

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"—A. LINCOLN.

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A CAPITAL STORY.

The Will, Or the Two Nephews.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa, near Walton on the Thames, sat, one evening at dusk, an old man and young woman. The age of the man might be some seventy; whilst his companion had certainly not reached nineteen. Her beautiful, blooming face, and active, light and upright figure, were in contrast with the worn countenance and bent frame of the old man; but in his eye, and in the corners of his mouth, were indications of gay self-confidence, which age and suffering had damped, but not extinguished.

"No use looking any more, Mary," said he, "neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very hard that, when a sick uncle asks his two nephews to come and see him, they can't come at once. The duty is simple in the extreme—only to help me to die, and take what I choose to leave them in my will! Pooh! when I was a young man, I'd have done it for my uncle with the utmost alacrity. But the world's getting quite heartless!"

"Oh! sir," said Mary, "and what does 'Oh! sir,' mean," said he. "Do you think I shan't die? I know better. A little more, and there'll be an end of Billy Collett. He'll have left this dirty world for a cleaner—to the great sorrow (and advantage) of his affectionate relatives! Ugh! Give me a glass of the doctor's stuff!"

The girl poured some medicine into a glass, and Collett, after having contemplated it for a moment with infinite disgust, managed to get it down.

"I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," said he, "I don't by any means approve of your 'Oh! sir,' and 'Dear sir,' and the rest of it, when I've told you how I hate to be called 'sir,' at all. Why you couldn't be more respectful if you were a civility girl and I a beauty in gold beads! None of your nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've been your faithful guardian now for six months, and you ought to know my likings and dislikes."

"My poor father often told me how you disliked ceremony," said Mary.

"Your poor father told you quite right," said Mr. Collett. "Fred Sutton was a man of talent—a capital fellow! His only fault was a natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Poor Fred—he loved me—I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child—and it isn't every friend would do that!"

A kind and generous protector you have been!"

"Well I don't know; I've tried not to be a brute, but I dare say I have been. Don't I speak roughly to you sometimes? Haven't I given you good, prudent, worldly advice about John Meade, and made myself quite disagreeable, and like a guardian? Come, confess you love this penniless nephew of mine."

"Penniless indeed!" said Mary.

"Ah, there it is!" said Mr. Collett. "And what business has a poor devil of an artist to fall in love with my ward? And what business has my ward to fall in love with a poor devil of an artist?"

But that's Fred Sutton's daughter all over!—haven't I two nephews? Why couldn't you fall in love with the discreet one—the thriving one? Peter Finch—considering he is an attorney—a young man. He is industrious in the extreme, and attends to other people's business only when he is paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks to the main chance. But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil you forever, and not grow rich. He's all for art, and truth, and social reform, and spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will ride in his carriage, and splash poor John Meade as he trudges on foot!"

The harangue was here interrupted by a ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter Finch was announced. He had scarcely taken his seat when another pull at the bell was heard, and Mr. John Meade was announced.

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with a queer sort of smile, whilst they made speeches expressive of sorrow at the nature of their visit. At last stopping them.

"Enough, boys, enough," said he. "Let us find some better subject to discuss than the state of an old man's health. I want to know a little more about you both. I haven't seen much of you up to the present time, and for anything I know you may be rogues or fools!"

John Meade seemed rather to wince under this address; but Peter Finch sat calm and confident.

"To put a case," said Mr. Collett. "This morning a poor wretch of a gardener came begging here. He could get

no work, it seems, and said he was starving. Well, I know something about the fellow, and I believe he only told the truth; so I gave him a shilling, to get rid of him. Now, I'm afraid I did wrong. What reason had I to give him a shilling? What claim had he on me? The value of his labor in the market is all a working man has a right to; and when his labor is of no value, why, then he must go to the devil, or wherever else he can. Ah, Peter! That's my philosophy—what do you think?"

"Hear, hear!" said Collett. "You're a clever fellow, Peter. Go on my dear boy go on!"

"What results from charitable aid?" continued Peter. "The value of labor is kept at an unnatural level. State charity is State robbery; private charity is public wrong!"

"That's it, Peter!" said Mr. Collett.

"I don't believe it," said John. "You were quite right to give the man a shilling; I'd have given him a shilling myself."

"Oh, you would—would you?" said Mr. Collett. "You're very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the face of all orthodox political economy you Vandal?"

"Yes," said John, "as the Vandals flew in the face of Rome, and destroyed what had become a falsehood and a nuisance."

"Poor John," said Mr. Collett. "We shall never make any thing of him. Peter, really we'd better talk of something else. John tells me all about the last new novel."

They conversed on various topics, until the arrival of the invalid's early bed time parted uncle and nephews for the night.

Mary Sutton seized an opportunity the next morning, after breakfast, to speak with John Meade alone.

"John, said she, do think more of your own interest—of our interest. What occasion for you to be so violent last night and contradict Mr. Collett? I saw Peter Finch laughing to himself. You must be more careful, or we shall never be married."

"Well Mary, I will do my best," said John. "It was the confounded Peter, with his chain of iron maxims that made me fly out. I'm not an iceberg, Mary."

"Thank heaven you're not," said she, but an iceberg floats—think of that. Remember—every time you offend Mr. Collett, you please Mr. Finch."

"So I do," said he. "Yes, I'll remember that."

"If you would only try to be a little mean and hard hearted," said she, "just a little to begin with. You would only stoop to conquer, and you deserve to conquer."

"May I gain my deserts, then," said he. "Are you not to be my loving wife? Are you not to sit at needle work in my studio, whilst I paint my great historical picture? How will this come to pass if Mr. Collett will do nothing for us?"

"Ah, how indeed?" said she. "But here's our friend Peter Finch coming in the gate from his walk. I leave you to together," and saying she withdrew.

"What, Meade!" said Peter as he entered. "Skulking in doors of a fine morning like this? I've been all through the village, not an ugly place—but wants looking after sadly; roads shamefully muddy; pigs allowed to walk on the footpath!"

"Dreadful," exclaimed John.

"I say—you came out pretty strong last night," said Peter. "Quite defied the old man!" But I like your spirit.

"I have no doubt you do," thought John.

"Oh when I was a youth I thought a little that way myself," said Peter, "but the world—the world, my dear sir, soon cures us of all romantic notions; I regret, of course to see people miserable; but what's the use of regretting? It's no part of the business of the superior class to interfere with the laws of supply and demand; poor people must be miserable; what can't be cured must be endured."

"That is to say, what they can't cure they must endure," returned John.

"Exactly so," said Peter.

Mr. Collett this day was too ill to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see them in his bed room. They found him propped up by pillows very weak, but in good spirits as usual.

"Well, boys," said he, "here I am, old and anchor at last. The doctor says he here soon, I suppose to poke his head and write receipts. All humbug, my boys; patients can do as much for themselves. I believe, as doctor's can for them; there're all in the dark together—the only

difference is that the patients grope in English, and the doctors grope in Latin!"

"You are too skeptical," said Meade.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us change the subject. I want your advice Peter and John on a matter that concerns your interests. I'm going to make my will to-day—and I don't know how to tact about your cousin Emma Briggs, Emma disgraced us by marrying an oil man."

"An oil man!" exclaimed John.

"A vulgar, shocking oil man," said Mr. Collett, "a wretch, who not only sold oil, but soap, candles, tar-pentine, blacklead, and birch brooms; it was a dreadful blow to the family; her poor grandfather never got over it, and a maiden aunt turned Methodist in despair. Well, Briggs the oilman died last week; and his widow has written to me asking for assistance. Now I have thought of leaving her a hundred dollars a year in my will. What do you think of it, I am afraid she will not deserve it. What right had she to marry against the advice of her friends? What have I to do with her misfortunes?"

"My mind is quite made up," said Peter Finch, "no notice ought to be taken of her. She made an obstinate and unworthy match—and let her abide the consequences."

"No for your opinion John," said Mr. Collett.

"Upon my word, I think I must say the same," said John Meade, bracing himself up boldly for the part of the worldly man.

"What right had she to marry—as you observed with great justice sir. Let her abide the consequences—as you very properly remarked, Finch. Can't she carry on the oil man's business? I dare say it will support her very well."

"Why no," said Mr. Collett. "Briggs died a bankrupt, and his widow and children are destitute."

"That does not alter the question," said Peter Finch. "Let Briggs's family do something for her."

"To be sure!" said Mr. Collett. "Briggs's family are the people to do something for her. She mustn't expect anything from us—must she, John?"

"Destitute, is she?" said John. "With children too! Why that is another case, sir. You surely ought to notice her—to assist her. Confound it, I'm for letting her have the hundred a year."

"O, John, John! What a breakdown!" said Mr. Collett. "So you were trying to follow Peter Finch through Stony Arabia, and turned back at the second step?"

John, John, keep to your Arab Felix, and leave sterner ways to very different men. Good bye, both of you. I've no voice to talk any more. I'll think over all you have said!"

He pressed their hands and they left the room. The old man was too weak to speak next day, and in three days after that, he calmly breathed his last.

As soon as the funeral was over, the will was read by the confidential man of business, who had always attended to Mr. Collett's affairs. The group that sat around him preserved a decorous appearance of disinterestedness; and the usual preamble to the will having been listened to with breathless attention, the man of business read the following:

"I bequeath to my niece Emma Briggs, notwithstanding that she shocked her family by marrying an oilman, the sum of four thousand pounds; being fully persuaded that her lost dignity, if she could even find it again, would do nothing to provide her with food, or clothing or shelter."

John Meade smiled and Peter Finch ground his teeth—but in a quiet respectable manner.

The man of business went on with his reading.

"Having always held the opinion that women should be rendered a rational and independent being—and having duly considered the fact that society practically denies her the right of earning her own living—I hereby bequeath to Mary Sutton, the sum of ten thousand pounds, which will enable her to marry, or to remain single, as she may prefer."

John Meade gave a prodigious start upon hearing this. Peter Finch ground his teeth again—but in a manner hardly respectable. Both, however, by a violent effort kept still.

The man of business went on with his reading.

"I have paid some attention to the character of my nephew John Meade, and have been grieved to find him possessed with a feeling of philanthropy, and with general regard for the welfare of his kind and fellow-men. As these tendencies are by no means such as can advance him in the world, I bequeath him the sum of ten thousand pounds—hoping that he will be kept out of the workhouse, and be enabled to paint his great historical

picture—which, as yet, he has only talked about."

"As for my other nephew, Peter Finch, he views all things in so sagacious and selfish a way, and is so certain to get on in life, that I should only insult him by offering an aid which he does not require; yet from his affectionate uncle and entire reliance as a testimony of admiration for his mental acuteness, I venture to hope that he will accept a bequest of five hundred pounds towards the completion of his extensive library of law books."

How Peter Finch stormed, and called names—how John Meade broke into a delirium of joy—how Mary Sutton cried and then laughed and then cried and laughed together. All these matters I shall not attempt to describe. Mary Sutton is now Mrs. John Meade and her husband has actually begun the great historical picture. Peter Finch has taken to discounting bills, and bringing actions on them, and drives about in his brougham already.

Buried Alive.

The following facts, showing the numerous instances in which persons have been buried alive, have been collected by a French gentleman: At Toulouse, a lady having been buried in the church of the Capuchin Friars with a diamond ring on her finger, a servant entered the vault to steal the ring; and, as the finger was swollen, and the ring would not come off, he began cutting the finger. On hearing a loud shriek from the deceased the thief fell senseless. At the time of morning prayers, the monks having heard some groans, found the lady alive and the servant dead. Thus death had its prey; there was but a change of victims. A street porter of Paris, having died at the Hotel Dieu, was carried, with the other dead, into the same grave. Recovering his senses, toward eleven o'clock at night, he tore open his winding sheet, made his way to his house, knocked at the door, which was not opened to him without some difficulty, and took new possession of his lodgings. At the close of the last century, a woman in Paris was thought to be dead, and the body was put on some straw, with a taper at the feet. Some men who set up with the corpse, in a frolic overturned the taper. This set the straw on fire. The deceased, whose body the flames now reached, uttered a piercing shriek. Timely assistance was rendered, and she speedily recovered, that after her resurrection she became the mother of several children.

On the 21st of November, 1764, the Abbe Prevost, well known for his literary productions, was taken with an apoplectic fit as he was travelling through the forests of Chantilly. Being supposed dead he was carried to the house of the mayor of the village, and the magistrate directed a post mortem examination to be commenced. A piercing shriek uttered by the unfortunate man proved that he was alive. He died under the scalpel.

Dr. Deveau, a surgeon of St. Come hospital, Paris, had a maid-servant who had been three times brought to burial. She did not recover her senses the last time till they were lowering her coffin into the grave. That woman having died again, the body was kept six days, lest they should have to bring her back a fourth time.

A Mr. Rousseau, of Rouen, had married a lady of fourteen, whom he left in perfect health, after starting on a short journey. After a few days, he heard that unless he returned immediately, he would find his wife buried. On reaching home he found the funeral ready. In an agony of grief he had the coffin removed to his room and unscrowed. He placed the body on a bed, and ordered twenty-five incisions to be made on it. At the twenty-sixth, probably deeper than the others, the deceased exclaimed: "how severely you hurt me." Medical assistance was immediately given. The lady had afterwards six children.

The wife of Mr. Duhamel, a celebrated lawyer, having been supposed dead twenty-four hours, the body was placed on the table for the purpose of preparing it for burial. Her husband strongly opened it, and collecting her head. To his surprise, knowing she was very fond of the candle, and the tapers which cynical players sing, he called one. On hearing the instrument and the voice, the deceased recovered motion and speech. She survived her apparent death forty years.

Andrew Vesale physician to Charles V. and Philip II. after attending a Spanish grandee, thought him dead. Having obtained leave to examine the body, he had scarcely opened the chest when he perceived the heart palpitated. The relatives prosecuted him as guilty of murder—the inquisitor as guilty of profane-ness. Through the intercession of the

king he was sent on a mission to the Holy Land, and thus escaped death.

In the sitting of the Royal Academy of Medicine, in 1827, a paper was read by Mr. Chauncey Chantournele, on the danger of hasty inhumations. This led to a discussion in which M. Desgenettes stated that he had heard from Mr. Thourret, who had superintended the remains of the cemetery and the Charnel-house des Innocents, that many skeletons had been found in positions showing that the individuals had moved in their coffins.

Mr. Thourret was so much struck with the revelation that he caused a clause to be inserted in his will respecting his own interment.

A Gipsy Character.

We clip the following from Simpson's History of the Gipsies:

Young Charlie Graham, son and successor, as chief, to old Charlie, was educated, about thirty years ago, for horsemanship. The anecdotes which are told of this singular man are numerous.

When he was apprehended, a number of people assembled to look at him, as an object of wonder; it being considered a thing almost impossible to take him—His dog had discovered to the messengers the place of his concealment, having barked at them as they came near the spot. His feelings became irritated at the curiosity of the people, and he called out in great bitterness to the officers: "Let me free, and give me a stick three feet long, and I'll clear the knowe o' them." His feet and hands were so handsome and small, in proportion to the other parts of his athletic body, that neither irons nor handcuffs could be kept on his ankles or wrists; without injury to his person the girths and manacles all ways slipped over his joints. He had a prepossessing countenance, an elegant figure, and much generosity of heart; and notwithstanding all his tricks, was an extraordinary favorite with the public.

Among the many tricks he played, it is related that he once, unobserved, in a grass park, converted a young colt into a gelding. He allowed the animal to remain for some time in possession of the owner, and then stole it. He was immediately detected and apprehended; but as the owner swore positively to the description of his horse, and Charlie's being a gelding, he got off clear. The man was amazed when he discovered the trick that had been played upon him, but when, where, and by whom done, he was entirely ignorant. Graham sold the animal to a third person, again stole it, and replaced it in the park of the original owner. He seemed to take great delight in stealing; in this ingenious manner, trying how dexterously he could carry off the property of the astonished natives. He sometimes stole from wealthy individuals, and gave the booty to the indigent, although, they were not Gipsies; and so accustomed were the people in some places to his bloodless robberies, that some only put spurs to their horses, calling out as they passed him: "Ah ha, Charlie lad, ye hae missed your mark to-night!" A widow, with a large family, at whose house he had frequently been quartered, was in great distress for want of money to pay her rent. Charlie lent her the amount required; but as the factor was returning home with it in his pocket, Charlie robbed him, and, without loss of time, returned it to the woman and gave her a full discharge for the sum she had just borrowed from him.

He was asked immediately before his execution if he had ever performed any good action during his life, to recommend him to the mercy of his offended God. That of giving the widow and fatherless the money of which he immediately after robbed the factor, was the only instance he adduced in his favor; thinking that thereby he had performed a virtuous deed. In the morning of the day in which he was to suffer, he sent a message to one of the magistrates, requesting a razor to take off his beard; at the same time in a civil manner, desiring the person to tell the magistrate that unless his beard was shaven, he could appear before God nor man. A short time before he was taken out to the gallows he was observed reclining very pensively and thoughtfully on a seat. All at once he started up, exclaiming in a mournful tone of voice, "Oh, can any o' ye read, sirs; will some o' ye read a psalm to me?" at the same time regretting much that he had not been taught to read. The fifty first psalm was accordingly read to him by a gentleman present, which soothed his feelings exceedingly, and gave him much ease and comfort. He was greatly agitated after ascending the platform—his knees knocking against each other; but just before he was cast off, his inveterate Gipsy feelings returned.

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The Pastor.

Some years ago the pulpit of St. Peter's, one of the principal churches in St. Petersburg, was filled by Pastor B—t, who, like most of the preachers of that wealthy sect, had amassed a considerable fortune, and was much esteemed and beloved by his congregation. Not a day passed without a numerous application to him for assistance of various kinds, and none were sent away without a word of consolation or a more substantial gift.

One day, as he was compelled by indisposition to keep his room, a woman came and craved his interference. She had lately removed to St. Petersburg with her husband, who was a goldsmith, and who had succeeded in establishing himself so well that he earned an ample support for both of them; but he made her wretched by his persistent and outrageous treatment, without the slightest provocation or return on her part—all of which she had until now patiently endured.

The Pastor expressed his regret that indisposition prevented him from leaving the house.

"Bring your husband to me," said he. "That will be no easy matter," returned the woman; "for if he suspects that a rebuke is waiting for him he will not come. No. He must know nothing of it before hand. But if I tell him you wish to buy something from him, then he will not fail to wait upon your reverence."

"That is a lucky thought," said the Pastor, "for I am about to purchase a complete tea service of silver."

"And he has just finished a very beautiful one!" exclaimed the woman.

"Very well, then, tell him to bring it."

The next day the goldsmith came with his chest, accompanied by the woman.

The Pastor was secretly surprised to see her with him, but advanced to meet him, saying: Ah! the silver?"

"Yes, your reverence, I have brought the service as you desired."

"Very well," said the Pastor. "Be so good as to come with me into my study."

When they were alone the good clergyman began to speak urgently on the duty of a husband, and dwelt with impressive eloquence upon the sacredness of the vow which married partners make before the altar to each other.

His listener seemed very much astonished, and several times attempted to interrupt his discourse, but the Pastor begged him to hear him to the end. "What excuse can you make for your conduct?" asked he, in conclusion. "What is the cause o' it? You look so mild and so good-tempered, my friend. How comes it that you are such a bad husband?"

"But let me say just one word, your reverence. I am—"

"I know what you mean to say. You are usually as meek as a lamb, and only impetuous at certain times; but to go so far as to beat your wife!"

"You have mistaken the person, your reverence sir; I have never beaten my wife—"

"How! do you deny it?—lie!"

"Because," continued the man, "I am not married!"

"Why, your wife is at this moment waiting in the next room!"

"Who? my wife? Your reverence is mistaken. I have no wife. That woman is your own housekeeper; she came to me with a commission from you to bring a service of silver for your inspection."

The Pastor began to feel uneasy. "She must be a mad woman," said he—

"Or a thief!" exclaimed the goldsmith.

They went hastily into the next room, but it was empty! The woman had disappeared with the chest of silver, and all the efforts of the police to recover it were in vain.

This incident is calculated to give rise to many weighty considerations. The trick was so well devised and planned that it would have succeeded with the most circumspect. The goldsmith left the silver in the outer room under the charge of the supposed housekeeper, at the express desire of the Pastor; while the latter confided it to the keeping of

the soi distant wife of the former. Had the matter been brought under litigation whose would have been the loss? Fortunately the good Pastor had no thought of such an alternative. He felt compassion for the poor man, who gained a precarious living by his labor; and as he, on the contrary, was rich enough to bear the injury, he bore it alone.

Wit and Justice in Missouri.

It is well known that some of the judges in Missouri are very reluctant in enforcing the law against ministers of the gospel for exercising the profession without having taken the test oath, and avail themselves of every pretence to discharge those who are accused. We tell the following tale as it was told to us, vouching for nothing;

Three ministers, charged with the crime of preaching "the glorious gospel of the Son of God," were arraigned before a certain judge. They were regularly indicted, and it was understood that the proof against them was very clear.

"Are you a preacher?" said the judge to one of them.

"Yes, sir," replied the culprit.

"To what denomination do you belong?"

"I am a Christian, sir." (With dignity.)

"A Christian! What do you mean by that? Are not all preachers Christians?"

"I belong to the sect usually called, but wrongly called, Campbellites." (Not so much dignity.)

"Ah! then you believe in baptizing people, in order that they may be born again, do you?"

"I do, sir." (Defiantly.)

"Mr. Sheriff discharge that man! He is an innocent man! He is indicted for preaching the gospel, and there isn't a word of gospel in the stuff that he preaches! It's only some of Alexander Campbell's nonsense. Discharge the man!"

Exit Campbellite, greatly rejoicing.

"Are you a preacher?" said the judge addressing the next criminal.

"I am, sir," said the miscreant.

"Of what denomination are you?"

"I am a Methodist, sir." (His look showed it.)

"Do you believe in falling from grace?"

"I do, sir." (Without hesitation.)

"Do you believe in sprinkling people, instead of baptizing them?"

"I believe that people can be baptized by sprinkling." (Much offended.)

"Do you believe in baptizing babies?"

"It is my opinion, sir, that babies ought to be baptized." (Indignantly.)

"Not a word of Scripture for anything of the kind, sir," shouted his honor.—"Mr. Sheriff, turn that man loose! He is no preacher. The gospel is the truth, and there isn't a word of truth in what that man teaches. Turn him loose!"

It's ridiculous to indict men on such frivolous pretences. Turn him loose!"

Methodist disappears, not at all hurt in his feelings by the judicial abuse he had received.

"What are you, sir?" said the judge to another.

"Some people call me a preacher, sir." (Meekly.)

"What is your denomination?"

"I am a Baptist." (Head up.)

His honor's countenance fell, and he looked sober and sad. After a pause he said:

"Do you believe in salvation by grace?"

"I do." (Firmly.)

"Do you teach that immersion only is baptized?"

"That is my doctrine." (Earnestly.)

"And you baptize none but those who believe in Jesus Christ?"

"That is my faith and practice." (With emphasis.)

"My friend, I fear it will go hard with you; I see you are indicted for preaching the gospel, and it appears to me that by your own confession you are guilty."

Baptist looked pretty blue.

"May it please your honor," said the Baptist's counsel, springing to his feet, "that man never preached the gospel. I have heard him say a hundred times that he only tried. I heard him try myself."

"Mr. Sheriff, discharge this man! He's not indicted for trying! There's nothing said about the mere effort! Let him go, sir! Turn him loose! Send him about his business; I am astonished that the State's Attorney should annoy the Court with frivolous indictments!"

Exit Baptist, determined to "try" again.

Court adjourned.

"God save the State and this honorable Court!" exclaimed the sheriff.

"Amen!" said the three preachers.

And after all, say we, as ridiculous as the story may seem, it has a moral. If the state has a right to prohibit the preaching of the gospel, it has a right to decide what the gospel is, and when this is