

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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TERMS.

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V. B. PALMER, Esq., is authorized to act as Agent for this paper, to procure subscriptions and advertisements in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Boston.

OFFICES:
Philadelphia—Number 59 Pine street.
Baltimore—S. E. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets.
New York—Number 160 Nassau street.
Boston—Number 16 State street.

ALEXANDRIA FOUNDRY.

I. & H. Grafius,

RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Huntingdon county, and the public generally, that they continue to carry on the

Copper, Tin and Sheet-Iron Business, in all its branches, in Alexandria, where they manufacture and constantly keep on hand every description of ware in their line; such as

New and Splendid Wood Stoves
22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches long.

RADIATOR STOVES.
2 SIZES COAL STOVES FOR PARLORS,
NEW AND SPLENDID PARLOR
STOVES FOR WOOD—THREE
SIZES EGG STOVES—Also, IRON
RAILING for front of Houses—
CAST GRATES for cellar win-
dows—SELF SHARPENING
PLOUGHS, right and left
handed—NEW BULL
PLOUGH, with cast and
iron shear, and the
LIVINGSTON PLOUGH—DOUBLE
SHOVEL PLOUGHS for corn and
seeding in fall grain—COPPER
PUMPS, for wells any length,
and Tin inside and out—
FORGE HAMMERS,
from 5 to 16 cwt.

New Cooking Stoves of all kinds, and
Also four sizes of Coal Stoves,
ALSO STOVE-PIPE, AND STOVES FINISHED
All kinds of castings done, for Forges, Saw-
mills and Threshing-machines. Also WAG-
ON BOXES, MILL GUDGEONS, AND HOLLOW
WARE; all of which is done in a workman-
like manner.

Also, Copper, Dye, Wash, Fuller, Pre-
serving, and Tea Kettles, for sale,
wholesale and retail.

Persons favoring this establishment with
their custom may depend on having their
orders executed with fidelity and despatch.
Old metal, copper, brass and pewter taken
in exchange. Also wheat, rye, corn
and oats taken at market price.
Alexandria, May 20, 1846.

"QUEEN OF THE WEST"
Cooking Stove,
For sale by I. & H. GRAFIUS, Alex-
andria, Huntingdon county, Pa.,
cheap for cash or country
produce at the
market price.

The "Queen of the West" is an im-
provement on Hathaway's celebrated
Hot Air Stove. There has never yet ap-
peared any plan of a Cooking Stove that
possesses the advantages that this one
has. A much less quantity of fuel is re-
quired for any amount of cooking or bak-
ing by this stove than by any other.

Persons are requested to call and see
before they purchase elsewhere.
May 20, 1846.

To Purchasers—Guarantee.
The undersigned agent of the Patentee,
of the Stove, "The Queen of the West,"
understanding that the owners, or those
concerned for them, of other and different
patent Cooking Stoves, have threatened to
bring suit against all who purchase and use
any of "GUILDS PATENT COOKING STOVE
—The Queen of the West." Now this is
to inform all and every person who shall
purchase and use said Stove that he will
defend them from all costs or damage, from
any and all suits, brought by other Patent-
tees, or their agents, for any infringement of
their patents. He gives this notice so that
persons need not be under any fears because
they have, while consulting their own inter-
ests and convenience, secured the superior
advantages of this "Queen" not only of the
West, but of the East.

ISRAEL GRAFIUS.
May 20, 1846.

Dissolution of Partnership.
The subscribers doing business under the
firm of I. Grafius & Son, in Alexandria,
Huntingdon county, dissolved partnership
by mutual consent on the 3rd day of April
last. All persons having accounts with said
firm will settle the same with I. Grafius, up
to the above date.

I. GRAFIUS & SON.
Alexandria, May 20, 1846.

DR. H. K. NEFF,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Huntingdon, Pa.

JUSTICES' Blanks of all kinds, for sale
at this Office.

POETRY.

From the Charleston Patriot.

Palo Alto and Resaca.

A NEW SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1846.

I.
Now while our cups are flowing
With memories born to bloom,
And filial hands are throwing
Their wreath's o'er valor's tomb;
While lips exulting shout the praise
Of heroes of the past that stood,
Triumphant, 'mid old Bonker's blaze,
And proud in Eutaw's field of blood,
Be not forgot the gallant train
That lifts your name in Mexico war:
One cup for Palo-Alto drain
One mighty cheer for Resaca!

II.
For Taylor—"Rough and Ready,"
True son of truest sires;
For May, who, swift and steady
Trode down La Vega's fires;
For all who in that day of strife,
Maintain'd in pride the stripes and stars,
The dead, who won immortal life,
And they who live for other wars;
For those, who with their victory,
New wreath's to grace our laurel bring—
A health that drains the goblet dry,
A cheer that makes the welkin ring!

III.
Nor, though even now we falter
With thoughts of those who died,
And at our festive altar
Grow silent in our pride,
Yet in the heart's most holy deep
Fond memory shines the happy brave,
Who in the arms of battle sleep
By Palo's wood and Bravo's wave;
Nor in our future deeds forgot,
Shall silent thought forbear to bring
Her tribute to that sacred spot,
Where Ringgold's gallant soul took wing.

IV.
Fill to our country's glory,
Where'er her flag is borne;
Nor, in her falling story,
Let future ages mourn;
Nor let the envious foreign foe
Rejoice that faction checks her speed,
Arrests her in the indignant blow,
And sadden's o'er the avenging deed!
Fill high, though from the crystal wave
Your cup, and from the grape be mine:
The marriage rites, that link the brave
To fame, will turn each draught to wine.

W. G. S.

A Legend of Judea.

The site occupied by the Temple of Solomon was formerly a cultivated field, possessed in common by two brothers. One of them was married, and had several children; the other was unmarried; they lived together, however, cultivating, in the greatest harmony possible, the property they had inherited from their father.

The harvest season had arrived; the two brothers botched up their sheaves; made two equal stacks of them, and left them on the field. During the night, the one who was unmarried was struck with an excellent thought; his brother, said he, to himself, has a wife and children to support; it is not just that my share of the harvest should be as large as his. Upon this he arose, and took from his stack several sheaves, which he added to those of his brother; and this he did with as much secrecy as if he had been committing an evil action, in order that his brotherly offering might not be refused. On the same night the other brother awoke, and said to his wife, "my brother lives alone, without a companion; he has no one to assist him in his labors, nor to reward him for his toils; while God has bestowed on me a wife and children; it is not right that we should take from our common field as many sheaves as he, since we have already more than he has—domestic happiness. If you consent, we shall, by adding secretly a certain number of our sheaves to his stack, by way of compensation, and without his knowledge, see his portion of the harvest increased." This project was approved, and immediately put into execution.

In the morning, each of the brothers went to the field and was much surprised at seeing the stacks equal. During several successive nights, the same contrivance was repeated on each side; for, as each kept adding to his brother's store the stacks always remained the same. But one night having stood sentinel to dive into the cause of this miracle, they met, each bearing the sheaves mutually destined for the other: it was all thus elucidated, and they rushed into each other's arms, each grateful to heaven for having so good a brother. Now, says the legend, the place where so good an idea had simultaneously occurred to the two brothers, and with so much pertinacity, must have been acceptable to God: men blessed it, and Israel chose it, there to erect the house of the Lord!—Lamartine, *Voyage to the East*.

A Speech by Gen. Buncum.

The following is an extract from a speech of Gen. Buncum, in favor of 54 40:

"Mr. Speaker—When I open my eyes and look over the vast expanse of this great country—when I see how the years of freedom has caused it to rise in the scale of civilization, and expand on every side—when I see it growing, swelling, roaring like a spring freshet—I cannot resist the idea, sir, that the day will come when this great nation, like a young school boy, will burst its straps, and become entirely too big for its boots. Sir, we want elbow room—the continent, the whole continent—and we will have it. Then shall the great Uncle Sam, placing his hat upon the Canadas, rest his right arm upon the Oregon and California coast, his left upon the eastern seaboard, and while away the British power, while reposing his leg, like a freeman, upon Cape Horn! Sir, the day will—the day must come."

Eloquent Extract.

Amongst the speakers before the meeting of the AMERICAN SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in New York, was the Rev. Dr. TYNG, of Philadelphia.—In his address we find the following:

"There comes to us a voice from the sea. A voice of solemn warning for the dead that have gone down with no covering of atonement, no lamp of hope; a voice of complaint of generation after generation, that have been neglected and left to perish; a voice of entreaty, as the floods seem to lift up their hands and ask if there shall not be an end of this waste of soul and body; a voice of warning, speaking of that day when the sea and the earth shall give up their dead; and a voice of gratitude, as the deep brings her sixty thousand praying Christians and six thousand Christian ships bearing the Bible over the world. Earth responds to the voice of gratitude; and widowed mothers receive their dead brought back to life again, and wives, that have prayed for many years, have answers to their prayers in their husbands restored; 'The deep uttereth her voice.' Sir, shall we hear? Shall we listen? Shall we not say that with us there shall be no longer the responsibility or neglect or cold rejection of the cry? Let us with one heart, one mind, one spirit, bear the sailor, in the arms of prayer up to the throne of God and lay him at the foot of that throne on which the LAMB JEROME reigns and lives in everlasting mercy to the sons of men."

At the anniversary of the Tract Society, Dr. Tyng unrolled the celebrated "Vermilion edict" of the Emperor of China granting full toleration to Christianity in that Empire.

The resolution, continued Dr. Tyng, refers to "all evangelical denominations." I, sir, am not much in the habit of talking sectarianism. I find so much superiority in the name of Christ and christian over those of Church and churchman, that I am somewhat regardless of the lines that define the boundaries among the different sects of Christians. [Loud and long applause.] And where are the lines of demarcation? Do not I hope to meet my brethren here at the feet of Jesus? Do I not believe that they are called after Christ? Sir I have tried to be a sectarian—but I cannot—I have tried to build and keep up the fence of division between my own and other denominations. But I have ever found that the summer spent in building fences is followed by a winter without a crop!—[Great sensation, and warm applause.]

Profession of the Law.

It is a singular infatuation—while there are so many fields to cultivate, so much land to clear up, and so great a demand for honest and industrious labor all over the country—that thousands and tens of thousands run blindfolded and ignorant into the profession of the law. Scores who have been brought up farmers and mechanics—who might have a good living and exert a happy influence—forsake the plough and the plane, the shovel and the composing stick, and half starve themselves to death in a lawyer's office. Is it not strange? Is the law more honorable than a trade? Who thinks so? Surely not men of the most sense and best judgment. Lawyers the most distinguished, advise the young aspirants to stick to their avails, their hobs and their types. They know that unless a man has peculiar talents, skill,—and brass, we may add,—he can never soar higher than a miserable pettifogger.—*Portland Herald*.

The Secret of Success.

There are some men who appear born to good fortune, and others whose destiny appears to subject them to eternal failure and disaster. The ancients represented Fortune as a blind goddess, because she distributed her gifts without discrimination; and in modern times, the belief has prevailed that the fortunes of a man were ruled chiefly by the influences of the planet under which he was born. Those superstitions, however ridiculous, show at least that the connexion between merit and success is not very conspicuous, yet it is not therefore the less perpetual. To succeed in the world, is of itself a proof of merit; of a vulgar kind indeed it may be, but a useful kind notwithstanding. We grant, indeed, that those qualities of mind which make a man succeed in life, are to a great extent subservive of genius. Nevertheless, numerous illustrious examples might be given of men of the highest genius being as worldly-wise as duller mortals. It is the pretenders to genius, rather than the possessors of it, who claim the large exemption from those rules of prudence which regulate the conduct of ordinary mortals, and array themselves in the deformities of genius, in the idea that they constitute its beauties. There are some indiscretions, we believe, to which men of a vigorous fancy and keen sensibility are naturally heir, and for which it would be as unjust to condemn them with rigor, as it would be to blame one of the cold blooded sons of discretion for being destitute of poetic fire. Yet every deviation from prudence is a fault, and is not to be imitated, though it may sometimes be excused.

The most important element of success is economy: economy of money and economy of time.—By economy we do not mean penuriousness, but merely such wholesome thrift as will incline us to spend our time or money without an adequate return either in gain or enjoyment. An economical application of time brings leisure and method, and enables us to drive our business, instead of our business driving us. There is nothing attended with results so disastrous, as such a miscalculation of our time and means as will involve us in perpetual hurry and difficulty. The brightest talents must

be ineffective under such a pressure, and a life of expedients has no end but penury. Our recipe for succeeding in the world, then, is this; work much and spend little. If this advice be followed, success must come, unless, indeed, some unwise adventure, or some accident against which no human foresight could provide, such as sickness, conflagration, or other visitation of Providence, should arrest the progress onward; but in the ordinary course of human affairs, success will ever wait upon economy, which is the condition by which prosperity must be earned. Worldly success, however, though universally coveted, can be only desirably in so far as it contributes to happiness, and it will contribute to happiness very little unless there be cultivated a lively benevolence toward every animated being—"Happiness," it has been finely observed, "is in the proportion of the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us." To this sentiment we most cordially subscribe, and we should wish to see it written on the tablet of every heart, and producing its fruits of charity. The man, whatever be his fame, or fortune, or intelligence, who can treat lightly another's woe—who is not bound to his fellow man by the magic tie of sympathy, deserves, ay, and will obtain, the contempt of human kind. Upon him all the gifts of fortune are thrown away. Happiness has no home; his life is a dream, a mere lethargy, without a throb of human emotion, and he will descend to the grave "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." Such a fate is not to be envied, and let those who are intent upon success, remember that success is nothing without happiness.

SLAVERY.

On the subject of Slavery Governor COLBY thus speaks:

"Ours is a country of benevolent principles; and, Southern slavery excepted, of unequalled Liberty. This exception—at variance with the doctrine of popular liberty—at variance with our declaration of liberty and equal rights, and repugnant to our moral sense, was entailed upon us by the framers of our Constitution, whose palliation for the admission of so great a blot upon our system, was the weak and embarrassed condition of our country at the close of the revolutionary war. But what can be said of the present generation in the United States?—Grasping territory for the purpose of increasing human misery! Texas has been annexed to the United States for no higher object than to perpetuate an institution which degrades the human race, and dishonors the God of Heaven. For doing this, there is no excuse that will avail for our country before a righteous Judge. Let New Hampshire wipe out the stain which has been flung upon her by party machinery, set in motion by the Baltimore Convention, whereby she has been made to act contrary to the true spirit of her original Democracy, and contrary to the true feelings of three-fourths of her citizens. While we of the North are not permitted to remain in a Southern State, by our agents, for the purpose of obtaining justice, let us render good for evil, and say to our southern brethren, of whatever rank or color, that if they come into New Hampshire they may enjoy equal liberty with us; and if any be claimed as servants or as slaves, let a right to their services, founded on mutual contract, be shown to the satisfaction of a New-Hampshire jury. If Congress have not the constitutional right to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, it would look better for them to remove the seat of government to some Free State."

Sign in a Newspaper.

"Neighbor, Shoemaker: I see you have a fine stock of boots, booties, and shoes on hand—all sorts, sizes and qualities, cow-hide, calfskin, superfine and extra superfine—for gentlemen, ladies, misses and children. You wish to sell them I suppose."

"Yes."

"I perceive you have got a shingle over the door, with the words, 'Boot and Shoe Store' inscribed thereon. That I presume is to invite them to give you a call?"

"Yes."

"Well, some few of those who pass along this street will doubtless notice your sign, and they may be in want too. You need another sign, Mr. Shoemaker."

"That's a fact, I didn't think of that before."

"Go then the first thing and get an advertisement in the newspaper. Tell the people where you are, and what you are about, and what varieties of boots and shoes you keep for sale, and that you will be glad to see them. Thus instead of barely notifying those who pass along by your shop, you will inform the people all around; not only those who pass the other streets, but the farmers and their families away back on the hills; the ladies, mechanics, and working men and all others, and my word for it, one such sign in a newspaper, will be worth a dozen over your door."

"Faith, I will try it before I am a day older."

"And you, Messrs. Merchants, Hatters, Tailors, Timmen, Cabinet-makers, and Saddle and Harness makers, &c., you've all got your shingles over the door, as though that would notify every body in creation. Had you better not try a sign in a newspaper as well as neighbor Shoemaker?"

"Any ting pite you dare!" inquired one Dutchman of another, engaged in angling. "No Hans." "Well, nothing pite me too."

GENERAL AMPUDIA.

A newspaper just started at Matamoros, by some Americans, called the "Republic of the Rio Grande and Friend of the People," says: An amusing story is told by a Ranchero's wife of the trepidation in which he crossed the river on the afternoon of the 9th of May—a day likely to be remembered in his calendar. The good woman says, that Ampudia came to her house soon after the firing commenced, at full speed, and begged her husband like a hound to take him over the river, before these shouting devils, the Americans, could overtake him. The poor husbandman complied and ferried the poor crest-fallen, terror-stricken hero across; but he had no sooner landed and placed the broad river between himself and his pursuers, than he became the haughty, supercilious Gen. Ampudia again, and ordered his preserver to play lackey and groom to himself and horse.

He is notorious in this city for his meanness in pecuniary matters, especially in swindling the people from whom he hired the furniture of his house, since his arrival—and for his cold blooded cruelty to our Consul, Mr. Schatzell, a man near 70 years of age, who he ordered to leave the place, under a guard, for the interior, in such haste as to compel the old man to go on foot, and sleep the first night in the open air, in a severe nother. He is also remembered as the first man from the field of battle, who, as an apology for his own cowardice, swore that the entire Mexican army was destroyed. One of the many rumors afloat is, that Ampudia had charged Arista with treachery—with having sold the army to the Americans. A hard bargain, indeed, to Arista, for his only pay was cannon balls and cold steel. Ampudia says farther, that he would have won the day had he had the command. The lying braggart—the man who ran at the first volley, when second in command, to talk of what he would have done as chief.

The Republic also says:—Arista's retreat will, doubtless, continue to the mountains. After losing the day with five to one at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, it is not likely that he will make another stand on the plains. Gen. Taylor takes the field with so overwhelming a force, and so admirably equipped with that terrible arm, the light artillery, that it would be madness in the enemy to fight again, where defeat would be certain and retreat impossible. Monterey is the first position of any natural strength, and it also commands the entrance of the mountain pass to Saltillo. It is there, in all probability, that Arista will make his great effort, which the importance of the object, his wounded pride, and the advantages of the ground, will all conspire to make a brilliant, but a bloody day in the history of this war.—We understand that Canales is at Omittos Rancho, 5 leagues on this side of Reynosa, levying contributions upon the people, and plundering them of all their mules and other movable property. He has closed the road and intercepts all communications from the direction, treating all those who were suspected of coming from this place with the greatest harshness.

Naaroo.

The Hancock Eagle announces the restoration of tranquility to that neighborhood. Maj. Warren's troops left for Quincy last week, to be mustered into the U. S. service. New settlers are fast arriving at Naaroo, and the city of the Mormons will soon be filled with an industrious and Christian population. The Eagle says:

The limited number of Mormons left in this country, continue their preparations for departure. One hundred and forty six teams have crossed the river at this place since our last week's report by the troops, and a large number have been ferried over at Fort Madison.

Many are leaving in steamboats, and as far as we can judge from observation the number of Mormons who depart by this conveyance about equals that of the new settlers who arrive.

We perceive that most of those who now cross the river with their teams, push directly forward for their destination.

With two or three exceptions the camps on the Iowa side have disappeared, and we understand that the road to the Des Moines river is literally thronged with wagons and cattle.

At the rate they now move, it will take them near a year to reach the Pacific.

If the Mormons do not starve upon the way side before they reach Mexico, they will come off better than we anticipate.—The last accounts from the camp of Israel, represent their condition as anything but comfortable. Provisions were becoming scarce, and an additional supply could not be procured. A small portion of their number, only, have as yet crossed the Missouri river.

The Mormons are anxious to sell the Temple immediately, and the Eagle expresses the opinion that a sale of it will be concluded in a few days. There are a number of thieves in the neighborhood who continue their depredations, in the absence

of an efficient police. The new settlers have held a meeting for the purpose of organizing an adequate police and for starting schools.—*Mo. Rep.*

A Mexican Flag.

The New Orleans Times says that Gen. Taylor, with a judgement that goes intuitively to its mark, in the conferring of a complimentary favor, has just forwarded, by Col. Winthrop, Aid-de-camp to Gov. Johnson, a Mexican standard—one of his trophies on the 3th and 9th ult. It was in token of his sense of what is due to Louisiana for her promptitude in forwarding reinforcements at the late crisis. Louisianians know how to appreciate the gift.

A Woman's Advantages.

A woman may say what she likes to you, without the risk of getting knocked down for it.

She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband has to go to work.

She can dress herself in neat and tidy calicoes for a dollar, which her husband has to earn and fork over.

She can go forth into the streets without being invited to "treat" at every coffee-house.

She can paint her face if it be to pale, or flour it if too red.

She can stay at home in time of war, and wed again if her husband is killed.

She can wear corsets if thick, other "fix-ins" if too thin.

She can get divorced from her husband whenever she sees any one she likes better.

And she can run him into debt all over, until he warns the public by advertisements not to trust her on his account any longer.

A letter from Switzerland, published in the Washington "Union," speaks of a call made upon the oppressed Jews in Germany to emigrate to the United States, as an inducement to which it is stated in a German paper that, notwithstanding President Polk is a Jew, he had attained the highest honor that could be conferred on him. It was stated the other day, in a British magazine, that Mr. Polk was a hero of the last war, and was made a prisoner somewhere on the Canadian frontier.—What metamorphosis he is next to undergo we cannot surmise.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

The Late National Fair.

Every one must suppose that this grand display of American genius and enterprise would have been regarded with pride and joy by every true-hearted American. To see these overwhelming proofs of the progress the country has made, and how independent of foreign nations for the supply of our wants we have become, would be exactly what would warm every patriot heart. But we find, instead of such patriotic joy, the most lugubrious groanings on the part of the Government organ and others of that ilk. The Union admits in its columns articles treating the whole display with ridicule and contempt, and can see in these demonstrations of American greatness and honorable competition with foreign enterprise nothing but a shilling show, with no higher character than a menagerie. When a few weeks ago a British agent exhibited his specimens of British manufacture in a room in the Capital, the free trade locos were delighted, but when American manufactures came forward to show what can be done in this country, the locos turned up their noses and swear they smell a menagerie. Fine patriots, these Locofocos! Where is the British party? And who are the friends of American interests?

A Fallen Angel.

A wretched looking object, the wreck of a fair and lovely girl, was brought before Recorder Baldwin yesterday morning for being found drunk in the streets. So fearful and deplorable a sight of wretchedness we have not seen for a long, long time. The pallid face and sunken cheek and eye told a tale of vice, sickness and misery pursued for a few short years, which had hurried a young girl to the brink of eternity. Her long black hair hung in tangled masses over a skinny neck where every muscle and vein stood out in bold relief. A ragged, dirty petticoat, and the waist of what had once been a gown, was all the vestige of a dress she had on.

"Mary Collins," said the Recorder, "I am sorry to say that you were found drunk in the street yesterday."

"No, no, your honor—no, no, sir," said the trembling victim, "not drunk in the streets not drunk! I just laid down in the shade, for I was tired, that's all. Be pleased to let me go this time. I cannot promise that I won't be brought up again, for I must drink. I have tried to leave off, but it's no use, no use. I have no friends left, not one; and where is the use of leavin' off the only thing I have to make me forget myself and all the world, I'm not worth savin' and besides it's too late now, too late. So let me go this time."

The Recorder told Mary she was more an object for sympathy than punishment, but as she would be infinitely better off in the workhouse than lying about the streets, he should send her there for a few days.—*N. O. Pic.*

A loafer, jostling against a gentleman, was quietly knocked down with the cane of the ped-striar. 'Sir, said the Loafer, rising and setting his hat fiercely on his brows. 'Sir, did you do that in a jest or in earnest?'—'In earnest you rascalion.' 'Well sir, [rejoined the loafer very politely,] 'I am glad to hear it, for I never put up with a jest. I am not to be trifled with.'