THE BEAUFORT TRIBUNE.

VOL. II.--NO. 44. BEAUFORT, S. C., SEPTEMBER 20, 1876. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

My Ship on the Ocean.

Yes, somewhere far off on the ocean,
A lover is sailing to me—
A beautiful lover—nurse found him
One night in my cup after tea.

I laughed when she said it—who wouldn't?—
Yet often a thought comes to me
Of the ship that is bringing my lover—
My lover across the blue sea.

Whenever the cruel wind whistles,
I think of that ship on the sea,
And tremble with terror lest something
May happen quite dreadful to me.

And then, when the moon rises softly,
I hardly can sleep in my glee,
For I know that its beautiful splendor
Is lighting my lover to me.

But oh, if he should come! Why, nursey,
I'd hide like a mouse. Dea y me,
What nonsense it is! But you shouldn't
Be finding such things in my tea.

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE LAST LEAP.

A small, old fashioned cottage where a woman sits working in the porch. As she sits there alone, Mary Sullivan is dreaming the old dreams which have cheered her through her ten years of widowhood—bright but never impossible dreams of the future of her only son —and she is glancing backward, too, over her own life, wondering a little, just a little, if many women of her age have seen no more of the world than she, who has not spent one night of all her life—nor ever wished to do so—beyond this village where her husband has been a schoolmaster. Is it to be always so? A steadfast light comes into her eyes, and her quiet lips break into a smile, made beautiful by proud and loving trust—"That shall be left to Davy," she says, uttering softly the one name which now means all the world to her. "His choice will be my choice."

She does not know how intently she is listening for his footstep upon the gravel, nor how her face brightens when he comes in at last.

"Mother!"

"Oh, Davy, Davy!"

The greeting bursts from the hearts of both, in that first moment; then the boy's lips are clinging to his mother's, and her arms hold him in that entire love which a widowed mother so often lavishes upon an only son. He is home to spend his vacation—a whole month—from school.

The first vacation of David's passed like a dream to his mother, and now that the last day has arrived, she feels as if only a week had sped, though she has so regretfully and hungrily counted (each morning and each night) both the days that have been spent and those that are to come.

Another long absence follows; another bright home coming (in the frosty Christmas darkness now), another absence; and so on, and on, and on, until David comes home from school for the last time of all.

He meets his mother just within the porch, where the flowers bloom that summer as they have bloomed through every summer of his life, and he has no cloud upon his face. But, later on, his mother's anxious question is answered a little sadly.

"Yes, mother; I heard from the lawyer yesterday. Grandfather's will does not mention either of us. He has given me all the help he meant to give. Well, he has been very good, and now I am ready to make my own start in the world. But I must go at once. One delicious day with you here, then for London! Don't look so sad, my mother; this shall not be a long separation; not even so long as the old school terms, for I will soon come back to fetch you."

So after this one day he goes, laughing over his scanty purse, because his hands are strong, he says, and his fortune, hope and courage. But when he looks back, it is only through a mist of tears that he can see the little cottage where he leaves his mother in her loneliness.

After David's departure the days pass for Mrs. Sullivan just as the old school days have done, except that now she has a daily excitement in his letters. Never can she settle to anything until the postman has come up the garden path, and given into her trembling hand the letter David never fails to send; the letter which does his mother's heart such good.

At last one letter comes in which he tells her he has found employment in an accountant's office; employment which is very easy to him, and which he likes, though the salary he is to receive is much smaller than he had anticipated when he so hopefully began his search.

"But I will work so well," he writes, "that the firm will raise my salary soon, and then I will come for you. Ah, mother, I can indeed work hard and long and steadily for that good end."

"So, in the cottage, Mary works hard too, confident in the realization of his plan, and living with him, through her long day dreams, in a London which exists in her imagination only—a wide, calm city where all the young men have David's face and David's nature, and guide skillfully the machinery of the world.

But the time goes on, and David only earns what he earned at first. "And so," he writes, a little sadly now, "the home with you is still out of my reach, for poverty here, mother, would be to you a hundred times worse than poverty at home."

When he has been absent for a year he comes home to spend his birthday with his mother; a summer day which they have spent together for all the eighteen years of David's life. Then he goes back to his work, still hopeful of the rise which his earnest and untiring servitude is to win.

Six months pass, and then, one Sunday night, David walks unexpectedly into the cottage kitchen, where his mother sits beside the fire, softly singing to herself a hymn which she has heard in church that day. When she starts up—her face, in that moment of surprise, white as death—David sees how little able she is to bear any shock where he is concerned. But her delight, one minute afterward, makes up for all, and that Sunday night is one which both will love to remember.

"Can you not stay one day?" the mother pleads. "Must you really go back to-morrow, Davy?"

"To-day, you mean, mother. Look, we have chatted till after midnight, already. Never mind, we have four whole hours more, thanks to the new railway. Don't go to bed, mother; I cannot spare you for that time."

She had never thought of leaving him; so beside the cheerful fire they sit and talk; first of the lives which they have separately led, and then of that life which they are presently to lead together—for David has come home on purpose to bring joyful tidings. The long talked of home will be ready soon, for he is earning a high salary now, and all the old bright plans are to be carried out.

"But, Davy," Mrs. Sullivan says, when she rises at last to prepare the early breakfast, "how very hard you must be working, only to be spared for one day, after a whole twelve months of service!"

"I could have had one holiday between," he answers, "but I would not take it. It was wiser not, mother, as this is an expensive journey, even now that we have the railway."

"And you have been sending me your money, David."

"But I am earning so much now," the young man says, with a bright excitement in his eyes.

"And are you happy, David?"

"Very happy, mother—thinking how soon everything will be as I planned it long ago."

"But for yourself alone, are you happy, dear?" she asks, wistfully.

"I! Oh, yes, mother, quite happy." Another good-bye—"But the last," David says, as again and again he kisses his mother's shaking lips.

* * * * *

David had said that he would spend his birthday at home—that June day which has always been the one holiday of the year to the widowed mother—but on the morning before arrives a letter which tells her that he is obliged to delay his coming. London is very full, he says, and he is very busy; so he cannot get that day's holiday.

In every line of this letter the mother can read his disappointment, as well as the sorrow it gives him to disappoint her; and tears come and blot out the loving words, as well as the proud descriptions of the home which is all ready for her now, out in one of the pleasant northern suburbs. They blot out even that simple request at the end—"Think of me more than ever to-morrow, mother, and pray for me just at nightfall; at that very hour when we have been used to sit together in the porch on other happy birthday nights."

There is the present of money which most letters bring her now, and it is while she holds this money in her hand that she forms a sudden resolution, which comes to her at that moment as so natural a one that she wonders where it has been hidden before.

She is on her way from the village post-office when the plan suggests itself, and when she reaches home (her steps quick in the new excitement) she sits down in her old seat in the porch and makes it all clear to herself. David is working very hard, and is to be lonely on his birthday. How can she better use this gift to her than by giving him a pleasure he cannot expect, and so prevent his being solitary on that day which they have never yet spent apart? As he cannot come to her, she will go to him. Ah! how his face will brighten when he sees his mother come in! How he will start up with outstretched arms to clasp her! That moment will repay her for any trouble she may have in reaching him.

When once the resolution is formed it holds her tenaciously, and she begins her preparations at once, glad and excited as a child. She packs her basket, putting in a chicken and butter and cream, because David has said that he never enjoys these things in London as he does at home; and she smiles as she ties a dainty white cloth over them all; for she is picturing her boy's delight when he shall unpack these luxuries which she has brought him from his own village. All that night she lies awake, yet rises brisk and active, almost wondering if she can really be the Mary Sullivan who has never entered a railway carriage in her life—she, a traveler, starting alone to a far-off city of which she knows nothing.

Taking her basket on her arm, she walks to the rectory to leave the key of her cottage with her clergyman, and to obtain from him instructions for her journey. He gives them clearly and circumstantially; and, walking with her to the station, sees her off, with the precious basket in her care and that look of steadfast happiness in her eyes.

It is a long journey, but the anticipation of David's delight at seeing her shortens and beautifies the way, so that she starts with surprise when a fellow passenger tells her she is at Paddington. Timidly she stands back from the crowd, holding her basket tight upon her arm, and watching the passers-by with wistful, patient eyes. What a great place this station is! and every one so busy and engrossed!

"If you please, I want to reach Farringdon street. Would you kindly tell me what to do?"—she has at last accosted a porter, as he passes with a hamper on his shoulder.

"Cross to Metropolitan."

Cross to Metropolitan! The words are foreign words to her. What can they mean? Is there a river, then, between her and David?

Another porter, coming slowly up as the crowd disperses, sees the puzzled look upon the woman's face, and how she shrinks apart in her neat country dress, and holds her basket with such care and pride.

"Where do you want to go?" he inquires, kindly.

"To Farringdon street. I am to cross something, but I could not understand. I'm sorry to be so troublesome."

"You'd far better have a cab," the man says, in a tone of involuntary kindliness. "Do you mind the expense?"

"I have six shillings in change," she answers, looking gratefully into his face. "Will that do?"

"Half of it."

He takes her to one of the waiting cabs and makes a bargain with the man in her presence; then he closes the door upon her and smiles as he drives away.

And this is London—this line of streets, and crowd of people, and deafening sound of wheels! Poor Davy! How he must long for the quiet, shady lanes and the fresh breeze coming inland from the sea!

The cab stops, and Mary Sullivan stands with beating heart at the door of a tall, narrow house in Farringdon street and rings the bell faintly. She waits what she thinks a long, long time before a young woman appears in answer to her modest summons.

"Will you tell me, if you please, in which room I shall find my son?"

"What's your son's name?" the girl asks, with a long stare.

"David Sullivan."

"Oh, Mr. Sullivan," she says, a little more pleasantly. "He's out. Would you like to step into the passage and rest?"

"Thank you," David's mother says, gently, as she meets this unlooked for blow, "I would much rather go to him."

"I don't know where he is, though. He's nearly always out. He's at an office all day. Then he's forever going out into the country somewhere north, where he's got a house he's been furnishing. I don't know where else he goes, but he's always away at night."

He will be at—that house you speak of, I suppose?" questions Mary, her voice trembling in its eagerness as her thoughts dwell on this home which David has been preparing for her. "I wish you could tell me where it is."

"But I don't know," the girl answers, more shortly, "and I should think you'd better stay here till he comes back."

"I would rather go to him. Do you think any one in the house could kindly tell me where he is?"

A young foreigner is coming down the stairs as Mary speaks, and she looks shyly and wistfully at him. So the girl asks him the question: "Does he happen to know where Mr. Sullivan is?"

"Monsieur Sulli—Sullivan?" the young man questions, laughing a little as he glances into the face of the country bred, yet delicate looking woman, who stands holding her basket so closely to her side. "Yes, I know; why?"

"I am his mother," Mary says, her voice bright with pride.

"Had you not better wait here until he comes?"

"I would far rather go to him, if you would help me."

"You are quite sure?" he asks again, with the laughing glance.

"Quite sure, sir."

"Then I will direct you, for I am going that way myself. You had better, at any rate, leave your basket here."

So she gives it to the young woman, with a shy request that it may be taken care of, then follows her guide out into the street. It seems to Mary that they have walked for miles down noisy and bewildering streets, when they turn and enter a wide and open doorway. With a sign to his companion to follow, the stranger walks on along a carpeted passage, only pausing a moment to speak to a man who is standing there, just as if he might be waiting for them. Mary follows her guide on and on, wondering how this lighted way could lead to any home which David has chosen for her.

Yet all the while her heart is fluttering joyfully, because the meeting must now be so near. Once more the stranger stops to speak to some one who stands at an inner door, then he leads her through it, on amid a crowd of seated figures.

"If you sit here," he says, with a smile, pointing down to a vacant seat which they have reached, "you will soon see your son. Watch the wide entrance opposite you there, and you will see him in a few minutes."

Mary thanks him with simple earnestness, then takes the seat and waits; her eyes fixed, with a smile of expectation in them, upon the opening opposite.

What a gay, grand place this is, with lights like suns and stars upon the ceiling, so far up, so very, very far up! Why, the church at home is not nearly so high as this room. But why is it lighted yet? The June sunshine is lying brightly now upon the sea at home, and it must be light as day in the cottage rooms. What thousands of faces are gathered here—all looking one way, too, all looking at that door which she has been bidden to watch. Are they waiting for David, too?

Suddenly a band begins to play; and —puzzled more and more—Mary turns her eyes from the spot she is watching so intently. David has never told her about this music, and these lights, and the watching crowd. What does it mean? And why is Davy coming here?

A prompt, tumultuous sound of clapping in the crowd; and Mary turns her puzzled eyes back again to the doorway she had been bidden to watch. No one is there, save the few idle figures which have stood there all the time. But now, in the cleared space in the center of the building, a man (who must have passed through while she was gazing at the band, and whose face is turned from her) is climbing a single rope suspended from the roof.

Wonderingly, Mary watches the light and active figure—tightly clad in white and crimson—springing upward with the speed and the agility of a squirrel. Why should he do this daring, foolish thing? Is a man's life so valueless that he should risk it thus to provoke a moment's passing wonder? Is death so trivial a thing that he should brave it recklessly thus, to win a moment's applause? Ah! to think of this man's life, and then of Davy's!

Another minute, and the man she watches springs to a double rope which hangs from the lofty ceiling, and, sitting there at ease, looks down upon the crowd. Then Mary's eyes look full into his face.

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It is a special performance at the circus on this June night, being the farewell of the famous gymnast Monsieur Sulli, who, after his brief and brilliant career, is retiring from the profession in which he shines without a rival, intending to settle down—so it is rumored, ironically and dispassionately—to office work with an accountant, and to live in a small house out in a north suburb, with an old mother from the country. So ridiculous, in the very zenith of his fame.

On this farewell night he is to perform (for the last time) his greatest feat—a feat which no one but himself has ever attempted. From the flying trapeze where he now stands, swinging himself carelessly to and fro, he will spring to a stationary one forty feet distant; and passing through this, will catch it by one foot only, and hang suspended so, one hundred feet above the arena.

A dangerous exploit, of course; but performed with wondrous nerve and skill. Surely it will be a pity if, having made his reputation, Monsieur Sulli shall still persist in his determination to retire from the ring.

A grand success! The shout of applause, which shakes the great building from floor to ceiling, testifies to this beyond a question. Decidedly a grand success! Though in one seat among the crowd a solitary woman, who is a stranger there, sits, white, and still, and dead.

Fashion Notes.

Undressed kid gloves will be imported in dark brown shades different from any hitherto used.

Buttons will be very much used on winter costumes and cloaks. They will be of medium size, round and ornamented with embroidery.

Scarfs made of India cashmere and lined with silk will be worn in the early fall. They will be crossed on the bosom and tied behind in fichu fashion.

The canvas braids of open-work, introduced in the spring, will be woven in heavier for winter stuffs. They are to be used not only on the polonaise, but in the flounces of the lower skirt also.

A new cravat bow is called the Centennial bell. It is made of China crape of any color, laid in long folds, widening below somewhat in the shape of a bell, and with a hanging tassel for the tongue or clapper, partly concealed by the lace which is gathered on the edge.

New breakfast caps have close pointed crowns without fullness. They are made of organdy muslin or of cream white mull. The crown is relieved of its sharp look by a wide band of ribbon that half covers it. This band is of basket-figured armure or brocaded ribbon three inches wide, with an Alsatian bow on top, a full lace frill is around the face, and one end of ribbon hangs behind. They cost $3.50. For ladies wearing mourning, the frill is edged with fluting instead of lace, and the band is of black ribbon.

A Second Joan of Arc.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph* says: It appears that Mlle. Mercus, the young lady who is playing the part of Joan of Arc in the Herzegovina, is of Dutch nationality. She is about thirty years of age, of diminutive stature, dark, and not handsome. She has squandered away the greater part of a large fortune in the realization of her romantic dreams; nevertheless she is still in possession of more than seventy thousand pounds sterling. Her first fancy was to erect a Protestant temple at Jerusalem, in front of the monument supposed to be our Savior's tomb. The temple, which cost £14,000, still exists. Mlle. Mercus' present ambition is to command a battery of artillery, and she recently gave £1,200 for the purchase of guns, but the gentleman intrusted with the money suddenly disappeared, and nothing further has been heard of him. This extraordinary lady is not admired here, having supported the French Commune, and approved of the archbishop's assassination. She spends her time running after battlefield adventures wherever they are to be encountered, and, if public rumor be correct, is rather to be compared to Lola Montes than to the Maid of Orleans.

A Rich Treasure Found.

The London *News* says: In the neighborhood of the village of Nikolsk a discovery has been made which is likely to demoralize the industrious peasantry of the district. The eternal dream of peasant idlers has come true for once, and a rich treasure has been found near the very spot where the public of Nikolsk had always looked for it. It appears that not far from this township there is a valley which runs into a gorge called Zaporogne, and in the gorge there is a deep well of the same name. Now, tradition has it that the well Zaporogne was once made use of by brigands, who not only drew water from it, but used it as their common purse and exchequer. Into this receptacle were cast coins, old Russian and older Greek, the silver ornaments of the peasants, the plate of the village churches. It is much easier, however, to hide treasures than to find them, and the honor that should prevail among brigands usually breaks down when the time comes for the company to dissolve. It generally falls out that the treasurer, for instance, has stored the booty in a place known only to himself, and then some perfidious comrade slays the treasurer and his goods perish with him, the secret of his bank having been known to himself alone.

Something of this kind may have happened in the Zaporogne plundering company, for although the house has long been extinct, its wealth lay cunningly hidden. The tradition of the mysterious store was handed down from sire to son, and the father of the present proprietor begun some diggings, or as it seems now more fashionable to say, commenced some excavations in the neighborhood of the well. Nothing was found, and the research after these endowments was dropped until last year. The steward of the property then hit on the happy thought of trenching in a lateral direction, like the treasure seekers in Poe's "Gold Bug," who dug not at the foot of the pirate's tree, but at a distance of thirty yards in a bee line. The Russian investigator was as successful as Poe's hero. He soon struck on a great shining vessel full of ancient spoils. To fill his pockets and those of his assistants was his first idea, and then he sent to the village for sacks. The steward tried to bribe his assistants to silence, but apparently he did not bribe them high enough. They claim by Russian law, as it is said, a right to a third of the treasure trove—in this case about 50,000 roubles. Their suit has been dismissed by the local courts, but they have appealed to a higher tribunal, and very likely all the wealth of the brigands of Zaporogne will melt peacefully into the pockets of the members of the Russian bar.

Gratefully Declines.

There is a man in Cincinnati who does not want to hold office. He writes to the *Times*: You are very kind to mention me as a candidate for Congressional honors, indeed you are; but I cannot permit my name to be used for one moment to disturb worthy men who really have a call to legislate for and take care of the country. I emphatically declare now that I am not a candidate. In the language of Mr. Stilson Hutchins: "You couldn't shoot an office into me with a double barreled shotgun." I never saw a Congressman that I didn't feel sorry for. I never heard of but one man in official life whom I sincerely envied, and that was a schweinhirt, in an ancient German village. His business was to take the hogs of the village out into the country every day, care for them, and return them to their pens at nightfall. It seemed to me that this person could enjoy official life. He was secured in his place, his future was secured, and he had the benefit of good society. I held an office once. I was journal clerk in the Ohio House of Representatives, during the sessions of 1868-9. I did more work than anybody about the establishment, and was compelled to listen to all the speeches besides. My pay was $35 a week, and my perquisites amounted to $5 during my entire service. The late Mr. Nesmith paid me the $5 for making a copy of his celebrated Route No. 9 bill. This experience discouraged me. I have been heard to declare that no American citizen should ever thrust a ballot into a box with my name on it with my consent. That declaration I will reiterate now, and trust that you will give it emphasis. I have seen a great many politicians, and they all seem to be very unhappy and very unsatisfactory.

Homely Maxims for Hard Times.

Take care of the pennies. Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will be always poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make a great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop, the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than your blanket will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard when you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

Love Light.

Beyond all lights that ever shone
On land or glittering sea,
The love light shining in your eyes
The fairest seems to me.

Quickly to meet the sunbeam's kiss
The rose with beauty glows;
Swiftly beneath your tender glance
My warm blood comes and goes.

If the sun sees an answering smile
On land or glancing wave,
Can you not see in my eyes, dear!
The light your own eyes gave?

A Terrible Bore.

Mr. Sniffin sends us the following:

When I bought my present place the former owner offered, as one of the inducements to purchase, the fact that there was a superb sugar maple tree in the garden. It was a noble tree, and I made up my mind that I would tap it some day and manufacture some sugar. However, I never did so until this year. But a few weeks ago I concluded to draw the sap and to have what Mr. Bangs calls "a sugar bilin'." My wife's uncle was staying with us, and after inviting some friends to come and eat the sugar he and I got to work. We took a huge washkettle down into the yard and piled some wood beneath it, and then we brought out a couple of buckets to catch the sap and the auger with which to bore a hole in the tree.

My wife's uncle said that the bucket ought to be set about three feet from the tree, as the sap would spurt right out with a good deal of force, and it would be a pity to waste any of it.

Then he lighted the fire while I bored the hole about four inches deep. When I took the auger out the sap did not follow, but my wife's uncle said that it wanted was a little time, and so, while we waited, he put a fresh armful of wood on the fire. We waited half an hour, and as the sap didn't come I concluded that the hole was not deep enough, so I began boring again; but I bored too far, for the auger went clear through the tree and penetrated the back of my wife's uncle, who was leaning up against the trunk trying to light his pipe. He jumped nearly forty feet, and I had to mend him up with courtplaster.

Then he said he thought the reason the sap didn't come was that there ought to be a kind of spigot in the hole so as to let it run off easily. We got the wooden spigot from the vinegar barrel in the cellar and inserted it. Then, as the sap did not come, my wife's uncle said he thought the spigot must be jammed in so tight that it choked the flow; and while I tried to push it out he fed the fire with some kindling wood. As the spigot could not be budged with a hammer I concluded to bore it out with the auger, and meanwhile my wife's uncle stirred the fire. Then the auger broke off short in the hole, and I had to go half a mile to the hardware store to get another one.

Then I bored a fresh hole, and although the sap would not come, the company did, and they examined with much interest that kettle, which was now red-hot, and which my wife's uncle was trying to lift off the fire with the hay fork. As the sap still refused to come I went over for Bangs to tell me how to make that exasperating tree disgorge. When he arrived he looked at the hole, then at the spigot, then at the kettle, then at the tree, and then he said:

"Sniffin, you have had a good deal of trouble in your life, an' it's done you good. It's made a man of you. This world is full of sorrow, but we must bear it without grumblin'. You know that, of course. Consequently, now that I've some bad news to break to you, I feel as if the shock won't knock you endways, but'll be received with patient resignation. I say I hope you won't break down an' give way to your feelin's when I tell you that there tree is no sugar maple at all. Grashus, why that's a black hickory. It is, indeed. And you might as well bore for maple sugar in the side of a telegraph pole."

Then the company went home, and my wife's uncle has had an engagement with a man in Hatboro' which he must keep right off. I took the kettle up to the house, but as it was burned out I sold it next day for fifteen cents for old iron, and bought a new one for $12. I think now maybe it's better to buy your maple sugar.

A Solid Dinner.

Some of the hotels have bills of fare with the fly-leaf covered with cards of various business houses. An Oregon man recently took a seat behind one of them, when a waiter appeared with "What will you have, sir?" To the utter confusion of the waiter, he leisurely remarked: "You may fetch me a new set of teeth, in gutta percha; an improved sewing machine, with patent lock-stitch, a box of Brandreth's pills, and a pair of number seven French calf-skin boots." In a moment the waiter replied: "We haven't got any of them." "Then what have you got them on the bill of fare for?" retorted the customer.

A HEAVY FALL.—A writer in *Notes and Queries* tells the following good story: Mr. Falls, a well known Irish sportsman, happened one day to ride down a hound. The irascible but witty master attacked him in no very measured language. "Sir," was the reply, "I'd have you recollect that I am Mr. Falls, of Dungannon." The answer was ready: "I don't care if you are Mr. Falls, of Niagara; you shan't ride over my hounds."