

# Raftsmen's Journal.

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For the "Raftsmen's Journal."

## PLEASURES OF SERENADING.

BY JAS. S. BRISMAN.

To the man with red hair, who plays on the flute and big bass fiddle, these lines are respectfully writ:

Lady, wake! the winds are sighing;  
 Wake, my love, the whoop-ers crying;  
 Wake! and listen to my numbers;  
 Wake! cast off thy drowsy slumbers.

List! my lute's low murmuring tone;  
 List! to the river's solemn moan;  
 'Tis the hour of calm delight,  
 Holy hour of lone midnight.

Now our souls may hold communion;  
 Now our hearts may join in union;  
 While bright spirits round us hover,  
 In the lower come join thy lover.

On yonder tower the moonlight's streaming,  
 Stars are brightly o'er me beaming;  
 In the bowers come, love, we'll meet,  
 Where the wild rose blooms so sweet.

Brighter are thy lovely eyes,  
 Than the orbs that deck the skies;  
 Stay not, lady! stay not, stay;  
 To the bowers come haste away.

Hark! slow the lattice swings around,  
 And tiny steps above me sound;  
 She comes in all her maiden charms,  
 To rest within these engarments.

Fair one! Eve's loveliest daughter—  
 Thy George! who through that water?  
 "God heavens! suppose it had hit me!"  
 Hey, haul! get out! augh, de-m he's bit me!

Two red orbs are at me gleaming;  
 Paper bobs are o'er me streaming—  
 "His, Bull, his!" I hear that tone,  
 "Kick him!" sick the pup of home.

## THE DOUBLE SHOT.

A TALE OF WYOMING.

The beautiful vale of Wyoming, Pennsylvania, became the scene of a dreadful tragedy.

Through this valley the East branch of the Susquehanna flows, on the banks of which the inhabitants of Connecticut had planted a colony, many years before the revolution. It became the most populous and flourishing settlement in America, and nowhere, perhaps, on the face of the globe, existed a community of like numbers, where so much happiness, based upon public and private virtue, prevailed, as in the Valley of Wyoming. Industry and frugality were the great temporal characteristics of the people, and, all the same, stern patriotism found a luxuriant nursery there. When the war of independence broke out, Wyoming sent forth its youth, and during the struggle it gave a thousand soldiers to battle for liberty; and yet, in the midst of that peaceful community party spirit raised its unseemly head; and soon the animosities of Whigs and Tories became as strong there as elsewhere, separating and severing the dearest ties.

The Republicans, having a majority, used means to restrain the actions of the Tories, and even expelled many from the colony. This highly exasperated them; they swore revenge; they coalesced with their savage neighbors; and during the summer of this year, while nearly all the youths of the settlement were with the army, they resolved to wreak their vengeance. Both Tories and Indians lulled the inhabitants into security by protestations of friendship, and caused them to be less on their guard. Hist. of '76.

In the sweet vale of Wyoming, George and Mary Ryerson had found a pleasant resting place, far away from the cares and turmoil of city life. Their wealth consisted of a convenient farm house, with a broad belt of rich, unencultivated land lying along the banks of the gentle Susquehanna, and a track of woodland along the mountain side; of sheep, cattle, horses, poultry, all manner of implements of husbandry; everything which ministers to the real necessities and happiness of man. There they lived and loved, acknowledging no sovereign save the Lord of heaven and earth, no aristocracy save that of superior intelligence. During the summer months he rose early, and busied himself with the superintendance of his farm; she attended to the management of the household, and found leisure to look after the welfare of the flowers, to plant vines and train them gracefully about the cottage windows, to sit in their cool shadows, and sing songs of love and peace.

George Ryerson was tall, and handsomely formed, with a high, white forehead, dark, hazel eye, and a handsome glow upon his cheek. Mary was somewhat slightly made, with blue eyes, golden curls, a rose-tinted cheek, and a velvet smile playing forever about her lips. They were as beautiful and pure-hearted as any pair who had joined hands for a life walk, since our first parents trod Eden's paths together. They had been five years married, and yet no unrecurrent of grief or bitterness had swelled up to disturb the bright surface waves of a serene existence. One winter day, Geo. Ryerson took his gun and went out for the purpose of hunting a deer. Crossing the Susquehanna, he began ascending the mountain on the opposite side. Reaching a level path, running circular around the hill, he discovered deer tracks. Presently a fine buck came bounding down the hill, and stopped but a short distance before him in this path. George raised his rifle, shot and the deer fell. At the same instant the hunter felt a sting like that of an adder in his shoulder; dizziness came over him, and he fell back against a tree. A dark face bent over him, a dark hand extracted the bullet, and a low musical voice said:

"Me sorry; me no mean to hurt you."  
 "Is it you Eagle Eye," said the hunter.  
 "It is me," replied the Indian, "me take you home."

Eagle Eye, it seems had chased the deer, and without seeing Geo. Ryerson, when it halted, had fired simultaneously with him. The Indians ball struck one horn of the buck, glanced and penetrated the white man's shoulder. Eagle Eye was a strong man, full six feet high, and giving his arms to Blue Bird, his wife, helped George home, and would leave no one but himself attend him. Ryerson's wife, as a matter of course, was much frightened at first and wanted to send for a physician; but Eagle Eye said "me cure him," and under his treatment in a few days George was quite well again. A strong attachment grew up between George Ryerson and Mary, and the Indian and his wife.

Often the newly made friends hunted the deer together, and as winter melted into spring, and spring blossomed into summer—their hearts knew no change of seasons—they remained brothers in words and deeds.

It was in the morning of July 8d, 1778. The weather was extremely sultry, and to enjoy the cool of the day, the family at the farm had risen early.

After partaking of a pleasant breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson hung listlessly over the table, discoursing of the past and future, and thriving condition of their settlement and the whole beautiful valley of the Susquehanna.

"It is such a comfort, George," said the young wife, "to know that the late unhappy differences between the whigs and Tories have all melted into moonshine; and not only our own neighbors, but the savages themselves seem now to be vieing with each other in manifestations of kindness and good will towards us."

"We have certainly much cause for gratification to our Father in Heaven, dear Mary, for all this seeming good faith; may He in His mercy grant that it is not the calm which ushers in the tempest."

Just then the red turban of Eagle Eye passed before the window, and in another instant he opened the door without knocking and stepped into the centre of the room. In place of the wolf-skin vest, in which we first introduced him to the reader, he wore a white cotton shirt, with a broad collar open at the throat, and turned down, displaying a fine muscular neck, and a part of his broad, tawny chest. He carried his rifle, and his powder horn was suspended by a strap over his shoulder. George read a new expression in his countenance; and Mary almost feared to look upon him, he was so stern, calm, yet sorrowful.

"Sit down, my brother," said George.  
 "Will you eat?" said Mary.  
 "Me want nothing—me no hungry. Come with me," he said, looking at George. "Take the gun, the wild cat is on the mountain; come and shoot him."

"Oh, only a wild cat?" said Mary laughing.  
 "Well, I declare, Eagle Eye, your grave looks frightened me terribly; please bring him down after you take him, but a look will do me no steaks this time, after a 'double shot.'" She alluded to their first meeting in the woods.

No smile lightened up the face of the Indian; George waxed a shade paler as he picked up his hat and gun, and followed him he knew not whither; and Mary grew sad and silent as they walked slowly along the river's side.

Noon came; the hottest, most suffocating noon ever known in the valley of the Susquehanna. Not a leaf stirred upon the trees, not a zephyr lifted a blade of grass, but the sun poured down scorchingly, vegetation withered, and every living thing sought shelter from his burning rays under some friendly roof or shade tree; the very stones were like heated irons, and the river glowed like liquid fire.

George Ryerson had not returned, and Mary looked out from the window hour after hour with a strange foreboding of evil. Mary prepared dinner, but she merely tasted it, then re-located herself at the window with tearful eyes. Baby laid its velvet cheek against hers, and then it sobbed aloud. With her eyes fixed upon the road, she sang it a gentle lullaby and it fell asleep.

Hark! what sound is that—that long, loud terrible yell? What mean those guns? That trumping, shouting, crying—that despairing wail. He who is absent flies to his home; the boys come down from the cherry trees, the girls rush in from the garden, shrieking, clinging to their mother's skirts; the dog sends up a howl of horror; the cattle snuff the wind, and run bellowing hither and thither.

"The English! the Tories! the savages are upon us!" was shouted from house to house, from field to field; it echoed wildly along the banks of the river, and reverberated from hill to hill. The strong men girded on their armor and went forth to meet the heterogeneous mass of murderers: the aged and the sick, timid womanhood and helpless childhood remained to weep and pray.

On they came like a legion of fiends, shouting, cursing, killing; the red coats of the English mingling with the naked shoulders of the half-clad savages; their tall military caps contrasting strangely with their shaven heads and horrid scalping tufts.

"To the fort! to the fort!" shouted a neighbor, bursting open the door, and instantaneously disappearing.

"To the fort!" shouted the frightened servant shaking her mistress violently, to arouse her from the stupor into which she had fallen.

"To the fort! what, Margaret, has he come? Is my husband here?"

"No, no—but the English—the Tories—the Indians are upon us! Haste! fly! for God's sake keep your senses!"

Margaret tied on her bonnet hastily, made up a small bundle of necessary clothing for mother and babe, which she put into her hands, then herself taking the child on the arm, dragged her out, and along in the direction of Fort Kingston.

Poor, bewildered Mary! she woke to the consciousness of her danger when she found herself flying over the dusty road, with scores of helpless women and children, wagons rolling past at full speed, mounted horses, leaping like reindeers, with pale and hatless riders, all rushing on, while ever and anon came the din of the warwhoop, and the shriek of the sufferers, overtook by the bloodhounds in the rear. Mothers and children fainted and fell, old men sat down, unable to go another step, and those whom God granted strength to proceed, arrived at the fort over heated, utterly exhausted. One after another tottered in, images of grief and despair.

Inside were a few mattresses, a scanty supply of provisions, a few cooking utensils, and there in melancholy thankfulness, they ate the evening meal with sickening foreboding of tomorrow. Scores arrived during the night, coming from the mountain and all along the river, until all the houses and barracks were full; some lay down to rest, others sat up, watching the fitful slumbers as ever and anon they started in their dreams and murmured prayers to heaven against the cruelty of men. Among the watchers was Mary Ryerson, sitting beside her babe and Margaret, all night long, with folded hands and tearless eyes, and when the stereotyped question of the sentinel, "who's there?" was asked at the break of day, she heard it, still hoping in the olden answer, "a friend," to detect the voice of her husband.

All night Col. Zebulon Butler and his men sat up making strong their defence, running bullets, doing everything human foresight could for safety.

Weak and worn they were, but resolved to sell their lives dearly; and they waited for the coming conflict with unflinching nerves.

The sun had risen high above the fort, and stood out in the cloudless atmosphere like a red ball of fire; not a leaf fluttered, not a zephyr rippled the surface of the clear, calm Susquehanna; the grass cracked under the feet of the kine; the dogs dug holes in the earth and lay half buried there. Nature herself seemed awed by some dark foreshadowing, and held her hot deep breath in fearful anticipation.

"An officer and guard," said the men in the lookout; "John Butler," they continued, and drew nearer and new hopes sprang up in many a despairing heart; so slowly and silently they came; surely their visit would be peaceful.

Halting, they sent a messenger to say that if Col. Zebulon Butler would come out to meet his cousin he would propose terms of capitulation. Unsuspecting, not thinking in his own honest heart that he, one of his own kinsmen would be a very fiend, he accompanied by a few men, went out to meet him. In the meantime John Butler and his party had moved back toward a thicket, and Zebulon and his men followed.

"They will halt just within the wood, he said, 'the extreme heat of the day causes them to seek the shade; let us venture yet further, my friends,' and they pressed on, till startled by a wild, demonic yell—an ambush was upon them. Bewildered, overpowered, they were shot, stabbed, scalped; a few only escaped by swimming the river, none remained to tell the tale at the fort.

"They are long gone," said the lookout; "long gone," said Col. Dennison, who was left as commander; "long gone," was passed from lip to lip, with fear of their safety.

The soldiers gazed upon their families with deep, yearning tenderness, and mothers upon their blooming daughters, with the tear which only mothers can realize, for John Butler and his tory herd were known to be more brutal than savages.

"They come," said the lookout; "our friends are safe," responded all below.

"Not Zebulon, but John Butler; not our friends but the Tories," and then went up a wail of grief and despair, and a low undertone of supplication to Heaven.

Col. Dennison, realizing the weakness of the force within, thought it but prudence to send out a flag of truce inquiring upon what terms they might capitulate.

"The hatchet," replied John Butler.  
 "God's will be done; can't we at least die bravely?" he said, mournfully.

"Kill them to the last! kill! kill!" shouted the demon Colonel, throwing reeking scalps over the walls of the fort, and with a thundering cry they rushed to the attack. It was a hot, fierce onset, with guns and staves and implements of war, and then they commenced escalating the ramparts. The little band fought desperately, but what could they do against such fearful odds.

One after another they dropped away from the side of their Colonel, until hope was folly, and valor madness, then he surrendered at discretion. History tells the rest. The men were all murdered; women and children burned; the country was devastated, crops destroyed, granaries and dwellings reduced to ashes and

that beautiful valley, within a few weeks before a miniature of Paradise, became but one wild scene of desolation.

Through all that night of gloom and day of horror, Mary Ryerson sat on a low pallet, beside her babe and Margaret, hardly caring for her own safety since the fate of her own beloved one was unknown. But when the heavy bolts were at last unbarred, the doors swung open, and the greedy enemy rushed in, she was startled by the cry of her servant and the terrified wail of her babe. Springing from her seat she caught up the little one, hugged it to her bosom, and started for the door. Pressed down on all sides she fell. A coarse tory bent his loathsome glance upon her face saying, "fear nothing I will save you; will you love me if I will, pretty one?"

As she stooped to lift her, a tall Indian pushed him aside and caught her up in his arms, saying "hold baby tight."

Close upon their tracks followed a squaw, leading Margaret by her hand; none opposed them, none questioned.

Sometimes the Indians said gravely as they passed, "she is yours, Eagle Eye?"

"She is mine," was the laconic answer.  
 "Whither away with the white squaw, my fine fellow?" said John Butler, as he bounded past him; "put her in a place of safety and come back, the frolic is not over."

"Take it," said Eagle Eye, putting the baby into the arms of Margaret, the mother resigning it without opposition, and looking up with a strange bewildered air. Oh, the traces of that day's butchery. Here a hat, there a shoe, here a torn garment, there the red hair. Mercy veil the sight.

Close under the shelving bank of the river lay a light canoe. Eagle Eye loosened it and sprang in with his charge, the women following. The barge shot away like an arrow down the stream. The sun was low; a cooler breeze swept with a lazy wing over the water, as often, as they paddled away, Blue Bird, the squaw, dipped up a handful of drops and sprinkled them in Mary's face. Baby laughed to see the bright showers as they fell; and even his mother returned his salutations with a mournful smile.

Eagle Eye turned the canoe, and shot under the bank; they disembarked in silence and walked on, crossing a narrow strip of land between the mountain and river, and at the foot of the hill they all sat down to rest.

The Indian put down his burden a few moments, straightened up his tall figure, snuffed the wind as if renewing his strength, he said "come," as he shouldered poor Mary again.

He took a circuitous path over the mountain, stealing along through underbrush and rock which seemed too close to allow a passage.

Only once he crept to the top of a rock and looked mournfully back towards Wyoming. The red flames of the burning fields and dwellings were curling upwards, the smoke lay in one mass along the horizon, the river was one long line of flames. He groaned, set his teeth firmly together, drew his hands across his eyes, and said in his heart, "Can they be Christians? Lo! how they deceive each other—curse their hypocrisy!"

Through that terrible massacre he had shed no blood, laid rude hands on none. Burning with shame for his tribe, who had thus been deceived into treachery, he had met them at the Council fire, remonstrating against their intended cruelty. They could not appreciate his nobleness of character, yet no man called him "coward," he the brave of the past, the hero of many battles. He went and returned at pleasure unquestioned; knowing the secrets of their councils, bound by an Indian's honor not to betray his people.

The heavy dew drops fell from the leaves as they parted them in their way—the shadows lay heavy upon the rocks.

Eagle Eye slackened his pace, descending cautiously into a hollow, covered with underbrush and weeds. He stopped as he proceeded, they following wonderingly. Presently they parted upon the naked rock, while far in advance they saw a single gleaming light. Some times they lost sight of it; again it twinkled before them like a star.

After proceeding, what seemed to some of them a long journey under ground, they emerged into an open room, the wall sufficiently high for them to stand upright; that, and the sides also, of solid rock. There was *that star*, (a candle), and there, bound hand and foot, was George Ryerson, secured by a rope to a heavy rock, yet so fettered as to feel no other inconvenience than that of detention. Beside him sat an Indian boy and girl; bread, cold meat and fruit were on a rude table. In a corner lay a buffalo robe and a blanket, upon which Eagle Eye bestowed his burden, then unbanded the prisoner, who folded his wife to his bosom, returning thanks to Heaven.

After the massacre was decided upon, Eagle Eye pondered in his heart how he might save his friends. He must not turn informer and come to despise himself, and be looked upon as a woman by his race; perhaps he and his family might fall victims to the cruel Tories. He knew that if he informed him, Mr. Ryerson would never desert the settlement—even he would have hated him under such circumstances. How could he save him and his own self-respect, his honor, as understood by the white man's code? He decided him away from home on the morning of the fatal struggle,

there seized him, and with his superior strength, bound him hand and foot, and carried him to the cave.

"Me no hurt you—me save your wife and baby—great war—much blood—be still!"

Then putting a gun into his son's hands, he said, "if he makes a noise shoot him," and to his daughter, "Cook his dinner—feed him."

Poor George Ryerson! Fear curdled the very blood in his veins, his knees shook, his brain reeled, as he thought of the loved ones at home; but he had perfect confidence in the integrity of the being before him; he knew the uselessness of remonstrance, and only said, as the door of the cave was darkened by the retreating form, "Remember." He was answered: "Eagle Eye is not a dog that he should die."

Descending the mountain he was met by a party of John Butler's men, who seemed inclined to watch him, and he turned another way.

"He is not false," they said, "he is hunting in the mountain." When he descended into the valley the human blood hounds were already on their relentless track, too busy to notice him as before. He hurried to the house of his friend to find it already deserted. He walked on towards the fort; his eye scanning narrowly every human face. When he came within reach of its guns he said, "they are safe, it is well," and taking another path than which he came, he turned to his home in the mountain. He spoke a few words to Blue Bird, in their own language, the meaning of which was, "When the battle is hottest to-morrow, be there in the rear with the squaws; when I whistle, come like a fawn to my side; who shall touch the wife of Eagle Eye?"

There, in that lone mountain cave, dwelt George Ryerson and his family until all was safe; cared and provided for by the Indian and his family. When he said, "it is time," they went forth into the world again, to weep over the cruelty of Christian man, and the desolation of the loveliest valley whose green pastures ever slept beneath the sun.

There, near the blackened ashes of their former dwelling, they reared another cottage, fenced their broad fields anew, and by industry, frugality and patience, gathered slowly around them all the comforts and luxuries which men truly need below.

Seasons came and went; the rain and the sunshine bleached out from the valley's face the crimson records of the past; and time, which mellows all things, mingled with waters of memory the sweet lothe of forgetfulness; George and Mary Ryerson were happy in love, security and liberty; America is free.

On a sweet spring morning the door of their home was darkened by the entrance of Eagle Eye, his wife and children. A few white hairs had blended with the raven locks of the parents, which told they had suffered, for they were still in the full vigor of life; and the children were tall and comely, the youth apparently seventeen, the maiden about two years younger.

"Sit down, my friends, and let us talk together."  
 Eagle Eye's voice was husky, and slightly tremulous as he spoke.

"We may now sit down in your cabin, for the sun walks on; our journey is long and weary; we are come to say farewell. We are sick with the foolishness of our tribe; the Great Spirit has turned away his face. They shed the blood of the pale face, who never hurt them, and the Great White Father, Washington, has sent men to waste their corn, burn their wigwams, and drive them away like chaff when the wind is high; they are sick, and their medicine men are women; their braves faint ere the sun is low. We go to the hunting grounds of the West, to build us a cabin by the spring and dwell there with our children forever."

He turned away to hide the emotion which swelled his great heart almost to bursting, each pressed the hands of their white friends in silence, and all turned mournfully away.

"God bless you, our preserver, and the best of brothers," said George, seizing his hand, and shutting it upon a purse of gold; but he dared not look him in the face, for his own heart was full—and Eagle Eye gazed upon them no more.

Mary leaned her head upon her husband's breast, and wept loud and bitterly. Memory was busy with the past.

**CONFESSION OF MURDERS.**—Henry Fife and Charlotte Jones, two of the persons convicted in Pittsburgh of the murder of George Wilson and Elizabeth M'Kesters, near McKeesport, in Allegheny county, have confessed that they committed the murders, and have exonerated Monroe Stewart, who was convicted with them as an accomplice, from all participation in the crime. This is an important confession to Stewart, and will most probably save his neck.

The beauty of a woman transcends all other forms of beauty, as well in the sweetness of its suggestion as in the delicious fervor of the admiration it awakens. The beauty of a lovely woman is an inspiration—a sweet delirium—a gentle madness.

**THE ALLIGATOR WITNESS.**—At a late trial, the defendant, after hearing a witness, jumped up and said, "Them allegations is false, and that alligator knows it."

## AGRICULTURAL.

**SAVE THE SOOT.**—This, though generally thrown into the street and wasted is one of the best manures. It is extensively used in England, and when only 15 or 20 bushels are applied to the acre, it induces the most luxuriant crops of wheat, and other grains. It contains, in small compass, almost all the ingredients of the coal or wood used for fuel. It also contains several salts of ammonia, magnesia, lime and muriatic acid. Its components are the natural food or stimulant of plants, and it can be used to great advantage as a concentrated fertilizer, to stimulate germinating seeds in the drill. It is not only sown broadcast with the grain, but it is applied to the root crops with the best results. Potatoes and carrots, especially, are benefited by it. Six quarts of soot to a hogshead of water makes an excellent liquid manure for the garden. It can be applied with safety to all garden crops, and will pay well for saving. In putting the stoves, furnaces and fire-places in order for winter, bear it in mind, that soot is valuable, and will be wanted for spring use. One, two, three or more barrels can be saved easily in most families, especially where wood is burned.

**SUBJECTS FOR FARMERS TO STUDY.**—Few occupations furnish as fine opportunities for close and careful study as farming. How much light the practical farmer, by observing closely may throw upon these two subjects—1st. The wants of different plants in reference to the elements of nutrition. 2. The wants of plants in reference to the physical condition of the soil. The theories of scientific men must be proved true or false by actual trial in the field. Indeed, most of the labors of agricultural chemists have been directed to accounting for facts discovered by farmers.

**OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.**—Upon one occasion, when the Rev. Mr. Robinson was preaching, he dropped the immediate discourse and made this observation:—"It is a rule with me never to use an expression which the humblest of my hearers cannot understand. I have just made use of the term ocular demonstration—I will explain it to you. I look into the table pew, and I see a young man, in a blue coat and scarlet vest, fast asleep." On pronouncing the last two words he raised his voice considerably, and all eyes being attracted to the unfortunate sleeper, he added, in a lower tone, "of that I have ocular demonstration." He then resumed his discourse in his accustomed manner. The young man didn't sleep much in church after that.

**GENERAL HAMILTON.**—General Hamilton, who was drowned by the steamboat collision in the Gulf of Mexico a few days ago, was the famous South Carolina nullifier. When the tariff of 1828 was passed, he resigned his seat in Congress, and went home to resist its execution by force. He was elected Governor, and recommended the nullification act, under which he subsequently—Hayne being Governor—was made the General of the State troops. He imported, at his own expense, some sugar, refusing to pay the duties, in order to bring on a contest, which was subsequently avoided by the Tariff Compromise act. He was about 65 years old.

**WISCONSIN ELECTION.**—From the Milwaukee News, (Democrat,) of the 25th, we learn that the result of the late election in Wisconsin has, at length, been ascertained. The Republicans have elected the Governor and Prison Inspector; and in the Legislature there is a small Republican majority on joint ballot. The Democrats elected all the State officers, with the exception of Governor and Inspector.

**COOL.**—In a great storm at sea, when the ship's crew were all at prayers, a boy burst into a fit of laughter. Being reproved for his ill-timed mirth and asked the reason of it, said, "Why, I was laughing to think what a blessing the boatswain's red nose will make when it is coming in the water."

A MAN in Oakland, while in a fit of nightmare, dreamed that he was a horse, and that his wife was a hostler going to curry him down. At this point in his dream he kicked his spouse out of bed.

Ex-Governor Hammond has been elected by the Legislature of South Carolina to fill the seat in the United States Senate made vacant by the death of Senator Butler.

"Say, Jo, can you tell dis nigger why dat woolly head ob yours and de moon am alike."  
 "Can't guess." "It is kase dey am bot 'posed to be inhabited."

A peacock is a beautiful bird if it would only keep its mouth shut. So would be some angels we know of, if they would follow the same precept.

Beware of tattlers. "The dog that will fetch a bone will carry one." "The viper that will flee before your face will hurl its poison at your back."

What is the difference between a dog smelling a pocket and a boy stealing money? One is scenting the pocket and the other pocketing the cent.

"Bubby, what became of that big hole you had in your trousers the day afore yesterday?"  
 "Oh, it's wored out!"