The Democratic Watchman.

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The Watchman.

JUSTICE AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

THE ONLY ENGLISH DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER IN CENTRE COUNTY.

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— BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1856.

DANGER OF WEARING HOOPS IN A HIGH WIND.—The Detroit *Advertiser* says, the wind on Saturday afternoon last, and while the dust was circulating so thick that no one could see more than the length of an eyelash in front, a lady, dressed in the most elegant style, in coming round one of the corners, was lifted off her feet by the force of the wind acting on the great expanse of surface which she presented to it. The wind, fortunately, did not set her down in the same position in which she was before being taken up, but turning her gently on one side, it laid her endwise on the sidewalk where she commenced a series of astonishing gyrations, rolling over and over on the hoops of the skirts, and exhibiting a species of locomotion which may come into fashion with high winds and large circlets of light material. As the lady thus rolled over and over, several persons were knocked down and passed over by the lady and the hoops, without ever knowing that anything had hit them. Fortunately for the lady, the dust and the astonishment of the people out of doors permitted but a few to witness this new method of getting along in a stiff breeze and keeping up full sail at the same time. As we came round a corner we found the lady wedged between a lamp post and a hydrant, and immediately assisted her to an upright instead of a recumbent position.

PROTESTANTS IN THE UNITED STATES.—Dr. Baird, in his new edition of Religion in America, thus classes the five great evangelical denominations in the United States. The Congregationalists and Presbyterians he places under the head of Presbyterians:

	Ch.	Min.	Mem.	Ppp.
Episcopalian,	1,323	1,742	108,350	1,012,000
Presbyterian,	10,566	8,472	926,318	5,500,000
Baptist,	14,070	9,476	1,272,469	5,900,000
Methodist,	14,806	8,740	1,593,794	5,565,000
Lutherans,	1,200	1,000	225,000	750,000

A SUSPENSION BRIDGE is to be built across the Mississippi at St. Louis, Missouri, to be eighty-four feet above high water mark, and more than a mile in length. The greatest distance between towers will be 1800 feet, and the foundation of some of the towers will be 60 feet below the surface of low water. Mr. J. W. Bissell, of Rochester, N. Y., has received the appointment of engineer. The bridge is expected not to cost less than two millions of dollars.

AN AGED VOTER.—Mr. George Angstadt, the oldest resident of Rockland township, went to the polls on Tuesday last, and cast his vote for Buchanan and Breckinridge.—Mr. Angstadt is in his 102d year, and has voted for all the Democratic Presidents, from Washington down to our own Buchanan. May this aged patriarch live to behold the blessed fruits of once more sustaining the party that, through good and evil report, has ever stood firmly by the Constitution and the Union.—*Reading Gazette.*

AT HOME.—A just cause for rejoicing by the Democracy is the overwhelming majority received by Buchanan in his own State. In New-York his native State, Fillmore is the third candidate. The returns from California will demonstrate in what measure of appreciation the citizens of the Golden State hold their "benefactor" John C. Fremont.

WHO ARE THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.—The Democratic party abolished slavery in New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. The Constitutions of Iowa, Indiana, Ohio and California, which prohibit slavery, were all framed by the Democratic party.

THE KEYSTONE CLUB of Philadelphia has awarded their beautiful prize banner to Indiana county, for the largest increased vote over that of last year.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.—Mrs. Thorn, of Palo Alto, Mich., recently hung herself and child because her husband refused to take her to a ball at Jonesville.

AFFAIRS IN KANSAS—A MURDER—Mr. McCamish Robbed.—The Westport (Missouri) Star of the 1st says:—

Mr. Richard McCamish arrived in Westport yesterday afternoon from the Bull Creek; he reports a Mr. Glenville shot by the Abolitionists and himself robbed.

Glenville has been living on the claim of Reese Jones, Esq., and he was driven away from Toy Creek by Dr. Westfall's crew.—He was on his way to Missouri, driving a wagon loaded with Jones' furniture, when near Bull Creek, on the Santa Fe road, he was stopped by four men who demanded his money. He had none with him. One of the assassins tried to shoot him with a revolver, and as Glenville drew up his rifle to protect himself, another shot him in the back. He is not expected to live. A carriage has been sent for the wounded man, and when he arrives we will be able to get his statement under oath.

Mr. McCamish, an industrious, deserving young man, has again been robbed no doubt by the four rascals who shot Glenville—all the shooting and robbing is done now-a-days by four men. We suppose the Abolitionists have got up a new military order; and that the squad consists of four each. We hope Gov. Geary will look after this mysterious four. People are getting afraid to send their teams to the Territory. The prairie caught, or was set on fire near McCamish's, and while he was out trying to save a fence, those fellows went to his house and took clothes, a saddle and bridle, and several blankets. He saw and could identify the robbers. They rode off galloping in the direction of Black Jack. Gov. Geary truly has a bad time of it, trying to restore order and enforce obedience to the laws.—We stop the press to give this late news; it may be relied on.

A COLD BLOODED MURDER.—It will be recollected, says the N. Bedford, Mass. *Standard*, that a short time since, the dead body of a young man by the name of Chase, was found in Swansey, under circumstances which led to the belief that he was murdered by a man who was last seen in his company, by the name of Vanderhoof, living in Somerset. A day or two ago Vanderhoof was arrested, and when informed of what he was accused, he fainted. Subsequently he confessed the foul deed, and implicated an accomplice by the name of Dexter, who has also made a confession. Both of them have been committed to Taunton Jail. They say that the young man had thirty dollars in money, and they agreed to divide it by allowing the one who struck the fatal blow, two dollars the most.

BUCHANAN AT HOME.—Lancaster city, the home of the President elect, gives such a vote for him as will tell the country, in a manner not to be misinterpreted, how highly James Buchanan is esteemed by the friends and neighbors who have known him long and well:

Lancaster City—Full vote.

	Buch.	Fram.	Fusion. Fillm	Fillm
N. E. Ward,	407	113	112	59
N. W. Ward,	563	83	120	160
S. E. Ward	537	47	100	62
S. W. Ward,	390	53	71	50
	1897	296	403	331
Total Fusion vote 699				
Maj. for Buch,	1195			

A PREDICTION VERIFIED.—The following prediction appeared in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, of the issue of April 26:

"The Know-Nothing Councils of Philadelphia have refused the use of the Hall of Independence for the reception of the Hon. James Buchanan. Never mind; the people will furnish him a hall, after the 4th of March next, which will be 'sufficient for all practical purposes.'"

In connection with the above we give the following extract from the Philadelphia correspondence of the Baltimore *Sun*:

"In common council yesterday a resolution was adopted, tendering the Hall of Independence to Mr. Buchanan, for the use of his friends for an expected visit from the President elect."

FORTUNE-MAKING.—As an example (says an exchange) of the rapidity with which fortunes are acquired, we may mention the case of Sylvester Lynn, a Scotchman, who landed in Chicago in 1846 with two sovereigns in his pocket. A few weeks since he gave to the trustees of the Presbyterian University, about to be established at Forest Lake, twenty-five miles north of the city, the munificent sum of one hundred thousand dollars, ($100,000.) In consequence of this act the trustees have determined to call the institution the Lynn University.

GENERAL MORRIS'S national lyric, "The flag of our Union forever," proved a most valuable "document" during the late canvass. It touched the right nerve and produced a thrill of patriotism throughout the republic:

"A union of lakes—a union of lands—
A union of States none may sever;
A union of hearts—a union of hands—
And the flag of our Union forever!"

THE JERSEY CITY *Telegraph* is a decidedly funny paper. Here is a story original with it:

A young gentleman of estimable character and extensive acquirements was seriously injured in the legs last Sunday night, by trying to take home two ladies at once. The flesh about his ankles was completely worn off by the ladies' hoops—of course his pants were ruined.

APPOINTMENTS BY GOV. POLLOCK.—Robert T. Conrad, Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia, from the first of December next, vice Wm. D. Kelley, resigned.

Capt. Enoch Turley, Harbor Master for the port of Philadelphia, from the 15th inst., vice George R. Graham resigned.

RHODE ISLAND voted on the 4th against any amendment to the State Constitution.

WHEN WE HUSKED CORN.

And naked lies the shivering vine;
While dimly o'er the distant seas
The fading light of summer shine;
Along the lawn the negro blows
Deep summons on his noonday horn,
And homeward troop the girls and beaux
From husking of the corn.

I mind me well that autumn day,
When five and twenty years ago,
We turned our labor into play,
And husked the corn for neighbor Lowe.
Ah! wife, we were the blithest pair
That e'er to wedded love were born;
For I was gay and you were fair
A husking of the corn.

Oh! how we sung and how we laughed!
Our hearts sat lightly on our lips,
As we the golden ears quaffed,
And passed the bowl with rustic quips.
And when sly hints of love went round,
You glanced at me with pouting scorn,
Yet smiled, tho' you fain would frown,
A husking of the corn.

Then when I found the scarlet ear,
And claimed the old traditional kiss,
You bade me not approach too near,
And pleaded that and pleaded this—
Away you fled and I pursued,
Till all too faint you were to warn,
And—know you not how well I wooed
A husking of the corn.

THE BURNT PRAIRIE.

A TALE OF CONSCIENCE.

"I do perceive here a divided duty."

On a fine afternoon early in the spring, about twenty-five years ago, two young attorneys were travelling leisurely across an extensive prairie in one of the Western States. They were on their way to attend a circuit court of a frontier county, which embraced about one fourth of the territory of the state, with a very small portion of its population; but which has been, in process of time, cut up into three or four Congressional districts. One of them had recently been appointed States' attorney of the circuit, and would occasionally breathe himself in a sort of field day exercise, by way of preparation for an intended charge upon the grand jury. The other, unoccupied by the cares of public office, indulged his fancy now and then in pleasing visions of prisoners vindicated by his triumphant eloquence, who would pour out their gratitude and money in equal profusion. Once or twice, by consent, an imaginary hog thief* was arraigned, an agreed case of the evidence, and arguments of "learned length and thundering sound" addressed by the two worthies to an invisible court and jury—who were supposed to listen with attention and interest.

These amusements were varied from time to time by draughts upon their respective stores of song and anecdote, as well as on the creature comforts which they carried in their saddle bags and pocket flasks. As the day declined, however, all their resources, mental and physical, were well nigh exhausted. Tired and hungry, they found themselves, when sunset was approaching, still six or eight miles from the country seat; a distance which seemed to them almost interminable. On a sudden, however, one of them conceived a bright idea, which was no sooner made known to the other, than he eagerly approved it. They determined to burn the prairie. One of them carried a contrivance for striking fire (lucifer matches *were* not yet;) and having started the blaze cleverly on either side of the road, they resumed their journey, often turning to mark the progress of the flames, and to admire their brilliant effect.

There are few finer sights than a burning prairie. It should be a wild and wide prairie—with the grass four or five feet high, untouched by the ruminant ox, untrodden by the hoofs of swine—the country undulating, so as to vary the movement of the conflagration—the time late winter or early spring, when the grass is as dry and crisp as tinder—and a fresh breeze blowing, before which the fires sweep over the levels like fleet coursers, tossing their glowing manes, or surge upward on the rising ground, like the billows of that tremendous sea, upon which the huge form of Satan "lay floating many a rood." Compared with this, mere artificial fire works are utterly insignificant, and show as contemptably, as the sulphur and sheet-iron of a storm at the theatre would do in competition with the thunder and lightning dialogue between "Jove" and "the joyous

*The offence of hog stealing was so common in those days, that it might have been termed an *epidemic* as regarded individuals, and a *chronic disorder* in the body politic. The criminal docket never failed to exhibit half a dozen cases every term. Some thought it grew out of the habit of hunting "varmints," and the difficulty of teaching frontier men that "wild hogs" were private property, and not "*feræ naturæ*." Others maintained that it was due to the temptation held out by the prospect of depredating with impunity in the unfrequented "range" of these animals through the woods. But the most original theory broached as a defence in one case, by a lawyer, who found the facts proven against his client too plainly to be denied or evaded. The hogs were almost always killed in the river bottoms, which were intersected with bayous and sloughs; and he asserted that the *water* of these regions had the remarkable effect of exciting an insane appetite for pork—inasmuch that every man who lived in the bottom and drank its water for three weeks was irresistibly driven "to get hog meat" by a necessity, moral and natural, which put an end to everything like accountability. The evil has gradually abated since that day, whether from an improvement in the water, the morals, or the police, of the community, we leave as an open question.

Alps!" We omit the rest of the song, which alone would have eclipsed a gala night at Castle Garden or the President's grounds. It was that of a magnificient tree, which stood at the extremety of a point of timber jetting out into the prairie, like some giant champion in the van of a forlorn hope—enveloped in flames from its base to the topmost twig, and displaying against the dark night sky a resplendant and intricate cross of fire. It brought to mind forcibly the idea of a burning ship at sea. And we remember, too, the strange excitement of another night, which we spent at a farm house in a small hamlet, begirt with fire all round the horizon like a beleagured city. The men and boys of the neighborhood were on foot till day break, "fighting the fire," at every point where it threatened invasion. Their figures seen running to and fro along the bright line of the enemy's approach, and their shout of warning or encouragement, that came up faintly to the ear from the distance, heightened the wild effect of the scene, and mingled with our dreams after we had ceased to behold it with the eye of sense.

The utmost vigilance is necessary on those occasions; for, sometimes, the fire makes an inroad upon the settlements, consuming fences, stacks of grain, and the habitations of men. In such cases the laws of the Western States, secure the right of the sufferer to damages for his loss, generally visit with exemplary penalties the offence of firing a prairie. Nevertheless, for the sake of obtaining young grass for their cattle, as also for the purpose of preventing unexpected fires, the settlers themselves are accustomed to burn the prairies at appointed times; watching the flames, and guarding against their ravages, till the danger is passed by. And thus it seldom happens, that any breach of the law is complained of, unless some private injury results from it.

Unluckily the pyrotechnic exploits of our heroes were followed by consequences of this sort. The blaze, which they kindled, after running off a mile or two, broke into a little neck of prairie, and destroying the fencing of several farms. "As bees biz out wi' angry fyke,"—so swarmed out the whole settlement in hot haste, and spread away every direction in search of the perpetrators. By a singular chance, (which we commend the attention of all readers who are curious in cases of circumstantial evidence) their suspicions were diverted from the real culprits, and directed with the force of conviction against three or four innocent persons. These were some young men, who happened to follow the two lawyers along the same road, at an interval of not more than half an hour. In the earlier part of the day, they had been observed at several places, drinking, swearing, singing songs, running their horses, and committing other extravagances, as such fellows will do "upon a spree." One man who had been hunting cattle described them squatted on the grass on the prairie, smoking cigars and playing cards—and the day was Sunday! Here, in fact, they had been surprised by the approach of the fire; and mounting their nags they had dashed at full speed, through the gap which the road presented, and made their way to the county town. Even at this juncture too they had been seen and recognised, and the last link in the chain of proof was supplied, to the entire satisfaction of their enraged accusers. In vain did they protest their innocence and appeal to one another for corroboration. "All were concerned in it," said the other party, "and of course you'll all stick together and swear to the same lie—but you're gone suckers when old Judge Tripe takes hold of you! He'll fix your flints about right!"

Meantime the brace of attorneys, though exempt from the suspicions of the public, were suffering great tribulation in secret.—Long and anxious were their communings with one another, and much subtle casuistry was expended upon the question arising out of the "conflict of laws," to wit; the Law of Truth and Justice, and the Law of Self-Preservation. Judge *Story* (if his book was then published) had not treated of such a case, and the Bible was altogether too strong for their weak eyes. Their hearts yearned with sympathy for their unfortunate substitutes—but "to confess the corn" themselves was a dreadful alternative. It would be to sacrifice, as they thought, every hope of professional success in that county, and to shut up forever the perspective, which revealed in the distance a seat in the State Legislature, and an arm chair in Congress, I grieve to read the issue. Their moral nerve gave way—selfishness triumphed—they determined to keep the case under advisement, and at the same time to "keep dark."

But little time was allowed them for further reflection. Next day the court met—the Grand Jury was sworn—the Judge delivered his charge—the new fledged prosecutor opened his wings and fluttered—and the Grand Jury retired. Soon after he was summoned to assist at their deliberations; and to his dismay, the first witnesses who confronted him were the avengers of fire, the denizens of the burnt prairie. The evidence was strong and pointed—the jury returned a true bill without hesitation—and he had no choice but to draw the indictment. While his unwilling hand was employed in setting forth, with all the legal aggravations, against the victims of unfounded suspicion, the charge of an offence, which that very hand had committed, his nerves trembled, and drops of sweat stood upon his brow; symptoms, which the considerate jury referred to the heat of the weather, and the fatigue of the ride. Poor fellows! they little dreamed that the culprit at their elbow was the man who had lighted the fire, which had been the occasion of all this trouble and vexation to them. Nor did they dream that the culprit himself was the man who was to be called upon to try them for their lives! Such however was the fact. The duties of the prosecuting attorney devolved upon the young man who had kindled the fire, and who had then joined in the chase to extinguish the flames, lest they should do damage to other people's property. He was the only person who had been observed at more places than one, during the day, and his movements had been more closely watched than those of any other person, on account of his official station. The circumstances which had transpired were all in his favor. He was not seen to join the party who had been guilty of the trespass, but was observed to come up with them while in the act of extinguishing the fire they had kindled. He was not seen to speak to any of the men who had been guilty of the trespass, but was observed to ride from place to place, and to converse with the owners of the property, as if to ascertain the extent of the damage done by the fire. He was not seen to join in the hunting, drinking, swearing, and other disorderly conduct of his companions, but was observed to ride off from them, and to return to them at a late hour in the evening, when they were all together. He was not seen to light the fire, but was observed to come up with them while in the act of extinguishing the fire they had kindled. He was not seen to speak to any of the men who had been guilty of the trespass, but was observed to ride from place to place, and to converse with the owners of the property, as if to ascertain the extent of the damage done by the fire. He was not seen to join in the hunting, drinking, swearing, and other disorderly conduct of his companions, but was observed to ride off from them, and to return to them at a late hour in the evening, when they were all together.

It may be readily immagined that the two friends did not omit to hold a private talk upon the subject that night: and if the representative of the State did disclose to his adversary, the nature and strength of the evidence he was to meet, the revelation was certainly, under all the circumstances, not the heaviest sin he had to repent of. The next morning the trial came off. The prosecuting attorney was eloquent in his professions of impartiality in the discharge of his duty. He felt himself to be a law officer of the people—bound, in the exercise of his functions, not simply to press for the conviction of every man who was arraigned, but to assist only in such cases as were made out for the commonwealth, by conclusive evidence. He should endeavor to try that case, as if he were himself a juror. If sustained by the proof, he should call upon those whom he addressed, to vindicate the outraged laws of the land; if the proof should fall short of what he had been lead to expect, he should leave the weight of the testimony, as fairly as he could place it before them, to their deliberate judgment.—The counsel for the defence, too, was great upon his side. He was confident in the innocence of his clients. He knew they were poor, friendless, and unknown to the jury who held the balance of their fate. He was aware of the prejudice excited against them. He had heard that a cloud of witnesses would be produced. But strong in conscious rectitude—firm in their reliance upon the wisdom, justice, and independence of the intelligent men who sat before him—they had put themselves upon their country, without fear of the issue. After his introduction the witnesses were called. The inflimation on their part had by no means subsided, and an adroit cross-examination elicited enough of feeling, and a sufficiency of contradictions in small matters, to found a plausible argument of inconsistency, and justify some smart hits at what are technically called "swift witnesses." It was proved, moreover, that a good many persons had been about the prairie in the course of the day; and there was a considerable discrepancy, as to the exact place where the fire commenced. This was partly owing to the fact that it began on both sides of the road at once, and partly from the different points of view in which it was first seen. At length the examination was ended, and the argument commenced. The prosecutor following upon his own lead, displayed a candor in dealing with the testimony, not always conspicuous in those who fill similar stations; and while he summed up with the declaration, that evidence was sufficient to maintain the charge, he forebore to urge it with that vehemence and zeal, which the witnesses at least expected of him. But the prisoner's counsel manifested no lack of these qualities. He read and narrated case after case of individuals convicted upon circumstantial evidence, and afterwards proved to be innocent, until the jurors' hair stood on end at the number and enormity of these judicial murders. It is said that five men made up their minds that day never to convict for felony on circumstantial proof, and two more swore eternal hostility to the whole system of capital punishment. But my readers, if they ever enjoyed the privilege of witnessing such trials, (and who has not?) can easily furnish out some idea of the defence which he labored so diligently.

[illegible] to the lofty and conscientious character of the prosecutors the frankness with which he had admitted the circumstances in the prisoners' favor—and then appealing to that "reasonable doubt," which has so often helped a desperate case in its sorest extremity, defied (as he might safely do) the advocate of the state to declare that he believed the guilt of the accused to be established beyond the reach of its saving influence.

The prosecutor made the best reply he could contrive under such embarrassments; neither party asked any instructions from the Court; and the jury were sent out. After a suspence of some fifteen minutes, not less terrible to the counsel than to the prisoners' themselves, a verdict of "not guilty" was returned by the jury, and the accused were set at liberty. Of course, they were lavish in their acknowledgements to their generous defender, and in promises of more substantial thanks to be paid at a future day; while that worthy, with much more truth than they suspected, declared that he had only done his duty, and that he desired no other reward then the satisfaction which he felt at their acquittal.

The two gentlemen, whose adventure we have [illegible] with more separation than they had enjoyed for two days, and exchanged mutual congratulations on the fortunate result. They needed no note of a case so singular; wherein innocent men were accused by honest witnesses, and were prosecuted and defended by the real perpetrators of the offence laid to their charge. And though several years were allowed to pass, ere they ventured, in the social hours of circuit life, to relate the circumstances to their brethren of the bar, their vivid recollections were manifest in the spirit and unction, with which the story was told.*

*Children always ask, at the end of a story—"is it true?" And older people are apt to put the question to themselves, if they do not utter it. To satisfy this natural curiosity, so far as our editorial word can do it, we answer that it is true "to the best of our information and belief." It was current, and not denied to our knowledge, among the contemporaries of the reputed actors; one of whom subsequently attained the dignities of Judge and the other (if we are not mistaken) became a Secretary of State.—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

BILL WHIFFLETREE'S

DENTAL DISPENSARY.

BY PARCON BILGE.

Have you ever had the toothache? If not, then blessed is your ignorance, for it is indeed bliss to know nothing about the toothache, as you know nothing, absolutely nothing about pain—the acute, double-distilled, rectified agony that lurks about the roots and fangs of of a treacherous tooth. But ask a sufferer how it feels, what it is like, how it operates, and you may learn something theoretically, which you may pray heaven that you may not know practically.

But there's poor William Whiffletree—he's been through the mill, fought, bled, and died (slightly) with the refined essential oil of the agony caused by a raging tooth.—Every time we read *Othello*, we are half inclined to think that more than half of Iago's devilishness came from that "raging tooth," which would not let him sleep, but tortured and tormented "mine ancient," so that he became embittered against all the world, and blackamoore in particular.

William Whiffletree's case is a very strong illustration of what toothache is, and what it causes people to do; and affords a pretty fair idea of the manner in which the tooth and sufferer are medicinally and morally treated by the *materia medica*, and friends at large.

William Whiffletree—or "Bill," as most people called him—was a sturdy young fellow of two-and-twenty, of "poor but respectable parents," and tended the dry-goods store of one Ethan Rakestraw in the village of Rockbottom, State of New York.

One unfortunate day, for poor Bill, there came to Rockbottom a galvanized-looking individual, rejoicing in the euphonium of Dr. Hannibal Orcatus Whangbanger. As a surgeon, he had—according to the album full of certificates—operated in all the scientific branches of amputation, from the scalp-lock to the heel-tap, upon Emperors, Kings, Queens and common folks; but upon his science in the dental way, he spread and grew luminous! In short, Dr. Whangbanger had not been long in Rockbottom, before his "gift of gab," and unadulterated propensity to elongate the blanket, set every body, including poor Bill, in a furor to have their teeth cut, filled, scraped, rasped, reset, dug out, and burnished up!

Now, Bill, being as we aforestated, a muscularly-developed youth, got up in the most sturdy New Hampshire style, his teeth were teeth, in every way calculated to perform, long and strong; but Bill was fast imbibing counter-jumping notions, dabbling in stiff dickeys, greased soap locks, and other fancy "flab dabs," supposed to be essential in cutting a swarth among ye fair sex.

So that when Dr. Whangbanger once had had an audience with Mr. William Whiffletree in regard to one of Mr. Whiffletree's molars which Bill thought had a "speck" on it, he soon convinced the victim that the said molar not only was specked, but out of the dead plumb of 10 nearest neighbor at least the 84th part of an inch!

"O, shocking!" says the remorseless hum; "it is well I saw it in time, Mr. Whiffletree. Why, in the course of a few weeks, that tooth, sir, would have exfoliated, calcareous suppuration would have ensued, the gums would have ossified, while the nerve of the tooth becoming apostrophized, the roots would have concatenated in their hiatuses, and the jaw bone, no longer acting upon their fossil exoduce would necessarily have led to the entire suspension of the capillary organs of your stomach and brain, and—*death would supervene in two hours!*"

Poor Bill! he scarcely knew what fainting was, but a queer sensation settled in his "oasis frontis," while his oasis l. g. Imot bent double under him, at the awful prospect of things before him! He took a long breath, however, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, inquired—

"Good Lord, Doctor! what's to be done for a feller?"

"Plug and file," calmly said the Doctor.

"Plug and file what?"

"The second molar," said the Doctor: though the treacherous monster meant Bill's wallet, of course!"

"What'll it cost Doctor?" says Bill.

"Done in the very best manner, upon the new and splendid system invented by myself, sir, and practiced upon all the crowned heads of Europe, London, and Washington [illegible] you [illegible]

"Does it hurt much, Doctor?" was Bill's cautious inquiry.

"Very little, indeed: it's sometimes rather agreeable, sir, than otherwise," said the Doctor.

"Then go at it, Doctor! Here's the dosh," and forking over three dollars, down sits Mr. Whiffletree in a high-backed chair, and the Doctor's assistant—a sturdy young Irishman—clamping Bill's head to the back of the chair, to keep it steady, as the Doctor remarked, the latter began to "bore and file."

"O! oh! ho-ho-hoh! ou, hold on!" cries Bill, at the first gouge the Doctor gave the huge tooth.

"O! be me soul! be aisy, sur," says the Irishman, "it's mesilf as unthersands it—*I'll hould on till yees ye.*

"Oh—O-h-h-h!" roars Bill, as the Doctor proceeds."

"Be quiet, sir; the pain won't signify!" says the Doctor.

"Go go-good Lor-d-d! Ho-ho-hoh-hold on!"

"O, yez needn't be afeard of that—I'as hon-ldin' yeez tight as a devil!" cries Paddy, and sure enough he was holding, for in vain Bill twisted and gouged around; Pat held him like a cider press.

"Let me—me—O—O—O! Everlasting creation! let me go-o—stop, hold on-n-n!" as the Doctor bored, screwed and plugged away at the tooth.

"All done, sir; let the patient up, Michael," says the Doctor, with a confident twirl of his perfumed handkerchief. "There, sir—there was science, art, your tooth is safe—your life is saved—*you're a sound man!*"

"Sound!" echoes poor Bill, "sound! Why, you've broken my jaws into flinders; you've set all my teeth on edge; and I've no more feelin'—gall darn ye!—in my jaws, than if they were iron steel-traps! You've got the wuth of your money out of my mouth, and I'm off!"

That night was one of anxiety and misery to William Whiffletree. The disturbed molar growled and twitched like mad; and, by daylight, poor Bill's cheek was swollen up equal to a printer's buff-ball; his mouth puckered, and his right eye half "bunged up."

"Why, William," says Ethan Rakestraw, as Bill went into the store, "what in grace ails thy face?" Thee looks like an owl in an ivy bush!"

"Been plugged and filled," says Bill, looking cross as a meat-axe at his snickering Orthodox boss.

"Plugged and *fined?* Thee hain't been fighting, William?"

"Fined? No, I ain't been fined or fighting, Mr. Rakestraw, but I bet I do fight that feller who gave me the toothache!—O! O!" moaned poor Bill, as he clamped his swollen jaw with his hand, and went around waving his head like a plaster of paris mandarin.

"O! thee's been to the dentist, eh? Got the tooth-ache? Go thee to my wife; she'll cure thee in one minute, William; a little laudanum and cotton will soon ease thy pain."

Mrs. Rakestraw applied the laudanum to Bill's molar, but as it did no kind of good, old grandmother proposed a poultice; and soon poor Bill's head and cheek were done up in mush, he groaned and grunted and started for the store, everybody gaping at his swollen countenance as though he was a rare curiosity.

"Hallow, Bill!" says old Firelock, the gunsmith, as Bill was going by his shop; "got a bag in your calabash, or got the tooth ache?"

Bill looked daggers at old Firelock, and by a nod of his head intimated the cause of his distress.

"O, that's all? Come in; I'll stop it in a minute and a half; sit down, I'll fix it—I've cured hundreds," says Firelock.

"What are you—O-h-h, dear! what are you going to do?" says Bill, eyeing the wire and lamp in which Firelock was heating his wire.

"Burn out the marrow of the tooth—will never trouble you again—I've stopped hundreds that way! don't be afeard—you won't feel it but a moment. Sit still, [illegible]" says Firelock.

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