

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

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Baltimore—S. E. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets.
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ALEXANDRIA FOUNDRY.

I. & H. Graffius,

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.

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 windows—SELF SHARPENING PLOUGHS, right and left handed—NEW BULL PLOUGH, with cast and non-shear, and the 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 WAGON BOXES, MILL GUDGEONS, and HOLLOW WARE; all of which is done in a workmanlike manner.

Also, Copper, Dye, Wash, Fuller, Pressing, 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 dispatch. 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, Alexandria, Huntingdon county, Pa., cheap for cash or country produce at the market price.

The "Queen of the West" is an improvement on Hathaway's celebrated Hot Air Stove. There has never yet appeared any plan of a Cooking Stove that possesses the advantages that this one has. A much less quantity of fuel is required for any amount of cooking or baking 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 "GUARDS 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 indemnify them from all costs or damage, from any and all suits, brought by other Patentees, 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 interests 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. Graffius & 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. Graffius, 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.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FILLED is life's goblet to the brim;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers, no garlands greet,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of Mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart
From the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennels is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrown'd
Are in its waters steeped and drown'd,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants its towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food;
And he who battled and subdued
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in life's goblet fitly press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the coloured waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give!

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
Which with its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid, to die,
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!
The where of our life is brief,
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side.

From the Army.

RETURN OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE LOUISIANA LEGISLATURE—REYNOSA TAKEN—DEATH OF GEN. TORREJON—POSITION OF THE MEXICAN ARMY—REINFORCEMENTS, &c.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 20th instant, says:—

We had the pleasure of meeting one of the gentlemen forming the Committee of the Legislature, who repaired to the Army of Occupation under instructions of the House of Representatives, to convey to Gen. Taylor the resolutions passed by the Legislature, expressive of the thanks of the people of Louisiana, for the gallantry of himself and the army under his command, in achieving the splendid victories of the 8th and 9th of May, and in defending Fort Brown during a bombardment of a week's duration. The Committee were received by the brave old soldier with every mark of courtesy and kindness, and the officers of the army, one and all, vied with each other in hospitalities to a delegation from a Legislature which had met a crisis of peril with swift and efficient measures, and had borne prompt testimony to the chivalry that won two successful fields against great and alarming odds. The Committee arrived at Mobile in the steamboat Fashion, day before yesterday, and reached this city yesterday in the mail-boat. We have not received our letters by this conveyance, as they were not, probably, distributed in Mobile, before the departure of the mail-boat. We learn from the Committee, however, that there has been no great change in the posture of affairs since the last arrival. The army was in good spirits, and the Committee heard nothing of the complaints of the officers, which find their way to the press of the States. Gen. Taylor was encamped on the West side of the Rio Grande. The Washington Regiment and the Fifth Regulars, with others, occupied the American camp opposite Matamoras. The American flag was displayed in Fort Parades, and the army appeared as well contented as could be expected, considering the pause in active hostilities.

Just before the Committee left Matamoras, Major Ogen arrived from above, with the information that the detachment of regulars and volunteers under Col. Wilson, had taken the town of Reynosa without meeting any opposition. It was thought that the navigation of the Rio Grande was practicable to Camargo—if so, that town would be next in the order of conquest. From this point, Camar-

go, preparations would be made for penetrating the interior.

Before the committee left the Rio Grande, intelligence of the death of Gen. Torrejon reached Matamoras. It is said that he died of a fever. After the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, it was thought he was killed in one or the other of those actions. He was the commander of the Mexican division that captured Capt. Thornton's command.

There was no certain knowledge in the American camp as to the position of the Mexican army, but it was generally supposed to be at Monterey. It was also confidently asserted that Generals Arista and Ampudia had both left the army for the capital, the latter charging Arista with having betrayed the army, and Arista charging Ampudia with cowardice.

The U. S. sloop of war John Adams, brig Lawrence, and cutter Woodbury, had blockading the mouth of the Rio Grande.

FARTHER.—Since writing the above, the barque William Ivy, Captain Hoffman, has arrived from Brazos Santiago, having sailed thence on the 12th instant.

Capt. Ker, of the 2d Dragoons, and Lieut. Scott, of the 7th Infantry, came passengers on the barque. Capt. Hoffman reports that the brig Archelus arrived at Brazos Santiago, on the 12th inst., from Tampico, with Mr. Schatzell, the former American Consul at Matamoras, and several other Americans on board. They had previously been ordered from Matamoras by Gen. Ampudia. A passenger reports that an express arrived at Matamoras, on the 6th inst., with intelligence that a reinforcement of 2000 Mexicans had arrived at Monterey, as he says, under Arista. We give the rumor as we hear it.

We extract the following paragraphs from the New Orleans Delta of the 20th instant:

A party of the Tonkewa Indians, seventeen in number, followed the Texan volunteers to Gen. Taylor's camp. Their appearance in Matamoras created great consternation among the Mexicans, as they had heard a report that they were engaged by Gen. Taylor to commit depredations, and that they numbered several hundreds or thousands. The Mexicans have acted brutally towards those frontier tribes, and they, in return, are eager to retaliate.—The fears of the Mexicans were greatly relieved, when they learned there were but seventeen roving Indians, and that they would not be employed by Gen. Taylor against them.

When Gen. Ampudia, miscalled "brave," was crossing the Rio Grande in his retreat, on the evening of the 9th of May, from Resaca de la Palma in an open boat—and, by the way, he was the first that did cross—Padre Lera, Priest of Camargo, on horseback, dashed in behind him. His reverence lost his balance, and was precipitated into the river, when, addressing the brave General, he exclaimed, "Help me, General—help me, or I drown!"—"Drown and be damned!" said the General, "don't you see those Yankee yelling hell bounds close behind us?" This is the literal interpretation of the General's pious reply.

When the "brave" General Ampudia reached Matamoras in his retreat from Resaca de la Palma, a beautiful Senora of the city was the first he met. "My men," he said, "madam," speaking of course in his vehemence, "my men have all fled from the field!" "Senor," she said, dropping her heavily fringed eye-lids—"Senor, yourself, I should judge, did not remain long behind them."

Among the trophies brought from General Taylor's camp, by the Legislative Committee, were six or eight spears or lances, about the same number of escopets or carbines, a number of swords and cutlasses, a large box of shells, balls, &c., which were taken from the Mexicans and deposited in Fort Brown.

Some of the toasts given at the dinner in Arista's Headquarters, were drunk with excellent wine, which had formerly been served at Arista's own table, and as a cockney would say, very good wine it was.

When Ampudia arrived in Matamoras, on meeting Captains Thornton, Hardee and Kane, to convince them that although not wounded himself, he had been in the thickest of the fight, he exhibited the marks of some shot which had struck the back part of his saddle. When he retired, the officers remarked, that the balls must have struck while he was retreating, as they seemed to have come directly in his rear. They were what would be called among the river boatmen so many licks back.

During the bombardment of Fort Brown, there was a woman in the Fort, the wife of one of the privates, who regularly and attentively, the whole time, plied the men at the guns with coffee and other refreshments, while they plied the Mexicans with shot. She gave Uncle Sam's boy's gunpowder (tea) while they helped the Mexicans to some grape. Where the shot flew thickest, there was she; and she frequently lit a soldier's segar with an exploded shell. She is a large, athletic woman, having a frame well proportioned to her big, generous heart. She is now the favorite of the whole army, and being a native of Indiana, the soubriquet every where attaches to her of the "Great Western."

At the dinner given to the delegation from the State Legislature, the Great Western was toasted with all the honors, although exposure to the sun has made her already brown.

Nothing strikes to the heart with more acute painfulness than the sight of some article of the usual wearing apparel of one who is no more: it jars upon one of those mysterious chords of feeling at the heart which we all know by experience it is agony to touch.

Total Destruction of St. John's, Newfoundland—Great loss of Life.

An extra from the New York Herald, contains the following particulars of another dreadful calamity:—

There has been another terrible conflagration in the British provinces.

It is reported the whole of St. John's, Newfoundland, has been totally destroyed by fire.

It is also reported that upwards of fifty soldiers perished in blowing up houses.

Annexed are the details received:—
[From the Quebec Gazette, June 24.]
Capt. Scarrow, of the brig Blucher, which arrived here this morning from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, brings information of the destruction, by fire, of the city of St. John. The captain reports that the fire commenced on the 12th, the day he sailed.

A report was current when he left Harbor Grace, that the whole city, except two stores, had been destroyed; that about fifteen vessels in the port had been consumed, and that fifty soldiers had perished in blowing up houses to arrest the progress of the flames; but as regards the truth of these latter particulars, Captain Scarrow cannot vouch, not having been able to procure correct information before his departure.

Since the above intelligence was communicated to us, we may mention that Halifax papers, to the 18th instant, have come to hand, but they make no mention of any such accident having occurred.—Notwithstanding this, the statement above given may be substantially correct, the communication between these places being somewhat irregular.

St. John's, Newfoundland, suffered severely from fire during the three successive years, 1816, 1817, and 1818. On the last occasion 130 houses were burned, the pecuniary loss amounting to upwards of £100,000, and 1500 persons driven to seek for habitations.

Destructive Fire at Charlestown, Massachusetts.

A letter in the New York Herald, dated Boston, June 27, says:—

A fire broke out about one o'clock this morning, in Quimby's lard oil factory, on Warren street, Charlestown, which, with all its contents, was entirely destroyed. The fire also communicated to a dwelling house owned by Mrs. Fennell, and occupied by Mr. Silas Crane and Mr. Sylvester, which was likewise totally consumed. The dwelling house of Mr. Kendall Bailey, next to the oil factory, was considerably damaged. The wind being in the right direction to carry the flames from the house, it was finally saved, though Mr. Bailey's fine garden in the rear was very much injured by being occupied by the firemen in extinguishing the flames.

On the opposite side of Warren street, the fire communicated to a large house, nearly new, belonging to the heirs of John Coffin, from which the tenants had lately removed. The upper story of the house was ruined, before the firemen succeeded in mastering the flames, and the whole was completely drenched with water. Two or three nice houses, belonging to Mr. Coburn, deputy sheriff of this city, were very considerably damaged, but were finally saved by the persevering and energetic exertions of the firemen.

A Pleasant Surprise.

A young man, of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor, who was commonly called "the students friend," such was the kindness to the young men, whose office it was to instruct.

While they were walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to the grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in their path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who was at work in the field close by, and who had nearly finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the professor saying:—"Let us play the man a trick; we will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and you may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a dollar into each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student did so, and then placed himself with the professor behind the bushes close by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work and came across the field to the path, where he had left his coat and shoes. While he put on the coat, he slipped one foot into one of his shoes; but feeling something hard, he stopped down and found the dollar. Astonishment and wonder were seen upon his countenance, he gazed upon the dollar, turned it around, and looked again and again; then he looked around him on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his astonishment when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him, he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from an unknown hand would save from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected and tears filled his eyes.

"Now," said the professor, "are you not much better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?"

"O dearest sir," answered the youth, "you have taught me a lesson that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood, 'it is better to give than to receive.'"

We should never approach the poor but with the wish to do them good.

Respect to Old Age.

There is something sublimely beautiful in the respect almost uniformly paid to old age. We have a case in point:—

One day, during the session of the Old School Assembly in Philadelphia, the venerable Dr. Green made his appearance in the aisle, supported by two members of the Assembly. Instantly the whole House arose, with an air of reverence, and as the aged divine approached the altar, the Moderator addressed him as follows:

DR. GREEN: The General Assembly rise to greet you, not only out of respect to your advanced age, but to testify their reverence for your character, your high estimate of your long continued, faithful and valuable services in the church. The Assembly rejoice to see you once more in this House, and beg you to take the seat prepared for you.

The old gentleman took his seat, and when he retired the same demonstrations of respect were exhibited as were shown on his entrance. The scene must have been interesting.

The Tables Turned.

At seven o'clock the dinner was served, and a more excellent one never was given in Calcutta; but as every thing must come to an end, so this excellent dinner at last was finished: the dessert was served up, and the hookahs began to emit their guttural notes. Many were the subjects broached and got rid of, many the toasts which enlivened this fashionable feast. At length by the most skillful manœuvring, and with infinite tact, Macaulay brought the beauty of the new tables on the tapis. Every one admired them, and felt grateful to them for having so lately supported the rich dinner for the host. "They are the finest mahogany I ever saw," said Bri-coe. "They are perfect. I never saw any so well proportioned in my life. I must have some made like them," said a dinner giving old civilian with half a liver. "They are too high," chimed in Charles Macaulay, with affected indifference; "just a little too high. Don't you think so Gordon?" "On the contrary," replied the host; "if any thing I consider them a shade too low." "You are mistaken, my dear fellow. I have an excellent eye; and I am sure I am right. No table should exceed two feet six, and these are at least one inch higher." "Don't bet, James, don't bet, for I am sure of the fact. I tell you I cannot be deceived. My eyes are always correct." "Not bet! If it were not that the tables are my own, and consequently that I should bet on a certainty, I'd lay you a lack of rupees that they are not more than thirty inches in height." "Oh! if you are willing, I'll take the bet but remember, gentlemen, I tell you beforehand, I am certain of the fact. I say these tables are at least thirty one inches from the ground." "Done for a lack of rupees," cried Gordon. "Done!" repeated Charley. Their betting books were brought out, and a wager duly registered.

A servant was ordered to bring in a yard measure, when Macaulay turned round with an air of triumph. "You may save yourself the trouble of measuring. Ha! ha!" and he chuckled with delight. "I warned you fairly I bet on a certainty, so you can't get out of it James." "I stand to my bet," said Gordon. "Well, then, pay me the money. I measured the tables this morning while you were shaving, and here is a memorandum of their height, thirty-one inches exactly!" and the colonel burst into a roaring fit of laughter as he produced his pocket book. "I know you did," said James. "I saw you do it in my looking glass." The Col. started. "So, as soon as you had gone away, knowing well your intentions, I had an inch cut off every leg. So, for once my knowing friend the tables are turned!" Charles Macaulay left Calcutta next day £10,000 poorer than the day he arrived; and, what is still worse the very youngest ensigns quiz him about the story to this very day.—Bentley's Miscellany.

A Bashful Man.

Of all the fools in the world, the being we term a bashful man is surely the greatest. He is so under any circumstances, but more particularly in regard to love and its relations. He does not speak to a friend for fear of giving offence, or lest he should be deemed bold and impudent. His eyes are ever cast down to the earth, fearful lest he should be punished by having his glance met by another. In society he is in purgatory; he plays with his hands and bites his nails, buttons and unbuttons his pockets, looks every three minutes at his watch, and really appears to be awaiting an exit on Old Bailey. If he is spoken to he feels, as Jonathan has it quite all-overish; old people wonder at his strange be-

haviour, the young quiz him, and children make grimaces and laugh outright. In the street, his pathway is through the dark alleys and narrow lanes; even in the solitude of a crowd he feels himself far from home. His only approach to happiness is when he can retire to his dark, solitary room, lock the door, and even prohibit the cat an entrance. The poor creature is rather a favourite with the girls, inasmuch as he is to them an unceasing object of fun. He would, however, as soon think of exhibiting himself in a pulpit, as of courting their company, or of speaking to them without being spoken to. If he happens to fall in love, as these unfortunates generally do, he makes himself more ridiculous than the ass in the fable; for, though only a bundle of hay, or one object, engages his attention, he would as soon dare approach her as he would a dragon; he daily dallies, hangs about the sweet girl as a mist run mountain, but disappears with all convenient speed if his hopes rise to approach him. He is a fairy treasure which may not be gazed upon, a solitarius whom no one may come near. Such, reader, are a few, though a very few, of the characteristics of a bashful man. Believe me they are just; I have been sitting for my own portrait!—W. Law Gane.

Dow, Jr.—This writer in the Sunday Mercury has a remarkable talent. Most writers who have pursued a similar course, soon become tiresome from the great sameness apparent in their articles. Read a few of their numbers, and you become fully satisfied. So with Snowball's Sermons, so with Cudde's Lectures, and so in some measures with even Maj. Downing's Letters. But Dow, Jr. in his peculiar style, always has something new and entertaining, from its good sense dressed in a garb of wit.—In the following short extract from one of his sermons, he tells a deal of truth in his own queer way. Hear him:—"Let us 'We strip Pleasure to the skin—take her cloak, frock, bonnet, bustle and all—robber of every charm—and then say there is no such thing as pleasure in the world! We extinguish the torch that hope holds in her hands and follow lightning-bugs into a mud-puddle! By superlative folly, you frighten Happiness from your fire-side and then say that she has left your bed and board without provocation. Thus man makes hills to tire himself with in climbing, produces darkness to grumble about—creates corns to sware at—and puts difficulties in his path in order that he may struggle with them! Well, my friends, if you can't move without first setting fire to your shirt, all I have to say is blaze away—any thing to give you a start.

A FIGHTING CLERGYMAN.

A clergyman, in command of four hundred of his flock, all armed and equipped, arrived in New Orleans, from one of the towns above, a few days since, bound to the seat of war. There is in this a little of the spirit and devotion of the days of the revolution, when it was no unusual thing to see whole congregations march into camp, headed by their spiritual captains. In the biography of the tough and rough hero, Stark, an anecdote is related of a clergyman, who, at the head of his flock, arrived at Bennington late in the evening preceding the great battle. The Parson, eager to meet and oppose the mercenary invader of his country, inquired his way to the quarters of Stark, and asked an interview. Admitted, he stated who he was, and demanded, in behalf of his people, to be led against the enemy.

"The night is pitchy dark, and the rain is falling in torrents," said Stark. "Do you wish to fight in this gloom and storm?" The clergyman hesitated—Stark continued:—"Return, my good sir, to your flock, and pray all of you for fair weather to-morrow for it God gives me sunshine, and I do not give you and your patriotic brethren fighting enough, may I be—hem hem,"

The gallant veteran checked himself just in time, and the next day he kept his word. It is unnecessary to add, that the ardor of the good clergyman and his people remained unabated throughout the night, and that the following day they battled most nobly for their country.—N. Y. Dispatch.

AN EXCELLENT TURN-UP.—The following anecdote is told of Judge Porter, late U. S. Senator from Louisiana:

"Sir, you used such expressions to-day regarding me which no gentleman can stand, and I am determined to have, or take instant satisfaction!"

"Why sir," said the Judge, "my client instructed me to say these things, and you had better see him about the affair—and you ought to be satisfied that he did not prove them."

"Sir, your client is a pitiful, sneaking scoundrel; I have thrashed him three times, and intend to thrash all the endorsers of his infernal lies!"

"Well," said the Judge, "do you know what you remind me of?"

"No."

"But hear me—you have plenty of time."

"Say on, then; be quick."

"Why, you remind me of a dog," (there the defendant made an involuntary motion with his hand, "of the dog who pursued and bit the stone that hit him, instead of the hand that threw it.")

"Defendant, scratching his head—"I wish I may be shot, if I don't believe you are right," and turning away—"I must go and whip that fellow again!"