

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1857.

WHY WE SHOULD LAUGH. Sweet cor, I'm happy when I can. And merry when I may; For life's at most a narrow span, At best a winter day. If care would make the sunbeam wear A brighter, warmer hue, A orighter, warmer hue, The evening stars shine out more fair, The blue sky look more blue— Then I should be a graver man; But since 'tis not the way, Sweet coz, I'm happy when I can, And merry when I may. If sighs could make us sin the less,

Perchance I were not glad; If mourning were the sage's dress, My garb should then bo sad. But since the angel's wings are white, And e'en the young saints smile Since virtue wears a brow of light, And vice a robe of guile; Since laughter is not under ban, Nor gladness elad in gray-Sweet coz, I'm happy when I can, And merry when I may!

I've seen a bishop dance a reel. And a sinner fast and pray; A knave at the top of fortune's wheel, And a good man cast away! Wine I've seen your grave ones quaff, Might set our fleet afloat;

But I never heard a hearty laugh me out a villain's thre And I never knew a mirthful man, Make sad a young maid's day ; So, coz, I'm happy when I can; And merry when I may.

From the Wilkes-Barre, Pa , Times. QUEEN ESTHER'S ROCK.

"They spoke not a word, But like dumb statues or breathless stones. Stared on each other, and looked deadly pale. KING RICHARD.

"See, see, what a treasure I have found in Aunt Matty's satchel," cried our little pet Bell, holding up a piece of redish stone, which her busy fingers had drawn forth from the remotest corner of a large velvet sack, to the no small disturbance of sundry broken pipes, balls of thread, and bits of antiquated gowns, the last sad relics of Aunt Matty's former glory, and whose soiled and mutilated forms were in the babit of being treated with rather more ceremony than the lawless young rummager had used in endeavoring to obtain the object of her present wonder. "You will tell us all tain Symmes sent it to you all the way from glowing colors, not leaving even immortality the north pole, and how-"My dear, my dear interrupted the old lady, "I'd put it right away back again where I found it ; and be careful, too; it's something I am pretty saving of, though I don't like to look at it much ; 'tis a piece of QUEEN ESTHER's ROCK." She put a kind of low, marked emphasis upon the last words, which made me raise my eves to see what could be the important singularity in question. There was nothing remarkable in its appearance to distinguish it from any other fragment of common rock, save that two or three dark glossy spots of the color of blood, were discernable on the surface. "And pray what may be the history of the marvelous thing, which you dignify with a royal appellation," I asked, "who is Queen Esther ?" I spoke pretty loud, as I usually do, and was surprised to find myself answered by a deep moan of distress from Aunt Matty's insane companion, crazy Rose, as she was called, and one whom I had never seen give the least evidence of rational understanding .-"Miserable creature," exclaimed Aunt Matty, in reply to my enquiring looks, "poor miserable creature, that she is, nothing has ever seemed to penetrate the midnight cloud which has for more than forty years hung over her once brilliant mind, save that name, the most detestable of names, Queen Esther; and heaven knows, she has reason enough to remember that." The reader would perhaps like to know more of the history of the persons here introduced, and the relationship existing between them, than the above brief items have developed. And as I am always oniescent in receiving favors from others, and (Franklin like) believe in the doctrine of reciprocity, I will very accommodatingly relate all the few particulars with which report had then made me acquainted. and the story appended may furnish the rest. Matty Somers or rather Matilda Somers, as it is said she was christened, was my fathers eldest sister. And dearest, I might say too, for he always spoke of her in terms of the su. premest affection. She had ever since my earliest recollection, resided in the same old picturesque cottage, with slate-colored doors, vellow blinds, a long old fashioned front stoop, with a splendid row of blue painted dove houses suspended against the wall; and the wholedoves, doors and windows, sweetly shaded by thick clustering hops and mock oranges, with culy an occasional opening for the sun. She possessed one of the kindest hearts imagina-He. But as I have heard that the like express'on is frequently made by those young portionless Misses, who are in hopes of receiving a small jointure on their marriage day, from some half crazed maiden aunt by dint of flattery, 1 would just mention (in order to clear nyself in the reader's eye, of the charge of se Iffabres.) that my own dear Pa is quite a Girard in point of wealth, and should I make choice to suit him, which I calculate by all means to do, I shall be abundantly supplied with this world's goods, without resorting to any measure to procure them, save that of being a very obedient child. And now that I have given this explanation, I can again boldly look you in the face, and say with positive emphaas, that Aunt Matty was one of the kindest

thing with old maids, (though I always believed | ravine, where the owl sat flapping his wings in faced sisterhood) and the affectionate caresses she used to lavish upon us, together with the fine creamed strawberries, and other little delicacies with which she used to treat us, made her smiling cottage a most delightful retreat for the little city cousins, as she very flatteringly denominated myself and sisters. It was stated that in early life, she had been possessed of uncommon intellectual powers, but the then distracted state of the country, forbade their improvement by systematic education; nor could these faculties have been much impaired by age, for she was acknowledged by all to be an unusually intelligent old lady. The ever varying expression of her dark and still lustrous eyes, spoke quick and deep sensibility; and though her general manner was quiet and common place, there were yet some subjects, in dilating upon which, she astonished the listener with a rich, and almost overpowering flow of eloquence. Great was the contrast between her and the helpless idiotic being by her side, who sat from day to day, and from year to year, with her thin attenuated hands crossed mechanically upon her breast, and her dim inexpressive eyes, always fastened upon vacancy. Though Aunt Matty generally evaded any question relative to her charge, it was pretty well understood that Crazy Rose was related to her by an early marriage with her favorite brother, and that her insanity was caused by the dread trials through which she passed, at the time of the Wyoming massacre. Void as were the features of this unfortunate, of anything like intelligence, there was still a something about them which fixed the eyes of the beholder, and burdened the soul with a kind of indescribable sadness; her long and almost closed eye-lashes, were always suffused with tears; though the unchanging muscles of the face, gave no indication of any internal workings. In gazing upon her, one felt as if viewing the remains of what had once been a beau-

creatures living; she was extremely fond of | laying plans for future happiness, did I linger | invaders were quartered several miles up the | ip sleep ? There is a dreadful feeling at my children ; which is said to be a very universal behind to gaze down some dark unfathomable river) entreating the commander-in-chief, to heart, Matty ; think, if he be fallen alive into it to be a gross slander upon the good long eternal solitude, and mingling his hoarse (my father) and his troops to their assistance. endure it, I could be composed ; but alive and shrick with the monotonous murmurs of the The time had long expired when reinforce- to suffer their tortures, oh ! Matty the very subterranean stream. I had stopped one day ments, if any had been dispatched, would have thought will suffocate me." as usual, at a spot where the roads were bro- arrived. The enemy's force was fast increaken by a small hidden current of water, and a sing, by numerous disaffected Indians pouring few logs thrown across, so that our horses with in from the East; the harvest was nearly ripe, much care were able to pass. I stood some- when it would of course be destroyed by the time listening to the rushing voice of the un- savages, and should the helpless women and seen cataract, when I thought I could distinguish above the roaring of waters, a cry resembling the moan of an infant. It continued and I rode forward and got my brother to come back and descend the precipitous recess. He soon returned, bearing in his arms a little creature, with jet hair, black eyes, and skin of a shining copper. We were at no loss to discover that our prize was a young papoose, apparently three or four years old, who had probably been lost, and had fallen to the spot sette clung convulsively to Philip, when he from whence he was taken, for there were many contusions upon his head, and we found upon further examination, that his left arm was broken. Philip fixed the bone to its place, and Rosette very humanely bound her fine handkerchief about the arm, while I fed him with cake from my basket which he swallowed in right Indian style. But what should we do with him ? Our doubts were soon removed by a tall stern Indian coming directly before us. At first he grasped his tomahawk ; but after he saw what we had done for his child he clapped his hands in token of great thankfulness, and flinging the little fellow over his shoulder, he ejaculated as he passed us, "white faces good ; Long Bow much friend ; no forget good."

We passed through many Indian villages, and observed that in Wappasening, Sheshequin and Wysox, the male part of the population were all absent, although we did not then know the reason. The women manifested a determined hostility towards us, many of them following and menacing us, with long glittering knives. These appearances were certain. dark on the second evening of July, when w arrived at our place of destination. Instead dreaded Queen Esther," I again enquired, ta- of the cordial and happy welcome we had anking care, however, to speak the magic name | ticipated, we met nothing but looks of anxiety in a whisper, lest the same unearthly sound and hurried explanations about approaching should again greet my ear; "you have raised evils. My father's house was entirely desertmy curiosity to the highest pitch, and will ed. And we learned from a neighbor who was accidently passing, that my father had been many weeks with Washington at Valley Forge; and that our mother, terrified at the threatening aspect of war, had, with her family, removed to the Fort, across the river. Thither, then, we immediately bent our course, and were soon admitted within its fortified walls. This fort had been built and defended some years before by forty of the settlers, and this circumstance gave it the name of Forty Fort. It had undergone recent repairs, and was very well fitted for the accommedation of several families. Many had already removed there with their principal effects ; but some, supposing in case of an attack, that the force of the enemy would be there concentrated, and that their superior numbers would cause an immeby their own dwellings. We found our dear mother weeping bitterly over the probable destiny of her little ones, who were clinging around her in fearful surprise, while my second brother, George, was vainly endeavoring to inspire her with confidence in the issue of the perils which surrounded them. "Mother, dear mother," cried Philip, advancing, while we followed silently along, will you not welcome your wanderers back ! sister Matty, aye, and I have brought you another daughter, who will love you as she-the wife of your Philip, mother." "Oh ! my children, my children," exclaimed she, rising and flinging her arms wildly around us, "it will indeed sound cruel for a mother to say she is not glad to see the darlings of her bosom, but I do wish to heaven lake. She was certainly an almost perfect be- you had staid away ; you have only come to ing, and I think was never happier than when swell the crimson tide, which must ere long deluge these devoted shores. "With God's leave, no," muttered Philip, while the flush of manly pride and conscious valor mantled his high forehead, "with God's leave, no; say that we have come to swell the shout the victory, which will soon thunder in the ears of the accursed Brandt and Butler, telling them dear mother, we have much to hope, our". were holding council to decide upon the most efficient measures to be adopted in their present straitened condition, and the gallant young Capt. Stewart had just risen to speak. He went through a brief recapitulation of the former difficulties of the settlements, and then dwelt at more length upon the dangers with which they were now threatened, and the only means by which he thought they could be overcome. John Butler with an army of about 300, consisting of British, tories and Indians, had taken possession of Fort Wintermoot, situated about a mile above the head of the Valley, and was continually annoying the inhabitants by plund-

permit the immediate return of Captain Somers children escape the tomahawk, they would still be left without any means of subsistence. Thence it was argued by a majority of the council, that an immediate battle should be hazarded, and the next day was fixed upon for its commencement. Many and sorrowful were the adieus exchanged in the Fort, on the morning of that fatal day, and the broken "God bless you," came forth from hearts which seemed almost bursting with grief. Poor Rocame to take leave of us, and it was with much difficulty we prevented her from following him to the field. It was a mournful sight to behold that little band of brothers marching forth, as it were to their graves. And there was a solemnity too, in their steps, which though it spoke courage and determination, argued that their hope was one long deferred, and against all probability of success. The sun did not shine that day, and consequently, there was no gleaming of swords or bayonets, but the continued roar of musketry, together with a cloud of smoke away to the North, pointed out to us the place of mortal combat. Col. Deni son, anticipating the auxiety we should feel, had runners stationed between the Fort and battle ground so that we could learn almost momentarily the progress of the contest. At

first the coolness and determined bearing of the settlers, (although their numbers were not half those of the enemy,) seemed about gaining the mastery, but thro' the management of Brandt who commanded the tories and Indians, a party of concealed savages rushed from their ambushes and surrounded our left division, about it," continued she teazingly, "how Cap- tiful picture, which time had reft of all its ly ominous, and we greatly feared all was not while Butler doubled his right wing in order right in the settlements below. It was nearly to diminish it to the exact distance of the scanty row of settlers, and thus our whole line was thrown into the utmost confusion, and a most horrid slaughter commenced. It was with the greatest difficulty that Col's. Z. Butler and Denison, escaped to tell us that our brave friends were either all slain, or prisoners to an enemy who knew as little of mercy, as the tigers of India. Consternation and dismay now reigned throughout the Fort, which was soon increased by the appearance of Butler and Brandt without, demanding an instant surrender. Articles of capitulation were quickly drawn up and signed by the two opposing officers, in which the garrison, with its military stores, was to be given over to the victors, but the lives of its inmates were to be spared, except those who had been engaged in the battle. to such no promise of safety was given. The gates were thrown open, and a scene of confusion began, which it would be impossible for me to describe. Shouts of triumph from the dark swarthy creatures, who came glaring fiercely upon us, from every quarter, the shrieks of the terrified children, who clung wildly to their mothers for protection, and the bitter wailings of those bereaved mothers for their husbands and children, all mingled together, sounded absolutely appalling. I scarce knew whether I were indeed dead or alive till I found myself in a large boat in the act of crossing the river. My youngest sister Anne, a sweet little creature of only two years, stood with her tiny hands clasped tightly around my neck,-and at my side, like some pale lifeless statue, sat poor Rosette, gazing with a stare of unconsciousness, upon the long wake of the boat. But where was our beloved mother? The faces around me were all strange and unknown. Where could she be? The crowd must have separated us, and my heart sickened at the thought of the dangers to which she, and her three helpless little ones were exposed. We were soon across the river, but where next should we go? I had too little faith in Indian or Tory promises, to suppose that either the property or persons of the vanquished would be held sacred any longer than till the shades of night should give free scope to plunder and outrage; unknown and unprotected, I could think of no place, where we could pass the night with even a hope of safety, except the woods, the dark and solemn wilderness. With little Anne in my arms, and a few words of encouragement to Rosette, we struck into a foot path leading East, and soon found ourselves standing amid the eternal shadows of the forest; sad and fatigued, we sat down upon a bed of soft green moss, with a dark rustling canopy of laurel above us. Poor Anne cried for her accustomed cup of milk, and I could only pacify her by promising her some on the morrow. But the tears which I could not restrain made the discouraged child call had in reality, but little hope of fulfilling. It sent to England, to the Continet, and elsewas now near nightfall; the grey tresses of twilight streamed dimly through the clustering hemlocks, and heightened the sadness which clouded the features of my disconsolate companion. "We shall have quiet rest to-night," I obsweet pillow, and we have such a rich dark curtain above us, then we shall be so safe, away from that dreadful crowd." "Yes, yes, but where, oh ! where will Phil- | measles and make you pay for 'em."

their hands? Were he dead at my feet, I could

(Conclusion next week.) THE PASSION FOR DISPLAY.

The world is crazy. The call is for showshow-and still show. There is not one person in a thousand, male or female, who dares fall back on nothing but his real simple self for a power by whose aid to get through the world, and extract enjoyment as he goes along. There is too much living to the eyes of other people. There is no end to the aping, the mimicry, the false airs, and the superficial arts. And until people take a new view of things entirely, and resolve to turn a very short corner in order to live obediently to such a view, the world will go on as it has been going on for this ever so long, and all of us will continue to chase bubbles only to see them burst, mere water drops in our hands.

It requires rare courage, we must cofess, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these times. Unless you consent to join in the general cheat, you are hooted at and jostled out of reach. There is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man dares to live within his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear to be more than he really is, let'him be applauded. There is something fresh in such an example. It deserves to be set down as one of the odditics and curiosities of the age. The few who devote themselves to such fine resolutions, can, we fear, be counted upon the fingers. But still, they are the little leaven in the huge lump. The mass will yet be stirred by the truth and simplicity of their examples. When they shall succeed in restoring the old times again, then we may begin to talk about the reconstruction of society upon a new basis, and not much before .- Life Illustrated.

SALT AND ITS PROPERTIES .- The August number of De Bow's Review contains an able article on the subject of salt, its manufacture, roperties, uses and varieties, from the pen of William C. Denis, of Florida. The principal object proposed by Mr. D. is to show the cause of the failure of the salt frequently used in preserving meats to perform that office, and to point out the method of remedying the evil. No one who has the slightest acquaintance with the immense loss occasioned every year in this country by the spoiling of butter, fish and cured meat, particularly bacon, will be disposed to undervalue any effort to analyze the reason of the fact, and designate the method of prevention. The cause of the evil Mr. Dennis finds in the imperfect crystalization of all salt made by boiling, in which is included the Liverpool salt-the variety most used in this country. The substitution of salt produced by evaporation-a process, the slowness of which insures the perfection of that chemical process whose final result is complete crystalization-is the proposed remedy. CPDelegates from the whole Protestant world are to meet in Convention in Berlin, Prussia, next month, under the auspices of the "Evangelical Alliance" for the promotion of the spirit of Christian Union, and to consult upon the interests of religion throughout the world. The delegates from all parts of Christendom will bring their reports on the state of religion in their respective countries, and a general interchange of sentiment and consultation will be had, leading, as it is hoped, to the spread of the principles of peace and christian fellowship. Many eminent divines and philanthropists have gone from this country, and England will be numerously represented. The meeting is looked to with great interest by Christians everywhere.

A LITERAL RUNAWAY MATCH .- A capital story is told by a Texas paper of a runaway match that came off in that State. It seems that a couple had resolved to get married, notwithstanding the opposition of parents and relatives of every degree, and securing the co-operation of a friendly cleargyman, they all three mounted their horses and set out for a friend's mansion several miles ditant, where the rites could be solemnized without interference. They had not gone far, however, before their flight was discovered, and then there was as much mounting and racing and chasing as occurred on the occasion of "Young Lochinvar's" celebrated elopement with the Netherby maiden. The lovers and their faithful pastor soon heard the noise of approaching pursuers and gave their horses the spur. But, alas ! their enemies were better mounted and gained fast upon them. It was evident they would soon be captured, when a felicitous inspiration of a maiden came to their aid. "Can't you marry us as we run ?" she shouted to the clergyman. The idea "took," and the pastor at once commenced the ritual. All parties "covered themselves with glory," and just as the bride's father clutched her bridle rein, the clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. When the old gentleman first learned what had been done, he was inclined to be furious; but being a gallant old fellow, and admiring a dashing action, he soon concluded to forgive the runaways, in consideration of the handsome and novel manner in which they triumphed over him.

Tus Philadelphia Press says that its candidate for Governor, General Packer, makes speeches of "commanding power," while Mr. Wilmot's efforts are set down as very paltry. Nevertheless, the Press, in conjunction with the State Committee, was afraid to have this "commanding" orator meet the "paltry" American and Republican candidate for Governor. If the Press correctly represents the abilities of the two men, it should invite discussion between them. Nothing damages a candidate more than to have him "used up" on the stump .- Albany Eve. Jour.

"Well, who may be, or may have been this surely gratify me ?" "My dear," replied the old lady, while an involuntary shudder ran over her features, "it is a long and bloody story ; it would wither the rose upon your cheek. and drive the warm blood in frozen icicles to your heart; no, let it pass, Juliet, let it pass untold." But they say I inherit my beloved Aunt's fortitude. "Why, perhaps you may. though heaven grant you may never have to

exercise it in the way I have had to. Oh ! I see you are determined, and I shall have to give you the dreadful details, though it will be at the expense of many a heart-ache from both of us, I promise you.

"My father had been for many years a resident of that part of the beautiful valley of Wyoming, now called Wilkes-Barre. When he emigrated from Connecticut, he left myself diate surrender, preferred the safety promised and eldest brother in care of his uncle, with whom he was then engaged in trade, and whom he expected, in a few months, to remove near to where he himself lived. A short time before the dreadful disasters which I am about to relate, took place, we visited Wyoming, and my brother purchased a small farm adjoining my father's, and on my return to Connecticut. married my sweet young orphan friend, Rosette Wilmer. Ah ! how well did I love that fair friendless creature; indeed, she was just such a being as one would feel guilty in not loving ; artless and amiable, possessing an uncommon share of beauty, without a particle of vanity; a soul, all generosity and devotion, and a voice whose tones of kindness came forth like the silver notes of a bugle, over a calm

she was pronounced my brother Philip's wife ; and no doubt he would very willingly have acknowledged the same.

In a few days after the celebration of their nuptials, we bade adieu to our many puritanical friends, and started on horseback for Wyoming. 'Tis true we had heard slight rumors of the disturbances among the Susquehanna that their bloody career is over ; have courage settlements; but nothing for a certainty, and nothing at any rate sufficiently alarming to he was interrupted by a cry of "to order," warrant a delay of our journey. Our route from a distant part of the Fort. The officers was a very circuitous one, making the distance perhaps double what it now is. The road or rather path, was most of the way extremely narrow, so that we could seldom ride abreast ; and there were sometimes whole days in which our eyes beheld nothing but the deep wilderness; varied however with an occasional opening, or dingle, where the startled deer threw his shrill breath upon the wind, and was answered by the disappointed whoop of the red hunter.

I must not here forget to mention a circumstance, which, though slight in itself, has a direct reference to the after incidents of my narrative. I was always extremely fond of the wildly picturesque; and this lonely tour | ering them of their property, and was now apafforded me many opportunities for the indul- parently making preparations for a general gence of my besetting propensity. Often, massacre. Expresses had been sent to Valwhile my companions were busily engaged in ley Forge nearly a month before, (while the

MYSTERIOUS INSCRIPTION .- The following letters were found in a Welch Church, over the ten commandments, and remained upwards of a hundred years unexplained. As a couplet of poetry without a vowel, and requiring but one letter to make it pefect, is perhaps unrivalled. Probably some of our young readers can complete it :

PRSVRYPRFCTMN VRKPTHSPRCPTSTN.

THE WOOL CLIP OL ILLINOIS .- The entire clip of wool grown in this State this season is estimated at four millions of pounds, nearly all of which has ere this passed from the growers into the hands of dealers and manufacturers. The average price at which buyers have purchased it is about forty cents per pound, making the entire clip of the season worth \$1,600,000; quite an important item.

WHAT WE DRINK .- The spurious wines of Oporto, recently seized by the Portuguese government, were made of molasses, alchohol and some coloring substance. Thousands of for the frequent renewal of a promise which I pipes of this mixture have heretofore been where. The wine lately confiscated in Paris was made of water, alum and elder berries.

TF-Grandpa, did you know that the United States have been in the habit of encouraserved, "this downy moss will make such a ging and acknowledging tories ?" "Certainly not ; what kind of tories !" "Terri-tories. Now give me some peanuts, or I'll catch the

Powers or MEMORY .- Boys are sometimes endowed with remarkable memories. We know a family in this city consisting of one girl and one boy-the latter about 7 years old. -They were sitting one evening around the table, engaged in telling each other how far back they could recollect. The little girl recollected when she had a "doll that cried."-The boy here spoke up and said that he recollected worse than that. "How worse," chimed in half a dozen voices in a breath. "Why I recollect four weeks afore I was born, and I cried all the time for fear I'd be a boy !

SENATOR SUMMER .- The London correspondent of The Boston Traveler, under date of Aug. 14, writes that Mr. Sumner has improved constantly in health, and is now able to bear considerable fatigue, tho' still obliged to be very cautious, and careful to avoid all mental exertion. After some weeks of social enjoyment here, he left London for a short visit to Mr. Cobden, at his quiet home in the country, and from there went by way of the Channel Islands to the coast of Normandy, to visit M. de Tocqueville and will then go to Switzerland.

REV MR. MANIER, pastor of the Methodist Church at Cairo, states that he asked Mr. Douglas to contribute to the erection of a Methodist church at that place, when the little giant inquired what the politics of the church were. The pastor told him it was a Christian, not a political church. Mr. Douglas cut the interview short by abruptly remarking that he "gave nothing to any church without first knowing its political character."

"Pa, why don't you buy a hen, so we can have all the eggs we want ? "My dear, one hen would not lay all the eggs we want." "Why, yes it would, pa; we only use a dozen eggs a day, and a good hen could certainly lay that many," Our imp says this young lady is a sister to the one who tho't milk was pumped out of cows, and that the tail was the pump handle.

CT Squibbs came home the other night rather tighter than usual, and on taking out his night-key to unlock the door, telt around in vain for a place in which to enter it. At length, exhausted and discouraged, he staggered back in despair, exclaiming, "By golly, it's no use; somebody has stolen the key-hole !'a

TTAn office seeker, in urging his claims, said that his grandfather didn't fight in the revolutionary war, but he guessed he would have liked to, if he had been in the country at the time. He was appointed.

DRED Scorr .- Col. Benton has written a review of the Dred Scott decision. He takes ground with Judge Curtis and McLane, and against the majority of the court. The book is now in press.

A man in Wisconsin, who unfortunately ha his nose pulled last week, makes bitter c plaints of the matter in the Madison He doesn't attempt to show, however, nose didn't have a "fair shake."

Brown says that though soul of wit," it is no joke to in the 'change. Brown knows.