



A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

BY DAVID OVER.

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### CONSUL HARRIS IN JAPAN.

FULL REPORT OF HIS VISIT TO THE EMPEROR.

A private letter from Townsend Harris, Esq. to a friend in Washington, describing his visit to Yedo, is published in the *Union*, and is so very interesting, that we publish the greater part of it:

"You are aware that I brought with me to this country a letter from the President of the United States addressed to the Emperor of Japan. In the month of October, 1856, I wrote to the government of Yedo that I wished to go to that city for the purpose of delivering the letter with which I had been entrusted. It would not interest you to read an account of the various means used by the Japanese to induce me to deliver the letter at Simoda, nor to read an account of the negotiations thereupon, which were spun out for some ten months. At last, finding that I could not be moved from my original determination, they yielded all the points at issue, and agreed that I should go to Yedo, and deliver the letter, at a public audience, to the Emperor. This was a decided success, and I drew favorable omissions from the removal of the great barrier which had hitherto prevented a personal communication with the government. More than two months were consumed by the Japanese in making their preparations for my journey and for my reception at Yedo. I was informed that the Emperor had given orders that I should receive the same honors as are paid to the princes of the blood, as well on the roads as in the towns and villages through which I would pass. I was told that the vice-governor of Simoda would attend me, in the character of a courier, and that he would implicitly obey all my instructions.

"My train numbered some one hundred and fifty persons, composed of guards, (my own) norimon-bearers, groom, shoe-bearers, cane-bearers, fan-bearers, and last, though not least, a standard-bearer, and a large number of coolies. I had permitted the Japanese to arrange and dress my train according to their ideas of propriety, and what they considered was due to the representative of the President of the United States. My guards, each with two swords, in the grade, and clad in new silk dresses, as they swelled and inflated about, appeared to be mightily and proudly inured to have "broken out" all over their bodies with "spread eagles," as the back, breast and sleeves of their dresses were sprinkled over with the arms of the United States, which were nearly painted on them. I performed the journey partly on horseback, and partly in a norimon, which is the Japanese name for a palanquin. The Japanese norimon will compare with the celebrated iron cages of Cardinal Balue, of France, in which the poor inmate could neither lie down or stand up. In this norimon, the Japanese kneel and place their feet close together, and then sit on their heels, if they wish to repose themselves, they lean forward, and rest the chin on their knees, so that the body and limbs form three horizontal fulcrums or plies—a position they assume and keep without annoyance, from long practice, and from the flexibility of their joints, but which is almost unobtainable by a white man, and is absolutely unendurable. I had a norimon made for me seven feet long, and in it I put a mattress and pillows, which made it as comfortable as the Indian palanquin; but of all the modes of traveling, the camel, the elephant and the palanquin are the most fatiguing.

"On the lovely morning of Monday, November 23, I started for the long desired goal of my wishes—Yedo. Four lads, with small bamboo wands, led the way as harbingers, and their voices sounded quite musical as they sang the Japanese words for "clear the way, clear the way," "kneel down, kneel down." Next followed a Japanese officer on horseback; then came a large lackered tablet, bearing my name and titles in immense Chinese characters. The tablet was supported by two huge transparent lanterns, which bore similar inscriptions. When I halted, the tablet was placed in front of my quarters, and at night the lanterns were lighted and hung up over the gates of the house. Next came a stout fellow, bearing the "stars and stripes," with four guards. I followed either on horseback or in my norimon, and attended by twelve guards. Next came Mr. Houskin, interpreter, and after him I do not recollect how it was arranged, except that the vice-governor brought up the rear.

"For the first three days the route was entangled among the mountains and deep ravines which compose the peninsula of Ibi. The path, for it could not be called a road, was narrow, and in many places was formed by cutting steps in the cliff rocks, and sometimes it ran over the mountains 4,000 feet high. On the second day I reached Ugasima, and as I emerged from the gorges of Mount Anagi I had my first view of "Fusi Yama," the Matchless Mountain. As viewed from the Temple at Ugasima, the mountain appears to be entirely isolated, and shoots up in glorious and perfect cone 10,000 feet high. It was covered with snow, and in the bright sunlight it glittered like frost-silver. In its majestic solitude it struck me as being even more grand and imposing than the celebrated Dhalbargi of the Himalaya mountains. For the first two nights I was lodged in temples which had been fitted up for me, with new bath rooms and other appliances to contribute to my comfort. On the evening of the third day I arrived at Missima, a town on the To ky do, or great east road, and from thence to Yedo the road is wide and good. On the great road of Japan nice buildings are erected for the accommodation of the princes when they travel; they are called *Houjin*, and it was in them that I had my quarters for the remainder of my journey.

"On my arrival at one of these buildings the vice-governor would hasten to compliment me on my arrival, and ask after my health. On one occasion I asked him to come into the house, but he shook his head and said he dared not do it, as only those of "exalted rank" could enter a *Houjin*; yet this man has received some thirty steps of promotion, wears the imperial arms on his sleeves, and is the "Leader of One thousand Stars"—i. e. the commander of one thousand soldiers.

"My first day's journey on the To ky do, was over the mountain Hacono, which is some 4,200 feet high. After I had passed the crest of the mountain, and had descended about one-third of the way, I came to a perfect *bijou* of a rest house. Everything was in miniature. The house was new, and nothing could exceed its neatness. A miniature garden adorned the rear, the trees were dwarfed to the smallest possible sizes. Here there were temples and grooves, and bridges so *petite* that nothing heavier than a fairy could walk over them. A canal and a fishpond, paved with snow-white pebbles, were filled with water of crystal clearness; the gold and silver fish, however, were of enormous size, some being quite two feet long, and a gray-headed old carp appeared to be the patriarch of the finny family.

"The passage of Mount Hacono was not completed until after night-fall; but I did not regret being belated, as it afforded me the novel sight of my train brilliantly lighted by a large number of huge bamboo torches. As the train twisted and turned among the descents of the mountain, it looked like the tail of a large fiery dragon. On reaching the plain I was met by the authorities of the city of Odowara and a whole army of lanterns of all imaginable sizes and colors, each being decorated with the arms of its owner, and the whole forming an *ensemble* that was lively and pleasing. I passed Sunday, the 29th of November, at Kawasi. This is the town that Chaplain Bittinger reached when he made his celebrated dash at Yedo. From my first arrival in Japan up to the present day I have always refused to transact any business or to travel on Sunday. I soon got the Japanese to understand my motive, and I am sure it has increased their respect for me.

"The roads were all repaired and cleanly swept on the whole of my route before I passed; bridges were put in order, and many new ones built; all travel on the road was stopped, so that I did not see above a score of travelers, priests, monks, &c., described by Komper; I slept in all the towns and villages were closed, (except such shops and tea-houses), and the inhabitants, clad in the holiday clothes, knelt on mats spread in front of their houses; not a word was heard, nor a gesture indicative of curiosity seen; all was respectful silence. The people were ordered to "kneel down their eyes as I passed, and as I was too high even to be looked at; but this order was only partially obeyed, for the dear daughters of Eve would have a peep regardless of consequences. The authorities of the towns and villages met me on their boundaries, and saluted me by kneeling and "knocking head;" they then led the way through their little jurisdictions, and took leave by similar prostrations.

"To you, who know me so well, I trust I need not say that these ceremonies and slavish observances but ill agreed with my simple habits, and that they were utterly repugnant to my sincere republican principles. But what could I do? I knew that the ultimate success of the real object of my mission to Yedo did, in fact, very much depend on the state and ceremony which was observed on my journey, and which would attend my entry into Yedo. Such being my feelings and opinions, I did not, on the one hand, demand any of these honors, nor, on the other, refuse them when offered to me.

"On Monday, the 30th of November, I made my entry into Yedo. My followers put on their commissions, or dresses of ceremony decorated with any quantity of eagles.

"I should not have known when I passed the line which separates Sinagata from Yedo had not the post been pointed out to me, as the houses form a continuous street for some miles before you reach the actual boundary of the city. From the gate by which I entered the city to my quarters was about seven miles. The streets of Yedo are divided into sections of 120 yards by gates and palisades of strong timber. This enables the police to isolate any portion of the city, or any line running through it, and thus prevent the assembling of crowds or mobs. When we approached a gate it was opened, and as soon as the rear had passed through it was closed. The gates of all the cross streets were also kept closed. I could see immense crowds beyond these gates, but the people on our actual line of march were those only that occupied the buildings on the route. Notwithstanding all this, the number that assembled was prodigious. The centre of the way was kept clear, and the crowd kept back by ropes stretched along each side of the street. The assemblage was composed of men, women, and children of all ranks and conditions—the women being the larger number.—I estimated the two lines of people that extended along the way, from my entrance into the city to the place provided for my residence, to have been full 30,000. Yet in all this vast concourse I did not hear a word, except the constant cry of the Harbingers, *Satu, satu!*

"You may think it impossible that silence could have been maintained among so large a number of women, but I assure it was so.

"The house provided for me was situated in the fourth circle of the castle, or aristocratic portion of the city, and large enough to accommodate five hundred persons, in the Japanese style.

"On my arrival I was warmly welcomed by my good friend, the Prince of Simae, who showed me the various provisions that had been made for my accommodation and comfort, and which included chairs, tables, bedsteads, &c.

&c., none of which are used by the Japanese. The following day the Prince of Tamba visited me in great state. He said he had come as a special ambassador from the Emperor to congratulate me on my arrival, and to ask after my health. After receiving these compliments and making a suitable reply, the Prince presented to a large box which he said was a present to me from his Majesty. It contained five large trays of bon-bons, weighing over one hundred pounds.

"I subsequently visited the hereditary Prince of Hotta, chief of the great Council of State and Minister for Foreign Affairs. The visit was a pleasant one, and the arrangements for my audience was completed. I gave the Prince a copy of my intended speech to the Emperor, and before I left he gave a copy of the reply the Emperor would make to me.—This arrangement, the speeches being both translated beforehand, we would be enabled to dispense with the presence of interpreters at the audience. On the Monday week after my arrival I set out for the Palace. My train blazed in new silk dresses, and my guards wore their breeches rolled up to the middle of the thigh. You must know that the wearing of breeches in Japan is a mark of high rank, or if worn by an inferior, that he is in the service of one of the highest rank; so that the wearing of breeches here is as much coveted as it is said to be in certain quarters in America, and that here, as well as in America, the article is a type or emblem of power and authority. A new flag, made of Japanese crapa, was carried before me. This flag is the first foreign banner that was ever carried through the great city, and I mean to preserve it as a precious relic.

"The distance from my residence to the Palace was over two miles. On my arrival at the bridge, over the third moat or ditch, all my train left their horses and norimons and proceeded on foot. I continued in my norimon, and was carried over three moats, and through as many fortified gateways up to the gate of the Palace itself. I was received at the entrance by two chamberlains, who, having "knocked head," conducted me to an apartment, where I found a chair for my use. Tea, soups, and other refreshments were then offered to me. A large number of the Princes came to be presented to me. At length I was told that the Emperor was ready to receive me. I passed through a large hall in which some three hundred to four hundred of the high nobles of Japan, all dressed in their court dresses, were kneeling, and as silent and as motionless as statues, and from this hall I entered the audience chamber. At this moment a chamberlain called out loudly, "His Majesty, the Emperor, and the Prince of Simae, the Ambassador, and the Prince of Simae, are now seated on a chair placed on the floor of the chamber. He was dressed in yellow silk, and wore a black lackered cap that utterly defies description. After a short pause I made my address to him, and after a similar pause, he replied to me in a clear and pleasant voice. When the Emperor had finished, Mr. Houskin brought the President's letter to me; I removed the silk cover, striped red and white, opened the box, and displayed the writing to the Prince of Bittsu, (who now stood up) then, closing the box, I handed it to the Prince, who placed it on a lackered stand prepared for his purpose. Mr. Houskin having returned to his place, and the Prince being again prostrate, the Emperor bowed to me, smiling pleasantly at the same time. This ended my audience, and I backed out of the room, making three bows as I retired.

"The usual dress of the Japanese nobles is of silk, but the court dress is made of a coarse yellow grass cloth, and for a coronet they wear a black lackered affair that looks like a distracted night cap. I did not see a single gem jewel or ornament of any kind, on the person of the Emperor, or on those of courtiers, who comprised the great nobility of Japan.

"From the audience chamber I was taken to another room, where I found the five great councillors of state, who had been presented to me, who congratulated me on my audience, and expressed their wonder and astonishment at what they called my "greatness of heart."—When I asked for an explanation, they said they were filled with admiration to see me stand erect, look the awful "Tycoon" in the face, speak plainly to him, hear his reply—and all this without any trepidation, or any quivering of the muscles of the side! I wrote all this to let you see that the Japanese Princes understand the use of court compliments. I was then shown a present of fifteen silver robes from his Majesty, and was taken to a room where a banquet, set on but sixty trays, twelve inches high, was prepared for my single stomach.—There was food enough for one hundred hungry men!

"You must know that the dinner trays (like the breeches) are a mark of rank in Japan, and the rank is indicated by the height of the trays, which vary from three to twelve inches. Again, if the trays are lackered, it diminishes the honor connected with the actual height of the tray, for it indicates that it can be used on another occasion; but if it is made of unpainted cypress wood the honor is complete, for it says as plain as words can do, "you are so sublime in your rank that no one can dare to eat from a tray that you have used." My attention was particularly called both to the height of the trays and to the fluttering fan, by a

special edict, that they were made of unvarnished wood. You must know that this same dinner had been the subject of grave discussion, both in Simoda and Yedo. They were very anxious that I should eat at the Palace. I replied that I would do so cheerfully, provided a person or persons of suitable rank would wait on me, but said that self-respect would forbid my eating at a table where my host or his representative declined to sit down. When I had admired the very neat arrangement of the banquet, I was again asked to sit down. I then said, say to his Majesty that I thank him for his offered entertainment. At last the while affair was sent to my quarters, where I dined at among my Simoda followers.

"After the exhibition of the dinner, I was conducted to the room I first entered, and after I had drunk of the celebrated "powdered tea," I left being conducted to the entrance by the two chamberlains, who knocked head with all the force that was due to one who had seen "the king, and yet *had!*" By the way, I forgot to state that the old formula of an audience which was "kneel down," "knock head," so that the bystanders can hear your skull crack, if it ever did exist at the court of Yedo, was not used in my case. A faint request was made to me at Simoda that I would kneel, but I held them the request was offensive, and must not be repeated. That ended it.

"I cannot tell you how many thoughts crowded my mind during my audience. The great idea, however, was here, and now, the barrier of exclusion that has been rigidly maintained by this singular people for more than two centuries is finally broken down, and it is my country, my glorious country, that has achieved this, and all has been accomplished by moral force! Great and glorious triumph of reason!

"In my letter to my good friend, Gen. Wetmore, I shall treat on the matters that occupied me for the three months of my first visit to Yedo—with descriptions of various matters, as well as an account of my illness. As in your letter I do not touch on the above subjects, neither in his shall I enter on those which form the substance of this, so that a perusal of both letters will give you an idea of all I wish to communicate.

"My return to Simoda was on a steamer presented to the Japanese by the Dutch and my subsequent voyages to and from Yedo were all by water. I do not know the exact date of my return to Simoda, but I believe it was in my memory for about twenty days. Suffice it to say that on the 28th of March I was aware that I was as helpless as a child, and that I was also aware of the serious nature of my illness.

"In April I again started for Yedo, notwithstanding the strong remonstrances of the physicians, and I was so feeble that I was actually carried on board the steamer like a child.— Happily, no ill effects followed this imprudent, but absolutely necessary, step of mine.

"The Emperor manifested the greatest kindness and the most marked solicitude for my perfect restoration to health. He daily sent me some very nice affair that had been prepared in the palace. After about a fortnight of these kind attentions, during which time I was rapidly gaining strength, his Majesty sent the Prince of Tamba to me to urge the use of a certain remedy, which the Prince described. If you are curious to know what the nature of the remedy was you can turn to the second verse of the first chapter of the First Book of Kings, commonly called the Third Book of Kings. In justice to myself, permit me to add that my health has so rapidly improved that I have not used the imperial prescription. The weather during April and May was charming, and each day I felt its influence."

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

The Boston (Mass.) *Courier* relates the following:

Mr. Webster married the woman he loved, and the twenty years which he lived with her brought him to the meridian of his greatness. An anecdote is current on this subject, which is not recorded in the looks. Mr. Webster was becoming intimate with Miss Grace Fletcher, when the skein of silk getting in a knot.—then looking up to Miss Grace, he said, "We have untied a knot, don't you think we could tie one?" Grace was a little embarrassed, said not a word, but in the course of a few minutes she tied a knot in a piece of tape and handed it to Mr. Webster. This piece of tape, the thread of his domestic joys, was found, after the death of Mr. Webster, preserved as one of his most precious relics.

A QUERER PAPER.

A traveler in Norway, writing to the Boston Recorder gives an account of the northernmost paper in the world, the Tromsø Times. It is printed at Tromsø, a little island village, of about 4,000 inhabitants, on the coast of Norway, at three degrees within the polar circle. The Summer Sun kindly looks in at the office windows at midnight, to see that the forms are properly set up. The Times is a four paged semi-weekly sheet, with only two columns on a page, and is about the size of a quarto book form. The style of type is the Gothic, which has been discarded in Sweden and to a considerable extent in both Germany and Denmark. The latter are the only nations which retain the Gothic hand writing.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend?"

"Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

The newspaper is a sermon for the thoughtful and a library for the poor, and a blessing to everybody. Try ours, and see.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin Jan. 25.

### ROBERT BURNS.

Is there a poet from the day of Chaucer, father of English rhyme, down to the newest magazine flodgeling, who has gone down deeper into the heart of humanity than the author of Tom O'Shanter? To love Burns does not require cultivation. One need not have a passion for Greece or yearn for Rome. The hand that holds the volume of his poetry may be massive, rough as the bark of a tree, and in color red or brown. The voice that loves the sound of "A Man's A Man for a' that" may be rude as a north wind, and may tinge the rhyme with a broad brogue. Like Shakespeare every one understands Burns in his highest flights as well as in the ground-lightning of his lambent genius. There is not a man in the civilized world to whom Hamlet is uninteresting; and yet outside of the Scriptures, where do you find profounder musings? So with Burns. The elegant, the polished, the general Halleck has sung:

"Ye read the names that know not death;  
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;  
And few have won a greater wreath,  
Than that which binds his hair."

When we remember that in grace and felicity of expression Halleck stands at the head of American poetry, it is seen that the glory of Burns is not solely a Democratic glory, though Halleck also sings:

"Ye read the names that know not death;  
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;  
And few have won a greater wreath,  
Than that which binds his hair."

"What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,  
What wild vows falter on the tongue,  
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"  
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung."

And how exquisitely Halleck sings of the universality of his fame; of the love for the genius of his kind, and the names he sings, which have brought earth's noblest, greatest and best as pilgrims to a shrine.

"They linger by the Down's low trees,  
And pastoral Nith and wood of Ayr,  
And round their sepulchres Dumfries;  
The Poet's tomb is there,

"But what to them the sculptor's art,  
His funeral columns, wreaths and urns?  
His feet not graven on the heart  
The name of Robert Burns!"

This is the centennial anniversary of the birth of Burns, and the celebration in its honor may be counted by thousands. Our list of exchanges would furnish us with hundreds were they all gathered together. Like that bare spot of felled Scotland, that land of mountain, rock and flood, one looks around to see whence comes the might of his power. Scotland has stamped the world with its impress, though for grace, and elegance and epulence an hundred nations have excelled her. Burns, speaking from the little town of Ayr, out of the rusticity of the last rough century, has made the world harken to his singing.

Does not this universal fame store for that misery of which we have heard so much? Remember the sufferings of such men as Haydon, the painter, whose nature was as finely attuned as his, and think of their having

"The cross without the crown of glory."  
Then no more sigh for Burns. Let the saddest things that fill your minds be the pangs of his lyrics, and then turn with joy to the gentility which his joy inspires.

Our exchanges are discussing the question whether the following is true:

Perhaps no lyric has been more universally admired than Burns' little poem, commencing:

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;  
but it is not generally known that Burns, by the advice of some friends, was induced to suppress the first two stanzas as they originally stood on the poets manuscript. It is much to be regretted that the poem was not printed entire, for the poet's talents far surpassed the critic taste. It stood thus in the original:

"At Bannockburn the English lay—  
The Scots they were not far away,  
But waited for the break o' day  
That glinted in the east.

But soon the sun broke through the heath,  
And lighted up that field o' death,  
When Bruce wi' soul inspiring breath,  
His heralds thus addressed:  
Scots wha hae, &c."

The Boston *Atlas* thinks it proves this paragraph untrue, but we do not see that its evidence is conclusive.

A Poem about "Dumfries" and others, with Scotch associations, are floating about among the newspapers, but we have not even space to dwell upon the evidence they give us how every one loves even the memory of Robert Burns.

"The only victory that costs no tears," said Napoleon, "is that over ignorance."

He who hates his neighbor is miserable himself and makes all around him feel miserable.

### Poor Richard's Maxims.

The following from the great American philosopher, Dr. Franklin, should be printed in letters of gold, and hung up in every school room, side by side with the usual *a b c*, dog Latin, and other nonsense with which our children's minds are crammed, and which seems to be the rule in our modern system of tuition.

There will come a time when a Professorship of Political Economy will be considered an absolute necessity to every school. But that time is not yet. At present we have nothing but profusion and shameful waste on the one hand, while abject poverty, meanness of spirit, and total carelessness are too much observable on the other. These are the two extremes which characterize our present false state of things to a physical point of view; all laid to the score of false training, from the highest to the lowest. But hear what Poor Richard says:

1. Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.
2. Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more sassy.
3. Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.
4. Diligence is the mother of good luck.
5. Pride breakfasts with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.
6. Extravagance and imprudence end at the prison door.
7. It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.
8. If you would know the value of money go and try to borrow some.
9. The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.
10. What maintains one vice will bring up two children.
11. He that goes borrowing returns sorrowing.
12. Rather go to bed supperless than to rise in debt.
13. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears.
14. A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two different things.
15. Three removes are as bad as a fire.
16. Creditors have better memories than debtors.
17. The rolling stone gathers no moss.
18. If you would have your business done go, if not, send.
19. It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance.
20. Buy what thou needest not, and it will oblige thee to sell thy necessities.

SLEEPING AFTER DINNER.—This habit, which is becoming so very popular in this country, and particularly so with young persons, is an exceedingly pernicious one. In our climate, the stomach does not perform its functions during sleep, except with slowness and difficulty; so if it be heavily loaded, it remains in a semi-torpid condition, until the siesta is finished. The result of such daily torpidity is indigestion, or some one of the thousand different forms assumed by the hydra, dyspepsia. In hot countries the action of the digestive organs is much easier than here, and sleep, unless very sound, impedes the stomach's functions but very slightly if at all. The siesta is, therefore, a natural and proper thing for the tropics, although totally inappropriate to the United States.

A good looking Irishman, stopping at a hotel to warm himself, inquired of the landlord, what was the news?

The landlord, disposed to run upon him, replied:

"They say the devil is dead."

"An' sure," says Pat, "that's news indeed." Shortly after he went to the bar, laid down some coppers, and resumed his seat. The landlord, always ready for a customer, asked him what he would take.

"Nothing at all," said Pat.

"Why, then did you put down this money?"

"An' sure, sir, it is the custom in me own country, when a chap loses his daddy, to give him a few coppers to help pay for his wake."

LARGE SNAKE.

An Indian came to a certain "agency" in the northern part of Iowa, to procure some whiskey for a young warrior that had been bit with a rattlesnake. At first the agent did not credit the story, but by the earnestness of the Indian and the urgency of the case, overcame his scruples, and turning to get the liquor he asked the Indian how much he wanted.

"Four quarts," answered the Indian.

"Four quarts," asked the agent in surprise; "so much as that?"

"Yes," replied the Indian, speaking through his set teeth, and frowning as savagely as though about to wage war against the snake tribe "four quarts—snake very big."

"Where are you going so early?" asked a father to his little daughter, already dressed in her sun-bonnet to go out.

"To the morning prayer-meeting, papa," she replied.

"Prayer-meeting?" he cried; "what in the name of common sense do they have them so early for?" For this father did not like prayer meetings very well.

"It is not as early as the birdies have theirs, papa," answered the little girl; they begin at day-break; and oh, they praise God so!"

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.