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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Love and Matrimony—A Bachelor's Growl.

When lovers are wooing and cooing,
Pursuing some woman for a wife,
Nought is thought of the storm that is brewing,
To bring cloudy weather for life;
But those who have gathered the flowers
From the footfall of Cupid that spring,
Know there grow in Hymeneal bowers,
Thorns, nettles and briars at th' sting.

He swears never wooer was truer;
She vows she allows not a beau
To be near, or appear as ought to her;
But those who are by when they sigh,
And such little perjuries make,
Can't conceive how these lovers can lie—
Under such heavy mists of mistake.

Their style of exclusive devotion
Is all very well in its way,
But this very unsovereign notion
They find after marriage, "don't pay."
"My darling" will last for a while—
For a while be at intervals kissed;
But though parted by many a mile—
It is rarely that Madam is missed.

This "paying addresses" possesses
A charm, as each lover allows;
But repeatedly paying for dresses
Must follow Hymeneal vows.
Though Cupid the office conceals,
That each helpless sufferer fills,
Yet Hymen, more honest, reveals
His duty of "paying up" bills.

The Paradise promised by Cupid,
With cherubs as guardian spirits,
Is rendered remarkably stupid
To those who must sleep there o' nights,
These cherubs must all of them eat;
Though the fact is a lover beneath;
And his "heaven below" is replete
With wailing and cutting of teeth.

But a lover will never discover
A fault in one he would wed,
From his dream never seems to recover
Till his lamb to the altar is led.
His idyl then proves an ideal—
Still worship he possibly can—
Yet, though he may love what is real,
You'll allow he's an altar-ed man.

We take it that the following description of Female Schools, taken from an English paper, is not wholly inapplicable in some of our countries:
"Expensive, mindless, unpractical and useless, our schools turn out accomplished machines, whose minds are like Chinese feet, cramped out of all symmetry, power and natural use. A little music, which is merely manual dexterity; a little drawing, which is only distorted imitation of distorted copies—for neither art is ever taught in the breadth and significance belonging to it; a little history, which is but a parrot's roll-call; some geography, which means a dotted outline on a sheet of paper, but which includes neither the natural history, nor the ethnology, nor yet the industry of foreign countries; needlework, which leads to everything but usefulness; modern languages, which when 'finished' reveal neither the literature nor the people, and are equally unserviceable for reading and for conversation—these, as all the world knows, make up the list of English school-girls' accomplishments; and few parents dream of a more intellectual education for them."

"Well," said a soft-hearted, blubbering Jonathan the other day, "Sue has gin me the sack, by gravy! I've lost her."
"Lost her—how?" inquired his sympathizing friend.
"I laid the soft soap on to her so thick that the critter got so proud she wouldn't speak to me."

"Hontz, what's the matter?"
"Mine Cot, de sorrel wagon has run away mit de green horse, and proke de axle-tree of de brack house, what stands by the corner lamp post across de telegraph. Mine Cot, what a peccles!"

A LAZY FAMILY.—There is a family in Ohio, so lazy that it takes two of them to sneeze—one to throw the head back; and the other to make the noise.

When Haddix's wife kicked him out of bed, says he, "See here, now you'd better not do that again! If you do, it might cause coolness!"

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?" said a loser to a gentleman.—"Why they are in a weak place," replied the latter.

Dancing.

The following very sensible remarks on dancing, we copy from a late number of the "Franklin Repository and Whig," published at Chambersburg, Pa., by ALEX. K. McCLEURE.

A correspondent whose wishes are entitled to respect, asks our views of the "propriety and morality of dancing."—We don't presume that either material good or harm can result from a statement of our opinions on this hackneyed subject; but such as they are, all are welcome to them.

We don't dance—never did dance—and most likely never shall dance. We have witnessed it in all its various forms, from the unaffected style prevalent at the old time "huskings," "cuttings" and "boilings," to the dazzling ball-room, but have never even felt tempted to participate in its apparent enjoyments. Perhaps our native awkwardness, and scarcely middling grace at best, has had something to do with our failure to cultivate our heels; but aside from all that, we have never considered it either prudent or desirable amusement, and observation has fully confirmed that opinion.

We are not willing to say that a Christian dare not dance, or that dancing is utterly incompatible with religion; but we do say, that it would be best if they did not. We believe that some conscientious Christians do dance, and it is not for us to judge them and declare their guilt. They may do with a conscience void of offence what others could not; and while it is not a positive crime, as practised in some circles, an honest difference of opinion as to its propriety should be recognized and justified. Bearing directly on the point, however, is this significant fact—that it is not usually those who are most eminent for their piety that are conspicuous in favoring and practising this amusement; while others who are just sufficiently religious to dispute its vigor at every point, are those who most readily reconcile it with the Christian character. That its general associations, its invariable tendencies, and uniform results, are at variance with not only religious progress, but with religion itself, must be the conviction of every candid mind—hence we say, it were better that Christians should not dance. In the family circle, with all its happy restraints and surroundings, unless positively abused, it is, in itself, entirely harmless; but the popular influence of religious approbation cannot be circumscribed to any particular form or circle, and it tells as sensibly in favor of the ball-room with its midnight and morning revels, as of the fire-side's merry hour. Such are our convictions touching its morality, and we only say to others—"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

The social influence of dancing is beyond calculation. In no other capacity can merit sink to a common equality with the vicious and vain by so little effort, as in the public dance; and we need not tell any discerning reader, that when those characteristics are harmonized, it is always at the cost of virtue. Vice ever triumphs by constant contact, and though those who are thus made to share its associations do not partake of its positive deformities, yet they learn to forget its dangers and pardon its existence. Thus the public ball-rooms at our places of resort, makes all oblivious of character by the mere formality of a genteel bow and a modest courtesy. Young ladies may inquire the antecedents of their chambermaids, but they must not be so fastidious as to refuse the hand of the common black-leg when the cotillon is called. It seems impossible to divert the amusement of dancing of these evils, and while they cling to it, it must not be denied that they pour into the heart of society a fountain of a most dangerous character.

It is said that dancing is capital exercise for young ladies. We grant it.—Since healthful exercise is ignored by the same despotic decree of fashion that makes dancing a necessary accomplishment, young ladies perhaps must either dance or die; and of the two propositions, the former is quite the most desirable. If they can't make themselves useful as daughters, wives and mothers, by actively filling the sphere Nature designed them for, let them dance. When they must drop the rope and cannot familiarize themselves with the broom and the dust pan, dancing is doubtless among the best employments they can engage in; and if they would only dance regularly—say at sunrise each morning and again about the time of the usual afternoon nap, we might reduce the number of our physicians without serious injury to the public. It seems to us as an amusement especially fitted for female exercise, and, whether it is their only exercise or not, it cannot fail to do them good; but when we see an accidental circle of ladies in the dance, we witness none of the abuses to which our regular dances invariably lead. Ladies don't take pains to expose themselves to chills and colds by their style and dress for a morning romp or polka with their own sex, nor do they prostrate themselves by running into unreasonable hours. But when it comes to a fashionable polka with gentlemen, we must be excused for saying that ladies might be better employed. It never was the invention of a health social circle, and no endorsement whatever may be the claims to refinement and respectability of those who give it, can relieve it of its more than doubtful propriety. We may

not fully comprehend it in all its beauties, but for the life of us we can't help thinking that the difference between hugging a lady in a public ball-room and on a sofa or behind the door, is rather imaginary than real.

—Such are the views we have cherished of the "propriety and morality of dancing" since ever we have entertained any on the subject. Whether right or wrong, we think all will agree that we have replied to the call with commendable candor.

The Man-Monkey of Brazil.

The captain of the French schooner *Andrienne*, who last summer was stationed at Pernambuco, Brazil, gives *Chambers' Journal* the following sketch of a tame monkey:

A short time ago, I dined at a Brazilian merchant's. The conversation turned upon the well-tutored chimpanzee of Mr. Vanneck, a Creole gentleman, whose slave had brought him the monkey, which he had caught in the wood.—Every one praised the accomplished animal, giving accounts of its talents so wonderful, that I could not help expressing some incredulity. My host smiled, saying that I was not the first who would not believe in these results of animal education until he had seen it with his own eyes. He therefore proposed to me to call on Mr. Vanneck. I gladly consented, and on the following morning we set out. The house of the creole lies on the road to Olinda, about an hour's ride from town. We proceeded along splendid hedges of cactus, shaded by bananas and palm trees, and at length observed the charming villa. A negro received us at the entrance, and took us to the parlor, hastening to tell his master of our visit. The first object which caught our attention was the Monkey, seated on a stool, and sewing with great industry. Much struck, I watched him attentively, while he, not paying any attention to us, proceeded with his work. The door opened, and Mr. Vanneck, reclining on an easy chair, was wheeled in. Though his legs are paralyzed, he seemed bright and cheerful; he welcomed us most kindly. The monkey went on sewing with great zeal. I could not refrain from exclaiming "How wonderful!" for the manner and processes of the animal were those of a practiced tailor. He was sewing a pair of striped pantaloons, the narrow shape of which showed that they were intended for himself.

A negro now appeared, announcing Madam Jamin, whom Mr. Vanneck introduced as his neighbor. Madam Jamin was accompanied by her little daughter, a girl of twelve years, who immediately ran to the monkey, greeting him as an old friend, and beginning to prattle with him. Jack furtively peeped at his master; but as Mr. Vanneck's glance was seen, the tailor went on sewing. Suddenly his thread broke; and he put the end to his mouth, smoothed it with his lips, twisted it with his left paw, and threaded his needle again. Mr. Vanneck then turned to him, and speak in the same calm tone in which he had conversed with us; Jack, put your work aside and sweep the floor."

Jack hurried to the adjoining room, and came back without delay, a broom in his paw, and swept and dusted like a clever housemaid. I could now perfectly make out his size, as he always walked upright, not on his four hands. He was about three feet in height, but stooped a little. He was clad in linen pantaloons, a colored shirt, a jacket, and a red neck-handkerchief. At another hint from his master, Jack went and brought several glasses of lemonade on a tray. He first presented the tray to Madam Jamin and her daughter, then to us, precisely like a well bred footman. When I had emptied my glass, he hastened to relieve me from it, putting it back on the tray.—Mr. Vanneck took out his watch, and showed it to the monkey; it was just three. Jack went and brought a cup of broth to his master, who remarked that the monkey did not know the movements of the watch, but that he knew exactly the position of the hands when they pointed to three, and kept in mind that it was then his master required his luncheon.—If the watch was shown to him at any other hour, he did not go to fetch the broth; while if three o'clock passed without the luncheon being called for, he got fidgety, and at last ran and brought it; in this case he was always rewarded with some sugar-plums.

"You have no notion," said Mr. Vanneck, "how much time and trouble, and especially how much patience, I have bestowed on the training of this animal.—Confined to my chair, however, I continue my task methodically. Nothing was more difficult than to accustom Jack to his clothes; he used to take off his pantaloons again and again, until at last I had them sewed to his shirt. When he walks out with me, he wears a straw hat, but never without making fearful grimaces.—He takes a bath every day, and is, on the whole, very cleanly."

"Jack," exclaimed Mr. Vanneck, pointing to me, "this gentleman wants his handkerchief." The monkey drew it from my pocket, and handed it to me.
"Now show your room to my guests," continued his master; and Jack opened a door, at which he stopped to let us pass, and then followed himself. Everything was extremely tidy in the small room.—There was a bed with a mattress, a table,

some chairs, drawers, and various toys; a gun hung on the wall. The bell was rung; Jack went, and re-appeared with his master wheeling in the chair. Meanwhile I had taken the gun from the wall; Mr. Vanneck handed it to the monkey, who fetched the powder flask and the shot-bag, and in the whole process of loading, acquitted himself like a rifleman. I had already seen so much that was astonishing, that I hardly felt surprised at this feat. Jack now placed himself at the open window, took aim, and discharged the gun without being in the least startled by the report. He then went through sword-exercises with the same skill.

It would be too long to jot down all Mr. Vanneck told us about his method of education and training; the above facts, witnessed by myself, bear sufficient evidence of the abilities of the animal, and its master's talent for tuition. We stayed to supper, to which there came some more ladies and gentlemen. Jack again exhibited his cleverness in waiting, at which he acquitted himself as well as any manservant. Going home, my companion missed a small box of sweets, out of which he had regaled the monkey with almonds. Jack had managed to steal it from the pocket; and on being afterwards convicted of the theft, he was severely punished by his master.

The Betting Dandy.

A young gentleman with a medium sized light brown mustache, and a suit of clothes such as fashionable tailors sometimes furnish to their customers, 'on accommodating terms,' that is, on the credit system, came into a hotel in the Bowery the other afternoon, and, after calling for a Sherry Cobler, turned to the company and offered to bet with any man present that Sebastopol wasn't taken yet. The challenge not being accepted, he proposed to wager five dollars that Barnum had cut his wisdom tooth. This seemed to be a stumper, too, for nobody accepted the chance. The exquisite glanced around contemptuously and remarked—"I want to make a bet of some kind; I don't care a fig what it is; I'll bet any man from a shilling's worth of cigars to five hundred dollars. Now's your time, gentlemen; what do you propose?" Sipping a glass of beer in one corner of the bar-room, sat a plain old gentleman, who looked as though he might be a New Jersey farmer. He set down his glass and addressed the exquisite. "Well, Mister—I'm not in the habit of making bets—but seeing you are anxious about it, I don't care if I gratify you. So I'll bet you a levy's worth of sixes that I can pour a quart of molasses into your hat, and turn it out a solid lump of molasses candy in two minutes by the watch."—"Done!"—said the exquisite, taking off his hat and handing it to the farmer. It was a splendid article, that shone like black satin. The old gentleman took the hat, and requested the bar-keeper to send for a quart of molasses—"the cheap sort, at six cents a quart; that's the kind I use in this experiment," said he, handing over six coppers to the bar-keeper. The molasses was brought, and the old farmer, with a very grave and mysterious countenance, poured it into the dandy's hat, while the exquisite took out his watch to note the time. Giving the hat two or three shakes, with a Signor Blitz-like adroitness, the experimenter placed it on the table, and stared into it, as if watching the wonderful process of consolidation.—"Time up," cried the dandy. The old farmer moved the hat. "Well, I do believe it ain't hardened," said he, in a tone expressive of disappointment; "I missed it, some how or other that time, and I suppose I've lost the bet. Bar-keeper, let the gentleman have the cigars—twelve sixes, mind, and charge 'em in the bill."—"What of the cigars?" roared the exquisite, "you've spoiled my hat, that cost me five dollars, and you must pay for it."—"That wasn't in the bargain," timidly answered the old gentleman; "but I'll let you keep the molasses—which is a little more than we agreed for." Having drained the tenuous fluid from his beaver, as best he could, into a spit-box, the man of monstaches rushed from the place—his fury not much abated by the sound of ill-suppressed laughter which followed his exit. He made his complaint at the police office, but as it appeared that the experiment was tried with his own consent, no damages could be recovered.

Small Enemies.—A Fable.

A gnat one day asked a lion whether they ought to be friends or enemies.
"Get away, silly insect," said he, with contempt, "lest I crush thee with my foot; what good or hurt can you do me?"
"We shall soon know," said the gnat, upon which he flew into one of the lion's nostrils, and commenced stinging him as hard as he could. The royal beast roared like thunder, lashed his sides with his tail, tore his nostrils with his talons, and rolled himself in the sand in agony, but all in vain; the little gnat kept on stinging till the mighty lion owned himself overcome by the little gnat, which he had but just now despised.
It is sometimes justly said, that no person is so small or mean, but that he has in his power to injure us or do us good; and that hence there is no person whose friendship is not highly desirable.

TRIAL OF

Patrick Cogan, Thomas Sheridan, John Kahoe, Patrick Brady, Philip Cogan, John Cogan, John Kane, James Rogers, James M'Comick and John Gainer.

FOR THE MURDER OF PATRICK BROWN. Oyer and Terminer, in and for the County of Monroe.—May Term, 1855.

Counsel.—SCITOVOR and TAYLOR for Commonwealth; DAVIS and BREHER for Defendants.

Peter Shick, Henry Brotzman, John Smith, George Felker, John Arnold, James Kerr, Henry Tribble, William Transue, Patrick Daily, Jacob Greenamoyer, John Brong, Christopher D. Keller.

Dr. Sydenham Walton, affirmed:—I am a practicing physician in this town, I held a post mortem examination on the body of Patrick Brown in the month of March last, at the shanty occupied by Peter Brown, at the lower end of town.—I found a number of bruises on the scalp; two or three or four cuts of the scalp likewise. The cuts and bruises looked as if freshly made; death was caused by concussion of the brain, the immediate cause. The bruises were caused by large sticks of wood. I think the concussion was caused by round sticks of wood. The cuts penetrated the scalp, none penetrated the skull, no fracture of the skull. Concussion of the brain can take place by blows, when there is no fracture of the skull. It was on Sunday about the middle of March.

Cr. Ex.—I was examined before Esq. Dutot, the committing magistrate. I don't think I said then, that there was no laceration of the scalp. I can't remember what I said at that examination. I have no recollection of saying before the Justice that there was no laceration of the scalp. I don't distinctly remember where the cuts I speak of were; I think one was nearly on the top of the head and one I think on the temple. The cuts on the scalp were none of any very great extent. There were one or two of considerable extent, and the others were more like scratches. I think one of the cuts of considerable extent was on top of head, and the other on the right temple, just above the ear. The one on top of head was not over an inch or inch and half—can't tell whether it was an inch, or inch and a half. That cut was nearly through the scalp. I didn't examine the lips of the cut. Can't tell the length of the one on the right temple above the ear. I have no distinct recollection of the length of it at all. Can't tell where the scratches were, nor how many of them. I am positive there were some scratches about the scalp, but they were of so little consequence that I paid no attention to them; nothing about them that would have led me to suppose that death could have possibly ensued from them.—I made a longitudinal incision from the forehead to the back part of head, and then made another incision across the top. I then separated the scalp from the skull, laid it entirely bare, didn't discover any fracture of the bone of the skull. I didn't remove the skull so as to examine the brain. I suppose the contusions I speak of were inflicted by sticks of round wood, or some round instrument. It would not be possible for a man to inflict contusions to the extent they were on that head with his fist, because there is not sufficient power in the blow of a fist. The contusions were quite large and the scalp was on one side, in a jelly; the scalp on one side of the head was a couple of inches thick from swelling. I should think a man, over another one down, could not produce the same results with his fists—I think I made the examination about one o'clock. I suppose one or two hours after his death. I was not present at his death. I don't know of my own knowledge when he died. The body was warm when I came there.

He might have died from concussion of the brain—he could not have died from inflammation of the brain. He could have died from extravasation of blood upon the brain. That extravasation of blood could have been upon the surface of the brain; I don't know whether that extravasation was on the surface—extravasation sometimes take place in the substance of the brain. I don't know whether there was extravasation in the substance of his brain, a small amount of blood poured into the substance or the surface of the brain may produce death. There might be such a thing as that amount of blood sufficient to produce death, might be poured out on the substance or surface of the brain from an eruption of a vessel of the brain, owing to a diseased state of the brain.—I don't know whether Patrick Brown's brain was in a diseased or healthy state. If he had a diseased state of the brain, death might have been caused by the rupture of some vessel of the brain, owing to that diseased state—a small quantity of blood effused in the bag of the pericardium, will entirely arrest the action of the heart and cause death. I don't know whether Patrick Brown died from that cause—death may follow a wound and not be caused by it—a man may be severely wounded and death not take place from the wound, but from the bursting of an aneurism, from apoplexy, from phthisis, or other morbid changes. I think Patrick Brown's death did not take place from the bursting of an aneurism. I don't know whether he had any aneurism. I do know that he didn't die from an aneurism. I don't know that there is such a thing as an aneurism in the brain. I know that

he didn't die from the bursting of an aneurism from the state and condition he was in some hours previous to his death. I didn't see him till after he was dead.—I knew his state and condition before death from the account I had—I don't think he died from phthisis. I am certain in my mind he didn't. I am satisfied that he didn't die of phthisis—I am so satisfied from the state and condition he was in from the time he was wounded till his death. I don't know of my own knowledge what his state and condition was.—It is possible that Patrick Brown died from apoplexy. I suppose it is possible that he died from some other cause than aneurism, apoplexy phthisis or those wounds. I don't know to a precise certainty that he did not die from some other cause than those wounds. Concussion of the brain can be produced by water, or blood or matter; concussion of the brain generally produces compression when death follows from concussion. He died I have no doubt from concussion of the brain and compression too. Concussion of the brain doesn't always produce death. If reaction takes place after concussion, he cannot be said to die from concussion if death takes place, but generally inflammation of the brain. I am satisfied of my own knowledge that inflammation of the brain didn't take place in this case. I got my knowledge from the information of others. Where there is a diseased state of the brain, excitement, passion, or intoxication would be likely to produce fatal hemorrhage, called cerebral hemorrhage. I don't know that there was not a diseased state of the brain of Patrick Brown. Effusions of blood from a diseased state of the vessels of the brain, sometimes occur from mere excitement or over exertion of the muscular powers, and is apt to produce death. If intoxication be added to the others it is more likely still to produce death. In case of death from an alleged violence on the head, examination of the brain and vessels of the brain would lead to greater certainty as to the cause of death: cerebral hemorrhage sometimes takes place from very slight bruises on the head, sometimes from mere excitement, when there is a diseased state of the brain, a thickened state of the parietes of the left ventricle of the heart, would tend to a rupture of the vessels and effusion of blood on the brain without excitement. Don't know whether there was such a state or condition of Patrick Brown. In concussion of brain the patients breathing is stertorous. If slight, the breathing is free and natural: frequently vomit.

I think there was no laceration of the scalp where it was most swollen. My brother Davis assisted me in this post mortem examination.

Peter Brown, sworn:—I was present at an affray, on the 17th of March, at the Shanty, in which I lived. My brother, Patrick Brown, owned the Shanty. On that day two boys came there, Thos. Ragan and John Gonnolly; they drank some whiskey, and after some time they differed with each other. Ragan said Gonnolly was a mean man; Gonnolly said if he said so again he would knock out his eyes.—Ragan threw Gonnolly down on a pile of wood, and called on me for relief. I took Ragan off and told Gonnolly to go home. He went out doors then and went to Cogan's shanty, down below where I lived; didn't stop long there till he came back again, and they got into a fuss again.—Then I told him to leave and if he didn't I would make him leave; he said he wouldn't till he pleased, so I then struck him and put him out doors. He said if he was in Cogan's shanty he wouldn't be treated so.

So he went down to Cogan's shanty, and John Kahoe, Patrick Cogan and John Kane and he came back, and Pat. Cogan came in and sat on an empty barrel, and asked who said while he was out doors, let Pat. Cogan go to hell. I said no one, and enquired of all the boys around if any of them said so, and they all denied it. Then John Kahoe raised his hand and said if he had been there he wouldn't allowed Gonnolly to be licked. I then went inside of the bar and took a pistol and revolver out of the drawer. This was about 7 o'clock, dark, candle lit. I came and told them to clear out, and John Kane came and took hold of me and asked if he couldn't hold me. I said yes if he cleared them out. Then Kahoe came on and struck me. I told Kane if he would hold me I would shoot him; by that they all cleared out. They went away then for a few minutes, and Phil. Cogan opened the door and came in and asked, what is this all about, and called to the boys, wasn't they coming in. As soon as he said so I struck him and pushed him to the door; the door got half open then and he and I had some struggle at the door, and my foot got before the door, and he was between me and the door. I saw M'Comick, Brady, Sheridan, Gainer and Rogers standing outside the door, having clubs in their hands; seen Pat. Cogan, John Kahoe and Philip Cogan go by the front window. They came on then and smashed the window and smashed the door into bits. I heard Brady and Sheridan cry out to tear it down. They continued pitching stove wood in the window till they had the light put out. The wood was piled up at the end of the shanty. So Patrick Brown and I stepped to the door, and it was broke away. Then my brother told me to leave or I would get killed. These men were at that time smashing the shanty. I asked him if he wouldn't come and he told me they wouldn't hurt