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H. C. HICKOX, Editor.
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Letter from Europe.

Correspondence of the Lewistown Gazette.

Paris, Oct. 1, 1851.

In my last letter from Venice, I gave you an account of a grand fair and carnival there. This time I'll give you some items from my memorandum book, if you are satisfied to take them in the disconnected style I give them, as one has seldom either time or inclination for better writing in Paris, where there are so many follies and "mysteries" and museums and galleries of paintings and statues, all to be seen for nothing.

But to the Alps, of all mountains the most grand and terrific! We enter Savoy from the eastern frontier of France, and find ourselves at the same time among the Alps. These mountains offer to the traveler, sights the most curious and the most imposing, productions the most varied, and contrasts the most singular. For three long hours the clumsy French diligence (with all its baggage on top) slowly labors up the winding ascent along side of the thundering torrent. The French diligence, with its clumsy horses and clattering harness, looks like a ton of hay on a farm wagon; but wait until it and its twelve horses and its twenty-four passengers inside and outside are on the top of the mountain, they'll go down the other side like a locomotive; the noise of the catarrh that rushes after will be hushed by the hundred little bells that hang over the tops of the horses' collars. This is on the road to Turin by the pass of Mount Cenis, and some authors affirm that it was by this first mountain that Hannibal opened a passage for his troops by the aid of fire and vinegar. There is some difference of opinion as to the route by which Hannibal passed, but the priests of the mountains, with a great deal of assurance, point you to the camp of Hannibal near the summit of the mountain called the Little Saint Bernard. There is a circle 240 feet in diameter, made of huge stones buried deep in the earth, with their tops two or three feet above the surface. It is called the Circle of Hannibal, and tradition says that Hannibal held a council of war within this circle. But some say that this circle of stones was made by the Romans in the time of their conquest of the country this side of the Alps; others again say that it was made neither by the Carthaginians nor Romans, but that it was a Celtic temple, made in the time when the god Pen was worshipped by the Celts. This highway across the Alps was begun by Napoleon, and finished by the King of Sardinia in 1817. In traveling through Italy, one sees many improvements that were made by Napoleon, and which the imbecile Italians would scarcely have ventured to make to this day; improvements that have made him a benefactor, rather than a scourge to the Italians of the present generation, whatever he may have been to them in the days of his victories. One of the former routes is visible from this one. It is called the ladders, and travelers crossed the Alps by this route by means of ladders placed one above the other, or in a kind of arm chair, tied to the backs of the mountain peasants of Savoy.

Chamberi, a city of 12,000 inhabitants, is the first city you enter on leaving France. It contains several towers and other fragments of the ancient castle of the dukes of Savoy. In an ancient gothic chapel, yet occupied and enclosed by the towers, they tell you of a holy wedding sheet (*stola sudaria*) which was a long time kept in this chapel, but which French King of France, made a pious pilgrimage to see, walking barefooted all the way from Lyons, in France. At St. Peter's, Rome, there is another *stola sudaria*, which is shown to the people on extraordinary occasions. In this chapel I read from a frame that hung on the wall, that an indulgence of a hundred days would be granted by the Pope to such persons as would come there a certain number of times and say a certain number of *pater noster*, and *ave marias*, and of course give a little or something for some pious purpose. Before the French revolution, Chamberi contained twenty convents; at present there are but seven; of which four are for women and three for men. In the museum of Chamberi they show many Roman medals, specimens of Roman pottery, &c., and in the library,

which contains 16,000 volumes, they have a Bible on parchment, which dates from the ninth century. Americans are in the habit of thinking that there is now more liberty in France, since the Republic, than in some of its neighboring Kingdoms; but in the Kingdom of Sardinia there is more liberty than in France. In the time of the last French revolution, the King, fearing the contagion of republican opinions, granted the people a liberal constitution, and thus saved his credit, because he had the good sense to see that his fate would be like the fate of Louis Philip unless he did. In Sardinia there are some Republican journals that would be suspended in the mock Republic of France, and one sees books for sale in the few book stores there, that the censorship of the French Republic would not permit to be exposed for sale. In France, and all the kingdoms and petty States of the continent, the theatre and the press are under the supervision of censors, not for the sake of public morals, but to prevent the dissemination of the republican sentiments that labor to burst forth everywhere, and break the chains that bind them. In France, it is a common thing to suspend the publication of a Republican journal for a day or a week, but a Royalist or Bonaparte journal is never molested. During the month of September, three Paris journals were arrested for ridiculing the policy of the President, and the publishers of them, as well as those who wrote the objectionable articles, were condemned to nine months' imprisonment each, and two or three hundred dollars fine. The same happens in Sardinia, but not to the same extent as in France, Austria, and the other States of the continent.

On leaving Chamberi, for Turin, one passes the ruin of an ancient city and castle. Crowds of pilgrims come and encamp there every 8th of October, to be cured of diseases by the Virgin Mary, who, tradition says, once descended there. Ruins of ancient forts are numerous here, on the towers of which fires were built, to give warning of invasion. This was the telegraph of the middle ages, and this chain of old castles and towers, extends far north and south. The ruins of the mountain which faces Chamberi, gave way in the year 1245, and a city, called Saint Andre, with seven villages, were buried under the fallen mass of rocks. The traces of this catastrophe are visible from the mounds and irregularity of the soil, now covered with vineyards. Montmaison is a little city on the route, at the junction of four mountain roads and four valleys. The castle of Montmaison was a long time the stronghold of Savoy, on the side next France; but in 1705, Louis IV. of France, existing master of it, demolished it. There exist yet some fragments of the walls covered with briars. In coming out of this mountain city, we cross the river Isere on a high bridge, from which we have a view of Mount Blanc.

At Algebelle, the next town, the traveler sees the ruins of a church, and of many houses, which were destroyed and buried by an avalanche of snow, the 20th of June, 1760. The tops of the mountains are here covered with perpetual snow, and we are among the central chain of the Alps. It is somewhere near this village, that the Allobroges gave battle to Hannibal, the first battle in which he lost a part of the rear guard of his army. This place is famous also for a battle which the duke Don Philip of Parma, at the head of the French and Spaniards, had with the troops of the King of Sardinia. In looking back from Algebelle towards Chamberi, this city seems placed at your feet; you can trace the road you have passed over, and the streams you have crossed, which look like threads of silver in the vast landscape. On the spurs of the mountains you see the ruins of ancient towers and castles which formerly served for the defence of the passes, underneath which may be seen cultivated spots, hemmed in by enormous masses of fallen rocks, that serve to prevent the earth from washing away. This is the region of the high Alps. The mountains are steeper, and at every turn one sees over his head enormous rocks that the torrents have detached from the mountain. The inhabitants, male and female, are nearly all deformed with the goitre, which many attribute to the crude nature of the snow water, the ordinary drink of the inhabitants. Others believe that the disease is hereditary, or caused by the habits of the people. Among the Alps there is another race of people called the Oretans, who, besides having the goitre, and being otherwise deformed, are nearly all idiots. Most of the mountains are barren and destitute of trees, but one can not fail to admire the inhabitants, who leave not a foot of land uncultivated. It is no uncommon thing to see small gardens on the sunny side of mountains, made in places that one would think a cat could scarcely climb to, and these made too upon the barren rocks, by means of strong walls which serve to

catch the earth that is carried down by the torrents. Higher up, the chamois skips from rock to rock and leaps the most terrific chasms, regardless of the bears that howl in the crevices of the rocks, or the hunters that pursue, while still higher up is the region of eternal snow.

But we approach Mount Cenis. Lans lebourg is the name of the village at its foot. Extra horses are again attached to the diligence, and it takes three hours and a half to ascend the easy and well calculated zig-zags of this principal mountain of the route. Here and there along this winding road are small houses called *chambres*, occupied by persons whose business it is to take care of the road and assist travelers. All these houses are numbered, and on the top of the mountain sleds are constantly kept to take travelers to the foot, which is done in about five or six minutes when the snow is deep enough to cover the inequalities of the mountain. This is about a perpendicular descent of two thousand feet, but there is no danger if one trusts to the experience of the man who guides the sled. At certain points along this mountain, avalanches of snow fall, carrying away everything before them, and it is necessary to be very quiet in passing these points. The bells are taken off the horses, and travelers do not even whisper, because the least movement of air might bring a mountain of snow down upon their heads, and make them turn a thousand somersets among tree tops and over sharp edged precipices, precipitating what was left of them into the middle of a river of cold snow water, in a dark ravine that the sun never shone into.

On Mount Cenis there is a *hospice* frozen over six or seven months of the year. The lake is famous for its trout, but they belong to the monks. The hospital was founded by Charlemagne, who, in the 9th century, crossed Mount Cenis with his army. The house in actual use, was built by Napoleon. The half of it is now used by a corps of Sardinian carabinieri who examine the passports of travelers and receive five francs per horse, which goes to the repairing of the road. The other half of the building is occupied by some Benedictine Monks, who render assistance gratuitously to the poorer class of travelers, reserving two or three better rooms for those that can afford to pay. The limits of Piedmont are in the middle of the next plain beyond this mountain.

On leaving the plain, one sees a magnificent mountain on the left called Rochefort. On its summit there is a chapel called the Chapel of Our Lady of the Snows. It was formerly much frequented by pilgrims, but it is now abandoned, owing to the danger of ascent. But before we commence ascending, we look both ways at the prospect. Before us in Piedmont are some of the magnificent plains of Italy, and hundreds of villages with their shining, tin covered steeples, and behind us are the plains of Savoy from which spurs extend into the next valley, and on every spur there are some ghastly old ruins. But one can not less admire the colossal nature of these bridges, galleries, walls and terraces. They correspond with the colossal nature of the scenery, and the genius that planned them.

The route of the Simplon, north of this one, was still a greater undertaking. Napoleon laid the plan of it immediately after the battle of Marengo, and the object of it may be inferred from a question he put to the chief engineer: "When can the cannon cross the Simplon?" The Englishman, Sir James Mackintosh, said that of all useful works, the route of the Simplon across the Alps is the greatest and most marvelous. It took thirty thousand men, six years, to complete it. It has near seven hundred stone bridges, and like the route of Mount Cenis, is about twenty-six feet wide, and bordered in dangerous places on the lower side by a wall three or four feet above the level of the road. These two roads were the first ever opened for carriages over the Western Alps, and in the construction of them, all the known resources of art were brought into requisition to overcome the greatest resistance of nature. But we descend through galleries cut in perpendicular rocks and over chasms frightful to look into.

Suse is a little city near the foot of Mount Cenis, which is remarkable for its antiquity, having been founded by a Roman colony under the reign of Augustus. The only thing in this place worthy of notice is a triumphal arch, erected about eight years before the Christian era, in honor of Augustus. On leaving this city, our course lies along the river Doire, thro' a wide valley of the same name, which is all one orchard, but the view is saddened by the nakedness of the plain adjoining, which is covered with pebbles and stones washed down by a mountain torrent. We pass through a poverty stricken village of five thousand inhabitants, on the borders

of this desert plain. It contains the ruins of an ancient Gothic castle, and a great many idle priests and importunate beggars. Lazzaroni in red and bare legs, the color of old mahogany, a multitude of priests in long black gowns and broad brimmed hats, and women in veils and mantillas, are what distinguish the population of an Italian city or a large town. The towns, like the population, are much alike. Ancient looking houses with colonnades in front; occasional streets covered with sheds; numerous shops full of sausages, maccaroni, and garlic; with the streets mostly narrow, dirty, and crooked, compose the physiognomy of an Italian town.

But we pass through the towns of St. George, St. Ambrose, and several other *stately* places, and arrive at Rivoli, near which took place the battle of that name, famous in the military annals of France. On the way down from the mountains, the traveler discovers the increasing fertility of the country, "the vine married to the elm," and the country covered with mulberry trees, which bring to mind that Piedmont is famous for the fine quality of its silks. The country improves as one advances, every inch of ground is cultivated, and none even is occupied for fences. As in France, they have a police for the fields, which answers for fences, as well as for a guard against thieves. Canals for watering the country, border the road sides, which are also bordered by shade trees; hundreds of poor women may be seen doing all the drudgery of the fields; fat monks pass you now and then on some pious pilgrimage, or out with their wallets on a begging excursion, and you see looking down upon every town that has a hill near it, a convent of Benedictines, of Franciscans, or Capuchins, or bloodsuckers of some other race that live and thrive upon the ignorance and imbecility of the people.

But we enter a long straight road in face of the shining domes and spires of Turin, which appear on an eminence. The road is in the middle of a fertile plain which is watered by a great number of canals made to disseminate the waters of the river Doire. This is the commencement of the rich plain of Lombardy, which extends across Northern Italy to the city of Venice, and which is considered one of the most beautiful plains in the world. Turin is one of the most considerable cities of Italy. It is situated in a vast plain, and at the confluence of two rivers, the Po and Doire. According to Pliny, it was the most ancient city of Liguria, but all the monuments and buildings of his day have disappeared. The principal streets of Turin differ from those of all other cities in the symmetry of their building, all houses being of the same height and looking like long lines of public buildings. The windows of these houses have small porticoes, and there is a court or hollow square of buildings back, which is often ornamented with a fountain, visible from the main street through an arched entrance. One may walk all about the city of Turin under arched, along each side of the street, which is very agreeable in rainy or warm weather.

To attempt to describe the magnificence of the churches of these cities of Italy would be useless. They are never entirely completed. Repairs or additions in some way, are constantly made to them, and the walls of many of them are covered with the best paintings in the world. All the religious feeling that can be brought out of the marble and paintings, stained glass and mellow lights, is there brought out, and one is compelled to feel in a religious mood while looking at them. But that is the religion of these countries, and when the devout Italian Catholic is out of sight of the crosses, pictures, and incense smoke, his religious feelings are all gone. His religion speaks only to the eye, for his mind is not under his own control. Among the numerous churches of Turin, the church called the Consolata is most frequented on account of an image of the Virgin, to which a great deal of devotion is paid. Near this church is the public square, called the Consolata, in the centre of which is a column surmounted by a statue of the Virgin, which was erected for the accomplishment of a vow made at the time of the ravages of the cholera in the city. Another church is called the Church of the Holy Spirit, and is said to be founded on the spot where once stood a temple of Diana. You are also told that it was in this church that Rousseau abjured Calvinism. The King's palace is nothing remarkable in its outside appearance. It is situated so as to look down the four principal streets of the city, and it is joined to the palace of the dukes of Savoy by means of a gallery. There is another palace called Palace Madam, or the Castle. It was last occupied by a dutchess, but it is now used for the public exhibition of paintings. The Senate or Chamber of Peers holds its sessions in the palace, and one of its towers

is used as an observatory.

The museums of Turin are celebrated, and one feels carried back a few thousand years in viewing its cabinets of Egyptian, Greek and Roman antiquities, among which are statues of marble and bronze, Roman cups and vases of bronze and silver, Roman eagles, gilt thunderbolts of Jupiter, household utensils, a charter of the Emperor Adrian, tripods, censers, and cups for sheddings tears of Roman mourners on the tombs of departed friends. "The poor simpletons, to place a cup of their friends' tears upon the tombs of their friends," said the keeper of the museum, who goes around with the visitors and explains. But the custom in these Catholic countries of placing crowns upon the tombs at frequent intervals, would appear no more rational, and yet the traveler can not but admire these mementoes and regard for the dead, exhibited in Catholic ceremonies. The museum of Egyptian curiosities at Turin is considered the best in the world.

But enough of Turin. The King is expected to pass one half of his time there, and the other half at Genoa, but the King, Victor Samuel, spends most of time at Turin, which has tended to render him unpopular with the Genoese. The same was the case with the late King, Charles Albert. Genoa is called the city of palaces, and most of its palaces and churches are built of marble, but its streets are so narrow that it is inaccessible for carriages, and as many of the houses are six and nine stories high, the sun never shines into the narrow streets. There is said to be a Yankee speculator living there, who occupies a palace that is much handsomer than that of the King. Genoa has a population of about 130,000, of which 10,000 are soldiers, and 8,000 are priests; so that the "sovereign people" are nowhere, and the common subjects can not fail to be powerfully well governed, both spiritually and politically. An American, rightly to appreciate American self government, must see the difference as it exists on this side of the water; and about the best medicine for Northern and Southern disunionists in the United States, would be to make the tour of Europe, and feel the annoyance of trunk examinations at the frontier of every petty State, by the custom house, and the still more provoking annoyance of being obliged to "give an account of yourself, and show your papers," in almost every town you enter; which ends this chapter of "Alpine solitudes." Yours, &c., R. C. ROSS.

The Indian Summer.

There is a time, just ere the frost
Prepares to save old Winter's way,
When Autumn, in a covert spot,
The yellow day-dreams dream away—
When Summer comes, in musing mood,
To gaze on trees on hill and dale,
To mark how many shivers they bring,
And how the fall is ripened well.
With falling breaths she whispers low,
The daisies bowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense as they go,
For her who made their beauty live.
She enters "neath the woodland shade,
Her fingers lift the lingering leaf,
And hear it gently where she said,
The forest and the fountains of grief.
She seeks the shore, old Ocean's breast,
In gladness his waves, mightily bend;
For he will win in their arms,
And, looking in her smiles, is bent.
At last old Autumn, riding, takes
Again his scepter and his throne,
With loud oars he leads the trees he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.
Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,
And waiting, White, frost and gray,
Sees more Autumn, heard his grin,
And smote to think it's all for him!

"Only Me."

A lady had two children—both girls.
The elder was a fair child: the younger
was a beauty, and the mother's pet. Her
whole love centered in it. The elder was
neglected, while "sweet" (the pet name
of the younger), received every attention
that affection could bestow. One day,
after a severe illness, the mother was
sitting in the parlor, when she heard a child-
ish step upon the stairs, and her thoughts
were with the favorite.
"Is that you, sweet?" she enquired.
"No, mamma," was the sad and touch-
ing reply, "it isn't sweet; it's only me."
The mother's heart smote her; and
from that hour, "Only Me" was restored
to an equal place in her affections.

Weights and Measures.

The following table of the number of
pounds of various articles to the bushel,
may be of interest to some of our farming
friends:
Of wheat, sixty pounds.
Of shelled corn, fifty-nine pounds.
Of corn in the cob, seventy pounds.
Of oats, thirty-five pounds.
Of barley, forty-eight pounds.
Of beans, sixty pounds.
Of bran, twenty pounds.
Of clover seed, sixty pounds.
Of timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
Of flax seed, fifty-six pounds.
Of hemp seed, forty-four pounds.
Of buckwheat, fifty-two pounds.
Of blue grass seed, fourteen pounds.
Of castor beans, forty-six pounds.

If Mr. Farquhar of the Philadelphia
Councils, succeeds in passing an ordinance
against street washing, except early in the
morning, we propose a statue to him as
the Preserver of the Public Health. The
reform is most desirable.

Sam Harding's "Dead Letter."

In the early days of Kentucky history, a
hardy pioneer, named Sam Harding, located
his family on a spot high up the Kenawa
River, at which point he built himself a
log-cabin, a rude ferry-boat, and a small
cove for the two or three faithful by whose
aid he had reached the site of his new
home. Sam's wife—a good, notable, in-
dustrious woman—aided by their son—a
stout boy of twelve—took charge of the
ferry, while the head of the household,
armed with a long rifle, did up the hunt-
ing necessary to supply the family with
meat. This division of labor suited Sam
exactly, and as it was no very laborious of-
fice to ferry over the few travelers who at
that early day passed that way, Mrs. H.
cheerfully took upon herself the duty.

Time rolled on, and Sam not only im-
proved his cabin and ferry also, and altho'
he did not give up his former pursuit, he
did not daily, as before, sally forth with
his rifle. One day his settlement, which
had considerably increased in inhabitants,
was thrown into a state of excitement by
the arrival of a mail wagon, and besides
the mail, the driver brought a private let-
ter to Sam, which contained a commission
appointing him Postmaster! Sam swore
at once that he wouldn't have it, but the
mail carrier told him he must accept it—
that he was appointed, and if he refused,
he was liable to arrest for treason! Sam
had an indistinct recollection of one
Arnold being executed for turning traitor
during the Revolution, and the recollection
of his wife, who was gratified at Sam's of-
ficial elevation, at length overcame his ob-
jections. Agreeable to what he conceived
to be his duty, according to "instructions,"
namely, to open the mail with closed doors,
he turned his family out of the cabin while
he assorted the contents of the bag. The
letters for that point were of course few,
and the duty of distributing them would
have been light to some men, but it was
a vast labor to Sam.

His official honors hung heavy upon
him, but he staggered under the weight
with becoming dignity, until one day along
came a letter, which evidently had strayed
from its proper destination. It was direct-
ed as follows: "SAMUEL HARPER, Har-
per's Ferry, Va." The chirography on the
outside of this epistle was so bad that no
one would own it. Sam said it couldn't
be for him, because there was no cor-
responded with him except the Post Office
Department, so the missive remained un-
called for. At length, our new Postmas-
ter became anxious to make some disposi-
tion of it; he accordingly consulted his
neighbors, and they, after due deliberation,
unanimously agreed that it was a *dead*
letter, and that it was Sam's duty to carry
it to Washington, where they had heard the
Dead Letter Office was located. Carrying
this defunct epistle to its manuscript grave,
at length became Sam's necessity—when
with a sad heart, a new buckskin suit, his
old nag Pete brushed up and saddled, and
the *dead letter* rolled up in a dozen folds
of what was once the tail of his tow shirt,
over which his wife carefully sewed a cov-
ering of buckskin, Sam prepared to make
his eventful journey. It is needless to
say that before he consigned his destiny to
the road, he went around the settlement
and kissed all the women farewell—the
young ones especially, and then with his
trusty rifle in hand he turned Pete's head
in the direction of the Capital.

Nothing important occurred to inter-
rupt his progress, until one morning, when
he had fairly progressed into the hills of
Virginia, and was traversing what was in
those days a dreary region. Suddenly he
noticed two wolves stealthily following
him, but among the catalogue of four-
legged animals Sam ranked wolves as of
very slight account. He, however, had
under-estimated the large grey prowler of
the Alleghenies. Presently the number of
these former quiet followers began to in-
crease, and ere long the foremost of them
broke into a howl of confidence. This
sound soon brought more to the ranks
of the pursuers, until they finally began
to poke out their noses towards old Pete
a significant manner, and howl "Lo-o-
o-o!" after him so hungrily, that he
broke into an uneasy trot, then into a
canter, and finally he began to show them
his heels in a very hasty kind of gallop.
Sam's new traveling companions, however,
had no idea of being shaken off in this
manner, but broke into a louder howl and
an accelerated gait. In short, a race com-
menced of a most exciting nature, and
continued with but slight diminution of
speed for an hour, when it became apparent
to the Postmaster that old Pete would be
forced to yield the race to his competi-
tors—his gait began to flag, his breathing
became rapid, and his eyes, almost start-
ing from their sockets with fear, glanced
pitiably back upon the hungry crowd
which commenced to close in upon him.

Horse and rider were in fearful danger, for
they were menaced by a revolting gang.
At the very moment the leader of the rap-
acious gang was meditating a spring upon
old Pete's haunches, he whinnied the plea-
sing announcement of succor at hand, and
as they emerged from the ravine upon a
broad plateau, Sam, Pete and the wolves
dashed in among a well armed emigrating
party of five men, who were accompanied
by several noble looking dogs. The wolves
broke away on each side, receiving as they
fled a volley, which set them howling a
different sort of cry than their signal of
pursuit. Gratefulness was a part of Sam's
nature, and he felt truly so toward these
men—he had nothing to present them
with as a token, but he told them, if they
only passed by his ferry in old Kaintuck,
and told the old woman what "a tight
place" they had caught him and old Pete
in, she would not let them leave that for a
month.

Sam went on his way with the *dead*
letter, which he every now and then greet-
ed with a left-handed blessing, which
included the Postmaster General, and the
Post Office Department generally; and
without further incident of importance,
he reached Washington at an early hour
in the morning, three weeks after his de-
parture from the ferry. The first place he
sought was the Capitol, where he made
enquiry of a gardener engaged at work on
the grounds, who directed him to the
office occupied by the Postmaster General.
On his arrival at the place sought for, he
enquired for that dignitary, but he was
not in. Sam said he would wait, but the
messenger told him he had better call at
eleven o'clock, the reception hour. The
hour arrived of the great man, and in he
walked, and hastily passing through the
vestibule entered his private office.

"Is that *thar, kin'?*" significantly en-
quired Sam, looking the messenger at the
same time fiercely in the eye.
An affirmative was the response, and the
next moment, without announcement, our
Postmaster burst in upon the General.

"You're the Postmaster General?" asked
Sam, drawing a chair close up to that of-
ficer, and eyeing him interrogatively.
"Yes, sir," he quietly replied, "I hold
that office."
"And you made me Postmaster, at my
ferry, in Kaintucky?" said Sam, en-
quiringly.

"I am not just now aware of having
perpetrated such an act," answered the
officer.
"Is that your signature, stranger?" en-
quired Sam, with savage warmth, as he
held up a letter of instructions.

"I can not deny that, certainly," said
the Postmaster General.
"Then you're the fellow," said Sam, and
pulling out the *dead letter*, and laying it
deliberately upon the table, he began to
peel off his buckskin.

"What is the matter? What are you
going to do?" enquired the chief of the
Department.
"I'm just going to give you your choice,"
said Sam; "you may be a General, and
able to lick the generality of Postmasters
into beam' imposed upon, but if you don't
take back that thar commission and let me
clar of Hardin's Ferry Post Office, you'll
be the worst licked general officer in about
ten minutes that ever went through a
course of sprouts."

"But, my friend," said the threatened
officer, soothingly.
"Thar ain't no use tryin' that on me,
stranger," said Sam; "I've come here to
git clar of this office, and I'm goin' to,
or lick somebody, and you're the critter
that put me into trouble, so I'm arter you!"
"If you have no desire to hold the of-
fice," said the chief of the Department,
"we won't force it upon you; send in your
resignation."

"My what?" enquired Sam.
"Your resignation," reiterated the off-
icer. "Is this it?" he enquired, picking
up the package Sam had laid on the table.
"No," said the latter, with a renewed
feeling of wrath, "that is a consarned
dead letter which I've toted all the way
from Kaintuck to you, to put it in the
dead letter office."

"My dear sir," said the surprised off-
icer, "why didn't you send this and your
resignation here by the mail earlier, and
not make such a foolish journey for noth-
ing?"
"What! I could have sent it by him
'thout comin' myself!" enquired Sam,
his head swelling with indignant surprise.

"Certainly!" was the response.
"Well, thar!" exclaimed he, with as-
tonishment, "jest gin in. No wonder
them wolves chased me on the road when
they found out I was so green! Thar
ain't no unlice arter us, stranger." Sam
added, as he reached out his hand to the
Postmaster General. "I'm off to Kaintuck,
suddenly, and if I ever hear any more
more to do with 'thar letters' or *dead*
letters, you kin jest take the soap off of this
head of a new settlement."