

The Alleghenian.

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

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NO. 49.

DIRECTORY.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

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MAILS ARRIVE.

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Mail Train, at 10 1/2 P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

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The Mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongsville, arrive on Tuesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.
The Ebensburg Mails on Mondays and Thursdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
The Mails from Newmarket Mills, Carlisle, Pa., arrive on Monday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
The Ebensburg Mails on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.
The Post Office open on Sundays from 9 o'clock, A. M.

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Mail Train, at 9:07 P. M.
East-Express Train, at 7:18 P. M.
Fast Line, at 12:12 P. M.
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County Commissioners—George C. K. Zahn.
County Commissioners—John S. Rhey.
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Borough Treasurer—George Gurley.
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POETRY.

Old Friends Together.

Oh, time is sweet, when roses meet
With spring's sweet breath around them;
And sweet the cost, when hearts are lost,
If those we love have found them!
And sweet the mind that still can find
A star in darkest weather!
But naught can be so sweet to see,
As old friends met together.
Those days of old, when youth was bold,
And Time stole wings to speed it,
And youth ne'er knew how fast time flew—
Or knowing, did not heed it!
Though gray each brow that meets us now—
For age brings watery weather—
Yet naught can be so sweet to see
As these old friends together.
The few long known, that years have shown
With hearts that friendship blesses;
A hand to cheer—perchance, a tear,
To soothe a friend's distresses!
That helped and tried—still side by side,
A friend to face hard weather;
Oh, thus may we yet joy to see,
And meet old friends together!

BEAUTY AT BILLIARDS.

There is a lady in this case.
For three days she had sat opposite me
at the table of the pleasant White
Mountain resorts, (of course I give no hint
as to which that is—tastes differ,) and I
had gradually become enthralled. Her
beauty was dazzling, and her name was
Tarliford. For the first of these items
I was indebted to my own intelligence;
for the second to the hotel register, which
also informed me that she was from New
York.
I, too, had come from New York; a
coincidence too startling to be calmly
overlooked.
Our acquaintance began oddly. One
morning, at breakfast, I was musing over
a hard boiled egg, and wondering if I
could perforate her affections with any-
thing like the success which had followed
my fork as it penetrated the shell before
me, when I felt a timid touch upon my
nose, thrilling me from end to end, like a
telegraph-wire when the insulation is perfect.
I looked up, and detected a pink
flush making its way brow-ward on the
lovely countenance across the table.
"I beg your pardon," said I, with much
concern.
"It was my fault, sir; excuse me," said
she, permitting the pink flush to deepen,
rosily.
"Shall I pass you the buttered toast?"
said I.
"Muffins, if you please," said she, and
so sweetly that I was blinded to the
absence of sugar in my second cup of coffee.
I was confused by this incident. Many
men would have concealed their disrepu-
tation by an affectation of sudden appetite,
or by bellying the waiter, or by abrupt
departure from the scene. I did neither.
I felt I had a right to be confused, and I
gloried in it.
Very soon Miss Tarliford withdrew,
and I experienced an aching void within,
which chops and fritters had no power to
replenish.
I opened a chambermaid's heart with a
half-dollar, and the treasures of her knowl-
edge were revealed to me. The beauty
and her party were to remain a fortnight.
Among her companions there were no
males, except a youthful irresponsibility,
Erubescens!
Later in the morning I heard the tinkling
of the parlor piano-forte. Music has
soothing charms for me, though I have
not a savage breast. I drew near, and
found Miss Tarliford trilling with the
keys which lock together so many chains
of human sympathy. She rose, and gave
out demonstrations of impending disap-
pearance. I interposed—
"Pray continue. I am famished for
music, and come specially to listen."
"It is hardly worth while."
"How can you say so? It is I who
know best what I need."
"I will play for you, then."
"And she did. This was wonderful—
Usually a long and painful struggle pre-
cedes feminine acquiescence on such occa-
sions. Repeated refusals, declarations of
incapacity, partial consent vouchsafed and
then waywardly withdrawn, pouting,
head-tossings, feebler murmurs of disin-
clination, and final reluctant yielding,
form the fashionable order of proceeding.
The charm of it all is, that the original
intention is the same as the ultimate ac-
tion. Whence this folly? Having been
many times wretchedly bored by this sort
of thing, I was now correspondingly glad-
dened by the contrast.
Miss Tarliford played well, and I
said so.
"Pretty well," she answered, frankly,
"but not as well as I could wish."

Shock number two. It is customary in
good society for tolerable performers to
disavow all praises, (secretly yearning for
more,) and to assail with invective their
own artistic accomplishments. Here was
a young lady who played well, and had
the hardihood to acknowledge it. This
rather took away my breath, and a vacu-
um began to come under my waistcoat.
For three blissful days, Miss Tarliford
and I were seldom separated. Her
sister, a pale, sedate maiden, of amiable
appearance, and her brother, a small, ruddy
boy, of intrusive habits and unguarded
speech, I consented to undergo, for the
sake of conventional necessity. To the
mother of the Tarlifords additional respect
seemed due, and was accorded.
Three blissful days of sunshine, mead-
owly rambles, forest explorations, the mas-
tastic tranquility of nature spiced with the
sauce of flirtation, or something stronger.
Sometimes we took our morning happiness
on foot, sometimes our mid-day ecstasy
served up on horseback, sometimes our
evening rapture in an open wagon at two-
four.

The puerile Tarliford, interloping at
last, was summarily crushed. Aspiring to
equestrian distinctions, he wrought
upon maternal indulgence, until, not with-
out many misgivings, maternal anxiety
was stilled, and, with injunctions that we
should hover protectingly near him, he
was sent forth, a thorn in our sides. In
half an hour he was accidentally remem-
bered, and was found to be nowhere in
view; so we pursued our way, well pleased.
He had dropped quietly off at the first
corner into a miry slough, and had re-
turned sobbingly, covered with mortifica-
tion and mud, to the arms of his parent.
Keen questioning at dinner was the result.
"Why did you so neglect him?" de-
manded fond mamma, adding, reproach-
fully, "the child's life might have been
sacrificed."
"Mother, we looked for him, and he
was gone. Why didn't he cry out?"
"So I did," shouted this youth of open
speech; "but you two had your heads to-
gether, laughing and talking like any-
thing, and couldn't hear, I suppose."
(With a juvenile sneer.)
"Oh, lie, Walter! Now I think you
were so frightened that you could not
speak."
"I shall know better than to entrust
him to your care again," said indignant
mamma, as one who withdrew a blessed
privilege.

"Don't say that, mother; it would be a
punishment too severe," said the mischiev-
ous little pale sister, in tones of pity, and
her face brimming with mirth.
Everybody laughed, and peace was re-
stored.
On the third evening, misery came to
me in an envelope post-marked New York:
"MY DEAR PLOVINS—I shall be with
you this night after you receive this. Engage
a room for me. Have you seen anything
of a Miss Tarliford where you are stay-
ing? You should know her. She is very
brilliant and accomplished, but is retir-
ing. I am willing to tell you, but it
must go no farther, that we are betrothed."
Yours, &c., FRANK LILLIVAN.

My heart was as the mercury of a ther-
mometer which is plunged into ice; but I
preserved an outward composure. Turn-
ing over the pile of letters awaiting ow-
ners, I came upon one, directed in Lillivan's
hand-writing, to Miss A. Tarliford, etc.
To think that a paucity super-scription
would carry such a weight of tribulation
with it!
I thus discovered that my lines had fall-
en in unpleasant places. I was fishing in
a pre-occupied stream, and had got myself
entangled.
I avoided the public table, and shrank
from society. During the whole of the
next morning I kept aloof from the tempta-
tions of Tarliford, and took to bil-
liards.

In the afternoon, as I sat gloomily in
my room, with feet protruding from the
window, and body inclined rearward, (the
American attitude of despair) the piano
tinkled. It was the same melody which
had attracted me a few happy days before.
Strengthening myself with a powerful resolu-
tion to extricate myself from the be-
witching influence which surrounded me,
I rose and went straightway to the parlor.
Could it be that a flash of pleasure beamed
on Miss Tarliford's face? or was I a
deluded gossamer? The latter suggestion
seemed the more credible, so I cheerfully
adopted it.
"We have missed you, Mr Plovins,"
said the fair enslaver, "I hope you have
not been unwell?"
"Unwell?—oh, no, no."
"You have not been near me—us to-
day" (reprovingly) "not even at dinner,
and the trout were superb."
A sudden hope mounted within me.
"Miss Tarliford, pray excuse me—
your first name, may I ask what it is?"

"Arabella is my name, and" (whisper-
ing) "you may use it if you like."
"Oh, hideous horror! And this is what
they call flirtation," I thought. And the
hope which had risen blazing, like a rocket,
went down fuliginous, like the stick.
"Mr. Plovins, I will say you are very—
very inconstant, to be absent all day thus."
"Miss Tarliford, it is not inconstancy
—it is billiards."
"Billiards?"
"Billiards. I adore them. You know
nothing of billiards; women never do.—
They are my joy. Pardon me," (with a
sudden uprising of the moral sense,) "I
have an engagement at the billiard room,
and I should be there."
"Dear me! I should like to do bil-
liards."
"Heaven forbid!"
"Why so, sir?"
"No, I do not mean that; but ladies
never play billiards."
"I suppose there is no reason why they
should not?"
"A thousand."
"Why, what harm?"
"My dear Miss Tarliford, if your first
name were not Arabella—alas, alas! there
would be none."
"Nonsense! now you are laughing at
me. Come, you shall teach me billiards."
"It cannot be, Miss Tarliford." (Low
tragedy tones.)
"Why not?"
"Because your name is Arabella."
"Very well, sir—if you do not like my
name, you need not repeat it."
"I adore it; it is not that. Forgive
me."
"Then I will get my hat," and her light
footsteps tapped upon the stairs.

Here was a state of things. Where
was my firmness and my resolution now?
Where was my Pythian probity for which
according to my expectations, Lillivan was
to have poured Damocles' gratitude upon
me? Was I, or was I not, rapidly degener-
ating into villainy? I felt that I was,
and blushed for my family.
If her name had been anything but Ar-
abella—anything the initial of which was
not A, then I could have justified myself;
but now—and I was about to teach her
billiards! To what depth of depravity
had I come at last!

She rejoined me, beaming with antici-
pation, and radiant with the exercise of
running down stairs. Together we entered
the billiard room.
Now this I declare: the ball room with
its flashing lights, intoxicating perfumes,
starry hosts of gleaming eyes, refulgent
robes, mirrors duplicating countless splen-
dors and ceaseless whirl of vanity, may add
a tenfold lustre to the charm of beauty,
and I know it does; the opera-box embel-
lishments of blazing gas, and glittering
gems and flowers, fresh from native beds
of millinery, all odorous with divinely
scents of Lubin, harmoniously dulcified,
have their value, which is great and glori-
ous, no doubt, and legally doth worn an-
pend and glow among them; in number-
less ways, and aided by numberless acces-
sories, do feminine graces nimbly and
sweetly recommend themselves into our
pleased senses; but this I will for ever
and ever say, that nowhere, neither in
gorgeous hall, nor gilded opera-box, nor
in any other place, nor under any other
circumstances, may such bewildering and
insidious power of maidly enchantment
be exercised as at the billiard table; espe-
cially when the enchantress is utterly ig-
norant of the duties required of her, and
confidentially seeks mainly encouragement
and guidance. Controlled by the hand of
beauty, the cue becomes a magic wand,
and the balls are no longer bits of inani-
mate ivory, but, poked resistlessly hither
and thither, circulating messengers of fasci-
nation.

I know for I have been there.
Had Miss Tarliford turned her thro'ts
towards the bowling-alley, I might without
difficulty have retained my self-posses-
sion; for her sex are not charming at ten-
pins. They stride rampant, and hurl dan-
ger around them, aiming anywhere at
random; or they make small skips and
screams, and perform ridiculous flings in
the air, injurious to the alleys and to
their game, or they drop balls with unaf-
fected languor, and develop at an early
stage of proceedings, a tendency to gutters,
above which they never rise throughout
and all this is annoying, and fit only for
Bloomers, who can be degraded by nothing
on earth.
But billiards! what statuesque postures
what freedom of gesture, what swaying
grace and vivacious energy this game in-
volves! And then the attendant distractions
—the pinching together of the hands
to form the needed notch, the perfect art
of which, like fist clenching, is unattain-
able by woman, who substitutes some
queerness all her own—the fierce grasp-
ing and propulsion of the cue—the loving
reclension upon the table when the long

shots come in—the dainty foot uprising,
to preserve the owner's balance, but, as it
gleams suspended, destroying the obser-
ver's—all combine, as they did this time,
to scatter stern promptings of duty be-
yond recalling.
First, Arabella's little hand must be
moulded into a bridge, and being slow to
cramp itself correctly, though pliant as a
politician's conscience, the operation of
holding it together had to be many times
repeated. Next shot must be made for
her, she retaining her hold of the cue, to
get into the way of it. Then all went
smoothly with her, turbulently with me,
until, enthusiastically excited, she must
be lifted on the table's edge, "just to try
one lovely little shot," which escaped her
reach from the ground.
My game was up!

We were alone. Arabella perched upon
the table, jubilant at having achieved a
pocket—i, dismal and blue beside her.
"There, take me down," she said.
I looked around through each window,
inclined my ear to the door, swept an arm
around her waist, and forgot to pro-
ceed.
"Oh, Arabella! Arabella! wherefore
art thou Arabella?"
"Do you wish I were somebody else?"
she asked slyly.
"No, no! but what of Frank Lilliv-
van?"
"Frank, do you know him?" (With
a luminous face.)
"And he has told me—yes."
"What?"
"Of his relations with Miss Tarliford."
"With Anna—yes."
"What Anna? Who is Anna?"
"Dear me! my sister Anna. Don't be
absurd!"
"But I never knew—"
"No—you knew nothing of her; the
worse for you! You avoided her—I'm
sure I don't see why—and she is retir-
ing."
"Retiring!—the very word!"
"What word? You vex me; puzzle
me; take me down."
"Forgive me, dear Arabella! I'm too
delighted to explain. I never will ex-
plain. I thought it was you on whom
Frank's affections were fixed."
"Dear, no! Frank is sensible; he knows
better; he has judgment;" and she laugh-
ed a quiet laugh, and made as if she
would jump down.

As she descended, two heads caromed
together with a click. It was the irre-
pressible influence of the billiard atmos-
phere, I suppose. No one contemplated it.
That evening when Frank Lillivan arrived
I met him at the door.
"God bless you, Frank!" said I; "I
forgive you everything. Say no more."
"Hallo! what's up?" cried Frank.
"Well, certainly, it was a little impru-
dent for you to neglect writing the whole
address of the letter you sent to Anna
Tarliford. I thought it was for Ar-
abella."
"Dear me!" cried Frank, twinkling,
"what then?"

The coming Prince of Wales is no ge-
nius, if we may believe the best accounts.
He is said to have been from his childhood
uncommonly dull, and unimpressible by
such objects as generally gain the atten-
tion of children. His mental condition
was such as to excite great and constant
anxiety in his mother's mind; and the
first medical men in the kingdom were
called in frequently and anxiously consul-
ted on the subject. They united in re-
commending that his father's (German)
system of training should be abandoned;
and that instead of cramming and forcing
his weak intellect, his guardians should
give him light and agreeable exercise of
mind as well as of body. This course
was adopted; and the result is that a
child of naturally feeble powers, by good
management has been reared into a youth
of barely respectable intelligence.

HARD BUTTER WITHOUT ICE.—To
have delightfully hard butter in summer,
without ice, the plan recommended by
that excellent and useful publication, the
Scientific American, is a good one:—Put
a trivet, or any open flat thing with legs,
in a saucer; put on this trivet the plate
of butter; fill the saucer with water; turn
a common flower-pot upside down over
the butter, so that its edge shall be with-
in the saucer and under the water; plug
the hole of the flower-pot with a cork,
then drench the flower-pot with water; set
in a cool place until morning, or if done
at breakfast, the butter will be very hard
by supper time.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says:—
"Our brains are seventy year clocks. The
angel of life winds them up once for all,
closes the doors, and gives the keys into
the hands of the Angel of the Resurrec-
tion."
Student seeking board (being of a
pious turn of mind)—"I wish a nice, quiet
room, where I should be uninterrupted
in my devotions." Landlady—"Oh
in that case, I always require the price of
board in advance."

The "Ground of Death."

Bladensburg, Ky., the celebrated duel-
ling ground, is thus described by a corre-
spondent. The place, so noted for its re-
fined and polite murders, is about five
miles from the city, fresh and handsome,
in full livery of green, adorned with flowers
and should blush in its beauty for the
scenes it has witnessed. Here, in a beau-
tiful little grass plot, surrounded by trees,
forms made after the image of God, come
to insult nature and defy heaven.

In 1814 Edward Hopkins was killed in
a duel in this place. This seems to have
been the first of these fashionable murders
on this dueling ground.
In 1819, A. T. Mason, a United States
Senator from Virginia, fought with his
sister's husband, John M'Carty, here—
M'Carty was averse to fighting, and thought
there was no necessity for it; but Mason
would fight. M'Carty named muskets
loaded with grape shot, and so near to-
gether that they would hit heads if they fell
on their faces. This was changed by the
seconds to loading with bullets, and taking
twelve feet as the distance. Mason was
killed instantly, and M'Carty, who had his
collar bone broken, still lives with Mason's
sister in Georgetown. His hair turned
white so soon after the fight as to cause
much comment. He has since been solici-
ted to net as second in a duel, but refused,
in accordance with a pledge he made to
his wife soon after killing her brother.

In 1820, Commodore Decatur was killed
in a duel here by Commodore Barron. At
the first fire both fell forward with their
heads within ten feet of each other, and as
each supposed himself mortally wounded,
each fully and freely forgave the other,
still laying on the ground. Decatur ex-
pired immediately, but Barron eventually
recovered.
In 1821, two strangers named Lega and
Sega appeared here, fought, and Segal was
instantly killed. The neighbors learned
this much only from the marks on their
gloves left on the ground. Lega was not
hurt. In 1822, Midshipman Locke was
killed here by a clerk of the Treasury
Department named Gibson. The latter
was not hurt. In 1826, Henry Clay fought
(his second duel) with John Randolph,
just across the Potomac. In 1832, Martin
was killed by Carr. Their first names are
not remembered. They were from the
South.

In 1833, Mr. Key, son of Frank Key,
and brother of Barton Key, of Siskles
notoriety, met Mr. Sherborne and ex-
changed a shot, when Sherborne said—
"Mr. Key, I have no desire to kill you."
"No matter," said Key. "I came to kill
you." "Very well, then," said Sherborne
"I will now kill you," and he did.
In 1838, W. J. Graves, of Kentucky,
assuming the quarrel of James Watson
Webb with Jonathan Cilley of Maine, se-
lected this place for Cilley's murder, but
the parties learning that Webb, with two
friends, Jackson and Morel, were armed
and in pursuit, for the purpose of assas-
inating Cilley, moved toward the river
but missed the parties, and then returned
to the city, to which they were soon fol-
lowed by Graves and the corpse of Cil-
ley.

In 1845, a lawyer named Jones fought
with and killed a Dr. Johnson. In 1851
R. A. Hoole and A. J. Dallas had a hostile
meeting here. Dallas was shot in the
shoulder, but recovered. In 1852, Daniel
and Johnson, two Richmond editors
held a harmless set-to here, which ter-
minated in coffee. In 1853, Davis and
Ridgeway fought here; Ridgeway allow-
ed his antagonist to fire without returning
the shot.

Mr. Josiah D. is a most estimable
gentleman, upright, strictly pious, and
withal a staunch, thorough-going Demo-
crat. During the Mexican war he was
called upon at a regular church meeting
to pray, and he closed with this addition:
"Be with our army in Mexico; whether
it be right, or whether it be wrong, bless
it! We of the Democratic party are
charged with making a war of conquest,
but we believe it to be a war of defence.
But we would not enter into argument of
the subject, and for further particulars,
would refer to the President's message!"
A fugitive slave being questioned
as to his treatment by his former master,
answered that he had always been well
treated and cared for. Upon hearing
this, his questioners told him he was
a fool to leave so good a situation. He re-
plied, "Gentleman, my situation down
South is vacant; you can easily have it
by making application."