

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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## TERMS.

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## POETRY.

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

For the *Huntingdon Journal*.

By ROBERT M'DIVITT.

'And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the Sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.'—Rev. 22 c. 6.

Oh who could wish to linger here  
On this vain world of woe?  
Or from this dark and dreary waste,  
Who would not wish to go?  
Who would not wish to tread the path  
That leads to joys on high?  
Where bliss immortal never fades  
And pleasures never die?  
What is there in the hour of death  
To make the Christian fear?  
The hope of such a resting place  
His dying hour should cheer!  
This beacon light to guide him home  
His journey safe would be;  
He need not fear to launch his bark  
On death's dark stormy sea.  
With some kind friend, to linger near  
To watch the parting breath;  
To whisper comfort to the soul;  
And cheer the hour of death.  
To linger round the dying bed,  
And close the sightless eye;  
Whist Angels wait to wait the soul  
Up through your starry sky!  
These friends shall meet, no more to part,  
Who here have said Farewell;  
The anthem of redeeming love,  
At Heaven's bright gates to swell  
Who could but wish, to bid adieu  
To Earth's sepulchral clod;  
And join that bright angelic band  
Around the throne of GOD!

## The Christian's Fatherland.

In imitation of the German Song, *Das Vaterland*

By R. H. BACON.

Where's the Christian's cherished home?  
Tell me where that spot can be!  
Is it his own hearth beside,  
With his children on his knee,  
And his wife with angel smile  
Meets his gaze of love the while?  
No, ah, no! pale Death may strike  
The mother and the child alike.  
Where's the Christian's own dear land?  
Tell me where that spot can be!  
Is it where the Hudson rolls  
Its mighty tribute to the sea;  
And on whose majestic tide  
The natives of the world may ride?  
No, a country nobler far  
Is the Christian's native land.  
Where's the Christian's native land?  
Is it where the Andes rise,  
In solemn grandeur lifting up  
Their snowy summits to the skies—  
Or where the Rio Plata's seen  
Winding through boundless plains of green?  
No, a broader land than this  
The true Christian claims as his.  
Where's the Christian's native land?  
Is it where the Saviour bled—  
Where he burst the rocky tomb—  
The first begotten of the dead—  
And arose while Heaven was ringing  
With men's acclaim and angel's singing!  
No, a wider bound he claims  
Which his native land he names.  
Where's the Christian's country then,  
Which he woos more than all?  
Is it where the banyan's shadows  
On the rich pagodas fall—  
Where tinkling streamlets soft and slow  
Through vales of dream like beauty flow  
Ah, no, his country is not here,  
'Tis not the land he holds most dear.  
Where's the Christian's Fatherland?  
Is it classic Grecia's shore  
Strewn with relics of the past—  
Columns vast and temples hoar—  
Where every hill and vale  
Have each some well remembered tale?  
No, tho' her bounds so lovely are,  
His fatherland is dearer far.  
Where, then, is his fatherland?  
Is it Spain or glorious France,  
Where beneath the shade of olives  
Minstrels sing and maidens dance?  
Or is it Italy's sea  
Where every breeze wakes melody?  
No, his fatherland contains  
More than all Italy's plains.  
Is the Christian's fatherland  
Burdens Erin's sea-washed isle?  
Or, beside the Forth's broad waters,  
Doth the sun upon its castle  
Or is it England, land of castles,  
Lay lords and cringing vassals?  
No, the Christian's birth-land is  
A broader, nobler land than this.  
The world is his dear fatherland!  
And the truest patriot he:  
And its dwellers are his brothers,  
Whether bond or free.  
Frank and Ethiope, the same,  
The Christian's warm affection claim:  
He loveth all Humanity:  
And thanks his God that he can find  
A heart to cherish all mankind.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### From the *Nantucket Enquirer*. **BATTLE WITH THE PIRATES.**

By REV. CHARLES RICH.

I was at sea, bound to Cuba. Nothing transpired worthy of note, for the last fifteen days of our passage, with the exception of a single event, which, as it may serve as a proper introduction to the subject of this sketch, shall be mentioned. It was on one of those empurpled mornings which the tropical sun so often ushers in with all his pageant, while gliding along with our sails all filled by a stiff trade wind, that I discovered on the weather quarter, a black, rakish looking craft, running down with the intention, apparently, of intercepting our course. At the time of which I write, the southern waters were infested with gangs of the most desperate and blood thirsty pirates which history ever yet mentioned. War was also existing between the Spaniards and Patriots of South America, and privateers were constantly abroad for the destruction of the enemy's ships. The new sail, being to the windward, had every advantage over us, and could therefore bear down upon us with a more flowing sheet, or haul her wind should she wish to avoid us. In less than three hours after we first saw her she was abreast of us about two miles distant, and proved to be a low brig of nearly two hundred tons, well armed. All on board were somewhat alarmed at the approach of the new visitor, and especially when changing suddenly her course, she kept along directly ahead. 'A pirate—a pirate,' we heard from every mouth; and from the captain to the cabin boy, there was not one on board who did not wish himself safely moored in Matanzas. Things remained thus till noon, when the brig again altered her course and steered directly for us. Within an hour she shot beautifully across our bows, and firing a lee gun, her commander hailed the ship, and ordered Capt. N. to heave to, that he might board us. This was soon done, and the result, that after an anxious half hour had elapsed, during which time Captain N. and myself had been confined with the lieutenant of the brig, we were politely informed that we might proceed on our course, the officer announcing himself, as he departed to be Lieut. \* \* \*, of the Columbia gun brig *L'Espérance*. He had at first mistaken us for a Spanish vessel, and afterwards delayed running down, as we looked not unlike a sloop of war.

It was on the third morning after this occurrence, that we made the west end of Porto Rico. Captain N. had just gone below to breakfast, when taking up the spy glass, I discovered in the Mona passage two tapering masts, scarcely visible under a high jutting bluff. 'Here is a pirate indeed,' cried I; 'on deck, quick, Captain, for you will find this fellow to be no scarecrow of a man of war.' Captain N. was immediately on deck, and upon a second observation, he noticed that the vessel was hoisting her foresail, and before he could look the third time, she had every thing set, coming out from under the land to meet us.

'This looks suspicious,' said he, 'to lie one moment stowed away like a spider, with nothing to be seen, and then within five minutes, to be in full chase after a stranger. I am afraid that we shall not find it such easy work to get rid of him as we did the brig the other day. What say you, Charles; suppose this craft should prove to be a pirate, will you fight him? or shall we have to heave to and quietly suffer them to cut our throats?' 'As to fighting,' I replied, 'little can be done in that way, for our whole armament consists of only one four pounder, two muskets, one cutlass, and my fowling piece; a sorry array indeed against the force which that fellow doubtless musters. But I can tell you one thing Captain N., it is no harder to die by a cannon ball or boarding pike, than by being strung up to the yard arm and choking to death by degrees, or by having our windpipes unskillfully opened by these quack doctors. For one, then, I say, get clear if we can, but if the worst comes to the worst, why fight them.'

The true character of the suspicious vessel was soon ascertained, for not being able to outsail us, she fell astern into our wake, at the distance of less than half a mile, and discovering her error in not having cut us off at once, she fired a lee gun and hoisted a Spanish flag. Of this we took no notice. Another lee gun was fired, and the American flag was run up. This was also suffered to pass unnoticed. The third gun came from the windward double shotted, and as the smoke rolled way, the black flag with *Death's head and cross bones* was seen flying at the mainsail peak.

The vessel was a snailish looking craft, schooner rigged, yet one of the most beautiful I had ever seen. Every part of her displayed the most beautiful symmetry, and the long raking masts tapered gradually away almost to a mathematical point. Every thing below the sails was as black as paint could make it, affording a striking contrast to the two lines of white foam that widened off from either bow. Her deck was filled with men, in the centre of whom, as the great weapon of offensive and defensive operations, was mounted a huge brass thirty-two pounder, turning on a pivot. This 'long tom' was polished to the highest degree, and seemed to sing back in disdain the bright sunbeams as they fell upon it.

A council of war was immediately held, in which every one having spoken, it was decided first to

make every effort to escape, and if that did not succeed, to fight till not one remained. No time was to be lost, for though we could hold good our distance while the present breeze lasted, yet should the wind die away, the pirate, being smaller than ourselves, could easily sweep up to us. Besides, his big gun was talking away every few minutes, sending his shot all around us, one of which had already been so impolite as to come splintering through the roundhouse, passing between Captain N. and myself in its way over the lee bulwarks. The sails were immediately wet, from the sky sails to the spanker; logs of wood were painted black, and thrust through the port holes in imitation of guns, and all the old pieces of iron which could be found were tied up in bundles for language. The muskets and fowling pieces were loaded, the bayonets being taken from the former and affixed to long poles, to serve as boarding pikes. Such was our force. Permit me, reader, once more to enumerate it. Fourteen men, one four pounder, with not a ball to fit it, and with only five pounds of powder, ten wooden guns; two muskets; one fowling piece; one cutlass and two long poles with bayonets attached to them.

'Cook,' said I, going forward to the cambouse, fill your coppers with water, and heat it as soon as possible.'

'Lorry, Massa Charles, what you going to do with so much hot water?'

'I will tell you, cook, what I want of it. You and the steward must get upon one of the water casks and saw it in two equal parts, each making a large tub. Should the pirates attempt to board us with their boats, do you fill these tubs with hot water, and when the devils come alongside, just tip the water over their heads, and see how they will relish a good scalding.'

'Kyij, Massa Charles, guess dey will tink dat rader a warm reception.'

Poor fellow! these were his last words, for a shot, glanced from the mainmast, struck him on the head, killing him instantly. Never was I more proud of my Yankee countrymen than during that terrible day. Unarmed, defenceless, the shot flying around and across our vessel, with death directly before us and that too a violent one, and one of our number stretched lifeless at our feet; it was enough to dash every face with consternation. But not a vestige of fear could be traced in a single countenance of our little band. Every heart and hand was nerved to the contest, while the firm and determined step with which each moved from spot to spot, showed that a nobler resolution and not feeling of despair, was at work in each man's bosom.

Short as has been my life, I have many times been brought into extreme peril, and more than once have been called to look Death in the face, but never did I feel as I did during that chase. 'Tis not any easy thing to summon up your manliness and resolve to die—to trample down those high hopes of the future which have hitherto incited and sustained us—to behold our brightest dreams, like bubbles, dashed to naught by a violent hand—to tear away the warm and burning thoughts of home and friends which cluster around the heart, and isolate one's self upon the edge of the grave—to gather up all the past into a minute, and gaze upon it with our last fearful look, and then fling forward the vision into eternity, that we may anticipate our reception there; it is not an easy thing I say to die. We can read, and even think of Death without emotion, if he be far away; but when we listen to the hollow tread of hisstep lurking around us, and hear the weapon hissing by as it hurries to slay our fellow, and feel that we may be the next victim, there is not a soul but thinks quickly, and not a heart which does not beat as if it would tear itself from the bosom. And yet, whatever these undefinable feelings may be, they are not fears—they are something nobler, holier, which every vein they send the life blood rushing through every vein with the lightning's speed, bid the soul act, and aid it in action. 'Tis the hour when true courage sits royally on its throne, it is now that noble deeds are done, to which the finger of history loves to point.

Throughout the day we kept the interval between us and the pirate about the same. We had perhaps gained on him a little; but after the sun went down, the breeze slackened, and soon died away almost to a calm, not however until night had shut in for our protection. Every light on board, including that of the binnacle, was extinguished, and the helmsman commanded to steer by the stars. The night wore away slowly, each one in turn catching a short nap upon deck, for no one was permitted to go below, as an attack might at any time be expected from the boats of the schooner.

I had stretched myself upon one of the seats in the stern boat, with my head resting upon the taff rail as a pillow, not to sleep, for that was impossible, but to think of home, and to throw off for a moment, the heavy weight that was crushing my heart. It was so still around, that the very silence seemed oppressive. I had laid but a few moments, when I thought I heard something that resembled the splash of an oar, and rising from my seat, threw a hasty glance over the bows of the boat. What a sight met my eyes! There was a large boat filled with men, at least thirty in number, all armed with cutlasses and pistols, while by the side of each lay a boarding pike. Fortunately for me, I was not observed, and clearing with a single bound the side of the boat and the taff rail, I sprang upon deck and shouted with a voice that rung like thunder on the air—'Pirates alongside! pirates alongside!'

The alarm spread through the ship, and every

one in a second was ready to repel the enemy. The pirates perceiving that they were discovered, opened the attack with pistols, and upon the first fire disabled three of our little band; yet we yielded not an inch, but stood shoulder to shoulder, ready to die in defence of the vessel. The muskets and fowling piece were brought down to a level with the taffrail, sure death to the first two heads that appeared above it.

'Board the Yankees, my boys, and cut their cowardly throats, and then for the plunder,' came from the commander of the boat, showing by the use of the language that he was either an Englishman or an American.

'Not so easily done,' said a green hand to me; 'blast the buggers, I'll spoil the bread baskets of some of them, I know.'

Determined, however, as we were, all our resistance would have been in vain had not the steward interfered. Five of the pirates had at last gained a footing in the main chains, and the first two had almost as soon fallen back dead in the boats, from the unerring fire of our muskets. There was no time to reload, and in a moment the other three were over the rail and on deck, in close grapple with the captain and two of the men. A groan behind and in the chains, told me that the slaughter was going on, and the next moment the second mate fell dead in the lee scuppers. For a minute or two it was the clash of steel, oaths, groans, when suddenly a loud splash was heard, and almost at the same moment those of the pirates who were in the boats were observed to shove off with the most horrible imprecations. The steward it seemed had, at the beginning of the contest, filled the tubs with boiling water, and unobserved by the pirates, had dashed it full in their faces. Blinded and convulsed with pain, they could do nothing, and their only safety was in a retreat. Six who were left on deck soon fell, literally cut to pieces, not however without having slain two of our number. As the battle closed, a kind providence, as if in pity, sent a still land breeze, and in a few minutes we were moving rapidly along, secure, at least for the present, from further danger.

When the day dawned our foe was discovered about three miles astern, and as the land breeze was dying away, and consequently very light, he had two boats attached to the schooner, rowing ahead to quicken his speed. In consequence of this assistance, the pirate gained rapidly upon us, and when the sun arose, only a quarter of a mile separated us. The shot were again flying fast, carrying away a large part of our mizzen topmast, and splintered the main-yard-arm. Our sails were completely riddled, yet fortunately no one was injured. Preparations were again made for boarding, and two boats were this time sent, both filled with men. On they came, with their pikes and cutlasses gleaming in the morning sun. It was now a dead calm, and there we lay with no means of defence compared with that of our enemy, unable to move a single inch, and a bloody set of men within a quarter of a mile, maddened by former ill success, rowing up, prepared to wreak upon us vengeance by every imaginable torture. The fifteen minutes which elapsed after the boats left the schooner were to us a period of most intense agony. We knew that we must die, and that too by inches, unless that over ruling Power, 'without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the ground,' should interfere for our rescue. The parting hand was taken by all, no distinction now existed between officers and crew. A letter, previously prepared by the captain, stating our situation, was placed in a bottle, which with its mouth securely sealed, was committed to our fate to those we loved at home. Many a prayer was offered by hearts that never prayed before, and eyes which had never wept, were now filled with tears. Each prayed for himself, but wept for others; wept, that this little band of honest hearted men should fall like sheep before the murderous knives of the destroyers.

'I would not wish, my dear shipmates,' said Captain N., 'to go before the bar of my God, as I expect in a few minutes to do, with my hands unnecessarily stained with the blood of my fellow beings, but I hold self-preservation to be the great first law of our nature; and, although to all human appearances we must die, even if we should succeed in destroying three or four of the enemy, yet we will endeavor to rid the world of some of these monsters.'

According to directions then given, by him, four barrels were replaced on the quarter deck and covered with boards, upon which temporary platform the little four pounder was lifted by all hands, loaded to the muzzle with pieces of iron. The object of this was to raise the gun above the rail, for the pirates being astern, it could not be directed towards them through the port-holes in the side of the vessel. Captain N., aimed the gun himself, pointing it directly at the boats, but at a spot about twenty rods distant from the ship with the intention of charging the piece when the boats covered that spot. The priming was poured on, and in breathless anxiety we awaited the enemy's approach.

Suddenly a gleam of hope flashed across every countenance. In the eastern board was observed a dark ripple skirting the horizon, sure evidence that the sea-breeze was setting in. If the wind reached us before the ship was boarded, we were safe. The pirates also observed the indications of the rising breeze, and therefore plied their oars with all their strength.

'Stand by with your match-ropes,' said Capt. N., 'without moving your eye from the range of the gun, and the very second I lift my hand do you fire.' Almost immediately the signal was given and the gun discharged. Unerringly did those iron messen-

gers of destruction do their work. One boat was completely shattered to pieces, and as far as we could judge, at least twenty sunk into a bloody grave. Those in the other were apparently uninjured, but were obliged to stop and rescue their drowning companions. This delay saved us; for before the enemy were again prepared for the attack the sails beautifully stretched themselves to the full under the first blast of the sea-breeze which reached us, and the noble ship careered over with pressure, as if bowing in defiance to the fiends, immediately shot away from danger. Never did the air ring with nine more hearty cheers than those from the quarter-deck of the *Java*. The change was electrical; and the revolution of feelings in every bosom was legibly written on the countenance.

Some danced, and some, among whom was our Captain, even wept for joy; and many were the long yells and jokes told on that day. Still, we were not entirely free from danger; for although we might hope that the pirate thus baffled and weakened would abandon the chase, yet he might also resolve upon being revenged for our resistance and pursue us even to our destined haven.

Early in the morning we had observed a sail on our weather bow, but so far distant her hull could not be distinguished. After the breeze had taken us we soon gained upon her and by noon had come up abeam. She proved to be the French brig *L'Amicitie*, from Havre bound to Vera Cruz, with two hundred passengers on board.

'Ah! Monsieur,' said her captain in broken English, 'if you be you honest man, you will please tell me vat for dat vessel fer so many guns at you?' We replied that it was a piratical vessel.

'Mon Dieu! von pirate did you say? Oh! sicre! I esteem you von very grand man to escape so very nicely. Monsieur oh Monsieur, vat shall I do?—My vessel is von slow sailer, and de pirate vill catch us and kill us all. Oh Monsieur, vill you be so much a good man as to keep vid we a little while?'

To this request we knew not what to reply. 'The brig as the captain said, was a dull sailer, and if we kept company we should be obliged to shorten sail and thus again be exposed to our old enemy. On the other hand, we could not endure the thought of deserting so many of our fellow beings in a moment of extreme danger, and yet if we remained with them we could not defend ourselves, much less another vessel. We however took in some of our light sails and kept with the brig for nearly an hour. Finding, however, that the pirate gained rapidly upon us, only one alternative remained, and that was to crowd all sail and leave the brig to the protection of Providence, unless indeed we were willing to remain like men bound hand and foot to be captured. The commander of the brig was therefore advised to alter his course and steer in a northerly direction, as the pirate, being so eager to secure us for our inability to his men, might leave the brig unmolested. The light sails being again set, we parted, and parted, too forever. Sadly did we mistake the probable movements of the pirates, for immediately upon our separation, he hauled his wind and stood for the brig.

Gladly would I here close my sketch, and if possible the darkest oblivion across the bitter recollection of that hour. But it can never be effaced from my memory; it has haunted me by day and by night, and even now, though many years have intervened, as I recall it more vividly before my mind, hot scalding tears are gathering.

The brig was soon overtaken. For a few moments there was a dreadful conflict—yard arm was locked in yard arm, and a cloud of smoke soon wrapped them both in one deadly embrace. The *Java* was hove too that we might learn the result of the battle. Soon the firing ceased and the smoke rolled away—what a sight was presented! Not a spar of the brig was standing, while her decks were covered with fiends dealing everywhere the blows of Death. The victims were soon despatched, and one after another thrown into the ocean. The schooner had lost her foremast, which now lay along side, and disengaging herself from the brig, she lay too a short distance from her. The work of plunder went on. Thrice the boats went to the brig and returned. Once more too they returned, not now laden with gold and silver spoils. One was filled with pirates; the other—oh must I write it!—with the wives and daughters of the slaughtered dead.

Four years after these events a pirate was executed in one of our large cities, who stated, before his death, that about the time to which this sketch refers, he was master of a schooner, which captured, among other prizes, a French brig from which several young females were taken and carried to a rendezvous in Cuba, and there, after having suffered for two months the most horrid degradation, were at last destroyed by poison. Beyond all doubts these were the ill-fated ones of the *L'Amicitie*.

A young Irishman, who had married when he was about nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties in which his early marriage had subjected him, said he would never marry so young again if he lived to be as old as Mathusalem.

'Death is the wages of sin.' That's poor pay—We wonder that more people don't quit sinning, and stand out for higher wages.

He who has no respect for the laws of morality, will easily find means to evade the laws of the land.

**THE DEPOSED OF THE GRAVE.**—We shrink from the scorching heat of the sun, or we shiver beneath the blasts that wither us as they pass. The nose of the world is wearying—the noise and din of life. The flowers that we gather have thorns that pierce us; and the tree, under whose boughs we turn for safety, falls to crush us. We take our way along crowded streets, meeting nothing but strange faces that stare coldly as we pass—no smile, nor welcome. We wander through green paths, and perchance some are with us that we love or think we love;—that even in green paths there are briars to wound the foot, or the serpent's shining track crosses the road we go, or those with us fall away, and utter loneliness is ill to bear. This is life—but the dead have rest! Where ends our path? Taken through dreary crowded streets or desolate by ways, where is our bed at last? For we cannot always wander, striving, hoping, fearing, for we scarce know what—there must be some place of solace; where shall we find it? Oh, weary, weary spirit, here ends thy toil; here where the turf is so cool and green—here where the wind whistles so mournfully through the waving grass. Rest thee; rest thee—take the mantle around thee; lie down upon this ready earth, it will open and give thee rest. Art thou cold? ask the cold sepulcher to take thee to its narrow chamber; thou wilt shiver in the winter wind no more. Doth thy brow ache with all this feverish excitement—this whirlwind of sound and motion? press it to the cool mantle of the tomb; let the air, grown damp and chill from passing over graves, fan thy burning cheek—it will woo thee to stillness and to calm; thou wilt forget the hot turmoil of existence, thy new home shall be so quiet. *Mrs. Punsoway.*

**THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.**—None but those who have passed the sad ordeal, know the sufferings of one who is fastened by indissoluble bonds to the miserable drunkard; one whose wrongs, whose patient sufferings, continually ascends on every breeze to the throne of God; whose active and inextinguishable affection is ever watching over one who regards it all by hard-hearted abuse and neglect.—Faith and hope are the jewels that glisten in her soul; and they shine in the midst of sorrow and gloom, as stars in a stormy night. Once joy and brightness filled her lot; but now, lonely vigils, heart struggles, broken hopes, the wreck of all that is lovely, have made her path dark and her life as a cloudy vision. A trusting heart has been broken and the conviction comes, that that heart, once the home of bliss, must be the grave of sorrows, where lies buried the wreck of her dearest hopes. Too often the heart that loves most bleeds, but whose heart suffers as does the drunkard's wife!—*Crystal Fountain.*

**WHO AND WHAT I HAVE SEEN.**—I have seen a farmer's wife take the last twenty bushels of wheat from the granary to purchase a new dress, when her husband at the same time, had an execution standing against him.

I have seen farmers that could go twenty miles to a political meeting, but would not go five to an agricultural one.

I have seen farmers that had but little except 'dog fence,' but I could not see that they had better crops than those that had good rail or board fence.

I have seen farmers that burned their straw, when thrashing their grain in the fall, and go begging the same article before spring to keep their stock alive.

I have seen a farmer that traveled one hundred and four miles in the course of a year, to use his neighbor's grindstone, when two days labor would purchase one that would last ten years.

I have seen a farmer's wife that would prefer sour cream and a visit, to sweet cream and home.

**PATRICK AND THE ECHO.**—Patrick: 'You must not absent yourself without my leave.'  
'Och, river more will I do the like, sir.'  
'Well give an account of yourself, you seem out of breath.'  
'Faith the same I am sir—I niver was in such fear since I came to Ameriky, and I'll tell you all about, sir, when I get breath out again.'

I heard ye telling the gentlemen of the wonderful echo, sir, over in the woods, behind the big hill. I thoct by what ye said uv it, that it bate all the echoes uv old Ireland, and so it does, by the powers! Well, I just run over to the place ye was speaking uv, to converse a bit with the wonderful creature.—So said I, 'Hillo, hillo, hillo, you noisy rascal!'

'I thoct that was very quare, sir, and I said Hillo! again.'

'Hillo yourself,' said the echo, 'you begun first. What the d—! are you made uv? said I.'

'Shat, your mouth,' said the echo.

'So said I, ye blatherin scoundrel, if ye was flesh and blood, like an honest man, that ye sent I'd hammer ye till the mother of ye wouldn't know her imperfect son.'

'And what do you think the echo said to that sir? 'Scamper ye baste of a paddy,' it said 'faith if I catch you I'll break every bone in your ugly body.' And it hit my head with a stone, sir, that was nigh knocking the poor brains out uv me. So I run as fast as I ever I could—and praised be all the saints, I'm in here to tell you ov it, sir.'

'Ma, Ma, Cousin John, he's in the parlor with sister Sal, and he keeps a bitin her.'  
'Cousin John biting my Sal?'