

The Charleston Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.

Our Queen and Constitution.

JAMES WATTS, Publisher & Proprietor.

VOL. XX.—NO. 19.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

WHOLE NO.—1006.

Professional Cards.

Dr. EDMUND L. HOVEY

INFORMS his friends and the public that he has commenced the practice of his profession in this country. Dr. Hovey has made Medicine the study of his life, and has had some experience in its practice in this country. During the past few years he has had the advantage of receiving instruction from representative men in the various branches of the Art, and in several of its many systems. He has also been in a position to study Surgery and healing, during the continuance of the late Civil War in the United States, in some of the largest hospitals.

Residence, next below the Baptist Church, Woodstock, July 18, 1866. [30]

STEPHEN SMITH, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.
Residence—Three doors north of the Episcopal Church, Main Street.
Office—In the Medical Hall, King Street, next door to the Post Office.
Woodstock, April 29, 1865.

Dr. C. P. Connell,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office—In Brick Building, near the Hay Scales.
Residence at Hon. Charles Connell's.

C. F. H. Campbell, M. D.,
(Formerly of the Army.)
Surgeon, Physician and Accoucheur.
Has settled in Woodstock for the practice of his profession.
Residence—At the "Cable House." [1418]

N. R. COLTER, M. D.,
(L. R. C. P. L. ENGLAND.)
Office and Residence, — GIBSON HOUSE.
Dr. COLTER has held public appointments in Medicine and Surgery at St. Thomas Hospital, London. Consultation hours.
Woodstock, Feb. 7, 1868—3m-pd.

Dr. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
CENTRAL OFFICE:
UPPER CORNER, — WOODSTOCK.
Residence—Mr. Archibald Plummer's, Jack-sontown Road. [2247]

WILLIAM M. CONNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER
NOTARY PUBLIC,
INSURANCE AGENT, &c.
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

C. L. RICHARDS,
Wholesale Grocer and Commission Merchant,
1, NORTH WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.
[19]

W. P. DONNELL,
IMPORTER OF
French Brandy, Pure Wines, Holland
Genova, English Ale and Irish Porter,
Tobacco, Segars, &c.
Main-st., Woodstock, N. B.
ESTABLISHED IN 1834.

JOHN HENDERSON & CO.,
Hatters and Furriers,
(CRYSTAL BLOCK.)
283, NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.

J. H. BOTTRELL,
K. H. BOTTRELL.
37, Station Bay Fare, Sundries, Meats, Indian
Canned Goods, and Retail.
JOSEPH HORNCastle,
SURVEYOR OF LUMBER,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT,
For sale of Lumber and all descriptions of Country
Produce
108, — 52
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Jan. 1868—6m-52

WOODSTOCK HOTEL,
ROBERT DONALDSON, — Proprietor.
Pleasantly situated on the bank of the river,
immediately at the steamboat landing, and
convenient to the public offices.
Woodstock, March 25, 1868—1y-13

RUSSELL HOUSE,
—
SPARK STREET,
NEAR THE
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,
OTTAWA.
J. A. GOUIN, Proprietor.
March 15, 1868—13

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
PORTLAND, ME.
N. J. DAVIS, Proprietor.

GIBSON HOUSE,
OPEN FOR TRAVELLERS.
QUEEN STREET, WOODSTOCK.
ALEX. GIBSON, Proprietor.

PHILLIPS HOUSE.
This subscriber, having taken a house at
East Florenceville, is prepared to accom-
modate the travelling public. No parties
No parties will be spared to make parties comfortable
who favor him with a call.
East Florenceville, Oct. 25, 1866—44

PARK HOTEL,
KING SQUARE, — ST. JOHN.
H. FAIRWEATHER, Proprietor.

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,
STAGE HOUSE—TOBIQUE
This House is new, is pleasantly situated,
furnished in a superior manner, and will be kept as
First-Class Hotel. [247]

Barnum's
EATING HOUSE,
IN GRAND TRUNK DEPOT.
Portland, Me.
Meals at all hours. Supper and Collections furnished
to Military and Fire Companies at short notice.
Portland, Me., Oct. 1, '65

AMERICAN HOUSE.
C. F. ESTEY, PROPRIETOR.
39 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Good Stabling on the premises. [209]

WATSON HOUSE.
THE "WATSON HOUSE," ST. STE-
PHEN, N. B., is now in complete
running order. The House is new, as
is the furniture and fittings connected
with it, and all the arrangements have been made
with a view to meet the wants and promote the com-
fort of travellers.
The situation is most desirable, close by the Rail-
road Depot, near the Post Office and Bank, and over-
looking the "Levee" River.
St. Stephen, July 10, 1867.

Select Tale.

MUTINY ABOARD.

At Sydney, towards the close of a sultry day in December, I was pacing the quarter-deck of H. M. Frigate Herald, when the old quartermaster drew my attention to an unusually fine merchantman that was just rounding Macquarie Point.

She was a very fine clipper, and as she slowly came up before the faint breeze, her sun-bleached sails came out in dazzling whiteness against the dark forests of gum trees that surrounded the lovely harbor of Port Jackson. Her long hull, though low and black, was yet exceedingly graceful, and for a vessel of her tonnage, she seemed to sit lightly on the water.

Having nothing better to do, I resolved to board her, and accordingly ordered the gig to be manned.

As with long, steady strokes we approached the vessel, the slowly way in which they were taking in sail, the general slackness and untidiness of everything connected with her became painfully apparent. Not that she was worse than the generality of merchant vessels, but leaving a frigate in the magnificent order and semimilitary condition of the Herald, without so much as a ropeyarn out of place, the contrast was so very great. On board, all was noise, bustle and confusion. The captain, who received me courteously at the gangway, I was surprised to find, was a young, gentlemanly-looking man.

In command of these Australian clippers, one generally finds rough, boisterous old Scotchmen who take pride in saying that they "came in through the law-holes," by which they mean that they were originally common sailors. Any one knowing much about them would never doubt the truth of this favorite boast of theirs.

However, in this case it was entirely different. The captain, as I surmised, was a protégé of the owners, and was accordingly placed in the command of this fine vessel as soon as he had satisfied the very moderate requirements of the Board of Trade.

He was a most agreeable man, of good education, but totally deficient in any strength of purpose, any firmness of will or quickness of decision; hence I saw that he was by no means the right man in the right place.

After our first meeting, we were a good deal together whilst his ship was discharging cargo, and taking in her homeward freight.

As I expected, the greater number of his crew deserted in Sydney, and he had to make up the complement from the loafers and villainous riff-raff that abound in a colonial seaport. The day before he was to sail for home he expressed to his distrust of his new crew; he was certainly as rascally a lot of ruffians as one would be likely to meet with.

Having had considerable experience of the merchant-service, I knew tolerably well what these fellows were; when once out on the high seas, they would be all right; but whilst at anchor anywhere inside the harbor they become entirely unmanageable.

I therefore volunteered to see my friend out of his difficulties, by accompanying him to the mouth of the harbor, a distance of about six miles, and then returning with the pilot. My offer was gladly accepted.

On the following day, I went on board just as the half-drunk crew, with much shouting and singing, were weighing the anchor. The fussy little tug boat labeled alongside was hissing and steaming, and, as soon as the anchor was at the bows, her powerful engines began to move the two vessels slowly out of the circular quay into the stream. Then all hands dropped their work, and swarming up the rigging, greeted the bystanders and the shipping with drunken cheers. And so they continued to work spasmodically, and repeatedly leaving off to cheer, feebly and discordantly, anything that was passing.

It was only too evident that there would be trouble with them yet, if there should not be wind enough outside the Heads to enable the ship to get clear away to sea that evening.

The captain was already as nervous as he could be, and so I said nothing of my fears. It was with much concern for him that I noticed the veering flaws of wind growing every moment fiercer and fiercer.

As we slowly wound in and out amongst the lovely bays of this superb harbor, at every turn apparently land-locked in a different lake, each of a beauty surpassing the last, the wind gradually died away. The golden rays of the setting sun stepped one shore in a glorious flood of warm light, whilst the high cliffs and richly wooded slopes of the other were in dark sombre shade.

By degrees the lengthening shadows, extending far out into the blue waters, stretched over to the opposite shore, and enveloped all in a cold grey twilight.

By this time the noisy rattling old tug had taken the vessel within sight of the Heads; and it being now a dead calm, she was brought to an anchor near a reef called the Sow and Pigs, in such a position that she could stand out to sea with the first breeze. This done, the tug boat was cast off, and permitted to return to Sydney.

As soon as the cable was secured, the mate reported that the crew demanded grog. The men being already in a half-intoxicated state, their request, which was really a demand, was not complied with. This was the beginning of troubles.

There immediately followed much murmuring and many groins of dissatisfaction, gradually getting louder and more vehement. Presently angry voices were heard in the cabin, and then about thirty of the worst of the

crew rushed violently into the saloon, at the farther end of which the captain and I were sitting.

They were an ugly-looking mob, some with blue shirts, some with red, many with neither, but nearly all brandishing large open knives.

With frightful oaths and threats, they demanded that the keys of the "lazarete," in which the spirits are kept should be given up to them. This, of course, was refused, and they were ordered to leave the saloon. At this they yelled and shouted defiantly, still demanding the cast of rum. I attempted to speak to them, but my voice was immediately drowned in a torrent of imprecations.

In the adjoining stateroom of the captain's, a revolver was lying on a table. I stepped quietly back, and returned with it concealed under my uniform coat. The captain then, by my advice, ordered the boatswain to pipe to supper. This command was received by all with derisive laughter, and yells of defiance.

The time for action had come, so putting the captain a little aside, I stepped forward, at the same time taking care to let the revolver be seen. The sight of the deadly weapon produced an almost instantaneous silence amongst this cowardly crew.

Then, speaking slowly and firmly, I said: "Boatswain, you have been ordered by your captain to pipe to supper; do so."

He answered, with a string of oaths, that he would not, and concluded by telling me to mind my own business. Taking no notice of his brazen defiance, I again spoke to him, in a tone that implied that I should be as good as my word.

"Boatswain," I said, "I have given you an order; if you fail any longer to obey it, I will put it out of your power to obey or disobey another order in this world; for as sure as you stand there, I will send one of these balls through your head. Now then, what do you say to it?"

With these words I slowly cocked the revolver, and took a deliberate aim at his head.

At the first sound of that disagreeable clink of the pistol-lock he cried out, "For goodness' sake, don't fire, sir, I'll do it!" adding in a low growl to the others, "It don't matter, ships, I know you won't go none the more for't."

The boatswain's shrill whistle then rang sharply and clearly through the saloon, but no one heeded it except to greet it with yells and roars of derisive laughter.

As soon as I could make myself heard above the tumult, I said, sternly and resolutely: "Men, you have disobeyed your captain, but you shall do as I tell you." (Here there were shouts of, "Who are you? Go back and bully your own men," and the like.) "Now, I order you all to clear out of this cabin." Here again I was interrupted by cries of, "Won't," and much stronger expressions to the same effect.

"Very good," I continued; "you won't. Well, then, I'll give you three minutes to alter your minds; at the end of that time I'll blow out the brains of the nearest man, and then the next, and so on."

At this there was a great buzz and talking amongst the men, yet they showed no signs of moving, but watched me standing with the pistol in one hand and my watch in the other.

"One minute has gone; you have only two minutes left, you will have but one more warning." This I said keeping my eyes on the dial of the watch.

The crowd received this with a sullen growl, but yet they seemed as if they would stand to their ground. It was strange to see these wild, almost frantic men cowed into a state of dogged silence by one determined man with a revolver.

"Two minutes have gone; I warn you no more. The instant this hand passes the third minute I fire, and the nearest man will be my mark."

For a few moments more they stood grumbling and growling; but on hearing the clink of the cocking of the revolver they began to waver. Then, comparing the respective distances of the foremost man from me, and fixing my eyes steadfastly on one burly fellow, I said in a low tone, as if speaking to myself, yet loudly enough to be heard by all, "I think he's the nearest, yes, yes, by some inches."

At this he covered down, and began to draw back to give one of his comrades the preference. He in turn gave way to another, and so on, until it was evident that no one was desirous of being the foremost, and so they moped off sulkily out of the cabin. They seemed sadly apprehensive that the last minute should be shorter than either of the two preceding ones, and it was really ludicrous to see how the last half dozen men tumbled over one another in their hot haste to get out of the saloon.

"Alone again with me, captain," he exclaimed, seizing me warmly by both hands.

"Thanks, my dear friend—a thousand thanks. But what an awful risk you have run. Did you know that there was not a chamber loaded in that revolver, nor a single cap on?"

"My dear sir," I replied, "I know that perfectly well, but the men didn't, and I trusted rightly that they would find it out."

Having somewhat imprudently replaced the pistol in the captain's cabin, we went on deck to calm our minds with some good cigars.

The captain going below shortly afterwards, came quickly on deck again, and with consternation plainly visible in every feature, whispered to me—

"The revolver is gone—they have stolen it. We shall have more trouble than we bargained for."

"You are right," I replied; "we have not done with these rascals yet; and it seems that

they have the power in their own hands now, but that mustn't be. Quick! get me pens, ink and paper."

These were soon brought, and I wrote the following letter:—

Ship — off the Sow and Pigs Reef.
Send the Pinnace immediately, with a dozen marines with their arms and ball cartridge. Let the boat's crew have their sides-arms, revolvers and ammunition; send mine as well. There is mutiny aboard—expect an outbreaking every moment. We must take them by surprise, therefore see the oars well muffled. The boat is to approach the ship's stern, keeping her three masts in one, so as to be as much out of sight as possible. The officer of the boat is to enforce strict silence on nearing the vessel. Loose no time in carrying out these instructions.

Having signed this, and addressed it to "The Commanding Officer H. M. S. Herald," the next consideration was as to the means of sending it; there was the difficulty.

Our only chance was a passing boat. We watched anxiously for some time, and at length we heard a very merry pleasure party, singing as they pulled back after a day's sojourn.

"To my shout of 'Boat, ahoy!' nothing but the echoing rocks and hills answered. Just as we were losing hope, and the boat was passing away, I gave louder hail, and I knew that I was heard, for they stopped singing, and the monotonous splash of their oars ceased. Then there came a lazy, 'Hal-loah!' across the water.

"Give me a passage on shore," I sung out at the top of my voice.

They seemed for some time to debate whether they should or not, but presently a hail of "All right" was returned, and they pulled in the direction of the ship.

As they came alongside I stepped over the gangway into the boat, and was glad to find that the boatsman was well known to me as a man whom I could trust. I slipped the letter into his hands, and told him in a whisper to take it with all haste, as there was a mutiny on board, and that was all I wanted.

By this time the crew were leaning over the bulwarks watching us, as well as they could in the uncertain starlight.

The old boatsman sat at once the position of affairs, and with consummate address said in a bullying tone: "Oh, it's you, is it? I know you! I don't have no navy gentlemen in my boat, though; so I guess you can go back aboard, just as quick as ye like! I won't give 'ee a passage ashore, so I tell 'ee, Mr. Quarterdeck Jack!"

This was received by the men with roars of laughter, and I pretended to remonstrate with the clever old salt, who only continued, "There don't I tell 'ee 's no use a arguing, for I won't take 'ee ashore. Mutiny aboard, say you? why you men-o'-war folks calls everything mutiny, you does; and if there is mutiny aboard, why you'd better stop and sit it out. Come now, just git out o' my boat, for I won't take 'ee ashore—no colonial oath I won't!"

Again the crew of the merchantman shouted with delight, and greeted me with derisive laughter as, with great apparent reluctance I returned to all appearance baffled. Thinking that those laugh the longest, I rejoined my friend on the poop.

The ruse had succeeded admirably; none of the men for a moment divined my real object in calling the boat alongside, nor suspected that I had so well achieved my purpose.

So far the best had been done, but no assistance could reach us under two hours at the least. It was an anxious time. The men were gathered together about the fore-castle talking with a savage earnestness; they showed no disposition to turn in peacefully, but on the other hand seemed to be only consulting as to their next course of action. Thus a long tedious hour passed away.

To keep them quiet for another hour the captain, by my advice, threw them a sop in the shape of some bottles of rum, which they received with ironical cheers. This was a desperate expedient, for although it had the effect of making them for the time more contented, there was no doubt but that in the end the spirit would only make them more potent and mutinous. However, we trusted that before then the Pinnace would have come to our assistance.

Anxiously we sat at the stern-port, intently listening for the sound of the muffled oars. It was quite dark, nothing could be seen nor heard but the drunken bawling of the crew on deck. By degrees they became noisier, their conversation principally turning on that infernal naval neuter, as they were pleased to designate me, and what they intended to do with him. Some suggested 'keelhauling' him; others, a dose of this favorite cat-o'-nine tails; while many advised making a target of him for a little practice with the revolver which had previously so cowed them all.

Again some thought that he would 'look well' dancing on nothing whilst hanging from the foreyard-arm—that is to say, if one could judge from the roars of laughter that this suggestion provoked. All this was not particularly pleasant for the individual in question, so that we were not sorry when we heard the welcome splash, splash splash of the Pinnace's oars.

A few minutes sufficed for her to pull silently under the stern, a few more saw the men safely unenclosed in the after state-cabin, to which they obtained access by means of ropes lowered out of the stern-ports.

And they arrived none too soon, for the captain and I had hardly thrown ourselves at our own places in the saloon, when the same unruly mob burst in as before.

In answer to the captain, they said that they meant to do him no harm, and all they wanted

was that man-o'-war officer, and without him they would not leave the saloon.

To this the captain replied with unwonted firmness:—

"This gentleman is a guest of mine, and I must first know what you want with him."

The boatswain then, as spokesman for the rest, said, "Waal, we don't 'zactly know yet what we do want to do with him, but you can take your jolly good oath that we'll make it pretty lively for him when we do get hold on him."

Here there were shouts of "Ay, that we will," "Hang the beggar," "Stick him up, and shoot him," "Stick the sharks with him," and numerous other playful suggestions of a like nature.

"In that case," said the captain, "not a man of you shall lay a finger on him so you'd better clear out of this at once."

"Avast there a bit," replied the boatswain, "no so fast, my hero, no so fast. The men's taught me a lesson just now, and I'll just 'larn it to you now."

At these words he produced the very same revolver, and, with a malicious grin, he took a deliberate aim at the captain's head, at the same time saying, "Now my fine fellow, I'll blow your brains out first, and his afterwards. Them's the right words, aren't they, mates? I thought I'd 'larned the lesson pretty well. I ain't got a watch, I know, but I can guess three minutes near enough. But I'll tell ye what I have got, and that is a pistol that is loaded this time, there's no gumoon about it."

This speech of the boatswain's was evidently considered extremely facetious, for the men roared again and again with drunken laughter, and they chuckled with a fenshish glee over the game that they thought they now had entirely in their own hands.

"So, then," said I, "you rascals won't leave the saloon when your captain orders you. I see that I shall again have to make you. This produced cries of, "You make us," and howls of derision. "Stop a moment," I continued; "you want me, do you? Well, then, here I am, and as much more of the same sort as you like."

At these words I opened the doors of the state-cabin, and giving the orders, "Ready present," a dozen rifles were levelled at the head of the brazier boatswain. With a cry of baffled rage and amazement, he dropped the pistol from his grasp and begged for mercy.

The rest ran like a flock of frightened sheep. The ring-leaders and those who had been the most troublesome were soon secured and placed in irons. The next day they were safely lodged in Sydney Gaol, where they remained for periods of from two to ten years.

The captain of the merchantman was more fortunate with his next crew, and made a good run to England.

Transplanting Evergreens.
Much is annually lost by the careless transplanting of evergreens. We commend the following from a correspondent of the German Telegraph on this subject:

In our experience, which has extended over twenty-five years, we never find any difficulty in getting them to grow. We have often been asked "how we managed to make those trees so beautifully?" We answered by taking proper care in lifting, and also in planting, by digging a much larger hole or pit than the roots of the trees will occupy, at least a foot on each side; then, after the tree is in place, take a spade and break in the edges of the pit for another foot all around, then by pulverizing the soil two feet from the root of the tree, taking care not to plant deeper than they stood before, as the tree will settle somewhat, leaving a basin around the trunk of the tree, in case watering is required; if the weather is dry, we water before we fill up the hole, saturating thoroughly; then, when that soaks in, fill up again, leaving a basin around the root of the tree, and we repeat the operation, if necessary.

We believe the best season to transplant in is early spring although it will do much later. We have some arbutus planted in July and grows nicely, we have planted Norway spruce and other varieties when the young shoots were six inches long, and they did very well; the young shoots wilted for a few days, but after that they stiffened and grew nearly as much as those that were taken from amongst, and as well as those that had been planted before the growth started. If large trees or plants are selected for planting, we stake as fast as we plant, that keeps the plant in the position all the while, being of great advantage in preventing injury to the bark. If the trees are large and stakes are necessary we never cut off the lower branches of evergreens, as you will frequently see done; we believe it looks bad and is in bad taste. Never plant in straight rows, if you can avoid it, clumps are far more natural, putting a variety in a clump. Do not plant too closely; study nature; look at the woods; plant promiscuously. Evergreens look better, if planted among deciduous trees; it makes a variety.

A Scotch barber who was much given to dram-drinking, was one day shaving a customer, who, finding the fumes of the whiskey too much for him, in the middle of the job lost his patience, and exclaimed: "That horrid drink!"

The barber replied emphatically: "Ay, ay, sir, it does mak' the face awfu' tender."

An old woman that sold ale, being at church, fell asleep during the sermon, and unluckily fell full over the old-fashioned clasp Bible, which, making a great noise, she exclaimed, half awake, "So, you jade, there's another jug broke."

The Man who could not commit Suicide.
A curious story is told by Trucha, a modern Spanish writer of reputation. The hero of the story was a fable-minded man, prone to suicide. The priest, in argument with him upon the subject, asserted that no man could take his own life, if God willed that he should not do it. The man, whose faith in God was none of the strongest, denied the truth of this theory. Having earnestly expended his patriotism, he became dejected, and resolved to prove his own side of the argument by putting an end to his existence. He accordingly procured a strong rope, and suspended himself from a beam of the house. But the timber, though apparently sound, was inwardly decayed. His weight brought it down, and with it a shower of doubtless, which some of his ancestors had concealed under the garret floor. This good luck recoiled him to life. But, having fallen in love with a stout lassie, who frowned upon him, he again undertook to disprove the priest's assertion, by blowing out his brains. In his earnestness to make sure of it, he possessed the pistol so close against his forehead, that it burst, and the explosion frightened away robbers, who were entering the house in search of his doubloons. He began to query whether the priest might be in the right. But when the handsome Amazon he was wooing set the mastiff upon him while he was searching her, he again resolved to destroy himself. "This time I will make sure of it," thought he. "I will show the priest that a man can kill himself, if he is determined upon it." Being thus resolved to accomplish his object beyond a peradventure, he fastened a new rope to a large bough of a tree, that overhung a deep river, and then swallowed a quantity of phosporous matches, and put a loaded pistol in his belt. Having adjusted the rope around his neck, he swung himself off, and fired the pistol at the same instant. But the ball, instead of entering his head, cut the rope in two, and he fell into the river. The lass, who had driven him to this dire extremity, happened to witness the plunge. She succeeded in drawing him out with her strong arms, and pity at last moved her hard heart to love. Her efforts to resuscitate him caused a deluge of water to pour from his mouth, and with it came the phosporous matches. Finding that the combined process of shooting, hanging, drowning, and poisoning, all failed to counteract the decrees of Providence, he resolved that he would never again try to resist the will of God. So he married his lass, and henceforth behaved more like a Christian.

THE WAY TO GO TO BOSTON.—Some years ago a son of the Emerald Isle, in the city of Portland, accosted the captain of a steamer (plying between that city and Boston) to enquire the way to Boston, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Good mornin', captain. Could ye be after tellin' me what's the fare to Boston?"

"Three dollars," answered the captain.

"But suppose I want outside?"

"In that case," said the captain, "you can go for two dollars."

This was undoubtedly beyond the extent of Pat's worldly possession; so he scratched his head and looked perplexed for a few moments when a bright thought seemed to strike him.

"Say, captain, dear," what would ye be after takin' a hundred an' sixty pounds of freight for?"

"Seventy-five cents," replied the captain.

"Be jabbers, then ye may put me down, captain, for I'm jest the boy that weighs that!"

The captain turned to the clerk, saying, "put on the freight list one hundred and sixty pounds of live Irishman, and stow him in the hold!"

Do you mean to propose?—To be set to music for the use of all Young Ladies?—You are very often, 'tis all very well. You're a very fine man, a very big swell; you've a very good heart, and a very long nose; but now to the point, do you mean to propose? The house is besieged, both by rich and by poor. Who knock all day long at granddaddy's door? They turn up their eyes and they turn up their toes. But what is all that if they do not propose? You say that you love me, but love all alone. To unmarried girls is a thing quite unknown; You sigh and look down, and present me a rose—but that is all stuff!—do you mean to propose? You take off the airs of a man I've preferred; You keep off the dress and don't say a word. This is not fair play—a fellow who shows such uncommon devotion should speak and propose! I want to be married—do you understand? You'd give me a world—only give me your hand! I can't go on always with cons and with pros—Never come here again—or be frank and propose!—Owl

HOUSEHOLD IDOLS.—Every true man rears an idol of his own fancy somewhere in his household; and at that idol's feet he should lay all the wealth of his heart's affection. At that idol's shrine he should come in silent confession, and look with almost pagan faith to have his prayers answered, and to find a balm for his weary heart-longings, when all the world seems turned against him. No true man will be less of a lover when he becomes a husband, if the same courtesies, the same love for him alone, and setting aside of all others, he studied by the wife. The face will be held as lovingly, the glance will follow the motions as lovingly, the bouquet of the courtship will find its place in the bouquet of married life