

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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and receive a continuance of the same.
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Marietta, August 7, 1865.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
My curtain drawn, and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?
She looked so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo, and she was won;
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!
Away we went in chains and four,
As fast as grinning boys could dog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

What loving tete-a-tetes to come!
But tete-a-tetes must still defer!
When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her!
With sister Bells she couldn't part,
But all my ties had leaved to part—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The monkey bit, the parrot screamed,
All day the sister strummed and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold!
My Susan learned to use her tongue,
Her mother had such wretched health,
She set and croaked like any frog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

No longer Deary, Duck and Love,
I soon came down to simple "M.!"
The very servants crossed my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seemed my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Yonkison was mumbled and huffed,
She could bear that Mister Bogg—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song;
The sister took a sister's part,
The maid declared her master wrong;
The parrot learned to call me "Fool!"
My life was like a London fog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My Susan's taste was superlative,
As proved by bills that had no end;
I never had a decent coat—
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Each Sunday night we gave aught
To fops and flirts, a pretty lay;
And when I tried to steal away,
I found my study full of whist.
Then, first to come and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Now was not that an awful dream,
For one who is single and snug—
With Pussy in the elbow chair,
And Tray reposing on the rug?
Till that totter down the hill,
'Tis safest down without a clog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

"Which of these roads leads to
the village of W—?" inquired a trav-
eler, as he came to a place where the
road he was travelling forked in differ-
ent directions, of an urchin who sat
upon a log near by, and whose appear-
ance indicated that he was evidently a
specimen. "Any one on 'em, sir," an-
swered the boy. "Which is the best,
my lad?" inquired the traveler. "Ain't
nary one on 'em the best." "Which is
the nearest?" "Ain't much difference."
"Which do you think I had better
take?" "You may take any one on 'em
and afore you get half way that you'll
wish you had tuck 'o'her one."

Tread on your dog's tail, and he
is profuse with his affectionate apolo-
gies for having vexed you by a moment's
howling. Tread on your cat's and she
claws your leg, spits, and sulks for hour.
I don't defend Mrs. Puss, but you are
much more careful of treading on her
than the doggie. It is just the same in
families:

The rain has one disagreeable
feature; it is an eaves-dropper.
Who was the first jockey? Adam
for he was the father of the race.

The Chill question—"How is
your cold?"

FROM A MARIETTIAN IN NEW MEXICO.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Feb. 26, '66.

Editor of Mariettian:—I have a faint
remembrance of writing you a letter,
about a year ago, that you flattered me
by publishing; and in that letter I think
I promised you another. Since then
the great event in our nation's history
has been brought about; that is the
suppression of the rebellion—an event
which caused as much joy here as in any
other part of the Republic. I introduce
this subject for the purpose of saying a
few words as to the part played by New
Mexico during the long and sanguinary
contest. You are aware that this country
is not overstocked with population. I
suppose to-day there are not more
than ninety thousand inhabitants in the
Territory, including the Pueblo Indians.
The vote at the last election was some-
over fourteen thousand. You will bear
in mind that New Mexico during the war
was surrounded by hostile savages—the
Comanches, Apaches and Navajoes.—
This latter tribe alone could bring two
thousand warriors into the field. Many
of the frontier towns required all their
strength to guard them against the raids
of the red enemy. In one of these
towns, at one time the men were all
absent when the Indians made a de-
scent on the place. The women hastily
armed themselves as best they could,
many of them staked themselves of
their female apparel and donned the
clothes of the other sex, and ascending
to the roofs of the houses, bravely drove
off their assailants. The women who on
this occasion marshaled the forces was a
Mrs. Pino, and the town, Covo.

Notwithstanding all the drawbacks,
New Mexico had in the field at one
time five Regiments of troops, and to-
day has two regiments in service, one of
Cavalry and one of Infantry. The
Cavalry Regiment has been four years
and a half in the service and has been
commanded nearly the entire time by
the famous Colonel Kit Carson. It did
good service against the Southern foe,
during the invasion of this Territory,
and has since covered itself with glory
in battling and subduing the greater
portion of the blood-thirsty savages.—
Many of the officers of this Regiment,
including the heroic Colonel, have been
brevetted for their gallantry, and many
more deserve to be. Most of the line
officers have been promoted from the
ranks for their bravery. The Infantry
Regiment is of more recent date and is
commanded by Col. J. F. Abrey, a
native of New Mexico, and a polished
officer. This Regiment has also done
good service in defending the country
against the inroads of the Indians. Thus
you see we have not been far behind the
other sections of the Union in battling
the enemies of our common country.

I have spoken of the Pueblo Indians.
You may not understand the term. They
are Indians who were subdued by the
Spaniards, and colonized; similar to our
present system of Reservations. They
are nearly civilized, living in very com-
pact towns, and are the best farmers we
have. Each town (or Pueblo) received a
grant of land from old Spain, which is
held in common; a certain portion
being set apart by their own authori-
ties, for each family, and I assure you it
is well cultivated. They have orchards
and vineyards, and produce among them-
selves nearly everything they need.—
From the wool of their own sheep they
make most of their clothing, purchasing
only a little cotton cloth. In the way
of provisions, they buy a little coffee
and sugar. In fact they are poor custo-
mers for the merchants. I would like
to give you a description of their towns,
but have not the ability to do justice to
the subject. They present a very unique
appearance to a stranger. The front
part of each house is of only one story,
and this has no outer door. To enter,
you must ascend a ladder to the roof,
which is flat, and you find the door of
the house in the second story. From
these upper stories you descend by lad-
ders to the ground floor. Many of the
houses are three stories high, each story
setting back like stair-steps. Their
houses are built in this manner as a de-
fense against the savage Indians. They
govern themselves as far as their internal
policy is concerned, each Pueblo electing
annually their own Governor. Aside
from this they have a religious Govern-
or, (Cacicque), which office is heredi-
tary, and a military chief who is
elected, but I believe serves during good
behavior. Besides these they usually
have a legal adviser who can read and
write, but they seldom elect him to any
other office; fearing to trust him, as they
say he is too cunning for them. An in-
teresting volume could be written about
these Indians and their legends. Al-
though in daily contact with the Mexi-
cans, there are many of them who can
not understand a word of Spanish.—
Truly they are a wonderful people.

The amusements of the people, that is
the native population, consist of horse-
racing, cock-fighting, gambling, dancing,
and going to church. These seem quite
a medley, yet they are all enjoyed equally.
There are few fast horses here; in fact,
most of them are poor scrubs. But few,
if any, fine horses are raised in the Ter-
ritory. But it would surprise you to see
what an amount of labor a Mexican will
get out of a horse that an American
would not think of riding. They will
bestride a miserable poor pony, that
staggers under their weight, and, by the
aid of spurs that weigh about a half-
pound a piece, make thirty or forty
miles a day, but not easily. A Mexican
on one of this kind of horses reminds one
of a "limber-jack," every limb of the
man is in motion continually, but more
especially the legs. Cock-fighting here
is not a test of the game of the birds.
Their legs are armed, in place of spurs
with scythe-shaped knives about two
inches long, and frequently one or both
of the cocks are killed at the first jump.
I witnessed one of these entertainments
yesterday, where four hundred dollars
was staked on the issue of the combat.
As to gambling, every Mexican man,
woman and child, has a passion for it,
and will risk their last dollar on the turn
of a card. But they are the most stoical
people in the world as to their losses.
When their last cent has vanished at the
gambling table they merely say "It is
the will of God," light their cigarito and
converse as coolly as though nothing
had happened. No thought of suicide
among them for such a cause. But
dancing is their strong suit. In this
the ladies appear in all their glory,
and they are the best and most gradu-
ated dancers in the world. It seems
natural for a Mexican woman to dance;
she does not go through the figures as
though it was something she had learned,
but instinctively dances correctly, easily,
beautifully. Ballet is the Spanish for
Ball, and nearly every class of dances is
called a ballet; the most usual are held
at saloons where liquors and confec-
tionery are sold. At these the women
attend dressed gaily and finely. A solid
gold necklace, ear-ring, and several
finger rings are necessary articles of a
lady's dress attire. At a ballet of the
lower classes the women will display
hundreds of dollars worth of jewelry.
You never wait here for an introduction
to a woman before asking her to dance
with you. However poorly dressed you
may be she will not refuse you, unless
you are drunk. At these public ballets,
after each dance you must take your
partner to the bar and treat her to what
she may call for, perhaps champagne,
native wine, a sangaree, or candy, nuts,
raisins, figs, &c. You may think this
rather a democratic custom, and that it
would lead to inebriation among the
women; it might among American lad-
ies; but far from it among Mexicans.—
Even the men are very temperate, and
before the war drunkenness was very
seldom among them, but soldiering has
got many into the habit of drinking
spirited liquors to excess.

Church-going here is a matter of
course. All are Catholics, and they be-
lieve in their religion fully and entirely.
If they go through the forms their sal-
vation is sure; so they crowd to the church
and to church festivals with glad hearts
and happy faces. In fact a more con-
tented people does not exist. They are
satisfied to do as their fathers and
mothers did before them, and oppose all
innovations. If wealth comes they re-
joice, if adversity they do not repine,
and never blame themselves for anything
that occurs.

I have received several letters from
your section asking my advice as to
people coming here to live. I will
answer these here. At present there
are few openings for laboring men.—
The farmers hire natives at from \$8 to
\$15 per month, and many mechanics
here are out of employ and likely to
remain so. With the money it would
cost to get here it is better to
go into some business elsewhere. If a
young man is determined to come here,
let him save his money on the way, drive
a bull team across the plains for wages
some prepared to "take the bull by
the horns" in any emergency and he may
succeed; some here do so, and others
may, but this is a poor place for a lazy
man. Yours, Fred'k L. Baker.

Presently all parties arrived and be-
gan "prospecting," the scene of the ca-
tastrophe, as people usually do in such
cases. At length they drew together
to exchange opinions as to what should
be done. The minister at once gave his
opinion that they had better level up the
well and let Barnes remain; "for," said
he, "he is now beyond the temptation
of sin, and in the day of judgement it
will make no difference whether he is
buried five feet under ground or fifty,
for he is bound to come forth in either case."
The coroner likewise agreed that it
would be a needless expense to his fam-
ily or the town to disinter him when he
was effectually buried, and therefore co-
incided with the minister.

His wife thought as he had left his
hat and frock it would hardly be worth
while to dig him out for the rest of his
clothes, and so it was decided to let
him remain. But poor old Barnes, who
had had no breakfast, and was not at all
pleased with the result of the inquest,
lay quiet until the shades of evening
stole over the landscape, when he de-
parted for parts unknown. After re-
maining incognito for about three years,
one morning he suddenly appeared
(hatted and frockless as he went) at
the door of the old farmer, for whom he
had agreed to dig the unfortunate well.
To say that an avalanche of questions
were rained upon him as to his mysteri-
ous reappearance, etc., would convey
but a feeble idea of the excitement which
his bodily presence created. But the
old man bore it quietly, and at length
informed them that on finding himself
buried, he waited to be dug out again,
until his patience was exhausted, when
he set to work to dig himself out, and
had only the day before succeeded, for
his ideas being very much confused, he
had dug very much at random, and in-
stead of coming directly to the surface,
he came out in the town of Holden, six
miles east of the Penobscot river.

No further explanations were asked
for by those who were so distressed and
sorrowful over his supposed final resting
place.

Desperation.
That the author of the following is a
Philadelphia student, is necessary to
premise, who, after a stolen fortnight
and the gayeties of a Washington sea-
son finds himself (through the remis-
sion of a chum) at Baltimore, on his
way home, without a penny in his purse.
He stops at a fashionable hotel, never-
theless, where, after carrying a day on
two, he finally, at the behest of a grand
dinner, omne solus, in the private apart-
ment, flanked by abundance of Cham-
pagne and Burgundy, resolves to dis-
close all to the landlord. Summoning a
servant, he said:

"Ask the landlord to step up to my
room, and bring his bill."
He clattered down stairs laughing,
and shortly after his master appeared.
He entered with a generous smile, that
made me hope for the best his house
afforded, and that just then, was cred-
it to me.

"How much do I owe you?" said I.
He handed me the bill for all the
grace of a private expectancy.
"Let me see," said he, "seventeen dollars.
How very reasonable. But my dear sir,
the most disagreeable part of the mat-
ter is now to be disclosed. I desire to
inform you that at present I am out of
money, and I know by your philanthro-

pic looks that you will be satisfied when
I tell you that if I had it, I would give
it to you with unqualified pleasure.
But, you see, my not having the change
by me, is the reason I can't do it; and
I am sure you will let the matter stand
and say no more about it. I am a stran-
ger to you, that's a fact, but in the place
where I came from all my acquaintances
know me as well as can be."

The landlord turned all colors.
"Where do you live, and how?"
"In Washing—I should say, Phil-
adelphia."

His eyes flashed with angry disap-
pointment.
"I see how it is, Mister; my opinion
is that you are a blackleg. You don't
know where your home is; you begin
with Washington, and then drop it for
Philadelphia. You must pay your bill."

"But I can't."
"Then I'll take your clothes; if I
don't, then blow me tight."
"Scoundrel!" said I, rising bolt ap-
right, "do it if you dare, and leave the
rest to me."

There were no more words. He arose
deliberately, seized my hat and only in-
expressibles, and walked down stairs.
Physicians say that two excitements
can't exist at the same time in one sys-
tem. External circumstances drove
away, almost immediately, the confusion
of my brain.

I arose and looked out of the window.
The snow was descending as I drummed
on the pane. What was I to do? An
unhappy "sans culottes" in a strange
city; no money, and slightly inebriated.
A thought struck me.

I had a large, full cloak, which, with
all my other appointments, save those
he took, the landlord had spared. I
dressed immediately, drew on my boots
over my fair drawers, not unlike small
clothes; put on my cravat, vest and
coat, laid a travelling cap from my trunk
jauntily over my forehead, and flinging
my fine long mantle gracefully about me,
made my way through the hall into the
street.

Attracted by the chinking lamps in the
portico of a new hotel, a few squares
from my first lodgings, I entered, record-
ed some name on the books, and bespoke
a bed. Everything was fresh and neat,
every servant attentive, all angured well.
I kept myself closely cloaked, puffed a
cigar, and retired to bed to mature my
plot.

"Waiter, just brush my clothes well,
my fine fellow," said I, in the morning,
as he entered my room; "mind the pan-
taloons; don't spill anything from the
pockets; there is money in both."
"I don't see the pantaloons."
"The devil you don't! Where are
they?"

"Can't tell, I'm sure; I don't know,
s'elp me God."
"Go down, sir, and tell your master to
come up here immediately."
The publican was with me in a mo-
ment. I had risen, and worked my face
before the mirror into a fiendish look of
passion.

"Landlord!" exclaimed I, with a fiend-
ish gesture; "I have been robbed in
your house—robbed, sir, robbed! My
pantaloons and a purse containing three
fifty dollar notes are gone. This is a
pretty hotel. Is this the way you fulfill
the injunctions of Scripture? I am a
stranger, and have been taken in with a
vengeance. I will expose you at once,
if I am not recompensed."

"Pray keep your temper," replied the
publican; "I have just opened this
house, and it is getting a good run.
Would you ruin its reputation by an ac-
cident? I will find out the villain who
robbed you; and I will send a tailor to
measure you for your missing garments.
Your money shall be refunded. Do you
see that your anger is useless?"

"My dear sir," I replied, "I thank
you for your kindness; I did not mean
to reproach you. If those trousers can
be done to-day I shall be satisfied; time
is more precious than money. You may
keep the others if you find them, and in
exchange for the one hundred and fifty
dollars which you give me their content
are yours."

The next evening, with new inexpress-
ibles and one hundred and forty dollar
in my pocket, I called on my guardian
in Philadelphia for fifty dollars. He
gave it, with a lecture on collegiate dis-
cipline that shall not soon forget. I
enclosed the money back to my honor-
able landlord by the first post, settled
my other bill at old Crusty's, the first
publican, and got my trunk by mail.

Why should a woman never marry a
blacksmith? Because they all
hardened views,

Some years since an eccentric old
genius, named Barnes, was employed by
a farmer living in a town some six or
seven miles westerly from the Penobscot
river, Maine, to dig a well. The soil
and substratum being mostly of sand,
old Barnes after having progressed down-
wards about forty feet, found one morn-
ing upon going to work that the well
had essentially caved in, and was full
nearly to the top. So, having the de-
sire which men have of knowing what
will be said of them after they are dead,
and no one being yet astr, he concealed
himself in a rank growth of burdocks by
the side of a board fence near the mouth
of the well, having first left his frock and
hat on the windlass over the well. At
length breakfast being ready, a boy was
dispatched to call him to his meal, when
lo! and behold! it was seen that Barnes
was buried in the grave unconsciously
dug by his own hands. The alarm being
given, and the family assembled, it was
decided to first eat breakfast, and then
send for the coroner, the minister, and
his wife and children. Such spathy did
not flatter Barnes' self esteem a bit, but
he waited patiently, determined to hear
what would be said and see what was to
be seen.

Presently all parties arrived and be-
gan "prospecting," the scene of the ca-
tastrophe, as people usually do in such
cases. At length they drew together
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will make no difference whether he is
buried five feet under ground or fifty,
for he is bound to come forth in either case."
The coroner likewise agreed that it
would be a needless expense to his fam-
ily or the town to disinter him when he
was effectually buried, and therefore co-
incided with the minister.

His wife thought as he had left his
hat and frock it would hardly be worth
while to dig him out for the rest of his
clothes, and so it was decided to let
him remain. But poor old Barnes, who
had had no breakfast, and was not at all
pleased with the result of the inquest,
lay quiet until the shades of evening
stole over the landscape, when he de-
parted for parts unknown. After re-
maining incognito for about three years,
one morning he suddenly appeared
(hatted and frockless as he went) at
the door of the old farmer, for whom he
had agreed to dig the unfortunate well.
To say that an avalanche of questions
were rained upon him as to his mysteri-
ous reappearance, etc., would convey
but a feeble idea of the excitement which
his bodily presence created. But the
old man bore it quietly, and at length
informed them that on finding himself
buried, he waited to be dug out again,
until his patience was exhausted, when
he set to work to dig himself out, and
had only the day before succeeded, for
his ideas being very much confused, he
had dug very much at random, and in-
stead of coming directly to the surface,
he came out in the town of Holden, six
miles east of the Penobscot river.

No further explanations were asked
for by those who were so distressed and
sorrowful over his supposed final resting
place.

Desperation.
That the author of the following is a
Philadelphia student, is necessary to
premise, who, after a stolen fortnight
and the gayeties of a Washington sea-
son finds himself (through the remis-
sion of a chum) at Baltimore, on his
way home, without a penny in his purse.
He stops at a fashionable hotel, never-
theless, where, after carrying a day on
two, he finally, at the behest of a grand
dinner, omne solus, in the private apart-
ment, flanked by abundance of Cham-
pagne and Burgundy, resolves to dis-
close all to the landlord. Summoning a
servant, he said:

"Ask the landlord to step up to my
room, and bring his bill."
He clattered down stairs laughing,
and shortly after his master appeared.
He entered with a generous smile, that
made me hope for the best his house
afforded, and that just then, was cred-
it to me.

"How much do I owe you?" said I.
He handed me the bill for all the
grace of a private expectancy.
"Let me see," said he, "seventeen dollars.
How very reasonable. But my dear sir,
the most disagreeable part of the mat-
ter is now to be disclosed. I desire to
inform you that at present I am out of
money, and I know by your philanthro-

pic looks that you will be satisfied when
I tell you that if I had it, I would give
it to you with unqualified pleasure.
But, you see, my not having the change
by me, is the reason I can't do it; and
I am sure you will let the matter stand
and say no more about it. I am a stran-
ger to you, that's a fact, but in the place
where I came from all my acquaintances
know me as well as can be."

The landlord turned all colors.
"Where do you live, and how?"
"In Washing—I should say, Phil-
adelphia."

His eyes flashed with angry disap-
pointment.
"I see how it is, Mister; my opinion
is that you are a blackleg. You don't
know where your home is; you begin
with Washington, and then drop it for
Philadelphia. You must pay your bill."

"But I can't."
"Then I'll take your clothes; if I
don't, then blow me tight."
"Scoundrel!" said I, rising bolt ap-
right, "do it if you dare, and leave the
rest to me."

There were no more words. He arose
deliberately, seized my hat and only in-
expressibles, and walked down stairs.
Physicians say that two excitements
can't exist at the same time in one sys-
tem. External circumstances drove
away, almost immediately, the confusion
of my brain.

I arose and looked out of the window.
The snow was descending as I drummed
on the pane. What was I to do? An
unhappy "sans culottes" in a strange
city; no money, and slightly inebriated.
A thought struck me.

I had a large, full cloak, which, with
all my other appointments, save those
he took, the landlord had spared. I
dressed immediately, drew on my boots
over my fair drawers, not unlike small
clothes; put on my cravat, vest and
coat, laid a travelling cap from my trunk
jauntily over my forehead, and flinging
my fine long mantle gracefully about me,
made my way through the hall into the
street.

Attracted by the chinking lamps in the
portico of a new hotel, a few squares
from my first lodgings, I entered, record-
ed some name on the books, and bespoke
a bed. Everything was fresh and neat,
every servant attentive, all angured well.
I kept myself closely cloaked, puffed a
cigar, and retired to bed to mature my
plot.

"Waiter, just brush my clothes well,
my fine fellow," said I, in the morning,
as he entered my room; "mind the pan-
taloons; don't spill anything from the
pockets; there is money in both."
"I don't see the pantaloons."
"The devil you don't! Where are
they?"