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TOWANDA:

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COMUNICATIONS.

(Special Correspondence of the Bradford Reporter.)

HEARCK, July 15, 1850.

MY DEAR EDITOR:—That artiller what it is, such a hifalutin letter about the doings that we got up here for the fourth of July, must be won of the damdest shallowest knoos that ever you seed, or he would't ev told such a mass of whoopers when there was so menny to ketch him in it. And more so that, I'm sartin there ain't no Muggleses in Herick, because I've lived here ever since I was a little baby, and at there had a been anny sick folks about I should ev hear on 'em. Now Mister Editor, don't that go to prove plane enuff that that at Moses Muggleses is some fellar that lives in another place, and has a notion that he will make a little sport of us and of our plezzent pic-nic party. I'd rather be a tadpole in the nastiest mudhole in Herick that such a critter as he is, and I gess he feels rather mean about it by this time; ef he don't he hain't got no more feelin than a pecc of soul-jeber. But I'll let him go, and tell you jest how it was, and you may believe what I say, for as old square Jones sez, it's the "truth and the hull truth;" and if you will print this ever letter in your paper with my name added to the bottom of it, I shall feel a good deal bigger than I ever did afore in my life. I don't portend to a grate sight of larn, for when I used to go to schule we didn't study nothing but readin an spellin, and I never heard of gyp-py books, and gramur books and such like them things. I know that edekashun is a mighty good thing, and I feel real bad some times when I think that I have got such a leetle. But this is sothin to do with what I was going to tell you. You see sum of the folks down here have got up on the curiousness noseth in these heds that I ever heard of. They've got an idee that it's my grand to go off sum ten or fifteen miles to sum bragged up doin's—would't be big to stay in Herick, and them that goes the furthest is the best tellers. Now the I don't know siferint and gyp-py, I kalkulate that sum things I know what's what as well as sum other folks. I don't want to be obstrapsul, but I can't help settin down them fellers as no grate sakes that hain't got spherit enuff to stand on there own legs spherally on independence day. In stead of gettin up sumthin on there own kock near hum, and enjoyin the day with there friends and the gals that they have been bring up with, they most go off to sum other place and take up with the leavin of strangers who don't care a darn for 'em and so like Judas in scrip-tur, sell there birth-right for a mess of potash. And what makes it a grate site was that these very fellers will run on a hull ston about Herick, and say that we don't have nothin on sich days that is worth anny thing, and a grate mess of sich stuff; and then if they are axed to help get up anny doings they are off like a shot; and you couldn't squeeze an old siper out of there pockets no more on you could scarp the stars out the sky. It puts me in mind of wun day when I and dad was a braggin, and got argu-ment about yunon. Dad picked up half a dozen little sick and axed me to take em wun by wun and break 'em across my knee; and I did it as easy as could be, but when he tied six sickes just like em together I could break 'em to do my purtise. I spher that he had heard about sich a party to explain it afore, but it was good ef it was. How k Herick be anny thing of every body goes off sum where els. Why can't they all pull together like a yoke of oxen. But Mister Editor, there was a few of us that had spunk enuff to be independent, and have a seleshrash on our own kock, but no thanks to the "hull township" according to Moses Muggleses. There want but a few of us, but that few was the cream of Herick, and them that had the rick kind of spherit. Well, we got our gals and went into wun of the poorest groves that you ever seed. We had fixed it all up with laurel flowers and roses, and made seats and put up a table, and every thing looked bankum when the party got there.

We hadn't no regular speakers, but did the speakin and every thing else among ourselves, been determin not to depend on no body for nothin, but I tell you we celebrated the fourth of July as well as all crishun had been there. Then the girls who had all bring baskets full of nice things, spread there white clothes on the table, and filled it with every thing good, and we had wun of the best times that could be imagined. I don't like to brag, but atween you and me, I will say that when I got on my new tow trousers, and my britchock, and that yellar jacket of mine, and my green hat, anny body that didn't know me would have thought that I had com from Lorysville, or ybre village or som other big place. And I tell you we had a obankum time, take it all around. But I can't rite anny more now, as I hain't got no more paper. Won't the fellers down this way beg out there eyes though, when they see this in the Bradford Reporter—and oh Moses! Yours tell deth,

AMINDA DIDEN.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

MY DEAR EDITOR:—I read with much pleasure Romeo's interesting letter, in your paper on the subject of the pen, and taking courage from the kindly sollicitations that contained, I now take to the "old gray goose-quill," to give you a few of my thoughts. Bet as this is my first attempt, I scarcely dare to flatter myself that it will be found worthy to occupy a corner in your paper. You know Mr. Editor, that composition as a study is almost entirely neglected in our common schools in this county, and as a great part of the farmers' sons and daughters are, like myself, dependent on such schools for an education, it is not to be wondered at when we so seldom call together our wandering thoughts, and arrange them on paper for the perusal of others. But certainly this is not as it should be. We study gramur, "going through" probably as

often as three or four times during a winter term, and acquire it so well that we can repeat it by rote with as much facility as we can "Watts'" "cradle hymn." Yet is not all this labor lost if we do not learn to apply the rules, with which we are thus made acquainted by actual practice in composition? Suppose for instance to illustrate this, that a man should place his son with a carpenter to learn his trade, and the mechanic should teach his apprentice a set of abstract rules by which buildings are to be constructed without putting tools into his hands and causing him to go to work—without allowing or requiring him to make himself master of those rules by actual practice in building—would not the father find fault? But parents employ teachers who do the same thing in reality with regard to our language, and they submit to it quietly! I think that if teachers would enter really into the spirit of their noble vocation, they would strive by every means in their power to draw forth the youthful mind,—to make the flower of intellect blossom under their culture, and dispense its sweets around. And composition would certainly be one most important aid; more important, I think than almost any other exercise. Is it not of the greatest importance that we be able to express our thoughts in a clear and agreeable manner, and thus have the power to communicate our knowledge and thoughts to others? When I think what a store we might acquire in the time devoted to school, more than we actually do, I must conclude that some one is to blame—either our teachers or ourselves. But thank fortune, my school-days have not yet all flown away, and hereafter, I shall try to put my grammar into practice. Yours, Prospect Hill, July 5, 1850. TOM SPAOUT.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

MY DEAR EDITOR:—I had just arranged every thing nicely around our little room, swept the floor, and gathered a beautiful bouquet for the mantle-shelf, and had taken my place by the window with my needle-work, when in bounded brother Frank with the "Bradford Reporter." He took a seat by my side and read aloud to me; for I was busily engaged in plaiting a broom for him which he was anxious should be completed before "Independence day," and he was afraid that I would stop my work and read for myself if he did not read for me. But Frank is a good brother, and he never asks me to do any little favor for him without doubly repaying me by his kindness and the attention which he gives to every thing that he supposes will please me. The first piece that he read was "The Serenade" by Trollop, which at least equalled any thing that you had before published from his pen, and in my view fully entitled him to the name of poet. And then came Romeo's interesting "Familiar Letter," which pleased me very much, and which gave the courage to write this, by fanning the little spark of ambition which I possessed. It caused me to wish that I could write something that would possess merit enough for your paper, and made me almost flatter myself that with a little care I might.

When Frank had finished reading, I told him that I intended to write you a letter the very next week. "What," said he with a significant curl of his lip, "you'll give only sixteen years old writing for the newspapers?" and he burst into a fit of laughter at the idea. But I kept on as grave a countenance as possible to let him know that I was really in earnest. Well, when I had finished my needle-work, and had assisted my mother in preparing supper, I went up stairs and shut myself in my little bedroom, so that I might not be disturbed, and seated myself, with not a little pride, at a stand on which were pen, ink and paper. I have always thought that an Author was a step above other persons, in the scale of existence, and now that I was preparing to initiate myself into that class no wonder that I should feel a little up-tick.

But what should be the subject of my letter?—that was the question. I thought over every thing that came into my mind, but none of the subjects that presented themselves suited me. I thought of the moon, of the stars, of spring, of summer, of every thing that I had ever read about or heard of.—I commenced to write about some of them, but they did not suit me—what I wrote did not suit me; and I was in quite a quandary. My capacities as an author began to look small in my eyes, and I knew that if I should give up without performing what I intended, I should have to encounter the everlasting "ha, ha, ha" of Frank. So I concluded just to tell you how things went with my first attempt at writing for the newspaper, and here you have it, all out plain, although it is not flattering to me. I will try and do better next time. JULIET.

Diddledale, July 1, 1850.

THE BABY JUMPER BEAT.—Some cute Yankee in Boston has invented and brought out a grand contrivance for nursing infants.

You put your squaller into the machine, and by a series of straps, cogs, and screws, actuated by the automatic splorges of the infant's arms and legs, the machine rolls gently over the floor, while a species of hand organ music is emitted, expelling ten penny whistles and a dozen baby's rattles.—If this fails to amuse the little "sugar lump," you may turn a screw and set in motion a manipulator, something like a human hand, which "bybys" the "mudder's box of diamonds," tickles and pats it until it roars with laughter of goes to sleep! We believe the inventor intends to make standy additions to his baby nurse, whereby it may dress and undress the youngster, feed it, wash, &c. If these Yankees keep on a spell longer, the merrymay shut up shop and go a fishing, while the women sit back in white kids and play overtures on the accordion or piano. This equals the patent "cleopatra," and knocks the telescope, for seeing through a brick, clean into the Fourth of July.

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?"
"Why, your see, my grandmother's date, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

The wife of Washington must ever be a subject of interest to the women of America. Her own virtues, apart from the exalted position of her husband, have made her worthy of remembrance and esteem. She was, in every respect, a model for her sex.

The maiden name of Lady Washington was Martha Danbridge, and she was born of an honorable family, in the county of New Kent, Va., in May, 1732. She grew up beautiful and amiable; and at sixteen, was already the belle of the district. Accomplished, at least for that day, peculiarly fascinating in manners; and possessed of a graceful and pleasing countenance, she was sought in marriage by numerous admirers; and she finally bestowed her hand, at the age of seventeen, on Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, of her native county. Two children were fruits of this marriage, neither of whom survived the mother.

While yet in full bloom of beauty, Mrs. Custis was left a widow. With an ample fortune, and unusual charms of person, she was soon again besieged by suitors. But none made any impression on her heart until she had attained her twenty-sixth year, when she accidentally made the acquaintance of Washington, then a colonel in the service of Virginia. Her grandchild, Geo. W. Parke Custis, in a biography of her life, has given a romantic account of the first interview between Mrs. Custis and her future husband.

"It was in 1775," says her biographer, "that an officer, attired in a military uniform, and attended by a body servant, tall and military as his Chief, crossed the ferry called William's, over the Pamunkey, a branch of the York River. On the boat touching the southern, or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who give the beau ideal of the Virginia gentlemen of the old regime—the very soul of kindness and hospitality. He would hear of no excuse on the officer's part for declining the invitation to stop at his house. In vain the colonel pleaded important business at Williamsburg; Mr. Chamberlayne insisted that his friend must dine with him at the very least. He promised, as a temptation, to introduce him to a young and charming widow, who chanced then to be an inmate of his dwelling.—At last the soldier surrendered at discretion, resolving, however, to pursue his journey the same evening. They proceeded to the mansion, Mr. Cham Chamberlayne presented Colonel Washington to his various guests, among whom was the beautiful Mrs. Custis. Tradition says that the two were favorably impressed with each other at the first interview." It may be supposed that the conversation turned upon scenes in which the whole community had a deep interest—scenes which the young hero, fresh from his early fields, could eloquently describe; and we may fancy with what earnest and rapid interest the fair listener "to hear did seriously incline" to "how the heavenly rhetoric of her eyes" beamed, unconscious admiration upon the manly speaker. The morning passed; the sun sank low in the horizon. The hospitable host smiled as he saw the colonel's faithful attendant, British, true to his orders, holding his master's spirited steed at the gate. The veteran waited, and marvelled at the delay. "Ah, Bishop," said a fair writer, describing occurrences, "there was an urchin in the drawing room more powerful than King George and all his generals! Subtle as a sphynx, he had hidden the important despatches from the soldier's sight, shut up his eyes from the summons of the tell-tale clock, and was playing such mad pranks with the bravest heart in Christendom, that it flustered with the excess of a new-found happiness!"

Mr. Chamberlayne insisted that no guest ever left his house after sunset; and his visitor was persuaded, without much difficulty, to remain. The next day was far advanced when the enamored soldier was on the road to Williamsburg. His business there being despatched, he hastened to the presence of the captivating widow.

The marriage that followed the acquaintance, she thus romantically began, took place in 1759, and was attended by all the beauty and wealth of the neighborhood. After the ceremony, Colonel and Mrs. Washington repaired to Mount Vernon, where they took up their abode. By this union, an addition of about one hundred thousand dollars was made to the fortune of Washington, an accession which rendered him one of the most opulent gentlemen of the Old Dominion. Engaged with each other, the young couple continued to reside on their estate, until the war of independence broke out, when Washington was summoned to the field to lead his country's armies. Mrs. Washington, however, even now would not consent to part entirely from her husband. She accompanied him to Cambridge, and remained until the evacuation of Boston, when, the army moving on New York for an active campaign, she returned for awhile to Virginia.

After this, it was her custom to spend her summers at Mount Vernon, rejoicing the general as soon as the army went into winter quarters. At the close of the campaign, accordingly, an aid-de-camp was despatched to escort her to her husband. Her arrival at camp was always a season of rejoicing. The plain chaperon, with the neat positions in their scarlet and white Hottentots, was welcomed as the harbinger of rest and cheerfulness. Her example was followed by the wives of the higher officers. Thus, every winter, something like stately was established at headquarters, when the smiles and affections of woman relieved, for a season, at least, the gloom of disaster and despair!

Lady Washington was accustomed to say, that if had ever been her fortune to hear the first cannon at the opening and the last at the closing of all the campaigns of the war of independence. During the terrible winter of 1777-8, she was at Valley Forge. The privations to which she had to submit may be judged from a letter she wrote to Mrs. Warren in which she says:—"The general's

apartment is very small; he has had a log-cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first." Think of a woman of Lady Washington's talents and position, dining, now-a-days, for a whole winter, in a log-cabin! During the awful season, this august female sought out the most distressed of the soldiers, and alleviated their sufferings, as far as possible, out of her private purse. Such was a lady of the olden time! Instead of lounging idly at home in luxury, she shared fully her husband's trials; instead of exhausting her wealth on selfish indulgences, she divided it with the hungry and the sick.

The Marquis de Chastellux, who visited the United States after the alliance with France, thus describes the camp life of General and Lady Washington. "The headquarters at Newburg consisted of a single house, built in the Dutch fashion, and neither large nor commodious. The largest room in it, which General Washington has converted into his dining-room, is tolerably spacious, but it has seven doors and only one window. The chimney is against the wall; so that there is, in fact, but one vent for the smoke, and the fire is in the room itself. I found the company assembled in a long room which served as a parlor. At nine, supper was served, and when bed time came, I found that the chamber to which the general conducted me was the very parlor spoken of, wherein he had made them place a camp-bed. We assembled at breakfast the next morning at ten, during which interval my bed was folded up; and my chamber became the sitting-room for the whole afternoon; for American manners do not admit of a bed in the room in which company is received, especially women. The smallness of the house, and the inconvenience to which I saw that General and Mrs. Washington had put themselves to receive me, made me apprehensive lest Mr. Rochambeau might arrive on the same day. The day I remained at headquarters was passed either at table or in conversation."

When at Mount Vernon, both before and after the war, Lady Washington, like a wise housewife, busied herself in superintending personally her domestic affairs. As that was a day when custom frowns was as yet unknown, every household had to do most of its own spinning; and Lady Washington kept sixteen spinning-wheels constantly going. She was accustomed frequently to dress fabrics thus made. One of her favorite dresses of this home manufacture was of cotton, striped with silk, weighing not quite a pound and a half. Her coachman, footman and waiting maid were all dressed in domestic cloth. She was economical, without being niggardly, and this from principle. She knew that, in consequence of her station, she was looked up to by her imitators; and she wished to show an example of moderation. Even when Washington was President, she continued this praiseworthy conduct. As late as 1786, Mrs. Wilson inquiring for pocket handkerchiefs at a fashionable store in Philadelphia, was shown some pieces of lawn, of which Lady Washington had just purchased; and the information was added that she paid six shillings for handkerchiefs of her own use, but sent as high as seven shillings for the President's.

Her ease and elegance of manner; joined to her affability, rendered her, when the wife of the Chief Magistrate, beloved by all. Mrs. Ellet says of this period of her life. "The establishment of the President and Mrs. Washington was formed at the seat of government. The levees had more of courtly ceremonial than has been known since; but it was necessary to maintain the dignity of office by forms that should inspire respect. Special regard was paid to the wives of men who had deserted much of their country. Mr. Robert Morris was accustomed to sit at the right of the lady of the President, at the drawing rooms; and the windows of Greene and Montgomery were always handed to and from their carriages by the President himself; the secretaries and gentlemen of his household performing those services for other ladies.—In this elevated station; Mrs. Washington, unopposed by distinction; still leaned on the kindness of her friends, and cultivated cheerfulness as a duty. She was beloved as few are in a superior condition. Mrs. Warren says, in reply to one of her letters, "your observations may be true, that many younger and gayer ladies consider your situation as enviable; yet I know not one who by general conduct would be more likely to obtain the suffrages of the sex, even were they to canvass at election for the elevated station, than the lady who now holds the first rank in the United States."

She did not long survive her august husband.—Less than two years after his death, she was attacked by a fatal illness, and feeling her end approaching, she called her grand-children around her, disjoined to them of religion, and amid the tears of her family, quietly resigned her life into the hands of her Creator. Her death took place on the twenty-second of May, 1802; and she was buried beside her husband.

Lady Washington is a model for the imitation of the sex. Her abilities were superior, her heart kind, and her conduct under the control of Christian principle. The gentle dignity of her manner inspired respect without creating enmity. In her youth, and even in mature womanhood, she was distinguished for personal loveliness.—Ladies National.

AN APOLOGY.—An Irish lawyer in a neighboring county addressed the Courts "gentlemen" instead of "your honors." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose to apologize thus: "May it please the Court—in the haste of debate, I called your honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, your honors."

The gentleman sat down, and we hope the court was satisfied with the explanation.

A DUTCH STROT.—I, and probab Honce, and two older toos, vash out hunting next week, and we trowe nice woodcock into a stobe heag, kill ten out the nine before they cot in.

SETH WILLET:

THE ELK COUNTY WITNESS.

BY JOHN O'YORK.

In the spring of 1845, after the close of a long, tiresome session of the Pennsylvania legislature, the writer was invited by Col. A., then Clerk of the House of Representatives, to accompany him to his home in the backwoods of Elk—a new county that had been partitioned off from Jefferson, Clearfield and McKean, that session. The object of the visit was two-fold; first, to enjoy the fine trout fishing of that prolific region, (I have taken three hundred that would average eight inches, in six hours, with a worm,) and secondly to assist the colonel in getting the seat of justice where he wanted it. The thing was so well worked that I must tell it before coming to the lawditt story.

The colonel owned a mill and store at Caledonia, on one edge of the county and a very fine mill in Ridgway, the principal town in the county. He wanted the court-house at Ridgway, but was not inclined to pay anything for it, as Mr. John Ridgway, a millionaire of Philadelphia, owned nearly all the land about it and the county seat would greatly increase its value. A plan was put on foot in strong for Caledonia, and he did. He offered to build the court-house and jail, and gave bonds therefor—if Caledonia should be chosen—Ridgway became frightened, and made a similar proposition for his town, which was, of course, accepted by the commissioners, who were all personal friends of the colonel.

One day the colonel and myself rode over to Caledonia, to see how things flourished there and eat some of Aunt Sally Warner's pumpkin pies and venison steaks, and on arriving at the store found a justice's court in full blast. The suit grew out of a lumber speculation, and as near as I could tell by the testimony of the witnesses generally, the matter stood about six for one and half a dozen for the other. One of the parties was a man of considerably ready cash, while the other was not worth a continental dime. Harris, the man of means, had not been long in those parts, and little was known of him except what had dropped from Seth Willet, one night at Warner's store. He was rather in for it at the time, but enough was understood to make the good settlers of Elk form a bad opinion of Harris.

As the time for the trial drew nigh, some who were in the store when Seth was "blowing" about Harris, began to try to recollect what he said and the other party in the case was informed that he had a first rate witness in the Green Lumberman, as Seth was generally called. Seth was forthwith waited upon and pumped by a young man named Winslow, who acted as attorney for the prosecutor. All the information he possessed of Harris was freely and unsuspectingly given, and Winslow noted it down as correctly as he could.

The day previous to the trial the prosecutor and Harris met at the store.

"Well, you're goin' on with the law-suit, I s'pose?" asked Harris.

"To be sure I am, and I'll make you smell cot-ten!"

"Bah! said Harris; "you can't touch bottom!"

"Tch bottom! Tch bottom! I'll get Seth Willet on the stand an' swore on the bible, an' see 'll I can't. Praps I hain't heard nothin' about them sheep over-tu Tioga county and the robbin' of Jinkinses store down to Painted Post, hey?"

"What the devil are you talking about?" asked Harris, apparently perfectly in a fog as to the purport of the language he had heard.

"I know, an' that's 'nuff," said the plaintiff—"but he's lickin', anyhow."

Harris lost no time in finding out Seth.

"Did you ever live in Tioga county, Seth?"

"Anything about sheep?"

"No, do—I mean Painted Post—"

"Oh! Jinkinses store?" said Seth, with great gravity.

"Two hundred would be a bad pile, Seth, here in Elk?"

"No—'twould'n't, that's a fact. God that stonkin' to lend on a slow note?"

"Well, I might scrape it up—could give you a hundred down and the rest after the court's adjournment."

Harris counted out the hundred, and rolling it up, held it temptingly in his hand. Seth's eyes stuck out like peeled onions and his mouth fairly dripped tongue-sweet at the display. It was more money than he had ever owned in his life.

"Hav' you ever heard that I stole sheep in Tioga county, Seth?"

"No! I know not."

"You're stove I—mind. You'll have to swear in court."

Seth looked at Harris and then at the bills.—"Sure—par-fectly sure."

"Not anything about my being implicated in the robbery of Jenkin's store?" still holding the roll of bills in his hand and turning over the ends and exhibiting the V's and X's most tantalizingly.

"No; I'll swear I never heard nobody say you had anything to do with it."

"You are an honest man, Seth; here's a hundred on account. The other hundred you shall have after court."

The court had been in session some time when the colonel and myself arrived, and Seth had just been sworn. He was to testify the character of Harris by testifying in regard to the sheep-stealing and the robbery at Painted Post. Mr. Winslow proceeded to question him.

"Do you know anything about the early history of Mr. Harris?"

"Yes— I read about the injins attemptin' to burn John Harris at Harrisburg, in the year seventeen hundred and—"

"Stop, stop! You misapprehend me. Have you anything against the prisoner at the bar?"

"Well, I gress I hain't. Ef I had I'd take it away, instantan'."

"Do you, or do you not know that he was charged with sheep-stealing in Tioga county?"

"Ca an't say I do."

"Do you, or do you not know that he was implicated in the robbery of Mr. Jinkin's store, at Painted Post?"

"Hain't no knowlege on the pint."

"Have you never heard, while living at Painted Post, that he was suspected of being engaged in that robbery?"

"I do not. I never take no notice about what people say suspiciously about their neighbors."

Attorney.—"Really, you are a very singular witness. Let me jog your memory a little. Do you remember having said anything about Harris' connection with the Tioga sheep-stealing, and the Jenkin's store robbery, while you were at Gillis' store one night last April?"

"As fer my rec'lection serves, I hain't."

"Were you at Gillis' store on the night of the 7th of April?"

"I do no, fur sartin."

"Were you in Ridgway at all on the 7th of April?"

"Ye-eh, I was."

"How do you fix the time? Proceed and tell the justice. (We shall get at the truth of this story yet—aside to the plaintiff.) Come, sit, proceed, sit."

"Wal, on the mornin' of the 17th, Dickson sez he to me, sez he, Seth, go down to Mr. Dill's and get the nails clenched in the brown mare's off hind foot. So I just put a hanter on an' cantered down to Ridgway, an' stopped in Gillis' store an' bort some thread an' needles for Mr. Jerusha, an' Gillis sez clark as me ef I would'n't like in taste sum new rum he had jest got up from Bellefonte, an' I said yes, an' he poured out about have a tumbler an' I drinkt it right deown."

"Well, sir, go on."

"Wal, then I led the brown mare over to Dill's an' as Mrs. Dill—"

"You mean Mrs. Dill, his wife?"

"Yes—Miss Dill. I ast Miss Dill of Mr. Dill was to hum, an' she sez no; he's deom to the lick b'low Andrew's mill, arder deer. What ye want, sez she. I want to get the nails clenched in the mare's off-hind sho, sez I. Wal, sez she, can't yeur deo it yer self? Wal, yes, I gress I can.—So she showed me whar the horse nails was, an' giv me the hommer, an' I put on Dill's lather an' an at it I went. I got in three nails, right suz; and clenched 'em, an' was drivin' deom the third whar the mare shied at suthen an' showed her foot a one side, an' the hommer cum deom caslap! right on this there dum nail. You see (holding it up) it's not growed enough yet."

"—But what has that to do with the talk at Gillis' store?"

"I'm goin' on to tell you. Lor! heow I did yet! You'd a thought war was fifty painters about. Miss Dill, she cum a-rinin' sought an' ast what was the matter! Look here, sez I holdin up my thumb, which was bleedin' like oil Jehu. What shall I do, sez I. I'll tell you what, says Miss Dill; an' she run an' got a leaf of five-forever, an' says she peeled the skin an' put the pet on. Peel it yerself, says I, a cryin' with the exhorbrant pain. So she peeled it-an' tied it on, an' in ten days that wan't a bit a soreness in it; but the nail cum off."

"But come to Gillis' store. What did you say about Harris that night?"

"Wal, all I recollect is, that Thompson, an' a lot of the fellers, was thar, an' Thompson an' I shot at a mark for the whiskey, an' Thompson he win ast what we drinkt at my expense. Then Bill Gallager and Dill, they shot, an' Dill beat Bill, an' we drinkt at his expense; an' then Charley Gillis he shot agin Hank Sothar, an' Hank wun, an' we drinkt at Charley's expense; an' then Hank he sung a song, an' then Thompson he sung a song, and the next I recollect was—"

"Well, sir, was what—"

"—Why, I waked up next mornin' on Giffin' countin', the sickest critter you ever seed. I didn't get over that spher for a long week."

"Well, it is that all you have to say?"

"All I recollect at present. 'F I think of anny store I'll come an' tell ye."

"You may go, sir."

P. H. Harris won the suit.

THE SOUL.—How mysterious the principle which actuates the clay temperament, and elevates man in the scale of being—the immortal spirit—a transcript of God's eternity! What imagery can give us an adequate conception of its constitution, its duration or its value?

As to its eternity, who can comprehend it?—Who can travel in thought along the track of ages in vast futurity, till he has overtaken the eternity that lies in that direction? Could we by my number of successive strides over these mighty intervals reach the summit, our spirits might be at rest; but how sublime to consider, that where ages on ages shall have rolled around, and their remembrance is no more, and these increased by the multiplication of the particles of matter which compose the universe, the soul will just have entered the threshold of eternity, the morning of its existence, as endless as that Being who spake a world from naught!

Eternity! Infinite duration! How vast! Were a field of flight to convey to some distant land in space, on a grain of sand, and return but once in a thousand years, what a vast period of time would elapse ere a little molehill or the tumuli of the sea, in which the mighty Alps or Andes might be removed! And yet, if this removal of particles were applied to each mountain, continent and island, with the globe itself, as thus deposited in the distant regions of space, with the molecular constitution of the whole universe, when this inconceivable labor was accomplished, eternity would be commenced.

ANGER and revenge are your bitterest enemies. Show them as you would the approach of an unchained tiger.