



H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

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H. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.

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WM. M. ROCKEFELLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Dec. 13, 1851—4f.

M. L. SHINDEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Sunbury, Pa. December 4, 1852—4f.

HARRISBURG STEAM WOOD TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING SHOP. Wood Turning in all its branches...

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CHAMBERS. A small number of these excellent pumps have been received and are offered for sale by H. B. MASSER.

Poetry.

KEATS'S DYING POEM

The following lines were written by JOHN KEATS on his death bed, and are the last words ever penned by the gifted young poet.

My spirit's lamp is faint and weak, My feeble senses bow; Death's finger pales my fading cheek...

The earth is bright with buds and bees, The air with purple beams— The winds are swarming with the trees...

But not for me the blossom's breath, Nor wind nor sunny beam— I languish in the arms of death...

To feel the sinking of the mind, That nothingness of soul, Where all is dead, and dark, and blind...

And yet, O sunny Italy! Twere sweet to find a tomb, Where wild flowers ever stretch to thee...

And if some finger faint would wake This unremembered lay, And bid thy sleeping senses break...

Oh! stranger! scattered roses, And slips of yew-tree bough— A broken heart reposes Within this silent nook.

Humorous Sketch. From Dodge's Literary Museum. MY GRANDMOTHER'S GHOST.

"I got married when I was twenty," said Bill Gull, one day. "I got married to Phebe Chalk, and all these young Gulls that you see running round here came from my lump of Chalk—by Gull!"

"Bill Gull always swore by Gull. It was his only oath. She was a lump of chalk—as large one way as the other. Bill Gull was always a bashful, backward youth...

"I'll tell you all about it. You see, I was about as green as a spring gosling, and I thought Phebe was too. By Gull! she wasn't though—but she knew I was. Well, we had a sneaking notion of each other for about two years, but it never would have come to anything if it hadn't been for the ghost.

"The moon was shining full into my windows, and I could not be mistaken. 'I was all in white. I rose up in my bed, and my teeth chattered, and the preparation I run off me in streams. It came almost to my bed-side, and pointed a long, bony finger at me, that went through me like a hot iron. I tried to speak, but it 'twas no go.

"Bill Gull, you must marry Phebe Chalk right away. You have fooled away your time long enough. Pop the question before to-morrow night, or I shall appear to you again—do it, Bill Gull!"

"Then the old lady disappeared so quick that I couldn't tell where she went to. I didn't sleep a wink that night. The sensations that kept crawling over me were awful. I thought I felt my hair turning gray off—and all kinds of queer feelings. It was the longest night ever I experienced.

"What was the matter with you?" said Phebe. "I feel pale," said I. "You look pale," said she. "Such a night," said I. "What was the matter, Bill?" "My grandmother's ghost!" "You don't say?" "Yes, and she said that—"

"That I must marry you." "What else, Bill?" "That I must pop the question to-day, or she would come again to-night."

"Bill, take my advice—pop the question, and let the old lady rest in peace." "I do," said I. "Well, Bill, I'll have you just to keep the old lady quiet, provided, Bill, that you won't ask me to—to—to sleep with you, Bill."

"I promised—for my grandmother's sake. After breakfast, Phebe spoke to the old gentleman about it. He said it was all right, go ahead. We went ahead. At least Phebe did. In three weeks Phebe Chalk became Mrs. Gull."

"She gulled you completely." "Yes, I found that out, and I'll tell you how. On the night of our marriage she went off to her room, and I went to mine. It was according to agreement, but somehow or other I couldn't help thinking it wasn't just right, and the more I thought of it the more it seemed not just the chalk."

"I reflected upon it for hours, and indeed more than once I provoked my grandmother's ghost in hopes that she would appear to Phebe and soften her heart toward me. Finally as the old lady's ghost seemed to take no further interest in our affairs, I concluded to be ghost myself. I crawled out of bed, and enveloped myself from head to foot in a sheet. Not without great trepidation, however. I have often wondered at my temerity, for there was a total lack of courage. I walked into Phebe's room and stood by her bed-side."

"Good Lord!" said she. "Phebe Chalk?" said I. "I ain't Phebe Chalk—said she—I am married, and my name is Phebe Gull. Who are you?" "I am the ghost of your grandmother-in-law, and I have come to tell you that it ain't good for man to be alone—especially if he has got a wife."

"Well, grandmother, that is what I have been thinking about ever since I came to bed. It is very cold, too—won't you get into bed and warm yourself?" "By Gull! I had a good mind to but I was afraid."

"No," said I, "I must go back to the graveyard. Remember that Bill, your husband, is shivering with cold, all alone by himself." "Well, grandmother, hadn't you better go and keep Bill warm?" "No, do it yourself, or I shall appear to you again—remember."

"I growled out the remember! with a fearful emphasis, but do you think she was frightened? Not a bit of it. She burst out laughing with all her might, and kept it up, too, ever so long, while I stood there shivering and shaking with cold, like a pauper in an ague-fit."

"Now, Bill," said she, "as soon as she stopped laughing, Bill, don't you think I know you?" "How do you know me?" said I. "Well, you know—besides, there ain't no such things as ghosts."

"O you there is, though. Didn't my grandmother's ghost tell me to marry you?" "Bill, that was me!" "You're by Gull?" "Yes, Bill—I was me, Bill!" "Well, Phebe?" "How stupid you are, to stand there shivering, half frozen!" "Well, Bill, go on with the story." "By Gull! I have nothing more to say."

MAZZINI'S PROCLAMATION. The following proclamation was posted all over Milan, and has been spread in other parts of Italy. ITALIAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE. Italians! Brothers!—The mission of the National Italian Committee is ended; your missions begins. To-day, the last words of our brethren, dying to you, is "Insurrection!" to-morrow, mingling with the ranks of the people, we will aid you to maintain it.

Insurrection! The moment matured, planned for three long years has arrived. Let us seize it. Be not deceived by appearances; be not misled by the cowardly sophistries of lukewarm men. The entire surface of Europe, from Spain to our own land, from Greece to holy Poland, is a volcanic crust, beneath which sleeps a lava which will burst forth in torrents at the upheaving of Italy. Four years ago the insurrection of Sicily was followed by ten European revolutions; twenty European revolutions will follow yours—all bound by one compact, all sworn to one fraternal aim.

We have friends even in the ranks of armies who rule us; there are entire peoples whose alarm cry will answer to yours. The national democracies of Europe form one organized camp. Vanguard of the great army of the people, fear no isolation. The initiative of Italy is the initiative of Europe.

Insurrection! Sacred is the thought of country that consecrates it; strong in will and in concentrated energy as its aim, which is justice, amelioration, and free fraternal life for all; let it rise and convert martyrdom into victory. The thousands of victims who have fallen with the sacred name of Italy on their lips, deserve this at our hands. Be it tremendous as the tempest on our seas. Be it obstinate, immovable as the Alps which surround you. Between the Alps and the extreme Sicilian sea are 25,000,000 of us, and a 100,000 foreigners. It is the struggle of a moment if you do but will.

Insurrection! Let the grand word leap from city to city, from town to town, from village to village, like the electric current. Arouse, arise, awake to the crusade fever, all ye who have Italian hearts!—Italian arms! Remind the people of their unjust suffer-

ing, their rights denied them, their ancient power, and the great future of liberty, prosperity, education, and equality—they may conquer at a bound. Remind your women of the mothers, the sisters, the friends, who have perished in unceasing weeping for their loved ones, imprisoned, exiled, butchered, because they had not, but desired a country.

Remind your young minds of thought outraged and restrained, of the great traditional past of Italy, which they can continue only by action, of the absolute nothingness of the state they are now in—their descendants of the men who have twice given civilization to Europe.

Remind the soldiers of Italy of the dishonor of a servile uniform which the foreigners desire, of the bones of their fathers left on the battle fields of Europe for the honor of Italy, of the true glory which crowns the warrior for right, for justice, for nationality.

Soldiers, women, youths, people!—Let us have for the moment but one heart, one thought, one desire, one cry in souls, one cry on our lips: "We will have a country; we will have an Italy; and an Italy shall be."

Attack, break at every point the long and weak line of the enemy. Prevent them from concentrating themselves by killing or dispersing their soldiers, destroying roads and bridges. Disorganize them by striking at their officers. Ceaselessly pursue fugitives; be at war with the life. Make arms of the piles of your houses, of the stones of the streets, of the tools of your trades, of the iron of your crosses. Spread the alarm by watch fires kindled on every height—

From one end of Italy to the other let the alarm bell of the people toll the death of the enemy. Wherever you are victorious, move forward at once to the aid of those nearest you. Let the insurrection grow like an avalanche wherever the chance goes against you; run to the gorges, the mountains, the fortresses given you by nature. Everywhere the battle will have broken out, everywhere you will find brothers, and, strengthened by the victories gained elsewhere, you will descend into the field again the day after—

One only be our flag—the flag of the nation. In pledge of our fraternal unity, write on it the words God and the People; they alone are powerful to conquer, they alone do not betray. It is the Republican flag which, in '48 and '49, saved the honor of Italy; it is the flag of eternal Venice; it is the flag of Rome—eternal Rome, the sacred metropolis, the temple of Italy and of the world!

Purify yourselves, fighting beneath that flag. Let the Italian people arise, worthy of the God who guides them. Let women be sacred; let age and childhood be sacred; let property be sacred. Punish the thief as an enemy. Use for insurrection the arms, powder and uniforms taken from the foreign soldiers.

To arms, to arms! Our last word is the battle cry. Let the men you have chosen to lead you send forth to Europe, on the morrow, the cry of victory.

How TO PREVENT WET FEET.—The Mechanics' Magazine says:—"I have had three pair of boots for the last six years, (no shoes,) and I think I shall not require any more for the next six years to come. The reason is that I treat them in the following manner: I put a pound of tallow and a half a pound of rosin in a pot on the fire: when melted and mixed, I warm the boots and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush until neither the sole nor the upper leather will suck in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take a polish, dissolve an ounce of wax in a teaspoonful of lamp-black. A day after the boots have been treated with the tallow and rosin, rub over them this wax in turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shines like a mirror. Tallow or any other grease becomes rancid, and rots the stitching as well as the leather; but the rosin gives it an antiseptic quality which preserves the whole. Boots and shoes should be so large as to admit of wearing cork soles. Cork is so bad a conductor of heat that with it in the boots the feet are always warm on the coldest stone floor."

THE ANGELS OF GRIEF. BY WHITTIER. With silence only as their benediction, God's angels come. Where, in the shadow of a great affliction, The soul sits dumb. Yet would we say, what every heart approves, Our Father's will, Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth, Is mercy still.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel Hath ever wrought; The funeral anthem is a glad evangel; The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly What he has given; They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly As in His Heaven.

TRIBUTE TO MR. FILEMORE.—A bust of President Fillmore, by Dr. Horatio Stone, the eminent sculptor of New York, of pure Italian marble, is now in the rotunda of the capitol previous to its being deposited in the presidential mansion. It is a tribute of respect by gentlemen of both parties to the late estimable Chief Magistrate.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY THEODORE PARKER. MR. WEBSTER'S ORATORY.

His style was simple, the business style of a strong man. Now and then it swelled into beauty. He always addressed the understanding, not the reason—Calhoun did that, the more, not the imagination—in his speech there was little wit, little beauty, little poetry. He laid siege to the understanding. Here lay his strength—he could make a statement better than any man in America; he had immense power of argument, making a case-way from the will to the heart's mind. He gathered a great mass of material, bound it together, swung it about his head, fixed his eye on the mark then let the ruin fly. If you want a word suddenly shot from Dover to Calais, you send it by lightning; if a ball of a ton weight, you get a steam cannon to pitch it across. Webster was the steam gun of eloquence. He hit the mark less by gunnery than strength. His shot seemed big as his target.

The orator brings down his quarry with a single subtle shot, of sixty to the pound— He carries death without weight in his gun as sure as fate. Here is another, the tripodal of American speech. He is a snake in the grass, slippery, shining, with a baleful crest on his head, cunning in his crazy eye, and the poison of the old serpent in his heart, and on his slimy jaw, and about the fang at the bottom of his smooth, and forked, and nimble tongue. He conquers by bewitching; he fascinates his game to death.

Commonly, Webster was honest in his oratory; open, English, and not Yankee. He had no masked batteries, no Quaker guns. He wheeled his forces into line, column after column with the quickness of Hannibal, and the masterly management of Caesar, and like Napoleon, broke the centre of his opponent's line by the superior weight of his own column, and the sudden heaviness of his fire. Thus he laid siege to the understanding, and carried it by dint of cannonade. This was his strategy, in the court house, in the Senate, and the public hall.

A PRESIDENT INCognito. A Washington letter, which appears in the South Side, Virginia, Democrat, thus describes the manner in which Gen. Pierce dodged the politicians and office seekers when he arrived in Washington city:—"I understand that Gen. Pierce ran a very deep net saw on the office seekers last night when arriving at the Washington depot. The committee, some of whom had got themselves appointed to receive him with 'de grand flourishes,' were arranged about the inner door of the car house, written speech and hats in hands. The instant the cars stopped, a steady looking individual jumped from the baggage car. He was habited in a rusty overcoat and shocking bad hat, and his jaws were tied up in a handkerchief. With hands in his pockets, he elbowed his way through the eager crowd of committee men, who were straining their eyes to discern the persons of the President elect and those known to be in attendance upon him, among those dismounting from the passenger cars. While so engaged, a patriot, deeply interested in the division of the spoils, hearing the steam whistle, had rushed from the avenue to the station, and leaping into the door, ran but against the steady looking stranger, who was just then striding out of it. The latter gave his assailant a look from head to foot, saying, 'Is it absolute necessary to run a man check down?' passed on, taking the first back at hand, and driving to Willard's. As the hackman was closing the coach door on his fare, the committee learned that their prey had escaped them. On arriving at Willard's, Gen. Pierce managed to reach his rooms without its being known by another soul that he was in the house. His private secretary, who had selected his suite of rooms some time before, had so described to him their locality, as to enable him to reach them without even acquainting the person in the office of his presence."

ANOTHER WEBSTER AND PARKMAN TRAGEDY. A letter in the Lynchburg (Va.) Express, from the Kanawha Salinas, states that a man named Stogham went to the house of a neighbor to pay him several hundred dollars he owed him. As he was not seen afterwards, his friends instituted inquiries for him, and finally searched the house where he had gone, without success, until one of them commenced scraping the ashes of a large fire place, and, to his surprise, found several human teeth and the check-bone; also part of the teeth, supposed to be that of the missing man, which had run into a crevice in the fire place, partly roasted. The occupant of the house was immediately arrested.

SPANISH NOBILITY.—According to the Spanish nobility inherit titles of nobility, and preserve them not only while they retain their family name, but transmit them, in marrying, to their husbands. Thus Napoleon 3d will receive the title of nobility from the head of Mlle. Montijo's family. If he accepts it, it will become his duty, in terms of the law, to make a declaration of his acceptance to the chief of the Spanish nobility, who is now the Duke of Montpensier, son of Louis Philippe, who attained that distinction by virtue of his marriage with the sister of Queen Isabella.—Boston Traveller.

AARON BARR.

To the Editor of the Evening Mirror.

In your paper of yesterday is an article from the "Savannah Courier," headed AARON BARR, which, after going into a detail of factitious circumstances, winds up with stating that "after wandering on the face of the earth, shunned and despised by all—after losing his fortune, his daughter and his grandchildren, he sunk not—but walked erect at 80, among those who despised him—that he was Lear facing the storm."

There is no character connected with the early history of our country so little understood and so cruelly misrepresented as the subject of this article. The writer was intimate with him, both personally and professionally, during the last fifteen years of his life, and knows almost every circumstance contained in this article to be found in error. For instance, he was not disowned by his relatives; on the contrary, an eminent judicial character, who represented the senior branch of the "Edwards" family in this State, as well as several others of the name and blood in this city, were with him at and before his death, and attended his remains to his grave in Princeton, with ten or twelve of the most respectable and influential old citizens of New York, who ranked among his friends, and acted as pallbearers. A funeral sermon was pronounced over his remains by the President of Princeton College, in the Chapel of that institution and probably few distinguished men received as much attention, and drew forth more sympathy than was apparent at the funeral of Aaron Burr.

Again, it is said his daughter was barbarously murdered when on her voyage to visit and console her father. That this is an error I had from his own lips; for, once mentioning to him the story, that it was asserted by some that she had been captured by the Algerines on her voyage from Charleston to New York, and that she was probably yet alive, he replied, with great feeling:—"No, no, she is indeed dead; she perished in the miserable little pilot-boat in which she left Charleston; were she alive, all the prisons in the world would not keep her from her father." "With her, too, (said he) were lost all my valuable papers; a loss to me and to the history of the country, which can never be supplied. When I realized the truth of her death, the world became a blank to me, and life had then lost all its value."

As to his circumstances, they were everything but those of beggary; on the contrary, he was always in comfortable circumstances, living like a gentleman, and entertaining his friends; and even occasionally when success in some great cause (in many of which he was engaged up to his death) put him in possession of considerable sums of money, he was lavish, profuse, and generous to a fault. He never begged, and never needed or received charity; had it been so, he would have felled to the earth the hand which extended it; for his pride and self esteem were indomitable. Nor was he "hunted from town to town, and from city to city, fleeing in disguise from the face of war?" on the contrary, up to a period very shortly before his death, he went into Court to superintend the trial of his important cases; and I well remember too, the one tried at Troy, N. Y., and the other involving the title of the Union Race Course, on Long Island, tried at Jamaica, where he was present, and an object of the greatest interest, so much so, that the schools were discharged to allow the pupils to see him, and spectators came many miles to look upon Aaron Burr.

It is true, however, that a certain reserve and gloom hung over him; it proceeded partly from his natural disposition, which was taciturn, distant and dignified. He was doubtless so when a young man, and when in the height of his prosperity; but his feelings and his looks were not those of being rebuked by the world, but the opposite of rebuking. No man was found bold enough to meet the piercing gaze of his keen black eyes with anything but courtesy.

He discovered a few years before his death what he called "the wrong which was done him by public opinion?" and inquired of me its cause—insisting on its inquiry. I told him that in my judgment he had throughout committed a fatal mistake, in allowing the thousand newspaper paragraphs published to his degradation to pass uncontradicted; that I thought he owed it to himself, to his friends, and his history, to set his personal contradiction in opposition to this romantic of his expense.

He said, "The federalists did this, and they would never forgive him; that he had acted on the principle that his character was strong enough to bear such petty assaults without a contradiction; and that he had supposed he was safe in treating them with contempt and silence. But," said he, "I fear I have committed a great error; the men who knew their falsity are mostly dead, and the generation who now read them may take them for truths, being uncontradicted. I admit I have committed a capital error, but it is late to repair it."

The recollection of this conversation (which I noted down at the time) is the cause of this reply to the article from the "Savannah Courier." Poor Burr; he was a man of sorrow and of many griefs; but he was a child of genius—a brave, intellectual, brilliant man—and had within himself many of the noblest qualities which distinguish his species. But he had his weakness and

his petty vices in addition. Who has not? He was the victim of a combination of circumstances, rather than of his own fault. The hate of the Federal party, and the jealousy of Jefferson and his party, dug the political grave of Burr. His history is fairly written; perhaps the time has hardly yet come to write; but, whenever it will be fairly presented, it will be proved to be a patriot, a statesman, a lawyer, and a high far out-reaching the thousands who have employed themselves for nearly half a century in traducing him. CATO.

New York, Feb. 19, 1853. "Truth is confirmed by investigation and does not elude the subtlest shafts of hate and uncertainty."—Cato.

THE MARIETTA AND CINCINNATI RAILROAD COMPANY, which has added to its stocks \$750,000, subscribed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, has now, it is said, ample means for completing the road to Wheeling, touching at Parkersburg Messrs. Winslow, Langer & Co. have contracted with the company to deliver 2,500 tons compound rails, of Winslow's pattern, 75 lbs. to the yard, to be manufactured at Hanging Rock, on the Ohio River, to be delivered next month.

FOUND AT LAST.—Cure for Corns.—Rub them every morning before breakfast, (except cloudy weather), with a solution of tar and spirits turpentine, for nineteen mornings in succession, pare them closely with a three-bladed buck-horn handled jack knife, and wipe off the blood with a napkin. Then soak every night, for three weeks, in a mixture of salt water, nitric acid, rectified whiskey, and Cologne and glue, (equal parts), and cut them off close to the nail.

A writer in the National Intelligencer complains of the names given to new cities, towns, &c., in this country, and says that he himself is a citizen of Dresden, close by Vienna, on the road to Naples, between Antwerp and Cornith, in Indiana.

ACHMET JAYER PASHA, who recently died at Alexandria, assured an English traveler that in one season he had lost thirty of his children by infantile complaints. This calamity reduced the number of his offspring to one hundred and thirty!

THE LONGEST STRAIGHT LINE IN THE WORLD.—The Illinois Central Railroad is 700 miles in length, and has 626 miles in a straight line, which prepares the road for a speed which no other road in the United States is capable of.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.—The power of kindness is great. Men whom no blows could move, no punishment could have before a kind word, mild tones, and gentle manner. A kind hurts the exterior, but merely excites the more. But above all things it is pleasant to hear kind words when a person is sick and suffering, or when bowed down with care; when almost in despair, then

"A little word in kindness spoken, A motion of a ear, Hath often banished the heart that's broken, And made a friend's heart."

Wishes, if you experience bad treatment, it sinks deep into the heart, and time itself scarcely can efface it from your mind.

"A word—a look—has created to earth Pull many a laughing brother, While, and a smile but covered its lips, Would have been his darkest hour."

Then be careful how you speak, for you may feel angry and provoked, yet strain your wrath, for future developments may show you it was unjust. Be careful, it is easier to lose a friend than to make one—Treat others kindly speak kindly.

"Then deem it not an idle thing A pleasant word to speak! The face you wear, the thoughts you bring, The heart may lead or break!"

One of our exchanges says that half mourning is a positive luxury to the ladies, and that many of them would like to keep a flock of cousins shut up like chickens in a coop, to wring the neck of one whenever they were tired of gay colors, and wanted a change to half mourning.

WISCONSIN, with a sparse and scattered population, has a school and university fund of \$850,000, and an annual allot for the instruction of her children, of \$120,000; 90,000 of her 220,000 children have attended school during the year.

"Bob, where is the State of Matrimony?" "It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, bromatics, and staying out late o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve, while trying to find a northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is saltry till you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather commonly sets in, with sufficient power to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting State, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against."

SMITHSON, on going home the other night, was run against by a three story brick house which was chasing a lamp post up the street. On coming to, he thus reasoned with himself: "Is that mud, (hiccup) or is it brains? (hiccup.) If it's mud I'm mortally 'toxicated. If its brains I'm slightly dead, (hiccup) that's all." When we left he was trying to persuade a freestone step that it was on constitutional to have a sawing post out of doors after nightfall.