# 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, MAY 30, 1855. VOL. 20. NO. 22.



**TERMS:**

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

**If paid in advance**.....$1,50

If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1,75

If paid at the end of the year.....2,00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

**ADVERTISEMENTS**

Will be charged at the following rates:

| | 1 insertion. | 2 do. | 3 do. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Six lines or less, | $ 25 | $ 37½ | $ 50 |
| One square, (16 lines,) | 50 | 75 | 1 00 |
| Two " (32 " ) | 1 00 | 1 50 | 2 00 |
| Three " (48 " ) | 1 50 | 2 25 | 3 00 |

Business men advertising by the Quarter, Half Year or Year, will be charged the following rates:

| | 3 mo. | 6 mo. | 12 mo. |
|---|---|---|---|
| One square, | $3 00 | $5 00 | $8 00 |
| Two squares, | 5 00 | 8 00 | 12 00 |
| Three squares, | 7 50 | 10 00 | 15 00 |
| Four squares, | 9 00 | 14 00 | 23 00 |
| Five squares, | 15 00 | 25 00 | 38 00 |
| Ten squares, | 25 00 | 40 00 | 60 00 |

Business Cards not exceeding six lines, one year, $4.00.

**JOB WORK:**

| | |
|---|---|
| ¼ sheet handbills, 30 copies or less, | $1 25 |
| ⅓ " " " " " | 1 50 |
| ½ " " " " " | 2 50 |
| 1 " " " " " | 4 00 |
| BLANKS, foolscap or less, per single quire, | 1 50 |
| " " 4 or more quires, per " | 1 00 |

☞ Extra charges will be made for heavy composition.

☞ All letters on business must be POST PAID to secure attention. ☞


**The Law of Newspapers.**

1. *Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.*

2. *If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*

3. *If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.*

4. *If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.*

5. *Persons who continue to receive or take the paper from the office, are to be considered as subscribers and as such, equally responsible for subscription, as if they had ordered their names entered upon the publishers books.*

6. *The Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Post Master who neglects to perform his duty of giving reasonable notice as required by the regulations of the Post Office Department, of the neglect of a person to take from the office, newspapers addressed to him, renders the Post Master liable to the publisher for the subscription price.*

☞ POSTMASTERS are required by law to notify publishers by letter when their publications are refused or not called for by persons to whom they are sent, and to give the reason of such refusal, if known. It is also their duty to frank all such letters. We will thank postmasters to keep us posted up in relation to this matter.

## Select Poetry.

### MYSELF AND POLLY CARTER.

AIR—"*Squire Jones' Darter.*"

Bright is the tint of the Autumn leaf
When first the fell frost nips it;
Smart is red pepper and cider mixed,
To the mouth which gently sips it;
But brighter far than Autumn leaf,
Than Cayenne pepper smarter,
Is the pride of my heart—my own true love,
My gentle Polly Carter.

I loved her when a little girl,
And loved her more when older,
And never once shall I forget,
When first my love I told her:
She blushed and sighed, and turned her head,
(Her eyes were filled with water);
I took her hand within my own
And whispered—"Polly Carter!"

She only blushed a deeper red,
And sweeter looked than ever:
My heart it seemed to run a race
With my old "patent lever;"
I told her that I loved her well,
And that I ne'er would barter
For aught on earth, however prized,
The love of Polly Carter.

I told her that I had a farm—
Well tilled was every acre—
And that I had a snug farm-house
To which I longed to take her;
And told her that unless she'd go,
For life I'd be a martyr
To Cupid's cause, and break my heart
For gentle Polly Carter.

She turned, and oh! how sweet she smiled
And said she loved me dearly;
Then what cared I for aught beside?
I was quite blest or nearly;
The "old folks" said we might be wed,
And ne'er did I feel smarter;
Than when the parson made as one—
Myself and Polly Carter.

## A Select Tale.

# A NIGHT ON A WHALE.

### A TRUE AND THRILLING STORY.

The King Harrold, whaler, was cruising on the Kings's Mill group of Islands, in the Pacific, for sperm fish, with the intention of passing the winter months there, and in the spring going further north to catch the real whale. Thus far they had not captured a fish. At last, however, their efforts were destined to be crowned with success, and one of the crew met with the adventure which forms the subject of this paper.

He was an Irishman named Pat—an active, strong hand, who had been prompted to perform the important duty as boat's leader, or harpooner. At the first summons, four boats left the side of the King Harrold, exerting their utmost strength to outstrip each other. An extraordinary zeal prevails on such occasions by those who man the different boats, as it becomes a point of honor which shall throw the first successful harpoon; and on this day, all the others had shot ahead of that commanded by Pat, when, just to the right of him, but a considerable distance, another whale was seen to blow, and he at once turned towards it, and pulled away from his companions.

The other boats had too much work on their hands to pay any attention to him; and as the whales which they were in pursuit just then rose again within thirty feet, one of the harpooners immediately drove his iron home. The too others were also "fast" soon after, but as the iron of the second boat came out again, and the whale sank to a great depth, it was compelled to follow the third, and help on capturing its fish. This they eventually succeeded in doing, though the struck leviathans set off at full speed, in a northerly direction, tearing the boats after them, and dashing the water furiously over their bows. However after much trouble they secured two, and then lay on their oars to await the ship, as it would have been impossible for them to row with such a tremendous mass in tow.

While waiting for their vessel, which was at a great distance, they had leisure to look around for the fourth—that of our friend Pat—but they searched in vain for its glistening sail. It had disappeared, and their consolation was in the hope that it had been kept in sight from the mast head. The King Harrold was by no means a fast sailer, and the afternoon was spent ere she reached them, and secured the two fish alongside. A man was immediately sent aloft to discover where the fourth boat was, but nothing could be seen of it, and at length the skipper and several of the crew followed to the same position for a similar purpose; but all in vain. Once or twice they fancied they could see a dark spot on the water to the southwest, but on looking closer it disappeared. The watch was kept up until dark, but not the slightest trace of it could be discovered.

As the captain could not cruise about, on account of the fish alongside, even had he known in what direction to steer, he determined to cut them up during the night as far as possible, and in the morning, leaving the remainder with a flag hoisted on them, seek the missing boat and its crew. He still had a chance of finding them to leeward, and the ship was drifting in that direction with the trade wind and the equatorial current. It was most probable that a wounded spermaceti had destroyed the boat, and that the men had not been able to keep so long above the water. The sea was certainly calm enough, but the fearful shark speedily scents the blood of a struck fish; and, as at the present moment five or six of these greedy brutes were swimming round their vessel, and making unavailing efforts to tear off a piece of the tough and elastic hide, it would only be too certain that they would find the spot where the other boat had sunk, and woe be to the unfortunate men when exposed to their rapacious, inexorable jaws!

But there was still a possibility that the boat had drifted so far to the leeward that it could not pull up again, and two lanterns were hoisted to the fore and main tops, in order that they might not in any event pull past in the gloom. After dark; at midnight, and before the dogwatch, the skipper had the gun fired; but the night passed away without anything being seen or heard of the lost ones. The cutting up of the whale went on actively in the meanwhile, and the boiling was immediately commenced. Large torches fed with strips of blubber, hung overboard in a fire basket, a net made of iron hoops, and lit up the dark ocean, giving the dancing waves a singular transparent view.

At daybreak, two of the harpooners were sent to the tops, armed with good glasses, to again look for the missing boat; in vain had they searched the whole horizon, without being able to discover anything, when the eyes of one were attracted by a dark spot, which he closely examined. The distance was too great to allow anything to be clearly distinguished, but for all that the skipper was immediately informed of the circumstance, and speedily joined them, It was certain something was floating on the water there, whatever it might be, but it lay to windward. They must have drifted past it in the night, and the second harpooner was ordered off with a boat to see what it was. Even if not the missing boat—and it did not at all look like it—it might possibly be a dead whale, and would not only repay the trouble of looking after it, but would surely put on them the trail of the missing men, as the fish, if struck, would at any rate have one of the ships harpoons or irons in it.

For nearly half an hour they pulled, following the signals on board without distinguishing anything in their track, until the harpooner who stood in the bow suddenly fancied he noticed a dark object right in front, and only just above the water. Before long he shouted half turning to his men, and pointing in front.

"Pull away, my lads, pull away. By heavens! it's a man on a raft or boat, or something of that sort, pull away, for I fancy we are only just in time.

Then uttering a loud "halloa!" he tried to arouse a responsive echo, but no sound answered him, and the boat bound on its course toward the extraordinary object.

"A man! a man!" the men in the boat cried, and the boat's header, who was also standing up, shouted, "By heavens, if that is not Patrick?"

"Patrick it is?" replied the harpooner, but where are the others?"

But every other question died away in renewed exclamations of surprise, when they came nearer, and now only recognized the fourth harpooner, the young Irishman, in the shipwrecked man, but also found that he was kneeling on a dead sperm whale which lay with its burtlen a few inches above the water's edge. His left hand was twisted tightly in the line of the harpoon, which alone kept him on his slippery post, and with the other he held the shaft, which he had cut away from the harpoon, so tightly grasped, that he would not even let go when the boat shot up to him, and every arm was stretched out to help him in.

The poor fellow looked deadly pale and could not utter a single word—his eye was wildly fixed on his messmates as if he did not recognize them; he merely rose mechanically to step into the boat, but fainted away as soon as he felt the firm planks under him. He had lived through a fearful night; and we must return to the period when he quitted the others with his boat, in order to chase the whale on his own account.

Pat, as he thought, very cleverly steered away from the track of the other three boats, and following a single sperm, which was lazily breasting the waves at some distance from the rest of the shoal. They rowed lustly on at about five hundred yards in the rear of the sperm, and gained upon it rapidly, for the fish was, as yet ignorant of the danger that threatened it. At the same time the sperm swerved more and more from its former course and went westward with the wind and current. Patrick now set his sail, in order to get nearer the fish, without any unnecessary noise. The whale however, appeared to have scented the approach of danger, for it started off at the top of its speed, so that the boat, even with the favorable breeze, could gain but little upon it. Suddenly, just as they had got with great labor, within casting distance, the sperm, dived, and the boat shot over the spot where the waves were still bubbling over the sinking monster "Sail in!" the harpooner quickly shouted—but the boat glided on a little distance from the impetus it had received, and the boat steerer stood with unlifted lance; anxiously awaiting the signal to cast. While the sail flapped wildly in the wind, and the harpooner held the sheets firmly in his hand, that they might not loose a moment in pursuit, the rowers looked into the clear water beneath, with the hope of seeing the fish, and so discovering the direction it was about to swim in.

"There's something swimming," said one of the hands, in a half-suppressed and anxious tone of voice; "it's coming up straight from below."

"Hush!" said the harpooner—"gently—gently—or you'll startle him—where?"

"There he comes—there he comes!" three or four shouted simultaneously, and grasped instinctively at their oars.

"Back—back for your lives!" the harpooner cried at this moment, who was well aware of the peril to which they were exposed if the colossus, in rising merely grazed their boat. Almost at the same instant the oars fell into the water, and the boat had scarcely shot its own length back, when the gigantic round head of a powerful sperm fish, with its wide jaws half open, rose to the surface, and then bounded forwards, as if to escape the strange object whose presence he was not aware of. In the bow of the boat, and close under the mountains of blubber, which actually rose under his very feet, stood the boat steerer with uplifted lance; but his arm trembled, and still within reach of the fearful foe, who could crush them at a single blow, he did not dare to hurl the harpoon into the flying monster.

"Give it him!" Patrick however shouted perfectly careless of danger, and only thinking at the moment of the chase.—"Hang the fellow he'll let the fish slip through his hands;" and seizing his own lance, he appeared to be anxiously awaiting the moment when he could hurl the sharp steel into the back of his prey.—The boat-steerer still hesitated, but only for a moment; for if he suffered the opportunity to slip, it was a question whether they would ever come up with the startled whale. The sail had again caught the wind, and the harpooner held the tiller firmly with his knees to bring the boat's head round, and rush after the flying foe. At this instant the harpoon whizzed through the air deep into the monster's back, and was imbedded in the tough blubber. In a second the sail was again taken in, and the boat-steerer springing back to the tiller, made room for the harpooner to throw his lance, and give the leviathan of the deep his death blow. Patrick stood in the bow with his face raised for a cast, and the crew tugged away at the harpoon rope to bring their little bark close up to the captive fish. Patrick bent back, and while the flukes of the gigantic brute lashed the waves close to them, and it once rose again to escape the danger which it saw impending the death bearing steel sank into the soft flank of the foe. In a second the harpooner withdrew it to repeat the blow, and the whale in its fury, suddenly turned at bay, causing the sea to hiss and foam by its rage.

"Thick blood!" And while the boatswain threw his whole weight on the tiller, and leaned overboard to bring her head around and ere the crew could ship their oars, the furious brute came up with open jaws, and seizing and crushing the thin planks, tore them asunder as if made of paper. Patrick saw the danger, knew what impended over them, and with an unshaken hand he again hurled a lance at the enemy and pierced its eye—but he could not save the boat. The maddened brute probably did not feel the new wound in the death struggles, For, blowing out the thick black blood, and only thirsting for revenge, it tore the boat in pieces, and the foaming, bloodstained waves soon closed over a mass of fragments and swimmers, who only tried to clutch at a plank in the instinctive feeling of self-preservation. Patrick had quite unconsciously, seized the line to which the harpoon was fastened, winding it round his arm; the whale dragged him along through the discolored waters, and he would inevitably have been drowned had the fish lived a few minutes longer. But the first cast had gone home, and rising again to the surface, the whale swam once or twice in a circle lashed the waves with its gigantic flukes, and then floated slowly and died upon the blood-stained sea. Patrick who had risen with it, and had been so unwilingly taken in tow with the whale, swam quickly up to the floating monster, and seizing the harpoon still sticking in it, raised himself up at the very moment when a piercing shriek sounded close behind him. In horror he turned round; the cry for help was too agonizing; but felt as if stabbed to the heart when he saw, at no great distance from him the dark dorsals fins of two sharks, which shot back and forwards, while the gurgling in the water just behind him and the lashing of the waves, betrayed the spot where one of their comrades was fighting the fight of death in the merciless clutches of a third brute.

Here and there a few of the unhappy men belonging to the boat were still floating on oars and planks, but only three left of the merry fellows who, but a few minutes before, had boldly looked danger in the face, and now the hyenas of the deep were revelling beneath them. Of what avail was the powerless blow of the arm aimed at them or the yell of despair? It was music in the ears of the cold, fearful monsters, with their cat-like eyes and giant strength; and the bloody foam which at the next moment floated on the surface of the water, was the cerecloth of the unhappy men, and revealed their graves.

"This is fearful!" groaned Patrick, who had hardly strength enough to keep on the back of the whale that still offered him protection—"fearful thus to die, and no help?" And his eye sought desperately across the watery waste for the saving ship, which was tacking to pick up the other boats, far, far away on the horizon. And when they missed him, and sought for him, and could not find the boat with the glass, and sailed about for days in search of him, of what avail would that be to him? Only hours—minutes, perhaps—were allotted to him, and his murderers were bounding in their insatiate greed after their prey. Shuddering he concealed his face in his hands, almost forgetting his own peril, to see the death struggles of his comrades around him, which was only a counterpart of what awaited him, but the hissing and beating of the waves compelled him at last with that instinct of self-preservation which clings to a straw, to think of his own salvation, or at least to defer his fate as long as possible, in order to leave room for any possibility of help. The harpoon in the back of the whale, which drove still deeper into the blubber, offered him a support to keep him on the smooth mass. For, although he thought once or twice about cutting out the head and using it as a weapon of defence against the greedy sharks still he immediately gave up the idea again. Once washed into the sea, even the sharp steel would be no protection against the agile shark, which would infallibly seize its prey eventfully, and then draw him down in spite of all the wounds it might receive. But one thing he could do. The handle of the harpoon, a short stout oak stick of about two inches in diameter, was still firmly fixed in the steel This he pulled out, cut it away from the line with the lanyard knife, every sailor wears on his person, and then fastened the chord to the ring of the harpoon. And while he twisted the chord tightly around his left hand to have a better hold, he seized the shaft with renewed confidence, and awaited with tightly clenched teeth and flashing eyes, the attack of the foe, which however was deferred for some time.

The sharks were satiated for a while, and played in the streams of blood which stained the water around, rather than sought for fresh prey; they tried at times to catch hold of the slippery, broad carcass of the whale, or swam lazily or sleepily around among the broken fragments of the boat, seizing a plank and holding it for a while between their teeth; and then pushing it before them with their round, spade-shaped upper jaw. The weather, unfortunately, was quiet and calm, and the rippling waves, in which the water rose and sank, washed over Patrick, but not one one of the sharks had come near enough to scent him; and he hoped, perhaps, that he would be able to hold his own unassailed until the ship could come up to him, or, at least, send its boats.—But where was the ship? Father of mercy! there was no prospects of release for a long, long time. For even at the distance he then was, it could not escape the sailor's practiced eye that it was heeping away from him. The other boats, therefore, had caught their fish, and with their booty alongside, would not be able to look after him. At the same time, the sun burnt hot and scorching on his forehead, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Water!—the limpid waves bathed his feet, and should he perish of thirst? He knelt down and washed his forehead and temples, and eyes and lips, in order to have a slight refreshment, and then he bound his handkerchief around his head—for he had lost his hat at the destruction of the boat, in order to protect it in some measure from the scorching beams.

Through this movement, however, the attention of one of the sharks must have been attracted to him, or else, though satisfied and over satiated, it could not resist its desire for more prey, for just as he raised his hands, he noticed that one of the largest dark fins, which projected above the water, was swimming in a direct line towards him. He had, in fact, scarcely time to raise himself, and prepare his weapon for defence, when a tremendous fellow some thirteen feet in length shot up to him, and tried to turn over on the back of the whale, and pluck off what was still upon it. But with the danger, all the sailor's courage returned to him, and swinging the heavy shaft in his hand, and holding the rope firmly in the other hand, he struck the head of the monster such a powerful and well directed blow that the shark, half-stunned, slipped off the whale and sunk ere it could prepare for a renewal of hostilities, or perhaps make up its mind to such a serious step. But other sharks had been attracted by the noise and splashing, and although they did not dare an immediate attack on the bold mortal who ventured to withstand them in their native element, still they continually swarmed in a narrow circle, around the spot where he was sitting, and once or twice came so near that Pat gave them one or two hearty blows across the jaws, to teach them to be respectable and keep their proper distance. But the shark is a greedy, obstinate brute, and even if dangerously wounded, always turns to any booty it has scented, as long as it retains the necessary strength. So it was in this instance. Again and again the heavy stick was required to teach them that there was nothing there for them to fetch—at least so long as the young Irishman felt himself strongh enoug to struggle against hunger and thirst, the scorching sunbeams and the constant fearful excitement of his nervous system in the tremendous danger that ever surrounded him.

And the ship—no hope of salvation thence! Deeper and deeper sank the sun, and the ship lay to windward, with its brightly glistening sails. But the beasts that swam around him became more and more ravenous, and tried in vain to drive their teeth through skin of the sperm whale; and when the stars were lighted, and gradually illuminated the whole sky, as far as the bright strip which still lay on the western horizon, he watched the glistening beams shooting athwart the limping waves, as the sharks swam restlessly backwards and forwards, and the peril that beset him grew worse with the night.

He clearly saw the lights of his vessel hung out for him—he even noticed when it grew quite dark, the bright glimmer of the blubber lamps, and even the pale light which came from the stoves of the oil-tryers, and were reflected in the idly-flapping sails. But what availed that to him? His strength was fast leaving him, and his tormentors left him no rest. The most greedy of the brutes, a young fish scarcely eight feet in length, once went so far as to seize the harpoon, and held sufficently long to be half dry upon the sperm by the retiring wave; but the oak stick struck it such a fearful blow across its treacherous, crafty-looking eyes, that the shark glided off the slippery whale, turned up his white stomach and sunk. But others took the brutes place, and only the glistening streak in the dark water revealed their approach, and warned the unhappy man to prepare himself for the renewed attack.

Hour after hour thus passed in this fearful contest for life; but fresh hope was aroused in him when the ship drew nearer to him, and the signal gun clearly and distinctly reached his ear. At last he was able to recognize the forms on deck, as they moved backwards and forwards in the flickering light.

"Ahoy—ho—ahoy!" his wild and despairing cry was wafted across the waters as his comrades drifted past without noticing him—"ahoy."

Again he was compelled to defend his life; for the sharks attracted by the sound of a human voice, came up from all sides, and their dark dorsal fins cleft the surface of the water in every direction. His blows fell repeatedly, and the end of the tough shaft was already splintered—blows which would have felled an ox, but produced no further effect upon a shark than to make it retire for a little while.—And the ship? there it drifted almost within hail. Again a signal gun reached his ear, and he again employed the ensuing pause to send his cry for assistance across the waves to the spot where salvation lay—so near, and so unattainable. But the wind came from that quarter; though he could so distinctly hear the sound of the gun, and even distinguish the different voices on deck, he was unable to make them hear him. He only made his enemies around him more and more rapacious and their attacks became almost incessant.

His strength, his good spirits—which had till now been kept up by the hope of salvation—sank when he saw the ship drift past—sank when no means were left to announce his proximity. The love of life alone kept him upright, and urged him to defend it against the savage brutes until his last breath.

Thus night passed away and day at length broke in the far distant east. He saw it all; he saw the sun rising from its ocean bed, recognized the outlines of his vessel, the graceful masts and the bellying sails—and he attempted to make a last effort to announce his existence, and tried to pull off his shirt and wave it in the air—a signal certain to be seen by the look out at the mast head—but he was not able to do it. His limbs were stiff and rigid; even his voice refused its service, and he could only produce a hoarse, gurgling sound; his eyes burned, his head went round, and a new idea, like a will of-the-wisp upon the broadly spreading sea, struck him and seemed to expel all else—every thought of hope or salvation, every hope. He began to look out among the sharks that incessantly swam around him for the one on which he might hurl himself, and which he intended to destroy as well as himself with the sharp knife he wore. Again and again had this one attacked him, and it allowed him neither peace nor rest, for even an hour at a time again and again, although received by fierce blows and driven back, it returned, the most rapacious of the rapacious band—and revenge he determined to have on that enemy.

But his strength deserted him; the painful excitement of his mind and body threatened to overthrow him, and although the sharks had not renewed their attack since daybreak, though they still kept around the dead whale—for they felt that he must soon become their prey without further trouble—he had fallen on his knees and half unconscious, only followed with his glance the dark, threatening fins. He had utterly forgotten the ship.

The loud hollos of the sailors that came to save him first aroused him from him lethargy. He saw the boat, but he could scarcely comprehend, it seemed, what it all meant, or where he actually was; but he raised himself once again, felt himself supported by friendly arms, and greeted by cheering encouraging words, and sank back in a fainting condition. The harpooner had received orders that, on arriving at the dark spot that had been seen from the deck, if he found it was a dead whale, he was to give a signal by waving a white flag he had taken with him, and remain there till the other boats could be sent to his assistance to take the dead fish in tow. But they had not expected to find a single half-dead messmate upon it. He therefore gave the signal and stuck the flag in the body of the whale in order that the other boats might find the spot, and then rowed with the saved man as fast as he could to the vessel. Three of the sharks, which were not inclined to let their prey be so easily torn from them, followed the boat, and were severely lamed and killed by the harpooner, who could easily imagine how they must have terrified and tormented his messmate.

### A YANKEE TRICK.

A gentleman in New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some moneys due him in that city, was about returning, when he found that one bill of a hundred dollars had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it was a doubtful case, but added, that if it *was* collectable at all, a raw bonned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the hall, would "worry it it out" of the man.

Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

"Wal, Square," said he, "'taint much use o' tryin,' I guess. I *know* that critter. You might as well try to squeeze 'ile out of Bunker Hill, as to try to c'lect a debt out of him. But *any* how, Square, what'll you give me sposin I *do* try?"

"Well, sir, the bill is a hundred dollars, I'll give you—yes, I'll give you half if you will collect it."

"Graed," replied the collector; there's no harm in *tryin,*' any way."

Some weeks after, the creditor chanced to be in Boston, and walking up Tremont st., encountered his enterprising friend.

"Look a'here," said he, "Square, I had considerable luck with that bill o' your'n. You see I stuck to him like a dog to a root, but for the first week or so 'twan't no use—not a bit. If he was home he was short;' if he *was't* at home, I couldn't get no satisfaction. By and by says I, arter goin' sixteen times, I'll fix you!" says I. So I sat down on the doorstep, and sat all day and part of the evening, and I begun airly *next* day; but about ten o'clock, he 'gin in.' *He paid me* MY *half, and I gin him up the note!*"

### A DUELLING ANECDOTE.

Two Spanish officers met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilboa, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents.

"We wish to fight, to fight to death," they replied to the representations of their companions.

At this moment a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's apothecary, approached the seconds, and in a lamentable voice said:

"Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan, with a large family, and would"——

"My good man, don't trouble us now," cried one of the officers; "don't you see that my friends are going to split each other? We are not in a Christian humor."

"It is not alms I ask for," said the man. "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children and my wife is sick; and, having heard that those two gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make the coffins."

At these words the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, and simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other and walked away.