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THE CURATE; OR, HOPES.

TRANSLATED FROM FREDERIKA BREMER'S SHORT STORIES.

I always had a peculiar method of travelling with the least possible distress along the stony road of life, although, in a physical, as well as in a moral sease, I generally walked barefoot. I hoped! hoped on from day to day from morn to even, at evening for the next morning, in autumn for spring, in spring for autumn; from one year to another, and thus I had hoped away thirty years of my life's journey, without feeling severely any of my troubles, except the want of good boots. I consoled myself under this calamity when in the open air; but when introduced to respectable company, I was tormented with a desire of hiding my heels foremost, because they were best covered with leather. I ought to confess too that I felt my poverty still more when in the huts of misery, I could give no better comfort than friendly words. But I comforted myself like thousands beside, with a hopeful glance at fortune's rolling wheel, and the philosophical observation, 'Time will bring good counsel.'

When I was curate under a country clergymen, with scanty pay and mean fare, morally languishing, with no society but the ill tempered wife of the tippling parson, the boobly son, and the daughter who, with high shoulders and feet turned in, went paying about from morning till night, I felt a sudden rapture of tenderness and delight when a letter from one of my acquaintences, gave me the information that my uncle P., a merchant in Stockholm, personally unknown to me, lay at the point of death, and, under a sudden attack of family affection, had expressed a desire to behold his good for nothing nephew.

And now see the thankful nephew, with a little linen bundle under his arm, and a million of rich hopes in his breast seated upon a most uncomfortable sulf necked market cart, jogging along up hill and down hill to the capitol.

At the tavern where I alighted I ventured to order a little only a very little breakfast just a slice of bread & butter & two eggs. My landlord & a fat gentlemen walked to & fro in the room, and chatted. 'I must say,' said the fat gentleman, 'this wholesale tradesman P., who died yesterday, was a rascal.'

'Ha ha thought I, 'but a rascal who had plenty of gold. Harkye, friead, (to the waiter,) can you bring me a slice of roast beef, or whatever meat you have, to make me more substantial fare here? A dish of of soul would not be amiss, but quick, if you pl'ease!' 'Yes,' said my landlord, 'it is heavy—thirty thousand dollars and bank stock beside! No one in the town would have dreamed of it—thirty thousand!' I inwardly ejaculated in my joyous soul.—'Harkye, waiter!' give me, as soon as you can thirty thousand—no, no—give me a pint of wine, I mean;' and all my pulses were beating merrily to the tune of 'thirty thousand!'

'Ah!' said the fat gentleman, 'and would you believe that among his debts is one of five thousand dollars for champagne? There stand his creditors clenching their fists; for all his furniture is worth but a few pence and out side his door they find for their comfort—his calash!'

'Aha; that's another thing!' said I to myself. 'Here, waiter! take away the beef, the soup, and the wine. I must not taste them, for what have I been doing all the morning but eating!' 'You have ordered them,' said the waiter. 'Friend!' said I, scratching out an apology just behind the ear, 'it was an error; I ordered them for a rich gentleman, as I supposed, who is now as poor as myself I find, and will never be able to pay for them: but you shall have the money for the eggs and bread and butter I have eaten, as well as something to drink for you trouble.' So saying, and slipping a trifle more man the charge into his hand, I left the tavern, with a wounded heart and an unappeased stomach, to seek for cheap lodgings and to study means for raising money.

This violent collision between my hopes and the reality had given me a headache; but when I met during my street wandering, a gentleman decked with bands and stars, but with a faded face and wrinkled brow, and saw a young nobleman whom I had known at the University of Upsal, walking as if the weight of age and 'tædium vitæ' would bring him down upon his nose, I lifted up my head, took a deep inspiration of the air, (which, unfortunately for me, was just there strongly scented with sausages cooking,) and felt the happiness of poverty with a pure heart.

In a remote street I found a litde chamber to let, which suited better my present condition than my hopes two hours before.

I had gained leave to spend the winter in Stockholm. "And now," thought I, "what is to be done?" To let my spirits sink was the worst way possible; to put my hand in my bosom, and look up to heaven was not much better. 'The sun breaks out when we least expect him, said I, while the heavy autumnal clouds were sinking down over the town. I resolved to do my utmost to gain some more comfortable prospect for the future than my stay with the country pastor afforded me, and at last I fixed upon seeking employment as a copyist.

Then I spent many days in fruitless endeavors to find ears that were not deaf to my applications and then in the breast, burdening toil of copying out the empty productions, of empty heads. My dinners became more and more economical; but my hopes continued to rise until an evening, from which, in my calendar, I date a new era with a cross. My landlord had just left me to my mediations, with the comfortable observation, as a text, that to-morrow I must pay down my quarter's rent, unless I preferred (quite French politeness!) making another tour of discovery about the street.

It was an indescribably cold November's evening, and I had just returned from visiting a house of sickness, where I had, perhaps, imprudently, emptied my purse, when I was greeted with this aimable salutation.

I trimmed my sleepy, dim-burning lamp with my fingers, and then looked about my little dingy chamber for plans of money making.

'Diogenes was *worse* accommodated,' I sighed, as I pulled my lame table away from the window, for the wind and rain seemed unwilling to stay outside. At the same moment my glance fell upon a cheerfully glowing fire in an opposite kitchen. 'O cooks! you have a glorious lot among morsels!' thought I, while with some secret pleasure I watched the well nourished dame who stood, like an empress amid the pots and stew pans, surrounded with the glory of the fire, and swaying the tongs as a sceptre over her glowing dominions.

One higher floor I had a view through the window, covered with no environs blind, of a gaily illuminated chamber, where a numerous family were assembled around a tea table. I was stiff in every limb with cold and damp, and how empty that part of my animal economy which may be styled the magazine, was that evening, I will not say; but—"Merciful heaven!" thought I, "if that pretty maiden, who is just now reaching a cup of tea to the stout gentleman upon the sofa, who seems too heavily replenished to rise from his seat, would but put out her fair hand a little farther this way, & could—with a thousand thankful kisses—how foolish! The fat gentleman takes the cup, and dips his bun in tea so deliberately—'tis enough to make one cry! And now that pretty maiden is caressing him! I wonder if he is her papa, or her uncle; or perhaps, enviable mortal!—but no, that cannot be; he is, at least, forty years older than she!

'*That* must be his wife, surely; that elderly lady who sits beside him on the sofa and to whom the fair maiden just now offers a platter of cakes. But to whom does she offer them now? One ear and a part of a shoulder is all that projects beyond the rim of the window! How long he keeps the gentle girl waiting his pleasure! but it must be a lady—no gentleman would behave so!—or it may be her brother. Ah! see his great fist thrust into the biscuit basket, a rude lout! but, perhaps he is hungry. Now she turns to the two little girls, her sisters, most likely, and gives them all that Mr. One-ear has left behind. As for herself, she seems to take no more of the tea than I do except its fragrance. But what a movement suddenly takes place in the room! The old gentleman starts up from the sofa: the one-eared gentleman rushes forward, and gives the gentle maiden a rude shock, (a dromedary as he is!) that impels her against the tea table, and makes the old lady, who was just rising from the sofa, sit down again. The children skip about and clap their hands; the door opens in comes a young officer; the maiden throws herself into his arms! Ah! there I have it" I dashed to my window shutter so that it cracked, and sat down, wet with rain, upon my stool.

'What had I to do staring through the window? This comes of curiosity!'

Eight days before, this family had returned from the country into the fine house opposite, and all this time I had never inquired who they were. What business had I, this evening, to be prying into their circle? What good could it do me?

I was in a sorry mood, and felt something of a heart-heaviness; but, according to the resolution never to yield to despondency, I set about a description of domestic happiness, of that happiness which I had never tasted! Said I as I breathed upon my stiffened fingers, "Am I then the first who has sought in the hot house of imagination a pleasing warmth which the hard world of realities denies us! Six dollars for a load of pine wood: ay, you will not have them till December. I will write!"

'Happy, thrice happy is the family in whose close and warm circle no heart feels lonely in its joys nor in its sorrows; no glance, no smile remains unanswered; where the members daily say to each other not in mere words, but in their actions, your cares, your joys, your fortunes, are also mine!"

'Beautiful is the quiet, peaceful house, which closes its protecting wall around the pilgrim through life which collects around its friendly gleaming hearth, the old grandsire, leaning upon his staff, the manly husband, the amiable wife, and then happy children, who close the day of sport and enjoyment with hearty thanksgiving, while the mother chaunts to them a little song: telling how,

'Angels their vigils keep
Around the bed
And o'er the head
Of innocence asleep?"

Here I had to stop; for something like a drop of rain fell upon my check, and I could not see my paper clearly.

"How many," thought I, as my thoughts, against my will, took a melancholy turn, "how many are doomed to know nothing of this happiness!" For a moment I considered myself in the only looking-glass I had in my chamber, that of truth, and then with gloomy feeling I wrote on.—"Unhappy surely is the desolate one who, in the cold and dreary moments of life, (which come so often,) can rest on no faithful bosom, whose sighs are unanswered, to whose complaint no voice replies, "I understand you; I sympathize with you!" He is depressed; no one raises his drooping head! He weeps; no one regards it! He goes away; no one follows him! He comes; no one hastens to meet him! He sleeps; no one watches over him! He is *alone!* Why does he not die? Ah! who would mourn over him? How cold the grave which no warm tear of love bedews. He is lonely in the winter's night. For him earth has no flowers; and dimly burn the lights of heaven. Why wanders he here alone? Why does he not flee as a shadow to the land of shadows? Ah! he still *hopes*. A pauper, he begs for happiness, and hopes; in the eleventh hour, that some friendly hand will bestow it." It was my own situation that I described.

Early robbed of my parents,—without brother, sister, friend or relatives, I stood so lonely and desolate in the world, that, but for a strong confidence in Heaven, and a naturally cheerful disposition, I should have sought an escape from such an existence. Hitherto, more from instinct than philosophy, I had habitually suppressed all earnest longings for a happier state of life than that which surrounded me; but lately other thoughts had been gaining power over me, and, especially this evening, I felt an unutterable desire for a friend, for one whom I might love; in short, for a bosom companion,—a wife—one with whom I might feel myself a king, even in the meanest hut. I remembered, as involuntarily I shuddered with cold, that all my love, in such circumstances as the present, could not prevent my wife, if I had one, from being frozen or starved to death. More depressed than ever, I arose from my stool, and paced up and down in my little boundary. The oppressive feelings of my situation followed me like my shadow on the wall; and, for the first time in my life, I was *quite* disheartened, and cast a gloomy glance upon the future.

"But what in the world," I exclaimed earnestly to myself, "will all this dull pondering avail?" Again I tried to loosen myself from the anxious thoughts that plagued me. "If but one christian soul would only come to see me, whoever it might be, friend or foe—any visitor would be welcome to break this dismal solitude. Yea, if one from the world of spirits would open the door, he would be welcome. What was that? Three knocks at the door! I'll not believe my senses—Three knocks again! I went and opened the door. Nobody was there, but the wind howled along the staircase. Hastily I closed the door, put my hands in my pockets, and continued my parade, humming to keep up my courage. In a few moments I heard something like a sigh, and that so deep and sorrowful, that with considerable emotion I called out, "Who is there?" No answer was returned. I stood for a moment to study what all this could mean, when a frightful noise, as if a host of cats were coming screaming down stairs ending with a heavy thump against the door, made me decided for action. I took up my glimmering light but the moment that I opened the door, it expired, or was blown out. A gigantic white figure hovered before me, and I felt myself suddenly grasped by two powerful arms. I cried out for help, and struggled so hard, that my antagonist fell to the ground with me; but I happened to be uppermost. Like an arrow I bounded up, and would have run, but stumbled over something—Heaven knows what—I believe somebody had seized my feet: again I fell to the ground, struck my head against the corner of the table, and lost my senses, with a sound like loud laughter ringing in my ears.

When I opened my eyes again, they encountered a dazzling glare. I closed them again, and listened to a distracting noise that hovered around me. Again I opened them, and tried to distinguish and recognize some of the objects about me, which seemed so new & wonderful, that I suddenly feared I had lost my senses. I lay upon a sofa, and—no, I was not deluded!—the beautiful maiden who had hovered before my imagination all the evening, now really stood before me, with a heavenly expression of sympathy, and bathed my head with vinegar! A young man, whose face seemed familar to me stood and held my hand. I saw also the fat old gentleman and another thin gentleman, and next I discovered the lady, the children, and the paradise of the tea table, glimmering in a sort of twilight distance; in short, by some inconceivable humor of fortune, I found myself in the midst of the very family which I had an hour before contemplated with such interest.

As I recovered my faculties the military young man enfolded me in his arms. "Do you not know me again?" said he, while I sat still as if petrified. "Have you forgotten Augustus, whose life you saved not long ago at the risk of your own? whom you fished out of the water, at the risk of remaining to keep company with fishes yourself?"

See, here are my father, my mother, and my sister Wilhelmina."—I pressed his hand. Then, with a smart blow with his fist upon the table, the father exclaimed, "And because you have saved my son's life, and you are an honorable fellow, that can suffer hunger to afford food for others, I declare you shall have the benefice at H——. I—I have the patronage, you understand." For awhile I was bereft of the power of thought and speech, and, amid all the explanations that were given, there was only one thing that impressed itself clearly on my mind—that Wilhelmina was not—that Wilhelmina was the sister of Augustus.

He had that evening, returned from a journey during which in the preceeding summer, I had enjoyed the happiness of saving his life. Previous to this accident, I had only drunk with him in the brotherhood of the University. He had related to his family, with all the enthusiasm of youth, my good service in his behalf, and all that he knew of me besides. His father, who had a benefice in his gift, and (as I afterwards learned) had glanced with pity, sometimes, through the window upon my scanty table, had resolved, at the request of his son, to raise me from the lap of poverty to the summit of happiness. Augustus, in his delight would make this resolution instantly known to me; and, in his love of a practical joke, he approached my chamber in the style already described; the consequence of which for me was my wound upon my temple and my translation across the street out of darkness into light! A thousand times has the good youth begged forgiveness for his indiscretion, and as many times have I assured him that the benefice of H., would prove a balsam strong enough to cure a deeper wound! Astonished was I to find that the ear and shoulder of the gentleman who at tea time was the subject of my splenetic observations belonged to no one less than my patron. The stout gentleman was Wilhelmina's uncle.

The kindness and cheerfulness of my new friends made me soon feel at home and happy. The old people treated me as if I was their child, and the young people admitted me to all the privileges of a brother. After I had received two cups of tea from the hand of Wilhelmina, I arose to take my leave of the family for the night. All invited me to stay; but I determined to spend my first happy night in my own lodging, and there to offer thanks to the Guide of my destiny. Augustus attended me to my resting place. There my landlord stood in my chamber, between the overthrown stool and table, with an aspect something between rain and sunshine. One side of his mouth was screwed up to his ear with an attempt at a smile, while the other was drawn down to his chin with suspicion; his eyes followed the same directions, and his whole face seemed seized with cramp, until Augustus requested him leave us alone, and then his countenance dissolved into a smile of the grinning species.

Augustus was more earnestly indignant at the sight of my table, my stool, and my bed, and talked of whipping my landlord for his extortion. I was compelled to assure him that I would change my lodgings on the coming day. When my friend left me, I spent some time meditating upon this change in my fortunes, and thanked God heartily for it. Then my thoughts ran away to my pastoral charge, and Heaven only knows with how many fat oxen, with what flowers, and fruits, and trees, I replenished my paradise, where I wandered with my Eve, and how many richly edified souls I saw streaming out of my church. I baptized, I confirmed, I betrothed the dear children of my pastorate, and forgot none but the funeral ceremonies.

At last, beyond midnight, I closed my eyes, and gave up my thoughts to the wild powers of dreamery. Then I preached with a loud voice in my church; while my congregation would persist in sleeping. After divine service, my congregation came out of the church transformed into sheep and oxen, bleating and lowing at me when I received them. I tried to lead my wife away; but could not separate her from a great turnip-plant that grew, till it covered both our heads. Then I tried to climb up to heaven upon a ladder, but potatoes, grass, tares, and pears, entangled my feet, and hindered every step. At last I saw myself walking upon my head among my possessions; and as I wondered how this could be, I fell more soundly asleep. Yet I must have continued my pastoral dreams, for in the morning I woke myself at the end of a long sermon, by saying "Amen!" I had some trouble to convince myself that the events of the preceding evening did not belong to my dreams, until Augustus made his appearance, and invited me to be with him at noon.

The pastorate, Wilhelmina, the family into which I had entered, the new hopes of the future that now glittered in the sunshine of the present, all filled me with a joy to be felt, not described.

From the depth of a thankful heart, I hailed the new life dawning upon me with a resolution, whatever might come, *to do the best, and hope for the best in every case.*

Two years after the happy dinner, I sat, one autumn evening, in my snug parsonage, beside the fire. Close to me sat my dear wife, my Wilhelmina, and span. I was about to read to her the sermon I had prepared for the next Sunday, and which I *hoped* would prove very edifying to my congregation. As I turned over the manuscript, a loose leaf fell out.—It was the very paper which just two years previous to that evening, I had written down my thoughts on domestic happiness, in a situation, apparently, so far away from every thing of the kind. I showed it to my wife. She read it, and smiled through her tears; then with an arch expression which is, I believe, peculiar to herself, she took up my pen and wrote on the other side of the leaf as follows:

"The author can now, I hope, give a picture of his situation, quite a contrast to that on the reverse. Now, he is no longer lonely, no more forsaken and desolate. His gentlest sigh is anwered, his most intimate sorrows are shared with his wife. He goes, her heart follows him. He comes, she hastens to meet him with a smile. His tears are wiped away by her hand, and his smiles are reflected upon her face. She plucks flowers to strew his path. He has a flock dear to him, several devoted friends, and he counts as his relatives all who are destitute. He loves, he is beloved. He has the power to make men happy, "he *is* happy."

Truly has my Wilhelmina painted my present situation; and, inspired with feelings cheerful and bright as sunbeams in spring, I send forth my hopes to delight themselves in the future.

I *hope* that my sermon for next Sunday will be useful to my people; and though some of the careless ones may be fast asleep, I hope that will not be allowed to disturb my temper. For my coming children, I have hopes prepared. If I have a son, I *hope* he may prove my successor; if a daughter, oh, I have *hopes* for her!

I hope in the course of a little time, to find a publisher for my sermons.

I hope to live many years with my wife.

We, that is Wilhelmina and myself, hope during this time to dry many tears, and for ourselves, to shed as few as may fall to the lot of children of the earth such as we are.

We hope that neither of us will long survive the other.

Lastly, we hope, that we shall always be able to hope while here; and, when all the hopes of this green earth shall vanish away before the light of eternal certainties, then we hope our God and Father will pronounce a mild judgement upon his humble and hopeful children.

From the N. Y. Chronicle.

AGE OF APPLE TREES—DO NATURAL TREES OUTLIVE THE GRAFTED?

"Apple trees live to a great age. There is a tree on Peak's Island, in Portland harbor, that has been known to bear fruit every season for more than a hundred years."

The above paragraph was in your summary of last week; and as I observe you have a small agricultural department in your paper, I take the liberty of submitting a few remarks suggested by the above extract.

The fact stated is unquestionable. I can well remember, when it was a common thing to see apple trees not only of vast age, but of immense stature. When I was a child, I can distinctly recollect the remains of an orchard, on my father's farm the principal part of which the British had cut down for fuel. Eight or ten trees only remained, a venerable cluster in one corner of the field. Almost every tree was not far from being two feet in diameter, and in form more like the lofty and wide spread oak, than our present apple trees.—Some of them were from forty to fifty feet high, and of proportional breadth. I can well recollect, also, the gradual decay of these early tenants of the virgin soil, and the remarkable tenacity with which they clung to life. As one large limb after another decayed and fell, new and vigorous young shoots would spring forth and grow with astonishing rapidity. I recollect one tree in particular, whose limbs all decayed and fell off, one after another, till nothing but a hollow trunk, reduced to a perfect shell, about *eight* feet high, remained.—And yet this apparently lifeless cylinder sent forth strong shoots near its top, which grew and bore fruit for many years.—And it is now but a few years, since the last remains of this ancient orchard were eradicated from the soil.

What rendered the longevity of these venerable trees the more striking was that on this same farm was another orchard of *ten acres*, that had been set out with great care, only a few years before the revolutionary war, and was then too small to tempt the depredations of the enemy, and these trees long ago put on the appearance of premature old age; and now scarcely a solitary tree remains to remind one that the ground was once an orchard. In fact, it is many years since it lost that name. This orchard, I may add, had been grafted with great care, with a choice variety of fruit, & and when I first knew it, was flourishing and productive.

I have stated these facts with some particularity, for the sake of suggesting some inquiries, as the following.

Is it common, now-a-days, to meet with very large and aged apples trees, except where they were set out on the virgin soil of the country? And if not, as I suspect will be found to be the fact, to what cause is the decay of our later planted orchards to be described? We know, by sad experience, that many other kinds of trees, which once grew, in all these regions, almost spontaneously, and bore fruit abundantly, as the peach and plum, for instance, now require to be cultivated with the greatest care, and even then are exceedingly shortened. Many a time, when I was a boy, have I, after eating a fine peach, said to my companions, I will now plant this stone, and, if my life is spared, in three years I will eat of its fruit; and as often have I realized the fulfilment of the prediction. In those days, our hedges were loaded with peaches, which, from there mere abundance, the very hogs disdained to eat, except to crack the stone and eat the pit! This fact I have witnessed with my own eyes. Why, then, has it become so difficult to raise peaches? Is it to be imputed to any change in the climate? or to the exhaustion of some particular property of the soil? And does not the same cause operate on our apple orchards?

But there is another inquiry which I wish to submit. Are not all these large and aged apple trees the production of *the natural fruit?* Can any man point me to an apple tree one hundred, or even seventy-five years of age, that was grafted as our present method is, on the stock, or that was grafted in any way. Every man knows that a grafted tree is merely a continuation of the old one; and, therefore, though its existence be prolonged by insertion into a new stock, it will, notwithstanding, in a few years, put on all the appearances of premature old age; and the sooner, as the process of grafting has been the more frequently performed with the same variety.

We have become so fond of grafting and budding, that most men disdain a natural tree, however vigorous, except for a stock to be tortured and murdered; or, if success attends the transformation, to be consigned to an early death. But is this extreme wise? Where did our delicious, grafted fruit come from at first? And although the seed will not always produce the same variety, yet some of it will, or others still more excellent.

I will venture then, to suggest, in conclusion, that if we would cultivate more natural trees, of all kinds of fruit, and letting them stand till, "by their fruits ye can know them," and then preserve the good and destroy the bad, we shall not only obtain new and improved varieties, but greatly prolong the life of our trees. On the present procedure, one thing is certain as the course of nature—our finest fruits must soon fail. Of this we have striking evidence in the general failure of the Newton Pippin, which was once as universally fair as oranges, and of a large size, but now of ten small and knotty. Other examples might be given: but I must stop—my sheet is full.

A LONG ISLAND FARMER.

Paris Academy of Science, Aug. 17, a paper by M. Christoile, on the danger to apprehended from the galvanic process in the depreciation of coins, was read to the Academy. "If," says the author, "this process is of immense service in the application of one metal to another, it may be empolyed to the injury of the public, for a piece of gold or silver placed at the negative pole is reduced without any apparrant change." He announces that he places at the disposal of the Academy the sum of 2,000 fr. as a prize to the author of the best legal project of preventing the application of electricity to such a purpose. M. Dumas made a report on some experiments made by M. Boussaingault, relative to the feeding of cows with beet root and potatoes. M. Boussaingault states that two cows which were fed exclusively on beetroot fell of in flesh in seventeen days nearly one sixth, and their milk diminished from eight to nine litres each per day to five litres. They were then turned into pasture, and soon resumed their former weight, and gave the former quantity of milk. They were next fed exclusively on potatoes, when they fell off still more in flesh than they had done with beetroot, and the milk was reduced to two liters each per day. On being placed on a mixed food of hay, chopped straw, beetroot, and potatoes, they again recovered their flesh, and gave the former quantity of milk. The conclusions of this gentleman are, that beetroot and potatoes do not perform the part usually imputed to them, of fattening cattle, or increasing the quantity of the milk of the cows: His experiments show that this is the case when this food is given to the exclusion of all other; but there is not, we believe, a cow-keeper in France who would think of suppressing the use of beetroot or potatoes as part of the food to their animals. Experience upon a large scale, which is far better than scientific experiments and conclusions of the nature of those of M. Boussiangault, proves that that beetroot and potatoes, in proportions, form excellent food for horned cattle.

SOMEBODY HIT.

It is estimated that in forty good sized persons there is a sufficient quantity of iron to make a ploughshare.—*Exchange paper.*

Yes, and in forty decent sized dandies there is sap enough to make a hogshead of maple sugar.—*Sunday Mercury.*

Yes, and forty decent sized Whigs, will make brass enough to make five thousand seven hundred and forty four bell knobs.—*Providence Gazette.*

Yes and forty dollars a week will make turn coats enough, in politics, to stock any custom house in Rhode Island.—*New York Express.*

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