men and things, to make the past serve as a finger-post to his future journey through life. With a shrewd, but open, bold, and honest look, there was a gleeful expression in the corners of his eyes, that spoke of fun. The "laughing devil in his eye" was not a malicious spirit, however. His physical conformation was that which combined great strength with agility; and if he had been fated to have been a contemporary of his great prototype, Vulcan, there can be no doubt but the Lemnian blacksmith would have allotted to him a front forge in his establishment, to act as a sort of pattern-card, and to divert the public gaze from his own game leg to the fair proportions of his foreman.

Now, although Ned Forgeron, for such was the name he had inherited from some Gallic ancestor, was a good-natured man, yet the possession of great muscular strength and courage, and the admiration which a successful exercise of those powers never fails to command, had somewhat spoiled him. Without meaning to injure any mortal, he had managed, nevertheless, to try his prowess on sundry of his neighbours; and from the success which always crowned his honest efforts in that way, had unconsciously acquired the character of a bully.

With very few early advantages of elementary education, he had, nevertheless, at different periods, collected a mass of heterogeneous information, which he was very fond of displaying on occasions. He was a sort of political antiquary; and could tell the opinion of Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Madison on any subject; and was referred to on all disputed points, on the theory and history of the government, that arose among the candidates for the legislature, and county politicians. This he studied on account of the consequence it invested him with. But why he had treasured up an old and well thumbed copy
of Paine’s “Age of Reason,” and affected skepticism as to the veracity of the story of Jonah and the whale, and Balaam and his ass, would be hard accounting for, unless it proceeded from the desire of a character for singularity and erudition. When vanity once gets the mastery of a man’s reason, there is no telling the absurdities it will lead him into. He was fond of speaking of Volney, and of being found with a copy of Taylor’s “Diegesis,” in his hand, although few of his neighbours had heard of the author of the “Ruins,” or knew what Diegesis meant.

This peculiarity, together with the pertinacity of the missionaries, Worcester and Butler, which carried them to the penitentiary, may account for the great aversion of Mr. Edward Forgeron to all preachers of the gospel.

His dislike for them was so excessive, that he could scarcely speak of the “hypocritical scoundrels,” as he called them, without flying into a passion, and using indecorous language. But a circumstance occurred, which gave his zeal a distinct and sectarian direction. A Methodist preacher, over in Tennessee, who was fond of spicing his discourse with anecdotes, once made him the principal character in a long sermon. His peculiarities were dilated on, and his heresies dealt with in becoming severity. He was ridiculed, and his literary acquirements disparaged by the preacher. All this came to the ears of Forgeron, with such additions and embellishments as stories usually receive in passing to a third person. It would be as useless to attempt to describe a mountain-storm, as to picture the wrath of this mountaineer. But if we cannot portray the storm, the consequences may be easily told. The blacksmith swore in his wrath he would whip every Methodist preacher that passed the gap, in revenge of his insult.

Forgeron was a man of his word, as the bruised fea-
the last blow on a shovel, and singing away the tune of
"Clear the Kitchen."

"Old Georgia is a noble State,
Her laws are good, her people great."

On catching a glimpse of the poor parson, who had
flattered himself that he was about to pass with impunity,
Ned sung out—"Stop, there, you eternal shad-belly, and
pay the penalty for my injured reputation!" The holy
man protested innocence of having ever intentionally
injured him, by word, or deed.

The man's subdued looks and earnest voice, had half
dissuaded Ned from his stern purpose, when the giggling
of his striker, and the cheering of two or three idlers,
nerved him to do what he felt was mean. Let any one
pause a moment, and reflect if he has never been urged
on to acts his conscience smote him for by the opinions
of others, before Mr. Forgeron is sentenced as a devil.
The preacher received several boxes on his ears, and heard
many denunciations against his sect before he was per-
mitted to depart; and when that permission was received,
he was not slow in availing himself of the privilege.

At the next annual conference, when circuits were
assigned to the different preachers, this one made his
appearance punctually, but by some process of casuistry
convinced himself that his duty did not call for a revela-
tion of his sufferings. Whether he was too sensitive
of the blacksmith's character to expose it to rude remark, or
had a preference that some worthier brother should
occupy that healthy station among the mountains, is dif-
cult to conjecture.

But Forgeron's reputation had extended beyond the
circuit, and was done ample and severe justice to by others
who had heard of his fame. It soon became the subject

of animated conversation, and there was no little wincing,
each one fearing it would be his cruel fate to be sent a
victim to appease the wrath of this human minotaur
against the Methodist church.

After a time, it was decreed that the Reverend Mr.
Stubbleworth was the doomed individual, and when the
annunciation came, many an eye of mingled pity and
curiosity was turned on his ruddy, good-natured face, to
see how the dispensation was borne; but not a muscle
moved. With a quiet smile, he professed a perfect will-
ingness to go where he was sent. He was "clay in the
hands of the potter," he said. If he piqued himself on
a stolid indifference to the blacksmith's pummelings, or
if he relied on his ample dimensions to protect himself, he
never disclosed it, but appeared as self-satisfied and con-
tenent as ever. His predecessor looked for all the world
like a mouse just escaped from the fangs of some terrible
grimalkin.

Mr. Stubbleworth arranged his few sublunary affairs,
and bidding his friends adieu, mounted his old roan and
departed for his new home of trials, with a song of praise
on his lips. Let us hope the best for him.

CHAPTER II.

The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth was very much pleased
with his new situation. Having been transferred from a
level pine-woods country, near the confines of Florida,
the novelty of mountain scenery and a pure bracing at-
mosphere seemed to inspire him with new life. Compli-
menting all the mothers on the singular beauty and intel-
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own personal appearance, he soon became a general favourite. Mr. Stubbleworth "knew which side of his bread the butter was on." The time arriving for his departure to visit the tramontane portion of his pastoral care, he was warned of the dangers he was about to encounter; but they were heard with the same placid smile. The worthy ladies pictured to him "chimeras dire," sufficient to have abated the zeal of any other individual. But that gentleman quieted their fears, by appealing to the power that "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," with a countenance as lamb-like as could be imagined. And he departed singing—

"At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,

As thy wants may demand, shall thy strength ever be?"

They watched him until his portly person and horse grew dim in the distance, and turned away, sighing that such a good man should fall into the hands of that monster, the blacksmith. Foreron had heard of his new vic- tim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished a better subject for his vengeance than the attenuated frame of the late parson. Oh, what nice beating he would have! He had heard too that some Methodist preachers were rather spirited, and hoped this one might prove so, that he might provoke him to fight. Knowing the clergyman must pass on Saturday in the afternoon, he gave his striker holiday, and reclining on a bench, regaled himself on the beauties of Tom Paine, awaiting the arrival of the preacher. It was not over an hour before he heard the words—

"How happy are they, who their Saviour obey,

And have laid up their treasure above?"

sung in a full clear voice, and soon the vocalist, turning the angle of a rock, rode leisurely up with a contented smile on his face.
the horse, and threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount; whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of a necessity, and alighted.

"I have but one request to make of you, my friend: that is, that you won't beat me with this overcoat on. It was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have it torn."

"Off with it, then, and that suddenly, you basin-faced imp, you?"

The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his surcoat as the blacksmith continued his tirade of abuse on himself and his sect, and as he drew his right hand from the sleeve, and threw the garment behind him, he dealt Mr. Forgeron a tremendous blow between his eyes, which laid that person at full length on the ground, with the testament of Thomas Paine beside him. The Reverend Mr. Stubbleworth, with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but mounted him with the quickness of a cat, and as he bestowed his blows with a bounteous hand on the stomach and face of the blacksmith, continued his song where he had left off on his arrival at the smithy:

"Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

Until Mr. Forgeron, from having experienced "first love," or some other sensation equally new to him, responded hastily, "'Nough! 'nough! take him off." But unfortunately, there was no one by to perform that kind office, except the old roan, and he munched a bunch of grass and looked on as quietly as if his master was happy at a camp-meeting.

"Now," said Mr. Stubbleworth, "there are three things you must promise me before I let you up."

"What are they?" asked Forgeron, eagerly.

"The first is, that you will never molest a Methodist preacher again." Here Ned's pride rose, and he hesitated, and the reverend gentleman, with his usual benign smile on his face, renewed his blows and song—

"I rode on the sky, freely justified I,
And the moon it was under my feet."

This oriental language overcame the blacksmith; such bold figures or something else causing him to sing out,

"Well, I'll do it! I'll do it!"

"You are getting on very well," said Mr. Stubbleworth.

"I think I can make a decent man out of you yet, and perhaps a Christian?" Ned groaned.

"The second thing I require of you is to go to Pumkinvine Creek meeting-house, and hear the preach to-morrow."

Ned attempted to stammer out some excuse—"I—I—that is—"

When the divinity resumed his devotional hymn, and kept time with the music by striking him over the face with the fleshy part of his hand—

"My soul mounted higher, on a chariot of fire,
Nor did envy Elijah his sent."

Ned's promise of punctuality caused the parson's exercise to cease, and the words, redolent of gorgeous imagery, died away in echoes from the adjacent crags.

"Now the third and last demand I make of you is peremptory." Ned was all attention to know what was to come next. "You are to promise to seek religion, day and night, and never rest until you obtain it at the hands of a merciful Redeemer." The fallen man looked at the declining sun, and then at the parson, and knew not
THE BLACKSMITH OF THE MOUNTAIN PASS.

what to say, when the latter individual began to raise his voice in song once more, and Ned knew what would come next.

"I'll do my best," he said in an humbled voice.

"Well, that's a man," Mr. Stubbleworth said. "Now get up and go down to the Branch and wash your face, and dust your clothes, and tear up Mr. Paine's testament, and turn your thoughts on high."

Ned arose with feelings he had never experienced before, and went to obey the lavatory injunction of the preacher; when that gentleman mounted his horse, took Ned by the hand, and said "Keep your promises and I'll keep your counsel. Good evening, Mr. Forgeron, I'll look for you to-morrow," and off he rode with the same unperturbed countenance, singing so loud as to scare the eagles from their eyries in the overhanging rocks.

"Well," thought Ned, "this is a nice business! What would people say, if they knew that Edward Forgeron was whipped before his own door in the gap, and by a Methodist preacher, too?" But his musings were more in sorrow than in anger.

CHAP. III.

The disfigured countenance of Forgeron was of course the subject of numerous questions that night among his friends, to which he replied with a stern look they well understood, and the vague remark that he had met with an accident. Of course they never dreamed of the true cause. Forgeron looked in the glass, and perhaps compared the changing hues of his "black eye from a recent scuffle," to the rainbow in the shipwreck scene—"blending every colour into one." Or perhaps he had never read that story, and only muttered to himself, "Ned Forgeron whipped by a Methodist preacher!"

His dreams that night were of a confused and disagreeable nature, and waking in the morning, he had an indistinct memory of something unpleasant having occurred. At first he could not recollect the cause of his feelings; but the bruises on his face and body soon called them to mind, as well as the promise. He mounted his horse in silence, and went to redeem it.

From that time his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The gossips of the neighbourhood observed it, and whispered that Ned was silent, serious, and had gone to meeting every Sunday since the accident. They wondered at his burning the books he used to read so much. Strange stories were circulated as to this metamorphosis of the jovial dare-devil blacksmith into a gloomy and taciturn man. Some supposed, very sagely, that a spirit had enticed him into the mountains, and after giving him a glimpse into the future, had misled him to a crag, where he had fallen and bruised his face. Others gave the Prince of Darkness the credit of the change; but none suspected the Methodist preacher, and as the latter gentleman had no vanity to gratify, the secret remained with Ned. This gloomy state of mind continued until Forgeron visited a camp-meeting. The Reverend Mr. Stubbleworth preached a sermon that seemed to enter his soul, and relieved it of a burden, and the song of

"How happy are they who their Saviour obey,

was only half through when he felt like a new man. Forgeron was from that time a stout Methodist." At a love feast, a short time subsequent, he gave in his experience, and revealed the mystery of his conviction and
conversion to his astonished neighbours. The Reverend Simon Stubbleworth, who had faithfully kept the secret until that time, could contain himself no longer, but gave vent to his feelings in convulsive peals of laughter, as the burning tears of heartfelt joy coursed their way down his cheeks.

"Yes, my brethren," he said, "it's all a fact: I did maul the grace into his unbelieving soul, there's no doubt.""

The blacksmith of the mountain pass became a happy man, and a Methodist preacher.

"PERTATERS AND TERNUPS."

BY A SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

The writer of the following signs himself Spoondrift, and hails from Columbia, South Carolina. "Further, deponent saith not."

About a stone's throw (by telegraph) to the southward of the Empire State, lies a country, sometimes known as the "Palmetto State." It does raise a fair "crop of spicy yarns, an' this is one of 'em."

C——a is something of a village, and noted as being cumbered by a wag of a young doctor, or perhaps it were better to say, that it contained a "bran new, bright, and polished journeyman sawbones, just out of his time, and who loved a practical joke beyond all things else. Notwithstanding he was pitiless, sparing neither age, sex, nor condition, and as ready to hoax a friend as a stranger, he never lacked assistance from his acquaintances whenever he had concocted a "stringer." All are ready to assist a guy; consequently our "Pills" was at no loss for coadjutors.

Premise 3d.—The parallelogram which constitutes the "square" of the "settins" aforewritten, is devoted to the business portion of the place, and contains several hotels, groceries, and what not, with "quiet retreats" for the "sovereigns," who there most do congregate. Of course the "square" is the market-place, and in one portion of it may always be found the farmers of the vicinity, with the products of their vegetable gardens, and fruit.
THE "EXPERIENCE" OF THE BLACKSMITH
OF THE MOUNTAIN PASS.

A Georgia Story.

BY THE HON. JOHN B. LAMAR.

CHAPTER I.

At the entrance to one of those gorges, or gaps, in the
great Appalachian chain of mountains, in their passage
across the northern portion of Georgia, a blacksmith had
erected his forge in the early settlement of that region by
the Anglo-American race, and drove a thrifty trade in the
way of fancing axes, and pointing ploughs, for the settlers;
and shoeing horses for wayfaring people, in their transit
through the country to examine gold-mines and land.

As he was no ordinary personage in the affairs of his
neighbourhood, and will make a conspicuous figure in
this narrative, some account of his peculiarities will not
be uninteresting. Having acted through life on a homely
maxim of his own,—"pay up as you go up,"—he had
acquired some money, and was out of debt; and conseqently enjoyed the glorious privilege of being indepen-
dent," in a degree that is unknown to many who occupy a larger portion of the world's attention than him-
self. He was a burly, well looking man of thirty-five,
just young enough to feel that all his faculties, mental and
physical, had reached their greatest development; and
just old enough to have amassed sufficient experience of
men and things, to make the past serve as a lesson-as
to his future journey through life. With a shrewd, but
open, bold, and honest look, there was a gleeful expression in the corners of his eyes, that spoke of him. The
"laughing devil in his eye" was not a malicious spirit,
however. His physical constitution was that which combined great strength with activity; and it is of fated to have been a constant toy of his great master, Vulcan, there can be no doubt, but the Georgian blacksmith would have allowed to him a free forge in his
establishment, to act as a sort of putresce, and to divert the public gaze from his own grand log to the proportions of his foreman.

Now, although Ned Forrester, for such was the name
he had inherited from some Public ancestor, was a good-
natured man, yet the possession of great nervous strength
and courage, and the ambition which a successful exercise of those powers never fails to occasionally had some-
what spoiled him. Without meaning to injure any mortal,
he had managed, nevertheless, to try his prowess on sundry of his neighbours; and from the success which
always crowned his honest efforts in that way, had uncon-
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With very few early advantages of elementary education,
he had, nevertheless, at different periods, collected a
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ical antiquary; and could tell the opinion of Mr. Jefferson
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why he had treasured up an old and well-thumbed copy
of Paine's "Age of Reason," and affected skepticism as to the veracity of the story of Jonah and the whale, and Balaam and his ass, would be hard accounting for, unless it proceeded from the desire of a character for singularity and erudition. When vanity once gets the mastery of a man's reason, there is no telling the absurdities it will lead him into. He was fond of speaking of Volney, and of being found with a copy of Taylor's "Diegesis" in his hand, although few of his neighbours had heard of the author of the "Ruins," or knew what Diegesis meant.

This peculiarity, together with the pertinacity of the missionaries, Worcester and Butler, which carried them to the penitentiary, may account for the great aversion of Mr. Edward Forgeron to all preachers of the gospel.

His dislike for them was so excessive, that he could scarcely speak of the "hypocritical scoundrels," as he called them, without flying into a passion, and using indecorous language. But a circumstance occurred, which gave his zeal a distinct and sectarian direction. A Methodist preacher over in Tennessee, who was fond of spicing his discourse with anecdotes, once made him the principal character in a long sermon. His peculiarities were dilated on, and his heresies dealt with in becoming severity. He was ridiculed, and his literary acquirements disparaged by the preacher. All this came to the ears of Forgeron, with such additions and embellishments as stories usually receive in passing to a third person. It would be as useless to attempt to describe a mountain-storm, as to picture the wrath of this mountaineer. But if we cannot portray the storm, the consequences may be easily told. The blacksmith swore in his wrath he would whip every Methodist preacher that passed the gap, in revenge of his insult.

Forgeron was a man of his word, as the bruised fea-

tures of many of John Wesley's disciples could testify. His character soon went abroad, and the good old matrons of the surrounding counties on each side of the mountain trembled at his name. In short, the mountain pass, which was really as romantic a place as a landscape painter would seek for a picture, and was just the spot to remind a youth, fresh from his classic studies, of the place where Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans fell, in attempting to defend Greece against the army of Xerxes—in despite of the grandeur of its beetling cliffs and the beauty of its verdure, was associated in the minds of many pious persons, with the broad gate that lead to destruction. And Ned Forgeron, the handsome blacksmith, was invested with the attributes and hideous aspect of his Satanic Majesty, by many a mountain girl who would doubtless have fallen in "love at first sight" with him under any other name. The preacher whose circuit lay on either side of the mountain, at the time Ned's direful edict was promulgated to the world, was a meek and lowly man, who approached nearly in his natural disposition to willingness to the mandate, relative to turning the cheek to the smiter. The poor soul passed many sleepless nights, in view of the fate that awaited him at the mountain pass. In his dreams he saw Forgeron, with a huge sledge-hammer in his hand, ready to dash out his brains; and would start with such violence as to wake himself. He inquired if there was no other place at which the mountain could be passed, only to learn his doom more certainly. Being a timid man, but withal devoutly impressed with a sense of duty, he resolved to discharge his duties faithfully, be the consequences what they might. Like a lamb going to the slaughter did he wend his way toward the gap; as he came in front of the shop, the blacksmith was striking
the last blow on a shovel, and singing away the tune of
"Clear the Kitchen"—

"Old Georgia is a noble State,
Her laws are good, her people great."

On catching a glimpse of the poor parson, who had
flattered himself that he was about to pass with impunity,
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sung in a full clear voice, and soon the vocalist, turning the angle of a rock, rode leisurely up with a contented smile on his face.

"How are you, old slab-sides? Got off your horse and join in my devotions!" said the blacksmith.

"I have many miles to ride," answered the preacher, "and have'n't time, my friend; I'll call as I return."

"Your name is Stubbleworth, and you are the hypocrite the Methodists have sent here, eh?"

"My name is Stubbleworth," he meekly replied.

"Didn't you know my name was Ned Forgeron, the blacksmith, who whips every Methodist preacher that goes through this gap?" was asked with an audacious look; "and how dare you come here?"

The preacher replied that he had heard Mr. Forgeron's name, but presumed he did not molest well-behaved travellers.

"You presumed so! Yes, you are the most presumptuous people, you Methodists, that ever trod shoe leather, anyhow. Well, what'll you do if I don't whip you this time, you beef-headed disciple, you?"

Mr. Stubbleworth professed his willingness to do anything reasonable, to avoid such penance.

"Well, there's three things you have to do, or I'll mail you into a jelly. The first is, you are to quit preaching; the second is, you must wear this last will and testament of Thomas Paine, next to your heart, read it every day, and believe every word you read; and the third is, you are to curse the Methodists in every crowd you get into."

The preacher looked on during these novel propositions without a line of his face being moved, and at the end replied, that the terms were unreasonable, and he would not submit to them.

"Well, you have got a whaling to submit to, then; I'll larrup you like blazing! I'll tear you into doll-rags cornerways. Get down, you beggar!"

The preacher remonstrated, but Forgeron walked up to
what to say, when the latter individual began to raise his voice in song once more, and Ned knew what would come next.

"I'll do my best," he said in an humbled voice.

"Well, that's a man!" Mr. Stubbleworth said. "Now get up and go down to the Branch and wash your face, and dust your clothes, and tear up Mr. Paine's testament, and turn your thoughts on high."

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CHAPTER III.

The disfigured countenance of Forgeron was of course the subject of numerous questions that night among his friends, to which he replied with a stern look they well understood, and the vague remark that he had met with an accident. Of course they never dreamed of the true cause. Forgeron looked in the glass, and perhaps compared the changing hues of his "black eye from a recent scuffle," to the rainbow in the shipwreck scene—"blending every colour into one." Or perhaps he had never read that story, and only muttered to himself, "Ned Forgeron whipped by a Methodist preacher!"

His dreams that night were of a confused and disagreeable nature, and waking in the morning, he had an indistinct memory of something unpleasant having occurred. At first he could not recollect the cause of his feelings; but the bruises on his face and body soon called them to mind, as well as the promise. He mounted his horse in silence, and went to redeem it.

From that time his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The gossips of the neighbourhood observed it, and whispered that Ned was silent, serious, and had gone to meeting every Sunday since the accident. They wondered at his burning the books he used to read so much. Strange stories were circulated as to this metamorphosis of the jovial dare-devil blacksmith into a gloomy and taciturn man. Some supposed, very sagely, that a spirit had enticed him into the mountains, and after giving him a glimpse into the future, had misled him to a crag, where he had fallen and bruised his face. Others gave the Prince of Darkness the credit of the change; but none suspected the Methodist preacher, and as the latter gentleman had no vanity to gratify, the secret remained with Ned. This gloomy state of mind continued until Forgeron visited a camp-meeting. The Reverend Mr. Stubbleworth preached a sermon that seemed to enter his soul, and relieved it of a burden, and the song of

"How happy are they who their Saviour obey"

was only half through when he felt like a new man. Forgeron was from that time "a shouting Methodist." At a love feast, a short time subsequent, he gave in his experience, and revealed the mystery of his conviction and
the horse, and threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount; whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of a necessity, and alighted.

"I have one request to make of you, my friend; that is, that you won't beat me with this overcoat on. It was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have it torn."

"Off with it, then, and that suddenly, you basin-faced imp, you!"

The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his surcoat as the blacksmith continued his tirade of abuse on himself and his sect, and as he drew his right hand from the sleeve, and threw the garment behind him, he dealt Mr. Forgeron a tremendous blow between his eyes, which laid that person at full length on the ground, with the testament of Thomas Paine beside him. The Reverend Mr. Stubbleworth, with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but mounted him with the quickness of a cat, and as he bestowed his blows with aseverous hand on the stomach and face of the blacksmith, continued his song where he had left off on his arrival at the smithy:

"Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love."

Until Mr. Forgeron, from having experienced a first love, or some other sensation equally new to him, responded lustily, "Nough! nough! take him off." But unfortunately, there was no one by to perform that kind of office, except the old roan, and he nipped him of a bunch of grass and looked on as quietly as if his master was happy at a camp-meeting.

"Now," said Mr. Stubbleworth, "there are three things you must promise me before I let you up."

"What are they?" asked Forgeron, eagerly.

"The first is, that you will never molest a Methodist preacher again." Here Ned's pride rose, and he hesitated, and the reverend gentleman, with his usual benign smile on his face, renewed his blows and song—

"I rode on the sky, freely justified,
And the moon it was under my feet."

This oriental language overcame the blacksmith; such bold figures or something else causing him to sing out, "Well, I'll do it! I'll do it!"

"You are getting on very well," said Mr. Stubbleworth.

"I think I can make a decent man out of you yet, and perhaps a Christian!" Ned groaned.

"The second thing I require of you is to go to Pumpkinwine Creek meeting-house, and hear me preach to-morrow."

Ned attempted to stammer out some excuse—"I—I—that is—"

When the divine resumed his devotional hymn, and kept time with the music by striking him over the face with the fleshy part of his hand—

"My soul mounted higher, on a chariot of fire,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat."

Ned's promise of punctuality caused the parson's exercise to cease, and the words, redolent of gorgeous imagery, died away in echoes from the adjacent crags.

"Now the third and last demand I make of you is peremptory." Ned was all attention to know what was to come next. "You are to promise to seek religion, day and night, and never rest until you obtain it at the hands of a merciful Redeemer."

The fallen man looked at the declining sun, and then at the parson, and knew not
the horse, and threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount; whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of a necessity, and alighted.

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(Flora of New South Wales, with illustrations by Darley)

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The student's history of Georgia. From the earliest discoveries and settlements to the end of the year 1883. Adapted for general reading and the use of schools. By Lawton B. Evans ... Macon, Ga., J. W. Burke & co., [c1884.] 1889.

iv, [5]-8, 352 p. front., illus., plates, maps. 19\(\frac{1}{2}\) cm.

1. Georgia—Hist.

Library of Congress F286.E92
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