

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1858.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 13.

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We would remind the Advertising community and all others who wish to bring their business extensively before the public, that the *Journal* has the largest circulation of any paper in the county—that it is constantly increasing;—and that it goes into the hands of our wealthiest citizens. We would also state that our facilities for executing all kinds of JOB PRINTING are equal to those of any other office in the county; and all Job Work entrusted to our hands will be done neatly, promptly, and at prices which will be satisfactory.

Select Poetry.

WHAT WE ALL THINK.

That age was older once than now,
In spite of locks untimely shed,
Or silvered on the youthful brow;
That babes make love and children wed.
That sunshine had a heavenly glow,
Which faded with those "good old days,"
When winters came with deeper snow,
And autumns with a softer haze.
That—mother, sister, wife, or child—
The "best of women" each has known.
Were schoolboys ever half so wild?
How young the grandpapas have grown!
That but for this our souls were free,
And but for that our lives were blest;
That in some season yet to be
Our cares will leave us time to rest.
When'er we groan with ache or pain,
Some common ailment of the race,
Though doctors think the matter plain,
Though ours is "a peculiar case."
That when like babes with fingers burned
We count one bitter maxim more,
Our lesson all the world has learned,
And men are wiser than before.
That when we sob o'er fancied woes,
The angels hovering overhead
Count every pining drop that flows
And love us for the tears we shed.
That when we stand with tearless eye
And turn the beggar from our door,
They still approve us when we sigh,
"Ah, had I but one thousand more!"
That weakness smoothed the path of sin,
In half the slips our youth has known
And whatsoever its blame has been,
That Mercy flowers on faults outgrown.
Though temples crowd the crumbled brick
O'erhanging truth's eternal ark,
Their tablets hold what *we* think,
Their echoes dumb to what *we* know;
That one unquestioned text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above,
Nor crackling pile nor crusting creed
Can burn or blot it: God is Love!

Historical Sketch.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

(Continued)

On other graves beside those of the martyrs there are often found some little signs by which they could be easily recognized by the friends who might wish to visit them again. Sometimes there is the impression of a seal upon the mortar; sometimes a ring or coin is left fastened into it; often a terra-cotta lamp is set in the cement at the head of the grave. Touching, ten-

der memorials of love and piety! Few are left now in the open catacombs, but here and there one may be seen in its original place, the visible signs of sorrow and the faith of those who seventeen or eight centuries ago rested upon that support on which we rest to-day, and found it, in hardest trial, unshaken.

But the galleries of the catacombs are not wholly occupied with graves. Now and then they open on either side into chambers (cubicula) of small dimension and of various form, scooped out of the rock, and furnished with graves around their sides, the burial-place arranged beforehand for some large family, or for certain persons buried with special honor.

Other openings in the rock are designed for chapels, in which the burial and other services of the Church were performed. These, too, are of various sizes and forms; the largest of them would hold but a small number of persons; (they were generally about 10 feet square. Some are larger, and a few smaller than this) but not unfrequently two stand opposite each other on the passage-way, as if one were for the men and the other for the women who would be present at the services. Entering the chapel through a narrow door whose threshold is on a level with the path we see at the opposite side a recess sunk in the rock, often semi-circular, like the apse of a church, and in this recess an *accoladum*, which served at the same time as the grave of a martyr and as the altar of the little chapel. It seems, indeed, as if in many cases the chapel had been formed not so much for the general purpose of holding religious service within the catacombs, as for that of celebrating worship over the remains of the martyr whose body had been transferred from its original grave to this new tomb. It was thus that the custom, still prevalent in the Roman Church of requiring that some relics shall be contained within an altar before it is held to be consecrated, probably began. Perhaps it was with some reference to that portion of the Apocalypse in which St. John says, "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And they cried out with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood? And white robes were given unto every one of them and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also and their brethren that should be killed as they were should be fulfilled." At any rate, these words must have dwelt in the memories of the Christians who came to worship God in the presence of the dead by whom they were surrounded in the catacombs. But they knelt before the altars, not as before altars consecrated with relics of saints, but as before altars dedicated to God and connected with the memory of their own honored and beloved dead, whom he had called from them into his holy presence.

It is impossible to ascertain the date at which these chapels were first made; probably some time about the middle of the second century they became common. In many of the catacombs they are very numerous, and it is in them that the chief ornaments and decorations, and the paintings which give to the catacombs an especial value and importance in the history of Art, and which are among the most interesting illustrations of the state of religious feeling and belief in the early centuries, are found. Some of the chapels are known to be of comparatively late date, of the fourth and perhaps of the fifth century. In several even of earlier construction is found, in addition to the altar, a niche cut out in the rock, or a ledge projecting from it, which seems to have been intended to serve the place of a credence table, for holding the articles used in the service of the altar and at a later period for receiving the elements before they were handed to the priest for consecration. The earliest services in the catacombs were undoubtedly those connected with the communion of the Lord's Supper. The mystery of the mass and the puzzles of the transubstantiation had not yet been introduced among the believers; but all who had received baptism as followers of Christ, all save those who had fallen away into open and manifest sin, were admitted to partake of the Lord's Supper. Possibly upon some occasions these chapels may have been filled with the sounds of exhortation and lamentation. In the legends of the Roman Church we read of large numbers of Christians being buried alive, in time of persecution, in these underground chambers, where they had assembled for worship and for council. But we are not aware of the truth of these stories having been discovered in recent times. This,

and many other questionable points in the history and in the uses of the catacombs, may be solved by the investigations which are now proceeding; and it is fortunate for the interests, not only of truth, but of religion, that so learned and so honest-minded a man as the Cavalier de Rossi should have the direction of these explorations.

Few of the chapels are now to be seen in the catacombs are in their original condition. As time went on, and Christianity became corrupt and imperial religion, the simple truths which had sufficed for the first Christians were succeeded by doctrines less plain, but more adapted to touch cold and materialized imaginations, and to inflame dull hearts. The worship of saints began, and was promoted by the heads of the Church, who soon saw how it might be diverted to the purposes of personal and ecclesiastical aggrandizement. Consequently the martyrs were made into a hierarchy of saintly protectors of the strayed flock of Christ, and round their graves in the catacombs, sprang up a harvest of tales, of visions, of miracles, and of superstitions. As the Church sank lower and lower, as the need of a heavenly advocate with God was more and more impressed upon the minds of the Christians of those days, the idea seems to have arisen that neighborhood of burial to the burial to the grave of some martyr might be an effectual way to secure the felicity of the soul. Consequently we find in these chapels that the later Christians, those perhaps of the fifth and sixth centuries, disregarding the original arrangements, and having lost all respect for the Art, and all reverence for the memorial pictures which made the walls precious, were often accustomed to cut out graves in the walls above and around the martyr's tomb, and as near as possible to it. The instances are numerous in which pictures of the highest interest have been thus ruthlessly defaced. No sacredness of subject could resist the force of the superstition; and we remember one instance which, in a picture of which the part that remains is of peculiar interest; the body of the Good Shepherd has been cut through for the grave of a child, so that the figure remains.

There is little reason for supposing, as has frequently been done, that the catacombs, even in the times of persecution, afforded shelter to any large body of the faithful. Single, specially obnoxious, or timid individuals, undoubtedly, from time to time, took refuge in them, and may have remained within them for a considerable period. Such at least is the story, which we see no reason to question, in regard to several of the early Popes. But a large number of persons could have existed within them. The closeness of the air would very soon have rendered life insupportable; and supposing any considerable number had collected near the outlet, where a supply of fresh air could have reached them, the difficulty of obtaining food and of concealing their place of retreat would have been in most cases insurmountable. The catacombs were always places for the few, not for the many; for the few who followed a body to the grave; for the few who dug the narrow, dark passages in which not many could work; for the few who came to supply the needs of some hunted and hidden friend; for the few who in better times assembled to join in the service commemorating the last supper of their Lord.

It is difficult, as we have said before, to clear away the obscuring fictions of the Roman Church from the entrance of the catacombs; but doing this so far as with our present knowledge may be done, we find ourselves entering upon paths that bring us into near connection and neighborhood with the first followers of our faith at Rome. The reality of which is given to the lives of the Christians of the first centuries by acquaintance with the memoirs that they have left of themselves here, quicken our feeling for them into one almost of personal sympathy. "Your obedience is come abroad unto all men," wrote St. Paul to the first Christians at Rome. "The record of that obedience is in the catacombs. And in the vast labyrinth of obscure galleries one beholds and enters into the spirit of the first followers of the Apostle to the Gentiles.

[To be Continued]

LOVES TRIUMPH.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful evening, and the soft light of the declining sun, as it laid upon the walks of a lovely garden in the east, shed its bright rays upon the form of a young man, who was busy tying up the wall a pomegranate tree that had been bent down by an over abundance of fruit. His garb was humble, but there was something in his majestic appearance, in the fiery glance of his deep blue, and in every action, that bespoke one far above his present occupation. "Abmus," and the voice that spoke that word was so low as scarcely to break the silence that hung around the scene. Plunged in thought, the young man heard it not, though the music of its accents might have moved a stone to reply. "Abmus," was once more repeated, in the same tones of melody, with which however, was blended impatience, as if a gentle pout was on the lips of the speaker. The young man caught the sound, and turning away from the wall stepped forward and exclaimed, "Zillah!" while the glow of pleasure suffused his noble, though sun-burnt features. But the expression was but momentary and closing his eyes, around, as if fearing the presence of some unwelcome visitor, he turned his gaze to the ground. "Well, at least a day!" said the same musical voice again, "is this all that thou hast to say to thy poor kinswoman, who has fasted away for a moment to come and see thee?" "Ah! Zillah, if such indeed were the case no more welcome sight than thee could greet me. But it is I whom she the poor relative. Thou art the daughter of the royal King of Sidon—I a for a stranger in a barren land, I fear danger to thee, Zillah, from these visits." "Psha! silly man, you are frightened at shadows," said the young girl; "thou knowest that Strato is too busy with his feasting to take notice of the doings of his child. Besides, look here!" Abmus raised his eyes from the ground. The form which had intruded on his quiet hours was that of a very young and lovely girl, whose sylph-like form was but half concealed by a purple mantle, of a texture extremely plain, when compared with her under-dress, which it now permitted to be seen beneath. She was shaking down her glistening jet-black tresses; until they almost hid every part of her countenance, and wrapping her mantle at the same time around her, she tripped backwards and forwards once or twice before him. "This is the way I walk along," said she as she stopped, and shot a laughing glance from behind the night of tresses that nearly veiled her large dark eyes; "now would you know me thus?" "Dear Zillah," answered the youth, "that would be a false disguise indeed that my eye of love could not penetrate for my heart can tell thy presence even without the aid of vision." "Well now," said the laughing girl, "that was gallantly spoken. It was said like a—like a—kind kinsman—like a lover."

"Yes Zillah, and a foolish one too," said he interrupting her. "Alas! why should we encourage hopes that can never be realized? The fates have so ordained it, that our union cannot be. Let us be content, beloved, and bow to their decree." "But I am not content, and what is more, I do not intend to be content," exclaimed the girl, with innocent simplicity and with a slight degree of impatience at the calm resignation of her lover; "and I wonder how you can think of being content, if you love me as well as I believe you do?" Smiling sadly, the young man said, "thou knowest, love my history. To thee and those two generous brothers who brought me up and concealed me from my enemies, my true descent is but known to King Strato that I still lived, and that too in his own capital, I should at once meet the same fate that was dealt out to all my family. As a scion of the royal family of Sidon, I could not come forward to claim thy hand, and to do so as a common gardener would be lolly. But think me not selfish. Were it possible to wed thee even now, think, could I bring thee from a palace to an humble cot?" "Dearest, with thee I would be happy," replied the fond maiden. "Alas! Zillah I often think so myself, and hope whispers to me we may yet be happy." "And I will still hope, Abmus, for life would be but a miserable burden, if I thought that there would be no end to our unhappiness."

"My own Zillah," and as he spoke, he pressed her sylph-like form to his breast and kissed her trembling eye lids; "my own Zillah, night cannot always last, morning's bright rays upon the form of a young man, who was busy tying up the wall a pomegranate tree that had been

altar of my heart—purified by trials, and fanned by the breath of hope. Be but constant and true, and we shall yet enjoy life's brightest visions."

"God grant it!" murmured the girl "but good night," and, with one last fond embrace they parted.

CHAPTER II.

The period at which our story commences was one when the sounds of war were heard throughout the east. Alexander the Great—the then master of the world—was drawing nigh to the famous city of Sidon, the mother of Tyre, and only second to it in commercial and maritime greatness. The Sidonians had long paid tribute to Persia, the ruling power of Asia but they did so reluctantly, having received some very harsh treatment from the Persian kings. Therefore, when Alexander, after conquering the neighboring provinces, approached their city, the Sidonians, in spite of their king's declaration in favor of the Persians sent to offer their allegiance, and to request the honor of a visit to Sidon. The offer was graciously accepted, and the petition acceded to. Fearing the issue, Strato, the Sidonian king, deserted his throne, and fled to save his life, to Tyre.

When Alexander approached the walls of Sidon the City had put on its best array to receive him. Before he came in sight the walls and houses were crowded with people, attired in their holiday garments of "purple and fine linen." Two brothers Abstemus and Pollion, the same who had saved our hero from his enemies, were appointed to deliver up the keys of the city to Alexander. The army came in view, and as they drew up to the walls, the troops parted, to permit their great leader to pass through their lines to the city.

Having reached the city gates, the multitude rent the air with shouts. Silence however, was soon restored, when the brothers Pollion and Abstemus stepped forward to present the keys of the city. "Illustrious monarch," said the elder of them, "the people of Sidon, by thy order, do homage to thy throne, and all that it contains, are yours."

Alexander made a gracious reply to this brief address. Holding in his hands the keys which had been delivered to him, the king then exclaimed, "Dyce" A youth of manly beauty came forward, and knelt before him. "Dyce," said the monarch, addressing him "I am weary of filing thrones.—Take thou the keys of this city, and give the government to whomsoever may appear deserving of it."

"Sir, your commands shall be obeyed," replied the youth, "though my judgement will but ill supply the place of one that never errs."

Alexander then turning to the two brothers, said, "With you deputies of Sidon, will Dyces consult for the good of the city; and from Alexander's friend ye shall receive the same grace and justice as from Alexander himself."

CHAPTER III.

The two brothers and Dyces were in counsel. "Noble friends," said the ambassador of Alexander, "in all that ye have said relative to this city, ye have asked nothing for yourselves."

The elder of the brothers replied, "We ask nothing, because we need nothing."

"Then to you," said Dyces, "I, as the instrument of my master, consign the throne of Sidon. Fill it jointly or singly, as may best fit your purpose, and this award shall be ratified by the power of Alexander."

"We cannot accept your gracious gift, said Pollion," and in the refusal I know my brother joins. We are but natives of Sidon, and must obey its laws, one of which was, that the throne was only to be filled by persons of the blood royal.—We will lead you to the true and rightful heir to the throne of Sidon."

"Come on, then I will follow," and leaving the apartment they went in search of Abmus.

Abmus in the meantime was attending to his daily duties as gardener heedless of the stir caused by the arrival of Alexander. He thought only of his trees, and Zillah; weaving visions of future happiness, in which she bore a prominent part. Engaged in a deep study, he saw the brothers enter the garden, he knew them well, for it was by them he had been saved from the massacre of the royal family by Strato. He was about to embrace them, when he was astonished to see them on their knees and cry:

"Life and health to Abmus, King of Sidon!"

Before he could fairly recover from his amazement, Pollion held forth a royal dress which he bore and said:

You must change your man attire for these princely robes. Assume the sentiments of a king, but preserve the virtue which has made you worthy to be one."

Abmus at last found voice to say, "why mock me in this manner?" "We mock not, you are king of Sidon!"

"They then led him towards the palace in order to present him to Alexander. Before they reached it, the news had spread and he was hailed with acclamations of delight.

Abmus was now seated on a throne, but where was Zillah to share it? All the inquiries made him could not discover this. The departure of Strato had driven her from the palace, and no one had seen her since. The anxiety of Abmus was most keen and painful on this subject.—His attention, however, was somewhat diverted from his private griefs, by his being called upon to assist in the siege of Tyre, which city, Alexander had gone to punish for its refusal to acknowledge his power. On the following evening after the fall of Tyre, he walked privately among the galleys which lined the coast. One of the men who had been brought on board severely wounded, attracted his attention by his exclamation;

"Must a king thus?" "Who art thou, poor man, that callest thyself a king?" said Abmus.

The wounded man, who as far as could be seen by the imperfect light, was dressed in a common way, replied in a peverish manner, as if his long suffering had made him irritable;

"Who art thou that asketh me?" "I am the commander of this vessel," was the answer; "and will provide for thee every comfort!"

"I have but one thing to ask," said the wounded man, "and if that is granted, I will indeed bless thee. Save and protect my boy."

"Where he?" "Carried on board, and I saw him taken on the galleys next to this."

On having the boy described to him, Abmus had him sent for. Wishing at the same time, to learn a king's history, without being known to be a king, he continued to sit in the dusky light by the side of the wounded man's bed. But the latter appeared too anxious for the coming of the boy, to speak then. After a short interval the boy, a slender lad of fifteen seemingly was brought to the vessel, and the wounded man thanked heaven for his safety.

"Now I will repeat my brief history," said the man, "in hopes that you will protect this boy. I was a king—the king of Sidon—nor was Strato among the least powerful. But I was forced to fly to Tyre, but the inhabitants on account of an old grudge against me, made me enter their army as a common soldier. Shut up in Tyre, I heard of nothing passing without, and it was but on my way here, that I heard of the elevation to the throne of Sidon, of one of our house—whose existence—happily, perhaps for him, I know not of. Happier than mine be the reign of Abmus. Poor child, art thou wounded, or what aileth thee? these words were addressed to the boy, but no answer was returned, and Strato continued: "would that my successor were here that my dying lips might warn him of the errors of which I now deeply repent."

Abmus was moved. He stepped forward and exclaimed, "Thou hast thy wish Strato—he is before thee."

A cry of surprise burst from the lips of Strato and the boy, and in a few moments, Abmus was astonished to find the arms of the boy winding around his neck, while at the same time the youths face fell upon his shoulder, and sobs came so thick as to impede utterance. The boy clung to him like a shipwrecked mariner to a rock. Under that embrace, that pressure, the heart of Abmus began to pant. He was about to pronounce a name, when—

"Abmus," was whispered in his ear, in accents of sweet and melodious music. "Abmus," said the voice again, lingering upon the syllables with a fond tenderness, which made melody more harmonious.

"Zillah," was the reply, "have I found thee, my beloved Zillah?" "Did I not tell thee, dearest, that the darkness of night should give way to morning's sunbeams, and the young girl as she spoke, pressed closer to her lover."

"My own, my lovely Zillah, nothing now can part us; love has triumphed over all."

Two weeks later Queen Zillah stood by her husband's throne in Sidon.

Postponing a Goose.

I took passage in one of the packet-ships that run between Mobile and New York. She was commanded by a sharp fellow, who was interested in making the trips as profitable as possible. As a general thing, a meager table was never provided in a cheap boarding-house.

During the passage, we were becalmed one day on a part of the coast which was excellent fishing ground; and the captain, with the view of saving a dollar or two, ordered the men to get out their fishing tackle and try their luck. This was done and a quantity of the finny tribe were soon transferred from their aqueous abode to the deck of the ship.

The captain enlarged upon the delicacy of the fish, and closing by asking, "what say you to a fish dinner to day, ladies and gentlemen?" Every body said, "By all means!"

Attached to the ship was a negro cook called Centaur. "Centaur?" cried the captain. "Aye, aye, sa!" "Cook a mess of fish for the passengers dinner; and d'ye hear, postpone that goose?"

"All right sa!" Centaur seemed troubled, and scratched his wool vigorously. "What de mean by cooking de fish an' postponin' de goose? I ben on several voyages, if not more—I ben in big hotels an' little hotels, man an' boy, for eber so long if no longer dan dat; and dis is de first time I eber heard ob postponin' a goose! Deres pickin' a goose, an' drawin' a goose, an' bakin' a goose, an' boilin' a goose, but postponin' a goose I didn't believ dat eber Mrs. Glass, de great cook dey talk 'bout hearn ob it.—It must be deun dough. Wonder if Jimmy Ducks eber heard of it? He knows ev'ryting."

Just as Centaur concluded, Jimmy and two others of the crew passed the gallery door, and the bewildered cook anxiously inquired of the oracle if he knew how to postpone a goose?

"De case is dis, ye see. Cap'n says to me jis now, say he, 'cook a large mess ob fish for de passengers dinner to day an' postpone de goose.' Now, dat is jis wat dis here digger can't git through his wool, no how, what postponin' a goose is!"

"Oh! said Jimmy, winking at his companions, "that is easy enough. I thought ev'ry body knowed that."

"Well, you see," said Jimmy looking serious; "it isn't a common way of cooking a goose, but ven it is served up ob fish, at de nobility's dinners, they postpone it. Now, this is de mode.—After drawin' de bird, stuff it with a mixture of 'ard boiled eggs, chopped fine, onions, ditto; apples ditto; buttermilk pounded into bits, and portions of a fish previously browned on de fire. Then put de goose into de pot, boil it for 'alf an 'our, place it in de oven, and bake it for 'alf an 'our; then put it on your spit, roast it until done and serve it with gravy."

Centaur listened with attention, and noting upon the tablet of his brain Jimmy's directions, started for the gallery highly elated.

Dinner time arrived, and Centaur won honors by the style in which he served the fish. Dish after dish appeared; and when every one supposed the meal to be concluded, another dish was placed before the captain, who upon removing the cover, to his indignation, discovered the goose!—His wrath was not to be suppressed, and in a passion, he shouted—"Send that infernal cook aft."

Centaur entered the cabin very good humoredly, having no suspicion of anything wrong, and was startled by the question—

"What do you mean, scoundrel, by disobedience of orders?" "Beyed orders, sa; done jest what you said, sa."

"O eyed orders, you rascal? Didn't I tell you to postpone the goose?" "Course you did, sa; and I did it."

"Did what?" shouted the captain. "Postponed de goose, sa, cordin' to directions."

The passengers saw the joke, and burst into a laugh. The captain was somewhat mollified, and requested Centaur to explain himself.

"Well, sa," said he, "you ordered me to cook de fish and postpone de goose.—Now, I neber postponed in all my life, an' on course didn't know nothin' 'bout it; but Jimmy Ducks 'lighten me on de subject, an' I foller exactly his description.—I had trouble enough; don't want to postpone another no how."

Everybody laughed at Centaur's explanation, and even the captain smiled.

"Be off, you blockhead!" he said, "and send Jimmy Ducks here."

The darkey was off in a twinkling, and there being some curiosity as to this new style of cooking, we tried the goose, but could not tell whether we were eating fish flesh, or fowl. Jimmy soon appeared and was compelled to repeat the direction he had given to the cook, forgiveness only being extended to him on the condition that he should eat the whole of the goose. The punishment was not very severe, for in fifteen minutes nothing but a skeleton remained of that goose.

"My heyes!" was his exclamation when he had completed the task; "if that's a postponed goose, I wish de cap'n ud 'ave one postponed every week. The dressin' 'owssoever, might be varied' so as to be a little more palatable."