

# The Alleghenian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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## DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHENIAN."

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### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

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**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. J. SPANG, Pastor in charge. Rev. E. H. BARR, Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, and 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Wich Independent**—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Praying every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

**Calvinistic Methodist**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Praying every Sabbath evening at 2 and 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Disciples**—Rev. Wm. LLOYD, Pastor.—Praying every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

**Particular Baptists**—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Praying every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. M.

**Catholic**—Rev. M. J. MURPHY, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

### EBENSBURG MAILS.

**MAILS ARRIVE.**  
Eastern, daily, at 12 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " at 11 " " A. M.

**MAILS CLOSE.**  
Eastern, daily, at 7 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " at 7 " " A. M.

The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.  
Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 P. M.

The Mails from Newman's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.  
Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

Post Office open on Sundays from 9 to 10 o'clock, A. M.

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

**WILMORE STATION.**

Line	Train	Time
West	Express Train	leaves at 9.3 A. M.
	Fast Line	" " 1.00 P. M.
	Mail Train	" " 3.10 P. M.
East	Express Train	" " 8.10 P. M.
	Fast Line	" " 6.29 A. M.
	Mail Train	" " 10.04 A. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

**Judges of the Courts**—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Sasley, Richard Jones, Jr.

**Probationary**—Joseph McDonald.

**Register and Recorder**—Edward F. Lytle.

**Sheriff**—Robert P. Linton.

**Deputy Sheriff**—William Linton.

**District Attorney**—Philip S. Noon.

**County Commissioners**—Abel Lloyd, D. T. Storm, James Cooper.

**Clerk to Commissioners**—Robert A. McCoy.

**Treasurer**—John A. Blair.

**Poor House Directors**—David O'Harro, Michael McGuire, Jacob Horner.

**Poor House Treasurer**—George C. K. Zahn.

**Poor House Steward**—James J. Kaylor.

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**County Surveyor**—E. A. Vickroy.

**Coroner**—James S. Todd.

**Superintendent of Common Schools**—T. A. Maguire.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

**Justices of the Peace**—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kincaid.

**Burgess**—David J. Evans.

**Town Council**—Eva Griffith, John J. Evans, William D. Davis, Thomas B. Moore, Daniel O. Evans.

**Clerks of Council**—T. D. Litzinger.

**Borough Treasurer**—George Gurley.

**Weigh Master**—William Davis.

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**Constable**—George W. Brown.

**Tax Collector**—George Gurley.

**Inspector of Election**—Meshac Thomas.

**Inspectors**—Robert Evans, Wm. Williams.

**Assessor**—Richard T. Davis.

THE ALLEGHENIAN—\$1.50 in advance.

## Original Poetry.

### "The Homestead Sold."

BY CATALPA.

The morning broke, the morn that brought the sale,  
And laid the scene of this our humble tale.  
The "homestead" for miles around  
Took this for holiday, and sought the ground  
Where stood the homestead 'neath ancestral trees,  
Whose trembling leaves sighed back to every breeze;  
And every breeze to them in whispers low,  
Confided whence they came and where they'd go.

And every bird that sought in peace to rest,  
Brought here her moss and built her tiny nest.  
And every flower, howe'er so plain was she,  
Found here a shadow o'er the ancestral tree.  
And many a shadow o'er the sweeping grass  
Of flying bird in noontide heat would pass.  
And many an afternoon siesta there,  
And many a merry chat by maiden's fair,  
And many a fairy moonlight serenade,  
One, all of these beneath thy waving shade,  
Oh, old ancestral tree, have been to me no more,  
The homestead's sold! and all these scenes are o'er.

Now let us turn, and scan the faces here,  
Who come the spoils of our sweet home to share.  
One sister whispered as with footstep soft  
She sought a window of the cottage left,  
And like the timid dove who fears the foe,  
She, hidden half, looked on the crowd below;  
Like some fleet fawn who fled from the chase,  
In leafy covert finds a hiding place,  
Nor deems it well to move lest leaves should know,  
And in their stir reveal her to the foe.

While hidden there the crowd still gathered fast,  
Form after form beneath the window passed;  
Now face of friend, now face of stranger there,  
Came, as she said, "the spoils of home to share."  
Again the thought swept sadly o'er the heart,  
Sweet home of mine, to-day the world is part;  
To-day to hear the stranger's careless tread  
Seems sacrilegious here, as to the dead  
In impious foot upon the grave let fall,  
Or impious touch upon the dead man's pall.  
And still they come, nor deem to us can be  
A mocking echo in each repartee;  
A saddening thought be in each smile that's given—  
How could it else be when each tie is riven,  
And this to-day but breaks the last frail chain,  
Whose links and parts will never unite again.  
The sheep that graze the sloping hill-top high,  
The giant oak that towers toward the sky,  
The brook that murmurs soft its silvery way,  
The tasseled moss that decks the old rock gray,  
The birds, the bees, the bees, the bustling  
Here, stranger, take—they are no longer ours.

The salesman now in voice both deep and loud,  
Begins his work, and stills the swaying crowd.  
Begins the praise of goods he means to sell,  
Nor stops for truth to make his bargains well;  
Prevaricates but "slightingly," you know—  
Enough to make the poorest bargain go.  
For instance, shows a saddle ten years old,  
And says, "it's worth its solid weight in gold;  
It's Brazilian leather, and the man who buys  
Will have a saddle till the hour he dies."  
The saddle, bought at first for dollars three,  
Now sells for four, to some lucky, luckless he,  
Who, charmed by "Russian leather," bids and buys,  
And lands the self-same saddle to the skies.  
The crafty salesman smiles that this is gone,  
And tries again another new trick on  
And still with joke, and wit more bright than gold,  
He pleases all, until at length is sold.  
All kept right, save what from eye and nose  
Was kept the last—the favorite family horse.  
Forth now he's led, as oftentimes led of yore,  
To crop the grass before the homestead door,  
To snuff the breeze that tossed his flowing mane,  
And scour at will across the spreading plain;  
Or softly led by maiden's gentle hand,  
Beneath the apple shade obedient stand,  
To wait his mistress, then with spirits gay,  
Outsped the wind along the pine-bound way,  
Past by the stream, past by the mill,  
Along the plain, and up the lowering hill—  
With ringing sides, and nostrils white with foam.

The race is ended, we are safely home,  
Proud steed be staid! the last wild chase is o'er,  
For you and I at least, forevermore:  
Here, stranger, take him, he is thine to-day—  
He bid to "Charley" when he's old and gray.  
Lead low your head, old faithful friend, to mine,  
Once more my arms your proud arched neck entwine.  
Farewell, farewell, ah, your impatient neigh,  
Tells that in strength you long to bound away.  
Noble old Charley! here's a tear to tell  
How much I loved you; go, old friend, farewell.

The sifting clouds go o'er the leaden sky,  
The long, long hours at length have winged  
them by.  
Well pleased the host sees every guest retire,  
And wheels his chair before the kitchen fire;  
His smile was greeted bright at early day,  
Nor dim has grown in evening's sombre gray.  
Neighbor and friend! he feels that every heart  
Gives him its blessing as the guests depart.

A teacher asked a bright little girl,  
"What country is opposite to us on the globe?"  
"Don't know, sir," was the answer.  
"Well, now," pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in this end, where would you come out?"  
"Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.

## Damphool to Doesticks.

THESE PEOPLE who perused the former letters from my friend Damphool, who is busily engaged in defending Charleston, can scarcely fail to be desirous of knowing how the valiant Charlestonians get along in their noble work since the coming in of the rail-splitter. My belief in such interests in the affairs of the Southern Confederacy is my excuse for presenting the subjoined letter from my illustrious friend:

"DOESTICKS, P. B.

"CHARLESTON, Feb. 22, 1861.

"MR. DOESTICKS—Dear Sir:—To-day is the anniversary of the burning into this blessed world of an old gentleman named Washington. I think he flourished before your time. We haven't the slightest regard for him down here, so I don't know very much about him. He was unpleasantly recalled to our recollection this morning by a salute of a lot of guns from Fort Sumter. Your friend Anderson, who has charge of that place, was, I judge, a personal acquaintance of Dr. Washington, by the way he loaded his guns and napped them talk; those guns couldn't have spoken louder if Washington had owed Anderson some dollars, and every gun had been a dun.

"We Charlestonians were very mad after we found out what it was all about; but then, what's the use of getting mad at such an idiot as Anderson. Of course the man has got no brains, or else he would long ago have given up his fort, surrounded as it is by five or six thousand men, and commanded as it is by innumerable batteries, mounting myriads of guns. However, as soon as our wrath had subsided slightly we began work on our great raft with renewed vigor. We are firmly resolved, if Anderson fires a salute from Fort Sumter on the next birthday of Washington, we will be ready to make some brass remarks from a lot of cannon that we hope by that time to have ready for conversation in easy words of one syllable. Meantime, I should recommend Anderson to beware.

"Of course you've heard of our big raft, but I don't believe you've even got an idea of how it's going to do its work. As Fort Sumter will be taken, and the garrison slaughtered long before this gets to you, there can be no harm in telling you how we're going to operate.

"The Grand Floating Battery, or Raft, is a mile and three-quarters long, by three-quarters of a mile wide. These tremendous dimensions were necessary in order to accommodate all the captains and majors and things who wanted to go on her. There have 4000 generals, 3980 colonels, 2793 majors, 27 captains, 16 lieutenants, 13 sergeants, 4 corporals and our 1 private already volunteered. All the officers below the grade of major are mulattos, and the private is a late dry-goods merchant from your city.

"The Battery is to mount 2187 columbiads, and about a million of smaller cannon. The plan of attack is as follows: When all is ready, the governor is going to send a flag of truce to Anderson, asking permission to tow the Battery up to within gunshot of Sumter, without gunpowder interruption. The use of Anderson's boats, and a competent crew for each, will also be solicited. Anderson, being a gentleman, will probably send the boats and the men. In that case, the boats are to be confiscated, and the men to be held as hostages.

"As soon as the raft gets near enough to Sumter to do her firing effectively, a gallows will be erected on the side toward Anderson; a colonel—a white one—is then to stand on a platform and hail Anderson with a speaking trumpet, daring him to come on board the raft and knock a chip off his (the colonel's) shoulder. Four men have already volunteered for this desperate service, but they were all drunk when they did it, and deserted as soon as they got sober.

"When Anderson comes on board to knock the chip, he is to be seized and hung with military honors. Then the other officers of Fort Sumter will be defied, one at a time, by name, to come and knock the chip; as they come, they will at once be hanged. When they are all hanged, we shall go back to the city, and bury the bodies, and then frame the chip in a gold frame.

"Should Anderson and his men not accept the invitation to come and knock the chip, they will be set down in our books as no gentlemen, and as being unworthy the further attention of gentlemen; and, of course, we shall leave them alone. Then the colonels and majors and things will hold a series of convivial dinners, when they will make speeches to each other, and congratulate each other on each other's bravery; then the columbiads and the other guns will be fired several times in honor of the great victory.

## Cowardly Brutality of a Traitor.

THE GREEN BAY Free Press gives the following notice to the infamous traitor, the late Gen. David B. Twiggs:

To many of our older citizens Gen. Twiggs is well known. Thirty odd years he was stationed here, in command of Fort Howard. Invested with supreme trust in this then new country, with little or no Government other than martial law, examples of his vindictive and barbarous conduct live in the memory of some of the old residents with bitter distinctness. There are no brilliant deeds of heroism in his history, as in most American officers of his age, to dazzle or avert the eyes bent upon his early infamy and wanton barbarism. A long life of service in the army, mostly in frontier stations, has afforded means of gratification to his tyrant nature; but in his profession his cowardice shielded him from danger more successfully than his vanity stimulated him to his distinction. In his intercourse with civilians, he was supercilious and overbearing. In his conduct to his soldiers, he was the merciless tyrant and taskmaster. He was constantly embroiled in feuds without cause of complaint; his command was never without its victims of his cruelty and oppression.

In 1828, a soldier named Prestige, smarting under the infliction of punishment more severe than usual, determined to take his life. Making his preparations with extraordinary care, Prestige watched his opportunity when Twiggs was asleep in his quarters one afternoon, and stealthily creeping to his bedside, placed the muzzle of a heavily-loaded musket to his ear, and commanded his soul to the keeping of the infernal regions. By some strange accident the musket missed fire; but the snapping of the gun awoke the sleeper, and seizing the musket by the muzzle he brained the soldier at a blow, leaving him for dead. So far it was all right; doubtless the outraged but treacherous soldier deserved to suffer death.—His skull was smashed in by the gunlock; but he lived—lived to suffer a complication of horrors sickening to think of. The skull of the wounded man was trepanned by Dr. Foot—an excellent surgeon and man; and while the patient was under his immediate care his condition was comfortable. But scarcely had he commenced to convalesce, when Twiggs began a series—unparalleled in the annals of vindictive persecution. Before his reason was entirely regulated, the suffering soldier was severely cowhided once every day, either by the hand of the tyrant himself, or by his orders and in his presence. He was confined in the dungeon, fed like a beast upon uncooked food, denied any comfort or convenience suitable to man, and worried and exasperated with taunts and curses, as a sauce to his coarser punishment.

In the Fall or Autumn of the year the troops at Fort Howard were ordered to the Portage to establish Fort Winnebago. Prestige, feeble with famine and brutal chastisement, crippled with chains and laden with burden, was forced to march under guard through 150 miles of wilderness. Once when a pitying fellow-soldier relieved his fainting victim of part of his burden for a while, he was kicked and cursed for a scoundrel for his impertinent humanity. Arrived at the Portage, he was not permitted the coarse comforts of his fellows, but chained to a tree like a beast. In this condition he was kept through a severe Winter, without shelter or protection other than one blanket and a shed of slabs which some other soldiers were suffered to build around him. It is said that the villain Twiggs never passed the hair without bestowing upon his suffering victim, nauseous with filth and alive with vermin, a blow or a kick and a curse. In the Spring of 1829 when the soldier's enlistment expired, and the tyrant could no longer rot him for his private persecution and revenge, his head was shaved and he was drummed out of the service. When he could no longer reach him by his own arbitrary schemes of torture he sent him to this city and surrendered him to the civil authorities to be tried for his attempt on the dastard's life. He was tried, and sentenced by Judge Doty to five years' imprisonment in the county jail; but only a short time elapsed when a proper representation of the facts was made to President Jackson, and he was pardoned and set at liberty.

It is undeniable that in America, it takes three to make a pair—he, she, and a hired girl. Had Adam been a modern, there would have been a hired girl in Paradise to look after little Abel and raise Cain.

Hasty people generally drink in the wine of life scalding hot.

## Calico Printing.

No description of machinery at the present day is more ingenious or interesting than that for calico printing. As it leaves the power loom, calico is a fabric without any pattern, and of a dull, light buff color. In this state, its uses are, of course, very limited. It is unfit for outer apparel, or for furniture, or in fact for any purpose for which an ornamental tissue is required. It has also a hairy or downy tissue, and thus presents a coarse and unfinished appearance. The hairy filaments require to be removed, and the fabric must be made of a snowy white before it is likely to become of use to any extent. The downy filaments are removed in the same manner as those of lace, either by rapidly drawing the material over a sheet of copper at a bright red heat, or by passing it through gas flames; and the bleaching is accomplished by the rapid agency of chemical force. The calico is boiled, washed, soaked in a solution of chloride of lime, then in a weak acid, and so alternately, until at length all its impurities are removed, and it becomes as white as could be desired. Thus, in a few hours, by the combined assistance of chemical science and a few simple mechanical expedients, the process of bleaching is effected, which formerly occupied days and even weeks, and was then often imperfectly employed or performed. After this the bleached calico is ready for the reception of its ornament, and this was formerly impressed upon its surface by means of engraved blocks, charged with color; but a more rapid process is now employed. The pattern on printed calicoes and similar figured cloths consists, as is apparent on the slightest examination, of a continual repetition of the same figure. This figure whatever it may be, so far as it consists of a single color, is engraved upon a copper roller, the length of which corresponds with the breadth of calico, and the circumference of which corresponds with the length of the pattern. In general in such cases, the breadth of the pattern being much less than that of the cloth, it is repeated many times in the width. This pattern is therefore engraved upon the surface of the roller, the length extending completely around it, and being repeated throughout the length of the roller in the same manner as it is intended to appear on the cloth. This roller receives the coloring matter by a certain apparatus which first smears and then wipes it, so as to remove all dye except what fills the incisions of the engraving. The cloth is then pressed between this roller and another which has a soft surface, the two being pressed severely together in their line of contact. By this process the color deposited in the lines of the engraved roller is transferred to the cloth, and the printing is completed.

## CHEAP JEWELRY—How it is Made.

Within a few months there has sprung up throughout the country numerous institutions known from their flaming advertisements as "dollar stores." Here the most remarkable bargains can be had.—Whole sets of Jewelry, formerly sold for a small fortune, can be secured for the insignificant sum of one dollar. Does your wife want a set of ear-rings—one dollar will get them. Is she teasing you for a new brooch—the price is only one dollar. She wants a gold locket in which to preserve your daguerreotype—this only one dollar. Your sweetheart must have a ring and bracelets—they can be procured for one dollar. 'Tis wonderful what a change has taken place in prices. This is the age of gold. Everything you touch turns into gold, as it did to Midas of old. It is very difficult to tell which is servant on the street—Bridget or your wife—for Bridget wears just as showy a necklace, just as shining ear-rings, just as beautiful rings, and, with the exception of her plebeian gait and freckled face, is just as handsome a woman. Then it is quite as difficult to tell who is master. John who sits on the box of the coach, or yourself sitting inside. John sports a gold watch with an immense chain and fob. He wears three magnificent rings on his fingers, and when not in charge of the horses, John swings a gold-headed cane. Surely John puts on as many airs as his master, and dresses as well—how can a stranger tell the difference between John and his master? What has wrought this great change in the way of ornament? Has money become more plentiful, or gold cheaper? We will give the solution, as furnished by the *Scientific American*:—There is a new metallic alloy extensively used in this country as a substitute for gold. It is nothing more than simple brass, yet in appearance and specific gravity it is like gold. It is a French discovery, and is called, by the French, gold orie. It is manufactured to a large extent in Waterbury, Conn. It bears a very close resemblance to gold in color, density and fineness of grain, so close that it deceives every one but practical dealers and experts. The fineness of the grain in this alloy gives to those objects of art composed of it a delicacy and a purity of detail that cannot be obtained from bronze. The alloy is essentially ductile and malleable, and can be cast, rolled, drawn, stamped, chased, beaten into a powder or leaves, or treated in any other way the artist may desire. The discovery of this new alloy is really wonderful, and its use will have a tendency to place within the reach of all the useful, ornamental and higher products of art. An immense number and amount of articles are manufactured out of this alloy and sold South and West, and none but excellent judges can tell it from gold.

## SURE ENOUGH.

It is often made the subject of complaint that ministers of the gospel participate in political matters.—An anecdote of a Mr. Field, who lived in Vermont several years ago, contains a good reply to this. Once upon a time, as the reverend gentleman went to the polls to deposit his vote, the officer who received it, being a friend and parishioner, but of opposite politics, remarked—"I am sorry, Mr. Field, to see you here." "Why?" asked Mr. Field. "Because," said the officer, "Christ said his kingdom was not of this world." "Has no one a right to vote, then?" queried Mr. Field, "unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan?" It is supposed that this view of the case let a ray of light into the darkened chambers of the officer's eranium. At all events, he offered no further objection to the minister's voting.

A few days since a traveler stepped into a Bank, and immediately pulled off his hat, coat and cravat. This done, he cast a look at the cashier, who was seated in a corner, "cain as a May morning," and with a commanding shake of the head, said:—"Hudn't you better be getting that hot water?"

The teller informed him that he was in the wrong shop. "You are in a Bank, sir, and not in a barber shop."

"Bank, whew!" ejaculated the rather astonished stranger. "Blame it, they told me it was a place where they shaved people!"

"Do you belong to this church, sir?" queried a gentleman to a friend who was one of the heavy men of the town where the other was visiting. "No, sir," replied the rich man, "quite the reverse, for the church belongs to me."

The use we make of our fortune determines its sufficiency. A little is enough if used wisely—too much if used foolishly.

## CONTEMPT OF COURT.

The distinguished jurist, Judge G., of North Carolina, so justly esteemed for his abilities and estimable characteristics, displayed an amiable trait in the incidents and anecdotes which it was usual with him to recall to his admiring associates. The point of their wit was not unfrequently directed against himself. Upon an occasion of this kind he remarked:

"When I was first admitted to the bar, I was one day riding the wearisome road through the piney woods, and as chances favored me, to break the monotony, I came upon an old field log school house. It was the hour of recreation, no doubt, for the children were scattered through the woods, frolicsome and merry, and the schoolroom was deserted, except in one instance, where a lazy, lolting, tallow-faced, cotton-headed, lack-lustre-eyed boy hung half-way out of the window—the personification of stupidity itself. Upon the spur of the moment, I determined to amuse myself at his expense. So, as I walked my horse past him, I, with the true schoolboy whine, commenced spelling aloud:

"B-a-c-k-e-r, baker."

Cotton-head gazed me full in the face an instant, without change of expression or feature, and then his mouth slowly opened, and with an undisguised snarl, he shouted in return:

"F-o-o-l, fool."

"I left instantly," said Judge G., "or rather, as soon as I could recover my senses."

Dr. A., a physician of North Bridgewater, Mass., while riding with one of his patients, met Dr. B., another physician of that town, when the following conversation took place:

"Well, doctor, I see you are taking one of your patients to ride."

"Exactly," says Dr. A.

"Well," said Dr. B., "a thing I never do is to take patients out riding."

"I know it," said Dr. A., "the undertaker does it for you!"