The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

BY WM. BREWSTER. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1854. VOL. 19. NO. 48.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

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Select Poetry.

THINKS I TO MYSELF.

I saw her again but a few days ago,
—Why will she come down to the city?—
The name of the lady is—Abigal Snow;
Yet, thinks I to myself, she is pretty,
And witty,
Thinks I to myself she is pretty.

And methinks I've seen her somewhere before,
And ask'd for a lock of her hair;
But I've seen of girls so many a score,
That hang me if I could tell where;
I declare,
I couldn't tell when or where.

But now both the time and place I remember,
(She wore that very same dress;)
At a certain hotel in the month of November,
We met in the hall, I guess;
O yes,
And our lips, too, they met, I guess.

Thinks I she would make a good partner for life
But she's book'd by another, I s'pose,
And perhaps the poor fellow'sin want of a wife,
Or else I'd surely propose;
Goodness knows.
As it was, I did more than propose.

But thinks I to myself after all it's a pity
She's tied and cannot undo it,
Though, thinks I, if she comes so oft to the city,
Some day her lover will rue it,
Will rue it;
Thinks I to myself he'll rue it.

But if 'satisfaction' he wants, my revolver
Is ready to win or to lose;
And then if he's forced at last to absolve her,
I'll step right into his shoes,
The goose,
I'll step right into his shoes.

A Select Tale.

A THRILLING SEA STORY.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

It was at the close of a stormy day, in the year 1835, when the gallant frigate Constitution, under the command of Capt. Elliott, having on board the late Edward Livingston, then Minister at the Court of France, and family, and manned by nearly five hundred souls, drew near to 'chops' of the English channel. For four days she had been beating down from Plymouth, and on the fifth evening, she made her track for the French coast.

The watch was set at eight P. M., the Captain came on deck soon after, and having ascertained the bearing of Scilly, gave orders to keep the ship 'full and bye,' remarking at the same time to the officer of the deck, that he might make the light of the lee beam; but he would pass it without seeing it. He then 'turned in,' as did most of the idlers and the starboard watch.

At a quarter past nine, P. M., the ship headed west by compass, when the call of 'Light ho!' was heard from the foretopsail yard.

'Where away?' asked the officer of the deck,

'Three points to the lee bow,' replied the look-out man, which the unprofessional man will understand to mean very nearly straight ahead.

At this moment the Captain appeared and took the trumpet.

'Call all hands!' whistled the boatswain, with a long, shrill summons, familiar to the ears of all who have ever been on board a man of war.

'All hands!' screamed the boat-swain's man, and ere the echo died away, all but the sick were on deck.

The ship was staggering through a heavy swell from the Bay of Biscay, the gale which had been blowing several days, had increased to a severity that was not to be made light of. The breakers, where Sir Cloudesly Shovel and his fleet were destroyed in the days of Queen Ann, sang their song of death before, and the Dead Man's Ledge replied in coarser notes behind us. To go ahead—seemed to be death, and to go about was sure destruction.

The first thing that caught the eye of the Captain was the furled mainsail, which he had ordered to be carried throughout the evening—that hauling up of which, contrary to the last order he had given on leaving the deck, had caused the ship to fall off to leeward two points, and had thus led her into a position on a "lee shore," upon which a strong gale was blowing here, in which the chance of safety appeared to stoutest nerves most helpless. That sole chance consisted in standing on, to carry us through the breakers of Scilly or by a close graze along their outer ledges. Was this destined to be the end of our gallant old Ship, consecrated by prayer and blessing.

Who ordered the mainsail up, when I ordered it set! cried the Captain in a tremendoes voice.

'Finding that she pitched her bows under, I took it in, and your general order, that the officer of the deck should carry sail according to his discretion,' replied the Lieutenant in command.

'Heave the log,' was the prompt command to the master's mate.

The log was thrown.

'How fast does she go?'

'Five knots and a half, sir.'

'Board the main tack, sir.'

'She will not bear it, sir,' said the officer of the deck.

'Board the main tack!' thundered the captain; 'Keep her full and bye, quarter-master!'

'Aye, aye, sir.'

The tack was boarded.

'Haul aft the main sheet,' shouted the Captain; and aft it went, like the spreading of a sea-birds wing, giving the huge sail to the gale.

'Give her the lee helm when she goes into the sea!' cried the Captain.

'Aye, aye, sir! she has it,' growled out the sea-dog at the binnacle.

'Right your helm; keep her full and bye!'

'Aye, aye, sir, full and bye she is,' was the prompt answer from the helm.

'How fast does she go.'

'Nine knots and half, sir.'

'How bears the light?'

'Nearly abeam sir.'

'Keep her away half a point.'

'How fast does she go?'

'Nine knots, sir.'

'Steady so!' returned the captain.

'Steady!' answered the helms-man, and all was silent as the grave upon that crowded deck, except the howling of the storm, for a space of time that seemed to the emagination almost an age.

It was a trying hour to us; unless we could carry sail so as to go at the rate of nine knots an hour, we must of necessity dash upon Scilly: and who ever touched upon those rocks and lived during a storm?

The sea ran very high, the rain fell in sheets, the sky was one black curtain, illuminated only by the faint light which was to mark our destruction. The wind had got above whistling—it came in puffs that flattened the waves, and made our old frigate settle to her bearings while everything on board seemed to be cracking to pieces. At this moment the carpenter reported that the left bolt of the fore-shroud had drawn.

"Get on the luffs, and set them on all the weather-shrouds. Keep her at small helm, quarter-master, and ease her in the sea, were the orders of the captain.

The luffs were soon put upon the weather shrouds, which, of course, relieved the chain and channels; but many an anxious eye was turned towards the remaining bolts, for upon them depended the masts; and upon the masts the safety of the ship—for with one foot of canvass less she could not live fifteen minutes.

Onward plunged the over-laden frigate, and at every surge she seemed bent upon making the deep the sailor's grave, and her live oak sides his coffin of glory. She had been fitted out at Boston when the thermometer was below zero. Her shrouds of course, therefore slackened at every strain, and her unwieldy masts—for she had those designed for the frigate Cumberland, a much larger Ship—seemed ready to jump out of her.

And now, while all was apprehension, another bolt drew—and then another—until at last our whole stay was placed upon a single bolt less than at man's wrist in circumference. Still the iron clung to the solid wood, and bore us alonside the breakers, though in a most frightful proximity to them. This thrilling incident has never, I believe, been noticed in public, but it is the literal fact—which I make not the slightest attempt to embellish.

As we galloped on—for I can compare our vessel's leaping to nothing else—the rocks seemed very near us. Dark as was the night, the white foam scowled around their black heads, while the spray fell over us, and the thunder of the dashing surge sounded like the awful knell that the ocean was singing for the victims it was eager to engulph.

At length the light bore upon our quarter and the bold Atlantic rolled its white caps before us. During this time all was silent each officer and man was at his post, and the bearing and countenance of the captain seemed to give encouragement to every person on board. With but a bare possibility of saving the ship and those on board, he relied on his nautical skill and courage, and by carrying the mainsail, which in any other situation would have been considered a suicidal act, "he weathered the lee shore, and saved the Constitution!"

The mainsail was now hauled up, by the light hearts and strong hands, the jib and spanker taken in, and from the light of the Scilly, the gallant vessel, under close reefed topsails and main trysails, took her departures, and danced merrily over the deep towards the United States.

'Pipe down! said the Captain to the first Lieutenant, 'and splice the main brace.'

'Pipe down!' echoed the first Lieutenant to the boatswain.

'Pipe down!' whistled the bootswain to the crew, and 'pipe down' it was.

'How near the rocks did we go?' said I to one of the master's mates, the next morning.

He made no reply, but taking down a chart, showed me a pencil line between the outside shoal and the Light House Island, which must have been a small strait for a fisherman to run his smack through in good weather by day light.

For what is the noble and dear old frigate preserved!

I went upon deck; the sea was calm, a gentle-breeze was swelling our canvas from our mainsail to royal, the isles of Scilly had sunk in the eastern waters, and the clouds of the dying storm were rolling off in broken masses to the northward and westward, like the flying columns of a beaten army.

I have been in many a gale of wind, and have passed through scenes of great danger, but never before nor since, have I experienced an hour so terrible as that when the Constitution was laboring with the lives of five hundred men hanging on a single small iron bolt, to weather Scilly on the night of the 11th of May, 1835.

During the gale, Mrs. Livingston inquired of the captain if we were not in great danger to which he replied, as soon as we had passed Scilly. "You are as safe as you would be in aisle of a church.

It is singular that the frigate Boston, Capt. McNeal, about the close of the revolution, escaped a similar danger while employed in carrying out to France, Chancellor Livingston, a relative of Edward's and also Minister to the Court of St. Cloud. He likewise had his wife on board, and while the vessel was weathering a lee shore, Mrs. Livingston asked the captain—a rough but old fire eater—if they were not in danger to which he replied—"You had better, madam, get down upon your knees, and pray to God to forgive your various sins, for if we do not carry by this point, we shall all be down in five minutes."

Poetry.

To my Little Cousin, with her first Bonnet.

A pretty, playful little poem by Caroline Bowles, afterwards Mrs. Southey.

Fairies, guard the baby's bonnet!
Set a special watch upon it;
Elfin people! to your care
I commit it, fresh and fair;
Neat as neetness—white as snow—
See ye keep it ever so.

Watch and ward set all about—
Some within and some without:
Over it with dainty hand,
On her kirtle green expand;
Two or three about the bow
Vigilant concern bestow;
A score, at least, on either side,
'Giants evil accident provide;
Fall or jar, or overlay;
And so the precious charge convey,
Trough all the dangers of the way.
But when those are battled through,
Fairies! more remains to do;
Ye must gift, before ye go,
The bonnet and the babe also.

Gift it to protect her well,
Fays! from all malignant spell;
Charms and seasons to defy,
Blighting wind and evil eye,
And the bonny babe! on her
All your choicest gifts confer.
Just as much of wit and sense
As may be hers, without pretence;
Just as much of grace and beauty
As shall not interfere with duty;
Just as much of sprightliness
As shall companion gentleness;
Just as much light-hearted cheer
As may be melted to a tear,
By a word—a tone—a look—
Pity's touch, or Love's rebuke.
As much of frankness, bland and free,
As my consort with modesty;
As much of feeling, as will bear
Of after life the wear and tear;
As much of life—but Fairies! there
Ye vanish into thinnest air!
And with ye, parts the playful vein
That loved a light and trivial strain.

Befits me better, babe! for thee
T' invoke Almighty agency;
Almighty love—Almighty power,
To nurture up the human flower;
To cherish it with heavenly dew,
Sustain with earthly blessings too;
And when the ripe, full time shall be,
Engraft it on Eternity.

☞ Why was the first day of Adam's life like the longest ever known? Because it had no Eve!

A NEW BANK.—It is said by the Warren *Mail* that Gov. Bigler has signed the bill passed by the last Legislature for a bank at that place. The Governor would hardly have been beaten worse, if he had signed this bill before the election.

☞ It is remarked by something of a wag that where twenty persons have stomachs but one has brains!—hence brewers grow rich while printers remain poor. Philosophical that!

Miscellaneous.

About the Weather.

The gentleman who presides over the local columns of the *Examiner* now and then dashes off some very good and true things. The following is one of them. We give it because it is really good.

"What discontented, selfish, grumbling, growling, sore-head, hard-to-please-*things* men and woman are. Nothing is ever right.—Wrong—wrong, and nothing but wrong is the endless burden of their song. But a short time since every body and his wife were scolding about the weather. Would it never rain. The dust would positively kill them. Then there came rain—a slow drizzling, half made up one. Such a rain! Every drop collected into a pint tin cup, would not be enough to drown a fly. They would rather have than such a miserable apology, and rolling their discontent and unmitigated contempt together, they turn up their noses at the weather and went—one to leg prayer meetting and the other to his eating house. But notwithstanding the growling the rain continued coming down, down, until at last there was a perfect deluge, (we mean on a small scale,) and then the growler once more let loose. Such a rain why it comes down in torrents—the streets are covered with water—and the side walks impassable. Umbrellas ain't of no use nor gum shoes either. It comes right straight down through the one, and runs in over the tops of the others. Nothing can keep it out—it will soak in and soak through. Nobody is satisfied but your true philosopher, who takes everything as it comes and the don't care hatless urchin on the street, who pokes fun at you as you pass—and cries "hurry along or you'll git wet." But all sublunary things must have an end, a turning off place or winding up—even so must the weather have,—and hence as we write, the dark clouds are rollins away, the sky looks bright to the north—here and there a spot of blue is seen, with a streak or two of sunshine piercing through, the as we opine the clerk of the weather has made his entry—laid down to rest, even so will we cease writing about the grumblers and the weather, and try to take the world easy for awhile.

Discontent.

How universal it is! We never knew the man who would say "I am contented." Go where you will, among the rich or the poor, the man of competence or the man who earns his bread by the daily sweet of his brow, you hear the sound of mourning and the voice of complaint. The other day we stood by a cooper, who was playing a merry tune with an adze round a cask.

"Ah!" sighed he, "mine is a hard lot—for ever trotting round like a dog, driving a hoop."

"Heigho!" sighed a blacksmith, one of the hot days, as he whiped away the drops of perspiraton from his brow while the red hot iron glowerd upon his anvil, this is life with a vengence, melting and frying one's self over the fire."

"Oh, that I were a carpenter!" ejeculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lap stone.—"Here I am, day after day, working my soul away in making soles for others, coopered up in a seven by nine room."

"I am sick of this out door world!" exclaims the carpenter. 'broiling and sweltring under the sun, or exposed to the inclemancy of the weather. If I was a tailor."

"This is too bad! "perpetually the tailor to be compelled to sit perched up here plying the needle all the while—would that mine was a more active life!"

"Last day of grace; the bank won't discount; customers won't pay; what shall I do!" grumbles the merchant. "I had rather be a truck horse—a dog—anything!"

"Happy fellow!" groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some perplexing case, or pores over some dry record; "happy fellow! I had rather hammer stone than cudgel my brain on this teidous vexatious question."

And through all the ramifications of society all are complaining of their condition—finding fault with their particular calling. "If I were only this, or that, or the other, I should be content—anything but what I am," is the universal cry. So wag the world, so it has wagged, and so it will wag.—*American Union.*

The Mormons.

It is indeed a foul blot upon the character of this Union, and upon the intelligence of the Nineteenth century, that the infatuated and licentious sect known as "Mormons," should have been suffered, in violatition of laws of God and man, to grow and flourish to the dangerous extent they have reached, both in numbers and in the influence of their degrading and immoral practices, upon society at large. They are literally a race of Polygamists, abhored by God and should be discountenanced and utterly abhorred by man.

The Newark Daily *Advertiser*, in alluding to them, thus speaks of them:—"While we are talking of popular sovereignty in teritories, and the unconstitutionality of governmental interference therin, it will be well to consider, what is soon to be done about Brigham Young and his Mormons. Shall we suffer them to set up a Turkish government for themselves, and defy any governer, judges and other magistrates sent out to them.

Shall Young be borne with in his threat, that every man that comes to impose upon his people, whoever he may be, and by whomsoever sent *thereby lays the axe to the root to kill himself*, and had better be careful how he comes to Utah, lest he shall bend his little finger!

Has not the government a right to govern in the Territories, and crush this insufferable insolence, and dangerous anomaly? Shall that ever be admitted to this Union, so long as polygamy continues to be the abomination of Mormon legislation? These people must be shown their duty and place decidedly, firmly.

Hard of Hearing.

A LOVE STORY.

A young Jonathan once courted the daughter of an old man that lived "down east," who professed to be deficient in hearing, but, forsooth, was more cautious than limited in hearing, as the sequel will show.

It was a stormy night in the ides of March, if I mistake not, when lightning, and the loud peals of thunder answered thunder that Jonathan sat by the old man's fireside, discussing with the old lady, (his intended mother-in-law) on the expediency of asking the old man's permission to marry "Sal." Jonathan resolved to "pop it" to the old man the next day. Night passed, and by the dawn of another day the old man was found in his barn-lot, feeding. Jonathan rose from his bed early in the morning, spied the old man feeding his pigs, and resolved to ask for Sal.

Scarce had a minute elapsed, after Jonathan made his resolution, ere he bid the old man 'good morning.' Now Jonathan's heart; now he scratched his head, and ever and anon gave birth to a pensive yawn. Jonathan declared that he'd as lief take thirty-nine "stripes" as to ask the old man; "but," said he, aloud to himself, however, here's go it, "a faint heart never won a fair gal," and addressed the old man thus:

"I say, old man, I want to marry your daughter."

Old Man.—"You want to borrow my halter, I would lend it to you, Jonathan, but my son has taken it and gone to the mill."

Jonathan.—"(Putting his mouth close to the old man's ear, and speaking in a deafening voice,) "I've got five hundred pounds of money!"

Old Man.—Stepping back as if greatly alarmed, and exclaimed in a voice of surprise, "you have got five hundred pounds of honey? What in the mischief can you do with so much honey, Jonathan? Why it is more than the whole neighborhood has use for."

Jonathan.—(Not yet the victim of despair, and putting his mouth to the old man's ear, bawled out)"I've got gold."

Old Man.—"So have I, Jonathan, and it is the worst cold I ever had in my life." So saying he sneezed a "wash up."

By this time the old lady came up, and having observed Jonathan's unfortunate luck, she put her mouth to the old man's ear, and screamed like a wounded Yahoo:

"Daddy, I say Daddy—you don't understand; he wants to marry our daughter."

Old Man.—"I told him our calf halter was gone."

Old Lady.—"Why Daddy you don't understand—he's got gold—he's rich!"

Old Man.—"He's got a cold and the itch, eh! What's he doing with the itch eh?" So saying the old man aimed a blow at Jonathan's head with his walking cane, but happily for Jonathan, he dodged it. Nor did the rage of the old man stop at this, but with angry countenance he made after Jonathan, who took to his heels; nor did Jonathan's luck stop here, he had not got out of the barn-yard, not far from the old man, who run him a close race, ere Jonathan stumped his toe and fell to the ground, and before the old man could "take up," he stumbled over Jonathan and fell sprawling in a mud hole. Jonathan sprung to his heels, and with the speed of John Gilpen cleared himself. And poor Sal she died a *nun. Never had a husband.*

The Honey-Moon Season.

The Sandusky Register affirms that the "honey-moon season" is raging some in its neighborhood, and publishes the following diagnosis of the "affection,' for the benefit of those who may fall victims to its ravages:

2d day—speechless ecstacy—bliss impossible to be expressed.

5th day—bliss still in the ascendent; appetite begins to "look up."

9th day—Lady eats her dinner without being kissed between every mouthful.

12th day—"Oh! you naughty boy?" not said quite so frequently.

15th day—Gentleman fancies a walk solus; comes home and discovers his charmer in tears.

16th day—Gentleman and lady have returned to the world of sighs, gentle chidings and promises "never to go alone in future." Are invisible nearly all day.

18th day—Lady is presented with a magnificent breastpin; gentleman consults her about the details of their domestic arrangements.

21st day—Gentleman and lady fancy a little change, and go to church.

25th day—Lady begins to "pick up,, preparatory to returning from her wedding tour; gentleman assists her, and only kisses her once during the operation.

28th day—On the journey, gentleman keeps his "lady bird" very snug.

29th day—Commits the dreadful faux pas of falling asleep in each other's company.

30th day—Arrive at home; greeted by mother-in-law; hugs her dear son, and vanishes aloft with her daughter; husband dancing attendance in sitting room for two hours, already feels savage while because the dinner is getting cold and spirit begins to rebel against the mother and Amelia. Amelia presently descends looking very charming; husband brightens up, dinner put on the table; mother-in-law drinks wine and is effected to tears; Amelia consoles her "Ma." Evening wears on; mother-in-law leaves; Agustus returns inward thanks, and goes to bed, determined to be at the store very early in the morning and wake up the clerks.

NOT QUITE SO HAPPY A HIT.—By another child: "Charlie, what makes your cheeks so red?" asked his sister's admirer, of a little urchin five years old.

"Cause I put some of sister's paint on. She puts it on every day."

It was an embarrassing disclosure to all around. At least Charlie thought so after the visitor was gone.

Tombstone Poetry.

St. Philip's churchyard, Birmingham, contains the following happy specimen of what may be termed the Hibernian sentimental,

Oh! cruel death, how could you be so unkind
To take him before and leave him behind?
You should have taken both of us, if either,
Which would have been more pleasing to the survivor!

One Ann Collins had the misfortune to fall into a cask of beer, in the neighborhood of the village of King Stanley, and the coroner's jury having brought in a verdict of found drowned, the poet—some despairing lover, perhaps—thus records upon her tomb the sad story of her fate:

'Twas as she tripped from cask to cask,
In at a bung-hole quickly fell;
Suffocation was her task,
"She had no time to say farewell."

The following, which is still to be found in Braunstod churchyard, is an example of the anti-orthographical—the semi-cynical, the apologetical and the pious. William Barrows thus confesses himself to posterity:

'Tis true I led a single life,
I nare was married in my life;
For of that sex I nare had none—
It is the Lord; his will be done.

The following was formerly to be found in Ashburton churchyard:

Here I lie at the chancel door;
Here I lie, because I am poor;
The farther in the more you pay,
Here I lie as warm as they.

The following may be found in Portsea, cemetery:

What was she?
What every good woman ought to be,
That was she.

My Mother never tells Lies.

Some females, says the St. Louis Observer, met at the house of a friend, in that city, for an evening visit, when the following scene and conversation occurred:—

The child of one of the females, about five years old, was guilty of rude, noisy conduct, very improper on all occasions, and particularly so at a stranger's house. The mother kindly reproved her:

'Sarah you must not do so.'

The child soon forgot the reproof and became as noisy as ever. The mother firmly said,

'Sarah, if you do so again I will certainly punish you.'

But not long after, Sarah 'did so again.'—When the company were about to separate, the mother stepped into a naighbor's house, intending to return for the child. During her absence the thought of going home recalled to the mind of Sarah the punishment, which her mother told her she might expect. The recollection turned her rudeness and thoughtfulness to sorrow. A young lady present, observing it, and learning the cause, in order to pacify her said,

'Never mind, I will ask your mother not to whip you.'

'Oh,' said Sarah, 'that will do no good, *My mother never tells lies.*

Said my informant, who is also a parent, 'I learned a lesson from the reply of that child, which I shall never forget. It is worth every thing in the training of a child, to make it feel, that its Mother never tells lies.'

Why Should a Man Swear.

I conceive of no reason why he should, but of ten why he should not.

1. It is mean. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar. altogether too low for a decent man.

3. It is cowardly; implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear, than go into the street with a clod hopper.

5. It is indecent; offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."—Pope.

7. It is abusive. To the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person to whom it is aimed.

8. It is venomous; showing a man's heart to be the nest of vipers, and every time he swears one of them sticks out of his head.

9. It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

10. It is wicked; violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.

Keep it Before the People!

Something for Americans to think of.—The Government offices at Washington, are occupied by five hundred and ten Americans, and nine hundred and fourteen foreigners! Of our Ministers and Consuls, officers of the Coast Survey, U. S. Mint, Lighthouse inspectors and keepers; officers of Revenue and Marine service, there are two hundred and thirteen Americans, and eight hundred and thirty-seven foreigners! Total Americans, nine hundred and eighty-two. Total Foreigners three thousand three hundred and eleven! Balance against Americans, two thousand three hundred and twenty-nine!

If Americans wish to know the 'machinery' that was brought to bear upon the last Presidential election, they will find it in the foregoing, which is the legitimate result of the Roman Catholic vote given to President Pierce at that time. That was a deep game, and it will be a very long time before another will be played like it.—*Exchange.*

☞ A Yankee editor out west, says:—"The march of civilization is onward—onward—like the slow but intrepid tread of a jackass to a peck of oats."

Pat's Return from the Polls.

A dialogue between Patrick and Bridget, on the return of the former from the election on Tuesday, the 10th of Oct. A. D, 1854.

Bridget.—Come, Patrick me honey, what makes you look sad,
Ye always came home from the election so glad?

Patrick.—Ah Bridget, me darlint, how can I look gay,
When the bloody "Know Nothings" have carried the day?
They have taken the country from Airland away,
And Bigler and Democracy no longer hold sway.

Bridget.—Oh! cheer up, me Pat, what you say can't be true,
But what makes your face look all over so Blue?
From your head to your falte you're covered with blood,
And your shirt looks as if ye'd been rowl'l in the mud?

Patrick.—Ah! be Jabers! me darlint, the tale is too true,
And I'll tell you what makes my face all over so blue,
But hurry me Bridget, and get me some mate,
Some whiskey to drink, and some praties to ate,
And I'll try to relate while I'm drinkin' and atin'
How the Native Americans gave us a batin'.

We marched to the powls wid shillalies in hand,
To drive from their birthright the sons of the land;
But soon we found out we'd made a mistake.
For the Natives, be Jabers! were all wide awake;
They were drawn up in lines, all ready to mate us,
An I could't help thinkin' as how we were fools,
To be fightin' for Bigler, an' lavin our mules;
Then we thought we saw "Bowie," and we turn'd round to fly,
For sure it was better to run than to die;
So we drapt our shillalies, an took hasty lave;
We jumped through the windies our bacon to save,
An, as we went out, we danc'd new Irish reels.
For the Natives, be Jabers! pitched us head over heels.
An' I never was sure that we wasn't all dead,
Till I lifted me hand and felt round for me head,
By the holy Saint Patrick! on next 'lection day,
Instead of the powls, I will stick to my dray,
For me mules I can drive, an' bate as I plase,
But the bloody sowl'd Natives, shillalies can't faze.

JAKEY.

An Ingenious Device.

A sea captain on a voyage, with thirty passengers, being overtaked by a violent tempest, found it necessary to throw half of them overboard, in order to lighten the vessel. Fifteen of the passengers were Christians, and the other fifteen were Unbelievers; but in this exigency, they unanimously agree to the captain's proposition, that he should place the whole thirty in a circle, and throw every ninth man over, till only fifteen were left. To save the Christians, the captain placed his thirty passengers in this order viz: four Christians, five Unbelievers; two Christians, one Unbeliever; one Christian, two Unbelievers; two Christians; three Unbelivers; one Christians, two Unbelievers; two Christians, one Unbeliever. He began to number from the first of the four Christians, thus:

CCCC, UUUUU, CC, U, CCC, U, C, UU, CC, UUU, C, UU, CC, U.

Extracts.

Difficulties are whetstones to sharpen our fortitude.

Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avarice all things.

A man is in the sight of God what his habitual and cherished wishes are.

To compliment vice, is but one remove from worshipping the devil.

Moderation is the silken string running from the pearl chain of all virtues.

He who labors for mankind, without a thought for himself, has begun his immortality

As the lovely cedar is green throughout the barrenness winter, so shall the Christian alone flourish amid the winter of death, and bloom in immortality.

☞ A young clerical gentleman relates the following anecdote of one of his Dutch brethern. The Old fellow was about commencing his spiritual exercises one evening, when to his being a little near sighted was added the dim light of a country church. After clearing his throat and giving out the hymn, prefacing it with the apology—

The light ish bad, mine eyes ish dim,
I scarce can see to read dish hymn.

The clerk supposing it was the first stanza of the hymn, struck np to the tune of common metre.

The old fellow taken somewhat aback by this turn of affairs, corrected the mistake by saying:

I didn't mean to sing dish hymn,
I only meant mine eyes ish dim.

The clerk still thinking it a combination of the couplet, finished in the preceding strain.

The old man at this, waxed wroth, and exclaimed at the top of his voice:

I dink the debil's in you all,
Dat vash no hymn to sing at all

☞ I have not loved 'lightly' as the man when he married a widow weighing three hundred pounds.

☞ The cap of Liberty:—An old maids night-cap.