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The Sailor Boy.

The moon shines bright,
At the bark bounds light,
As the stag bounds o'er the lee;
We love the strife
Of a sailor's life,
And we love our dark blue sea.

Now high, now low,
To the depths we go,
Now rise on the surge again:
We make a track
O'er the ocean's back,
And play with the hoary mane.

Fearless we face
The storm in the chase,
When the dark clouds fly before it:
And meet the shock
Of the fierce Siroc,
Though Death breathes hotly o'er it.

The landman may quail
At the shout of the gale,
Peril's the sailor's joy:
Wild as the waves
Which his vessel braves,
Is the lot of the sailor boy.

Electioneering out West.

GOING TO BED BEFORE A YOUNG LADY.

The following is an adventure in the history of the Hon. Stephen A. Douglass, the gifted and popular Democratic Senator from Illinois. It is from the N. Y. "Spirit of the Times."

Next to Judge Horse Allen, of Missouri, Judge Douglass is decidedly the most original and amusing member of the western bar, or we are no judge.

As I was saying, ten years ago, Judge Douglass of Illinois, was a beardless youth of twenty-one years of age, freshly come among the people of the "Sucker State," with an air about him auspiciously redolent of Yankee land. A mere youthful adventurer among the "squire" Suckers—one would deem the position embarrassing. Not so the Judge—he had come on business. A political fortune was to be made and no time to be lost. He was about launching on the sea of public favor, and he commenced a general canvass survey the day he arrived. He soon made himself District Attorney, Member of the Legislature, Registrar of the U. S. Land Office, Secretary of State, and Judge of the Supreme Court.

"How do you adapt yourself, Judge," said I, "to the people. How did you naturalize yourself?"

"Oh nothing easier—you see I like it—it's Democratic. But it did come awkward at first. You know I am, or rather was, bashful to a painful degree. Well, now, nine-tenths of my constituents despise luxuries, and have no such thing as a second room in their houses. In beating up votes, I live with my constituents, eat with them, lodge and pray with them, drink, laugh, hunt, dance, and work with them—I eat their corn dodgers and fried bacon, and sleep two in a bed with them.—Among my first acquaintances, were the L.—s; by the way I am sure of five votes there. Well, you perceive I had to live there, and I lived, there; I own it, I acknowledge the corn. And ice in August is something—but I was done to an ice-cream—had periodical chills for ten days. Did you ever see a Venus in linsay-woolsey?"

"No."

"Then you should see Serena I.—s They call her the 'White Plover,' seventeen plump as a pigeon, and smooth as a per simon. How the devil, said I to myself, soliloquizing the first night I slept there, an I to go to bed before this young lady? I do believe my heart was topsy-turvy, for the idea of pulling my coats off before that girl was death. And as to doffing my other fixins, I would sooner have my leg taken off with my own saw. The crisis was tremendous. It was nearly midnight, and the family had been for hours in bed. Miss Serena alone remained. As the merry mixx talked on, it was portentously obvious to me that she had determined to outwit me. By repeated spasmodic efforts, my coat, waistcoat, cravat, boots, and socks

were brought off. During the process, my beautiful neighbor talked on with unaverted eyes, and with that peculiar kind of placidity employed by painters to embody their idea of the Virgin. I dumped myself down in my chair in a cold perspiration.—A distressing idea occurred to me. Does not the damsel stand on a point of local etiquette? It may be the fashion of these people to see the strangers in bed before retiring themselves. Had I not kept those beautiful eyes open from ignorance of what these people call good breeding? Neither the lady's eyes or tongue betrayed the least fatigue. Those large jet eyes seemed to dilate, and grow brighter, as the blaze of the wood died away; but doubtless this was from kind consideration of the strange wakefulness of her guest. The thing was clear. I determined to retire, and without delay. I arose with firmness, unloosed my suspenders, and in a voice which was not altogether steady, I then said—

"Miss Serena, I think I will retire."
"Certainly, sir," she quietly observed, "you will sleep there sir," inclining her head towards a bed standing a few yards from where she was sitting.

I proceeded to undress, gutrenching myself behind a chair the while, fondly imagining the position afforded security. It is simply plain to a man in his senses, that a chair of the fashion of the one I had thrown between myself and "the enemy," as a military man would say, afforded almost no security at all. No more in fact than standing up behind a ladder—nothing in the way of the artillery of bright eyes as a poet would say, sweeping one down by platoons. Then I had a dead open space of ten feet between me and the bed; a sort of bridge of Lodi passage which I was forced to make, exposed to a raking fire fore and aft. Although I say it, an emergency never arose for which I had not a resource.—I had one for this. The plan was the work of a moment; I—

"Ah, I see—you stormed the battery."
"Bah! don't interrupt me. No, I determined by a bold ruse de guerre to throw her attention off, clear the dangerous passage and fortify myself under the counterpane before she had recovered from her surprise. The plan failed. You see I am a small man, physically speaking. Body, limbs and head, setting up business on one hundred and a half pound, all told of flesh blood and bones, cannot individually or collectively, set up any very ostentatious pretensions. I believe she must have been settling in her mind some philosophical point on that subject. Perhaps her sense of justice wished to assure itself of a perfectly fair distribution of the respective motives. Perhaps she did not feel easy until she knew that kind Providence had not added to general poverty, individual wrong. Certain it was, she seemed rather pleased with her speculations. For, when I rose from a stooping posture finally, entirely disencumbered from cloth, I noticed mischievous shadows playing about the corners of her mouth. It was the moment I had determined to direct her eyes to some astonishing circumstance outside of the window. But the young lady spoke at the critical moment:—

"Mr. Douglass, you have a mighty small chance of legs there."
Men seldom have any notion of their own powers. I never made any pretensions to ground and lofty tumbling; but it is strictly true, I cleared at one bound the open space, planted myself in the center of the bed, and was buried in the blankets in a twinkling.

"I congratulate you my boy," said I, "it was a lucky escape truly. But was the lady modest?"

"Modest sir! there's not in Illinois a more modest or sensible girl. It's habit, all habit. I think nothing of it now. Why it was only last week I was at a fine wedding party, and a large and fine assembly of both sexes lodged in the same room, with only three feet or so of neutral territory between them.

"You astonish me, Mr. Douglass."
"Fact sir, upon my honor. You see these people are the soul of hospitality, and never allow a fine social party to turn out at midnight to go a long distance home.—All this is managed more cleverly there.—An Illinois bed has a power of elongation or expansion perfectly enigmatical to strangers. One bed, four feet wide, will, on occasion, flank one whole side of the house, and is called a field bed, and large parties will range themselves on opposite sides of the house as economically as candles in a

This story of Judge Douglass, has suggested to Field of the St. Louis Reveille, the following humorous adventure of a Missouri politician:

The gentleman of Illinois, is not the only gentleman whose legs have led him into embarrassment. A political friend of ours equally happy in his manners, if not in his party, with the Missouri constituency, found himself, while canvassing the State last summer for Congress, in even a more peculiarly perplexing predicament than the Illinois Judge.

There is a spot in the south-western part of the State, known as the Fiery Fork of Honey Run—a delicious locality no doubt, as the run of 'honey' is of course accompanied with a corresponding flow of 'milk,' and a mixture of milk and honey, or at any rate honey and 'peach,' is a great evidence of sublimity contentment in every place where they enjoy preaching.

'Honey Run,' further christened by the presence of an extremely hospitable family, whose mansion—comprising one apartment, whether more or less—is renowned for never being shut against a traveller at the expense of a rheumatism in his shoulder, its numerous unaffected cracks and spaces clearly showing, that dropping the latch was a useless formality. The venerable host and hostess in their own apartment, usually enjoy the society of two sons, four daughters, sundry dogs and niggers, and as many lodgers as they may deem it prudent to risk the somewhat equivocal allotment of sleeping partners. On the night in question, our friend after a hearty supper of ham and eggs, and a canvass of the Fiery Forkers, the old lady, having pointed out his bed, felt very weary, and only waited for an opportunity to 'turn in,' though the mosquitoes were trumping all sorts of wrath and no net appeared to bar them.—The dogs slung themselves on the floor, or rose restlessly, and again sought the door step—the niggers stuck their feet in the wet warm ashes—the old man stripped unceremoniously, and sought his share of one of the collapsed looking pillows, and the sons cavalierly followed his example, leaving the old woman, the gals, and the stranger, to settle any question of delicacy that might arise.

The candidate yawned, looked at the bed, went to the door, looked at the girls, and finally in downright recklessness, seated himself on the 'downy' and commenced to pull off his coat. Well, he pulled off his coat, and then he yawned, and then he whistled—then he called the old lady's attention to the fact that it would never do to sleep in his muddy trousers, and then he unbuttoned his vest, and then he whistled again, and then—suddenly an idea of her lodger's possible embarrassment seemed to flash on the old lady, and she said—

"Gals, just turn your backs round until the stranger gets into bed."
The backs were turned, and the stranger got in bed in less than no time, when the hostess again spoke.

"Reckon, stranger as you ain't used to us, you better kiver up till the gals undress, hadn't you?"

By this time his sleepy fit was over, and though he did kiver up, some how or other the old counterpane was equally kind in hiding his blushes and favoring his sly glances. The nymphs were soon showed away, for there were neither bustles to hitch, nor corsets to unlace, when their mamma evidently anxious not to smother her guest considerably relieved him.

"You can do ever now, stranger—I'm married folks, and you ain't afraid of me, as I reckon."
The 'stranger' happened to be married folks himself—he 'unkivered' and turned his back with true conjugal indifference, as far as the ancient lady was concerned, but with regard to the gals, he declared, that his half raised curiosity inspired the most tormenting dreams of mermaids, that he ever experienced.

A Southern Confederacy.
We will suppose that three States propose to confederate—how can they come together, unless they are separate, independent Governments, and how can they become independent in the exercise of those powers, which they have granted to their agent, the Federal Government, without dissolving the agency and recalling the granted powers; and how can this be accomplished without the secession of those States who propose to enter into the new compact? Prior to the formation of the confederacy, something is to be done. The confederacy cannot come into being *suo sponte*. The very existence of a compact pre-supposes the existence of parties—the several States, who are not only independent of each other, but whose freedom is not shackled by any other engagements. Now they are shackled by the Union—now their liberty is controlled by a former compact which must first be annulled and set aside, as far as they are concerned before they can enter into new engagements with each other. This proposition is so indisputable upon the very face of it, that we do not see how it can be denied or called in question by any person who is acquainted with the true theory of our Government.

But, can a single State dissolve the compact, as far as that State is bound by it? Has it the right, has it the power, to withdraw from the existing confederacy for any cause whatever? Can the

compact be dissolved by any power—and by what power—by whose act can its dissolution be brought about? A compact is virtually dissolved when the parties to it, either by their own act or by the act of an agent by them appointed, violate the terms of it, and it is legally dissolved when the parties to it, who are sovereigns, one or all of them, declare it to be dissolved in consequence of those violations. If no governmental compact can, for any causes, be dissolved, then the compact is eternal, and tyranny may be perpetuated, and the rights of those who entered into the compact may be violated and wrested from them with impunity. There is always a tacit understanding, that those who enter into a compact will be faithful to their pledges, and there is an express avowal, on oath, made by every member, when he takes his seat in either branch of Congress, that he will be true to the Constitution, i. e., will be true to the compact in its written form. The President, and all the officers of the Government, before they enter upon the discharge of their several duties, are bound to take such an oath. If they are not true to the constitution, which they are solemnly sworn to observe and defend, they break the compact, and any dissatisfied State has a right and is in duty bound, if the violation be flagrant and intolerable, to declare the compact broken, and may withdraw from the Union of which the Constitution is the bond, if it thinks proper to do so. The withdrawal of one State does not dissolve the Union in respect to those States who do not choose to withdraw from it, but who refer still to continue it. The Union is dissolved, in such case, only so far as the seceding States is or are concerned, and remains wholly intact and unbroken, as far as the other States are concerned.

That any State has the power, and has the right to dissolve the compact, for good and sufficient reasons, (i. e.) has a right to secede from the Union, results from the fact, that the States, acting as such, originally formed the compact, and from the further fact, that when they formed it, they were sovereigns.—But such, they could not create a power superior to—they could not create a power equal to, themselves. All the States united under a federal head, could not do this, and such an attempt has never been made since the origin of the Government. Congress may admit new States into the Union, but their admission is merely a recognition of their sovereignty before they were admitted, and of their right, upon their application, to enjoy the advantages of the existing compact upon their complying with the terms of it. So, if the compact is dissolved, it can only be by the act of the parties, or of some of them, who formed it, as there is no higher power known to us than that of a sovereign State.

We are aware that it is maintained by Federalists of the old, and equally so by those of the modern school, that the Government—the Constitution—was formed by the people of the Union, regarded as an Union, and not by the people of the States, regarded as States; but this doctrine involves the monstrous absurdity that the Union existed before it was formed. They accordingly maintain that sovereignty is divided—that the States are sovereign, and that the Union is sovereign, and that the citizens are bound by a divided allegiance. The true theory of the government, on the contrary, as we understand it, is, that the States alone are sovereign, and that the Federal Government is the agent of the States, constituted and appointed by them, as such, in solemn form; that the powers of the Federal Government, being derived from the States, and being limited by them, the Federal Government is, and can be, no sovereign, since it is of the very nature of sovereignty to possess unlimited power, or, if limited, that the limitation should spring only from its own sovereign will and pleasure. The sovereign powers, then, which the Federal Government exercises, are the sovereign powers of the States, who have appointed that government, merely for their own convenience, their agent to exercise certain powers. If the Federal Government, then, in the fulfilment of this trust, goes beyond the limitations of the Constitution, it is a transgressor, for the States have bound it down by rules which must be strictly observed to the very letter. Hence, in this country, as we understand the matter, there is no such thing as a divided allegiance. The only allegiance which the citizen owes, is an allegiance to the State of his birth or of his adoption. And the Federal Government has consequently no right to dictate terms to a State, for the State is its superior—its sovereign, to whom it owes fealty; and the moment the Government attempts to dictate

terms by the passage of an unconstitutional law, the sovereign may speak out, and annul the law, without waiting for the intervention of any power whatever, to explain its duty to it, or the legality of its course of conduct. So, if a State wishes to secede from the Union, the servant has no right to call his master to account for the act, either by impertinent words or still more impertinent force. Hence, our plenipotentiaries to foreign courts do not represent the sovereignty of the Union—for it has no sovereignty—but they represent the sovereignty of the States, acting by and through the Union. The subject is susceptible of a variety of illustrations, but these may suffice.

We conclude, therefore, that the first step towards the formation of a Southern Confederacy, is the secession from the Union of a single State, and then the secession, one by one, of the other States, who may choose afterwards to enter into the Confederacy.

The New Costume.

Mrs. Swisshelm, in the Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor, gives the following opinion of the new dress:

"We never thought dress of so much importance as to be worth any great act of moral heroism. We would not subject ourselves to the rude gaze of a mob on the street, or the insolence of ruffians or boys, for any thing less than the salvation of a soul. No dress could be comfortable or convenient to us which would gather half a dozen of boys to stare at us. We should never think of being a martyr for such slight cause as the pattern of a new frock; nor have we any need to be so, for neither health nor convenience requires it. Godey, Graham, and Sartain could not get up a fashion that we could not, in five minutes, arrange into a comfortable, convenient, healthful costume, without making any change which would attract the attention of a casual observer. Very few will notice that a dress lacks two, three or four inches of touching the pavement when the wearer walks, yet this saves the nastiness of street-sweeping. Very few will observe that a bodice, instead of being made in the form of an hour glass, has the natural curves of a human form, and is wide enough to admit full breathing yet this effectually does away with all unhealthiness and inconvenience.—We can walk, and climb, and dance with more ease and freedom in a whale-boned bodice than any loose sack, simply because we make the bodice to fit the waist instead of the waist to fit the bodice. Long skirts are a trouble to us because we never have them unnecessarily heavy, and make them to rest upon the shoulders.

"Those who believe a radical change is necessary to alter the present absurd, suicidal fashions, and who have the energy to spare for that purpose deserve all credit for so expending it. Poor human nature is always prone to extremes, and very likely the most effectual way of persuading women to quit sweeping streets with their skirts is to cut them off at the knee; but in our mind the dress is associated with ideas of juvenility, and it will take some time to make us feel that a woman who has reached middle life would not look badly in it. Long loose skirts are as intimately connected in our mind with womanhood, as gowns and wigs in the mind of an Englishman, with a court of justice."

A correspondent writing from Fitchburg, has the following with regard to the new dresses:

"I perceive that Mrs. Bloomer has got opposition from the amiable and talented writer, Mrs. Swisshelm, who seems to think that by this innovation, there can be no distinguishing point between the sexes; and goes strongly in favor of the old fashion. Well, you may take our breeches, coats, hats and boots, but you can't get our whiskers. You may make juvenile attempts to raise 'mustachios,' but they are to be considered as no ornament.

"A very estimable and wealthy lady in this village took a notion to Bloomerize her dress, but after it was finished, her courage left. After wearing it to the front gate, she dodged into the house and donned her old attire. What courageous creatures they are.

In relation to this new fashion, I hope it will be universally adopted; it is neat, tidy, and becoming; and if it does come into general use, it will remain so; and where opposition springs up, it is from those whose understanding nature has not modeled in an exquisite mould; but surely, this must be no barrier to the fashion. The ponderous car of civilization and improvement rolls onward, and all must fall before it. The American ladies are proverbial for their *modesty*, and positively fearful that their

shoes will be exposed to the view of a gazing multitude. How ridiculous, in saying anything in regard to expense, it looks for a lady to sweep the sidewalks with an expensive shawl, or a costly silk dress, and yet that is the fashion. I wish Mrs. Bloomer every success in undertaking to revolutionize the world, but I am seriously inclined to think that Mrs. Swisshelm has awful *lame feet and ankles*. But, "SHORT DRESSES" or no husbands.

The House That Jack Built.
A NEW PARAPHRASE.
The Constitution of the United States.—This is the house that Jack built.
The Public Treasury.—This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

The Tariff.—This the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.
J. C. Calhoun.—This is the cat that caught the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Abolitionism.—This is the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

The Clay Compromise.—This is the cow with crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

South Carolina.—This is the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog that worried the cat, that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

State Rights.—This is the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Southern Rights Association.—This is the Priest all shaven and shorn that married the man all tattered and torn and the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Secession.—This is the cock that crowed in the morn that waked the priest all shaven and shorn that married the man all tattered and torn and the maiden all forlorn that milked the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that eat the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

"Casar, what for you often ride behind your saddle flap when dat gawman turn de corner?"
"What German you refer to?"
"Why, dat gawman which advertise as lost his little pebble dog in the Times newspaper a couple of fortnights ago."
"Was—a—what? What I gat to do wid his pebble? Speak his little dog run away?"
"Well, Casar, you make scandal, don't you?"
"Yes."
"Well—dat's all."
"Oh, you ridiculous nigger! I know what you mean to show me! But look a here! If you show me anything prettier to the character of Julius Casar, Esq., I will designate you head from your body, and throw your bodice trunk promiscuously inter de ditch—and den I see yer fur a libel on you pusilligous rebellious wretch!"

Who'll Turn Grindstone.
When I was a little boy I remember one cold winter's morning, I was awakened by a man, with an axe on his shoulder, "Mr. pretty boy," says he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I, "You are a fine little fellow," said he, "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleas'd with his compliment of 'fine little fellow,' I said yes, sir. I answered, "Is down in the shop." "And will you my man," said he, putting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" "How could I grind? I am and soon brought a kettle full." "How old are you and what is your name?" continued he without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest lads I have ever seen; will you just turn a few minutes for me?" Tinkled with the flattery, like a little fool, we went to work, and bitingly did I run the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged, till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rung and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the axe was sharpened, and the man turned to me with—"Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant—send away to school or you'll rue it."—Alas, thought I, it was hard enough to turn grindstone, this cold day; but now to be called "little rascal" was too much. It sunk deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I see a merchant over polite to his customers—begging them to taste a little brandy, and throw half his goods on the counter—thinks I, that man has an axe to grind.

When I see a man of doubtful character, putting a girl on the cheek, praising her

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