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WILLIAM P. COOPER.]

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WHOLE NO. 85.

TERMS

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WHEN TO USE LIME AND PLASTER.

Lime doctored, should be performed with an intelligent reference to the nature of the disease, and the adaptation of the remedy. Gen. Pierce, of Akron, is a careful observer of natural phenomena, and with a successful cultivator. He has recently contributed the following valuable suggestions to the *Summit Beacon*:

The value of Lime or Plaster, as a manure, depends upon the component parts of the soil to which it is applied. All land has more or less sulphuric acid in it, caused by the decomposition of iron pyrites. The presence of this acid may generally be known by the appearance of the soil, and particularly of the stone. If there is any iron rust, or oxide of iron, in the soil, or in the stone; or in top of the water that filters through the soil; or if the water is hard, it indicates the presence of sulphuric acid.

If the roots of clover, and hergrass in the spring, are two or three inches out of the ground, and in detached parcels, with bare ground between—it is the work of sulphuric acid. On such land plaster is a positive injury.

If clover and tame grass die out, and succeeded by wire grass, sorrel or sour dock, it is caused by sulphuric acid. Put on lime and keep off plaster.

The reason why plaster should not be used on land charged with sulphuric acid, is that plaster is composed of lime and sulphur, and applying that is added more of that with which the land is already overcharged. On such land apply lime, which unites with the sulphuric acid, and forms plaster. The lime thus neutralizes the sulphur and forms a compound nutrient for vegetation.

The reason why the ground appears so hard, where the earth is charged with sulphuric acid, is that the old stubble has been eaten up by the acid.

The sulphuric acid in plaster, applied to land not overcharged with that substance, decomposes vegetation, and fits it for nourishing the living plants. When there is an excess of the acid it eats up the vegetation, both dead and living. This is the reason why soils overcharged with the acid are always deficient in vegetable matter. And soils free from it, have an access of vegetable matter in a decomposed state.

The presence of this acid is the cause of sorrel or sour dock, and sour grass. The land is literally sour, and Nature is trying to throw it from her stomach, through these excrecenses.

The rule then, is, if your land has too much sulphuric acid, or is sour, give it a good coat of lime; if destitute of acid apply plaster. —*Germania Telegraph.*

WHITE SHEEP SKINS FOR DOGS MATS.

Take two long-wolled sheep skins, and make up a strong lather of soap; the sign of proper strength is when the lather feels slippery between the fingers. When the lather is cold, wash the skin carefully in it squeezing them between the hands so as to take all the dirt out of the wool. When this is accomplished lift out the skins and wash them well in cold water until all the soap is extracted. Have a vessel of clean cold water ready, to which some alum and salt (about a half pound) which have been dissolved in a small quantity of hot water are added, and the skins left to steep over night. They are taken out in the morning and hung over a pole to drip. When the alum water has dripped off they are spread out on a board to dry, and carefully stretched with the hand from time to time. Before they are thoroughly dry a composition of two table spoonfuls of alum and the same of saltpetre are ground to powder in a mortar or otherwise, and sprinkled carefully on the fleshy side of each skin. They are then placed one on the top of the other, leaving the wool outside and hung upon a rack of slats in a barn, shed, or dry airy place, for about three days, or until they are dry—they should be turned every day. After this they are taken down and the flesh side scraped with a blunt knife and each skin trimmed for a mat. The flesh side may then be rubbed over with pipe clay, beat with a switch, and will then be found supple, of a beautiful white color, and fit for a door mat for a mechanic or a prince.

The Mason county, (Va.) Court has refused to grant license to retail liquor within the limits of that county.

The County Court of Washington county has also refused to grant license to any one for the retail of ardent spirits in that county.

GEN. HARRISON'S REMAINS.—It is proposed to remove the remains of General Harrison, which are now entombed at North Bend, to the battle-field of Tippecanoe, there to slumber with those of the intrepid Col. Joe Davis and their compatriots.

Source—oysters and sound sense.

ANECDOTE OF THE FRENCH SPY SYSTEM.

Among the many families which rose in notice under the empire of the first Napoleon, few held a more distinguished position in the Parisian society of the day, than that one of the Countess B—. Her house, at the period of which we speak, was the rendezvous of all the celebrities of the time—marshals of France, statesmen, artists, men of letters, alike crowded to her saloons. The Baron—, was one of her most frequent guests, and had the reputation of being as witty and amusing a personage as could be met with; in consequence, his company was very generally sought, even by the highest circles, in which, connexion, he had found means, to obtain an excellent footing.

One evening, in the winter of 1805, a brilliant party was assembled in a gay saloon of the Countess B—, when a gentleman, well known to all, arrived in breathless haste, and apparently much excited. He made his way as quickly as possible to the countess, and all crowded round to hear what great piece of intelligence he had to communicate.

"We are all, I think," he said, "well acquainted with Baron M—, who is so constant a visitor here. I regret to say that I have just learned, in the most positive manner, that he is undoubtedly a spy; he has, in fact, been seen to enter and leave the cabinet of Monsieur Fouche."

The assembled guests were thunder-struck at this unexpected announcement, each one endeavoring to recollect what indiscreet expression might have passed his lips in the presence of the treacherous baron; and all, naturally enough feeling extremely uneasy at the possibility of being called upon to answer for some long forgotten words, spoken, as they thought, in the security of private society. The hostess, of course, was most indignant at the insult which had been put upon her, and could hardly believe in the truth of the accusation.

However, something must be done; the baron was momentarily expected; and unless he were able to clear himself from this serious imputation, he must be at once expelled from society. After some discussion, therefore, it was decided that, upon the arrival of Baron M—, the countess should request a few minutes' private conversation with him; that she should take him into another room, and having told him of what he was accused, should ask if he had any explanation to offer, as otherwise she should be obliged to signify to him, that he must discontinue his visits.

In the midst of the inquiries which were poured forth on the head of the unfortunate baron, that worthy made his appearance. Immediately all were silent; and though he advanced to greet his friends with his customary easy assurance, he evidently saw that all was not right, as his most intimate associates of yesterday avoided speaking to him, or, at most, gave him the slightest possible salutation.

Not being, however, very easily abashed, Baron M—, proceeded, as usual to make his bow to the hostess, who at once, as had been agreed, said to him, "Monsieur le Baron, may I request the favor of a few words with you in private?"

"Certainly, Madame, replied the baron, offering his arm, which she declined to take, forthwith led the way to an antechamber.

The countess, feeling naturally nervous, at the part she had to perform, at length said, with some hesitation: "I know not whether you are aware, Monsieur le Baron, of the serious accusation which hangs over you; and which, unless you can remove or explain satisfactorily, must forever close my doors against you." The Baron was attention, as the countess continued: "I have been informed, upon what appears to be undoubted authority, that you are in the pay of Monsieur Fouche—that you are, in short, a spy."

"Oh," replied the baron, "is that all? I will not attempt to deny it; nothing can be more true; I am a spy."

"And how," exclaimed the lady, "have you dared to insult me and my guests, by presuming to present yourself here after night at my house, in such an unworthy manner?"

"I repeat," said the baron, with all possible coolness, "that I am in the pay of Fouche; that I am a spy, and in fact in this capacity upon some subjects. I am tolerably well informed, in which Madame la Comtesse, I will give you a proof. On the last day of Monsieur Fouche's you received your pay, for the information you had brought him, immediately after I had received mine."

"What!" cried the countess; "dare you insinuate anything so famous? I will have you turned out of the house instantly!"

"Softly, madame," answered the baron: "that I am a spy, I have not attempted to deny; that you are likewise a spy, I have long known, and can readily prove. We are in the same boat—we sink or swim together; if you proceed to denounce me, I shall also denounce you; and there is an end to both of us. If you uphold me, I will uphold you, and we shall go on as before."

"Well," said the lady, considerably embarrassed at finding that her secret was known, "what is to be done? I am a difficult position."

"Not at all madame," replied the baron. "I will tell you what to do, take my arm, and we will return together to the drawing room, where you will announce that my explanation has been satisfactory."

The countess, seeing there was nothing else to be done, determined to make the best of it, and as she advanced into the room said, with one of her sweetest smiles: "I am delighted to tell you, that Monsieur le Baron has been able to give me an explanation, which, though I cannot divulge it, in all respects perfectly satisfactory to me, and therefore, I am sure, it will be so to you." The guests were at once relieved from a weight of anxiety, the evening passed off with the utmost hilarity, and the baron regained the good opinions he had lost. It was not until long afterwards that the real facts of this singular history became known.

"JOHN GOTHROP'S WAR SONG."
The following song was composed about the time of the war of 1812, and was learned by John Gothrop, of this county, upon hearing it sung twice. From his frequently repeating the song, it has been given the above name. We publish it by request.

Old England, forty years ago,
When we were young and slender,
Conspir'd to give us a mortal blow,
But God was our defender.

Jehovah saw her horrid plan—
Great Washington he gave us—
His boldness inspired the man
With power and skill to save us.

She sent her fleets and armies o'er,
To ravage, kill and plunder—
Our heroes met them on the shore,
And beat them back with thunder.

Our independence they confessed,
And with their hands they signed it,
But on their hearts 'twas not impressed,
For there I ne'er could find it.

But since that time they have been still
Our liberties invading,
We bore it and forebore it till
Forthbearing was degrading.

Regardless of our sailor's rights,
Impressed our native seamen,
Made them against their country fight,
And thus enslaved our freemen.

Then Madison in thunder spoke—
"We've power and we must use it,
Our freedom surely lies at stake,
And we must fight or lose it."

"We'll make old England's children know
We are the brave descendants
Of those who flogged their fathers so,
And gained our independence."

Our soldiers and our seamen too,
We put in warlike motion—
Straight to the field our soldiers flew,
Our seamen to the ocean.

They met their foes on towering waves,
With courage, skill and splendor—
They sunk them down to watery graves
Or forced them to surrender.

Decatur, Hull and Bainbridge, dear,
Did wonders in our navy—
Brave Captain Hull took the Guerriere,
And Bainbridge took the Java.

Decatur took a ship of fame,
High on the waving water—
The Macedonian was her name,
And home in triumph brought her.

Perry, with flags and sails unfurled,
Met Berkeley on lake Erie—
At him his matchless thunder hurled,
Till Berkeley grew quite weary.

He gained the victory and renown,
And worked them up so neatly;
He brought old England's banner down,
And swept the lake completely.

Proud Downie fell on lake Champlain,
By fortune quite forsaken;
He was by bold McDonough slain,
And all his fleet was taken.

Where e'er they met Columbia's sons,
On lakes or larger water,
They sunk beneath her thundering guns,
And humbly cried for quarter.

When Prevost saw he lost his fleet,
He gave out special orders
For his whole army to retreat,
And leave the Yankee borders.

Through dreary wilds of bog and fen,
Their luckless Generals blundered,
And fled with fifteen thousand men
From Macomb's fifteen hundred.

At Washington, the horrid crime,
Most tarnished British glory;
Children must blush in future time
To read the shameful story.

They burst the volumes which comprised
The best of information,
Their barbarous deeds shall be despised
By every Christian nation.

At Baltimore, the deadly blow,
The sons of mischief aimed,
The sons of Freedom met their foe,
And victory justly claimed.

Amidst their ranks our thunder burst,
Many were killed and wounded,
Their Chief Commander bit the dust,
And all their schemes confounded.

Let William Hull be counted nullo,
And let him not be named,
Upon the rolls of valiant souls,
'Of him we are ashamed,

A coward and a traitor,
For paltry gold,
His army sold,
To Brock, the speculator.

When Proctor found brave Harrison
Had landed in his region,
Away the timorous creature ran—
With all his savage legion.

But overtaken, wherein most
Of them were killed and taken,
But Proctor soon forsook his post,
And fled to save his bacon.

From Georgia's fort to Erie's beach,
Our savage foes were beaten,
Their naked bones were left to bleach
When wolves their flesh had eaten.

How oft did Brown make Drummond fly
From scenes of desolation;
The terrors of his noble eye
Struck him with consternation.

Brave Miller, Ripley, Gaines and Scott,
At Erie and Bridgewater,
At Chippewa, in battle hot,
Our bravest foes did slaughter.

What wonders did brave Jackson do
When aided by kind heaven,
The leader and four thousand slew,
And lost but only seven.

Some interposing angel's hand
Repelled their vile intrusion,
The remnant of their broken band
Fled off in sad confusion.

They passed through numerous trying
In most of them defeated, [scenes,
Their general route at New Orleans,
The bloody scene completed.

Soon after this, sweet peace arrived,
Our armies were disbanded,
Our scattered foes, who had survived
The war, were home commanded.

What has our infant country gained
By fighting that old nation?
Our liberties we have maintained,
And raised our reputation.

Now in ourselves we can confide,
Abroad we are respected,
We checked the rage of British pride,
Their haughtiness corrected.

First to the God of boundless power,
Be thanks and adoration,
Next Madison, the wondrous flower
And jewel of our nation.

Next Congress does our thanks demand,
To them our thanks we render,
Our heroes next by sea and land,
To them our thanks we tender.

Let us be just, in union live,
Then who will dare invade us,
If any should, our God will give
His angels charge to aid us.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.
A volume narrating the many high spirited acts performed by the American women of the Revolution, of all ranks of life, would make one of the most interesting books of our country's annals. Time in his ever sweeping course has buried in oblivion facts of everlasting remembrance, because there was no chronicle to mark down the events of the period. But there exist traditional stories in many families which can be gathered, and they should be chronicled—and among such sketches, the women of the Revolution, noble-hearted, they shall not be forgotten.

Seventy-five years ago, there stood on the summit of "Murray Hill," a handsome country seat, the residence of Robert Murray, a Quaker merchant of much eminence in New York. It was a beautiful country mansion, surrounded by gardens and fruit trees, and just far enough from the city, as it existed at that day, to be delightfully rural and undisturbed from the encroachments of unasked city visitors.

It was toward the hour of two, on a mild afternoon in September, 75 years ago, that a lady in the garb of a Quakeress stood upon the portico of her dwelling, looking anxiously into the road which passed about one hundred yards in front. Her countenance was mild, but then expressed great anxiety—and not without good reason, for ever and anon was heard the loud peal of a cannon, and the rattling fire of musketry, as if men were engaged in deadly strife, and now and then a faint cheer arose amid the clangor of arms.

Up the road, in rapid retreat passed large bodies of soldiery. Artillery men rode along at the head of their pieces, and the baggage carts and ammunition wagons mingled in the melee. It was evident the Americans were leaving the city in rapid flight to save themselves from being cut off from interventions in the upper part of the Island.

Three or four negro servants of both sexes stood near her, to whom she from time to time addressed herself. Presently a black fellow came rushing towards the house from a branch of the road, his eyes protruding from their sockets with fright, and his mouth extended from ear to ear.

"O Missus! down in de meadow, near de bay, is more nor a hundred dead sowers, and de English am drivin' the 'Mericans wid guns and swords before dem! Oh, Missus, de sight is horrible!"

"Thee says truly, Cato—the sight is horrible. Why, oh, God! will men butcher each other, defacing the image of their Creator? and for what?"

"Oh, see, Missus!" exclaimed several of the servants.

Four soldiers in the blue and buff uniform of the Continentals, turned from the road up the broad avenue, filled with trees, which led to the house, bearing upon a litter of reversed muskets a young man, from whose body the blood was oozing so fast that it marked the track along the whole path. On they came towards the mansion.

and the leader of the party addressed the lady.

"Madame, our ensign is badly wounded. Our captain directed us, claiming your liberality, to leave him here. The surgeon will soon follow."

"Thee has done right. The shelter God has bestowed upon me shall ever be open to the unfortunate. Poor youth! Poor youth!" she exclaimed, as they laid him upon the matras.

The young officer opened his eyes and gazed around him. His age was not more than twenty; fair-haired and fair-skinned, but pale, very pale—for the signs of death were too strongly marked on his white and even brow to be mistaken. His eyes were of deep blue; as they fixed their glance upon the fine, expressive features of the Quaker lady, he murmured almost inaudibly—

"Mother!"

"Poor boy! thou hast a mother living, then, one who perhaps is even now lifting her voice to God to save thee from the dangers of the bloody calling into which thou hast fallen. Raise his head, soldier, a little more. He will soon be at rest." But the last sentence was uttered to herself.

The surgeon came rapidly up the avenue, and was soon at the side of the youth. He felt his pulse, opened his vest, and two gunshot were seen, around which the blood was fast congealing.

"Poor Dick has seen his last fight," said the surgeon. "Either of these wounds, madam, is mortal—he cannot live at longest half an hour. Follow your companions, men, the foe is close behind. My good lady, farewell, I can be of no use here. Let me beg of you the favor to get this boy buried by the enemy when they enter their own dead."

He bent hastily over the dying ensign, wiped away a tear, and rushed after the soldiers.

The good Quaker lady took one hand of the dying youth in her own, and passed the other over his clammy brow, where the cold drops of approaching death were fast gathering. He opened his eyes for the last time, smiled upon the woman whose gaze was now fixed upon him, murmured faintly "dear mother!" clasped her hand convulsively, and the next instant ceased to exist.

The lady said not a word. She rose from her recumbent posture, drew a snow white linen sheet over the body, and, with a stifled sob again looked down the avenue. In different portions of the open orchard appeared soldiers bearing the dying forms of their comrades, which they laid carefully down, and then rushed rapidly towards their regiments, passing down the main avenue. In the space of a moment, more than a dozen of soldiers were placed in this way around the mansion.

Summoning the servants one and all, the good lady went into the orchard to aid the poor dying soldiers as far as laid in her power. Her attention had not thus long been given, before an officer in the blue and buff uniform of Washington's staff came riding at full speed up the road and turned without slackening his speed towards the mansion. He reined his steed as he reached the lady, observing her kind action towards the soldiers.

"Have I the honor of addressing Mrs. Murray?"

"If thee means the wife of Robert Murray, I am what thou callest me," replied the lady.

"My dear Madam, pardon my address. The kindness I see displayed tells me I am not mistaken. The commander-in-chief has sent me to ask the favor, if possible, of your detaining the advance of the British troops, by receiving Sir William Howe and his associates with your usual civilities, as they will probably stop to take a glass of wine, if requested."

"My dear Madam,"—and he bowed his head nearly to the lady, as if in private conference—"a portion of our troops are yet in the city, and they can only escape by the Bloomingdale road. You may prevent the march of the enemy across the Island."

"Tell your General," young man, that I shall offer Gen. Howe all the civilities in my power."

"Thanks, Mrs. Murray—thanks," and the aid rode away.

Not more than five minutes had elapsed from the time the officer departed, until the sound of martial music, and notes of victory filled the air, and proclaimed the movements of the advancing troops. Mrs. Murray went down to the road, and with two or three attendants waited their coming.

Indeed, it was a brilliant spectacle.—An advance corps of cavalry, in scarlet uniforms came gallantly up the hill, their trumpets and kettle drums, "discussing most eloquent music—next followed a company of grenadiers, then a large number of officers in rich uniform. The foremost officer on horseback was Sir William Howe, commander-in-chief of the British forces. In frame of body and stature, Sir William equalled Washington, both being above the ordinary height. Here the comparison stopped. The countenance of the British General, so say historians, was harsh, dark and forbidding, now and then lighted up by a smile which seemed more disagreeable than prepossessing.—Onward came the cavalcade, until they reached the gate at which Mrs. Murray was standing, upon whom all eyes were instantly turned.

"Will thee not stop and refresh thyself for a season at my mansion? Thee must be fatigued," she said, addressing herself to Sir William Howe, and the officers immediately about him.

"Really, Clinton, I think we may as well accept the good lady's offer for a few moments. The troops have had hot work so far, and a general rest will not be amiss. Madam, we accept your offer with pleasure, the more so as it shows you to be a loyal friend of his Majesty's."

whom I now humbly represent as commander-in-chief of his forces in North America.

"I am alike the friend of King George and Congress—of William Howe and George Washington. It becomes me not, a poor, weak thing of God's making to dislike any of his creatures."

Sir William Howe bowed, he was too polite to argue political matters with the good Quakeress. He rode into the park, after commanding a general halt of ten minutes for the general refreshment of the troops, followed by Sir Henry Clinton, General Knyphausen, commander of the Hessians, Lord Percy, Generals Leslie and Grant, and his staff, where they dismounted and followed Mrs. Murray to the Mansion.

Refreshments of cake, wine and cold meat were ordered out upon the lawn in profusion, of which the officers partook freely—and tradition says that Sir Henry Clinton, who was a great bon vivant, remarked to his superior officer in an undertone, "that if the cellar of the mansion contained any large quantity of such Maderia, he should like to be quartered there for the campaign."

In the meantime, Mrs. Murray had directed Cato, the black servant privately to go to the top of the mansion, and the moment he saw a body of troops pass a certain point on the Bloomingdale road to give her the information by signal. I may as well remark that from the hill the road could not be perceived, but from the cupola of the dwelling it was very easy to see.

Nearer an hour than the ten minutes Sir William Howe gave orders for the halt of his troops had passed away, yet still before the mansion he lingered with his officers. Mrs. Murray had not only entertained them with refreshments, but conversation. The younger portion of the officers had been gathering the fruit with which the trees were bending and ripened under the sun of an early autumn, and thus time slipped away unawares.

At length Cato made the required signal, and Mrs. Murray, turning to the British commander, said—

"Will thee and thy officers step with me to the portico of the mansion? I have a sight for thee all."

This was uttered in so grave and quiet a tone, that the merriment of their triumph over the rebels instantly ceased, and their glasses were put down, and Sir William Howe and his Generals followed the Quakeress, as requested. Leading them to the end of the portico, she uncovered the body of the poor continental ensign.

Handsome, even in death were the features of the youth. His fair, curly hair blew lightly over his marble cheek in the soft breeze. The buff lining of his uniform was deeply streaked with his life-blood, which had gathered in a clotted pool upon the matras. The sight was indeed one to awaken emotion in the sternest breast.

"Who, among you will answer to God and his mother for this bloody deed?" said Mrs. Murray, raising her eyes calmly to the group of officers.

"To horse, gentlemen! Madam, such are the fortunes of war! Thanks for your courtesy. Farewell." This was the only response of Sir William Howe. What more could he say? In a few moments the blast of the trumpet and the drums and files told that the troops were on their march to triumph and victory—for a season. Thank God, it was only for a short season.

The main facts of this sketch are true. Mrs. Murray, the Patriotic Quakeress, by detaining Sir William Howe, saved a large body of American troops—near upon three thousand—under the command of Putnam, who would have been penned up in the city with his men, if the British army had crossed the island sooner. Might not the loss of three thousand troops to Washington, at that time have been sufficient to change our whole destinies, as regards a Republic? It is a grave thought. At any rate, all honor to Mrs. Murray, the Quaker lady of olden times.

PLAIN TALK.—"IT'S OF NO USE."

If you are hollow-hearted, and animated by no high ennobling sentiment—if you have no principles, and sneer at virtue, and religion, you cannot be a gentleman. Your manners may be fascinating, but they are the glitter of the serpent. Your clothes may be of the richest hue, but they only serve to hide the rascal.—There is no restraint but law and public opinion. You hunt for prey under a suspicious garb and decoy with a lying tongue. Your face wears a smile but your heart is full of rottenness most foul. You can never give out the ring of true coin.—It's no use.

A silly woman thinks she can make more than woman out of her daughters.—She soils in the kitchen, and they simmer and draw nonsense in the parlor. She rises with the sun to get her breakfast, while they read the last novel in bed.—She soils over the wash-tub, while they drum on the piano. The earnings of the farm are squandered to put on their backs and to put them through a fashionable school. They are reared in idleness and become accomplished babies, utterly ignorant of all that womanly knowledge so creditable to the sex, and unfit for anything but to dress finely, talk nonsense, and marry simpletons like themselves.—It's no use, mother, your silly dreams will never be realized.

A young man—smooth faced stripling—with little breeding and less sense, ripens fast and believes himself an exceedingly nice young man. He chews and smokes tobacco, swears gently, caresses imberials with his bear's grease, plays cards, and stays with the women across the gate by moonlight. At concerts he sits peanuts, and manifests his ill-breeding by ill-timed stamping and slang phrases. He stares at every lady he meets, pulls his shirt collar, and sneers at the begrimed laborers as he passes them in the street. It's no use young sir, you can never be a man.

RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT.
Before railroads were constructed through the State of New York, affording facilities for travel, the Erie canal was a great thoroughfare, and the "packet boats," and the "line boats," made a fine business in the transportation of passengers. To the time we speak of was previous to the accession of the present Queen of England to the throne, and when "God save the King," was the tune among the subjects of his "Majesty."

Well, here we have got "Eric canal, railroads, Queen of England and God save the King," very curiously mixed; but, kind reader, just hold on to your patience, and we will try to get the kinks out, so you will see the necessity of such a confusion; please to recollect that out of chaos was formed the world, and out of this bit of confusion, you may get something to "pshaw" over, if nothing else.

At the time we speak of, the people of Canada were fully as loyal as any of the subjects of the British crown ever were, or at least some of them were, and that answers the purpose of our story. Now we were then acquainted with a certain Snyder, who was master of a neat packet-boat that plied between Utica and Schoenectady—a real gentleman, with the additional advantage of possessing a large share of the blood of "brother Jonathan" in his veins.

It so happened, one winter, that Captain Snyder had business at some place in Canada, and it is possible that Kingston may have been the place, but of that there is no particular need of certainty.

Our friend, Captain Snyder had not been long in the place before he found himself attracted in the direction of a military band, who were discoursing some excellent music. He had not been long long to the music, before the band struck up the tune favorite to British ears, "God save the King." Everybody who "takes off" on the instant, except Captain Snyder, who thought the air not suitable for ears easily frosted.

An English officer in uniform, noticing that our Yankee friend kept his head covered, approached him with characteristic English courtesy, and slapping him on his cheek, not very lightly, with the flat of his sword, asked—

"D—n you, don't you know enough to take off your hat when you hear God save the King played?"

Of course, as Captain Snyder was "in the boat," and must either "fish or cut bait," he very calmly removed his hat, and uttered an apology for his rudeness in keeping his hat on, on such an occasion. He eyed the gentlemanly and loyal officer in a manner that gave assurance that he would know him if he met him afterwards.

A couple of years later, Capt. Snyder had a fine load of passengers, as he started one morning from Utica, and to accompany them through the trip. Captain Snyder recognized amongst the passengers the same English officer who had administered such a courteous admonition to him upon hearing "God save the King."

The boat was soon under way, and was sweeping gracefully under a light tow-ropes, "down the valley of the Mohawk, along the raging canal." The music was called out, and tunes were rattled out in capital style, very much to the gratification of the English gentleman, who at length made bold to request the band to play "God save the King." The tune was played, and reverently admired by the English officer, uncovered. He thanked the gentlemen of the band, and replaced the beaver as soon as the tune was concluded.

Now was Captain Snyder's time to return the compliment, and he called for "Yankee Doodle," the first strain of which was played in a lively manner, when Captain Snyder stepped up to the English gentleman, and giving him an astonishing blow on the cheek, roared out—

"D—n you, don