

Kraftsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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SHANNON'S FUNERAL.

To the Hon. P. C. Shannon, of Pittsburgh, brother to the late Thomas Shannon, these lines are respectfully inscribed.

Beauty's eyes now dimmed with weeping,
For the lost one silent sleeping,
As the sister knelt to pray
By her brother's lifeless clay.
But the hour at last had come,
And the clock was tolling one,
As the carriers raised the bier
Of that loved and lost one dear.
Slow the mournful funeral train
Wending o'er the grave-yard came,
At their head in white robes trod,
Sad, two grey-haired men of God.
Round the grave, they silent bow,
While the holy men avow:
"Ashes to ashes; dust to dust—
This we are—return we must."
The writ was o'er—the task was done—
And sadly they turned away.
Leaving behind that lifeless one,
To moulder and decay.

MAJOR GENERAL STARK.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The fortunate issue of the war of the Revolution was indebted greatly to the French and Indian war. In this latter contest, the leaders of the American forces, while serving under the British flag, were schooled in warfare, and experienced in the battle field. Had a long interval elapsed between the two wars, the officers who had imbibed their skill in such terrible scenes, would have died off, and all military knowledge have faded from the minds of the people. Such a position of affairs would have, undoubtedly, led to the defeat of the cause. This fact clothes the early wars of the provinces with greater interest, and, in their annals, we look for the early manifestation of those powers in the heroes of the Revolution, that, at a later date, shone out so brightly for the cause of liberty. Among those who fought and served in these conflicts was John Stark. He was a strong and active youth, full of fire and energy, fearless, and fond of adventure.

On one occasion, accompanied by his elder brother, and by two young men by the names of Stinson and Eastman, he started on a hunting expedition into the vast wilderness near the north-western part of New Hampshire. While pursuing their vocation in those solitudes, they came one day upon a trail of ten Indians, which induced them to make preparations to leave. John, while collecting the traps, a little distance off, was suddenly surrounded and seized by the savages, who asked him where his other companions were. Forgetting himself, and thinking only of the safety of his friends, he pointed in a wrong direction, and succeeded in leading the Indians two miles out of the way. He would have entirely baffled their search but for the signal guns of his fellow hunters, which they, alarmed at his long absence, fired for his return. Guided by the sound, the savages retraced their steps and came upon them moving down the river—Stark and Stinson in a boat, and Eastman on the bank. The latter they immediately seized, and ordered John Stark to hail the other two, and bring them ashore. He obeyed, but instead of asking them to share his captivity, he told them of his peril, and advised them to pull with all their might to the opposite shore. They sprang to their oars, which the Indians no sooner saw, than four of them loaded their guns and fired. Young Stark, who watched their movements, suddenly leaped forward and knocked two of their guns in the air. The others then lifted their pieces and fired, but the intrepid arm of the young hunter again interposed, and struck the barrels aside from their aim. One shot, however, took effect, and young Stinson fell back in the boat dead. John called out to his elder brother to fly, for the guns were now all unloaded. He did so and escaped. The Indians, maddened at their failure, fell furiously on Stark and beat him cruelly.

When the party returned to St. Francis, the two prisoners were compelled to run the gauntlet. Eastman first passed through the lines, and was terribly bruised, but Stark had no intention of being tamely flogged. No sooner did he approach the fearful avenue of warriors, with their uplifted rods and bludgeons, than he snatched a club from the nearest one and sprang forward. With his eye glancing defiance, and his trusty club swinging in rapid circles about his head, falling, now on the right hand, and now on the left, he cleared a terrible path for himself through the throng, scattering the warriors in affright, and dealing far more blows than he received, in his passage.

He remained three or four months with the Indians, who found him rather an impracticable captive. When ordered to hoe corn, he cut it up, and left the weeds standing; and, when pressed still farther, threw his hoe into the river. Instead of being exasperated at this defiant spirit, his captors were pleased with it, and adopted him as a young chief in to their tribe. At length he was ransomed.

In the French war he served as a lieutenant, and was engaged in many of the conflicts that deluged the frontiers with blood. In 1757, he served under Major Rogers, in an expedition down Lake George, on the ice, to Lake Champlain. As they approached Ticonderoga they learned that a large body of French and Indians were waiting for them. They immediately ordered a retreat through the country, and proceeded in single file through the snow, when they suddenly came upon a large body

of the enemy. So unexpected was the meeting that a rapid volley was discharged into their ranks before they were scarcely aware of the danger. They were immediately formed in order of battle to repel the attack of the enemy. A desperate contest ensued. Rogers was wounded, and the command devolved on Stark. Darkness was now coming on, and some proposed a retreat, when Stark, who knew that their safety depended upon keeping their situation until the darkness would cover their retreat, declared that he would shoot the first man who attempted to fly. Fighting in the thickest of the battle, a bullet struck the lock of his gun and shattered it to pieces. At that moment a Frenchman, not many yards from where he stood, staggered back with a shot through his body, when Stark sprang forward and seized the gun from his relaxed grasp. Desperately and obstinately the conflict continued, with the snow four feet on the ground, and a January night rapidly approaching. Darkness having settled on the scene, the enemy ceased firing, and Stark ordered a retreat. All night the fatigued and wounded company continued their course, and when morning came, halted on Lake George, it being utterly impossible for the wounded to proceed farther. The nearest fort was forty miles distant, and Stark volunteered to go for aid. "Nothing can show more strikingly the prodigious energy of the man, than this expedition. Wearied as he was, and not having had any sleep the night before, he set out and accomplished the forty miles, on snow shoes, by evening. Without waiting to rest himself, and too noble to send others in his stead, he immediately started back, and travelling all night, reached his companions next morning. Hastily placing his wounded in sleds, he set out again, and, in his anxiety to relieve their sufferings, pushed on with such rapidity that he reached the fort again that night. Few men of our day could stand such a prodigious strain on their physical energies as this. After having marched and fought all one day, then retreated all night, he travelled on foot, without stopping to rest, a hundred and twenty miles in less than forty hours."

When the war of the Revolution broke out, and news was brought to him of the battles of Concord and Lexington, within ten minutes' time he was in the saddle hastening to Boston. In the Battle of Bunker Hill he was present and fought courageously; with Washington at Trenton, and in the Battle of Bennington won for himself undying glory. When, on this occasion, the enemy first appeared before him, he pointed them out to his soldiers, saying, "See there, men! there are the red coats. Before night they are ours, or Molly Stark's a widow." The battle was one of the most desperately contested of the whole war. Stark's horse was shot under him in the early part of the engagement, but with his sword in his hand he continued to pass through his ranks on foot, cheering on his men, and directing the progress of the battle. The victory to the Americans was most decisive and glorious.

After the war, Stark retired into private life, and lived to the good old age of ninety-four, and long enough to see the mighty growth and increasing greatness of the country whose independence he had helped to form.

AN IRISHMAN'S DEFINITION OF MYSTERY.—Chancing along where a number of the Emerald Isle natives were assembled, we happened to hear the following dialogue:—"I say Murphy, what's the meaning of mystery?" Faith, I was rading the paper, and it said it was a mystery how it was done." "Well," said Murphy, "Pat, I'll teach ye. Ye see, when I lived wid me father, a little gosssoon, they gave a party, and me mother went to market to buy somethin' for the party to ate, and among the lot of things she bought a half iv barrel of pork, ye see. Well, she put it down in the cellar, bless her soul, for safe kaping, till the party came on; me mother sent me down cellar to get some of the barrel and opened it, and fished about, but divil a bit of pork could I find; so I looked around about the barrel to see where the pork was and found a rat hole in the bottom of the barrel, where the pork had run out and left the brine standing, do ye see."

"Hould on Murphy! hould on! wait a bit; now tell me how could all the pork git out of the barrel and leave the brine standing?" "Well, Pat," said Murphy, "that's what I'd like to know meself, do ye see; there's the mystery."

KANSAS.—The members of the Kansas Constitutional Convention in session at Leecompton, have held a caucus, in which the majority resolved to submit the Constitution to a popular vote, with two clauses to be separately voted upon, for and against slavery. The ultras were so bitter against this that it was supposed they would go home before the work was done, and thus leave the Convention without a quorum. Lane has resigned his command as General of the Free State Militia. The official certificates issued to the members elect of the new Legislature, show that the House will stand 24 Free State to 15 Democratic, and the Council 9 Free State to 4 Democratic. All the county and township officers elected at the recent election, have come forward and taken the oath of office, so that for the first time, Kansas has everywhere local officers of recognized authority.

NORTHERN EUROPE.

Bayard Taylor's Letters, published in the N. Y. Tribune, are highly interesting. His last is from Vossevangen, in Norway, "a compact little village, half buried in trees, clustered about the massive old church, with its black, pointed tower, and roof covered with pitched shingles, in the centre of the valley, while the mountains around shone bald and bright through floating veils of vapor which had risen from the lake."

"Leaving the valley, we drove for some time through pine forests, and here, as elsewhere, had occasion to notice the manner in which this source of wealth has been drained of late years. The trees were very straight and beautiful, but there were none of more than middle age. All the fine old timber had been cut away, all Norway, in fact, had been despoiled in like manner, and the people are but just awaking to the fact that they are killing a goose which lays golden eggs. The government so prudently economical that it only allows \$100,000 worth of silver to be quarried annually in the mines of Kongsberg, lest the supply should be exhausted, has, I believe, adopted measures for the preservation of the forests, but I am not able to state their precise character. Except in valleys remote from the rivers and fairs, one now finds very little mature timber."

Crossing "the Hardanger Fiord, a broad, winding sheet of water, with many arms," they reached Vik, at the head of a bay on the southern side.

"We were now but eight miles from the Voring Foss, and set out betimes the next morning, taking with us a bottle of red wine, some dry bread, and Peder Halstensen as guide. I mention Peder particularly, because he is the only jolly, lively, wide awake, open-hearted Norwegian I have ever seen. . . . We walked across the birch-wooded isthmus behind Vik to the Eysfjordsvaad, a lake about three miles long, which completely cuts off the further valley, the mountains on either side falling to it in sheer precipices a thousand feet high. . . . By this time, we had reached the other end of the lake, where in the midst of a little valley of rich alluvial soil, covered with patches of barley and potatoes, stood the hamlet of Sabbo. Here Peder procured a horse for my friend, and we entered the mouth of a sublime gorge which opened to the eastward—a mere split in the mighty ramparts of Hardanger fjeld. Peder was continually shouting to the people in the fields: 'Look here! these are Americans—these two—and the other one is a German! This one talks Norsk, and the others don't.'"

"We ascended the defile by a rough foot-path, at first through alder thickets, but afterward over immense masses of rocky ruin which had tumbled from the crags far above, and almost blocked up the valley. In silence, desolation and awful grandeur, this defile equals any of the Alpine passes. In the Spring, when the rocks, split by wedges of ice, disengage themselves from the summit and thunder down upon the piled wrecks of ages, it must be terribly sublime. A bridge, consisting of two logs spanned across abutments of loose stones, and vibrating strongly under our tread, took us over the torrent. Our road, for some distance, was now a mere staircase, scrambling up, down, under, over and between the chaos of sundereed rocks. A little further, and the defile shut in altogether, forming a cul de sac of apparently perpendicular walls from two to three thousand feet high. 'How are we to get out of this?' I asked Peder. 'Yonder,' said he, pointing to the inaccessible summit in front. 'But where does the stream come from?' 'That you will soon see.' Lo! all at once a clean split from top to bottom disclosed itself in the wall on our left, and in passing its mouth we had a glimpse up the monstrous chasm, whose dark blue sides, falling sheer three thousand feet, vanquished at the bottom in eternal gloom and spray."

"Crossing the stream again, we commenced ascending over the debris of stony avalanches, the path becoming steeper and steeper, until the far-off summit almost hung over our heads. It was now a zigzag ladder, roughly thrown together, but very firm. The red mare which my friend rode climbed it like a cat, never hesitating, even at an angle of 50 deg., and never making a false step. The performance of this noble animal was almost incredible. I should never have believed a horse capable of such gymnastics had I not seen it with my own eyes, had I not mounted her myself at the most difficult points, in order to test her powers. You, who have climbed the Mayenwand, in going from the Glacier of the Rhone to the Grimsel, imagine a slant higher, steeper, and composed of loose rocks, and you will have an exact picture of our ascent. We climbed well, and yet it took us just an hour and a half to reach the summit."

"We were now on the great plateau of the Hardanger fjeld, 2,500 feet above the sea. A wild region lay before us—great swells, covered with heather, sweeping into the distance and given up to solitude and silence. A few isolated peaks, streaked with snow, rose from this upper level, and a deep break on our left revealed the top of the chasm through which the torrent made its way. At its extremity, a mile or more distant, rose a light cloud of vapor, seeming close at hand in the thin mountain air. The thick, spongy soil, not more

than two feet deep, rests on a solid bed of rock—the entire Hardanger fjeld, in fact, is but a single rock—and is, therefore, always swampy. Whortleberries were abundant, as well as the mulberry (*Rubus chamaemorus*), which I have found growing in Newfoundland, and Peder, running off on the hunt of them, was continually leading us astray. But at last we approached the wreath of whirling spray, and heard the hollow roar of the Voring Foss. The great chasm yawned before us: another step, and we stood on the brink. I seized the branch of a tough pine sapling as a support, and leaned over. My head did not swim: the height was too great for that, the impression to grand and wonderful. The shelf of rock on which I stood projected far out over a gulf twelve hundred feet deep, whose opposite side rose in one grand escarpment from the bottom to a height of eight hundred feet above my head. On this black wall, wet with eternal spray, was painted a splendid rainbow, forming two-thirds of a circle before it melted into the gloom below. A little stream fell in one long thread of silver from the very summit, like a plumb-line dropped to measure the two-thousand feet. On my right hand, the stream, coming down from the level of the fjeld in a torn, twisted and boiling mass, reached the brink of the gulf at a point about four hundred feet below me, whence it fell in a single sheet to the bottom, a depth of between eight and nine hundred feet."

"Could one view it from below, this fall would present one of the grandest spectacles in the world. In height, volume of water and sublime surroundings, it has no equal. The spectator, however, looks down upon it from a great height above its brink, whence it is so foreshortened that he can only guess its majesty and beauty. By lying upon your belly and thrusting your head out beyond the roots of the pines, you can safely peer into the dread abyss, and watch, through the vortex of whirling spray in its tortured womb, the starry conceptions which radiate from the bottom of the fall like rockets of water incessantly exploding. But this view, sublime as it is, only whets your desire to stand below and see the river, with its spray crest shining against the sky, make but one leap from heaven to hell. Some persons have succeeded, by entering the chasm at its mouth in the valley below, in getting far enough to see a portion of the fall, the remainder being concealed by a projecting rock; and the time will come, no doubt, when somebody will have energy enough to carry a path to its very foot. I envy the travellers who will then visit the Voring Foss."

A HARD SHELL.—The Peninsular, of Tampa, Florida, is attaining a Munchausenian reputation as a raconteur. Its last comes under the head of "accidents," and runs thus: "On Monday of this week, while Captain Parkhill was returning to his camp from this place, the horse his servant (a strapping negro man) was riding took fright and threw the rider. The head of the negro, in his descent, struck the leg of Capt. Parkhill's horse, breaking it when it (the negro's head) glanced and struck a tree on the side of the road, peeling off the bark for several feet. The negro was stupefied for an instant, but received no injury! It is supposed he belongs to the hard-shell persuasion."

STATISTICS OF CONSUMPTION.—Medical statistics appear to prove that consumption, where prevalent, originates as often in summer as in winter, and the best authorities declare that it is more common in hot than in cold climates. There is more consumption in the Tropical Indies, both East and West, than in the almost arctic Canadas. The number of the British troops attacked with this disease in Jamaica is annually twelve in one thousand, while in Canada it is only about six. The British government have accordingly resolved upon sending their consumptive soldiers to a cold climate in preference to a warm one.

Somebody, we don't know "adactly" who, entertains the idea that some fast men very strongly resemble sheep; "for," says he, "they gambol in their youth, frequent the turf, are oftentimes black legs, and invariably fleeced." What an insult to the memory of ram, lamb, sheep and mutton!

If you don't want a woman to stray, the sooner you provide her with a baby the better. A blue-eyed girl will do more toward keeping Mrs. Gabbers morals sweet, than all the sermons that were ever preached.

At the recent races, says the Cleveland Leader, an Indian named Smith ran two and a half miles, against the horse trotting five miles, for a purse of \$20, the Indian beating the fastest horse over a ½ mile. Indian's time 12.08.

Tom: "Hallo, Fred! What you writing poetry?" Fred: "Yes—I'm writing an owed to my tailor." Tom: "What's the time and tune?" Fred: "Time, sixty days. It's set to notes of mine in his possession."

"Julius, what part ob ceremonies do de ladies most admire when dey go to church?" "Well, Pompey, I can't tell dat. What is it?" "Why, ob course, it's de hims."

CHEAP CORN.—South of Springfield, Ill., on the railroads, some of the farmers are offering corn at 15 cents per bushel in the field; others at \$5 per acre.

A HORSE STORY.

A keeper of a hotel, not fifty miles from Boston, is, or was a famous man for horses, owned many, and was always ready for a trade in such cattle. He was sharp at a bargain, and was never known to make a move that didn't count on his side, until the following happened, that proved an exception to the rule. He always had some particular horse on hand for every particular emergency of trade, and the adroitness of his operations on putting off a beast was a subject of delighting approval, on all hands, among connoisseurs of that delightful and much abused animal, the horse. No one ever traded with Staffle that did not confess himself satisfied, though satisfaction being a latitudinal word did not always mean that the satisfaction was the ultimate of happiness in the trade—like the same term in connection with the duello.

There was a jolly colt, whose name was Wax, that occupied a small shop near the hotel, to whom Staffle was accustomed to refer in case of any stick in a transaction, and he being a disinterested man, would decide on the matter of difference always—however, by what was deemed a strange fatality, deciding in the favor of Staffle. Some, however, went so far as to intimate that Staffle and the colt had talked the matter over previously and had certain signs by which they understood each other.

When the stick came, then Staffle would say, "I'm willing to leave it to a third party, and as Mr. Wax, around the corner, knows the value of the horse I'm swapping with you, he will be as good and candid an arbitrator as we can find, and I guess I'll call him." Mr. Wax would accordingly come out, leather apron and all, and after looking at the matter candidly, would decide that Staffle should receive a smart consideration as the difference in value, and this would settle it in nine times out of ten.

One day there came along a stranger with a pretty good horse, and it was at once an object of Staffle's interest. He examined the horse in all its points, and determined to have him. The determination worked itself into a positive fever by the next morning; and when the stranger's horse was led out to be harnessed, Staffle stepped out and asked the owner, who was looking on, seeing that the harness was adjusted properly, if he didn't want to swap horses.

The stranger told him that he had'n't the least objection, provided he could make a little something out of it.

"Well, I am glad to hear you say so. John bring out the red colt."

The red colt was accordingly brought out. Its name was a misnomer. It was one of those animals that, having been called a colt when legitimately entitled to the appellation, had forfeited it by the offense of age, and was now sailing under false colors. The stranger looked at the "colt," and gave a whistle as he saw the discrepancy between the title and the age.

"Well," said he at last, "how will you trade? What will you give to boot?"

"Boot?" said Staffle, with feigned surprise, "the boot is on the other leg, I think."

"Ah," said the man, "well, if you think so, we will stop negotiation. Good morning."

"Hold on," cried Staffle, "hold on—don't be in such a hurry. Suppose I offer you—say, twenty-five dollars—how would that please you?"

"It would not please me at all," was the reply. "I shouldn't want to take less than eighty dollars."

"Well," said Staffle, "I can't do that; but I'll tell you what I will do—I'll leave it to somebody."

"Done," replied the stranger, "anything for a trade. Whom will you leave it to? Somebody, I hope, that knows what a good horse is."

"Never a better, sir," said Staffle, delighted; "and here's the man, of all others, that I would like to see, coming into the yard. Good morning, Mr. Wax."

Wax nodded good morning back again, and said so, and then stood with his hands under his apron looking at the horses.

"Mr. Wax," continued Staffle, "this gentleman and myself are about trading horses, and we want you to decide upon the amount of boot that I am to pay him. You know what an excellent horse the 'colt' is, and can judge, by comparing the two, what the difference should be."

"Mr. Wax, are you a good judge of horses?" Mr. Wax nodded, and looked up into his face, as much as if to say, I should like to see you find a better one. He then proceeded to gravely examine the two horses, and, after standing with his arms akimbo for some five minutes, said—

"I should think about seventy-five dollars would be about right."

"Good," said the stranger, "five dollars isn't much in a trade. Give me seventy-five dollars and take the horse."

Staffle was red as a beet, and drawing out his pocket book, he counted out seventy-five dollars, and paid them over. The transfer was made in silence, and the stranger drove away. After he had gone, Staffle turned to Wax, who stood there very smilingly, saying—

"That was a devil of a trick you played me. What was you thinking of? Didn't you understand the 'colt' was mine?"

"Yes," replied Wax, "but you didn't suspect the other horse was mine, did you? I bought him yesterday on a speculation.—Boston Saturday Gazette."

ANCIENT CIVILIZATION IN THE U. S.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the newspapers, affirming that a brass kettle has been found, in Illinois imbedded in a seam of bituminous coal. Without being willing to vouch for the correctness of the tale, we think it may now be considered demonstrated, that the red man was not the aboriginal inhabitant of North America, but that a race preceded him, far superior in point of civilization. The earthen fortifications of the Mississippi valley, the Atlantic States, and the utensils of metal found buried everywhere, are conclusive proofs of this fact. In Europe, at least, similar kinds of evidence are regarded as indisputable. The bronze swords which have been dug up from the bogs of Ireland, and which are discovered all over ancient Scandinavia, are accepted as certain testimony that a race of people once inhabited those regions, different from those living there even in the earliest period of history. A similar bronze period, antecedent to the knowledge of iron, appears to have existed in the United States. All the oldest weapons examined on this continent are of this composite metal. In the copper mines of the northwest are indications of those mines having been worked long before Father Marquette visited the Mississippi; perhaps before the red man himself was a denizen there.

The ordinary objection to this, that it would be impossible for such a civilization to have perished, is founded on a radical error. For nothing is more conclusively established in history, than that savage nations, wherever their antecedents could be traced, have been found to have been nations in retrograde condition, or the conquerors and successors of such nations. The whole of Northern Africa, now principally the prey of semi-barbarous tribes, was once as civilized a province as any in the world. After the Romans abandoned Britain, the inhabitants, even of the towns, sunk into a state of comparative savagery, from which they emerged only after the lapse of centuries, and in consequence of a new importation of civilized ideas. The great plain of Mesopotamia, once the seat of the mighty Assyrian empire, is now almost desolate; the nomadic Arab, and the wild ass of the desert, sharing between them the vast and lonely wastes. The old Egyptian civilization has perished so utterly, that the miserable Copt, the lineal descendant of that ancient dweller of the Nile, is ignorant of its first rudiments. All the facts of history corroborate the affirmations of Holy Writ, that the earliest inhabitants of the globe enjoyed a comparatively high civilization, and that savage nations are the wrecks of once civilized people, and the fallen and degraded remnants of better and nobler types.

Of the character of the primordial inhabitants of these United States, the antichonics, as scientific writers call such aborigines, it is impossible to speak certainly. The various theories which have been projected some assigning them a place among the Mongol tribes, some describing them as the lost children of Israel, are all alike unsupported by sufficient proof. We know too little respecting the ancient populations of these regions, either to affirm or to deny what they were. From the paucity of their remains on the Atlantic coast, as compared with those found in the valley of the Mississippi, it would seem probable, however, that their chief seat of empire was in the west, and that they entered America, if they immigrated at all, from the direction of Asia. Time, which will bring to light more of their utensils, will enable investigators to approximate finally, perhaps, to the truth; but at present it is a waste of words to speculate as to their race, religion, political institutions, or language. One fact alone is indisputable, which is, that a race, superior in the arts of life as well as in knowledge of war to the Indians, an agricultural, or at least a pastoral, and not a hunter race, once inhabited these United States. But how long ago this was, no man can tell. Nor whether this primordial race was extirpated by the red man, or declined into him through long centuries of degradation.

TRANSFUSION.—It is reported in an English Journal that a woman who had suffered from uterine hemorrhage until life was nearly extinct, recovered by transfusing seventeen ounces of blood from the veins of her husband into her arm. A singular case, if true.

"NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE."—A Yankee, who had just come from Florence, being asked what he had seen and admired, and whether he was not in rapture with the Venus de Medici, replied, "Well, to tell the truth, I don't care about those stone gals."

"Now, Patrick," said a Judge, "what do you say to the charge—are you guilty or not guilty?" "Faith, but that's difficult for your honor to tell, let me myself—wait till I hear the evidence."

Woman is like ivy—tie more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. An old bachelor adds: "Ivy is like woman—the closer she clings to you, the more you are ruined."

"You have broken the Sabbath, Jonny," said a good man to his son. "Yes," said his little sister; "and mother's long comb, too, in three pieces!"