

eral officers, the army, Saint and sinner, Jew and gentile—that instead of being protected in wickedness they will find the sword of justice that hangs over them will soon fall heavily upon them, and when they least expect it. Do you ask, who will wield it? I answer, the Lord Almighty. He will not always look on and see this land polluted by such curses. And those who have professed the name of Jesus Christ, and have had the testimony of Jesus, and depart from the way of the Lord, to pursue covetousness and idolatry, will be the first to feel his wrath in the day of the Lord when he has borne with them sufficiently. Every man's works will speak for him, and they will be weighed in the balance, whether he be Jew or gentile. Every man's works will make manifest whether he is for law and order—for the principles of the Constitution of the United States and the rights of man, or whether he is here to ride over everybody that will not be influenced by him. The man that does this will find himself in snag harbor, and he will run against snags when and where he least expects it.

The Lord says, the wicked shall slay the wicked, and he orders it so. I pray God that he will preserve the righteous, and endure his people who love the truth with grace, that they may let their light shine, and be able to bear testimony of the gospel to all nations: Amen.

### THE TOUGH YARN.

[From "Way Down East; or, Portraits of Yankee Life," a volume of humorous stories, by Seba Smith, recently published J. C. Derby, New York.]

Major Grant, of Massachusetts, was returning home from Moosehead Lake, where he had been to look after his newly-purchased township, and to sell stumpage to the loggers for the ensuing winter, when he stopped for the night at a snug tavern in one of the back towns in Maine, and having been to the stable, and seen with his own eyes that his horse was well provided with hay and grain, he returned to the bar-room, laid aside his cloak, and took a seat by the box stove, which was waging a hot war with the cold and raw atmosphere of November.

The major was a large, portly man, well to do in the world, and loved his comfort. Having called for a mug of hot flip, he loaded his long pipe, and prepared for a long and comfortable smoke. He was also a very social man, and there being but one person in the room with him, he invited him to join him in a tumbler of flip. This gentleman was Doctor Snow, an active member of a temperance society, and therefore he politely begged to be excused; but having a good share of the volubility natural to his profession, he readily entered into conversation with the major, answered many of his inquiries about the townships in that section of the State, described minutely the process of lumbering, explained how it might be made profitable, and showed why it was often attended with great loss. A half hour passed imperceptibly away, and the doctor rose, drew his wrapper close about him, and placed his cap on his head. The major looked round the room with an air of uneasiness.

"What! going so soon, Doctor? No more company here to-night, think? Dull business, Doctor, to sit alone one of these long tedious evenings. Always want somebody to talk with; man wasn't made to be alone, you know."

"True," said the doctor, "and I should be happy to spend the evening with you; but I have to go three miles to see a patient yet to-night, and it's high time I was off. But luckily, Major, you won't be left alone after all, for there comes Jack Robinson, driving his horse and wagon into the yard now, and I presume he'll not only spend the evening with you, but stop all night."

"Well, that's good news," said the Major, "if he'll only talk. Will he talk, Doctor?"

"Talk? yes! till all is blue. He's the greatest talker you ever met. I'll tell you what 'tis, Major, I'll bet the price of your reckoning here to-night, that you may ask him the most direct simple question you please, and you shan't get an answer from him under half an hour, and he shall keep talking a steady stream the whole time, too."

"Done," said the major; "'tis a bet. Let us understand it fairly, now. You say I may ask him any simple, plain question I please, and he shall be half an hour answering it, and talk all the time too; and you will bet my night's reckoning of it?"

"That's the bet exactly," said the doctor.

Here the parties shook hands upon it, just as the door opened, and Mr. Jack Robinson came limping into the room, supported by a crutch, and with something of a bustling, care-for-nothing air, hobbled along toward the fire. The doctor introduced Mr. Jack Robinson to Major Grant, and after the usual salutations and shaking of hands, Mr. Robinson took his seat upon the other side of the stove, opposite the major.

Mr. Jack Robinson was a small, brisk man, with a grey twinkling eye, and a knowing expression of countenance. As he carefully settled himself into his chair, resting his lame limb against the edge of the stove-hearth, he threw his hat carelessly upon the floor, laid his crutch across his knee, and looked round with a satisfied air, that seemed to say, "Now, gentlemen, if you want to know the time of day, here's the boy that can tell ye."

"Allow me, Mr. Robinson, to help you to a tumbler of hot flip," said the major, raising the mug from the stove.

"With all my heart, and thank ye too," said Robinson, taking a sip from the tumbler. "I believe there's nothing better for a cold day

than a hot flip. I've known it to cure many a one who was thought to be in a consumption. There's something so"—

"And I have known it," said the doctor, shrugging his shoulders, "to kill many a one that was thought to have an excellent constitution and sound health."

"There's something so warming," continued Mr. Robinson, following up his own thoughts so earnestly that he seemed not to have heard the remark of the doctor, "there's something so warming and so nourishing in hot flip, it seems to give new life to the blood, and puts the insides all in good trim. And as for cold weather, it will keep that out better than any doubled-milled kersey or fearnot great coat that I ever see."

"I could drive twenty miles in a cold day with a good mug of hot flip easier than I could ten miles without it. And this is a cold day, gentlemen, a real cold day, there's no mistake about it. This norwester cut like a razor. But tain't nothing near so cold as 'twas a year ago, the twenty second day of this month. That day, it seemed as if your breath would freeze stiff before it got an inch from your mouth. I drove my little Canada grey in a sleigh that day twelve miles in forty five minutes, and froze two of my toes on my lame leg as stiff as maggots. Them toes chill a great deal quicker than they do on t'other foot. In my well days I never froze the coldest day that ever blew. But that cold snap, the twenty second day of last November, if my little grey hadn't gone like a bird, would have done the job for my poor lame foot. When I got home I found two of my sheep dead, and they were under a good shed, too. And one of my neighbors, poor fellow, went into the woods after a load of wood, and we found him next day froze to death, leaning up against a beech tree as stiff as a stake. But his oxen was alive and well. It's very wonderful how much longer a brute critter will stan' the cold than a man will. Them oxen didn't even shiver."

"Perhaps," said the doctor, standing with his back towards Mr. Robinson, "perhaps the oxen had taken a mug of hot flip before they went into the woods."

By this time Major Grant began to feel a little suspicious that he might lose his bet, and was setting all his wits to work to fix on a question so direct and limited in its nature, that it could not fail to draw from Mr. Robinson a pretty direct answer. He had thought at first of making some simple inquiry about the weather; but he now felt convinced that, with Mr. Robinson, the weather was a very copious subject. He had also several times thought of asking some question in relation to the beverage they were drinking; such as, whether Mr. Robinson preferred flip to hot sling. And at first he could hardly perceive, if the question were put direct, how it could fail to bring out a direct yes or no. But the discursive nature of Mr. Robinson's eloquence on flip had already induced him to turn his thoughts in another direction for a safe and suitable question.

At last he thought he would make his inquiry in reference to Mr. Robinson's lameness. He would have asked the cause of his lameness but the thought occurred to him that the cause might not be clearly known, or his lameness might have been produced by a complication of causes, that would allow too much latitude for a reply. He resolved, therefore, simply to ask him whether his lameness was in the leg or in the foot. That was a question which it appeared to him required a short answer. For if it were in the leg, Mr. Robinson would say it was in his leg; and if it were in both, what could be more natural than that he should say, in both? and that would seem to be the end of the story.

Having at length fully made up his mind as to the point of attack, he prepared for the charge, and taking a careless look at his watch, he gave the doctor a sly wink. Doctor Snow, without turning or scarce appearing to move drew his watch from beneath his wrapper so far as to see the hour, and returned it again to his pocket.

"Mr. Robinson," said the major, "if I may presume to make the inquiry, is your lameness in the leg or in the foot?"

"Well, that reminds me," said Mr. Robinson, taking a sip from the tumbler, which he still held in his hand, "that reminds me of what my old father said to me once when I was a boy. Says he, 'Jack, you blockhead, don't you never tell how it come there?' The reason of his saying it was this; Father and I was coming in the steamboat from New York to Providence; and they was all strangers on board—we didn't know one of 'em from Adam; and on the way one of the passengers missed his pocket book, and began to make a great outcry about it. He called the captain, and said there must be a search. The boat must be searched, and all the passengers and all on board must be searched."

Well, the captain he agreed to it; and at it they went, and overhauled everything from one end of the boat to t'other; but they could not find hide nor hair of it. And they searched all the passengers and all the hands, but they couldn't get no track on't. And the man that lost the pocket book took on and made a great fuss. He said it wasn't so much on account of the money, for there wasn't a great deal in it; but the papers in it were of great consequence to him, and he offered to give ten dollars to anybody that would find it. Pretty soon after that, I was fixin' up father's berth a little, where he was going to sleep, and I found the pocket book under the clothes at the head of the berth, where the thief had tucked it away while the search was going on. So I took it, tickled enough, and run to the man, and told him I had found his pocket book. He

caught it out of my hands, and says he, 'Where did you find it?' Says I, 'Under the clothes in the head of my father's berth.'

"In your father's berth, did you?" says he, and he give me a look and spoke so sharp, I jumped as if I was going out of my skin.

"Says he, 'show me the place.'

"So I run and showed him the place."

"Call your father here," says he. So I run and called father."

"Now Mister," says he to father, 'I should like to know how my pocket-book come in your berth.'

"Says I, 'I can't tell. I found it there, and that's all I know about it.'

"Then he called the captain and asked him if he knew us. The captain said he didn't.—The man looked at us mighty sharp, first to father and then to me, and eyed us from top to toe. We wasn't neither of us dressed very slick, and we could tell by his looks pretty well what he was thinking. At last he said he would leave it to the passengers whether, under all the circumstances, he should pay the boy the ten dollars or not. I looked at father and his face was as red as a blaze, and I see his dander begun to rise. He didn't wait for any of the passengers to give their opinion about it, but says he to the man, 'Dod-rot your money! if you've got any more money than you want, you may throw it into the sea for what I care; but if you offer any of it to my boy, I'll send you where a streak of lightning wouldn't reach you in six months.'

"That seemed to settle the business; the man didn't say no more to father, and most of the passengers begun to look as if they didn't believe father was guilty. But a number of times after that, on the passage, I see the man that lost the pocket-book whisper to some of the passengers, and then turn and look at father. And then father would look gritty enough to bite a board-nail off. When we got ashore, as soon as we got a little out of sight of folks, father caught hold of my arm and gave it a most awful jerk, and says he—'Jack, you blockhead, don't you never tell where anything is again, unless you can first tell how it come there.'

"Now it would be about as difficult," continued Mr. Robinson after a slight pause, which he employed in taking a sip from his tumbler, "for me to tell to a certainty how I come by this lameness, as it was to tell how the pocket-book come in father's berth. There was a hundred folks aboard, and we knew some of 'em must a put it in; but which one 'twas, it would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer to tell. Well, it's pretty much so with my lameness. This poor leg of mine has gone through some most awful sieges, and it's a wonder there's an inch of it left. But it's a pretty good leg yet; I can almost bear my weight upon it; and with the help of a crutch you'd be surprised to see how fast I can get over the ground."

"Then your lameness is in the leg rather than in the foot?" said Major Grant, taking advantage of a short pause in Mr. Robinson's speech.

"Well, I was going on to tell you all the particulars," said Mr. Robinson. "You've no idea what terrible narrow chances I've gone through with this leg."

"Then the difficulty is in the leg, is it not?" said Major Grant.

"Well, after I tell you the particulars," said Mr. Robinson, "you can judge for yourself.—The way it first got hurt was going in a swimming, when I was about twelve years old. I could swim like a duck, and used to be in Uncle John's mill-pond, along with his Stephen, half the time. Uncle John, he always used to keep scolding at us and telling of us we should get sucked into the floome, bime-by, and break our plaguy necks under the water-wheel. But we knew better. We'd tried it so much we could tell jest how near we could go to the gate and get away again without being drawn through. But one day, Steeve, jest to plague me, threw my straw hat into the pond between me and the gate. I was swimming about two rods from the gate, and the hat was almost as near as we dared to go, and the stream was sucking it down pretty fast; so I sprang with all my might to catch the hat before it should go through and get smashed under the water-wheel. When I got within about half my length of it, I found I was as near the gate as we ever dared to go. But I hated to lose the hat, and I thought I might venture to get a little nearer, so I fetched a spring with all my might, and grabbed the hat and put it on my head, and turned back and pulled for my life. At first, I thought I gained a little, and I made my hands and feet fly as tight as I could spring. In about a minute I found I didn't gain a bit one way nor t'other, and then I sprang as if I would a torn my arms off; and it seemed as if I could feel the sweat start all over me right there in the water. I begun to feel all at once as if death had me by the heels, and I screamed for help. Stephen was on the shore watching me, but he couldn't get near enough to help me. When he see I couldn't gain any and heard me scream, he was about as scared as I was, and turned and run towards the mill, and screamed for uncle as loud as he could bawl. In a minute, uncle come running to the mill-pond, and got there jest time enough to see me going through the gate feet foremost. Uncle said, if he should live to be as old as Methuselah, he should never forget what a beseeching look my eyes had as I lifted up my hands towards him and then sunk guggling into the floome. He knew that I should be smashed all to pieces

under the great water-wheel; but he run round as fast as he could to the tail of the mill to be ready to pick up my mangled body when it got through, so I might be carried home and buried. Presently he see me drifting along in the white foam that came out from under the mill, and he got a pole with a hook to it and drew me to the shore. He found I was not jammed all to pieces as he expected, though he couldn't see any signs of life. But having considerable doctor skill, he went to work upon me, and rolled me over, and rubbed me, and worked upon me, till, bime-by, I began to groan and breathe. And at last I come to, so I could speak. They carried me home and sent for a doctor to examine me. My left foot and leg was terribly bruised, and one of the bones broke, and that was all the hurt there was on me. I must have gone lengthways right in between two buckets of the water wheel, and that saved my life. But this poor leg and foot got such a bruising I wasn't able to go a step on it for three months, and never got entirely over it to this day."

"Then your lameness is in the leg and foot both, is it not?" said Major Grant, hoping, at this favorable point, to get an answer to this question.

"Oh, it wasn't that bruising under the mill-wheel," said Mr. Jack Robinson, "that caused this lameness, though I've no doubt it caused a part of it and helps to make it worse; but it wasn't the principal cause. I've had tougher scrapes than that in my day, and I was going on to tell you what I s'pose hurt my leg more than anything else ever happened to it. When I was about eighteen years old, I was the greatest hunter there was within twenty miles round. I had a first-rate little fowling-piece; she would carry as true as a hair. I could hit a squirrel fifty yards twenty times running. And at all the thanksgiving shooting-matches I used to pop off the geese and turkeys so fast as spoils all their fun; and they got so at last they wouldn't let me fire till all the rest had fired round three times a piece. And when all of 'em had fired at a turkey three times and couldn't hit it, they would say, 'well that turkey belongs to Jack Robinson.' So I would up and fire and pop it over."

"Well, I used to be almost everlastingly a gunning; and father would fret and scold, because whenever there was any work to do, Jack was always off in the woods. One day I started to go over Bear mountain, about two miles from home, to see if I couldn't kill some raccoons; and I took my brother Ned, who was three years younger than myself, with me to help bring home the game. We took some bread and cheese and doughnuts in our pockets, for we calculated to be gone all day, and I shouldered my little fowling-piece, and took a plenty of powder and shot and small bullets, and off we started through the woods. When we got round the other side of Bear Mountain, where I had always had the best luck in hunting, it was about noon. On the way I had killed a couple of grey squirrels, a large fat raccoon, and a hedge-hog."

"We sat down under a large beech tree to eat our bread and cheese. As we sat eating, we looked up into the tree, and it was very full of beech-nuts. They were about ripe, but there had not been frost enough to make them drop much from the tree. So says I to Ned—'Let us take some sticks and climb this tree and beat off some nuts to carry home. So we got some sticks, and up we went. We hadn't but jest got cleverly up into the body of the tree, before we heard something crackling among the bushes a few rods off. We looked and listened, and heard it again, louder and nearer. In a minute we see the bushes moving, not three rods off from the tree, and something black stirring about among them. Then out come an awful great black bear, the ugliest-looking feller that ever I laid my eyes on. He looked up towards the tree we was on and turned up his nose as though he was snuffing something. I begun to feel pretty streaked; I knew bears was terrible climbers, and I'd a gin all the world if I'd only had my gun in my hand, well loaded.—But there was no time to go down after it now, and I thought the only way was to keep as still as possible, and perhaps he might go off again about his business. So we didn't stir nor hardly breathe. Whether the old feller smelt us, or whether he was looking for beech-nuts, I don't know; but he reared right up on his hind legs and walked as straight to the tree as a man could walk. He walked round the tree twice, and turned his great black nose up, and looked more like Old Nick than anything I ever see before. Then he struck his sharp nails into the sides of the tree, and begun to hitch himself up."

"I felt as if we had got into a bad scrape, and wished we was out of it. Ned begun to cry. But, says I to Ned—'It's no use to take on about it; if he's coming up we must fight him off the best way we can. We climb'd up higher into the tree, and the old bear come hitching along up after us. I made Ned go up above me, and, as I had a pretty good club in my hand, I thought I might be able to keep the old feller down. He didn't seem to stop for the beech-nuts, but kept climbing right up towards us. When he got up pretty near I poked my club at him, and he showed his teeth and growled. Says I—Ned, scramble up a little higher."

We climb up two or three limbs higher, and the old bear followed close after. When he got up so he could almost touch my feet, I thought it was time to begin to fight. So I up with my club and tried to fetch him a pelt over the nose. And the very first blow he knocked the club right out of my hand, with his great paw, as easy as I could knock it out of the hand of a baby a year old. I begun to think then it was gone goose with us. However, I took Ned's club, and thought I'd try