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"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

Select Poetry.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. BALMANSO.

Scottish Air:—A Man's a Man for a' that,
Though Man Creation's lord we call,
King—President—and a' that—
By Woman's Rights his power shall fall,
His pride of place and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Fair women's rights and a' that,
The sex, though weak, can sharply speak;
A tongue's a tongue for a' that.
Men long have wanted on their will,
In Congress—camp—and a' that;
But when their place brave women fill,
A cure will come for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
King Solomon foresaw that,
And in his book, who'er will look,
Will find a note o' a' that.
Men have too long usurped the sway,
Ta'en a lion's share, and a' that;
There's not a goose in Syracuse
But tells the ganders a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
"Strong mental light" and a' that,
"Shall pilot woman on her way
To wondrous spheres," and a' that.
O what a world will open, when
Fair ladies vote, and a' that;
And female generals lead their men
Through showers of shot, and a' that.
Their minds on high, when bullets fly,
No thoughts of home and a' that, [chill,
Where husbands mild, rocks screaming
Sweep up the earth and a' that.
Or when, in hospitals, they clip
Nerves, sinews, veins, and a' that,
Invasde the pulpit, guide the ship,
French doctrine, law—and a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
"In High Destiny," and a' that,
Which poor man, since time began,
Has toil'd and moil'd and a' that.
O, could they change, for one short year,
And take a spell, at a' that,
No more of "lofty types" would hear,
Of "World's applause," and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Fond sighs for home, and a' that,
Where ne'er again should raise the strain,
Of Women's rights, and a' that.
The Bloomer guide in exile laid,
The pants—the kilt, and a' that,
To be in after years surveyed
A moonstruck mad, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
The monster hat, and a' that,
Might still deserve a case to serve,
In masque—or farce—and a' that.
But Women's Rights, and Rapping Sprites,
Fox—Davis—Fish—and a' that,
E'en washing dainties into whites,
Has had its day, and a' that.
The cry is still for something new,
More wild and strange, than a' that;
And soon—be sure—'twill meet the view;
New York's the place for a' that.

A Good Story.

A DESPERATE RACE.

A Story of the Early Settlement of Ohio.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

Some years ago, I was one of a convivial party that met at the principal hotel in the city of Columbus, Ohio, the seat of government of the Buckeye State. It was a winter evening, when all without was bleak and stormy, and all within were blithe and gay; when song and story made the circuit of the festive board, filling up the chasms of life with mirth and laughter. We had met for the express purpose of making a night of it, and the pious intention was duly and most religiously carried out. The Legislature was in session in that town, and not a few of the worthy legislators were present upon this occasion. One of these worthies I will name, as he not only took a big swarth in the evening generally known than even our worthy President J. K. Polk. That man was the famous Capt. Riley, whose narrative of sufferings and adventures are pretty generally known all over the civilized world. Captain Riley was a fine fat good humored joker, who at the period of my story, was the representative of the Dayton District, and lived near that little city when at home. Well, Capt. Riley had amused the company with many of his far famed and singular adventures, which being mostly told before, and read by millions of people, that have seen his book, I will not attempt to repeat them all. Many were the stories and adventures told by the company, when it came to the turn of the well known gentleman, who represented the Cincinnati District. As Mr. —, is yet among the living, and

perhaps not disposed to be the subject of a joke or story, I do not feel at liberty to give his name. Mr. — was a slow believer of other men's adventures, and at the same time much disposed to magnify himself into a marvelous hero, whenever the opportunity offered. As Capt. Riley wound up one of his truthful, though really marvelous adventures, Mr. — coolly remarked, that the Captain's story was all very well, but did not begin to compare with an adventure that he had "once upon a time," on the Ohio, below the present city of Cincinnati. "Let's have it! let's have it!" returned from all hands. "Well, gentlemen," said the Senator clearing his voice for action, and knocking the ashes from his cigar; "gentlemen I'm not in the habit (quite notorious for it) of spinning yarns of marvellous or fictitious matter, and therefore, it's scarcely necessary to affirm upon the responsibility of my reputation gentlemen, that what I'm about to tell you is the God's truth and— "Oh, never mind that, go on, Mr. —," chimed the party. "Well, gentlemen," in 18— I came down the Ohio river, and settled at Lo-Santi, now called Cincinnati. It was at that time but a little settlement of some twenty or thirty log and frame cabins; and where now stands the Broadway Hotel, and blocks of stores and dwelling houses was the cottage and corn patch of old Mr. — a tailor, who by-the-by, bought that land for the making of a coat. Well I put up my cabin with the aid of my neighbors, and put in a patch of corn and potatoes, about where the Fly market now stands, and set about improving my lot. Occasionally I took my rifle and started off with my dog down the river, to look up a little deer, or bar meat, then very plenty along the river. The blasted red skins were lurking about and hovering around the settlement, and every once in a while picked off some of our neighbors, or stole our cattle or horses. I hated the red devils, and made no bones of peppering the blasted serpents whenever I got a sight at them. In fact, the rascals had a dread of me, and had laid a great many traps to get my scalp, but I was n't to be caught napping. No, no, gentlemen I was too well up to 'em for that. Well I started one morning, pretty early, to take a hunt; and travelled a long way down the river, over the bottoms and hills, but couldn't find bar or deer. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I made tracks for the settlement again.—By and by, I see a buck just ahead of me, walking leisurely down the river; I slipped up, with my faithful dog close to my rear, to within clever shooting distance, and just as the buck struck his nose in the drink, I drew a bead upon his topnot, and over he tumbled, and s-lurged, awhile, when I came up and relieved him by cutting his wizzens.— "Well, but what is that to do with an adventure?" said Riley. "Hold on a bit, if ye please gentlemen—by Jove it had a good deal to do with it. For, while I was busy skinning the hind quarter of the buck, and stowing away the kidney fat in my hunting shirt, I heard a noise like the breaking of brush under a mossasin at the "bottom." My dog heard it and started up to reconnoitre and I lost no time in reloading my rifle.— I had hardly got my priming on before my dog raised a howl, and broke through the bush towards me with his tail down, as he was not used to doing unless there were wolves, painters (panthers) or Ingias about. I picked up my knife, and took up my line of march in a skulking trot up the river. The frequent gullies on the lower bank made it tedious travelling these, so I scrambled up the upper bank which was pretty well covered with buckeye and sycamore, and a very little underbrush.— One peep below, discovered to me three as big and strapping red devils, gentlemen as you ever clapped your eyes on! Yes there they came, not above six hundred yards in my rear, shouting and yelling like devils, and coming after me like all-h-broke loose!" "Well," said an old woodsman, sitting at the table, "you took a tree of course?" "Did I! No by— gentlemen; I took no tree just then, but took to my heels like sixty, and it was just as much as my old dog could do to keep up with me. I run until the whoops of the red skins grew fainter and fainter behind me, and clean out of wind, ventured to look behind me, and there came one single red devil, puffing and blowing not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on a piece of bottom, where the trees were small and scarce—now old fellow, I'll have you, so

I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let the red devil gain on me; and when he had got about near enough I wheeled and fired and down I brought him; dead as a door nail, at a hundred and twenty yards." "Then you skelp'd (scalped) him immediately," said the old woodsman. "D—d clear of it, gentlemen, for by the time I got my rifle loaded, here came the other two red skins, shouting and whooping close on me, and away I broke again like a quarter horse. I was now about five miles from the settlement, and it was getting towards sunset; I run until my wind began to be pretty short, when I took a look back, and there the red devils came snorting like mad buffaloes, one about two or three hundred yards ahead of the other, so I acted possum again until the foremost Injin got pretty well up, and I wheeled and fired, at the very moment he was drawing a bead, so me; he fell head over stomach into the dirt, and up came the last red devil—" "So you laid for him, and—" and gasped several. "No," continued the 'member' I didn't lay for him; I hadn't time to load, so I laid legs to the ground and started again. I heard the blasted devil, every bound he made after me. I ran and run until the fire flew out of my eyes, and the old dog's tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a yard long!" "Ph-e-e-w!" whistled somebody. "Fac, by—, gentlemen. Well what was I to do, I didn't know—rifle empty, no big tree about, a murdering red devil not three hundred yards in my rear, and what was worse, just then it occurred to me that I was not a great ways from a big creek (now called Mill Creek), and there I should be pinned at last. "Just at this juncture, I struck my toe against a root, and down I tumbled and my old dog over me. Before I could scramble up—" "The red devil fired!" gasped the old woodsman. "He did, gentlemen, I felt 'he ball strike me under the snout; but it didn't seem to put any embargo upon my locomotion, for, soon as I got up I took off again quite refreshed by my fall. I heard the red skin close behind me, coming on, every minute I expected to have his tomahawk dashed into my head and shoulders. Something kind of cool began to trickle down my boots—" "Blood, eh? from the shot the varment gun," said the old woodsman, in a great state of excitement. "I thought so," said the senator, "but what do you think it was?" "N-t being blood, we were all puzzled to know what the blazes it could be, when Riley observed: "I saw, pose you had—" "Metted the deer fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting shirt, and the grease was running down my legs until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boots flew, and one hitting the dog, nearly knocked his brains out. "We all grinned, which, the 'member' noticing observed: "I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I am exaggerating." "O, certainly not! go on, Mr. —," well all chimed in. "Well the ground under my feet was soft, and being relieved of my heavy boots with double quick time, and seeing the creek about half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulder, to see what kind of a chance there was to hold up and load. The red skin was coming jogging along pretty well blown out, about five hundred yards in the rear. By— thinks I, here goes to load, anyhow. "So, at it went,—in went the powder and putting on my patch, down went the bullet about half way, and off snapped my ramrod!" "Thunder and lightning!" shouted the old woodsman, who was worked up to the top notch in the member's story. "Good God! wasn't I in a pickle?"— "There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, pacing along, and loading up his rifle as he came! I jerked out the broken ramrod, dashed it away, and started on, priming up as I entered off, determined to turn and give the red devil a blast, any how, as soon as I reached the creek. "I was now within a hundred yards of the creek, I could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys; a few more jumps and I was by the creek,—the red devil was close upon me,—he gave a whoop, and I raised my rifle; on he came—knowing that I had broken my ramrod, and my load not down; another whoop, and he was within fifty yards of me! I pulled trigger, and—" "And killed him!" chuckled Riley.

"No, sir! I missed fire, by—" "And the red devil," shouted the old woodsman, in a frenzy of excitement. "Fired and killed me!" The screams and shouts that followed this finale, brought landlord Noble, servants and hostlers, running up stairs to see if the house was on fire!

The Traveler.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Bayard Taylor's Arctic Expedition.

In a letter from Hesperanda, dated Jan. 27th, 1857, Bayard Taylor gives some fearful, yet thrilling details of his experience of Arctic cold, during a four day's journey, with the mercury 47 degrees below zero. He says:— Our long exposure to the extreme cold, coupled as it was with lack of rest and of nourishment, new began to tell upon us.— Our temperature fell so low that we again had recourse to the rum, which alone, I verily believe, prevented us from freezing bodily. One is locked in the iron embrace of the Polar air, until the very life seems to be squeezed out of him. I huddled myself in my park, worked my fingers and toes, buried my nose in the damp, frozen fur, and labored like a Hercules to keep myself awake and alive—but almost in vain. Braisted and I kept watch over each other or attempted it, for about the only conscious ness either of us had, was that of the peril of falling asleep. We talked of anything and everything, sang, dumpped each other, but the very next minute we would catch ourselves falling over the side of the sled. A thousand dreams worried my brain and mixed themselves with my talk; and the absurdities thus created helped to arouse me. Speaking of seeing some wolves in the woods of California, I gravely continued: "I took out my sword, sharpened it on the grindstone and dared him to come on!"—when a punch in the ribs stopped me. Another time, while talking of hippopotami, I said, "you must go to— if you son's Bay Company. They have a depot of them on Vancouver's Island." Braisted gave me much trouble, by assuring me in the most natural, wide awake voice that he was not in the least sleepy, when the reins had dropped from his hands and his head rocked on his shoulder. I could never be certain whether he was asleep or awake. Our only plan was not to let the conversation flag a minute. At Torankorwa we changed horses without delay, and hurried on to Maatangi. On turning out of the road to avoid a bay shed, we were turned completely over. There was no fun in this, at such a time. I fell head foremost into deep snow getting a lump in my right eye, which completely blinded me for a time. My forehead, eyebrows and the bridge of my nose were insufferably painful. On reaching Maatangi I found my nose frozen through, and considerably swollen. The people were in bed, but we went into the kitchen, where a dozen or more were stowed about, and called for the landlord. Three young girls, who were in bed in one corner, rose and dressed themselves in our presence without the least hesitation, boiled some milk and gave us bread and butter. We had a single small bed, which kept us warm by obliging us to be close. Sometimes in the night two Swedes arrived who blustered and made so much noise, that Braisted finally silenced them by threats of personal violence, delivered in very good English. In the morning the mercury froze, after showing 40 degrees below zero. The cold was by this time rather alarming, especially after our experience the previous day. The air was hazy with the fine, frozen atoms of moisture, a raw wind blew from the north, the sky was like steel which has been breathed upon—in short, the cold was visible to the naked eye. We warmed our gloves and boots and swathed our heads so completely that not a feature was to be seen. I had a little loophole between my cap and bon, but it was soon filled up with frost from my breath, and helped to keep in the warmth. The road was hard and smooth as marble. We had good horses, and leaving Arasxa and the Polar Circle behind us, we sped down the solid bed of the Tornea to Niemi.

On the second stage we began to freeze from want of food. The air was really terrible; nobody ventured out of doors who could stay in the house. The smoke was white and dense, like steam, the wind was a blast from the Norseman's hell, and the touch of it on your face almost made you scream. Nothing can be more severely flaying, branding with a hot iron, cutting with a dull knife, &c., may be something like it, but no worse. "The sun rose through the frozen air a little after nine, and mounted quite high at noon. At Packlia we procured some hot milk and smoked reindeer, tolerable horses and a stout boy of fourteen to drive our baggage-sled. Every one we met had a face either frozen or about to freeze. Such a succession of countenances, fiery red, purple, blue, black almost, with white frost spots and surrounded with rings of icy hair and fur, I never saw before. We thanked God again and again that our faces were turned southward, and that the deadly wind was blowing on our backs. When we reached Koryp Kila, our boy's face, although solid and greasy as a bag of lard, was badly frozen. His nose was quite white and swollen as if blistered by fire, and there were frozen blotches on both cheeks. The landlord rubbed the parts instantly with rum, and performed the same operation on our noses. Again for the first time for more than a month we saw daylight, and I cannot describe how cheering was the effect of those pure, white, brilliant rays, in spite of the iron landscape they illumined. It was no longer the setting light of the level Arctic sun; not the twilight gleams of shifting color, beautiful, but dim; not the faded, mock daylight, which sometimes glimmered for a half-hour at noon; but the true white, full, golden day, which we had all most forgotten. So nearly, indeed, that I did not for some time suspect the cause of the unusual whiteness and brightness. Its effect upon the trees was superb. The twigs of the birch and the needles of the fir were coated with crystal, and sparkling like jets of jewels, spouted up from the bosom of the immaculate snow. The clumps of birches can be compared to nothing, but frozen fountains—frozen in full action, with their showery sheaves of spray arrested before they fell. It was a wonderful, a fairy world we beheld—too beautiful to be lifeless, but every face we met reminded us the more that this was the chill beauty of Death—of dead Nature. Death was in the sparkling air, in the jeweled light, in the sparkling snow. I felt that I was in a vice; uncover your grasp and your frozen lips will soon acknowledge his kiss. Even while I looked the same icy chills were running through my blood, precursors of that drowsy torpor which I was so anxious to avoid. But no; it would come, and I dozed until both hands became so stiff that it was barely possible to restore their powers of motion and feeling. It was not quite dark when we reached Kuckula, the last station; but thence to Haprandu our horses were very old and lazy, and our postillion was a little boy whose weak voice had no effect. Braisted kept his hands warm in jerking and urging, but I sat and froze. Village after village was passed, but we looked in vain for the lights of Tornean. We were thoroughly exhausted with our five days' battle against the dreadful cold, when at last a row of lights glomed across the river, and we drove up to the inn. The landlord met us with just the same words as on our first visit.

full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood before the only entrance, no one could leave without passing him. He snapped savagely right and left; no one could leave the room without being bitten. This increased the horrible confusion. All sprang up and shrunk from the dog with agonizing countenances. Who should deliver them from him? The smith also stood among them, and as he saw the anguish of the people, it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbors would be made miserable by a mad dog; and he formed a resolution, the like of which is scarcely ever to be found in the history of the human race for high-mindedness and nobleness. Certainly his brown cheek paled a little, but his eyes sparkled, and an elevated resolution shone from the simple minded man. "Back all!" thundered he with a deep strong voice. "Let no one stir, for none can vanquish the beast but I! One victim must fall in order to save all, and I will be that victim, I will hold the brute, and whilst I do so, make your escape."

The smith had scarcely spoken these words when the dog started towards the shrieking people. But he went not far. "With God's help," cried the smith, and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the floor. A terrible struggle followed. The dog bit furiously at him in a frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain and the horrible death which must ensue he held with an iron grasp the snapping, howling brute till all had escaped—till all had reached a place of safety. He then flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room, locking the door after him. Some persons then shot the dog through the windows.

Weeping and lamenting, the people surrounded him who had saved their lives at the expense of his own. He asked no other to save the others. Do not thank me—I have only performed my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love, and pray for me, that God will not let me suffer too long and too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me, for I must certainly become mad." He went straight to his workshop and selected a strong chain, the heaviest and firmest from his whole stock. He then with his own hands, welded it upon his own limbs and around the anvil firmly. "There," said he, "it's done," after having silently and solemnly completed the work; "Now you are secured and I am indolent. So long as I live bring me my food. The rest I leave to God; into his hands I commend my spirit."

Nothing could save the brave smith, neither tears, lamentations nor prayers. Madness seized him and after nine days he died. He died, but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be venerated to the end of time. Search history through and you will not find an action more glorious and sublime than the deed of this simple-minded man, the smith of Ragenbach.

ludicrous stories, but still it was nothing to what they tell of him in London. A few weeks ago he singled Lord Palmerston out of his congregation, and told him, "he needn't think so much of himself, for his father (meaning of course Adam) was a market gardener, and his mother was brought up on a charge of stealing apples." Upon another occasion he told the assembled multitude, "that the way to hell was easy and smooth like this," said he, and straightway he opened the pulpit door put his foot over the banister and slid down as you have seen little boys do. He then stopped a moment and said, "but the way to heaven is hard like this," and then pulled himself up again, which operation was rather difficult, but the congregation received this practical illustration with great applause. It is really very wonderful that so young a man (he is only 22) should create so much sensation, but still many go to hear him merely from curiosity.

Singular Trial in California. A suit was brought by a Chinaman in the court of Justice Jenks, against a woman of his tribe, for the recovery of \$50, alleged to have been paid by the plaintiff in behalf of the defendant, for her and two companions from Marysville to San Francisco. During the progress of the trial it was proposed that the test of the Chinese oath be brought into requisition. The idea is as follows: 2 live roosters are presented, and the parties each take the oath, and at the same time cut off the head of the fowl before them. The one who hesitates is acknowledged to be in fault. This manner of oath is considered most sacred, and a Chinaman would as soon cut his own throat as that of the fowl; that is, if guilty. If under these circumstances he swears falsely, he is cut off from his entire tribe. The roosters were brought into court, and the girl took the knife. The room was crowded with Chinese, and as she stood over the fowl, they all stared at her with as much interest as if she was about to be guillotined. The oath was being administered forward to prevent her, as they evidently thought her guilty and about to swear falsely, but they were too late, the floor was already covered with blood. The plaintiff at once gave up the case and paid the costs. If, however, the suspicions of her tribe prove correct, and she is subsequently shown to be guilty, she will suffer severe persecution, and finally banishment.

Another Black Hole. The Black Holes of Calcutta, as it is termed, is one of those historical horrors which we read with a shudder. But those through whose inhumanity its wretched victims suffered were barbarians, a circumstance which, if it does not wholly excuse the fiendish cruelty of their conduct, at least in some degree extenuates it. Little did we suppose we should ever be called upon to record a repetition of this horrible outrage against humanity, and still less that the fiendish cruelty of their conduct, at least in some degree extenuates it. Little did we suppose we should ever be called upon to record a repetition of this horrible outrage against humanity, and still less that the fiendish cruelty of their conduct, at least in some degree extenuates it.

"SENSATION PREACHER." The Washington Star publishes a letter from England, written by a lady of Philadelphia, in which she refers in the following terms to Spurgeon, the English sensation preacher: "The church was well filled without being over-crowded, and we were much pleased with Mr. Spurgeon. His style is rather peculiar, and I dare say you have seen many of the newspaper anecdotes about him. He is very eloquent, but at the same time makes use of very ludicrous expressions, which cause much amusement. For instance, he designated us (his congregation) small fry, and then, after expounding that part of the Revelations in which it speaketh of 'the angel keeping the gate of heaven,' he pretended to hold a dialogue with the aforesaid angel somewhat in the following manner: 'Angel,' shouts Mr. S., so loudly that he made the church ring again, and his audience were so surprised that for the time being perfect silence reigned. 'Well,' says the angel. Mr. S.—'Have you got any Methodists in Heaven?' 'Angel—No.' 'Any Baptists?' 'Not one.' And he went through a long catalogue of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, &c., &c., at the top of his voice, as though he were talking to some one in the next street—the angel objecting each time until at length he said, 'Have you got any believers in Christ?' upon which the angel said, 'he had a few of that stock on hand. Of course every one was in a titter and you could hear them laugh all over the church. He told one or two rather

Miscellany. BLACKSMITH OF RAGENBACH. A TRUE INCIDENT. In the principality of Hohemlohe, now a part of the kingdom of Wirttemberg, is a village called Ragenbach, where twenty years ago the following event took place: One afternoon in the early autumn, in the tavern room of Ragenbach several men and women having assembled sat at their ease. The smith formed one of the very merry company—a strong, vigorous man, with resolute countenance and daring mien, but also with such a good natured smile on his lips that every one who saw him admired him. His arms were bars of iron and his fists like forge hammers, so that few could equal him in strength of body. The smith sat near the door chatting with one of his neighbors, when all at once the door opened, and a dog came staggering into the room, a great powerful beast, with a ferocious and frightful aspect his head hanging down, and his eyes blood-shot, his lead colored tongue hanging half way out of his mouth, and his tail drooped between his legs. Thus the ferocious beast entered the room, out of which there was no escape but by one door.— Scarcely had the smith's neighbor, who was the bath keeper of the place seen the animal when he became deadly pale, sprang up and exclaimed, with a horrified voice: "Good heavens, the dog is mad!" Then rose an outcry. The room was

NOT TO BE TRUSTED AT LARGE.— Queer things happen, sometimes, even in Lunatic Asylums. A rough fellow passed the Worcester establishment, noticed at the window an old acquaintance, and bawled out to him, "Hello, old fellow what are you in for?" "Voting for Fillmore!" was the prompt reply. The inquirer sloped—he had probably done it himself.

RECIPE FOR THE SEASON.—A lady up town cleared her house of flies by putting honey on her husband's whiskers when he was asleep. The flies stuck fast, and when he went out of the house he carried them off with him.

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