EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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THE STREAM OF LIFE.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Oh, silvery streamlet of the fields,
That flowest full and free!
For thee the rains of Spring return,
The summer dews for thee,
And when the latest blossoms die.
In Autumn's chilly showers,
The Winter fountains gush for thee,
Till May brings back the flowers.

Oh, Stream of Life! the violet springs
But once beside thy bed;
But one brief Summer, on thy path,
The dews of Heaven are shed.
The parent fountains shrink away
And close their crystal veins,
And where thy glittering current flowed
The dust alone remains.

MY FIRST HUNTING AND FISHING.

"That's what I call a title distinguished for its feminity," says a roguish-eyed friend, peeping saucily over my shoulder.

"Ah, never you mind, Fred; its a harmless little fancy of my own," as the lady said when she led her footman to the altar.

I love to look upon a sportsman. I don't mean one of your moustached amateurs, who sallies out once a year, perhaps, in white gloves and gaiters, and with scarce manly strength sufficient to hold his fowling-piece at arms' length—one whom you might fancy mistaking a hen for a pheasant, and taking aim at her through an eye-glass, while it requires no violent exercise of the imaginative faculty to behold her placing her claw upon her bill and performing certain contemptuous gyrations therewith. Bah! not such an one—*his* has been bad shooting from the very root; he has never known a good aim; his whole existence owns no good fire. But a full-chested, strong-limbed, spring-footed, keen-eyed, fearless-hearted, born and predestinated Nimrod! One who snuffed powder in his cradle, whose first known amusement was peppering the cat with potatoe-balls from a pop-gun—one who from his boyhood has gone forth shooting and to shoot, feeling within himself a divine right to scatter the plumage of the proudest young turkey that ever strutted on a prairie; to call down, in the crack of a rifle, the circling eagle from the arch of heaven; to bring to a death-halt the bounding career of the finest stag that ever tossed his antlers through the wilds or snuffed the air on the peaks of the Alleghanies.

Such an one, oh, most courteous reader, allow me to present to you—Harry Grove the younger, son of the colonel, and a citizen of the west. He has been and is the very cousin of cousins; was my first tutor in mathematics and mischief, philosophy and play-acting, history and horsemanship, logic and leaping fences—a very jewel of a joyous spirited fellow, full of fun, frolic and frankness; with a heart "as large as all out doors," and as warm as all in-door, and with just sufficient beauty to save himself from vanity and susceptible damsels, from a too sudden bestowal of their unsolicited affections. Yet I have remarked the dash of the dare-devil in his composition to be peculiarly captivating to young ladies just out, who have been Puritanically reared. I do not intend to intimate that my well-beloved kinsman is that horror of careful mammas, "a wild young man." I am inclined to believe that the goodness of people, now-a-days, is in inverse proportion to their pretensions. Harry Grove makes few pretensions—*ergo*, he is quite good enough to serve as a hero, in these degenerate times, when our mental dishes, to be palatable, *must* be slightly spiced with wickedness.

But Harry is not my present hero—I am my own heroine—yet he will figure largely, though secondarily in "this strange, eventful history."

Though the very embodiment of health, in the main, Harry had once a long and distressing illness. We came near losing him the summer he was fifteen. As soon as the crisis of his fever was passed, I, by special request, was appointed sick-room companion and supernumerary nurse. I never left him for a day. Though a fragile child of ten years, I never wearied of those heart-prompted cares; my whole soul was whelmed with joy, gushing heavenward with fervent thanksgiving to the God of life. Ah, is it not a blessed thing to behold eyes beaming upon us, all light and love, we had thought to have seen dim with the eclipse of death—smiles on the lip, a glow on the cheek we had tho't to have seen stiff with the rigidity which no affection and no passion may move, touched with the icy chill which not even a mother's last, lingering kiss may melt into warmth—to see the spirit of life pervading that form we had thought to have lain away in silence and dust forever!

One beautiful and summer-like morning in September, when Harry was just strong enough to walk about the yard with the assistance of a cane, a large hunting party left our town, taking conveniences for camping out, provisions and wine—armed and equipped as the law of sporting directs, for a week's crusade against all sorts of game to whom heaven had given the freedom of the woods, and who had been obligingly fattening themselves to furnish glory and good-living to as arrant a set of scapegraces as ever broke college with a whoop and hurrah!

Half-a-dozen merry fellows came dashing and ha-ha-ing up to our door for Harry's elder brothers, who were to join them. Harry, like a noble, manly boy as he was, strove hard to be happy with and for them, but I saw his lip quiver as he offered his favorite dog and gun to a young stranger from the city. At last, with many regrets, politely and earnestly expressed, that the invalid could not accompany them, they were off—all gone! Harry watched them sadly as they wound up opposite the window, and when the last of all, his noble hound, after giving one long wistful look backward, turned again and disappeared, the poor boy, sighing deeply, sank back into his arm-chair and covered his face with his emaciated hands. Presently I saw fast tears gliding through the pale and almost transparent fingers! They were the first I had seen him shed, and seemed wrung from my own heart; so, winding my arms about his neck, I spoke words of affection and good cheer, which, though child-like, were effectual. He began by calling himself hard names—he was a "woman," "a girl," a "very baby, and booby-baby at that." Then he drew up his head, and curled his lip, and dashed away his tears, and "Richard was himself again."

"Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose!"

"Oh, Cousin Harry," I exclaimed, "there are flocks of birds in the orchard. Go out and shoot *them!* I'll carry the gun."

"*What* gun, Grace? Did you not see that they took them all?"

Here *was* a damper; but trust a woman, even in embryo, for scheming. I sat out instanter on an exploring expedition. Every chamber and closet in the roomy old mansion was ransacked, and finally my labors were rewarded by finding among some rubbish in the attic a clumsy musket, once belonging to our grandfather. Its battered appearance was presumptive evidence of its having gone through the "seven long and bloody wars;" but there were barrel and stock entire. It was a *bona fide* engine of destruction and death, and I bore it away in triumph, though with a slight shudder, as I thought how many red-skins it might have sent to their spiritual hunting-grounds.

Harry smiled as, with a mock-heroic air, I presented arms, but laughed outright when he came to examine the musket.

"Why, Grace," said he, "*there is no hammer to this lock!*"

After a little explanation as to the offices of the important agent in the discharge of fire-arms which had thus inopportunely "come up missing," I suddenly exclaimed—"I have it now! You just load the gun, and pour the powder into the pan, and I will follow *with a coal of fire in the tongs*, and—and I think I dare touch it off, cousin."

I thought Harry would have died of extravagant merriment. He rolled on the floor in a perfect paroxysm of laughter, but after becoming calm, vowed he would take up with my proposition for its very fun and oddity.

So behold us sallying forth—Harry, to whom a strange strength seemed given, bearing the gun, and I very busily engaged in efforts to keep coal and courage alive.

The first *bird* at which we took aim was a "chipmunk," who sat on the fence leisurely gnawing a kernel of corn. Never shall I forget the moment when Harry whispered "*now!*" I reached out the tongs, but a sudden mist came over my eyes; then a quiver started from my heart and ran along my arm; the coal descended on to Harry's wrist instead of into the pan; he, with an exclamation more hot than holy, dropped the gun; the gun fell on to the coal and then went off, frightening away the "chipmunk" with the report, but (believe it or believe it not, my reader,) sending a "whizzing death" through the fat sides of a toad, which we had before remarked demurely seated on a stone near where we stood.

This laughable accident having restored to Harry his good nature, and to see my courage the gun was re-loaded, a new coal procured, my eyes and nerves were true to me—there was a flash, a smoke, a stunning report, and—

"Lo, the struck *blue-bird* stretched upon
the plain!"

At last, wearied with our labors and satisfied with glory, we gathered up our spoils and turned homeward.

It is strange, but though many years have passed, I still remember distinctly just what game I held in my pinafore on that day—viz: one blue-bird, two chipping-birds, a meadow-lark and a red-breasted robin. The toad I did not count. All of these, with the exception of the robin, a part of whose neck only had been carried away, were literally shot to pieces.

To my disappointment, I found none but servants to whom to display the proofs of my valor. My sweet cousin, Alice, was at school, and my aunt and uncle taking their morning drive. I waited impatiently for their return, and meeting them on the portico, held up my bloody trophies, exclaiming—"See the game that Cousin Harry and I shot while you were gone!" The colonel, patting my cheek, pronounced me "a brave girl;" but my aunt, sadly smiling, said only—"That must have been the robin that sung on our lattice at prayer-time this morning. Poor bird! its song of praise is ended!"

This gentle reproof quivered like an arrow to my heart. I turned hastily, threw away the mangled remains of all but the robin, and with that sought my room.—There I folded the dead bird to my breast, and wept over it bitter and passionate tears. I was agonized with contrition when I bethought me that He who had created worlds on worlds had not disdained to mould that tender form, to tint its plumage with one of the colors glowing in the bow which He hung in the heavens, and to breathe the soul of song into its trembling little bosom. Then bowing down my head, I fervently promised never, never to take from a happy winged creature the existence which the Father of all in His wisdom had bestowed. Thank heaven, that vow is yet unbroken—the *necessary* destruction of wasps, musketoes and horse-flies always excepted.

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Three years had passed since the woman in my nature got the better of the heroine, and the day of my first hunting closed in tears. Methinks that the glorious maid of Orleans, the night after a battle, may have wept over the dying and the dead, even as I wept over those birds.—What an absurdity is the doctrine that there is no sex in soul. I would even then have laughed contemptuously had I seen Harry Grove whimpering over the most beautiful songster that ever flashed its plumage in the morning sun. But to return. Three years had passed since my daring exploits as a huntress, and I was again spending a few merry weeks with the Groves. Please picture to yourself, my obliging reader, a tall, slender girl of thirteen just out of short frocks, but retaining still her long, black, Keniwigian braids, having a downward look with her eyes commonly, and gifted with a—

"Complexion
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,"

and you have my daguerreotype at that period of my existence.

It was summer, and Harry came home for a vacation, accompanied by two college friends. As one of the young gentlemen was hopelessly lame, hunting was out of the question, and fishing parties on the lake took its place. Every favorable morning their boat put off the shore, and every evening they returned, famously dirty and hungry, with wet feet and dry canteens, and generally, with the exception of Harry, cursing their luck. I well recollect that, however large the party, Harry always furnished the fishing-tackle. The colonel once remonstrated with him on this extravagance, but was archly reminded that "he who spares the *rod* spoils the child," and that as a good parent he should "give *line* upon *line*," as well as "precept upon precept." So the old gentleman turned laughingly away, being, like all other amateur soldiers, proverbially good-naturned.

These parties were, I regret to say, made up of the sterner sex exclusively, but after Harry's friends had left, I proposed one morning that he should take Cousin Alice and myself to the lake on a fishing excursion.

"Alice is quite skillful," he replied; "but do *you* understand angling?"

"No; but there is nothing which I cannot learn."

"Very well, my modest coz; put on your bonnet, and we will go down and practice awhile by catching small fish for bait in the old mill-pond."

The sheet of water to which my cousin referred, was nothing more than an enlargement and a deepening of the stream which ran through our town. The mill which its waters once turned had been destroyed by fire, and all the fixtures so fallen to decay that Harry remarked, that *as a mill-pond* it was not worth a *dam*, but a capital place for catching bait, nevertheless. I did not smile approvingly at this profane pun—not I—but reminded the offender, with chilling dignity, that I should be full fourteen in eleven months and nine days.

After spending a half-hour in initiating me into the mysteries of angling, Harry took a station farther up stream. Near me lay a small log, extending out into the pond, the top only lying above water.—Wearied at last with sitting on the bank, and catching not even a "glorious nibble," I picked my way out to the very end of this log and cast my bait upon the waters. Presently I marked an uncommon large "shiner" glancing about hither and thither, now and then tantalizingly turning up his glittering sides to the sunlight. My heart was in my throat. Could I manage to get that fish on my hook, it were glory enough for one day. Reader, have you ever seen a "shiner?" Is he not the most *finifine*, dashing, dandyish, D'Orsay of the waves that ever *cut a swell* among "sheepsheads," or coqueted a young trout.

The conduct of this particular fish was peculiarly provoking. It was in vain that I clad the uninviting hook in the garb of a fresh young worm, and dropped it, all quick and quivering, down before his very nose. Like a careful wooer who fears "a take in," he would not come to the point, he had evidently dined, and like an old Reformer, played shy of the Diet of Worms.

At last, as though a sudden appetite had been given him which required *abatement*, he caught the worm, and the hook caught him, and—and—but language fails me—

Ye may tell, oh my sisters in another land, of the exquisite joy, the intoxicating bliss which whelms a maiden's heart when love's first kiss glows on her trembling lip, but give to me the rapturous exultation which coursed through every vein and thrilled along every nerve as my first fish bent the top of the slender cane toward the water!

But, ah, the instability of human happiness! That unfortunate "shiner" was strong—very. I had just balanced myself on the rounded three inches of the log; I now saw that I must drop the rod and lose the fish or lose my balance and win a plunge. Like a brave girl, as I flatter myself that I am, I chose the latter. Down, down I went, into six feet depth of water, pertinaciously grasping the rod, which, immediately on rising, I flung, with its glittering pendent, high and dry on the shore, and having given one scream, only one, went quietly down again.

Just then, Harry, who had heard my fall at first, reached the spot, plunged in, caught and bore me safely to the bank.—When I had coughed the water from my throat and wiped it from my eyes, I pointed towards my captive "shiner." Alas! what did I behold!—that fish, my fish, releasing himself from the hook and floundering back into his native element! Yes, he was gone, gone forever, and for one dark moment,

"Naught was everything, and everything
was naught!"

I need not tell of our walk homeward of the alarm and merriment which our appearance created; or how I was placed in bed and half-smothered with blankets; how a nauseous compound was sent up to me which Harry kindly quaffed and grew ill as I grew well. All such matters can be safely left to the imagination of my intelligent reader.

I will but add that though of late years I have angled more extensively and successfully, have flung a lucky hook into the beautiful rivers and glorious lakes of the west; have dropped *occasional lines* into the waters of American literature, I have never since known that pure, young delight that exquisite zest, that wild enthusiasm which led me to stake all on one mad chance, and brave drowning for a "shiner."

GRACE GREENWOOD.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE SET TO QUESTIONS.

Is it not singular that the President, in his message, not once names General Taylor?

Is it not singular that the President, in his message, not once alludes to the recent elections?

Is it not singular that the President, in his message, not once alludes to the annexation of Texas, as a "bloodless achievment," and that he does not explain how he came to be so wofully mistaken in his previous message?

Is it not singular that Mr. Polk should, in his message, declare that Mexico begun the war; and also, in the same message, seek to justify the war, on our part, on the ground that Mexico owes us, and neglected to pay?

Is it not singular that Mexico should *begin* a war against us, on the ground that she, (Mexico) owes us and omits to pay us?

Is it not singular that the President should hold secret communication with Santa Anna, an exile from his country, and as he sets forth in his message, should aid him to return to Mexico with his staff of officers, and be thus placed where he would be sure to continue the enormously expensive war?

Is it not singular that the President should, in his message, denounce all who disapprove his acts, as giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy?

Is not this a singular attempt to abridge the right of the free press and of freedom of speech, by threats of considering it a treason?

Is not this threat of treason abominable, after the President arranged with the leader of the enemy, that he should be restored to the only dangerous place he could occupy?

Suppose General Taylor had been discovered in communication with Santa Anna, arranging to restore Santa Anna to the head of the Mexican Army, would not Taylor have been Court Marshaled, as guilty of treason?

Did not—has not, Mr. Polk, *Colonel* Polk thus given "aid and comfort" to the Mexicans?—*Monmouth Inq.*

A Medical Hint for Mothers.—A medical correspondent of an English paper, tributes the high shoulder and the i ea curvature of the spine, which so frequently disfigures young females, to the shoulder straps of their dresses resting below the shoulder and on the muscles of the arm, instead of being on the shoulder, which compels the wearer to be constantly hitching her shoulder to keep up her dress, an action that results in a forcing up of the shoulder, a distortion of the chest, and a lateral curvature of the spine. He also states that from this dangerous practice and the consequent exposure of the chest to that inward tubercles are formed, and not unfrequently consumption is engendered.

THE MARCH FROM VERA CRUZ TO THE CITY OF MEXICO.

The New York Commercial publishes the following sketch of the Mexican cities on the route from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, which will be read with interest:

VERA CRUZ.—The city of Vera Cruz is walled around, with a fort at each extremity of the water front; the walls on the land side are loopholed for musketry. Parapet guns have been recently mounted on the walls. The city walls are very thick, of coral rock; the walls of the houses are usually 2 1-2 feet thick, and the roofs are flat. Each house has a cistern or cisterns of rain water. The city is well paved.—

FROM VERA CRUZ TO MEXICO.—About ten miles from Vera Cruz is a stream 200 yards wide, crossed at a ferry in scows, or by swimming horses over. The next stream, about 30 miles from Vera Cruz, is fordable, and is also spanned by a wooden bridge called *Puente del Rey* (the King's bridge), and also the national bridge. Near it on the right is an eminence of about 60 feet, on which is a fort completely commanding the approach and bridge.

Between these bridges and Jalapa the road passes near several heights, from which the natives can annoy invaders on the road.

CITY OF JALAPA.—This city stands on a very elevated ground, yet for many miles the ascent is quiet gradual. From the city of Vera Cruz is visible, as is also the sea, 90 miles distant. The city itself is upon a high hill—highest in the centre, so that the streets incline considerably; so much so that no wheeled vehicle can pass along any of them except the main street, or road, which has a considerable rise and descent. The city is surrounded by a wall, and has a strongly built Church near the Western gate, which could be converted into a citadel. The streets are paved. The houses, as in other Mexican towns, are of stone, with flat roofs and iron barred windows.—Opposite the city, on the left of the road, is a hill from which the road might be annoyed, and shells thrown into the town. For the distance of six or seven miles before reaching the town the road is a handsome and substantial structure of chequered pavement, and must have been very costly.

PEROTE.—At the base of a high mount, bearing the same name, some distance from the road on the left, is a cluster of houses, with a Church, called Perote.

CASTLE OF PEROTE.—Opposite, on the right of the road, and commanding it in every direction, stands the castle. It is upon a flat sandy plain, strongly built of stone and encircled by a deep dry fosse or ditch. The main entrance is by going over *chevaux-de-frize* by a stile, descending some twenty-five or thirty stone steps to the fosse and crossing it to the gates, which are on a level with the bottom.

CITY OF PUEBLA.—This city is walled and fortified. It is built of stone and the streets are well paved. Contains about 100,000 inhabitants. Here water is abundant, but from the national bridge to this city no water can be obtained—the natives substituting *pulque* as a beverage.

From Jalapa to Puebla there are occasional heights near the road, which, if fortified, might annoy invaders. In fact from Vera Cruz to Puebla this is the case—the travel being alternately over broad unobstructed roads and narrow passes, commanded by heights. The road passes through Puebla. The *Pueblanos* have a peculiar character; they are cunning and courageous and the most expert robbers and assassins throughout Mexico, where there is no lack of such. If an offender is brought before an alcade, any where else, and is known or ascertained to be a Pueblano, his condemnation is sure. *Cordova.* A small walled and garrisoned town, through which the road passes. Beyond Puebla the road is good till it reaches the mountain of Cordova, about midway between the former and the city of Mexico, where the ascent is very rugged and steep, though without defiles. Near the road, at the foot of this mountain, the *Rio Frio*, or cold river, which has its rise in the neighboring mountain of Popocatapetl, 17,000 feet above the level of the sea. A work on some of the heights of Popocatapetl would command the road.

After leaving the mountain of Cordova the road is good and unobstructed, with plenty of water, to the city of Mexico.—For several miles before reaching that city the road is delightful, passing between parallel canals and rows of Lombary poplars.

THE LAKE OF TEZCUCO.—This lake commences on the right of the road, near the city, into which its waters are carried by a canal, the latter serving also to drain the gutters, &c. into the lake. The so-called lake is a large, long and very irregularly shaped basin, shallow, and containing numerous small islands and covered by myriads of wild ducks. The depth of water varies with the season; in the rainy months the basin is filled, and then it assumes the appearance of a large lake.—Being the receptacle of all the drainage from the city it is very filthy. The canal from the city passes through it, fed by its waters, five or six miles in a South East direction to the small fort of Chalco, at the extreme margin of the basin in that direction. This canal is used for transporting produce into the city and for pleasure excursions in gondolas, &c.

CITY OF MEXICO.—Like all other Mexican cities this has walls and houses of stone, with flat roofs &c. It is well paved; a gutter four feet wide passes through the centre of each street, covered by broad flag stones, removable at pleasure. All the gutters are drained into the canal or lake. The city has many large and strong Churches and other great buildings, easily converted into fortresses. If its walls were repaired and mounted with cannon and well *garrisoned* it could make a formidable resistance to besiegers.

During the festival days, which are very numerous, the haciendas for twenty or thirty miles around send into the city not less than 10,000 mounted pesantry of the better class, most expert horsemen. They are courageous and skilful in the use of the lance, lasso and machete, which is a large and heavy knife. Nothing more would be necessary than for the *patres* to go forth into the streets of the principal cities, particularly Puebla and Mexico, elevate their crosses and appeal to the bigotry of the population, to rally an immense force of bold, active and desperate men, who would make fierce resistance to invasion. And if invaders should force their way in, assassinations by the hands of so many expert murderers would soon make fearful inroads on their numbers.

DR. LARDNER'S MARRIAGE.

We are very glad indeed to see, among the news by the Cambria, the formal marriage, by the English bishop at Paris, of Dr. Lardner to Mrs. Heavyside. In the announcement, the bride is mentioned as, "Mary, only daughter of Col. Spicer."—The divorce from her first husband must, of course, have been legally accomplished, and it must have been a strong feeling in her favor which induced the bishop to sanction the union by his own performance of the ceremony. The truth is, that public opinion is satisfied with the suffering which this lady brought upon herself by her unhappy flight; and her devotion and constancy to Dr. Lardner, during the severe trials of his residence in the country, have turned into sympathy and good will all the bitterness of her first condemnation. A greater contrast than between the life of privation here, and her position as the wife of Capt. Heavyside, could hardly be picture. We chanced to see her about a month before her elopement, at a ball at Brighton. It was the height of the season, and she was the reigning married belle, followed by a troop of young Lords and Honorables—Dr. Lardner, the one in her train in who would have been last guessed as the preferred one. She is exceedingly handsome when in high health, and was dressed in velvet and glittering with jewels, and we were quite struck with the pride and style of her demeanor. She was then a belle in the most fashionable society in the world, and she gave up that sphere to follow, in guilt, the doubtful fortunes of her present husband. She has passed through a more bitter ordeal, probably, than would have been adjudged to her by Him who forgave the woman brought to him for condemnation for the same crime, and we trust the remainder of her life will be tranquil and happy.—[N. P. WILLIS.

THE PERIODICAL PRESS.—The first newspaper was issued (in manuscript) at Venice, in 1588, and was called the "Gazet a."

The first printed newspaper was published in England, in 1588, called "The English Mercury, imprinted by her Majesty's Printer." This paper was not regularly published.

In 1624, the "Public Intelligencer and London Gazette" was established. Soon afterwards various papers had their entrances and their exits," in London, among which were "The Scot's Dove," "The Parliament Kite," "The Secret Owl," &c.

"The Spectator" was the first purely literary periodical It appeared in 1711.—This publication, as is known, owes its immortality to Addison. "The Tatler," conducted by Sir Richard Steele, though published a short time previous, was not exclusively literary.

The first French newspaper was established at Paris in 1631, by Renandot, a physician.

The first "Literary Journal was the Journal des Scavans" commenced in 1665, in France.

There are now published in France 760 Journals, of which 310 are political.

The first American Paper was the "Boston News Letter," which appeared on the 24th of April, 1704, by James Campbell. In 1719, "The Boston Gazette" was started.

The third American newspaper was the "American Weekly Mercury," which appeared in Philadelphia on the 22d of December, 1719.

The fourth American newspaper was the "New England Courant," established at Boston, August 17, 1721, by James Franklin, elder brother to him who rendered the name illustrious.

Identifying an Individual.—The Knickerbocker, for January, 1847, is full of good things—among them is one:—

"Did you know Dr Weir?" asked an inquisitive gentlemen in one of the Philadelphia cars, of a Northampton countryman. "Dr. Veer?" he replied, "well den yaas, I know'd him a little. I seed him once t. We was on that shteam boat vat vash blowed up mit te p'ler bu'stin' by Pittsburgh dere; and w'en I vash goin' on the shore by de plank, he and de shmoke pipe vash comin' down. I never seed him before nor since!"

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