THE LEHIGH AND SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD.

No. II.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

WILKESBARRE, April 26.—Leaving Easton you notice the everywhere inevitable heavy work, the fine new locomotives, passenger, freight and coal cars, the smooth road and high speed. Proceeding up the road, past Bethlehem, Allentown, Catasauqua and Slatington, we find nothing especially noteworthy beyond universal admirability and great efficiency. Well overcome. One trouble on this part of the route arose from the necessity of depositing rubbish from running into the canal. This called for much heavy wall.

At Bethlehem we encounter a substantial bridge, built by the company to connect with Philadelphia via the North Pennsylvania Road. Also the new branch called Lehigh and Lackawanna Railroad, completed to Chapman Quarries. This road runs through a rich agricultural country, and seems likely to pay well, even without carrying the products of the largest slate quarries in the Union. At Catasauqua, the Lehigh and Susquehanna Road connects with the Forks-ville Road. Alone here is a cluster of furnaces and work. At Slatington we meet the slate from that place and Little Gap. An important item already, though the business is yet in its infancy. Not counting the splendid scenery of the Lehigh Gap, and from thence to White Haven we gradually climb through great Alpine scenery, till at "The Summit" the road reaches an altitude of 1,200 feet above tide.

It is useless for me to rehearse the hackneyed features of the route, or I might dwell on the "Switchbacks" of Mauch Chunk and the Switch Back. That railroad, 25 miles long, with its curious ups and downs, still does its work of carrying coal from the mines, but the small part which actually operates a "switch back" is no longer used, since there have been several accidents thereto in coal trains.

At Coal Port, near Mauch Chunk, there is a vast storage yard for new "pockets" for loading boats, that being the head of the present navigation. At Tumbole there is one of the new tunnels on the line. One begins to notice along here the awful pinch of the coal strikes. It is rather a cascade than a river, descending 600 feet from White Haven to Mauch Chunk. No wonder the flood of 1862 carried away all the dams. The wonder is that any survived at all. One meets their majestic ruins every mile in some places. It evidently takes a man who dares to "stand the flood" to contend with the difficulties here encountered. Mr. Wilson, Superintendent and Engineer did his first professional work here when a lad of 17.

I have not expected such impressive scenery as is found about "Glenon" (pronounced Glen). The flowing dignity of the stern mountain proves genuine awe, even the most hardened must take pause and slow-moving pencil. Why, we have here genuine palisades, perpendicular walls, with the added splendor of water-falls from the summit, such as the Hudson is ignorant of. The eye, reaching to the top of these rugged rocks, sees trees, bushes and abundant vegetation, here and there, such as would have been an irresistible attraction to those excellent business men, who laid out the Lehigh Valley Railroad. On those would they have established "places of business"—sort of "coaling warehouses," where they would store for sale keeping the goods of those of their neighbors who did not possess such "marked ability." One advantage of modern "improvements" is that if you plunder your neighbor "in a legitimate transaction, you know," the whole force of the country is exercised to enable you to keep the "ripped thing," without having the trouble and fatigue of carrying it to such a mountain crag, of having your office up so many flights of stairs, and of yourself defending it there against all comers.

Beside the business aspect, there wouldhave been the *fertile discourse*, giving ample space and very energetic for all the fearful degradations of love and war.

It is a mystery how the river ever got through here. It certainly entailed immense expense. But nature was prodigal and strong in those days, and need to tackling big contracts, and never hesitated about putting on a force when anything needed to be done, utterly regardless of the uncertainty of labor, and the fearful cost. As to the fluctuations of labor, nothing of little that circulating latter, she kept back all little of that circulating, the hereabouts then known. One little, O. N. Co., the difficulty experienced by the great N. Y. C., the L. V. R. R. and the L. S. R. R. in getting through these gorges, so far as I can comprehend with that the original L itself found.

The Lehigh Valley R. R. Company presents a fine sight from the river. There the Hazleton Company's loads come down sharply down the mountain—each descending train pulling up a number of empty cars. At this point the Hazleton Railroad, quite a long line, connects with the Lehigh and Susquehanna.

It is generally considered a bad thing to have "to go to the well." But the principal style in which the Lehigh Valley has shouldered the Lehigh and Susquehanna away from the well above here reverses the usual view of the matter: for going to the well in Luzerne is very fine compared with having to "go to" and build an important well in Luzerne on behoof, or cut go at all.

That curious old Creek, Hercules, tried to make out that the Egyptians had everything in a peculiar style, and answer to that pursued by precisely opposite to the ordinary Herodotus while other nations. I can easily imagine Hercules, passing the weight of the old canal dams. Here, along this Hibiskus river, we have ruins of dams, they are not perchance on inaccessible crags, but in the wretchedly accessible river bed. Again, those structures were built on a large scale, lest, to bring on a friend—coal. Again, these ruins are overshown by water, and by fire of calvinism. Again, these timbers are blackened not from the incense of burnt offerings, but from the smoke-stacks of friendly locomotives.

But out of all this devastation and fire has risen that phoenix, the L. and S. R. R. How evidently for the better is the change. The fickle, brutal, untamable water gives place to a force spent in wondrous show, at once more powerful and more controllable. Man has at length conquered by rising like the fabled hero to contend with the dragon of the air. As Victor Hugo's Gillian, when he had finally overcome in his battle with the elements, turned in scornful triumph towards the sea and shouted "Bungler!"—so may towards the sea and shouted "Bungler!"—so may the L. C. and L. Co. exult over the baffled and now harmless river. Nor water, nor bills, nor the impluvable "opposition" now longer dispute the right of way. They have risen above the obstinates of—well, perhaps not of fortune, but at least obstinacy thews, frowns, floods and summer showers. For the very rugged nature of the country and the absence of rail in these mountains compelled them to build their roadway mostly of rock, and the river will not washaway.

A friend at my elbow tells me, as an illustration of the fact, that the Penn Haven people are in a little place, called Weatherly, and that one does here they have to wait for Sunday to carry away the corpse. The road runs along the rail bed, and the funeral people would soon need a coffin a piece if they moved upon any other day.

Met a friend near this point on a coal train, travelling on the road "pleasure"—which is here to "go slowly and safely." He seems to have been wheedled by the fact that the statement was endorsed on his pass that it was "good on any train or engine." This same phrase pass was endorsed on his grimy visage and blackened clothes. *He* may have thought it was good, but concomitant on slight-seeing to the rear of the last passenger car. "Better the tail of the train than the head of the dog."

I notice near the Nesquepack Junction the first patch of verdure to be seen this side Mauch Chunk; and as much surprised as was "Ole Chunk," on a similar sight in Greenland, Mollica's friend" at a similar sight in Greenland. There certainly is never much grass growing about the Nesquepack Junction. Too near the *Rocky Ridge*, though there is some pretty good grazing about in glades around them.

A stoppage at White Haven, the great lumber depot, gives the passenger a fine view of the sawing the great lumber piles. They appear to be almost high enough for grandeur, and are quite great and first common" all gone to nameless circuit and dissolution.

At "The Summit," 1,000 feet above the sea, we are hardly over mountains, though apparently gliding between hillocks on a plain. And now a country man strikes off the whole with a hammer, to see if anything is wrong, for we must discuss Mollica's friend in the aside into yonder "Pretty vale of Wyoming."

"Scene Wilkesbarre, beautiful for situation, is reached; but, determined to do the whole of the A. & B. R. R., we are on to Scranton. Here we are amazed. The place seems to have the New York Elevated Road. It is "twice out all over with it," but the eruption is not yet continuous. Of all the towns! Just stand a moment outside, if you haven't so engaged with a good Lemon from New York in a minute and a half, and look at it. In fact, you have a cluster of exquisite villas, each one in a style of its own. I don't think there is one in the books not copied here. Next you have a veritable South Carolina cypress swamp for a couple of miles. Then again another cluster of villas, lovely to look upon after one has been long among the Pennsylvania Dutch, who do every thing—in the building way—on the square. Then again right at one's elbow rises from the black rise hill and breaker of a coal mine. Soon—villas, circle of clover stores, with plants sidewalks, swamps again and mines again, over every so many square miles. And this is Scranton, with its 40,000 people—most western suburb of New York—most wonderfully arranged of unknown cities this side the gold regions.

Such again for a not to Wilkesbarre. War prices of coal show their effects here, too. Everybody has made something, and want to have any pretty dwelling. The very laborer who builds must have a fairly twist to his house—an observant bow window, or a window down to the ground in front, in hope that he may sell some day to have a piazza. Wilkesbarre is the point of contact in these parts between the people of the forces of New York and Philadelphia. Scranton does picket duty for the Philadelphia town for the latter. Occasionally there is a shot and somebody drops. The Lehigh Company is represented by a gentleman here, the President of the Wilkesbarre Coal Company, who keeps a sharp eye on Uncle. It is the eye on several things besides coal. It must cost the "Wyoming Valley House" is a remarkable affair in all its external and internal appointments. It is quite a summer resort.

So I have done the L. & S. R. R. and connections. Verdict: a good road, a very good road, on which I might choose to travel, a road with a triumph of engineering skill—very creditable to the management—and yet not a road that I would choose to go to.

As to the general subject of the status of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, I can only say that it would be a very fine property, extending miles of railroad running to no great coal beds, but, their immense coal lands, with the exception of record to date, they do not more than pay expenses which coal rises upon the market. Their railroad is only just opened for business, and they have not yet reached one coal field, that at Wilkesbarre, is sending down near 6,000 tons per week. They especially mention that they have 5,000 and need 10,000. At every station I meet, coal shippers are calling for more cars. Coal is the business of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The Superintendent and Engineer did his first professional work here when a lad of 17.

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HALF PRESSED.

It is as near as can be about a sixty year ago now since we came closely up the Thames with the tide, and alongside of the Tower, and lounging and dodging, got the old ship into London Docks, after being at sea two years, and going almost round the world. The ship I was, and longing to get ashore, for there was more than one as I knew of, who would get a word with—folks, too, as were anxious to get a sight of me; though I question, strictly sort of speaking, I felt as if I should have gone wild with the bit of work I had to do, while my mate, Harry Willis, was on shore leave. Poor chap! he's been dead and gone now this many a long year; and his number called and gone aloft, too. Good fellow was Harry, and the rest of that day him and I was knocking about all sorts of little jobs, such as are wanted after a long voyage, when there's a great cargo aboard.

One day passed, then another, then another, and mighty savage we were at being kept so long before we could get off; but the time came at last, and only just taking a few things each in a hankerchief, we got clear of the ship's side, dropped on to the wharf, and were off.

Well, being reg'lar old shipmates, you see, it was only natural that we should drop into a public-house that was down by way of a treat, and see about a night's lodging where we could be together, as it was quite certain we should want some ways to go into the country, both of us, and meant to leave it until morning. As the place it was, we chose aside a wharf, where the tide came up, and ship after ship—collier I thinks they were—lay in it, looking broad and stern; in short, just such a place as a sailor would choose for a quiet spot, and a sight I delighted, being snug and cosy-looking. But there, for the matter of that, after a poor fellow's half years at sea, anything that is the close forksl of a ship, everything looks snug and cosy ashore.

I daresay I take us long bargaining about our beds, and then, leaving our kits with the landlady, we strolled out to have a walk here, and a walk there, till close upon eleven, when I says to Harry, "Shall we turn in?"

"Ay, that do you say!" "same as you do, he says; and we turned back, meaning to have one more glass of grog and so then to turn in. It wasn't far to the house, and soon we were in sight of it, and Harry, who was slowly along, looking at the ships here and there, just seen as they were by moonlight, stopped to take a sight at the house, and observed a lantern.

"What's those fellows a-hanging about our place for?" says Harry; for just then we come in sight of a good score of chaps waiting about the outside of the public, while another peep at 'em showed us they were king's men, and most of 'em in the King's uniform.

"Thought ours was a quiet house," I says; "I hope they aren't going to stop about long."

"Not they," says Harry; "come on."

So we went up to the house, and being first, I was going in, when a tall chap lays a hand on my shoulder, with a "Come along my lad, we've been waiting for you."

"What!" I says, starting for just then, for the first time, something like fear, for one does it were, and in that short moment I saw all that it meant, and that was, that I was pressed, and that the officers and men we were to be seized by force and dragged aboard a tender to serve the king, whether we would or not; for this party we had come across was a press-gang. But I had no more time to think. Half a dozen fellows had tight hold of me directly, and if I had wanted to struggle it would have been no use. Harry wasn't so quiet though. Like me, he had seen it all in a moment, and a tall chap, a regular big one, had come on him, he dashed it off, cried to me to help him, and the next moment there was a little struggle, in which I tried to be of service to my mate; for it was such a struggle as any man would engage in for his liberty in those good old times, when a sailor was not safe if he walked the streets of a seaport town.

Harry was a strong fellow, and fought hard; one man was not enough for him, and he went down together. Poor Harry was one of them, while a head struck the bowsprit, a swift blow, such as seemed enough to kill any fellow; but it was not Harry's, for the next moment he was up, and before a soul could stop him, he gave a shout and leaped over the side of the ship, and was gone, that clean off the wharf where we were, right into the water. There there was a splash, and you could see the stream all dancing like broken lights the moon had been shining and shone, and then all was still for a few moments, till the officer of the gang called to his men to run down the stairs and bring round the boat. "Hold tight by that one," he shouted, and next minute, with some of his gang, he was paddling about on the look-out for Harry, who had never, as far as we could see, come up again to the surface.

I did not want to run then, but stood still, with the men as held me, looking anxiously out for my poor mate; for it seemed to me then that after all the dangers he was called to beat through from storms out in the wide ocean, the poor fellow was to lose his life in such a way as this—fighting for his liberty when he was about to be treated like a slave. It's fine language that writers use about Britannia ruling the waves, and our gallant tars and noble seamen, and the deeds they have done, but they never stop to think of the cruelty and wrong these brave fellows were treated, dragged off to serve the king in a quarrel that they knew nothing about, while, as I say, being forced into the service it was death for mutiny if a poor fellow refused to serve.

Things of the past, these, and times are altered for the better now in the navy; but in those good old times there were black doings, and no wonder there were plenty of mutinies. Here were we, two hardworking sailors just home from sea, seized for all the world like blacks, and to be made slaves of for years to come, while people were always boasting of the land of the free. Thank goodness, some of those things are better now, and it was time that they should be, for I saw enough of a ship of war in days to come.

But it was not to be then, for when, after a minute or so, there was no sign of poor Harry, the blood seemed to rise up in my eyes, and in a savage fit of passion I wrested myself from the two men who held me tightly for fear I had been standing idle, and they were taken up with the doings of their mates, and did not expect that I should try to escape for it was no use. So I twisted myself free, bit out right and left, and tumbled one fellow of the wharf into the water, and before he knew what I was about, I dashed off.

But I was not free yet; I had to take steps, from which two of the gang ran to stop me; but I had good way on them, and as one of them made a blow at me with a cutlass, I came down on him like a ram, tumbling him over, and then was racing along the street with the whole of the gang shouting and running after me like mad.

It was a hard run that, up one lane and down another, hard as I could tear, with the hot breath panting out of my chest, and a burning feeling coming on me, as if I swallowed live coals. But it was for liberty, and I thought of what would follow if I was caught made me dash on faster every time I felt ready to sink and give in. Every time I looked over my shoulder I could see one or two of the gang after me, but at last there was only one, and he seemed as if he was gaining on me, for I was beginning to feel the strain tire out, for there he always was just about the same distance behind, taking step for step with me. We were neither of us going; last now for want of breath, and the excitement ran down my pace; but every thing I tried to shake him off seemed of no use, and every time I turned round to look behind, he was still hunting me down like a dog. I tried doubling down a court, but he was close after me; turned down the court and up another, but there he was still; and the more I tried the closer he seemed to get on me.

Well, this seemed to make me savage, and my teeth got grinding together, and at last that he was only one now, having outrun all his mates, and must be as tired out as I was, I held to myself, "If he takes me, he'll have to fight for it." Then I ran down another court which turned off to the right, and then quickly after, and then came a horrible disappointed feeling, for I saw that I was in a cul-de-sac, and when I remembered the gang of men that is seemed as if my chance was gone, for there was no way out of the court at the bottom.

People think quickly at a time like this, and in a moment I was hid behind a corner, and listening to the patter of the sailor's feet as he came down the court. Next moment I got up the strength I had left in the blow I feelcked him aside his head; down he went with his head upon the stones, and jumping over him, I ran out into the street and felt that I was free.

I was sorry for the press-gang chap as soon as I had hit him; but, duty or no duty, the men there were a dead too fond of getting poor fellows into the same scrape as themselves, and as I felt I was free, my breath came back more easier, and I went on the streets at a gentle trot, till I felt that I must be safe.

I wasn't going to stop in London any more, to I made my way, late as it was, to Gravesend, where I found a good dog-cart and trudging wearily along, between the pleasure-boxes, thinking very sadly about poor Harry, who came from the next village to mine in Hertfordshire, and thinking I was sorry for his poor mother, and how I should tell his poor old folks about their lad being drowned at home when I came down to get clear of the press-gang. It seemed so hard, and I'm afraid I said more than one oncer thing against the king and all his service as I plodded along homewards, but, spite of all, the morning was so bright and cheery, the country looking so green and sweet, and the birds sang so, that I couldn't feel down-hearted long; with a good appetite one bit to carry, I got over the ground, only stopping once to have a good while plump of oats and a bucketful of water, and early that afternoon I was at home.

I'm not going to keep you long now, while as to the fuss made over a sailor of home after a long voyage, that's a matter of course. The day I started off to walk to see poor Harry's friends, to tell them the sad news; and a hard job that seemed, for they were a good old people, and of a better class—the old man doing a bit of farming in his way—and, as I have already told you, there was plenty for Harry to do at home, only he would go to sea. "Poor old chap," I thought, "he does not know what lots and lots of troubles are over I was ready to turn back, for I felt that I couldn't tell the old folks the bitter news.

Last of all I stood resting on a stile, thinking it all over, and going through the scene over again, wishing to bear the poor fellow's cry as he leaped right into the water; while only after a hard fight could I keep myself up to the right pitch, when, for fear I say that I should fall again, I ran away right up to the little place, and walked into the kitchen where the old folks were sitting at dinner.

"News of Harry?" they both cried, jumping up; and then they read it all in my blank face, for the poor old woman was down on her knees sobbing, with her apron over her head, and the old man trying to comfort her. They didn't ask no questions, and the words all seemed to stick in my throat as I tried to speak, and say that, after all, it might not be so bad as I felt sure it was. Last of all, with a regular wail, the old lady burst out—

"Dead—dead—dead! Oh, my poor—poor boy!"

"Not this time, mother," shouted a cherry voice, and I got such a slap on the back as nearly sent me on to my nose, and I says, says I—

"Well, it that's Harry's ghost he's a reg'lar lowwisper, and hard hitter."

"How did I manage it?" says Harry just half an hour after, as we were all sitting at dinner, except the old lady, who would wait on us, so as she could get behind Hal now and then, and give a stroke at his curly head—"How did I manage it? why, I jumped right clap off the wharf."

"Well, I saw that," I says.

"And then I dived till I felt about cracked, when I thought I'd rise, and I came up against the side, and I saw was the keel of a brig, but I kicked out again and came up t'other side.

"What, dived right under the brigs?" I says, "I ain't a marine, Harry."

"True as you sit there," he says; "and then, as I could hear the gang shouting, I let myself float with the tide down through the shipping; and I got nearly jammed between two schooners. But after a bit I worked myself through, and swimming, and now easing myself along by the anchor chains, I came where there was a landing place between two great warehouses, and crept up the slippery stone steps dripping like a rat; and then, to tell the truth, I forgot all about you till I tramped half way home, when I stopped and dragged off to serve the king in a quarrel that they knew nothing about, while as for being forced into the service it was death for mutiny if a poor fellow refused to serve.

"Things of the past, these, and times are altered for the better now in the navy; but in those good old times there were black doings, and no wonder there were plenty of mutinies. Here were we, two hardworking sailors just home from sea, seized for all the world like blacks, and to be made slaves of for years to come, while people were always boasting of the land of the free. Thank goodness, some of those things are better now, and it was time that they should be, for I saw enough of a ship of war in days to come.

But it was not to be then; for when, after a minute or so, there was no sign of poor Harry, the blood seemed to rise up in my eyes, and in a savage fit of passion I wrested myself from the two men who held me tightly for fear I had been standing idle, and they were taken up with the doings of their mates, and did not expect that I should try to escape for it was no use. So I twisted myself free, bit out right and left, and tumbled one fellow of the wharf into the water, and before he knew what I was about, I dashed off.

But I was not free yet; I had to take steps, from which two of the gang ran to stop me; but I had good way on them, and as one of them made a blow at me with a cutlass, I came down on him like a ram, tumbling him over, and then was racing along the street with the whole of the gang shouting and running after me like mad.

It was a hard run that, up one lane and down another, hard as I could tear, with the hot breath panting out of my chest, and a burning feeling coming on me, as if I swallowed live coals. But it was for liberty, and I thought of what would follow if I was caught made me dash on faster every time I felt ready to sink and give in. Every time I looked over my shoulder I could see one or two of the gang after me, but at last there was only one, and he seemed as if he was gaining on me, for I was beginning to feel the strain tire out, for there he always was just about the same distance behind, taking step for step with me. We were neither of us going; last now for want of breath, and the excitement ran down my pace; but every thing I tried to shake him off seemed of no use, and every time I turned round to look behind, he was still hunting me down like a dog. I tried doubling down a court, but he was close after me; turned down the court and up another, but there he was still; and the more I tried the closer he seemed to get on me.

Well, this seemed to make me savage, and my teeth got grinding together, and at last that he was only one now, having outrun all his mates, and must be as tired out as I was, I held to myself, "If he takes me, he'll have to fight for it." Then I ran down another court which turned off to the right, and then quickly after, and then came a horrible disappointed feeling, for I saw that I was in a cul-de-sac, and when I remembered the gang of men that is seemed as if my chance was gone, for there was no way out of the court at the bottom.

People think quickly at a time like this, and in a moment I was hid behind a corner, and listening to the patter of the sailor's feet as he came down the court. Next moment I got up the strength I had left in the blow I feelcked him aside his head; down he went with his head upon the stones, and jumping over him, I ran out into the street and felt that I was free.

I was sorry for the press-gang chap as soon as I had hit him; but, duty or no duty, the men there were a dead too fond of getting poor fellows into the same scrape as themselves, and as I felt I was free, my breath came back more easier, and I went on the streets at a gentle trot, till I felt that I must be safe.

I wasn't going to stop in London any more, to I made my way, late as it was, to Gravesend, where I found a good dog-cart and trudging wearily along, between the pleasure-boxes, thinking very sadly about poor Harry, who came from the next village to mine in Hertfordshire, and thinking I was sorry for his poor mother, and how I should tell his poor old folks about their lad being drowned at home when I came down to get clear of the press-gang. It seemed so hard, and I'm afraid I said more than one oncer thing against the king and all his service as I plodded along homewards, but, spite of all, the morning was so bright and cheery, the country looking so green and sweet, and the birds sang so, that I couldn't feel down-hearted long; with a good appetite one bit to carry, I got over the ground, only stopping once to have a good while plump of oats and a bucketful of water, and early that afternoon I was at home.

I'm not going to keep you long now, while as to the fuss made over a sailor of home after a long voyage, that's a matter of course. The day I started off to walk to see poor Harry's friends, to tell them the sad news; and a hard job that seemed, for they were a good old people, and of a better class—the old man doing a bit of farming in his way—and, as I have already told you, there was plenty for Harry to do at home, only he would go to sea. "Poor old chap," I thought, "he does not know what lots and lots of troubles are over I was ready to turn back, for I felt that I couldn't tell the old folks the bitter news.

Last of all I stood resting on a stile, thinking it all over, and going through the scene over again, wishing to bear the poor fellow's cry as he leaped right into the water; while only after a hard fight could I keep myself up to the right pitch, when, for fear I say that I should fall again, I ran away right up to the little place, and walked into the kitchen where the old folks were sitting at dinner.

"News of Harry?" they both cried, jumping up; and then they read it all in my blank face, for the poor old woman was down on her knees sobbing, with her apron over her head, and the old man trying to comfort her. They didn't ask no questions, and the words all seemed to stick in my throat as I tried to speak, and say that, after all, it might not be so bad as I felt sure it was. Last of all, with a regular wail, the old lady burst out—

"Dead—dead—dead! Oh, my poor—poor boy!"

"Not this time, mother," shouted a cherry voice, and I got such a slap on the back as nearly sent me on to my nose, and I says, says I—

"Well, it that's Harry's ghost he's a reg'lar lowwisper, and hard hitter."

"How did I manage it?" says Harry just half an hour after, as we were all sitting at dinner, except the old lady, who would wait on us, so as she could get behind Hal now and then, and give a stroke at his curly head—"How did I manage it? why, I jumped right clap off the wharf."

"Well, I saw that," I says.

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