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THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER, *Editor & Proprietor.*

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR RULERS."

DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE." *Gen'l Harrison.*

NEW SERIES. VOLUME IX—NUMBER 19.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1852.

LIZZIE IN THE MILL.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Many years ago, in the pleasant village of ——, New England, lived the little girl whose true story I am about to relate—Lizzie Stone, the only daughter of the miller.

Lizzie was a child whom everybody loved—not only because she was so pretty, lively and intelligent, but for her being so sweet, gentle, amiable—so truly good. Lizzie had two brothers, few years older than herself, who were very fond of her, and of whom she was very proud. These three children always went to school and church together, and played in perfect agreement.

It happened that one sunny autumn forenoon they had a visit from two little girls, their cousins, who lived about a mile distant. They had a joyous time; they played in the yard, in the barn, and all over the house. Mrs. Stone, who was a kind, pleasant woman, looked on and laughed, if she did not mingle in their sport. She got them a nice early tea by themselves; and when the visitors, after one last merry romp, were about leaving, she said to Lizzie—"Your brothers will go home with Alice and Celia. You may go with them as far as the mill, but be sure to stop there; and come home with your father."

So the cousins set out, laughing and frolicking along, Mrs. Stone stood in the little front porch of her cottage, looking after them as they went down the lane, and thinking what dear children they were. She smiled at Lizzie's affectionate way of taking leave of her, though she was to be gone so short a time.—They never parted from her mother, even for half an hour, without kissing her lovingly, and asking her good bye in a voice as sweet and tender as the cooing of a dove. Now, as Mrs. Stone went into the house, she said softly to herself, "It is nearly ten years since God gave me that child, and she never has yet caused me a moment's sorrow."

The cousins played so much along the road, and stopped so often to pick flowers and berries, that it was nearly dark when they reached the mill. Then, when the girls came to go, they had yet so many things to tell each other, so many invitations to give, so many good-byes to say, it was no wonder that they lingered awhile.

It seemed that Lizzie could not let her cousins go. She parted from them, in her loving way, so many times, that her brothers grew a little impatient, and George, the eldest, said—"Why, sister, I don't see but that Ned and I will have to help you in your kissing, or you'll never get through!"

Then Alice and Celia, blushing and laughing, broke away from their cousin, and ran fast down the hill towards their home. The boys soon overtook them; and Lizzie, after watching the group awhile, and thinking how good was God to give her such amiable cousins, such noble brothers, and such dear parents to love, turned and went into the mill. She found it very dark, and was almost frightened by the din of machinery, and by the darkness; for night was fast coming on. She called her father's name, and he answered; but the machinery made so much noise that he did not hear. Thinking he had already gone, she turned to go home alone. She took a way she had often safely taken, over the flume, by the great water-wheel. But to her right she was bewildered—lost her footing, and fell off on the wheel, which whirled her down, crushing and tearing her in a shocking manner! It happened that just at that moment her father, thinking that Lizzie had been sent to call him home, stopped the mill, and began to search for her. Led by her cries, he came to the wheel, and there found what had occurred.

"Are you badly hurt, my daughter?" he asked in great grief and terror.

"Yes, father. I seem to be all crushed to pieces, and I cannot stir; but I think I shall live if you get me out. Leave me here and go for help."

The neighborhood was soon roused, and many men hurried with saws and axes to the mill. But they found that only one or two could work at a time, in cutting away the strong, heavy timbers, and that it would be some hours before Lizzie could be taken from the cruel place where she was held so fast and crushed so dreadfully; and they said that to move the wheel backwards or forward might kill her at once.

When Mrs. Stone came, one of the men let down a light into the wheel, so that she could see her poor child. When she saw Lizzie's white face, and the bleeding arms held towards her, she shrieked and cried bitterly. But Lizzie called up to her as sweetly and cheerfully as she had ever spoken in her life, and said—"Don't cry, mother! They will get me out before long; keep up good courage, and pray to God for me."

And so she continued to talk, hour after hour, while the men kept cutting and sawing the great timbers. So she cheered and comforted her parents, and her poor brothers, when they came to the mill.

Once her voice grew very low and indistinct—then it ceased altogether; the doctor looked down, and said she had fainted away, and they sprinkled water upon her. As soon as she revived she began to say comforting things, and to beg her mother and brothers not to cry.—She said she did not suffer so much pain as at first, and that she was sure she would live to be carried home.

It was nearly midnight when the last timber that held her was sawed away, and a workman lifted her gently up, and laid her in her father's arms. The pain of being moved caused the poor child to faint again, and she did not revive until she had been carried home. When she opened her eyes, she found herself on her own little bed, with her dear father and mother and brothers at her side.

The doctor dressed Lizzie's wounds, and gave her some opium to make her sleep; but he told her father and mother that she could not possibly get well. When he heard the dreadful words, Mr. Stone groaned and covered his face with his hands; and, for a few moments, Mrs. Stone leaned her head on her husband's shoulder, and cried. Then lifting her eyes and clasping her hands, she said, "Thy will, O Lord, be done!" and went and sat down calmly by Lizzie's side, and watched her till she slept.

The poor little girl remained sleeping most of the next day. She would often wake and ask for water; but she then seemed hardly to know where she was, or who was with her.—Her cousins, Alice and Celia, came to see her; but she did not recognize them, and they went away sobbing bitterly.

Early in the night, however, she awoke, and seemed better. She knew all about her, and smiled on them, but said she must leave them very soon. She told her father that she wanted to hear him pray once more; and Mr. Stone knelt down by her bedside, and asked God to take safely home the little daughter He had given them, and thanked him for leaving her with them so long. Then Lizzie said to her mother, "Will you sing me just one verse of the hymn I love so much, 'Jesus sought me?'" Her mother tried, but she could not sing for weeping; and Lizzie said, "Never mind—where I am going there is beautiful singing. Yet it seems to me I shall hear no voice so sweet as yours, mamma. Why do you cry? Only think, mamma, if I should live, now, how crooked and sickly I should be. I might be a hunchback, and give a great deal of trouble and sorrow to you all. Will it not be better to bury up this crushed body, and let the pleasant grass grow over it, and have a new glorious body such as the angels have?"

As she spoke these words, she smiled, and did not weep; but when, afterwards, she asked for a faithful house dog, and her pretty Maltese kitten, and they were brought to her, she burst into tears. "Good bye, old Bose! good-bye Kitty!" said she. "I cry, mamma, to part from these, because I never, never shall see them again; for they have no souls, poor things. But you and papa will come to heaven before many years: and you, too, brothers, if you are good boys."

A little while after this she said, "Georgie, give my love to Alice and Celia, and tell them that I am glad I kissed them so many times last night. Eddie, take care of my flowers; and boys, don't miss me too much in your play."

After lying very quiet for some moments she again spoke, and said:

"Mamma, are the shutters open, and has the morning come very brightly?"

"No, my daughter," her mother answered, "it is still dark night."

"Oh, then," said Lizzie; "it must be the windows of God's beautiful palace I see, with the pleasant light shining through. I am almost there! Good-bye, mamma, and papa, and brothers—good bye!" And, with a smile spread over her face, Lizzie stretched out her arms, looked upward, and so died.

When Lizzie lay in her coffin, that smile was on her sweet face still—brighter and purer than the white roses that lay upon her pillow—and Mrs. Stone tried not to let her tears fall upon it; for she said, "God has taken back a little angel He lent me for a few years, and why should I weep for my happy, happy child!"

THE MOONLIGHT RIDE.

A number of years ago, a gentleman in Clydesdale, offered me a situation of head groom, which I accepted. He had one horse which was kept in a stable by himself, and was, without exception, the ugliest and most savage animal of his kind I had ever seen.—There was not a single point of a strong or fast horse about him. He was black as charcoal;—he was named Satan, and richly did he deserve the name. He would fly at you like a dog, with his teeth; attempt to beat you down with his fore feet; and strike around a corner at you with his hind ones. He had beaten off all the rough riders, grooms and jockeys in that part of the country.

After being at the place a few days, I was asked by the gentleman, if I thought I could make anything of Satan. I replied that if he beat me, he would be the first horse that had ever done so; but still I considered him to be by far the most savage I had ever seen.

"Try him to-morrow at one o'clock," said he, as he turned to go away: "I will have a few friends with me to see how you succeed."

I determined however, to try him that night, and without any witness to see whether I succeeded or not. My room was over the stables, and as the moon did not rise till eleven o'clock I threw myself upon the bed clothes and contrary to my intention, fell asleep. When I woke, it was twelve, the moon was shining brightly, and rendering everything as visible as if it were day.

I went down to the stable with a bridle prepared for the purpose, and heavily loaded whip in my hand. I knew that it would be impossible to saddle him; and, indeed, I would be safer on his bare back, in the event of throwing himself down. I opened the stable door gently, and there he was prone on his side, his legs and neck stretched out, as I had often seen horses laying after sore fatigue. I clapped my knee upon his head, loosed the collar that bound him, slipped the bit into his mouth, buckled the throat band, raised him to his feet, and backed him out, and leaped upon his back before he had time to get his eyes wide open. But open them now he did, and that with a vengeance; he pawed and struck the walls with his fore-feet, till the fire flash from the stones—and then he reared till he fell back upon the pavement. I was prepared for this and slipped off of him as he went down, and then leaped on him again as he rose. I had not as yet touched him with whip, bridle or spurr; but now I gave him the curb and the spur at the same instant.—He gave one mad bound and then went off at a rate that completely eclipsed the speed of the fleetest horse I had ever ridden. He could not trot, but his gallop was unapproachable, and consisted of a succession of leaps, performed with a precision, velocity and strength absolutely bewildering.

He fairly overturned all my preconceived notions of a fast horse. On he thundered, till he came under the shadow of a firwood, and then, whether out of mischief or dread of the darkness, he halted instantaneously, his forefeet so close together that you might have put them into a bucket. Owing to the depression of his shoulders—for he had no more withers than an ass—the way that he jerked down his head, and the suddenness of the stop, a monkey, although he had been holding on with his teeth, must have been unseated. For me, I was pitched a long way over his head, but alighted upon a spot so soft and mossy, that it looked as if some kind hand had purposely prepared it for me. Had I been the least stunned, or unable to gain my feet, that instant he would have torn me to pieces with his teeth, and beaten my mangled body into the earth with his hoofs.—But I at once sprang to my feet, and faced him. I could have escaped by leaping into the wood; but my blood was up, my brain clear, and my heart gave not one extra pulsation. There he stood upon his hind legs, nearly upright beating the air with his fore-feet, his mouth opened, his upper lip curled, his under one drawn down, his large white teeth glancing like ivory in the moonlight. A soon as he saw me upon my feet he gave a yell, such as I had never heard from a horse before save once, and which, I believe, is never elicted from that animal, except under the domination of frantic rage or fear.

This unearthly cry aroused every thing living within hearing. An army of rooks, startled from their encampment in the wood, circled and wheeled between us and the moon, shading her light, and filling the midnight air with discordant screams. This attracted the attention of Satan, and bringing his fore-feet to the ground, he pricked up his ear and listened. I sprang forward and seized him by the mane, and vaulted upon his back. As I stooped forward to gather up the reins, which were from his head, he caught me by the cuff of the jacket—luckily it was but the cuff!—and tore it up to the shoulder. Instantly he seized me again; but this time he succeeded rather better, having a small portion of the skin and flesh of my thigh between his teeth. The intense pain occasioned by the bite or rather bruise of a horse can only be properly judged by those who have felt it. I was the madder of the two now; and of all animals an enraged man is the most dangerous and most fearless. I gave him a blow between the ears with the end of the whip, and he went down at once, stunned and senseless, with his legs doubled under him, and his nose buried in the ground. I drew his forelegs from under him, that he might rise the more readily, and then lashed him into life. He turned his head slowly round and looked at me, and then I saw the savage looking glare of his eye was nearly quenched and that, if I could follow up the advantage I had gained, I should ultimately be the conqueror. I now assisted him to rise, mounted him, and struck at once with whip and spur. He gave a few bounds forward, and a stagger or two, and then fell heavily upon his side. I was nearly under him; however I did save my distance, although that was about all.

I now began to feel sorry for him, his wonderful speed had won my respect; and as I was far from being naturally cruel, whip or spur I never used except in cases of necessity: so I thought I would allow him to lie for a few minutes, if he did not incline to get up of himself. However, as I had no faith in the creature, I sat down upon him, and watched him intently. He lay motionless, with his eyes shut; and had it not been for the firm and fast beat of his heart, I should have considered him dying from the effects of the blow, but the strong pulsation told me there was plenty of life in him; and I suspected he was lying quiet meditating mischief. I was right. Every muscle began presently to quiver with suppressed rage. He opened his eyes, and gave me a look in which fear and fury were strangely blended. I am not without superstition, and for an instant I quailed under that look, as the thought that the black, unshapely brute before me might be the spirit indicated by his name. With a muttered growl at my folly, I threw the idea from me—leaped up—seized the reins—with a lash and a cry made him spring to his feet—mounted him as he rose, and struck the spurs into his sides. He reared and wheeled, but finding that he could not get rid of me, and being unable to stand the torture of the spurs, which I used freely, (it was no time for mercy!) he gave two or three plunges and then bounded away at that dreadful leaping gallop, that pace which seemed peculiarly his own. I tried to moderate his speed with the bridle; but found to my surprise, that I had no command over him. I knew at once that something was wrong as with the bit, I had in his mouth, I ought to have had the power to have broken his jawbone. I stooped forward to ascertain the cause; the loose curb dangling at the side of his head gave satisfactory explanation.

He had it all his own way now; he was fairly off with me; and all I could do was to bear his head as well as I could, to prevent him from stumbling. However, as it would have been bad policy to let him know how much he was master, I gave him an occasional touch with the spur, as if wishing him to accelerate his pace; and when he made an extra bound I patted him on the neck, as if pleased with his performance.

A watery cloud was passing over the face of the moon, which rendered every-thing dim and indistinct, as we tore away down a grassy slope; the view terminating in a grove of tall trees, situated upon a rising ground. Beyond the dark outline of the trees I saw nothing.

As we neared the grove, Satan slacked his speed; this I thought he did with an intention to crush me against the trunks of the trees. To prevent him from doing this, I struck him with the spurs, and again he went like fury.—As he burst through the trees, I flung my head forward upon his neck, to prevent myself from being swept off by the lower branches. In doing this, the spurs accidently came in contact with his sides. He gave one tremendous leap forward, the ground sank under his feet—the horse was thrown over his own head—I was jerked into the air—and, amid an avalanche of earth and stones, we were hurled down a perpendicular bank into the brown swollen waters of the Clyde. Owing to a bend in the river, the force of the current was directed against this particular spot, and had undermined it; and although strong enough to bear a man or a horse under ordinary circumstances, yet down at once it thundered under the desperate leap of Satan. However, it did not signify, as nothing could have prevented us from surging into the river at the next bound.

A large quantity of rain had fallen in the upper part of the shire; and, in consequence, the river was full from bank to bank. I was nearly a stranger to the place; indeed so much so, that I had supposed we were running from the river. This combined with the suddenness of the shock, and the appearance of a turbid, rapid river, sweeping down trees, brushwood, branches, hay, corn and straw before it, with resistless force—was so foreign to my idea of calm, peaceful Clyde, that when I rose to the surface, I was quite bewildered, and had very serious doubts as to my own identity.

I was aroused from this state of of bewilderment by the snorting and splashing of the horse; he was making bold attempts to scale the perpendicular bank. Had I been thrown into the body of the stream, I must have been swept away, and the animal must have perished; but in all heavy runs of water, salt or fresh, there is what is termed the eddy stream, running close in shore, in a contrary direction to the main body of water. I have seen highlanders in their boats catching fish in the eddy-stream of the Gulf of Corrievrekin, within a short distance of the main tide, which, had it but got the slightest hold on their boat would have swept them with fearful velocity in the jaws of the roaring Gulf. I was caught by this eddy, which kept me stationary, and enabled me by a few strokes to reach the horse's side. To cross the river or to land here, was alike impossible; so I took the reins in my right hand, wheeled the horse from the bank, and dashed at once into the strength of the current. Away we went Satan and I, in capital spirits both: not a doubt of our effecting a safe landing ever crossed my mind. And the horse evinced his certainty upon that subject by snatching a bite out of a heap of hay that floated at his side, and eating it as composedly as if he had been in the stable.

We soon swept around the high bank which had caused our misfortune: and came to a level part of the country, which was flooded far up into the fields. I then struck strongly out in a slanting direction for the shore, and soon had the satisfaction of finding myself once more upon the green turf. Satan shook himself and pricked up his ears, and gave a low neigh. I then stroked him, and spoke kindly to him.—He returned the caress by licking my hand.—Poor fellow! he had contracted a friendship for me in water—a friendship which terminated only with his life; and which was rendered the more valuable by his never extending it to another living thing.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

The subjoined interesting extract relating to this great natural curiosity, is extracted from Willis's letters in the New York Home Journal:

Col. Croghan, to whose family it belongs, was resident of Louisville, Kentucky. He went to Europe twenty years ago, and, as an American, found himself frequently questioned of the wonders of the Mammoth Cave—a place he had never visited, and of which, at home, though living within ninety miles of it, he had heard very little. He went there immediately on his return, and the idea struck him to purchase and make it a family inheritance. In 15 minutes bargaining, he bought it for $10.000, though, shortly after he was offered $100,000 for his purchase. In his will he tied it up in such a way that it must remain in his family for two generations, thus appending its celebrity to his name. There are nineteen hundred acres in the estate—three square miles above ground, though the cave probably runs under the property of a great number of other land owners. For fear of those who might dig down and establish an entrance to the cave on their own property, (a man's farm extending up to zenith and down to the nadir,) great vigilance is exercised to prevent such subterranean surveys and measurements as would enable them to sink a shaft with any certainty. The cave extends ten or twelve miles in several directions, and there is probably many a backwoodsman sitting in his log hut within 10 miles of the cave, quite unconscious that the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen of Europe and America are walking, without leave, under his corn and potatoes!

The equable air, and the good health of the miners, who were at one time employed in digging saltpetre from near the entrance, started an idea, some time since, that a hospital for consumptive patients might be profitably established in the cave. Stone huts were accordingly constructed, in the dark halls beyond the reach of external air, and among those who tried the experiment, were two consumptive gentlemen, who, with their two healthy wives, passed six weeks in hideous seclusion from day-light. One of the gentlemen died there, and the other received no benefit—but the devotion of those voluntarily buried wives should chronicle their names in the cave's history. Another patient, who went in and remained some weeks, was attended by friends and a servant—but his end approaching, the death scene in that dark and silent abyss became so appalling, that they fled in terror—friends and servant—and left the dying man alone. Nothing could induce them to return, and when others went in, the poor man was found dead with an expression of indescribable horror upon his features. Those who have seen these dreary huts—miles away from the sunshine—who have smelt the grave like air, barren of the pervading vitality which vegetation gives the atmosphere above ground—and who have realized the intense silence and darkness that reign there like monsters whose presence is felt—can appreciate the horror of being left alone at the last hour in such a place.

The side avenues of the cave, into which visitors are not usually taken, are said to be labyrinths of interminable perplexity, and the guides are instructed to let none enter them alone. A gentleman who left his party a year or two ago, and ventured to explore for himself, lost his way, and was only found by Stephen, after many long and vain searches. He had stumbled and put out his lamp, and had been *forty-three* hours alone in the darkness. When discovered, he was lying on his face, benumbed and insensible. Stephen brought him out, several miles, upon his back, and he recovered—but he had the experience of a death in darkness and solitude.

The Mammoth Cave is as large as a County, but having another County on top of it, it is not represented, I believe, in the Kentucky Legislature. In the County's literature it will be strongly represented some day—for there is scenery for a magnificent poem—a new Dante's Inferno—in its wondrous depths. It is a Western prairie of imagination—still wild and unoccupied.

OLD BILLY MAKING HIS WILL.

Old Bill L—— was a close and cute "one on 'em." He married about twenty years since, the daughter of Mrs. G——, who had but one other child—a son. She had about twenty "woolly heads," of which number she gave her son, Lem. H——, three, and, living at old Billy's house, she had not thought proper to give him any property at all. He had the use of the servants, and his good mamma-in-law thought that was enough. But the old lady was very kind-hearted and credulous; and yet with all these good qualities in his favor, old Billy had planned and plotted for years in vain, trying to induce "our mamma," (as he called her,) to give him a title to the darkies. At last a new idea found its tangled way into his organ of acquisiteness.

Old Billy was attacked very snddenly and very severely with cramp cholic. He went to bed, rolled, groaned, grunted, and tumbled, contracting his arms and legs. His wife wanted to send for a doctor.

"Oh! Mely, it's no use. I can't revive it. I'll suspire 'fore night. Espatch Cato for Captin' Murry, to write my last willin' testament."

Captain Murry came, and found the dying man in great pain; his end was at hand. After the Captain had mended his pen, and placed his writing "fixens" all ready for use, the sick man whined out in a faint weak voice,

"Mely, ax our mamma to come in."

The old lady came, greatly distressed and sobbing.

"Oh! mamma," whispered old Billy in a husky tone, "I'm ended—and I don't know how to go 'bout making my will.—Can't you tell me what you're gwine to do wid dem niggers ov yourn? You needn't be afraid to give them to me; I'm gwine to give the most of 'em to Betsey anyhow." Betsey was old Billy's only daughter, and a name sake and great favorite of the old lady.

"Well, Mr. L——, you've always been mighty good to me. I'll give 'em all to you, and you can just place 'em on your children to your own liking."

"Put dat down, Captin' Murry."

The Captain being somewhat acquainted with the forms in such cases made and provided, wrote a bill of sale, and silently motioned to the old lady to sign it. When she did so, the dying man exclaimed—

"Witness dat, Captin' Murry."

The Captain signed his name as witness to the paper, and laid it at the back of the table, next to the bed, and prepared to write the will. Then seeing the dying man so quiet, he thought it was stupor, and called out, to rouse him—

"I'm ready to write now, sir."

Old Billy turned in his bed, took up the paper, and asked, in a voice wonderfully improved—

"Is dis a good biller sale, Captin' Murry?"

"Certainly—I think so."

"Well, Mely, look 'hind the press, and bring dat ar bottle; may be Captin' Murry would like to take a little on it."

The Captain barely touched it to his lips, then setting the bottle on the table, asked,

"What shall I write?"

"Why, Captin', I feel 'siderably 'lieved, I'll espone it a day or two."

Then sitting up on the bedside, he reached out his hand to the bottle, and the comfort commenced running down his capacious spirit-duct, at a rate, that if continued as long as the moral law, would have made a common fish pond of the Atlantic Ocean. Then slipping the bill of sale into his pocket, old Billy exclaimed, in a full, strong voice—

"Well, Captin', if I keep on mendin', I'll go up to Carlton in the mornin', and have this here biller sale 'corded. Then let Lem H—— be botherin' me, I'll teach him who them ar niggers belong to."

Captain Murry "vamosed," and even now he goes into convulsions if any man mentions the writing of a Will.

Premium for Rice.—The Agricultural Society of South Carolina has awarded the premium for rice to John H. Tucker, Esq., being the greatest yield on 10 acres. The product being 888⅓ bushels to 10½ acres and 13 compasses.

"STRANGER, HAS IT LIT?"

We have often thought that to a person who saw a train of cars in motion for the first time, the sight must be most miraculous and astounding. As Jack Downing once said, "'twas so queer to see a hull lot of wagons chuck full of people and things agoin' off at that ere speed, and no hoss to draw 'em." A genius of the sort referred to, lately made his experimental trip. He was a greenhorn, a genuine backwoodsman, who feared nothing in the shape of man or beast, but anything that he could not understand puzzled him even more than it did perhaps, the ordinary run of his fellows. Well he came to Cartersville, a short time since, for the purpose of taking his first railroad trip.

He'd hearn tell on 'em, but didn't believe he said half the nonsense folks said about 'em. When the cars arrived at the place, our hero was there patiently waiting, and much excited and elevated in anticipating his intended ride. As the cars approached, he stood gazing with wonder and awe at the engine, puffing and smoking. Following the others, as soon as the cars stopped he hurried aboard, with his saddle-bag on his arm, and seated himself near a window. Then looking around at the passengers, manifestly much surprised, he put his head out of the window to see the "critter start," while in this position, watching with much anxiety, the whistle sounded. Our hero, much surprised and evidently a little alarmed, drew back his head with a motion that might be called a jerk, and turning to a gentleman sitting near him said:

"Well, stranger, did you ever hear such a snort as that?"

"The engine?" suggested the other.

"Wel,' I don't know what it is, but—hollo how she goes!"

"Guess you are not acquainted with railroad travelling?"

"Hang it, no! bain't they runaway?—Creation, how it jerks!"

"It's all safe enough, you may rely, the cars are starting."

"That's all; well, stranger, I ain't afeared, you know, but kinder surprised like, that's all," said the mountain boy, half ashamed. 'I' golly! stranger, did you hear that ere snort, it beats dad's jackass, and he's a roarer, an' no mistake. Whew, how it does puff, somethin' bustin', I'm sure."

"Oh, fudge, it's all right," said the other, setting himself for a nap.

"I swow! I don't see how you can sleep, darned ef I do!"

"Nothing like getting used to it," said the other. 'You've heard of the eels that had been skinned so many times they rather liked it, and used to come ashore every few days to get their hide taken off, haven't you?"

"Your gassin', stranger."

The bell rang, the engine moved off, away went the cars at rapid speed, and before our hero had recovered from the shock which the 'snort' produced, the cars were moving slowly over Etowah Bridge. Discovering a change in its gait, he popped his head out of the window again, "to see how it moved," saw that he was some distance from the earth, and supposing the "critter" was flying, swooned, and fell speechless. Several gentlemen sitting near, caught hold of him, raised him up, shook him and rubbed him until he revived a little.

"This man's crazy," suggested some of the bystanders, sagely.

"No, he's not," answered he, who had before spoken, 'he's frightened."

"Frightened?"

"Yes, scared half to death."

"About what?"

"The cars; he never was in a train before; he told me so."

A hearty laugh ran through those about the fainting man, which had the effect to arouse him to consciousness, or at least to partially do so, for his breath began to come and go, more regularly, and at last he opened his eyes, as large as saucers, and seeing several of the gentlemen who had just come to his assistance about him, he looked up most beseechingly in the face of one of them and said—

"STRANGER, HAS IT LIT?"—*Flag of the Union.*

YANKEE CURIOSITY.—As a sailor, who had lost an arm, was travelling through the country, he stopped at a house for refreshment; the curiosity of the landlord was excited to know in what manner it was lost. "I'll tell you," said Jack, "if you won't ask me any other questions about it." The landlord agreed.

"Well, then," said Jack, "*it was bit off!*" The Yankee would not forfeit his word, but anxiously replied: "*Darnation, don't I wish I knowed what bit it off!*"

HORSE JOCKEY AND LAWYER.—"What is your occupation?"

"Horse jockey, sir."

"What was your father's occupation?"

"Trading horses, sir."

"Did your father cheat any one while here?"

"I suppose he did cheat many, sir."

"Where do you suppose he went to?"

"To heaven, sir."

"And what do you suppose he is doing there?"

"Trading horses, sir."

"Has he cheated any one there?"

"He cheated one, I believe sir."

"Why did they not prosecute him?"

"Because they searched the whole kingdom of Heaven, and could not find a lawyer."

"Go it, Bobtail, he's gaining on you," is now rendered, or ought to be—"Proceed, Robert's extremity, the gentleman in the rear is approximating to an inconvenient vicisitude of the longitudinal appendage which subtends the lower extension of your caudal elongation."