

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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[From the Forest Minstrel.]

The Three Crowns.

She wore the crown of Beauty,
A queen of hearts was she;
And proud and strong men at her feet
Adored on bended knee;
She seemed a thing to worship,
So regal was her grace,
And such a seal of majesty
Impressed her perfect face.

Her cheeks were red with beauty,
Her smiles were rich with pearls,
Her white brow shone like purity
Amid her golden curls,
Her eyes were like deep fountains
Beneath the southern skies,
In which the richest blue of heaven,
In pure reflection lies.

Her voice was like the wild bird's,
That sings her hymn at even,
Her radiant smile came o'er the soul
So like a crown of heaven;
She wore the crown of Beauty,
But wore it in her pride,
And envy with her withering breath,
Walked ever by her side.

She wore the crown of Genius—
She ranged the field of thought;
She studied nature's beautiful book,
With holy lessons fraught;
And tones that are to others
Impetuously recalled,
Unclasping at her magic touch,
Their precious love revealed.

With foot-prints like the zephyr,
She climbed Parnassus' height,
And from its rainbow coronet,
Wore garlands of delight;
By Helicon's pure fountain
She often paused to drink,
To call the never-fading flowers
That clustered on its brink.

Her mind was like pure waters,
Where richest pearls abound,
Her fancy strung them playfully,
And drew them dancing round;
She wore Religion's circlet,
—A thorny crown it seemed,
From which no sheen of a flow'ry gold,
Nor gleam of lustre gleamed.

But from its pure white blossoms,
Exhaled a fragrant balm,
That lay upon her heart and life,
A blessing and a charm.
Above her fair young forehead
It shone serenely bright,
And Beauty's rose and Genius' gem,
Grew glorious in its light;

That crown of holy meekness
She wore in perfect peace;
It shed a light of truth and love,
And filled her soul with bliss.

Who to the crown of Beauty?
It flowers grew pale and sore,
And its adorns died like birds,
When autumn days are drear;
Who to the crown of Genius?
'Twas cold upon her brow;
Alas! 'tis only o'er the grave
Its living jewels glow.

All hail! Religion's chaplet,
—We bless its heavenly power,
There's healing in each verdant leaf,
And balm in every flower;
No light, no change, no withering,
Comes ever to that wreath;
It blossoms, a balm, a bliss in life,
A glorious hope in death.

Miscellaneous.

[From Godley's Lady's Book for July.]

A WAY TO BE HAPPY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

I have five precious perennials—called emblems—Ricard.

"Always busy and always singing at your work—you are the happiest man I know." This was said by the customer of an industrious hatter named Parker as he entered his shop.

"I should not call the world a very happy one if I am the happiest man I know," replied the hatter, pausing in his work and turning his contented-looking face towards the individual who had addressed him. "I think I should gain something by an exchange with you."

"Why do you think so?"

"You have enough to live upon, and are compelled to work early and late, as I am."

"I am not so very sure that you would be the gainer. One thing is certain, I never sing at my work."

"Your work? What work have you to do?"

"Oh, I'm always busy."

"Doing what?"

"Nothing; and I believe it is much harder work than making hats."

"I would be very willing to try my hand at that kind of work if I could afford it. There would be no danger of my getting tired or complaining that I had too much to do."

"You may think so; but a few weeks' experience would be enough to drive you back to your shop, glad to find something for your hands to do, and your mind to rest upon."

"If you have such a high opinion of labor, Mr. Steele, why don't you go to work?"

"I have no motive for doing so."

"Is not the desire for happiness a motive of sufficient power? You think working will make any one happy."

"I am not so sure that it will make any one happy, but I believe that all who are engaged

in regular employments are much more contented than are those who have nothing to do. But no one can be regularly employed who has not some motive for exertion. A mere desire for happiness is not the right motive; for, notwithstanding a man, when reasoning on the subject, may be able to see that unless he is employed in doing something useful to his fellows he cannot be even contented, yet when he follows out the impulses of his nature, if not compelled to work, he will seek for relief from the uneasiness he feels in almost anything else; especially is he inclined to run into excitements instead of turning to the quiet and more satisfying pursuits of ordinary life.

"If I believed as you do, I would go into business at once," said the hatter. "You have the means, and might conduct any business you choose to commence, with ease and comfort."

"I have often thought of doing so; but I have lived an idle life so long that I am afraid I should soon get tired of business."

"No doubt you would, and if you will take my advice you will let well alone. Enjoy your good fortune and be thankful for it. As for me I hope soon to see the day when I can retire from business and live easy the remainder of my life."

This was in fact, the hatter's highest wish and he was working industriously with that end in view. He had already saved enough money to buy a couple of very good houses, the rent from which was five hundred dollars per annum. As soon as he could accumulate sufficient to give him a clear income of two thousand dollars, his intention was to quit business and live a "gentleman" all the rest of his days. He was in a very fair way of accomplishing all he desired in a few years, and he did accomplish it.

Up to the time of his retiring from business which he did at the age of forty-three, Parker had passed through his share of trial and affliction. One of his children did not do well, and one, his favorite boy, had died. These events weighed down his spirits for a time, but no very long period had elapsed before he was again singing at his work—not with an expression of contentment. He had, likewise, his share of those minor crosses in life which fret the spirit, but the impression they made was soon effaced.

In the final act of giving up, he had felt a much greater reluctance than he had supposed would be the case, and very unexpectedly began to ask himself what he should do all the day after he had no longer a shop in which to employ himself. The feeling was but momentary, however. It was forced back by the idea of living at his ease; of being able to come and go just as it suited his fancy; to have no care of business, nor any of its perplexities and anxieties. This thought was delightful.

"If I were you I would go into the country and employ myself on a little farm," said a friend to the hatter. "You will find it dull work in town, with nothing on your hands to do."

The hatter shook his head. "No, no," said he, "I have no taste for farming; it is too much trouble. I am tired of work, and want a little rest during the remainder of my life."

Freedom from labor was the golden idea in his mind, and nothing else could find an entrance. For a few days after he had fully and finally got clear from all business, and was to use his own words, a free man, he drank of liberty almost to intoxication. Sometimes he would sit at his window, looking out upon the hurrying crowd, and marking with pity the care written upon each face; and sometimes he would walk forth to breathe the free air and see everything that could delight the eye.

Much as the hatter gloried in this freedom and boasted of his enjoyment after the first day or two, he began to grow weary long before evening closed in, and then he could not sit and quietly enjoy the newspapers as he before, for he had already gone over them two or three times, even to the advertising pages. Sometimes for relief, he would walk out again after tea, and sometimes lounge awhile on the sofa, and then go to bed an hour earlier than he had been in the habit of doing. In the morning he had no motive for rising with the sun; no effort was therefore made to overcome the heaviness felt on awakening, and he did not rise until the ringing of the breakfast bell.

"This 'laziness' of her husband, as Mrs. Parker did not hesitate to call it, annoyed his good wife. She did not find things any easier—the new order of things made her a great deal more trouble. One half of her time, as she alleged, Mr. Parker was under her feet, and making her just double work. He had grown very particular, too, about his clothes, and very often grumbled about the way his food came on the table, what she had never before known him to do. The hatter's good lady was not very choice of her words, and when she chose to speak out, generally did so with remarkable plainness of speech. The scheme of retiring from business in the very prime of life she never approved, but as her good man had set his heart upon it for years, she did not say much in opposition. Her remark to a neighbor showed her passive state of mind.—"He has earned his money honestly, and if he thinks he can enjoy it better in this way, I suppose it is nobody's business."

"Perhaps not," he replied. "A good appetite helps bad cooking wonderfully."

"There was nothing in this to soothe his wife's temper. She retorted instantly.

"And honest employment alone will give a good appetite. I wonder how you could expect to relish your food after lounging about doing nothing all the morning. I'll be bound that if you had been in your shop ironing hats or waiting on your customers—since breakfast-time there would have been no complaint about the dinner."

Mr. Parker was taken all aback. This was speaking out plainly "with a vengeance,"—since his retirement from business his self-estimation had arisen very high compared with what it had previously been; he was, of course, more easily offended. To leave the dinner table was the first impulse of offended dignity.

So broad a rupture as this had not occurred between the husband and wife since the day of their marriage—not that causes equally potent had not existed, for Mrs. Parker when anything excited her, was not over-choice of her words, and had frequently said more cutting things; but then her husband was not so easily disturbed—he had not so high an opinion of himself.

It was still raining heavily, but rain could no longer keep the hatter at home. He went forth and walked aimlessly the street for an hour, thinking bitter things against his wife all the while. But this was very unhappy work, and he was glad to seek relief from it by calling in upon a brother craftsman, whose shop happened to be in his way. The hatter was singing at his work as he had used to sing—he never sung at his work now.

"This is a very dull day," was the natural remark of Mr. Parker after first salutations were over.

"Why, yes, it is a little dull," replied the tradesman, speaking in a tone that said, "but it did not occur to me before."

"How is business now?" asked Mr. Parker.

"Very brisk—I am so busy, that rain or shine, it never ceases dull to me."

"You have not as many customers in."

"No; but then I get a little ahead in my work and that is something gained. Rain or shine, friend Parker, it's all the same to me."

"That is certainly a very comfortable state of things to be in. I find a rainy day hard to get through."

"I don't think I would be if I were in your place," said the old acquaintance. "If I could do no better I would lie down and sleep away the time."

"And remain awake half the night in return for it. No; that won't do. To lie half asleep and half awake for three or four hours makes one feel miserable."

The hatter thought this a very strange admission. He did not believe that, if he could afford to live without work, he would find even rainy days hang heavy upon his hands.

"Why don't you read?" he said.

"I do read all the newspapers—that is, two or three that I take," replied Parker; "but there is not enough in them for a whole day."

"There are plenty of books."

"Books? I never read books; I can't get interested in them. They are too long; it would take me a week to get through even a moderate sized book. I would rather go back to the shop again. I understand making a hat, but as to books, I never did fancy them much."

Parker lounged for a couple of hours in the shop of his friend, and then turned his face homeward, feeling very uncomfortable.

The dark day was sinking into darker night when he entered his house. There was no light in the passage nor any in the parlor. As he groped his way in, he struck against a chair that was out of place, and hurt himself. The momentary pain caused the fretfulness he felt on finding all dark within to rise into anger. He went back into the kitchen, grumbling sadly, and there gave the cook a sound rating for not having lit the lamps earlier. Mrs. Parker heard all, but said nothing. The cook brought a lamp into the parlor and placed it upon the table with an indignant air; she then flitted off up stairs, and told Mrs. Parker that she had never been treated so badly in her life by any person, and notified her that she should leave the moment her week was up; that anyhow she had nothing to do with the lamps—lighting them was the chamber-maid's work.

It had so happened that Mrs. Parker had sent the chamber-maid out; and this the cook knew very well; but the cook was in a bad humor about something, and didn't choose to do anything not in the original contract. She was a good domestic, and had lived with Mrs. Parker for some years. She had her humors, as every one has, but these had always been borne with by her mistress. Too many fretting incidents had just occurred, however, and Mrs. Parker's mind was not so evenly balanced as usual. Nancy's manner and words provoked her too far, and she replied—

"Very well, go in welcome."

Here was a state of affairs tending in no degree to increase the happiness of the retired tradesman. His wife met him at the supper table with knit brows, and tightly compressed lips. Not a word was passed during the meal.

After supper Mr. Parker looked around him for some means of passing the time. The newspapers were read through; it still rained heavily without; he could not ask his wife to play a game at backgammon.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed, reclining back upon the sofa; and there he lay for half an hour, feeling as miserable as he had ever felt in his life. At nine o'clock he went to bed, and remained awake for half the night.

Much to his satisfaction, when he opened his eyes on the next morning the sun was shining into his window brightly. He would not be confined to the house so closely for another day.

and set up for something of a gentleman, he, after a little while, gave up visiting the shops of his old fellow tradesmen. He did not like to be seen on terms of intimacy with working people! Street walking did very well at first, but he got tired of that; it was going over and over the same ground. He would have ridden out and seen the country, but he had never been twice on horseback in his life, and felt rather afraid of his neck. In fact, nothing was left to him but to lounge about the house a greater portion of his time, and grumble at everything; this only made matters worse, for Mrs. Parker would not submit to grumbling without a few words back that cut like razors.

From a contented man, Mr. Parker became, at the end of six months, a burden to himself. Little things that did not in the least disturb him before, now fretted him beyond measure. He had lost the quiet even temper of mind that made life so pleasant.

A year after he had given up business he met Mr. Steele for the first time since his retirement from the shop.

"Well, my old friend," said that gentleman to him, familiarly, "how is it with you now? I understand you have retired from business."

"Oh, yes; a year since."

"So long! I only heard of it a few weeks ago. I have been absent from the city. Well, do you find doing nothing any easier than manufacturing good hats and serving the community like an honest man, as you did for years?—What is your experience worth?"

"I don't know that it is worth anything, except to myself, and it is doubtful whether it isn't too late for even me to profit by it."

"How so, my friend? Isn't living on your money so pleasant a way of getting through the world as you had supposed it would be?"

"I presume there cannot be a pleasanter way; but we are so constituted that we are never happy in any position."

"Perhaps not positively happy, but we may be contented."

"I doubt it."

"You were once contented."

"I beg your pardon; if I had been I would have remained in business."

"And been a much more contented man than you are now."

"I am not sure of that."

"I am, then. Why, Parker, when I met you last you had a cheerful air about you.—Whenever I came into your shop I found you singing as cheerfully as a bird. But now you do not even smile; your brows have fallen half an inch lower than they were then. In fact, the whole expression of your face has changed. I will lay a wager that you have grown captious, fretful, and disposed to take trouble on interest."

Everything about you declares this. A year has changed you for the worse and me for the better."

"How you for the better, Mr. Steele?"

"I have gone into business."

"You have! I hope no misfortune has overtaken you!"

"I have lost more than half my property, but I trust this will prove in the end not a misfortune."

"Really, Mr. Steele, I am pained to hear that reverses have driven you to the necessity of going into business."

"While I am more than half inclined to say that I am glad of it I led for years a useless life, most of the time a burden to myself. I was a drone in the social hive; I added nothing to the common stock; I was of no use to any one.—But now my labors not only benefit myself, but the community at large. My mind is interested all day; I no longer feel listless; the time never hangs heavy upon my hands. I have, as a German writer has said, 'fire-proof perennial enjoyments, called employments.'"

"You speak warmly, Mr. Steele."

"It is because I feel warmly on the subject. Long before a large failure in the city deprived me of at least half my fortune, I saw clearly enough that there was but one way to find happiness in this life, and that was to engage diligently in some useful employment, from right ends. I shut my eyes to this conviction over and over again, and acted in accordance with it only when necessity compelled me to do so. I should have found much more pleasure in the pursuit of business had I acted from the motive of use to my fellows which was presented so clearly to my mind, that I do now, having entered its walks from something like compulsion."

"And do you really think yourself happier than you were before, Mr. Steele?"

"I know it, friend Parker."

"And do you think I would be happier than I am now if I were to open my shop again?"

"I do much happier. Don't you think the same?"

"I hardly know what to think. The way I live now is not very satisfactory. I cannot find enough to keep my mind employed."

"And never will, except in some useful business, depend upon it. So take my advice, and re-open your shop before you are compelled to do it."

disgrace for any man to be idle when there is so much to do.

Mr. Parker was surprised to hear his old customer talk in this way; but surprise was not his only feeling—he was deeply impressed with the truth of what he had said.

"I believe after all, that you are right and I am wrong. Certainly, there is no disguising the fact that my life has become a great burden to me, and that business would be far preferable to a state of idleness."

This admission seemed made with some reluctance. It was the first time he had confessed, even to himself, that he had committed an error in giving up his shop. The effects of what Mr. Steele had said was a resolution, after debating the pros and cons for nearly a month, to recommence business; but before this could take place the kind of business must be determined. Since Mr. Parker had ceased to be a hatter and set up for a gentleman of fortune, his ideas of his importance had considerably increased. To come back into his old position, therefore could not be thought of. His wife argued for the shop, but he would not listen to her arguments. His final determination was to become a grocer, and a grocer he became. No doubt, he thought it more worthy of his dignity to sell rice, sugar, soap, candles, etc., than hats. Why, one should be more honorable or dignified than the other we do not understand. Perhaps there is a difference, but we must leave others to define it—we cannot.

A grocer Mr. Parker became instead of a hatter. Of the former business he was entirely ignorant, of the latter he was perfect master.—But he would be a grocer—a merchant. He commenced in the retail line, with the determination after he got pretty well acquainted with the business to become a wholesale dealer. That idea pleased his fancy. For two years he kept a retail grocery store and then sold out, glad to get rid of it. The loss was about one third of all he was worth. To make things worse there was a great depression in trade, and real estate fell almost one half in value. In consequence of this Mr. Parker's income from rents, after being forced to sacrifice a very handsome piece of property to make up the deficit that was called for in winding up his grocery business, did not give him sufficient to meet his current family expenses.

There was now no alternative left. The retired hatter was glad to open a shop once more and look out for some of his old customers.—Mr. Steele saw his announcement that he had resumed business at his old stand, and asked for a share of public patronage. About two weeks after the shop was re-opened, that gentleman called in ordered a hat. As he came to the door and was reaching his hand out to open it, he heard the hatter's voice singing an old familiar air. A smile was on the face of Mr. Steele as he entered.

"All right again!" he said coming up to the counter and reaching out his hand, "Singing at your work as of old! This is better than playing the gentleman, or even keeping a grocery store."

"Oh, yes, a thousand times better," the hatter replied, warmly. "I am now in my right place."

"Performing your true use to the community and happy in doing so."

"I shall be happier, I am sure. I am happier already. My hat block and irons, and, indeed, everything around me, look like familiar friends, and give me a smiling welcome.—When health fails, or prevents me working any longer, I will give up my shop, but not a day sooner. I am cured of retiring from business."

FROM CALIFORNIA.—A small party from California on the 22d of April, arrived in St. Louis on the 29th ult. About two hundred miles in the prairies, west of Fort Larime, and in the California track, they met Martin's company of emigrants, and at the Fort met Boggs' party—the first were moving on finely, but the latter were undetermined whether they should shape their course for Oregon or California. Some were in favor of the former and a large portion of the latter. This disagreement as to their ultimate destination had caused some ill feeling, but no serious misunderstanding. It was thought that the company would separate into two parties, and that each would take the course it preferred.

They report all quiet in that country, but a general dissatisfaction existing among the American settlers owing to the impossibility of procuring valid titles to their lands. Some disappointment, also, has been experienced in relation to the fitness of the soil for agricultural purposes. It is believed that its spontaneous productions are far more abundant, and of a better order, than those that are the result of cultivation. As a grazing country, however, all seems to agree that it cannot be surpassed.

OYSTERS AND OSTRICHES.—It is true! most veritable. A friend tells us that in passing the Arcade, a few evenings since, he overheard the following conversation between two individuals, one of whom was evidently a stranger from the woods. "Were those things oysters we eat down in that cellar?" "To be sure they were," was the reply, "what else should they be?" "Well, I'll be hanged if I did not always think that oysters were long legged things; with feathers on 'em."

THE DOCTOR OVERBOARD.—A certain physician at sea made great use of sea water among his patients. Whatever disease came on, a dose of the liquid was first thrown down. In process of time the doctor fell overboard. A great bustle consequently ensued on board, in the midst of which the captain came up, anxiously enquiring the cause.

"Oh, nothing, sir," answered a tar, "only the doctor has fallen into his medicine chest."

HALE OLD MEN.—When I see a hale, hearty old man, at sea who has jostled through the rough part of the world without having worn away the fine edge of his feelings, or blunted his sensibility to the eternal and moral beauty, I compare him to the evergreen of the forest, whose colors instead of fading at the approach of winter, seem to add an additional lustre, when contrasted with the surrounding desolation.

A QUAIN SERMON.—Mr. Dodd was a minister, who lived many years ago a few miles from Cambridge; and having several times preached against drunkenness, some of the Cambridge scholars (conscience, which is sharper than ten thousand witnesses, being their monitor), were very much offended, and thought he made reflections on them. Some little time after, Mr. Dodd was walking towards Cambridge, and met some of the students, who as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him. As soon as he came up, they accosted him with, "Your servant, sir!" He replied, "Your servant, gentlemen!" They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness, of late? He answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favor to beg of him, and that was that he would preach a sermon to them there, from a text they should choose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have some consideration before preaching.—They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted on his preaching immediately, (in a hollow tree which stood by the roadside,) from the word, M.A.L.T. He then began: "Beloved, let me draw your attention. I am a little man—come at a short notice to preach a short sermon—from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is Malt. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one. I must therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—M. A. L. T."

"M—is Moral.
"A—is Allegorical.
"L—is Literal.
"T—is Theological.

"The Moral, is to teach your rustics good manners; therefore M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Leave off, T—Tippling.
"The Allegorical, is when one thing is spoken of, and another meant. The thing spoken of is Malt. The thing meant, is the spirit of Malt, which you rustics make, M—your Meat, A—your Apparel, L—your Liberty, and T—your trust.

"The Literal, is according to the letters, M—much, A—Ale, L—Little, T—Trust.
"The Theological, is, according to the effects it works—in some, M—Murder—in others, A—Adultery—in all, L—Looseness of Life, and in many, T—Treachery.

"I shall conclude the subject, First, by way of Exhortation. M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Listen, T—To my text. Second, by way of Caution. M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Look for, T—the Truth. Third, by way of communicating the Truth, which is this:—A Drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the alchouse's benefactor; his wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbor's scoff; a walking swill-bowl; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man!"

AN IRISHMAN'S BELIEF.—A gentleman employing an Irishman, wished to know of what religion he was and one day asked him, "Well Paddy, my boy, what is your belief?" "Is it my belief, my honor? Well I owe Mistress Cromichan five dollars for rent and it is her belief 'I'll never pay her, and faith that's my belief' too."

A QUESTION.—A Debating Society down East, is engaged in the discussion of the question of whether fleas or bed-bugs are the most obnoxious vermin. Go it fleas—go it bed-bugs! The public are anxiously waiting to hear how this question will be decided.

KISSING.—As to kissing we think tobacco in any shape a perfect antidote to it.—What a delicate rosebud of a mouth to be poisoned by being brought in contact with an animated tobacco-box—a living cigar-holder! Fought!

SHOCKING BAD.—I say, Bill, said a fellow with a shocking bad hat, to one whose castor was done of the best, "what ticket does your vote for President next time?"

"Well, said Bill, "I vote the Scott ticket and I don't vote nothing else."

"Go it, Bill," said his friend—"go it, that's the ticket for soup!"

SLANDER.—It is a poor soul that cannot bear slander. No decent man can get along without it; at least none who actually engaged in the struggle of business life. Have you a bad fellow in your employment, and discharge him, he goes round and slanders you; refuse another some modest boon which he has asked, he goes round and slanders you. In fine, as we said before, we would not give a cent for a man who is not slandered; it shows that he is either a milk-sop or a fool. No, no; earn a bad name from a bad fellow, and you can easily do so by correct conduct; it is the only way to prove that you are entitled to a good one.

A POLITICAL PARSON.—A minister, who was a little too much intinctured with politics for one occupying his station, one Sabbath morning during his prayer, expressed a desire that he and his congregation might imitate "the holy example of Abraham, David and Polk." He intended to say Paul, and was not aware of his mistake till he inquired, the next morning, why three or four of the church left the house during his prayer.

TAKING AN UMBRELLA.—"Luk hea, Sam Jonsing, you take my rumeller, say nigh!"

"Not zactly, sah, I see no candyfate for zacutevity cleananancy."

"Well, I thought you couldn't be guilty, Sam, ob such a ark—a degree ob moral-turpentine beyon all parable!"

THE OCEAN IN A STORM.—A late writer says that if you would have an idea of the ocean in a storm, just imagine ten thousand hills and four thousand mountains all drunk, chasing one another over newly ploughed ground with lots of caverns in them to step into now and then.

"BONES," said Ginger, "which had you rather ride in a stage coach or a steamboat?"

"Why, I'd rather ride in a stage coach, because if it upsete dar you is; but if the steamboat blows up, whar is you."