the absence of the Americans in camp, plundered and insulted their defenceless families. A band of these men became particularly notorious on the little Egg River, and that section of the country is yet rife with legends of their misdeeds. A party, equally numerous and even more lawless, for a long time devastated the settlements along the Maurice river. Our story relates to this latter.

It was at the close of a beautiful day in the early part of October, that an athletic young man, whose frank and good humored countenance was a passport to the acquaintance of strangers, approached a clearing not far from the present decayed village of Dorchester. The house was of but one story, built of thick, heavy logs, and surrounded by scanty fields, in which the stumps of the original forest trees were yet visible. But everything had an air of neatness, which was increased, when pushing open the door he entered the large comfortable kitchen, with its nicely scoured floor, and its dresser, on which were arrayed in bright rows the pewter plates. His footsteps had scarcely sounded on the floor, before a light figure sprang towards him, and next instant was locked in his arms.

"God bless you, Mary," he said, as he parted the hair flowing from her forehead, and stooping, kissed the fair brow.

The girl looked up into his face, and said, half inquiring half positively—

"You have come to stay—have you not? Do now give up running your sloop until things become more settled. You will be captured yet," she continued, as her lover shook his head, "and then if thrown into those dread prison ships in New York, you will never get back."

Notwithstanding the imploring tone in which she spoke, her lover still shook his head.

"Nay, dearest, your woman's fears alarm you without cause; There is no danger. The English ships have left the Delaware, and I must make the old sloop pay me now, for your sake."

She buried her face in his bosom to hide the blushes at this allusion. He continued cheerfully. "Now can you find me a supper? You boast of your house keeping you know, and yet I'll bet we are almost as good cooks on board. At any rate we are a little more hospitable when we see a visitor who has come miles to see us, and walked all the way."

He said this in a playful tone, and the girl immediately hastened to set the supper table. His eyes followed her graceful movements, and they conversed together, as lovers only converse, during the half hour in which the preparations for the meal were going on. At length the other members of the family came in, and the conversation became general.

It was early, however, when the young man rose to go. The girl followed him out to the door.

"Why so soon?" she said.

"It is high tide, and I have already overstayed my time," he said. "But in a few days I will be back, and it may be I will be so successful that there will be no necessity for going again."

"God grant it may be so," she said fervently. "I feel a presentiment of some danger impending over you. There is Hogan the refugee."

"He owes me ill-will I know," said the lover, "ever since you have preferred me to him. But he has left this part of the country, and I should never fear him in a fair fight."

"But he was always stealthy and mean, and would attack you secretly."

"Oh! but there is no fear of him," gaily said the lover. "Believe me I shall be back in less than two weeks, and then—"

He pressed the blushing girl to his bosom, kissed her again and again, and then with a hurried embrace tore himself away. When he had crossed the road and was just entering the woods, he turned and waved his hat. The girl was standing on the watch. She kissed her hand to him and the next instant he vanished from her sight.

But for many minutes she continued to gaze on the spot where he disappeared; and so intent was the reverie in which she fell, that she did not notice the approach of a third party, in the person of a young man of the neighborhood, whom popular rumour declared to be one of her suitors.

"Good evening, Ellen," he said, "you are out late to night."

"Ah! is it you James? Good evening," and she frankly extended her hand. "Will you walk in?"

"No I thank you—I haven't but a minute to stay. There was a short silence, when he added, 'have you seen Hogan lately?' He has come back, I suppose you know?"

"No—I did not know it," said Ellen her heart beating violently.

"I believe he and Briggs are no great friends,—Hogan swears he will have revenge on him, though I don't know what for. Do you?"

Ellen read the man's heart in these words. He was a rejected suitor, and suspected her love for Briggs, and visited her expressly to torture her by this intelligence.

"How know you this?" she said affecting as much callousness as possible. "Have you seen Hogan lately?"

"He was about this morning; but has gone down the river to his old place. They say he has a dozen men there, refugees may be, like himself. By the bye, have you seen Briggs to day? I heard he sailed with the morning tide."

Ellen turned pale at this intelligence, for her woman's quick wit perceived at once, by the meaning tone of her visitor, that Hogan had determined to way-lay her lover, and that her informant, from a feeling of base revenge, had come to apprise her of it, after he thought it would be too late for any notice of the attack to be conveyed to Briggs.—She had the presence of mind not to show her agitation, nor did she undecide the speaker as to the time when her lover sailed. She adroitly turned the conversation.

"Won't you walk in?" she said, "the nights are getting chilly. Father and mother are yet up, I believe."

"No, thank you," said the young man moving, "I must be going. Good bye."

Ellen watched him with a fluttering heart until he had disappeared in the darkness, when she burst into tears. But suddenly dashing them away with her hand, she entered the house, and cautiously approached the door of her little room. The family had all retired. Taking a pen and ink she wrote, with some agitation, a few lines, and placed them where they would be seen, the first thing in the morning.

"This will tell them where I have gone," she said, still weeping. "It would be wrong to wake them, or they would not let me go. But how can I stay here when he is in danger? She paused and mused. "Yet it is too late to overtake him at the wharf. I must go down the river and intercept him. God will be my protector."

With these words she hastened to attire herself in her bonnet and cloak; and then kneeling down

she prayed for a few moments silently, after which she rose, wiped the tears from her eyes, and set forth unattended on her long and very perilous walk.—More than once she started as she wound her way through a solitary forest, at the cry of a night bird, and now and then some unknown noise, or a distant shadow assuming suddenly the shape of a human being, would cause her knees to totter, but, after leaning for a space against a tree and summoning aid from on high by a hasty prayer, she would recover confidence and go on.

At length she reached the shore of the river, after more than an hour's travel. She recognized the place at once, and following the bank soon arrived at a solitary farm house. All was still around, and she did not wake the inhabitants, for they were suspected of being unfriendly to the Whigs, so she merely unlocked a door which she found lying by the water-side, and entering it, waited breathlessly for the appearance of her lover's sloop.

A quarter of an hour passed, which seemed an age and yet no signs of the vessel were visible.

"Surely it cannot have passed," she said anxiously. "Yet the wind is fair and the tide strong."

Another interval elapsed which her alarm magnified into an hour; and at last she burst out: "He has passed and I shall never see him again," she sobbed. "O! God of mercy spare his life!" and clasping her hands convulsively, she looked up to heaven.

Suddenly a sound met her ear which she mistook for the creaking of a block. She started up in the boat, every feature of her face radiant with hope, and looking eagerly toward the bend of the river above. But she was doomed to a disappointment. For five minutes she gazed in vain.

"It was only the sighing of the wind, she sobbed, again overcome by tears. "O, what shall I do! what can I do!" she said piteously, wringing her hands.

All at once the apparent sound of the sheets traversing their iron guide broke the stillness; and this time she was not mistaken. Brushing the tears hurriedly from her eyes, she was able to discern the shadowy form of a sloop round the point of the river above.

"It is him—it him!" she exclaimed agitatedly, and falling on her knees, with glad tears she returned thanks to God. Then hurriedly and nervously taking the oars, she pushed off into the stream, and suffered the boat to drop down with the tide. As she expected the sloop soon overtook her.

"Best stay!" cried a well known voice, that made her heart leap, as the stout vessel came surging towards her.

"James—don't you know me?" she articulated faintly, all the modesty of her nature suddenly aroused at perceiving now, for the first time, the apparent indelicacy of her behaviour.

"Ellen!" cried the voice from the sloop, in a tone of surprise, and immediately the vessel was rounded to, and the athletic arms of her lover lifted her on deck; for overcome with shame she could neither stand nor look up.

"What is the matter?" said her lover, as he held her in his arms, "has any thing happened at home? Speak—you don't know how you alarm me."

His anxious tone recovered for Ellen her confidence, and she hastened to tell him what she had heard.

"I could not, she said, with her face hidden on his broad breast, 'stay at home and leave you to this peril. Father is old, and I was afraid he could not be here in time—"

"God in Heaven bless you. How can I ever repay you for this? But I must find a shelter for you in the cabin, for no time is to be lost. We are already in sight of Hogan's place, and it is too late to retreat. Even if we anchor they will come after us; but now that I know their intentions there is nothing to fear, and our best course is to disarm suspicion by going on."

Ellen would have remonstrated, but at that instant, the moon broke forth, and a large boat was seen pulling out into the stream some distance down the river. She suffered herself therefore, to be led into the cabin where she waited with breathless heart, the termination of the contest.

Tradition tells how, in a few words, their leader informed the crew of the approaching attack, and of the vigorous measures taken to defeat it. The sloop's course was retarded as much as possible, while the wood which formed a part of her cargo, was hastily arranged in piles around the quarter deck as well as forward, so as completely to barricade every part of the vessel. Fortunately, there was a double supply of muskets on board, and these were ranged ready for use. In that critical hour the hand and voice of Briggs were everywhere. He felt that not only his own life, but what was dearer even than that depended on the success of the struggle.

For some time the refugees, who continued pulling lazily up the river, as if not caring to excite suspicion, did not see the movements on board the sloop, but when preparations for defence became visible in the growing bulwark on every side of the vessel, they gave a loud cheer and pulled lustily towards her.

"They are coming," said Briggs, placing the last armful of wood on the pile along the quarter deck. "Take your muskets, lads, and be ready for a volley; the bloody refugees!"

Quick and sharp came the rickling of the oars, and even those manly hearts best fast, as they counted the fearful odds against them, and recognized the burly figure of Hogan and one or two more of his desperate associates.

"Full away—around by the stern my lads,"

shouted the refugee leader, rocking in the stern sheets with the motion of the boat.

"Now's your time," said Briggs, energetically; "pick your men. I'll take Hogan."

The muskets were raised, and a breathless instant ensued.

"Are you ready," whispered their leader.

"Aye!" was the prompt, stern answer.

"Then fire!"

The volley was not a moment too soon. Three of the men in the boat fell, but almost immediately she struck the sides of the vessel, and her crew began to scramble over the barricades erected between them and her defenders. Firing was now impossible; the conflict was hand to hand. It was then that Briggs remembered Ellen, with each blow of his sturdy arm,

Clubbing his musket he met his assailants at every point, cheering and animating his scanty band, even more by his example than his voice.—Short but terrible was the conflict. Most of the outlaws never reached the deck of the sloop, but fell back wounded or dead, into the boat, while the few who gained at least a foothold on the vessel sunk finally, before the athletic arms and indomitable courage of the defenders. In less than five minutes after the attack began, the refugees were repulsed at every point, their leaders killed, and the few who remained alive were in full flight to the shore. Two of their number remained prisoners in the hands of Briggs, and subsequently met the deserved fate of their crimes.

No sooner had the enemy left the vessel than Briggs hastened to the cabin. Ellen was already ascending the gangway, alarmed by the cessation of his voice, which throughout the strife had risen over the noise of the conflict, and sustained her through its terrible suspense.

Their meeting we shall not attempt to describe. It is sufficient to say, that long after, they were accustomed to refer to it as the happiest moment of their lives. "But now, dearest," he said at length, "I must see you safe at your father's, ere I proceed, let me hope for still more."

ARRIVAL OF THE Great Western

Twenty-one days later than Europe.

The Great Western arrived in New York, on the 16th inst, bringing Liverpool dates to the 29th ultimo inclusive. We make the following extracts:

The Hibernia arrived out on the 17th inst, and was followed by the Oxford, Rochester, and Indiana, with papers of the 1st inst, announcing the intelligence of the Senate having passed the Texas Bill. This important news was taken to London by a special Engine Express, conveyed personally by Mr. Edward Willmer. The Indiana was followed in less than two hours by the George Washington, with the inaugural Address of Mr. Polk, which was also expressed in a very rapid manner, reaching London the same night.

The London Times is fierce upon the subject of annexation, it says, that the consent of Congress was long expected, although there were strong moral objections to it, but, says that Journal, whatever they loved, the coveted.

The Morning Chronicle says they are more merited than surprised at annexation.

Willmer & Smith's European Times says:— "The conduct of an American Legislative body is a marvel and a mystery to the politicians of Europe. It passes comprehension, defies calculation, upsets all preconceived notions of organization. Every one saw, in the result of the last contest for the Presidency, that Texas would be annexed; but that the Whig Senate should be a consenting party has produced astonishment, and rendered the news which came to hand this week from the western world, not only novel but startling. The Senate is regarded, on this side of the water, as a very Conservative body—a drag upon the more heroic resolves of the other House; and the dignity of its bearing, commands, with the general wisdom of its decisions, the respect even of those who are not prone to eulogize Republican institutions. Hence the surprise which has been created. But the game of politics is evidently the same all the world over—a series of skilful moves and counter-moves, and the most skilful player is he who puzzles, checkmates, and triumphs over his fellow."

Upon the subject of the President's Message the same writer says:—"The verbose state documents of the Union are little relished in England; and a moment's consideration, perhaps will show the reason. The British Premier's place is Parliament, where he personally answers questions, defends his conduct, assails his antagonist, and acts at once upon the offensive and the defensive. The President of America, on the contrary, is shut out of Congress. Instead of addressing that assembly, and through it the nation, *viva voce*, on the events of the day, when the interest is high and the subject exciting, he waits until anxiety cools or has entirely evaporated, and then, in a formal manner, traces, in a message, with tedious prolixity, what every body knows and has long prejudged.

The inaugural address of Mr. Polk is not obnoxious to this objection in the same degree as the ordinary messages which emanate from the Chief Magistrate of the Union; but even in that document the didactic prevails over the colloquial, and the theme of the essayist rises above the free and easy manner of the citizen. The portion of the message which has given most offence, inasmuch as it denotes a "foregone conclusion," is his allusion to the Oregon territory. The right of the United States to that territory is assumed by the new President as a matter beyond dispute, at the very moment that the subject forms an anxious and protracted controversy between the two Governments. People naturally say, "Can the new official have a proper sense of the deep responsibility of his office when he thus commits himself at the very threshold?"

That Mr. Polk is correct in his assumption may be established hereafter, or it may not. But there is a palpable violation of good taste in so formal, so superfluous a comment on the question. Mr. Polk's predecessor was not happy in imparting dignity to the office. It is to be hoped that the mantle of Washington will sit more gracefully on the shoulders on which it has now descended—but the commencement is perilous.

LIBERATED SLAVES IN THE COLONIES.— The American President's Message.—

Mr. Adams called the attention of Sir R. Peel to a passage in the recent message of the President of the U. States, in which it was alleged with regard to our efforts to suppress the slave trade, that "the slaves, when captured, instead of being returned to their homes, are transferred to her colonial possessions in the West Indies, and made the means of swelling the amount of their products by a system of apprenticeship for a term of years;" and begged to ask whether the President was correctly informed?

Sir R. Peel regretted that the President of the U. States should have thought proper to send to Congress a formal message upon that important subject without ascertaining the real condition of those liberated negroes when in the British colonies. The message stated that, on the capture by British ships of negroes intended for slavery, the latter were sent to the West Indies, and subjected to apprenticeship a term of years, and treated with nearly the same severity that was practised toward them while slaves.

Now, the fact of the case was, that the state of apprenticeship, was and had for some years been, altogether abolished in the West Indies, and no black, whether he went there as a free emigrant or a captured and liberated slave, was ever required to be apprenticed; he was perfectly and entirely free, and entitled to all the rights of freedom. There was another allegation contained in that message, that several negroes belonging to England as well as to the U. States were engaged in the slave trade, and entitled to the most serious consideration. He was not prepared to deny that allegation; but he sincerely hoped that, as the law reached the application of British capital to the purposes of the slave trade, the House would endeavor to make it reach such an offence with stringent penal effect.

The missing packet-ships, England and the United States, form a painful topic of speculation;—if speculation can be said to exist where all is hopeless. The names of the ill-fated vessels have formed an arguery in the minds of persons who are predisposed to similitudes. Like the unfortunate President, the last trumpet only will bring to light the mystery which hangs over their fate. It is a melancholy's disaster, truly; but comfort may be derived from the fact, that the success of the New York packet ships has been far beyond the average. The superior build and equipments of these really noble specimens of maritime greatness, are amongst the causes, doubtless, of their safety and success. They have dared the elements to conflict in many a fearful scene; but something, surely, is attributable to the intellect and skill with which they have been guided over the perilous deep. Perhaps a more highly polished, educated, and, in all the social relations of life, respectable and esteemed class of men cannot be found than the commanders of the New York liners.—Willmer's Times.

IRELAND.

The Repeal Association still continue their meetings. On St. Patrick's Day the meeting was more than usually well attended. All sporting sharmocks in their hats in honor of the day, and Mr. O'Connell was decorated with a monster bunch, twined round a branch of palm, the preceding day having been Palm Sunday. The mayor of Limerick took the chair.

The increase of the grant to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth is stirring up some agitation, which threatens to extend. A meeting to petition against the grant has been held at Exeter-hall; another in Liverpool is fixed for Monday week; and several other parts of the country promise to catch the infection.

The rent for the week was announced to be £398 5s. 4d.

A Whistling Yankee.

Some years since, a Yankee from the land of "notions," travelling westward, found himself minus of cash, after his arrival at the flourishing village of Painesville, Ohio. But Yankees are proverbial for fact, and can turn their wits many ways, to supply the needful. So our Yankee traveller, being good at whistling, perambulated the village, with his hands stuck in his empty pockets, whistling a variety of national airs, much to the amusement of all. Seeing that his employ 'took' with the multitude, he set himself up as a teacher of the Science of Whistling, and reasoned very gravely, that as multitudes would whistle, it would be well for them to learn the science,—rightly judging that what ought to be done at all, should be done well, i. e. upon scientific principles. He believed that there were far more persons who could learn this science than was generally supposed,—that there was no reason why the female sex, with acknowledged better voices than males, should be denied the privilege of whistling! and descended largely upon the advantage to be derived from a thorough knowledge of the science. In short, a school was started at once and many a young limb of the law, medical student, and clerks, with their ladies, were subscribers. The price was fixed at fifty cents per couple and always paid in advance, by which our Yankee friend well supplied his pockets.

The evening for the first lesson arrived,—and with it the goodly number of gents and ladies, at a hotel, waiting the promised instruction. The preliminary observation was made that no one would be assured of any improvement, without they carried on the precise instructions, and obeyed the commands of the teacher.

All were standing upon the floor on the tip-toe of expectation, when the Yankee gave forth his first command with great gravity, "PREPARE TO PUCKER!" All anticipated the next command, "PUCKER!" and instantly a roar of laughter shook the house to its foundation.

It is unnecessary to say that the next day our Yankee traveller was seen wending his way westward, with full pockets, and whistling many a merry tune, while those who had taken their first lesson in the science of whistling were hailed at every turn of the street with the by-words—"PREPARE TO PUCKER!"—"PUCKER!"

"Doctor," said a person once to a surgeon, "my daughter had a terrible fit this morning; she continued full half an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

From the Southern Miscellany. AUGUSTA, March 4th 1845.

Mr. Editor:—I've heard so much grumbling about the shortness of life, and time's flying so fast that I am tired of hearing it—'taint no such thing! Life's awful long, and clocks and watches will have to run faster than common time—if they don't they may just as well stop, for folks are always ahead of them now-a-days. Last July brother Nathan Slick and myself shipped from Boston two tons of clocks for Liverpool. We valued 'em at three dollars apiece on the bill of lading and entered 'em regularly at the Custom House. The Collector taxed us 50 per cent. *ad valorem* as he said—this made them cost us, with all expenses, about four dollars apiece. I told him we wasn't able to pay; that he might just take 'em; I'd also set a few of 'em to running, so he might sell them to the best advantage—'agreed,' says he; 'Mr. Slick, you'll do the clean thing.' So I set 'em agoing—they went with a vengeance, and gained two hours a day. I went in a few days to see how they were going—says I, Mr. Bull, have you sold my clocks? 'Clocks! Mr. Slick,' said he, 'why they go to awful fast!' 'Fast!' said I, 'its American time—don't you know we are nearer sundown by two hours and a half, and are more'n that ahead of you in every thing else!—'He looked flat I tell you—he put up my American clocks at public sale—I bought 'em for a dollar apiece, fixed in my English time wheel, and sold 'em for ten dollars each. I come back with a hundred crates of cups and saucers, the right color to hide dirt, and sold 'em in New Orleans for the Cherokee trade—'tuk the money and laid it out at Cincinnati in pork, cum to Slickville, sold it for onions and potatoes, which I tuk to Baltimore and traded off for whiskey and castings—tuk them to Boston and bought a ship load of ice, which I went with to Havana, where I changed it for sugars—shipped these and myself to Charleston, where I laid out the proceeds in molasses, which is here.—All this I done since last July. Ought I to say life is short and time too fast? Its all a humbug—a man that lives fifty years now—a most lives as long as Myndy Wesley did in old times—you'd say I'm long winded in this philosophizing about time. I think I've proved some of us are not too slow for the old fellow—I sort a seed him the other night in a dream—he'd throw'd away his scythe and hour glass and was riding with a loafer on a locomotive, smoking a segar—he said he'd given up mowing down the folks sense tobacco, licker and railroads, and steamboats had all got to work—and he was just going to the side of sun down, if he could get there afore all the chaps would run away to Oregon and Texas—because if he didn't run awful fast he'd be beat any how! Yours truly,

SAM SICK.

The Curate and the Singing Boy.

The Union of Auxerre contains the following anecdote:

The Curate of A—— one morning took a boy twelve years of age as an assistant at the mass, who was both intelligent and witty. Instead of silently awaiting the arrival of the Curate, the rogue began to play ball in the sacristy. At this astonishing incident the mice, overwhelmed with horror, hid themselves away in the bottom of their dressing rooms. The Curate arrived; and scandalized as he justly should have been by the irreverent conduct of his aid de camp, he picked up the ball and put it in his pocket. This act was considered by the owner as an abuse of authority; the reprisal was prompt and horrible; every sacristan can with fear and trembling perceive why. When the Curate held out the chalice to his servant for the purpose of having it filled, the cup bearer stood immovable, and would not turn his flagon in the slightest degree.

"Pour out," said the priest.

"Give me my ball," answered the cup-bearer.

"Pour out, I command you."

"Give me my ball!"

"You are a scoundrel!"

"Give me my ball!"

The dialogue began to grow monotonous and compromised the sacerdotal dignity. The Curate, yielding to the inevitable necessity, put his hand in his pocket as if he had a dreadful cold in his head, and handed the rebel the ball, the cause of this ever memorable reprisal.

The Curate of A—— is a man of parts, and laughed while he told this story; we laughed while transcribing it, and our subscribers will laugh perhaps when they read it. As for the owner of the bill he did not laugh at the decisive moment, and if ever this young Frenchman becomes a deputy or municipal councillor, it is altogether probable that he will be a stubborn adversary of every abuse of power.

Two strangers recently visited Bunker Hill and ascended to the top of the Monument. After they had asked a number of questions which the superintendent answered very politely, he told them it was customary to pay a small sum for ascending the Monument. At this they were highly indignant, and said that they thought it was a free country, and this place should be free to all; they would not be gulled out of their money by a yankee.—An Englishman ought to be allowed to go free to such public places. The superintendent bowed very politely, and said, 'I wish that you had mentioned that you were Englishmen before, for they are the only persons we admit free; we consider that they paid dear enough for ascending this hill on the 17th of June, 1776.'