

# THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT.

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### "Poet's Corner."

#### A HYMN OF THE NIGHT.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

In the vast temple of the Night,  
I stand and muse with calm delight,  
Its dome of alabaster white,  
And drops of odorous dew light,  
And from the urn-like Moon,  
Fall from the urn-like Moon,  
The mountains that bear up the skies,  
Like shafts of sculptured emerald rise:  
From the far North in radiant guise,  
Flame the ethereal Mysteries,  
Rebels in their crimson bloom,  
The leaves, the winds, the waters flow,  
In blended cadence sweet and slow,  
Now in faint waves of song they glow,  
Now faint as dew-drops, faint and low,  
Drip from the mystic bow,  
My spirit wakes in this great hour,  
All holy things sweet influence shower,  
The inward sight, and sense and power,  
Unfoldeth like an opening flower,  
I rise transfused now—

Above me bends a vast sky,  
The storms, their wide wings beating fly;  
Dim shadows o'er the horizon lie;  
And the eternal stars on high,  
Shine forth the Night of Time,  
All worn and seared the silver line,  
Sad eyes in slumber weep and sleep;  
Strong souls their vigils keep;  
Thro' the world's midnight dark and deep,  
With hope and love sublime,  
The outward night that round me lies,  
Most perchance, Lo! the darkest dies,  
Sweet voices in the brightening skies,  
Sweet voices from the earth arise,  
Where dwells the spirit's throne display,  
The sun-burst with its golden wings,  
Has waked earth's blessed, heavenly things,  
In silver robes the fountain springs,  
All heaven with echoing music rings,  
To welcome in the Day!

Thus, waiting hearts, Time's storm-birds night,  
Where hate and love, like gloom and light,  
Have wrestled long in desperate fight,  
Shall end, "Rejoice! The True and Right,"  
To victory onward go.  
No more dark fears the soul shall bend,  
All hearts in love's best concord blend,  
Bright spheres to the earth descend,  
Man dwell with God as friend with friend,  
And Heaven fill all below.

### Selected Miscellany.

#### FANNY MORE:

##### The Female Hunter of the West.

The father of the singular heroine we are about to sketch was a Kentucky backwoodsman. Her mother died while she was an infant, and when she arrived at the age of fifteen, her father died also, leaving her a poor, friendless orphan. It is not surprising that, at this tender age, she was married to a Missouri hunter, an acquaintance of her deceased father, double her years as to age, but just her equal in poverty. Her whole fortune was composed of one cow, an old feather bed, a rusty frying pan, a broken set of tea-cups and saucers, ditto of knives and forks with horn handles, two large pewter plates, and a wooden bowl of Indian manufacture. Such was the legacy bequeathed by her surviving parent. Her husband's wealth might mate well enough with such a portion brought into matrimonial partnership by his wife. A black, boisterous pony, a large wolf-dog, and a long, heavy rifle, constituted the sum total of his goods and chattels. So far, the nuptial contract might seem fair, without extravagant odds on either side. There were other considerations, however, which made the bargain one, might say, fraudulently unequal. She was a pretty, rosy-cheeked, ruby-lipped, healthy girl, with sky-blue eyes, golden ringlets, and a cherry laugh, slender in form, but of a wiry elasticity, and a constitution of the most tenacious vitality. He, on the contrary, was a pale, lean, hungry-looking, hypochondriac, who might be supposed, from the wry faces he displayed when forced to an exertion of his limbs in profitable labor, to regard work as an unendurable sin. The contract was signed, and the young wife is true, and for a while stimulate him to just sufficient effort, in the way of deer-hunting, to keep them from starving. The couple then lived in Western Missouri, Fanny with her own delicate hands, cleared out, and cultivated a small field, and managed her domestic economy with so much thrift, that, notwithstanding the lateness of them, they began to accumulate slowly. But an event occurred, in the fifth year of their wedlock, that changed the present current of affairs, and started her in her wild schemes. "A great revival," under the guidance of the "Cumberland Preachers," swept over the West.

It seems that on Sunday the Cumberlanders discussed the passage of scripture. "Take no thought for the morrow," &c. Tom swallowed the text, but rejected the comment, and misinterpreting the sentence, literally came to the deliberate conclusion: "that it was sinful to provide for the wants of the wicked body," and resolved to act accordingly. It was in vain that the industrious wife debated with the theological spouse. Her tears, arguments and remonstrances all ended alike in his usual speech of jerking, but as to any other sort of exertion he would not budge a peg. Fanny's case was now critical in the extreme, for strange to say, she still loved her husband with a love that, in spite of every imaginable damper, continued to burn ardently in her affectionate heart till death. Hence she could not make up her mind to leave him. Besides, they had now five children, and it was absolutely impossible to support a family on the produce of their paltry, stony farm. In this emergency, that weak woman suddenly developed an energy and invincibility of lofty purpose which the annals of the world cannot surpass. With indefatigable patience, she practiced and learned to shoot, till no marksman in all Missouri was her match, and then, as a solitary huntress, took to the forest, and soon supplied her husband and babies with a choice abundance of meat. It is not recorded of More that he manifested any aversion towards the venison feasts which his better half provided with so much labor, however much he had been opposed to the use of such worldly means himself as the expenditure of one needful trifle of the Missouri. The wild region of Missouri at last settled, the sunny fields, waving with golden grain, stood in the place of the old green woods which had furnished shelter and sustenance for the copious game. The buffalo fed further off, deeper into the grand prairies, nearer to the Rocky Mountains. The moonbeams fell broad and bright upon the open bottoms where the brown bears used to nestle among the matted canes. The red deer had been scared away by the sharp sound of Col- lin's axes. It became necessary that Fanny should move. She held her slender "improvement" on the banks of the silver Ohio, for a cart, a yoke of oxen, and a small team of mules, and loading the gray vehicle with her six children and "Jerker" believing Tom, she started for Arkansas. In this new country, then a territory, she selected a locality fifty miles from any settlement. Here wild animals roamed in the greatest plenty, and their rude board table groined beneath heaps (to them) of savory luxuries. This wonder of a wife now added rapidly to their humble property. Her careworn, wasted figure grew rounder; her step, as she ascended the black pony, more elastic; and the whistle whizzed by which she summoned the wolf-dog to the hunting party. Even the laugh ring out sometimes in the merry, thoughtless hours of her early youth, loud, long, and clear as the sweet tones of a bell. One thought of a gloomy character alone disturbed the calm flow of her joyous reflections. Her children were growing up with the rapidity of hasty summer weeds, and utterly without education, or even the prospect of an opportunity to obtain it. The idea haunted her day and night. She turned it over in her mind in every conceivable way, but still could find no solution for this torturing problem.— She had learned to spell, when a child, an old school-teacher—that is to say, she had gone as far in Dilworth as three syllables, which, by the way, was the extent of her lame teacher's information in the pedagogue art. But her memory had long ago lost in the inverse ratio of its acquisitions, till she could scarcely be said to know her letters. Often did she bitterly regret her idleness in the early school-house; and exclaim, as she fondly kissed her children on returning at night from the toilsome hunt, "If I had only learned to read I could now teach you, my dears." And her tears would drop like rain. At length an incident occurred, that brought into her mind a suggestion shaping itself into a fixed plan, which enabled her finally to vanquish the perplexing difficulty. The author cannot do better than give the anecdote in her own artless words as related to him in Texas, some twelve months ago.

"I used to cry about it every night," she said, "before going to sleep, and then I would dream it all over again; for indeed it was sad to think of. I knew that by hard work, we would after a while be well enough off to move into the settlements, where decent people live, and then I thought how shocking it would be for my young ones to have no more learning than the wild Indians. The boys were getting more than half as tall as their father, and Peggy's pretty head was even as high as my shoulders. It was when I made a fond mother cry. I was then in the habit of going every two or three months, to Little Rock, with a pack of peltries, to buy salt and other things, that we could not get along without. One time I brought back some bunches of raisins for the baby. They were wrapped up in a large newspaper, which contained a number of curious pictures. The sheet was gazed at with wonder by the poor creatures, who had never seen such an object in their lives. Little Tommy asked me, with sparkling eyes, if it were not his; I said yes; to explain the matter to him, I told him what it was; that it contained a tale about the wild world; and that when persons learned to read, they could know all the affairs which were going on across the blue mountains, and the big rivers, and away over the sea, as well as the sights they saw every day before their own doors. "Oh, ma, won't you teach us how to read, so we can hear from our play-places in Missouri!" said Peggy, who was then almost a woman. The question liked to have broken my

heart. I remembered how lazy I had been when a girl, and the ideas was a sharp shooting pain, splitting my side into my very soul. I wept like a child, till even my own children tried to comfort me.— However, my tears did me good. Tears always relieve the heart; they commonly clear the head also. A sudden thought struck me—a great plan—I might say a holy purpose. It seemed impossible, but I resolved to try it. That night I hurried the young folks off to bed, and having kindled a good pine knot light, picked up the newspaper, and sat down to see if I could make something out of it. I smiled with unpeakable delight on discovering that I still knew all the letters, except the capitals. But I don't had cause to weep again. For, after doing my best, and sitting up till daylight, every line remained a riddle. I could not spell out the meaning of a single sentence. "About sunrise a new notion entered my head. I determined to go again shortly to Little Rock, and purchase some primers and spelling books, which I afterwards did. I then began to learn in earnest. It was very hard work for a while; but I set up late, after Tom and the children were all asleep, and took my primer along with me when I went to hunt. I could study it as I rode, especially where the woods were open, and before I got within reach of game; and then, when I was resting, after lifting a heavy deer upon my pony, or walking up a steep hill, I would pull out of a pocket which I had prepared on purpose in the side of my dress, and run over the pages till I at last could almost repeat the whole from memory. I then commenced on my large spelling book, and mastered that in the same way. All the while I wanted to be teaching the children, but was afraid of teaching them wrong, intending first to make myself perfect, because I thought it was no use to know anything at all, unless one could know it first. "While thus engaged, a lost hunter stopped a few days at our cabin, and discoursing my studies, kindly offered to assist me. I then found that I had done well in not beginning to instruct Peggy and the boys sooner. I had to unlearn the pronunciation of a great many of my words, that sounded frightfully when compared with the correct mode. After I got it straight, I bought a primer for each one of the children, and collecting them all together one Sunday morning, told them, "that I was going to teach them how to read." It would have done your heart good to see them. They appeared to be running mad with joy, for they still remembered what I had said about the newspaper, and that I had said nothing about the subject. Night after night they studied up till after twelve, studying their primers and spelling-books; and all day on the sabbath they tried more industriously than ever I had done in the school-room, until at last they were through both books.— But I was still ahead of them—for long before then I had obtained a Testament, and the life of Martin, and read both over both terms. In this way I taught my dear young ones to read, having first of all taught myself."

For the literal historical accuracy of the foregoing extraordinary facts, we refer to Mrs. Holley's Book on Texas, where she refers to Mrs. More, although in her narrative she only sets down the initials of her name. And may we not well be permitted to doubt whether the annals of the globe, and all the ages of time, present a parallel to this almost miraculous case? The biography of the self-educated team, to be sure, with noble examples among the softer as among the stronger sex. But did any one ever before, either man or woman, get through the patient, painful process of voluntary self-culture, with the same definite and settled object. Others have struggled with the terrible problem of unaided mental development from the desire of gain, or hope of glory; but she, for purest of motives, from a purer, loftier, more angelic motives, from an infinite and holy maternal love, and with the sole view of fitting herself to be the teacher of her innocent offspring, cut off by them by insuperable circumstances from every other means of instruction. It makes one better to read of such circumstances of excited devotion to conscious duty, and thus to know, and feel, although the race of moral heroes appears to be nearly or quite extinct, that of domestic heroines never can wholly perish, while one mother shall be left to linger on earth with a bright-eyed babe nestling about her bosom. From the Olive Branch.

#### The Tables Turned.

A TRUE SKETCH OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"My dear friend, come to see us and see if you can do anything with Anna.— She is crazy to attend the Woman's Rights Convention." The above is a brief extract from the letter of a friend who resides some few miles from the city of Boston, and has been a merchant in easy circumstances; Anna was their only daughter, and almost a beauty, not quite. She had pretty curly hair, bright eyes, a delicate complexion, and in fine her face and form were calculated to arrest attention, to please eminently. Add to these advantages, a mind of a very superior order, and you will perceive that Anna Hope was an only daughter to be proud of. The next day found me at this residence, of my early friend. The dew dappled all the lawn, the rose bloomed, and there out a delightful perfume. A sweet cottage it was picturesque and romantically situated. I saw, as her mother had told me, that Anna was "woman's rights crazy." Ridiculous argument, persuasion were useless. She launched out in full tide, her whole body, woman's; her degradation; her wrongs; her eminent qualifications; her evident superiority. In vain I cited, case

after case to prove my side of the argument. "All would not do," a man was a tyrant, a huge ager with nothing but strength to recommend him; distinguishing in nothing but the power of brute force, pressing his iron hand upon poor woman.—Woman was great I, man little. We could do nothing with her; she shook her curly head, snapped her bright eyes, set her little lips together in a very determined manner, thrust the needle in her cunning forefinger (by the way, she had an extremely small hand) in her attempt to thrust an obsolete idea into my brain. The wretch was as witty as any man could be, and looked exceedingly interesting, dignified and masculine; no doubt she felt her slender shoulders equal to the burden of a small world. "What shall I do?" asked the father, despairingly. "I wish she had never got these notions in her head, she is continually busy about the heaviest work.—Sprains her arms and ankles in trying to prove that she has enormous strength; reads works on agriculture and argues with the farmers; sets herself up as a theologian, and mortifies me by contradicting our old grey-headed minister, who is just four times her age;—what shall I do?" "Let her go to Syracuse and trust to providence; that something will occur to convince her of her error." "Don't know, don't know," he muttered, shaking his head: "mother is far from well, and precious little good gets out of Frank, too, in miserable." I half sick myself with anxiety about her and derangement of business; besides, Syracuse a young thing travelling on to Syracuse alone. "I should not be afraid to trust her," I replied: "I advise you by all means to let her go." An event entirely unexpected took me far from my home on the evening of that very day, and for over six months I heard nothing from my friends about Anna Hope. One delightful morning, the second of my return to my native city, on the wings of hope away to Hope cottage I flew, eager to see and hear the result of my advice. Spring was blushing into Summer, and the beautiful home of my friends was embowered in vines, trees and roses. Great was their surprise at seeing me—and much greater my own on meeting with my little friend Anna. For in her eye shone a mild light that was never there before. The spiteful rap was gone. I looked in vain for the open dress, the shirt bosom, the standing dicky, the narrow, and all were missing, and in their stead, modest attire, neatly and becomingly worn. Her curls had lost their downy twist, and looked softer and glossier. Her whole countenance was maidenly, therefore lovelier. She said nothing of woman's rights; spoke before then I had obtained a Testament, and the life of Martin, and read both over both terms. In this way I taught my dear young ones to read, having first of all taught myself."

do in such a case, but to stay the dry out, fret and worry like a sick cat, drink, and down and fold their hands, and go away to wonder "what kind of careless folks do live in the world?" Her two children had broken the case of my guitar, and snapped off its strings, besides quarrelling with my baby brother, till he screamed himself into a fever. I went in like disorder; my poor father and mother, what little he had, on a mess of huckleberries and lumps of feathers. But all this did not confound me as the worst of it; my father lost fifteen hundred dollars, in consequence of neglecting his business, which he was forced to do, and my dear little brother Charley, who had studied with great success up to the very period of my departure, failed to receive the medal for which he had been working a whole year, because he was obliged to stay at home to help, and never forgot, what little he had, on a mess of huckleberries and lumps of feathers. But all this did not confound me as the worst of it; my father lost fifteen hundred dollars, in consequence of neglecting his business, which he was forced to do, and my dear little brother Charley, who had studied with great success up to the very period of my departure, failed to receive the medal for which he had been working a whole year, because he was obliged to stay at home to help, and never forgot, what little he had, on a mess of huckleberries and lumps of feathers. She looked absolutely beautiful to me then, and I was about to commend her for her improvement, when the identical Biddy looked into the door, with— "At your place, Miss Anna, Mr. Harris is here, and wants to know will you be coming down?" "Ah, Anna," I said, laughing at her eloquent bluster, and catching her hand as she came to me, "confound that one of these horrid men, these walking tyrants, these tigers, that had something to do with your sudden conviction?" "Anna, Anna, don't give up your liberty— you know the pressure of that iron hand." The merry girl ran laughing from my presence, and I had leisure the rest of the evening to inspect the admirable stitching upon her unfinished sewing, the perfect order and refreshing neatness of everything in her room, the delicate little sketches of her own hand upon the walls; several quite beautiful poems elegantly written in their poet-fold, and the choicest collection of books, drawings and engravings that I have ever seen in a girl's possession. These indicated her taste and refinement; but they weighed as nothing in the balance with her mother's almost rapturous commendation. "Anna is a treasure; she is all I could wish; all a perfect woman could be!" And who would wish to be more!

From the Backs County Intelligence.

#### A Few Facts in Physical Geography.

BY W. W. DAVIS.

THE OCEAN.

In the education of children, not enough attention is paid to the cultivation of the physical sciences. Their heads are crammed with all the dusty lore of Greece and Rome, but they are generally ignorant of the causes of the most common changes in nature, which are daily taking place around them. The sun rises and sets, the sea is often in land, and the wind, both at sea and on land, bloweth where it listeth, yet few seem to inquire the cause thereof, or to be sensible of the beneficial effects. It will be my purpose then, in these little essays, to point out some of the ordinary phenomena of nature, and endeavor to explain the cause of them in a plain and unvarnished manner. I will first speak of the Ocean, preparatory to an explanation of some of the natural changes which are always going on there. The Ocean, taken as a whole, encloses all the land of the globe. It occupies a greater portion of the surface, in many places to an unknown depth, and presents numerous interesting and wonderful phenomena. It is absolutely essential to the happiness and well being of man, and without it neither the animal or vegetable kingdoms could possibly exist. It is the great agent which purifies the air we breathe, and furnishes from its inexhaustible reservoir a supply of vapors for clouds, which God returns to earth, in a form of gentle rains and refreshing dews, to make the hills and valleys smile. It is the great highway of nations, and furnishes a channel of communications between the most distant portions of the globe; and thus enables the inhabitants of different regions to interchange their productions.

And notwithstanding now and then, when whistling into the winds, it is highly disastrous to human life, it is the source of untold blessings, which, without it, the world would never have known. With many, the ocean is the emblem of inconstancy, but though its bosom is constantly ruffled by the winds, it experiences no enduring change, and is, in truth, more stable in its general features, than the solid earth; hence the language of the poet is not wholly applicable. "Time writes no wrinkles on the azure brow." Such as create's days behold, (their what now?) Inquiries similar to those which mark the surface of the land, seem to characterize the bed of the ocean, and this confession is arrived at by sounding with the lead and line. It is generally deepest in the neighborhood of a bold and rocky coast, and shallowest along a low sandy shore. In the North Sea, it has been fathomed to the depth of 4,700 feet, and off the coast of Greenland to the depth of 7,200 feet, and in both instances no bottom was found. The supposition generally believed, that the ocean is bottomless is erroneous, and arises from the fact, that it has never been sounded in the deepest part; and many of our scientific men err in this respect, for they have only reached a certain depth in the sea, and will not sink lower, being buoyed up by the great density of the water. If the

analogy between the inequalities of the bottom of the ocean and the surface of the land holds good, the greatest depth must be about three thousand feet, the altitude of the highest mountains. One of the most characteristic features of the ocean, is the quality of the water, which is always quite salt, and unpleasant to the taste; the cause and design of which is only based on the hypothesis of philosophical investigation. It has been determined by actual experiment that the proportion of salt in a given quantity of water, taken from the surface, is 3.50 per cent. of saline matter, and in some instances even greater; and it has likewise been found by the same means, that the water of the ocean holds in solution, besides various animal and vegetable matter, muriate of soda, or common salt, muriatic and sulphuric acid, fixed magnesia, magnesia and sulphate of lime. The presence of these minerals in the water of the ocean, makes the specific gravity of it much greater, and from this cause we account for its great buoyancy. The degree of saltiness also differs in different places, being more saline near the surface than at a considerable depth below, and more so towards the tropics than at the equator, and even less still, towards the poles. This variation, in the quantity of salts held in solution, may be accounted for in the heavy rains near the equator, and the constant fusion of the polar snows and ice. Other causes operate to the same end; as the presence of the mouths of large rivers, which roll down immense volumes of fresh water into the sea, and from the same cause the inland seas are less salt than the main ocean, as for instance the Baltic and the Mediterranean. The saltiness of the water also changes with the seasons, being fresher at midsummer than at midwinter, supposed to be caused by the melting of the immense bodies of ice and snow around the poles, and which, in great ocean currents, flow towards the equator.

Among other singular properties of sea waters, is the evolution of sulphuretted hydrogen, which takes place in some parts of the world, and but recently discovered by scientific investigations. To this cause, is attributed the unhealthiness of the west coast of Africa, which, in some parts, has been so fatal to strangers, as to have received the title of "the white man's grave." The presence of this poisonous gas is caused by the decaying vegetable matter, extracting the oxygen from the sulphate of soda in the sea water, which forms sulphate of sodium. This decomposes the water, and one of the products is sulphuretted hydrogen, which poisons all the surrounding atmosphere, and causes malignant fevers. Another characteristic of the ocean is the change which takes place in the color of the water, the cause of which is wholly problematic, and chemistry has been appealed to in vain, to explain the mystery. The mystery is there, but we have no power to solve it. The usual color of the water is crystal blue green; but in some parts it assumes an emerald green, or deep indigo blue, which is quickly changed to a slate grey, without any noticeable variation in the atmosphere; and in the Greenland sea the color varies from ultra marine blue to olive green. I have noticed in the tropics all these various changes in the color of the sea, and with me it was a source of wonder and astonishment, but was mute in conjecture as to the cause. The general bluish green is far from being the universal color of the sea—in some parts of the Mediterranean the water is of a purple blue, in the Gulf of Guinea it is white, around the Maldives islands it is black, and near California of a reddish cast. The prevailing color, has been attributed by some to the greater refrangibility of the blue-rays of light, and many other shades to the presence of a small animalcula, or certain marine vegetation, and the nature of the soil at the bottom. The water of the ocean also varies in clearness, some places being almost transparent as crystal, and at others, quite opaque and dull. Towards the equator, and within the tropics, the ocean presents a phosphorescent appearance, more singular than any other feature, and at the same time more difficult to account for. The appearance of the sea is beautiful in the extreme. The whole surface, when disturbed by the wind, sparkles like an ocean of living fire, and the waves as they roll up, present long lines of luminous light. When the crest of the wave breaks, the spray falls around like a shower of diamonds, which sparkle brightly in the darkness, and the track of a vessel can be traced a great distance by the path of gold sheaves behind her. The bow seems to plow through a sea of liquid light, and the disturbed waters flash like vivid and lambent flames. Sometimes the whole sea is lit up with a luminous light, and the illumination of the yards and rigging by the reflection, is as great as though gas lights were burning below. This phenomenon is accounted for from two causes: one from the animalcula that swarms in the ocean; and the other from a compound of phosphorus, suddenly evolved from some of the salts of the sea, and spread over the surface. Thus I have pointed out, generally, some of the leading features of the great ocean, and in my next number propose more particularly to mention some of the natural phenomena which belong to it, such as the waves, tides, currents, winds, &c.

"A CLEAR CASE OF LOVE.—Mr. Sigbee, you said the defendant was in love—how do you know that?" "He reads a nest upside down, and writes poetry in his day book, when it should be chess." "Any other reason?" "Yes, he has a letter without a date, and vesper frequently without the sleeves of his coat, in the sign of his pantaloons, an error that he has never will he tries to fasten the tails on his suspenders." "A clear case, call the next witness."

#### IT WON'T DO.

It is curious how many thousand things there are, which it won't do to do on the cozy planet of ours, whereon we eat, sleep, and get our dinners. For instance.— It won't do to plunge into a law-suit, relying wholly on the justice of your cause and not equipped beforehand with a bracing mind-purse. It won't do to tweak a man's nose or tell him he lies, unless you are perfectly satisfied he has not spanked enough to resent it by blowing your brains out, or (if you have no brains) cracking your skull. It won't do, when riding in a stage-coach, to talk of another man whom you have not personally seen, as being an "alfried scoundrel," until you are absolutely sure he is not sitting before you. It won't do when snow-drifts are piled up, mountains high, and sleighs are eternally upsetting, to ride out with a beautiful, lively, fascinating girl; and not expect to get smothered with her. It won't do for a man, when a horse kicks him, to kick back at the horse in return. It won't do to crack jokes on old maids, in the presence of unmarried ladies who have passed the age of forty. It won't do to imagine a Legislature, fed at the public crib, will sit but six weeks when two-thirds of the members have not the capacity to earn a decent living at home. It won't do for a man to bump his head against a stone post, because he conscientiously believes that his head is the hardest. It won't do, when a mosquito bites your face in the night, to beat your own cranium in pieces with your fist, under the impression that you are killing the mosquito. It won't do for a chap to imagine a girl is indifferent to him because she studiously avoids him in company. It won't do for a young lady to presume that more than a third, of the gentlemen who show her pointed attentions, have the most distant idea of marrying her. It won't do for a man to fancy a lady is in love with him because she treats him civilly; or that she has virtually engaged herself to him, because she has always endured his company. It won't do when in a hurry to eat soup with a two-pronged fork, or to try to catch fleas with a fish-net. It won't do to be desperately enamored of a pretty face till you have seen it at the breakfast table. It won't do to be so devoted to a tender-hearted wife as to comply implicitly with her request when she asks you: "Now, tumble over the cradle, and break your neck, my dear, won't you?" It won't do to hold a hair-trigger pistol during a fit of the blues. It won't do for a politician to imagine himself elected to the gubernatorial chair while "the back counties remain to be heard from."

It won't do to pop the question more than a dozen times after a lady has said "No." It won't do to extol the beauty of a lady's hair before you know whether it did not once belong to another lady's head. It won't do to talk of cabbage when tailors are standing by, nor of wooden nutmegs and white oak hams, when there are Connecticut Yankees about. It won't do to go bare foot in winter to get rid of trouble from corns. It won't do to take every man to do that you would like to do, even if so to do would be to do a favor. "It won't do!"

Old Uncle Jack took a notion in his head to have a second or third wife. I forget which, and happening to remember a charming widow, whom he had seen several years before, and who lived some twenty miles off, sent her a proposal of marriage, with the proviso that if she accepted she would meet him at Corners such a day, with her light wagon, he having no vehicle. The widow was on the spot at the time indicated, and at the forks of the road found "Uncle Jack" waiting for her. They drove to a tavern, had a priest brought, and were married. After the ceremony the good widow asked him for a sixpence to get some snuff with. This sum was promptly forked out, and the old lady went over the way to a store and got some snuff, while Uncle Jack stepped into the bar and took a snifter of Old Rye. These little comforts having been attended to, they drove off.