

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

"TO SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS IS EVERY FREEMAN'S RIGHT."—Thomas Jefferson.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCT. 21, 1863.

VOL. 3, NO. 11.

North Branch Democrat.

A weekly Democratic paper, devoted to Politics, News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pa. BY HARVEY SICKLER.

Terms—1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$1.50. If not paid within six months, \$2.00 will be charged.

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T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor. Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no effort to render the house an agreeable place of sojourn for all who may favor it with their custom. Wm. H. CORTRIGHT. June 3rd, 1863.

M. GILMAN, DENTIST.

M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.

ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATISFACTION. Office over Tutton's Law Office near the Post Office. Dec. 11, 1861.

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Poet's Corner.

FALSE FRIENDS AND TRUE.

BY FITZLEY JOHNSON.

'Tis difficult within this world To find a faithful friend, On whom, throughout the scenes of life, We ever can depend. And often, often have we thought This friend at last is got, 'Till trial proves the mournful truth; Alas! we have him not.

Some there are whose object is To gain their selfish ends; Declare and vow, in solemn tones, They are your steadfast friends; But when their wish'd-for ends are gained; When serving self is o'er, Experience will teach to us, They are our friends no more.

And some there are we daily meet, Possessing winning grace, Who by their acts show you that they Are friendly to your face; But when your back to them is turned, They then expose your name, And strive to cover every act With slander and with shame.

And then comes those who always will Of others tell you muh; And 'tis my counsel unto all, That they beware of such; For they who will of others speak, And tell you all they know, The expectation is that they Will speak the same of you.

Then if within your walks of life A faithful friend you find, Lavish upon him all your love And treat, O! treat him kind; For faithful friends upon this earth Are fading day by day—Are fading fast from this dark earth Like moonlit clouds away.

A WARNING AGAINST INFIDELITY IN THE CHURCH

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE

RIGHT REV. BISHOP HOPKINS.

Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont. Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

To the Right Rev. ALONZO POTTER, of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, and the Seceding Clergy of Philadelphia:

I have seen, with great amazement, a protest against my letter on the "Bible View of Slavery," signed by you and a long list of your clergy, in which you condemn it as "unworthy of any Servant of Jesus Christ," as "an effort to sustain on Bible principles, a State in rebellion against the Government in the wicked attempt to establish, by force of arms, a tyranny in the name of a Republic, whose corner stones shall be the perpetual bondage of the African," and as such you say that it challenges your "indignant reprobation."

Now my Right Reverend brother, I am sorry to be obliged to charge you, not only with a gross insult against your senior, but with the more serious offence of a false accusation. My letter was first published in January, 1861, more than three months before the war began, at a time when no one could anticipate the form of Government which the Southern States should adopt, or the course which Congress might take in reference to their secession. And when I consented to its publication, I did not suppose that it would be used in the service of any political party, although I had no right to complain, if it were so used, because the letter, once published, became public property. But in its present form there is nothing whatever in it which bears on the question of "rebellion," or of the "perpetual bondage of the African," of which slavery should be the "corner stone." On the contrary, I referred, in the last page, to my lecture published in Buffalo in 1860, and to my book called "The American Citizen," published in New York in 1857, where "I set forth the same views on the subject of slavery, adding, however, a plan for its gradual abolition, whenever the South should consent, and the whole strength of the Government could aid in its accomplishment." "Sooner or later" I added, "I believe that some measure of that character must be adopted. But it belongs to the slave States themselves to take the lead in such a movement. And meanwhile their legal rights and their natural feelings must be respected, if we would hope for unity and peace."

With these facts before your eyes, I am to tally at a loss to imagine how even the extravagance of party zeal could frame against me so bitter a denunciation. The whole object of my letter was to prove, from the Bible, that in the relations of master and slave there was necessarily no sin whatever. The sin, if there were any, lay in the treatment of the slave, and not in the relation itself. Of course, it was liable to abuse, as all human relations must be. But while it was certain that thousands of our Christian brethren who held slaves were treating them with kindness and justice, according to the Apostles' rule, and earnestly laboring to improve the comfort and ameliorate the hardships of the institution, I held it to be a cruel and absurd charge to accuse them as sin-

ners against the Divine law, when they were only doing what the Word of God allowed, under the Constitution and established code of their country.

I do not know whether your band of indignant reprobationists ever saw my book, published in 1857, but you read it, because I sent you a copy, and I have your letter of acknowledgment, in which, while you dissent from some of my conclusions, you did it with the courtesy of a Christian gentleman. In that letter there is nothing said about my opinion being "unworthy of any servant of Jesus Christ," and nothing of "indignant reprobation." But *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

Yes! the times are indeed sadly changed, and you have changed accordingly. For many years you have met in brotherly council with these Southern slave holders. You invited them to the hospitalities of your house, and paid them special deference. The new light of Eastern Abolitionism had not yet risen within our Church, and if you then thought as you now think, you took excellent care that no man among your Southern friends should know it. Moreover, your favorite Theological Seminary, only three years ago, was the Virginia school at Alexandria, raised to great prosperity by Bishop Meade—a slaveholder—and I am very sure that nothing at variance with my Bible view of slavery was ever taught in that institution. Yes! we may well say of you, as of many others, *quantum mutatus ab illo!* How changed is the Bishop of Pennsylvania in three years from his former course of conversation, peace and Scriptural consistency!

But the Word of God has not changed; the doctrine of the Apostle has not changed; the Constitution of our country has not changed; the great standards of religious truth and real civic loyalty remain just as they were; and I remain along with them, notwithstanding this bitter and unjust assault from you and your clergy. I do not intend to imitate your late style of vituperation, for I trust that I have learned, even when I am reviled, not to revile again. I respect the good opinion of your clergy, and I am not aware that I have done anything to forfeit it. I respect your office, your talents, your personal character, and the wisdom and success with which, for many years, your Episcopate has been conducted. But I do not respect your departure from the old and well settled rule of the Church, and from the Apostolic law of Christian fairness and courtesy. I do not believe in the modern discovery of those Eastern philanthropists who deny the divinity of our Redeemer and attach no importance to the Bible except as it may suit themselves. I do not believe that the venerated founders of our American Church were ignorant of the Scriptures and blind to the principles of Gospel morality. I do not believe that Washington and his companions, who framed our Constitution with such express provisions for the rights of slaveholders, were tyrants and despots, sinners against the law of God and the feelings of humanity. But I do believe in the teaching of the inspired Apostles, and in the Holy Catholic (or universal) Church which you and your clergy also profess to believe. I know that the doctrine of that Church was clear and unanimous on the lawfulness of slavery for eighteen centuries together; and on that point I regard your "protest" and "indignant reprobation" as the idle wind that passes by.

I wish you, therefore, to be advertised that I shall publish, within a few months, a gracious Providence should spare my life and faculties, a full demonstration of the truth "wherein I stand." And I shall prove in that book, by the most unquestionable authorities, that slaves and slaveholders were in the Church from the beginning; that slavery was held to be consistent with Christian principle by the Father and Councils, and by all protestant divines and commentators, up to the very close of the last century, and that this fact was universal among all Churches and acts throughout the Christian world. I shall contend that our Church, which maintains the primitive rule of catholic consent and abjures all novelties, is bound, by her very Constitution, to hold fast that only safe and enduring rule, or abandon her Apostolic claims, and descend to the level of those who are "driven about by every wind of doctrine." And I shall print your "indignant reprobation," with its list of names, in the preface to my book, so that if I cannot give you fame, I may, at least, do my part to give you notoriety.

That the nineteenth century is a century of vast improvement and wonderful discovery in the arts and sciences I grant as willingly as any man. But in religious truth or reverence for the Bible, the age in which we live is prolific in daring and impious innovation. We have seen professedly Christian communities divided and subdivided on every side. We have seen the rise and spread of Universalism, Millerism, Pantheism, Mormonism, and Spiritualism. We have seen even our venerable Mother Church of England sorely agitated by the contagious fever of change, on the one hand towards superstition, and on the other toward infidel rationalism. And we have heard the increasing clamor against the Bible, sometimes from the devotees of geological speculation, sometimes from the bold deniers of miracles and prophecy, and, not least upon the list, from

the loud-tongued apostles of anti-slavery.—We have marked the orators which cry, "Down with the Bible, if it maintains the lawfulness of slavery." We have marveled at the senatorial eloquence which proclaimed that "it was high time to have an anti-slavery God and an anti-slavery Bible." We have heard the Constitution of our country denounced as "a covenant with death and hell." We have heard the boasted determination that the Union shall never be restored until its provisions for the protection of slavery are utterly abolished. And what is the result of all this philanthropy? The fearful judgment of God has descended to chastise these multiplied acts of rebellion against His divine Government, and what the final catastrophe shall be is only known to Him who seeth the end from the beginning.

After forty years spent in the ministry, more than thirty of which have been passed in the office of a Bishop, I can look back with humble thankfulness to the giver of all good for this, at least, that all my best labors have been directed to the preservation of the Church from the inroads of doctrinal innovation. At my ordination I promised "so to minister the DOCTRINE and sacraments and discipline of Christ, as the Lord hath commanded, and as this Church has received the same"—and certain it is that "this Church" had not received the modern doctrine of ultra Abolitionism at that time, as I trust she never will receive it, because it is contrary to the Sacred Scripture. I also promised "with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away from the Church all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word," and I made these promises in the true sense which the venerable Bishop White my Ordainer, attached to them—I believed then, as he believed, that our Southern brethren committed no sin in having slaves, and that they were men of as much piety as any ministers in our Communion. I believed, as he believed, that the plain precepts and practice of the Apostles sanctioned the institution, although as a matter of expediency, the time might come when the South would prefer, as the North had done, to employ free labor. Those promises I have kept faithfully to this day—and if, when I am drawing near to the end of my career, I am to be condemned and vilified by you and your clergy, because I still maintain them to the utmost of my slender ability, be assured my Right Reverend Brother, that I shall regret the fact much more on your account than on my own.

In conclusion, I have only to say that I feel no resentment for the grossly insulting style of your manifesto. The stability and unity of the Church of God are the only interests which I desire to secure, and I am too old in experience to be much moved by the occasional excesses of human infirmity.

JOHN H. HOPKINS, Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont. BURLINGTON, Vt. Oct. 5, 1863.

For the North Branch Democrat.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BY NELLIE CLIFTON.

The calm loveliness of an oriental night had fallen over the proud capitol of Assyria.—Babylon's hundred gates of brass were closed and the huge battlemented walls were frowning grimly in the pale starlight. Without the city, silence brooded over "the dim and pulseless world;" but within all was bright and joyous.

Merchant princes sat within the tapestried chambers of their stately dwellings, every apartment glittering with all that the luxurious eastern taste could devise, or untold wealth purchase, and complacently smiled as they counted on years of prosperity to come. The priests of Belus performed their heathen rites in the magnificent temple that was blazing with its uncounted treasures of gold and silver, and precious stones.

Congregated in the regal banquetting hall of King Belshazzar, were a thousand mighty lords of the Empire, resplendent in vestments of Babylonian blue, that glittered with the signia of nobility. The tables groaned beneath the weight of rare eastern exotics, and the costliest wines that pampered royalty could devise, or the resources of a Kingdom furnish. The brains of the peasant were faintly set forth in vessels of gold, and wine of the rarest vintage, stained with its ruby flow, chalice that sparkled with precious gems. Soft strains of music palpitated on the voluptuous air, perfumed by a hundred unseen censers. The dark eyed dancing girls of Egypt kept time to the lute and the viol, with a lithe, rhythmic grace, that was as full of voiceless music as the motions of the untamed gazelle. The King, clad in a robe of royal Tyrian purple, every fold of which flashed with the sheen of precious gems, sat on a dais, canopied by a tree, the emblem of power in Assyria, the branches of which were loaded with a fruitage of emeralds, amethysts and flame-red opals.

The gay revelers were flushed with wine and mirth; and when one, more bold than the rest, proposed that they should bring forth the sacred vessels of gold and silver, that Nebuchadnezzar, had plundered from the temple at Jerusalem, a shout of approval met the proposition. The priests of Belus mocked the God of Israel, while they filled the halloved vessels with the heathen's wine and

drank to the praise of their senseless idols "of gold and silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone." Blatant blasphemous lips had scarcely drained the sacred goblets ere the hush of an awful fear fell on their revelings.

The profaned vessels fell from hands that grew palsied in terror, as with blanched cheeks and starting eyes, they gazed on a sight that unnerved the stoutest heart. As Syria's impious monarch trembled in craven fear as the flush of excitement faded from his face and left it of an ashen paleness. So! over against the massive candlestick that lighted the festive hall, there came forth a man's hand and traced in fire, characters that none could read. Belshazzar called together his wise men, the seers and astrologers of Chaldea, promising honor and power, with robes of scarlet and fine linen, and chains of gold, to him who should interpret the mysterious writing. But all failed until the humble Judean captive, Daniel, was brought before the King and read, in the burning characters traced on the palace wall, by an armless hand, the downfall of the trembling monarch and his Kingdom.

"God hath numbered thy Kingdom and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting. Thy Kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians."

The same hour the legions of Cyrus poured into the city, through the drained bed of the Euphrates. The song of revelry was exchanged for the shout of the victor and the groans of the dying. The purple robes were deeper dyed in human gore, and the blood of the slain ran in rivulets on the floor, or stagnated in clotted pools. The besiegers filled the banquetting vessels with red wine from human veins. Belshazzar's boasted glory passed away with the fading starlight of the morning, for his dead body lay among those of his slaughtered nobles.

Thus Babylon with all her royal magnificence, the pride of Assyria, the crown of the Orient, passed into the hands of the Medes and Persians.

INTERESTING FACTS.

The first piece of artillery was invented by a German, soon after the invention of gunpowder, and artillery was first used by the Moors, of Algiers, in Spain, in the siege of 1341.

The first banks were established in Italy in the year 808, by the Lombard Jews, of whom some settled in Lombard Street, London, where many bankers have ever since resided.

The oldest version of the Old and New Testament, belonging to the Christians, is that in the Vatican, which was written in the fourth or fifth century, and published in the year 1587.

Ancient books were originally boards, or the inner bark of trees; and bark is still used by some nations, as are also skins, for which latter parchment was generally substituted.

Stones were first used for bullets, iron ones are mentioned in 1550. Leaden bullets were made before the close of the sixteenth century. Stone cannon balls are still used in the East.

The most stupendous canal in the world is one in China, which passes over two thousand miles, and to forty one cities; it was commenced in the tenth century.

Chocolate, the flour of cocoa-nut, was first introduced in England from Mexico, in 1520, and soon became a favorite beverage in the London coffee-houses.

Billiards were invented by Henrique Du Vigne, a French artist, in the reign of Charles IX., about the year 1571, and at once became a most fashionable and captivating game.

The largest and oldest chain bridge in the world is said to be at Kingtung, in China, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one lofty mountain to the top of another.

Woman never appeared upon the stage among ancients. Their parts were represented by men until as late as 1662, when Charles II. first encouraged the appearance of women before the public.

Armorial bearings became hereditary, in families, at the close of the twelfth century; they took their rise from the knights, painting their banners with different figures, and were introduced by the crusaders.

The first balloon was constructed at Paris, by M.M. Montgolfier, in 1783, in which Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes ascended, after which numerous ascents followed, many of which proved fatal.

The well known cotton cloth, calico, is named from Calicut, a city of India, which was discovered by the Portuguese, in 1498. Calico was first brought to England by the East India Company, in 1631.

Diamonds were first brought from the East, where the mine of Sumbulpour, was the first known, and where the mines of Golconda were first discovered in the year 1584, those of Brazil in 1782.

The diving bell was first used in Europe, in the year 1509. It was used on the coast of Mull, in searching for the wreck of a part of the famous Spanish Armada, some time before the year 1669.

Glass bottles were first made in England, about 1558. The art of making glass bottles and drinking glasses were known to the Romans in the year 79, A. D., as they have been found in the ruins of Pompeii.

For the North Branch Democrat.

THE TOOTHACHE.

BY NELLIE CLIFTON.

Did you ever enjoy the toothache, O, ye philo-sophers of the stoical school? Mayhap you have endured "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" but that's nothing to the toothache. Mayhap you have tried to sleep in a stage coach, under the hallucination that rough roads had something to do with "Nature's sweet restorer." You fix your head for a nap—bob it goes, over to the other side with a jerk that nearly dislocates your neck. You settle yourself again, when the coach gives another lurch and a fat Irishman comes plump into your lap. You're grieved, vexed, disturbed, annoyed, in fact you are mad, but do not think you are abused until you have had the toothache.

Mayhap you have been smashed in a Railroad collision, or ground to atoms beneath a falling bridge, or blown into fragments by a steamboat boiler's bursting, but it is all the merest play to the toothache.

Very likely you have read of the infernal tortures of the Spanish inquisition—how people were stretched on the rack and drawn out like India rubber, or sawn assunder, or stuck full of red hot needles—but do not waste too much sympathy on the martyrs; just wait until you have the jumping toothache, and then "if you have tears, prepare to shed them."

Perhaps you have fallen among the Comanche Indians, those red-skins of the Southwest, to whom Satan has granted a patent for ingenious modes of torture; and, mayhap you have been roasted, head downwards, over a blazing fire, while the copper-colored fiends danced around with whoops and yells more hideous than a jubilee in Pandemonium; but, if you have escaped the toothache, you are fortunate indeed.

Just imagine that each nerve in your body, with all its exquisite sensibility, is put into an old fiddle and somebody saws the strings with a red hot poker, until each one "roars out in furious tones." Then suppose that some friend like those Job had, tells you to go to a dentist and have your tooth drawn—"it won't hurt much!" You go, and the dentist smilingly assures you that he can extract it very easily, the smooth-faced hypocrite! Of course there are none of them any more—a red-skin at heart, and they inwardly chuckle at the thought of nearly tearing one's head off the body.

You seat yourself in an easy chair. That's another trap too, as you will find to your cost. It is just to make you believe that you are going to have a good time; but if you do not wish yourself in the jaws of an alligator before you get through, then I am mistaken. He gives a reassuring grin and commences cutting around the devoted tooth. Then he puts on a kind of shiny looking "infernal machine," called forceps, and "then comes the tug of war."

A crash, and you feel as if your head had been twisted off by a gorilla and a locomotive driven the whole length of your body.—The ground slides from under your feet and you hang on nothing by an invisible thread. You get up with the conviction that it is your duty to "shuffle off the mortal coil" for that dentist, who has left a hole in your mouth large enough for your boot to come through.

"It came easy," he says, and you crush down the desire to show him how easy it would be to make jelly of him, and pocketing the cause of all your woes, leave the office, thankful that a person can have the toothache always and live.

OPPOSITE INFLUENCE OF THE SEXES.

Why is it that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred those women who have been brought up chiefly among men, who have had no sisters, who have lost a mother in early life, (doubtless for many reasons a sad affliction to a girl,) who have been dependent on fathers or brothers for society and conversation, should turn out the most fascinating and superior of their sex? Why is it that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the boy who is educated solely by his mother, becomes a triumphant and successful man in after life? Perhaps the opposite influence of either sex is beneficial to the other; perhaps the girl derives vigorous thoughts, expanded views, habits of reflection—nay, more—charity and forbearance, from her male associates, as the boy is indebted to his mother's tuition and his mother's companionship for the gentleness and purity of heart which combine so well with a manly and generous nature, for the refinement and delicacy of feeling which so adorn true courage, above all, for that exalted standard of womankind, which shall prove his surest safeguard from shame and defeat in the coming battle—a shield impervious so long as it is bright, but which, when once soiled, slides and crumbles from his grasp, leaving him in the press of angry weapons a naked and defenceless man.

I plow, I sow, I reap, I mow, I get up wood for winter; I dig, I hoe, and tatter grows, and for what I know, am indebted to THE PRINTER. I do suppose all knowledge flows right from the printing press; so off I goes, in these 'ere clothes, and settle up—I guess.