

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VI.

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## TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1846.

Not very singular.—It is not very singular that among the many patrons of a newspaper, there should occasionally be found a man who will not pay the printer. There are two classes of individuals of this character. One is that man, miserably classed as a miser, who never pays his honest debts until compelled to, from necessity—and then they come "like pulling teeth." There is another class who take upon themselves the responsibility of subscribing for a newspaper and getting into the printer for as much as they can conveniently, and then, between two days, do not pay a cent—until, according to our usual custom, they receive information from the post-master at West Burlington, Pa., that the story there was, that our worthy and much esteemed friend John Butler had run away! On looking over John's account we find he is in town, somewhere in the neighborhood of three feet fifteen inches.

## The Miser's Death.

By G. W. CUTLER.

An old man sat by a fireless hearth,  
The night was dark and chill,  
And mournfully over the frozen earth,  
The wind sobbed loud and shrill.  
His locks were grey, and his eyes were grey,  
And dim but not with tears,  
And his skeleton form was wasted away  
With penury more than years.

A rush-light was casting its fitful glare  
O'er the damp and dingy walls,  
Where the miser had laid his stony lair  
And the venomous spider crawls.  
But the mearest thing in this loathsome room,  
Was that miser all worn and bare;  
Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb,  
On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barred the door  
And every nook he had scanned,  
And felt the fastenings o'er and o'er  
With his cold and skinny hand;  
And yet he sat gazing intently around  
And trembled with silent fear,  
And started and shuddered at every sound  
That fell on his coward ear.

Ha! ha! laughed the miser—I'm safe at last  
From this night so cold and drear;  
From the drenching rain and the driving blast  
With my gold and with my treasure here.  
I am cold and with the icy rain,  
And my health is bad, 'tis true  
Yet if I should light fire again  
It would cost me a coat or two.

But I'll take a sip of this precious wine  
It will banish my cold and fears;  
It was given long since by a friend of mine  
I have kept it for many years.  
So he drew a flask from a mouldy nook,  
And drank of its ruby tide,  
And his bosom grew dim with each draught he took,  
And his beam swelled with pride.

"Let me see—let me see" said the miser then  
"This some sixty years or more,  
Since the happy hour when I began  
To heap up my glittering store;  
And well have I sped in my anxious toil,  
As my crowded chests well show,  
I have more than would ransom a kingdom's spoil  
Or an emperor could bestow."

From the orient realms I have rubies bright  
And gold from the fabled Peru,  
I've diamonds would shame the stars of night,  
And pearls like the morning dew;  
And more I'll have, ere the morrow's sun  
His rays from the west shall fling;  
That widow, to free her prisoned son,  
Shall bring me her bridal ring."

## Marion Quelling A Mutiny.

FROM SIMMS' LIFE OF MARION.

Marion had placed one of his detachments at the plantation of a Mr. George Crofts, on Sampit Creek. This person had proved invariably true to the American cause; had supplied the patriots secretly with the munitions of war, with cattle and provisions. He was an invalid, however, suffering from a mortal infirmity, which compelled his removal for medical attendance to Georgetown, then in possession of the enemy. During the absence of the family, Marion placed a sergeant in the dwelling house for his protection. From this place the guard was expelled by two officers of the brigade, and the house stripped of its contents. The facts were first disclosed to Marion by Col. P. Horry, who received them from the wife of Crofts. This lady pointed to the sword of her husband actually at the side of the principal offender. The indignation of Marion was not apt to expend itself in words. Redress was promised to the complainant and she was dismissed. Marion proceeded with all diligence to recovery of the property. But his course was governed by prudence as well as decision. The offenders were men of some influence, and had a small faction in the Brigade, which had already proved troublesome, and might be dangerous. One of them was a major, the other a captain. Their names are both before us in the MS. memoir of Horry, whose copious detail on this subject leaves nothing to be supplied. We forbear giving them, as personal publication would answer no good purpose. They were in command of a body of men, about sixty in number, known as the Georgia Refugees. Upon the minds of these men the offender had already sought to act, in reference to the expected collision with their General. Marion made his preparation with his ordinary quietness, and then despatched Horry to the person who was in the possession of the sword of Crofts; for which he made a formal demand. He refused to give it up, alleging that it was his, and taken in war. "If the General wants it," he added, "let him for himself."—When this reply was communicated to Marion, he instructed Horry to renew the demand. His purpose seems to have been, discovering the temper of the offender, to gain the necessary time. His officers, meanwhile, were gathering around him. He was making his preparations for a struggle, which might, indeed, involve not only the safety of his brigade, but his own future usefulness. Horry, however, with proper spirit, entreated not to be sent again to the offender, giving as a reason for his reluctance, that in consequence of the previous rudeness of the other, he was not in a mood to tolerate a repetition of the indignity, and might be provoked to violence. Marion then despatched his orderly to the guilty major, with a request, civilly worded, that he might see him at head quarters. He appeared accordingly, accompanied by the captain who had joined with him in the outrage, and under whose influence he appeared to act. Marion renewed his demand in person for the sword of Crofts. The other again refused to deliver it, alleging that "Crofts was a Tory, and even then with the enemy in Georgetown."

"Will you deliver me the sword or not, Major?" was the answer which Marion made to this suggestion.  
"I will not!" was the reply of the offender.  
"At these words," says Horry in the MS. before us, "I could forbear no longer, and said with great warmth, 'By God! sir, did I command this brigade as you do, I would hang them both up in half an hour!' Marion sternly replied—'This is none of your business, sir; they are both before me.'—Sergeant of the guard, bring me a file of men with loaded arms and fixed bayonets!"—"I was silent," adds Horry; "all our field officers in camp were present, and when the second refusal of the sword was drawn." My own sword was already drawn!"

In the regular service, and with officers accustomed to, and bred up in the severe and stern sense of authority, which is usually thought necessary to a proper discipline, the refractory offender would most probably have been hewn down in the moment of his obedience. The effect of such a proceeding in the present instance might have been the most fatal character. The spirit of the corps might have prompted the immediate followers of the offender to have seized upon the weapons, and though annihilated, as Horry tells us they would have been, yet several valuable lives might have been lost which the country could ill have spared. The mutiny would have been put down, but at what a price! The patience & prudence of Marion's character taught him forbearance. His mildness, by putting the offender entirely in the wrong, so justified his severity, as to disarm the followers of the criminals. These, as we have already said, were about sixty in number. Horry continues—"Their intentions were," to call upon these men for support—our officers well knew they meant, if possible, to intimidate Marion, so as to [make him] come into their measures of plunder and Tory killing."

The affair fortunately terminated without bloodshed. The prudence of the general had its effect. The delay gave time to the offenders for reflection. Perhaps, looking round upon their followers, they saw no consenting spirit of mutiny in their eyes encouraging their own—for, though many of these refugees were present, none offered to back or support the mutinous officers;—and when the guard that was ordered, and appeared in sight, the companion of the chief offender was seen to touch the arm of the other, who then preferred the sword to Marion, saying, "General, you need not have sent for the guard." Marion, refused to receive it, referred him to the sergeant of the guard, and thus doubly degraded, the dishonored major of Continentals—for he was such—disappeared from sight, followed by his associate. His farther punishment was of a kind somewhat differing from which are common to armies, by which the profes-

sion of armies is sometimes quite as much dishonored as the criminal. Marion endeavored, by his punishments, to elevate the sense of character in the spectators. He had some of the notions of Napoleon on this subject. He was averse to those brutal punishments which, in the creature, degrade the glorious image of the Creator. In the case of the two offenders, thus dismissed from his presence, the penalty was of all others the most terrible to persons, in whose mind there remained the sparks even of a conventional honor. These men had been guilty of numerous offences against humanity. Marion expelled them from his brigade. Subsequently, their actions became such that he proclaimed their outlawry thro' the country. By one of these men he was challenged to single combat, but he treated the summons with deserved contempt. His composure remained unruined by the circumstances.

## The Right Kind of a Wife.

A New York editor says he had an introduction last week to the heroine of the following sketch:

Mr.———, a merchant, now residing in Philadelphia, who formerly lived in an extravagant style, was in the habit, every Monday morning, of giving his wife a certain sum of money for table and other household expenses of the week, never mentioned his business to his wife, and she, deeming him sufficiently capable of attending to his own affairs, never inquired into them.—About five years after their marriage, through some slight mismanagement, and the rascality of his confidential clerk, Mr.——— suddenly broke up, and his fall was mentioned sympathizingly, on Change, and—like all such matters—there all sympathized. The merchant kept the affair a secret, and the first initiation his lady had of it was by a paragraph in the "Ledger." Shortly after dinner was over, on the day of the discovery of the startling fact, Mrs.——— requested her husband to remain in the parlor a few moments, as she had some thing to say to him. She then led the room, hurried up stairs, and shortly afterwards returned, with a splendidly bound Bible in her hand. Handing it to her husband, she said: "George, the day after our marriage you gave me this precious book, as a token of your love, and as a rich fountain to look to in the day of trouble. Its pages have been precious to me; and, as your brow looks sad to-day, I now return it to you that you may glean from its some consolation in the hour of gloom." She then left the room.

The merchant opened the book carelessly, and a bank bill fell out. He picked it up and glanced at its face—it was a \$10 bill. He opened the book again and another note of the same amount was before him. He opened it at the first page, and continued to find an X between every two leaves, till he arrived at the commencement of the book of Revelations. He was saved—could again commence business, and had a capital of \$9,000 to begin with!

He rang the bell—a servant appeared.  
"Request your mistress to come to me immediately," said the merchant.  
The lady obeyed, entering the room with something between a tear and a smile.  
"Kate! Kate! where did you procure all this money?"  
"This the weekly savings of the household expenses for the last five years," was the modest reply. "Every week I put out one of the twenty dollars which you gave me into our Bible Bank, that when a day of trouble came upon us, we should have something to save us from the wolf."

"But why put it in the Bible Kate?"  
"Because it is a good bank, and one which will not suddenly break," replied the lady.  
"You are an angel," cried her delighted husband, clasping her to his heart.  
And so she is. Does any body doubt it? There are thousands of such angels, despite the railings of our miserable woman-slandering bachelors.

How do you spend your evenings?  
Young man how do you spend your evenings? Answer this question, and we can tell you almost to a certainty, what will be your future character. In our view, more depends upon the manner in which young men pass this season, as it regards their course and conduct in years to come than upon any thing else. We have been an observer of men and things for the last twenty years and can point to many a youth, who has caused weeping and sorrow in his family, disgraced his name and is now an outcast in the world, or has sunk in a dishonored grave, who commenced his career of vice when he broke away from wholesome retirement, and spent his evenings in the company of the abandoned. On the contrary, we know many a successful young man—the pride and hope of his friends—who are working their way to favor and wealth, who spend their leisure evenings in some useful pursuit.

Young man, listen to us and take heed in our words—not that we wish to deprive you of a single pleasure, or debar you from any innocent amusement. We entreat you to be particular where and how you pass your hours. If you lounge about the bar-room, partaking of the idle conversation that is introduced, and join in ribald songs or stand at the corner of the street, using profane and indecent language, you will soon habituate yourself to low blackguardism and vile conversation, so that no young man who respects himself will be found in your company.  
"Trix to go." "Hallo! my dear!" exclaimed a newly-married man to his wife, "what are you lumbering about your mouth there for?"  
"Just taking out my teeth, love."  
"Oh, that's only my palate dropped out, I'll soon fix that."  
"Thunder and blazes! Why, why, where's your hair?"  
"On the table, isn't it pretty? I bought it the other day of the hair dresser."  
The man took to his heels, and has not been heard from since, though a man resembling him was seen not long afterwards inquiring the way to Texas.

## A Pine Wood's Wedding.

The Red River Republican gives the following sketch of life amid the forests of the South-west. It is very unlike our ideas in this latitude, but is perfectly natural nevertheless.  
"After describing a rural feast, and the beauty of the ladies present thereat, the following is recorded as an unexpected interruption, of a time, to the festivities."  
"Mounted on a mule which had evidently been debarred the right of his tribe to corn and fodder for a serious length of time, were two beings, certainly of primitive origin—a gay cavalier and a captivating dulcinea. The cavalier, not exactly caparisoned like a palfrey of the Elizabethan age, walked deliberately, and we thought at the time, with wistful forethought, up to a decayed pine log, and came to a dead stand. Off rolled the knight in a perfectly unbecoming manner, and without casting a glance at the fair one by his side, or giving her the slightest assistance in dismounting, he drew a bee line for the engagement, jumping over everything that offered obstruction to his passage, and singing at the top of his voice—

Come all ye Virginny gals,  
And listen to my noise—  
Never do you wed  
With the Carolina boys;  
For if you do  
Your portion it shall be  
Corn cake and hominy,  
And jessamin tea.  
Bon anel a Mary,  
Bon cam'loc, &c.

By way of accompaniment he cracked with inimitable grace, a huge whip, which he flourished above his head, and gave a yell that would have met the approval of a committee of Camanche braves.  
"He's come," said a friend near by, who was indulging in a causticatory fit at the strange phenomenon.  
"The wild man of the woods, for a V.," cried a wag on our right, who had mounted a log to have a clear view of the critter.  
"Two to one he's the feller that butted the bull off the bayou bridge!" exclaimed Ben Blower from Snake Creek.  
Our hero heard not, or heeded not these complimentary remarks, but made his way up to the company in time style. He was indeed an original. His height could not have been less than six feet four, without shoes or stockings which he considered useless appendages. He wore a shocking buff hat, with a hole in the top, through which a tuft of red hair found egress, and waved to and fro, like the cap of a corn stalk on a windy day. His coat was of nut-dyed, home manufacture, minus the skirt, which he said he had lost in an encounter with a wild cat he had slain on the road. His shirt was thrown open, disclosing a breast tattooed by the sun of some twenty years, and his inexpressibles, which appeared to be on bad terms with his feet, leaving them about two feet, leeward, were hitched up on one side with a buckskin brace, giving them a zig zag appearance, decidedly unique. Surveying the assemblage for a moment, with the attention he would have given to a menagerie of wild beasts, he broke forth thus:

"Fellers, I'd like to know if there's any 'quire in these parts?"  
"Do you mean the parish Judge?" asked an estimable citizen.  
"Yes, I 'spose—don't care pine knot who, so's he can do the thing," replied the stranger, giving his whip a peculiar crack.  
"What may be your business, friend," enquired a demure "sovereign" in the crowd.  
"Nimrod," "only wants to ask on old Rader, you der,"—she's just the long-gal I reckon in the settlement,—as slick as a needle maple, and a clear grit as a skinned ratter rolled in the saw A; and I'm called a whole team and a big do; under the wagon. I've speaked it about these woods for a week looking for a source to hitch up, and wore out a pair of deerskin britches looking for him; and I wish I can be rammed through a gum tree head foremost, if I'm going to pack Suger any further. I came here to yoke her, and here I'm goin' to stay."

The roar of laughter that followed this simple but capital was deafening. We lost four buttons in convulsive fits, and it is quite probable that we should have suffered largely in that line had not the Parish Judge arrived at that moment, and given a new turn to affairs.—The Judge as all of our readers know, is supposed by many to be of Gallic descent, although we have authority for saying that he is "native to the manor born." Unlike the great poet's great justice.  
"In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances,"

he is as lean as a Grahamite, living entirely on bran pudding and fricasseed radishes. With the undying zeal of an Israelite he thunders forth anathemas against four-footed animals, and considers them: ornithology a fit study for cannibals.—These are the sentiments of the Judge, albeit in politics he strangely enough judges the "whole hog." At one time, we learn, he was an expounder of the Methodist faith, and traversed the country, in company with devout and exemplary Father Redwine. This may account for the serious cast of countenance peculiar to him. On the present occasion he was dressed in the height of the fashionable wear—a "West of England" invisible green coat, the collar of which was perpendicular and corded—a-la-collegian, giving the wearer quite a magisterial appearance. His cashmere vest was buttoned close up to his chin, over the top of which protruded an enormous pair of whiskers, such as are worn by brigades, whom sensitive young ladies hold in such high esteem. His pantaloons of fancy stripes, were neatly striped to a pair of patent leather boots; and French kids encased his small delicate hands, in which he held the hearse that was to bind together "two willing hearts."

The Judge now proceeded to business, calling on the gay Lothario who had imperfectly described, to "trout out" his bride.  
"You're the man for my yaller quarter," said our hero in ecstasies, and away he went in a run for Suger. With one effort of his brawny arm, he took her from the mule and brought her to the centre of an enclosure formed by the company, his eye dilating and his whole frame exhibiting signs of joy unspeakable. The bride was a bouncing prairie beauty on whom Time had smiled in his rapid course. She wore a blue calico dress, full in every part thus peripatizing.  
"Every grace,  
To run a race."

A string of blue beads ornamented a good substantial neck—none of your "swan-like" things—and her head gear was a cotton hankerchief with scarlet stripes, and yellow ground-work, tied gracefully under the chin, and concealing the flaxen curls that struggled for liberty. Her shoes might have given your teacher, the fashionable ladies their hysterics, but they united comfort and durability, and effectually closed the door to that fell destroyer, consumption. In the hurry of the moment, doubtless, she made an invidious distinction between those necessary appendages classically called "insect destroyers," one of which lacked the blue sock—but this was omission, not a fault. Her blue eye, as it rested on the chosen one, spoke eloquently of abiding love, and her handsome face was wreathed in smiles.  
"The judge glanced at the paper in his hand, and then in a solemn impressive tone demanded of the groom—  
"Will you take Susan Jenkins as your lawful wedded wife?"  
"Well, boss, I reckon I will. I wouldn't have rid since daylight and packed here, if I didn't mean to do the clean thing," answered our hero.  
"And you, Susan will you take Cyrus Shorter as your lawful wedded husband?"  
"Yes, squire, that I will. Dad said I oughter married Bill Swizzle; but I'll see him banged first." He danced with ugly Betts Feller, and give her a brain new shawl. Besides that he got drunk, fell off his horse and broke his leg. Sy is good enough for me," replied the spirited beauty.  
"This was too much for Sy. He jumped for joy, and clasped the adorable "Suz" to his bosom giving her a smack that resembled the noise created by the popping of a cork from a champagne bottle.  
"Stop, sir," said the judge, "the ceremony is not complete."  
"Go in my 'quire," shouted Sy. "I will be as a wild cat catching a deer."  
The silken knot was now tied, and amid the hurrahs of the men, and the smites and white kerchiefs waving of the ladies, Sy carried his blushing bride to the mule, placed her behind him, and in a twinkling was on the road to home and happiness.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.—A young man, of eighteen or twenty, a student in the university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was his kindly tutor to the young man whom he instructed.  
While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to some subject, which he supposed to belong to a poor man, who was at work in the field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work.  
The young student turned to the professor, saying, "let us play the man a trick: we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he can't find them."  
"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves, at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar in each shoe and then we will hide ourselves."  
The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.  
The poor man had just finished his work, and came across the field to the path, where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance; he gazed upon the dollar, turned it around, and looked again and again; then he looked round on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children without bread, upon this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing.  
The young man stood there deeply affected, and tears filled his eyes.  
"Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"  
"O dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson now that I shall never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, 'it is better to give than to receive.'  
"We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good."  
FOR WOUNDS AND HURDS.—While writing, I will give you the following recipe for a preparation to cure wounds in horses. I have never seen it published, and if it is new to you, perhaps it may be of service.  
Take one gill of turpentine, two gills of whiskey and one egg. Beat the egg well, and mix the three together. It should be applied with a feather or swab, twice a day. It keeps a wound healthy, and prevents its healing too rapidly. For its efficacy I can vouch.—Cultivator.

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CONCERNING.—Why are ladies busied like Walter Scott's Novels? Because they are fictitious tales founded on reality.

A funny story is told of an old friend of ours—one who, sick and tired of the care and bustle of a city life, has retired into the country and, "gone to farming" as the saying is. His land, albeit well situated and commanding sunny romantic prospects, is not so particularly fertile as some we have seen—requiring scientific culture, and a liberal use of guano of some sort to produce an abundant yield. So far by way of explanation.  
Once upon a time, as the story books say, our friend, being on a short visit to the city, was attending an auction sale down town, and as it so happened, they were selling damaged sausage at the time. There were some eight or ten barrels of them, and they were "just going at 50 cents per barrel," when the auctioneer, with all apparent seriousness, remarked that they were worth more than that to many a land with. Here was an idea. "Sixty-two and a half," said our friend. "Just going at sixty-two and a half cents—third and last call—gone!" rejoiced the auctioneer. "Cash taken them at sixty-two and a half per barrel. To have them shipped for his country seat, was the immediate work of our friend, and as it was then planting time, and the sausages, to use a common expression, were "getting no better very fast," to have them "set" underground and out of the way was his next movement. He was about to plant the field of several acres of corn—the soil of the piney wood sections—when the just the spot for this new experiment in agriculture, this new wrinkle in the science of geonomy. One "link" of sausage being deemed amply sufficient, the amount was placed in each hill, accompanied by the usual number of kernels of corn, and an occasional pumpkin seed, and all were nicely covered over in the usual style. Now, after promising that several days should elapse since the corn was planted, the sequel of the story shall be told in a dialogue between our friend, and one of his neighbors.  
Neighbor.—Well, friend have you planted your corn?  
Friend.—Yes several days since."  
N.—"Is it up yet?"  
F.—"Up! is up and gone, the most of it!"  
N.—"How is that?"  
F.—"Well, you see I bought a lot of damaged sausages in New Orleans the other day, a smooth-tongued auctioneer saying they would make excellent manure if nothing else. I brought the lot over, commenced planting my corn at once, as it was time, placed a sausage in each hill, and—"  
N.—"Well, and what?"  
F.—"And felt satisfied that I had made a good job of it. Some days afterwards I went out to the field to see how my corn was coming on, and a pretty piece of business I have made of trying agricultural experiments."  
N.—"Why, what was the matter?"  
F.—"Matter! the first thing I saw, before reaching the field, was the greatest lot of dogs digging and scratching all over it! There was my dog, and your dogs, and all the neighbors' dogs, besides about three hundred stray dogs I never set eyes on before, and every one was hard at it, musing after the buried sausage.—Somehow or other the rascally welps have scented out the business, and they have dug up every hill by this time. If I could set every dog of that antienter I'd be satisfied."—N. O. Picayune.

PHRENOLOGY.—Amativeness.—A young lady's attachment to her looking glass.  
Philoprogenitiveness.—our little daughters playing with their doll babies.  
Adhesiveness.—Getting measured for a pair of boots, and sitting on a piece of cobbler's wax.  
Inhabitiveness.—A gourmand contemplating slippery cheese.  
Conscientiousness.—looking through the big end of a spy glass.  
Combativeness.—The nightly demonstrations of the dogs of our village.  
Destructiveness.—An old maid tearing up doll babies.  
Alimentiveness.—Sucking molasses thro' a straw, or scraping a sugar hogshead.  
Acquisitiveness.—The early propensity of boys to rob orchards and watermelon patches.  
Secretiveness.—Playing "hunt the slipper" with the girls, and trying to kiss them when you think no one is looking at you.  
Cautiousness.—Mamma telling John not to go out among the girls till he gets a little older.  
Propriety.—A lady's last look at her lover, as she runs off and leaves him at church.  
Self-Esteem.—A rooster flapping his wings and crowing when "our party" is progressing.

Firmness.—A brat squalling half the night and not staying "put to sleep."  
Hope.—School boys looking ahead for a long vacation, that they may go with the "fair ones."  
Marvelousness.—The youthful credence of "Jack the Giant Killer," or "Stibad the sailor."  
Veneration.—Placing too much confidence in the "minister," and sleeping in church during the sermon.  
Conscientiousness.—Reading your neighbor's paper, and not subscribing for one yourself.

HERNE.—A New Englander, riding in a railroad car off south-west, somewhere seemingly particularly disposed to astonish the other passengers, with other stories about Yankee ingenuity. At last he mentioned that one of his well-attended an immense dairy, and made a production of cheese yearly. "This is the best cheese I ever saw, and the price is so low, that his ed some sensation, and the price is so low, that he was in danger of being—"  
"True, isn't it, Mr. P.?" speak of Deacon Brown—your neighbor Deacon Brown!"  
"Yes," replied the friend, "that is yes; I know Deacon Brown; he makes a year, but I know that he has twelve saw mills, that go by burr-mill."

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