

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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Select Poetry.

GOD HELP THE POOR.

Darkly the winter day
Dawns on the moor;
How can the heart be gay—
Who can endure?
See, the sad, weary wight
Wanders from noon to night
Shelterless! homeless quite!
God help the poor!

Now the red robin, here,
Sits on the sill,
Not 'en a grain of bere
Touches its bill;
So with the houseless poor,
Wandering from door to door,
Seeking a morsel more;
Lord, 'tis Thy will.

Night spreads her sable wing;
Where can they lie?
Sorrow like theirs must bring
Tears to their eye.
Full the cloud torrent falls,
Down they must lie in halls,
Each to his Maker calls,
"Lord, let me die!"

Ye whom the heavens bless,
Give from your store;
'Twill ne'er make your treasures less,
Must make them more;
For he that gives cheerfully
God loves so tenderly;
Give to them—pray with me,
"God help the poor!"

Yonder a woman goes;
Ragged and old,
Barefooted o'er the snow,
Famished and cold;
How her poor children cling
To her side shivering,
Chickens beneath her wing
Doth she enfold!

Fast falls the sleet and rain,
Slowly they go,
By forest sheltered plain,
Waiting their woe.
City street now they see,
Here they roam wild and free,
Are they not flesh as we?
Canst thou say, "No?"

White is the virgin snow,
Bitter the morn;
See those starved children go
Wretched! forlorn!
Feet without shoes or hose,
Backs without warm clothes,
Strangers to calm repose;
Why were they born?

See that lone, aged man,
Snow white his hair;
Mark his and visage wan,
Deep his despair.
Craving the rich man's food,
Owner of many a rood,
Lord, thou art always good,
Hear his heart's prayer.

A Select Story.

A DAY IN PETTICOATS!

BY A MODEST MAN.

I couldn't think of such a thing.
'But you must. My happiness depends on it. Here, put on the thimble-bobs, and the what's his name'
And my friend, Bob Styles, held up before my hesitant gaze a suit of feminine apparel
His idea was that I should personate his lady-love for one day, to prevent anybody from suspecting the truth—namely, that she had joined him in a runaway marriage party until it should be too late for interference; that is, until the minister should have tied a knot between them, that nothing but a special grant of the Legislature could untie.
This scheme was not actually so absurd as it appeared at first sight. Maggie Lee was a tall, queenly woman, with an almost masculine air, and at that time, I had a very slight form—almost effeminate, so that in fact, there was really but little difference in that point. Then I had light hair, tolerably long, and a fresh complexion. Part my hair in the middle, and put a bonnet on my head, and few persons would have suspected but what I was really one of the softer sex. The accessories also gave me quite a decided resemblance to Maggie Lee, especially when, as in this case, the disguise was her own.
Then the day chosen for the runaway match was an auspicious one. Maggie's father was to drive her to D—, a small village near where she lived, and there she was to join a sailing-party down D— river, to the grove three miles below, from which the party was to return in the evening in carriages.
Our plan was that I should be in waiting in the village, should go on the boat with the sailing-party, while Maggie, after leaving her father, should slip off with Bob Styles as the lady.

self before Maggie Lee, blushing a great deal I believe, feeling much pinched about the waist, and with an uncomfortable consciousness that my—shirt-sleeves were too short, or wanting altogether.
Everything finished, in the way of toilet, Bob Styles took me into his light wagon, drove me over to D—, by a secluded route, and left me at the hotel, where the sailing party was to assemble. Several of the pic-nickers were already there and they greeted my cavalier cordially, (everybody knew Bob Styles,) asking if he was going with them, etc. He told them he was not.
'Pressing business engagements, you know, and all that sort of thing. Duced sorry I can't go, though. I just had time to bring Miss Lee over, and now I'm off. Mr. Bimby, this is Miss Lee. Miss Withergill, Miss Lee," and he rattled off a long string of introductions, which convinced me that but few of the company were acquainted with the young lady whom I was thus personating—a very fortunate thing for the preservation of my disguise.
Mr. Bimby, a tall, legal looking man, with a hook nose, and eye-glass and fluffy hair, seemed to be prepossessed with my person, and I overheard him whisper to Bob Styles, as he went out:—
'Nice-looking girl, that Miss Lee.'
'Yes,' answered Bob, with a mischievous glance at me, 'she is a nice girl, tho' a little go-ahead sometimes. Keep a little look out on her will you?' then, lowering his voice—"not a bad match for you old fellow; she's rich."
'Is she?' said Mr. Bimby, his interest deepening.
'On my honor,' replied Bob. 'Forty thousand dollars in her own right. Day, day!' and he was gone.
Maggie Lee, artful creature as she was, had told her father that the sailing party was to assemble at another hotel,—thither he had taken her. Having business in D—, he left her there merely saying that he would send the carriage for her at 11 o'clock. She, like a dutiful daughter, kissed him, bid him good bye, and before he had gone a hundred rods, took a seat in Bob Styles' light wagon, which had been driven up to the back door as old Lee's carriage drove away from the front, and the old story of headstrong love and prejudiced age was enacted over again.
As for us, of the pic-nic excursion, we had a delightful sail down to the Grove, but somehow, I could not enjoy it as much as I ought to have done. When I walked on board the boat I felt awkward, as if everybody was looking at me. I found Mr. Bimby, as I had suspected, a young and rising lawyer, mighty in Blackstone and his own opinion. He insisted on paying for my ticket, (the boat was a regular excursion packet,) and purchasing enough oranges, pears and candies to set up a street stand. Four or five times I was on the very point of swearing at his impudent officiousness, but bit my tongue just in time to prevent the exposure. But it was not with him that I found my role hardest to play.
No; the young ladies were the difficult ones to deceive. For instance, there was one among them, a beautiful girl of seventeen, just returned from boarding school, who had not seen Maggie Lee for three years. Of course, she was delighted to see me, when she found out that I was Maggie Lee, which, by the way, did not occur until after we had started. She threw herself into my arms, pulled my veil aside, and kissed me half a dozen times in a manner that made my finger ends tingle for an hour. It was all very nice, but if I had been *propria persona*, I would have liked it better. As it was, I felt as if I were 'obtaining goods under false pretences,' and that lawyer Bimby might issue a warrant for my arrest on that ground, at any moment.
A whole knot of crinoline then surrounded me, on the upper deck of the boat, to the utter exclusion and consequent disgust of Mr. Bimby and the other gentlemen. I kept very quiet, only speaking monosyllables, in a falsetto voice; but the others—Lord bless you! how they gabbled! Under a strict promise of secrecy, the little boarding school maiden, who had kissed me so affectionately, revealed all her love affairs, and became unpleasantly confidential about other matters—innocent enough in themselves but not customarily talked of between ladies and gentlemen.
I was terribly embarrassed, but it would not do to give up then. As soon as my trick should become known, Bob Styles' trick would also come out; and as news of that kind travels fast in the country, he and his lady-love would be telegraphed and followed before they could reach Philadelphia, where the Styles family lived, where the knot was to be tied.

The river breeze was very fresh where we sat, and I noticed that several of the ladies were glancing uneasily at me. I couldn't divine the reason, until Jennie, my little friend from boarding school, laid her face dangerously close to mine, and whispered—'My dear Maggie, your dress is blowing up terribly high—your ankles will be the town talk with the gentlemen!'
Now I was conscious of having a very small foot for a man and had donned a pair of open work stockings which came up to my waist, almost, with a pair of gaiters borrowed from the servant girl, in all of which toggery my "running gear" looked quite feminine and respectable; but the idea of the gentlemen talking about my ankles, and of being cautioned thus by a young girl, who would have been frightened to death if I had told her the same thing yesterday, was too much for me. I burst into a sort of strangled laugh, that I could only check by swallowing half of my little flaggee lace edged handkerchief. The young ladies all looked at me, in apparent astonishment at such a voice, and I wanted to laugh all the more. Fortunately, Mr. Bimby came to my rescue at the moment, and edged himself in among the crinoline.
'May I sit here?' he asked, pointing to a low stool near me.
'Ah, thank you,' said Bimby—with a look of admiration, which nauseated me, as coming from one man to another—'you are as kind as you are fascinating!'
'You flatter me!'
'I? No, indeed; praise of you cannot be flattery, Miss Lee.'
'Oh, sir, really, you are a very naughty man,' I said, in the most feminine tone I could command.
He cast a languishing glance at me thro' the black lace veil, and I fairly began to fear for his feelings.
We soon arrived at the grove, and found our band—engaged beforehand—awaiting us. Of course, dancing was the first amusement, and lawyer Bimby led me out to take the lady's part in my dance, but I soon got accustomed to it. When a waltz was proposed, I resolved to have a little amusement at the expense of the unfortunate Bimby.
I had first made him purposely jealous, by dancing with two other young fellows, one of whom I knew in my own character, but who never suspected me as Maggie Lee. This young man who was a great woman-killer—a sort of easy devil—may care rascal, who made the ladies run after him, by his alternate warmth of action and coolness of protestation—I selected to "play off" against my legal admirer. I allowed him to hold me very closely and occasionally looked at him with a half-fascinating expression. When we stopped dancing, he led me to my seat, keeping his arm around my waist, and I permitted it.
Having thus stirred Bimby up to feats of wrathful valor, I asked one of the gentlemen to direct the musicians to play a waltz. Bimby came immediately.
'Ahem—a Miss Lee, shall I—a have the honor of—a—trying a waltz with you?' I smiled a gracious acquiescence and we commenced.
Now, I am an old stager at waltzing. I can keep it up longer than any non-professional dancer, male or female, whom I ever met. As long as the Cachucha or Schounebrunnen rings in my ears, I can go on, if it is for a year.
Not so Bimby. He plead want of practice, and acknowledged that he soon got dizzy.
'Aha, old boy,' thought I, 'I'll give you a turn, then!'
But I only smiled, and said that I should get tired first.
'Oh yes?' he exclaimed, 'of course; I can waltz as long as any one lady, but not much more.'
For the first three minutes my cavalier did well. He went smoothly and evenly, but at the expiration of that time, began to grow warm. Five minutes elapsed, and Bimby's breath came harder and harder. On we went, however, and I accorded to notice his slackening up at every round, when we passed my seat. After some ten or twelve minutes, the wretched man gasped out between his steps:
'Ah, a—are you not—get—getting tired?'
'Oh, not!' I burst forth, as coolly as if we were riding round the room—'Oh no, I feel as if I could waltz all night.'
The look of despair that he gave was terrible to see.
I was bound to see him through, however, and we kept at it. Bimby staggered and made wild steps in all directions. His shirt collar wilted, and his eyes protruded, his jaw hung down; and, altogether, I saw he could not hold out much longer.

'This is delightful,' I said, composedly, 'and you, Mr. Bimby, waltz so easily!'
'Puff-puff-ah-puff yes oh-puff very-puff-de lightful,' gasped he.
'Don't you think it ought to go a little faster?'
He rolled his eyes heavenward in agony.
'Ah-puff-puff-I-d-don't-ah-puff-don't know.'
So, when we neared the musicians, I said, 'Faster, if you please—faster!' and they played *à la whirlwind*.
Poor Bimby threw his feet about him like a fast pacer, and revolved after the manner of a teetotum which was nearly run down. At last he staggered a step backwards, and spinning eccentrically away from me, pitched headlong into the midst of a bevy of ladies in a corner. I turned around coolly, and walking to my seat, sent the young woman killer for a glass of ice water.
The miserable lawyer recovered his senses just in time to see me thank his rival for the water.
I got some idea from this, of the fun young ladies find in tormenting us poor devils of the other sex.
At this juncture, and before Mr. Bimby had time to apologize for his accident, little Jennie came running into the pavilion which served as a ball room. As she came near, I perceived that her hands were clutched tightly in her dress, and I positively shuddered, as she whispered to me:
'Oh, Maggie! come and help me fix my skirts—they are all coming down!'
'What should I do?' I was in agony. A cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead. I wished myself a thousand miles away, and anathematized Bob Styles' masquerading project inwardly, with fearful maledictions.
I said I was tired out—could not somebody else go?
No, nothing would do, but I must accompany her to the house of the gentleman who owned the grove, and assist her to arrange her clothing.
So I went.
What if it should be necessary to remove the greater part of her raiment! What if she should tell me to do some sewing? What, if in the midst of all the embarrassment of being closeted with a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a state of comparative freedom from drapery, my real sex and identity should be discovered by her?
I felt as if an apoplectic fit would be a fortunate occurrence for me, just then.
However, I nerved myself up for the task, and accompanied Jennie to the house designated. An old lady showed us into her chamber, and Jennie, heaving a sigh of relief to get her dress. As she did so, pardon my blushes!—a petition fell to the floor. She was about to proceed, but I alarmed her by a sudden and vehement gesture.
'Stop!' I cried frantically, and forgetting my falsetto; stop! don't undress for God's sake!
She opened her great brown eyes to their widest extent.
'And why not?'
'Because I am—I am a—can you keep a secret?'
'Why yes—how frightened you look! Why what is the matter—Maggie!—you why—oh! oh! oh!!!'
And she gave three fearful screams.
'Hush, no noise, or I am lost!' I exclaimed, putting my hand over her mouth. 'I swear I mean you no harm; if I had I would not have stopped you. Don't you see?'
She was all of a tremble, poor little thing; but she saw the force of my argument.
'Oh, sir,' she said, 'I see you are a man but what does it all mean? Why did you dress so?'
I told her the story, as briefly as possible, and extracted from her a promise of the most sacred secrecy.
I then went outside the door, and waited till she had arranged her dress, when she called me in again. She had heard of me from Maggie and others, and wanted to hear all the particulars; so I sat down by her, and we had a long talk, which ended in a mutual feeling of friendship and old acquaintanceship, quite wonderful for people meeting for the first time. Just as we started to go back to the pavilion, I said that I must relieve my mind of one more burden.
'And what is that?' she asked.
'Those kisses. You thought I was Maggie Lee, or you would not have given them. They were very sweet, but I suppose I must give them back.'
And I did.
She blushed a good deal, but she didn't resist, only when I got through, she glanced up timidly and said:

'I think you are real naughty, anyhow.'
When we returned, I found lawyer Bimby quite recovered from his dizziness, and all hands prepared for supper, which was served in the ball room. I sat between Bimby and Jennie and made love to both of them in turn; to one as Maggie Lee, and to the other as myself. After supper, at which I astonished several by eating rather more heartily than young ladies generally do, we had more dancing and I hinted pretty strongly to Mr. Bimby that I should like to try another waltz. He didn't take the hint.
Finding it rather dry amusement to dance with my own kind, I soon abandoned that pleasure, and persuaded Jennie to stroll off into the moonlight with me. We found the grove a charming place, full of picturesque little corners, and rustic seats, and great gray rocks leaning out over the river. On one of these latter, a little bench was placed, in a nook sheltered from the wind, and from sight.
Here we sat down, in the full flood of the moonlight, and having just had dinner I felt wonderfully in need of a cigar. Accordingly, I went back to a little stand near the ball room, and purchased several of the wondering woman who sold refreshments. Then returning to the seats by the rocks, I gave up all cares or fears by my incognito, and revelled in the pleasures of solitude—the fragrance of my cigar—the moonlight—and little Jennie's presence.
How long we sat there, heaven alone knows. We talked, and laughed, and sang, and looked in each other's eyes, and told fortunes, and performed all the nonsensical operations common amongst young people just falling in love with each other, and might have remained there until this month of August, in this year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Fifty seven, for aught I know, had not the carriage been sent to convey us home, and the rest of the company begun to wonder where we were.
tious fears, and the fears a search, headed by the valiant Bimby. They called and looked and listened, but our position down in the sheltered nook among the rocks, prevented them from hearing us or us them.
At length they hit upon our path, and all came along single file, until they got to the open space above.
They saw a sight.
I was spread out in a free and easy position, my bonnet taken off, and my hair somewhat *tousled* up. One foot rested on the ground, and the other on a rock, about level with my head (regardless of ankles this time) and there I sat, puffing away in a very unladylike style, at a high flavored Concha.
Jennie was sitting close beside me with her head almost on my shoulder, and her waist almost encircled by my arm. Just as the party came along above us, I laughed out in a loud, masculine voice—
'Just think of poor what's his name there—Bimby! Suppose he knew that he had been making love to a man?'
'Hush!' cried Jennie. 'Look! there he is—and, oh, my gracious! there is the whole company!'
Yes, we were fairly caught. It was of no use for me to clap my bonnet and assume falsetto again—they had seen too much for that. Besides by this time, Bob Styles and Maggie Lee were doubtless 'one flesh,' and my disguise was of no further importance, so I owned up and told the story.
Lawyer Bimby was in a rage. He vowed to kill me, and even squared off, but the rest of the party laughed at him so unmercifully, and suggested that we should waltz it out together, that he finally cooled down, and slunk away, to take some private conveyance back to D—.
Bob Styles and I are living in a large double house together. He often says that he owes his wife to my masquerading but he doesn't feel under any obligations to me, for I owe my wife to the same thing.
N. B.—My wife's name is Jennie.

'It was me,' replied the watchman, as he exposed his silver numbers to full view.
'You? who the d—! are you? It tant me that's makin' of the noise. No, sir. It's the banks that's a makin' all the noise.—They are a breakin', a crushin', and a smashin' of things to an incredible amount of noise. They are a cussin', a rippin', and a stavin' all 'round. It's the brokers that are a makin' of the noise. They are a hollerin' and a yelpin' and a screechin', like wild injuns, over the times, that's the worsters everything but themselves. No, sir, it aint me that's a makin' of the noise.'
'You are tight as a brick in a new wall,' said the officer, amused at the good nature of the individual.
'Me tight! Who said I am tight? No, sir, you are mistaken. It's not me that's tight. It's the money that's tight. Go down on Third street and they'll tell you there that money is tight. Go into the workshops, and you find money is tight. Read the newspapers and you'll find out that it's money that's tight. Me tight? I've got nary red but Kanawha, and the d—! couldn't get tight on that. 'No, sir, I am not tight.'
'Then you are drunk?'
'Drunk! Stranger, yer out of it again. The world's drunk. The hull community is a staggerin' round, buttin' their heads agin stone walls and a skinnin' of their noses on the curbstone of adversity. Yes, sir, we're all drunk, that is, everybody's drunk but me. I'm sober, sober as a police judge on a rainy day. I aint drunk; no, sir, stranger, I aint drunk.'
'What are you making such a fool of yourself for then?'
'Fool! Sir, I'm no fool. I'm distressed. I've caught the contagion. I'm afflicted.'
'Are you sick?'
'Exactly.'
'What's the matter with you?'
'I've got the panics.'
'The what?'
'The panics, sir; it's going to carry off but it's no use. The panics have got me sure.'
The watchman, more amused than ever tendered his sympathy, and, what was better, his aid, to the panic stricken individual. In the course of half an hour he had the pleasure of putting him into the door of his boarding house, and pointing out to him the best remedy—a good soft bed and long slumber.
The Hypocrite.
This character of all others, is the very meanest; he is what the cowardly assassin is who masks himself, and then lies in wait for his victim. The hypocrite is to be found everywhere, you need not look far to find him. Are you in the market house, buying provender? There is a hypocrite selling to a hypocrite. The seller is trying to deceive the buyer, and *vice versa*. You are in an omnibus and your neighbor is a sanctimonious, sleek looking individual, and he is prying the affairs of an unsophisticated "green un" opposite him, trying to pump him by conversing with him upon a variety of reform topics. Are you in the church? That man who looks so devout in his Sunday face and clothes, has set more friends by the ears than he has fingers and toes, and he loves to do it. The fellow who was talking politics to you yesterday and led you to think he was on your side is against you, and wished to get some of your party secrets, Oh, hypocrisy! oh, hypocrisy!
Whistling.
Bored beset our path. Perhaps everybody bores somebody. There are rich bores whom you can get rid of by requesting loans of twenty dollars, and poor bores whom you can get rid of by loaning five dollars; literary bores, who smell of fresh cut leaves; statistical bores who are laden with a heavy burden of facts; button-hole bores, who always want about two minutes of your time, and take about two hours; astonished bores, who start and ejaculate at anything you may utter; funny bores, who are fond of poking you in the ribs and gastronomic regions; hypochondriacal bores, who never laugh; musical bores, who are overflowing with melody. The confirmed whistler is a more positive infliction than any we have enumerated. Almost everybody can whistle and does whistle. Some highly-blessed individuals have mouths which will not pucker. We never meet these favored creatures. When people have nothing to do, they whistle, and when overburdened with work, they whistle. On the street the chorus of whistlers is constant, embracing every variety of music, from a crazy jig to the last dying moan of an operative heroine. Small boys on their way home from late shows, startle the still air of the night with their piercing melodies. But the whistler who can't

help it, is the bore we fly from. His mouth always wants to pucker, as if under the influence of that very pungent product—a green persimmon. He is a complete and thorough musical encyclopædia, and is familiar with all tunes of ancient and modern times. He executes a delicate thrill, or prolonged note, in every pause in a conversation. When entirely at ease, he indulges in elaborate solos. His facile mouth expands and contracts, his face expresses unmingled satisfaction, and if he had a dear and most valued friend; in the last extremity of financial embarrassment and disaster, he would without the slightest apparent concern, draw up his lips, and whistle down the wind to prey at fortune.
To Keep Cider Sweet.
In consideration of hard times and the money panic, it behooves all who wish to save anything, and then preserve it, to observe all that has that objecting view. By the use of the following receipt, cider can be kept sweet for one year.—'Wash the barrel very clean; then take five gallons of clean boiling water and put it in the barrel, bung it tight and shake it about to drive all the air out of the wood of the barrel; then take the cider sweet from the press, boil it quick and take the scum all off it; empty the barrel, put it in a cold cellar, put the cider in the barrel, boiling hot; bung the barrel slack for one day; then take a strong cloth and tar it over, and put it over the bung hole, make a bung the same way as the stave, and drive it in very tight; then tar another rag, and take a piece of tin larger than the bung hole, lay on the rag and piece of tin, and tack it down tight, and as long as the barrel is tight and cool the cider will keep sweet.'
An eccentric German was noted for his making and keeping good cider, and for his extreme stinginess in dispensing it to his neighbors when they called to see him. A *typical* German was once invited to a fellow, and coax a pitcher of cider out of him. He made him a call, and praised up his farm and cattle, and speaking of his fine orchard, casually remarked:—
'I hear, Mr. Von Dam, that you make excellent cider.'
'Yes, yes, I do. Hans, bring de cider shug.'
The Yankee was delighted with his success, and already smacked his lips in anticipation of good things to come. Hans brought up a quart jug of cider, and placed it on the table before his father. The old farmer raised it with both hands, and gluing his lips to the brim, he drained it to the bottom, and then handing the empty jug to the dry and thirsty Yankee, quietly observed:—
'Dare! if you don't believe dat ish good cider, shust you shmell te shug.'
A gentleman who has been teaching for several years in one of our country districts (Lebanon County) this fall found that there was opposition to his being again employed. He thereupon drew up the following petition for his friends to sign:
OCTOBER the 13th. A. D. 1857.
By this few lines I will draw up a list about the No. 8 Schoolhouse. Now all the inhapiters of School District can give me their names.—All those in favor for me to teach can put their names under yes, and the contrary under no.
Yes. No.
Potter County, Pa., seven years ago, had not an officer, high or low, but 'belonged to the Democracy.' Now, all the officers, high and low, are Republicans. The *Journal* says that no man shall have an office, there, who does not believe in the Declaration of Independence; the people have talked it all over, and their deliberate, solemn conclusion is to give the offices and honors at their disposal to outspoken, straight forward friends of Freedom, only.
A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarns of a storekeeper, as long as her patience would allow, said to him, 'Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to thy business.'
A mother, said an inquisitive urchin, a few days since, 'would you have been any relation to me if father had never married you?'
A brother editor, of this State, in an appeal to his patrons, says:—
'The editor wants grain, pork, tallow, candles, whiskey, linen, beeswax, wool, and anything else he can eat.'
An editor, who was short of travelling funds, sat upon a saw-horse for an imaginary journey in the country, and wrote letters home for his paper.

Select Miscellany.

Caught the Panic.

A tall, lank, Jerusalem sort of a fellow, pretty well under the influence of Mr. Alcohol, was observed swinging to a lamp-post, on Fifth street. He was talking quite loudly to the aforesaid post, when a guardian of the night approached him.
'Come, sir, you are making too much noise,' said the watchman.
'Noise? who's that said noise?' asked the post-holder, as he skewered his head and endeavored in vain to give the intruder a sober look.