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THIS ESTABLISHMENT HAS RECENTLY been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.  
H. HUFFORD, Proprietor.  
Tunkhannock, Pa., June 17, 1868—v744.

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The undersigned having lately purchased the "BOLTON HOUSE" property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render this old and popular House equal, if not superior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg.  
A continuance of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.  
GEO. J. BOLTON.

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LATE AMERICAN HOUSE,  
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THIS establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.  
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Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country—it is fitted up in the most modern and improved style and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping place for all.  
v621-ly.

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Information guaranteed to produce a luxuriant growth of hair upon a bald head, or beardless face. Also a recipe for the removal of Pimples, Blisters, Eruptions, etc., on the skin, leaving the same soft and beautiful, can be obtained without charge by addressing  
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## Detrick's Column.

### Spring Trade for '68

Will open on or about the 1st of May, AT TUNKHANNOCK, PENNA.

C. Detrick,

(SUCCESSOR TO BUNNELL & BARNATTEN),

Proposes to establish himself permanently in trade at this place, at the Brick store house in Sam'l Stark's Block,

where by fair dealing and fair prices he expects to merit and receive the public patronage.

Attention is called to the following in

### Dry Goods :

- SILKS,
- POPLINS,
- ALPACAS,
- LUSTRES,
- DELAINES,
- GINGHAMS,
- PRINTS,
- SHAWLS,
- LADIES' SACQUINGS,
- DRESS TRIMMINGS,
- BLEACHED AND BROWN MUSLINS,
- CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES
- GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

### TOILET ARTICLES.

### Groceries.

- SUGAR,
- TEA,
- COFFEE,
- MOLASSES,
- RICE,
- SYRUP,
- CANDLES,
- SOAP,
- STARCH,
- FLOUR,
- FEED,
- SALT,
- PORK,
- BUTTER,
- CHEESE,
- DRIED BEEF,
- HAMS,
- FISH of all kinds,
- BEANS,
- AC, &c.,

### Hardware,

### Cutlery

### Hats and Caps.

### Boots & Shoes.

### Wool and Tinware.

All kinds of Produce taken in exchange for Goods

The above articles will be kept in full assortment.

I mean to make the experiment of goods sold in quantities cheaper than ever before in this vicinity, I shall be happy to see you, and you can depend upon finding bargains in every department. Goods received every week.

Respectfully yours,  
C. DETRICK.

## Poetry.

### WIPING OUT THE RADS.

Ain—The Wearing of the Green:

With a little Western swearing and a little Yankee cant,  
And an unenthusiastic unanimity for Grant,  
The rabble at Chicago has done its wipin' out the Rads,  
And nothing now remains for us but wipin' out the Rads.

The Empire State will take the lead—she's fifty thousand strong—  
Ohio and Connecticut will follow in the throng;  
And all the West and half the East will join the line my lads,  
And aid us in our pretty job of wipin' out the Rads.

From where the golden rivers run, on the far Pacific slope,  
To the little Nutmeg State, goes up the chorus of our hope,  
Three million sturdy freemen now have sworn an oath; my lads,  
That they will cast a solid vote for wipin' out the Rads.

The white man's country shall be ruled by honest white men yet,  
And to oblivion we will sweep the nigger-loving set;  
Then put your shoulders to the wheel and heave away my lads,  
And let us save the Ship of State by wipin' out the Rads.

### ALLIGATORS ON THE GANGES.

The bank of the Ganges opposite Monghyr has not the slightest pretensions to beauty; its low, flat, swampy shores, intersected with reedy inlets, are the haunts of multitudinous alligators, which in hot seasons may be seen sunning themselves by the side of the huge ant hills erected on the sand banks, appearing above the surface of the water. Some of these animals attain a prodigious size; they are exceedingly difficult to kill, in consequence of adamantine armor in which the greater part of their bodies are cased—Even when the balls penetrate less guarded points, they are so tenacious of life as to cause a great deal of trouble before they can finally be despatched. One which had received eight balls, and was supposed to be dead, after having been tied to the bamboo of a bodgeron for a whole day, exhibited in the evening, so much strength and fierceness, as to be a dangerous neighbor. Many of these monsters are fifteen feet long, and swim fearlessly past the boats, lifting up their terrific heads, and rising their dark bodies from the water as they glide along. Though not so frequently as in former times, when the echoes of the river were less distributed by the report of fire-arms, natives are still the victims of that species of alligator, which lies in wait for men and animals, venturing too near their haunts. In many that have been killed the silver ornaments that have been worn by women and children, have been found, a convincing proof of the fearful nature of their prey. An alligator, it is said, will sometimes plunge amidst a group of bathers at a ghaat, and, singling out one of the party, dart into the middle of the stream, defying pursuit by the rapidity of its movement against the current, through which it will fly with the velocity of an arrow, and having reached deep water, it sinks with its victim into the abyss of the river. Sportsmen, the younger portion especially, delight in waging war against these giants of the stream, as they lie waiting in the mud in shallow places, and presenting the defenceless parts of their bodies to the marksmen. In the Sunderbans, where the creeks and natural canals of the Ganges wind through the forests, whose margin almost mingles with the stream, alligators are sometimes engaged in deadly encounters with the tiger. A battle of this kind, witnessed by a missionary, is described to have been a drawn one, for, although the tiger succeeded in drawing his unwieldy adversary into a jungle, after an hour or two the alligator was seen to emerge and regain the water, not very materially injured by the conflict it had sustained.

### OUT UPON THE HYPOCRITES!

The Radicals make a great ado about the presence of Southern soldiers in the Democratic Convention. Generals Hancock, Franklin, Slocum, Granger, Ewing, McClelland, and thousands of the bravest of the brave who periled their lives in defence of the Union, meet these Southern soldiers and take them by the hand to welcome them back to their allegiance to the Government and to American citizenship, but these parlor patriots, these shoddy braves, these howling war-shriekers when the enemy was afar off, these sneaking skulkers when danger threatened, these superlatively loyal Radicals cannot find it in their hearts to profit by the example. Yes, when the Ex. Rebel Governor Joe. Brown, of Georgia, who remanded into slavery the negro prisoners captured by the rebels, enters the Chicago Convention and takes part in the proceedings, it is all right. But when some educated, intelligent and honorable Southerner like Wade Hampton, attends a Democratic Convention, oh! horrors, how atrocious! Was ever hypocrisy more glaring? Was ever demagoguism more transparent? Has not Longstreet been forgiven and taken to the arms of the Radicals? Was not Warmouth, the present Radical Governor of Louisiana, a "red handed rebel"? Are not half the Radical members of the Southern Legislatures unable to take the test oath? If Radicals receive into fellowship, those who once were rebels, is it so very wrong if Democrats do the same?—Patriot.

## VALLEY FORGE.

### A Legend of the Revolution.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

Hidden away there in a deep glen, not many miles from Valley Forge, a quaint old farm-house rose darkly over a wide waste of snow.

It was a cold dark winter night, and the snow began to fall—while from the fire-place of the old farm-house, the cheerful blaze of massive logs, flashed around a wide and spacious room.

Two persons sat there by that fire, a father and child. The father who sits yonder, with a soldier's belt thrown over his farmer's dress, is a man of some fifty years, his eyes blood-shot, his hair, changed to a ultimately gray, his face wrinkled and hollowed by care, and by dissipation more than care.

And the daughter who sits in the full light of the blaze opposite her father—a slenderly formed girl of some seventeen years, clad in a coarse linen shirt and kerchief, which made up the costume of a farmer's daughter in the days of the Revolution.

She is not beautiful; ah, no! Care perhaps that disease consumption, which makes the heart grow cold to name, has been busy with that young face, sharpened its outlines, stamped it with a deathly paleness.

There is no bloom on that young cheek. The brown hair is laid plainly aside from her pale brow. Then tell me, what is it you see when you gaze in her face?

You look at that young girl, and see nothing but the gleam of two large dark eyes, that burn into your soul.

Yet, those eyes are unnaturally large, and large and bright; perhaps consumption is feeding their flame.

And now then as the father sits there so moody and sullen, or the daughter sits yonder so sad and silent and pale, tell me I pray you, the story of their lives.

The farmer, Jacob Manheim, was a peaceful, happy man before the Revolution. Since the war, he had become drunken, and idle; driven his wife broken-hearted to the grave; and, worse than all, joined a band of Tory refugees, who scoured the land at dead of night, burning and murdering as they went.

To-night at the hour of two, this Tory band will lie in wait in a neighboring pass to attack and murder the rebel Washington, whose starving soldiers are yonder in the huts of Valley Forge.

Washington, on his lonely journeys, is wont to pass this farm-house; the cut-throats are there in the next chamber, drinking and feasting as they wait for two o'clock at night.

And the daughter Mary—for her name was Mary; they loved that name in the good old times—what is the story of her brief young life?

She had been reared by her mother, now dead and gone home, to reverse this man Washington, who to-night will be attacked and murdered; to reverse him next to God. Nay, more, that mother, on her death-bed, joined the hands of this daughter in solemn betrothal with the hands of a young partisan leader, Harry Williams, who now shares the crust and the cold at Valley Forge.

Well may that maiden's eye flush with unnatural brightness, well may her pale face gather a single flush in the centre of each cheek.

For yesterday afternoon, she went four miles over roads of ice and snow, to tell Captain Williams the plot of the refugees. She did not reach Valley Forge until Washington had left on one of his lonely journeys; so this night, at twelve, the partisan captain will occupy the rocks above the neighboring pass, to trap the trappers of George Washington.

Yes, that pale, slender girl, remembering the words of her dying mother had broken through her obedience to her father, after a long and bitter struggle. How dark that struggle in a faithful daughter's heart! She had betrayed his plot to his enemies, stipulating first for the life and safety of her traitor father.

And now, as father and child are sitting there, the shouts of the Tory refugees echo from the next chamber, as the hand of the old clock is on the hour of eleven—Hark! there is a sound of horses' hoofs without the farmhouse; there is a pause; the door opens; a tall stranger, wrapped in a thick cloak, white as snow, enters, advances to the fire, and in brief words solicits some refreshments and an hour's repose.

Why does the Tory Manheim start aghast at the sight of the stranger's blue and gold uniform? Then mumbling something to his daughter about getting some food for the traveller, rush wildly into the next room where his brother Tories are feasting.

Tell me, why does that young girl stand trembling before the tall stranger, veiling her eyes from that calm face, with its blue eyes and kindly smile?

Ah, if we may believe the legends of that time, few men, few warriors, who dared the terrors of battle with a smile could stand unabashed before the solemn presence of Washington.

For it was Washington, exhausted with a long journey; his limbs stiffened and his face numbed with cold; it was the great rebel of Valley Forge, who returning to his camp sooner than his usual hour, was forced by the storm to take refuge in the farmer's house, and claim a little food and a hour's repose at his hands.

In a few moments, behold the soldier with his cloak thrown off sitting at that oaken table, partaking of the food spread

out there by the hands of the girl who now stands trembling at his shoulders.

And look! Her hand is extended as if to grasp him by the arm; the lips move as if to warn him of his danger, but make no sound. Why all this silent agony for the man who sits so silently there?

One moment ago as the girl, in preparing the hasty supper, opened yonder closet adjoining the next room, she heard the low whispers of her father and the Tories; she heard the dice box rattle, as they were casting lots who should stab George Washington in his sleep.

And now the words, "Beware, on this night you die!" trembled half formed on her lips, when the father comes hastily from the room and hushes her with a look.

"Show the gentleman to his chamber, Mary," (how calmly polite a murderer can be,) "that chamber at the head of the stairs, on the left. On the left, you mind."

Mary takes the light, trembling and pale. She leads the soldier up the oaken stairs. They stand on the landing, in this wing of the farm-house, composed of two rooms, divided by thick walls, from the main body of the mansion. On one side, the right, is the door of Mary's chamber, on the other, the left, the chamber of the soldier, to him a chamber of death.

For a moment, Mary stands there trembling and confused. Washington gazes upon that pale girl with a look of surprise. Look? she is about to warn him of the danger, when, see there! her father's rough face appears above the head of the stairs.

"Mary, show the gentleman into the left. And look ye, girl, it's late; you'd had better go into your own room and go to sleep."

While the Tory watches them from the head of the stairs, Washington enters the chamber on the left, Mary the chamber on the right.

An hour passes. Still the storm beats on the roof; still the snow drifts on the hills. Before the fire, in the dim old hall of the farm-house, are seven half-drunken men, with that tall Tory, Jacob Manheim, sitting in their midst; the murderer's knife in his hands. For the lot had fallen on him. He is to go up stairs and stab the sleeping man.

Even this half-drunken murderer is pale at the thought; how the knife trembles in his hands—trembles against the pistol-barrel. The jeers of his comrades arouse him to the work; the light in one hand, and the knife in the other, he goes up stairs, he listens; first at the door of his daughter on the right, then at the door of the soldier's chamber on the left. All is still. Then he places the light on the floor; he is gone a moment; silence there is a faint groan! He comes forth again, rushes down the stairs, and stands there before the fire, with the bloody knife in his hands.

"Look!" he shrieks, as he scatters the red drops over his comrades faces, over the hearth, into the fire. "Look, it is his blood—the traitor Washington!" His comrades gather round him with yells of joy; already, in fancy, they count the gold which will be theirs for this deed, when lo! that stair door opens, and there, without a sound, stands George Washington, asking calmly for his horse.

"What!" shrieked the Tory, Manheim "can neither steel or bullet harm you?—Are you a living man? Is there no wound about your uniform?"

The apparition drives him mad. He starts forward, he places his hand trembling upon the arm of the breast of Washington. Then he looks at the bloody knife, still clasped in his right hand, and stands there quivering as if with a death spasm.

While Washington looks on with silent wonder, the door is flung open, the bold troopers from Valley Forge throng the room, with the gallant form and bronzed visage of Captain Williams in their midst. At this moment the clock struck twelve.—Then a horror thought crashes like a thunder-bolt upon the brain of the Tory Manheim. He seizes the light—rushes to the room of his daughter on the right. Some one had just risen from the bed—the chamber was vacant. Then toward the room on the left, with steps of leaden heaviness. Look! now the light quivers in his hand. He pauses at the door; he listens. Not a sound—a stillness like the grave. His blood curdles in his veins.—Gathering courage, he pushes open the door. Towards the bed, through whose curtains he struck so blindly a moment ago. Again he pauses—not a sound—stillness more terrible than the grave.—He flings aside the curtain.

There, in the full light of the lamp, her young form but half covered, bathed in her own blood, there lay his daughter Mary.

And, do not look upon the face of her father, as he starts silently back, frozen to stone; but in this pause of horror, listen to the mystery of the dead.

After the father had gone down stairs an hour ago, Mary silently stole from the chamber on the right, her soul shaken by a thousand fears. She opened the door on the left, and beheld Washington sitting by a table on which were spread a chert and a Bible. Then, though her existence was in the act, she asked him, in a tone of calm politeness, to enter the room on the right. Mary entered the chamber which he left.

Can you imagine the agony of that girl's soul on the bed, as intended for the death couch of Washington, she silently awaited the knife, although that knife might be clenched in a father's hand.

And now father, frozen to stone, stood there, holding the light in one hand, the other still clenching the red knife.

They lay his child, the blood streaming

from that wound in her arm, her eyes covered with a glassy film.

"Mary!" shrieked the guilty father—for robber and Tory as he was called to her, but that was all he could say.

Suddenly she seemed to wake from that stupor. She sat up in the bed with glassy eyes. The strong hand of death was upon her. As she sat there, erect and ghastly, the room was thronged with soldiers.—Her lover rushed forward and called her by name. No answer. Called again—spoke to her in that familiar tone of olden time. Still no answer; she knew him not.

Yes it was true—the strong hand of death was upon her.

"Has he escaped?" she asked, in a husky voice.

"Yes!" shrieked the father. "Live Mary, only live, and to-morrow I will join the camp at Valley Forge."

Then that girl, that hero-woman—dying as she was, not so much from the wound in her arm, as from the agony which had broken the last chord of life, spread forth her arms as though she beheld a form floating there above the bed, beckoning her away. She spread forth her arms as if to inclose that Angel form.

"Mother!" she whispered, while there groned the soldiers—there with a speechless agony on his brow, stood the lover—there, hiding his face with one hand, while the other grasped the light, cradled the father—the light flashing over the dark bed, with the form in its centre—"Mother, thank God! For my life I have saved him—"

Look, even as starting on that bloody couch there, she speaks the half-formed word, her arms stiffen, her eyes wide open, set in death, glare in her father's face.

She is dead! From the room her spirit has gone home.

That half-formed word still quivering on the white lips of the hero-woman—that uttered in a husky whisper, cloaked by the death-rattle—that word was—WASHINGTON!

### THE CHAMOIS.

This animal, which belongs to the antelope tribe, chiefly inhabits the Alps and Pyrenees, and are found in flocks of from four to eighty, and even a hundred. It is about the size of a goat, of a dusky, yellow brown color, with the cheeks, chin, throat and belly, of a yellowish white. The horns are black, slender, upright, hooked backward at their tips, and about eight inches in height, and at the base of each there is a large orifice in the skin, of which the use is unknown. Like all the antelope race, the Chamois has sparkling and animated eyes. It feeds only on the finest herbage, and its flesh is of a delicate flavor.

When alarmed, the Chamois hisses with such force that the rocks and forests re-echo, the note being very sharp at first, and becoming deeper at the close. Having paused a moment, the animal looks around, and perceiving his apprehensions to be well founded, he again hisses with increased violence, at the same time striking the ground with his fore feet, bounding from rock to rock, and evincing the utmost agitation, till the alarm is spread to a very considerable distance, and the whole flock provided for their safety by a precipitate flight. The hissing of the male is much louder than the female; it is performed through the nose; and is, strictly speaking, no other than a very strong breath driven violently through a small aperture.

Heat is so extremely disagreeable to these animals that they are never seen in summer, except in the excavations of the rocks, amidst fragments of unmelting ice, or under the shade of hanging precipices, which face the north, and effectually keep off the rays of the sun. They drink but sparingly, and chew the cud in the intervals of feeding. Their agility is wonderful, as they will throw themselves down, across a rock, which is nearly perpendicular, and twenty or thirty feet in height, without a single prop to support their feet. Their motion has, indeed, rather the appearance of flying than of leaping. The Chamois hunters of the Alps are so fond of the occupation that it has almost become a mania, and they will brave every danger in pursuit of this animal.

### LONG FACES.

What a sad mistake it is to suppose that a man should be gloomy because he is devout, as if misery were acceptable to God on its own account, and happiness an offence against his dignity. A modern writer of good wisdom and pith says:

"There is a secret belief amongst some men that God is displeased with man's happiness, and so they sink about creation ashamed and afraid to enjoy anything!"

These are the people of whom Hood says, only billions!

A good man is almost always a cheerful one. It is fit that bad men scowl, look blue and melancholy, but he has God's smile of approbation upon him should show his radiance in his countenance. Dr. Johnson said "never knew a villain in his life that he was not, on whole, an unhappy dog." And well he may be. And an honest man—the man with good conscience—let him enjoy his sleep, and his dinner, and the love of his wife and the prattle of his children, and show a beaming face to his neighbor. Surely there is no worse theology than that which teaches that He who has given such fullness of joy to beasts and birds—delights in the misery of men; or, that having filled us with gladness, we ought to give the lie to His goodness by wearing faces bedewed with woe, and furnished with pretended happiness.

## Wise and Otherwise.

THE GEOGRAPHY LESSON.—"Class in Geography stand up. How many divisions of the earth are there?"

"Seven."

"What are they?"

"Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Long Division, Short Division, the division in the Radical party."

"Right. How many races are there?"

"Eleventeen hundred."

"Nonsense. Let us hear you name them."

"White race, Black race Indian race, horse race, race after the gals, mule race, wheelbarrow race, human race, race after a debt, foot race, will race."

"Hold on! Guess you are right, but we can't stay here all day. Now then what are the principal elements?"

"Air, water, and the national debt."

"Is the national debt one of the elements?"

"Yes, one of the elements of discord."

"What is our globe divided into?"

"Land, water and benzene."

"How much of it is dry land?"

"Saloon keepers can tell better than I can."

"What is a mountain?"

"You ain't."

"Amountain!—to much."

"You mountain! you will catch it for this."

"I caught it last term of Crow Collins, and hain't got over it yet."

Boys got an intermission to scratch.

A lover and his sweetheart, while travelling through the woods in haste, met with a melancholy accident, which is recorded in the following felicitous strains:

And while retracing through the woods,  
And through the tangled fern,  
He tore his moust-mention-ears,  
And had