The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

BY WM. BREWSTER. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1855. VOL. 20. NO. 7.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

If paid in advance.....$1,50
If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1,75
If paid at the end of the year.....2,00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be charged at the following rates:

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
Six lines or less,	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One square, (16 lines,)	50	75	1 00
Two " (32 ")	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three " (48 ")	1 50	2 25	3 00

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¼ sheet handbills, 30 copies or less,	$1 25
½ " " " " "	1 50
¾ " " " " "	2 50
1 " " " " "	4 00
BLANKS, foolscap or less, per single quire,	1 50
" " 4 or more quires, per "	1 00

☞ Extra charges will be made for heavy composition.

☞ All letters on business must be POST PAID to secure attention. ☜

The Law of Newspapers.

1. *Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.*
2. *If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*
3. *If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.*
4. *If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.*
5. *Persons who continue to receive or take the paper from the office, are to be considered as subscribers and as such, equally responsible for subscription, as if they had ordered their names entered upon the publishers books.*
6. *The Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Post Master who neglects to perform his duty of giving reasonable notice as required by the regulations of the Post Office Department, of the neglect of a person to take from the office, newspapers addressed to him, renders the Post Master liable to the publisher for the subscription price.*

Original Poetry.

For the Journal.

TOBACCO.

BY JOSEPH BEERS.

Tobacco, which every creature shuns,
Man seeks, and uses up by tons;
The little boys, and Misses too,
Must act as pa and mamma do.
They smoke and snuff from morn till night,
Until they learn the practice right;
Nor stop to think what others say
Who never learn'd this foul display.
No, on they rush to ruin's brink,
And in the stagnant whirl-pool sink;
At taverns, and such common places,
Men stick cigars close to our faces
And smoke—till smoke ascending higher,
'Till all the room as though on fire;
Which cloud becoming thick and stout,
Soon *smokes* the unconsumer out.
They laugh to scorn, have they compassion?
Why? because it is the fashion.
The pretended great whom men obey,
Their precepts golden smokes away;
Their own example to their charge
Gives sanction to the vice at large.
Our fair companions must submit
To be immers'd in smoke and spit.
The *poisonous weed* the *loafer* smokes
The more annoys, the more provokes;
For who can shun the smoke and smell,
And in the land of freedom dwell?
Where such a host of smokers live,
Without restraint offence to give;
And yet the smoker firmly stands
With visage bland, and folded hands,
As though our ills were not enough
But he must aid them with a puff.
Alas! this passion, growing too strong,
Is universal, as it's wrong.
Friends of our race, united come
From palace—hall and mountain home.
Gird on your armor—ready be
To battle with our enemy.
That God who aids the good and just
Our foe will humble in the dust;
While our huzzas—the conflict o'er—
Will rise and ring from shore to shore
"Tobacco—*tyrant*—is on more!"

Educational.

By J. A. Hall.

Huntingdon County Teachers' Institute.

FRIDAY EVENING SESSION.

Subject of Distinct Articulution continued.

Mr. Hall said he had visited no schools out of Huntinadon for several years, and had no conception of the state of things described by Mr. Baker. He had listened to his revelations with mingled feelings of mirth and sorrow. Could it be possible that in a country like ours, where eloquence is one of the surest roads to distinction, the cultivation of the voice in reading and speaking should be so extensively rejected? To him this would seem impossible did he not know the integrity of the man who stated it, and his opportunities of knowing the truth whereof he speaks. He would not detain the Institute with reflections and arguments, but show how he avoided the evil of indistinct utterance in his school. The organs of speech, he said, are, like the muscles of the arm, improved and strenghtened by exercise; and when there is no mal-formation of these organs, the proper exercise of them will secure distinct articulation *in every case*. Such was his experience. He commenced with the first letter or sound he attempted to teach the child, and dwelt upoo this, and each succeeding sound, until it was properly pronounced. He did not insist on loudness of sound, but a sudden, full and free enunciation. He never allowed the running of letters and syllables together, but required a complete termination of every division of every word. His classes rose at their seats to recite, he stood at a distance from them, and insisted on hearing every sound distinctly; if any portion of the lesson was not heard, it was called a failure and treated as such. These were the only means he used, and in ordinary cases, nothing more was necessary. If the scholars are timid or bashful, exercise the class, and sometimes the whole school in concert speaking. This will excite and embolden the backward and soon overcome all difficulty. If any have impediments of speech or confirmed bad habits, they require specia. attention.—They should be taught the proper position of the lips, tongue, &c., for the formation of the most difficult sounds; should be exercised regularly and *severely* in exploding the elementary sounds; taking the vocals first a single element at a time, and dwelling upon it until it is mastered. In correcting bad habits and natural impediments of speech, great force of utterance is requisite to rapid improvement. The elements should be exploded very slowly at first, increasing in rapidity as improvement ad-advances. He could point to classes composed of children under twelve years of age, that had by such training acquired a greater volume of voice and a much clearer enunciation than he had, some of them, too, children that had no intelligible language at the age of three or four years.

Mr. Brigham said this subject was more neglected than any other—its importance was not understood in the country. It had been his practice to teach the elements of orthography from the black board, requiring his scholars to commit to memory the different sounds of each letter, and also to pronounce them frequently and distinctly. This he had found very effective in improving their articulation.

On motion, Messrs. Hall, Sangree, Baker, Brigham and McDivit were appointed a committee to prepare resolutions.

Mr. Benedict said it was important in reading and conversation to throw out our words forcibly, if we wish to be understood. Even in the pulpit and at the bar is heard a great deal of bad reading, the indistinctness arising from the fact that the final consonants are not fully sounded. Teach scholars to articulate well the final consonants and their reading will be clear and distinct. Some children are afraid to speak out, others are too bashful. The teacher should first find the cause of their incoherence and then overcome it. He recommended standing so far from the class that you can not hear it without distinct articulation.

Isaac Fisher, Esq., being called on, responded in a lengthy address, rich in thought eloquently expressed. In the course of his remarks he referred to Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun and Henry Clay, spoke of their fame as orators, and affirmed that one half of that fame arose from the fact that they spoke the English language as it is written by the English classics; and from the peculiar power and distinctness of their delivery.

Essay by Miss McDivitt—Subject, Moral Education.

Essay by Miss Narcissa Benedict—Subject, The Teacher.

Essay by Mr. Brigham—Subject, General Education.

On motion, resolved that copies of the several Essays read before the Institute, be procured for publication.

SATURDAY MORNING, 9 o'CLOCK.

Prayer by Mr. Miller.

On motion, the time of discussion was limited to one hour. The hour was occupied by remarks on the best methods of teaching the Alphabet. Messrs. McIlroy, Hall, Benedict, Baker, Ewing and Pollock participated, all insisting that but one or two letters should be taught at a time, and that letters of similar sound or appearance should not be presented in immediate succession. They also agreed that the secret of success is exciting the child's interest, fixing his attention; and thus exercising his organs of form and comparison as well as taxing his memory. [Capital letters should not be used, in teaching the alphabet.]

The Committee on resolutions, through their chairman, Mr. Hall, presented the following, which after some discussion, were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That we will do all in our power to encourage the present laudable and measurably successful effort to introduce a uniformity of good text books into the public schools of the county.

Resolved, That our brethren of Blair and other counties who have come up to the work and aided us by their counsels, have manifested the proper professional spirit, and set an example worthy the highest commendation.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Institute, no teacher that desires to do his duty, advance the cause of education, or secure a high standing in the profession, will refuse to connect himself with the County Institute, or deny himself the reading of the "Pennsylvania School Journal."

Resolved, That it is the duty of the School Directors of the several townships and districts of the country to procure and file that excellent periodical, the "School Journal," for the use of themselves and their successors.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to the citizens of Huntingdon for their attendance, for the increased interest they have manifested in our proceedings, and the encouragement thus afforded to the great cause in which we labor.

Resolved, That we are under obligations to Isaac Fisher, Esq., for the eloquent interesting and instructive remarks with which he favored us on Friday evening.

Resolved, That our thanks are due the County Commissioners for the free use of the Court room, aud to Mr. Miller, their gentlemanly clerk, for his attention to the comforts of the Institute during its sitting We would also express our acknowledgements to G. Miller, Esq., of the Exchange Hotel, for the kind and sumptuous entertainment we received at his excellent house.

Resolved, That the members of this Institute and the friends of education generally are much indebted to the enlighiened public spirit of our local press for the present prosperous condition of our Association.

The present officers of the Institute were then unanimous continued for another year.

The following gentlemen were then prodosed and elected honorary members, viz., Messrs. David Dunn, J. S. Morris, Isaac Fisher, Esq. J. S. Stewart, and Dr. Brewster.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miscellaneous.

A Humorous Sketch.

The difference between courtship and marriage was never more forcibly expliined than in ihe following "Charcoal Sketch."

"What made you get married if you do not like it?"

"Why I was deluded into it—fairly deluded. I had nothing to do of evenings, so I went a courting. Now courtin's fun enough—I haven't got a word to say agin courting, it is about as good a way of killing an evening as I know of, Wash your face, put on a clean dickey, and go and talk as sweet as molasses candy for an hour or two, to say nothing of a few kisses behind the door as your sweet-heart goes to the step with you."

"When I was a single man, the world wagged on well enough. It was just like on omnibus; I was a passenger, paid my levy, and haden't nothing more to do with it but sit down and not care a button for anything. S'posin the omnibus got upset, well I walks off, and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But then I must take a wife and be hanged to me. It is very nice for a while; but afterwards its plaguy like owing an upsot omnibus."

"Now?" queried Montezuma, "what's all that about omnibuses?"

"What did I get by it?" continued Gameliel, regardless of the interruption.

"How much fun? why a yawning old woman and the squallers. Mighty different from courting that is. Where's the fun of buying things to eat and things wear for them, and wasting all good spreeing money on such nonsense for other people? And, then, as for doing what you like, there's no such thing. You can't clear out when the people's owing you so much money you can't stay convenient. No, the nabbers must have you. You can't go on a spree, for when you come home the missus kicks up the devil's delight. You can't teach her better manners for constables are as thick as blackberries. In short, you can't do nothing. Instead of 'yes my duck,' and 'no my dear,' 'as you please, honey, and when you like,' as it was in courting times, it's a darning and mending, and nobody ever darned or mended. If it wasn't that I am particularly sober, I'd be inclined to drink, its excuse enough. Its heart-breaking, and its all owing to that I've such a pain in my gizzard of mornings. I'm so miserable I must stop and sit on these steps."

"What's the matter now?"

"I'm getting aggravated. My wife is a saving critter—a word of sharpness; she cuts the throat of my felicity, stabs my happiness, chops up my comforts, and snips up all my Sunday-go to-meetings to make jackets for the boys: she gives all the wittles to the children, to make me spry and jump like a lamplighter. I cant stand it, my troubles are overpowering when I come to add them up."

"Oh, nonsense, behave nice, don't make a noise in the street, be a man."

"How can I be a man when I belong to somebody else? My hours aint my own, I belong to four people besides myself—the old woman and three children. I'm a partnership concern; and so many have got their fingers in the till that I must burst up. I'll break, and sign over the stock in trade to you,"

A Love Letter.

The *Opal*, a periodical published by the Lunatics at the State Asylum, Utica, has the following love letter The editor hopes that Freddy may not 'get the mitten' in exchange for his glove.

SINGLETOWN, Sept. 1854.

My Dear Matty—Although far from you, still you are not forgotten. Absence makes love grow stronger. I have purchased a pair of gloves that will exactly fit your dear little hand, which I have so often clasped with delight. Oh that I were a pair of gloves, that I might case those tiny hands! Oh that I were a breastpin, that I might rest on your bosom! Oh that my arms were a ribbon belt, that they might encircle your sweet little *waist!* Oh that I were a watch, that I might dangle at your side, and beat in unison with your own true and loving heart beating audibly! Oh that I were a shawl, that I might be wrapped closely around yonr angelic form! Oh that I were a breeze, that I might fan your noble brow, and kiss your lovely cheek! Dear Matty, only time will prove the sincerity of my heart. Do write, that I may know that I am not forgotten by one who in memory I hold so dear; and be assured that the sentiments of my heart are deeply interested for your own dear sake, and that your precious lovely form is ever present in my day as well as nightly dreams. My own dear love, you are the jewel of my heart, the precious gem of my earthly happiness. Could you only realize the height and depth, the length and breadth of my affection for your own 'dear self,' you would not remain silent, and indulge in such a reverie, but hasten, with all possible energy, to relieve my anxious bosom by the receipt of a letter from your own well-known, dear, precious, sweet little ☞. I send, with my deepest love, a pair of gloves, hoping that they will exactly fit your dear little hand I have so often clasped with so much heart-felt interest. Hoping to hear from you soon, I bid you an affectionate adieu.

From your anxious lover,
FREDERICK.

"Stop My Paper."

The following remarks are too good to be thrown to one side without, at least, a passing notice. They are true, to the letter, and suitable to all localities. We are of opinion that the weakest capacity cannot fail to understand them:

It is astonishing what exalted notions some persons have of their own importance. They seem to imagine that they are altogether necessary to the onward roll of our little world, and if by any means they should be shoved out of the way, the screws would be loose that the old machine would no longer hold together; and of course, if such important personages only say to an editor, "stop my paper," the whole establishment must go to naught instanter.

We have often laughed in our sleeve—though outwardly we looked as grave as an owl—when one of these regulators of the world has marched into our editorial sanctum and ordered a discontinuance of his paper. And it always does us good to see how the starch is taken out of him while the editor smilingly replies, "Certainly, sir, with the greatest pleasure, just as soon as the clerk has entered a hundred or more names which have just been sent in. The mighty man wilts down like the narrative of a whipped spaniel, and he shrinks away, muttering to himself.—"Well I'm afraid that stopping my paper has not ruined him after all."

These swells who stop their papers on account of some miff which has found its way into their cranium, are sure to watch the time of the next issue, thinking that another number will hardly make its appearance; and they are sure to borrow their neighbor's copy to see if it does not contain the editor's farewell address to his readers.

We once knew a minister who, in describing a Christian's character, and the circumspection of his walk, said the way to heaven required as much care as it did for a cat to walk on a wall covered with broken bottles. It is something so with an editor, if he pleases everybody.—*Lancaster Whig.*

Why People Drink.

Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little soothing.

Mr. B. because his doctor ordered him not to, and he hates quackery.

Mr. C. takes a drop because he's wet.

Mr. D. because he's dry.

Mr. E. because he feels something rising in his stomach.

Mr. F. because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.

Mr. G. because he's going to see a friend off to Oregon.

Mr. H. because he's got a friend come home from California.

Mr. I. because he's so hot.

Mr. J. because he's so cold.

Mr. K. because he's got a pain in his head.

Mr. L. because he's got a paiu in his stomach.

Mr. M. because he's got a pain in his side.

Mr. N. because he's got a pain in his back.

Mr. O. because he's got a pain in his chest.

Mr. P. because he's got a pain all over him.

Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy.

Mr. R. because he feels heavy and miserable.

Mr. S. because he's married.

Mr. T. because he isn't.

Mr. U. because he feels a sense of goneness.

Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends around him.

Mr. W. because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself.

Mr. X. because his uncle left him a legacy.

Mr. Y. because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.

Mr. Z. (we should be very happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z's reasons are for drinking, but on putting the question to him, he was found to be too drunk to answer.

The German Branch of the Smit Family.

THE "Turn Vereins" is the name of a society in Albany, composed of Germans, having for its object the developement of the mussels, and proficiency by gymantic exercise, by Ottigon and others. The editor of the Albany *Express* who was present at a meeting a few evenings since, says he was most profoundly struck at the calling of the roll with a number of "Smits" belonging to the institution.—He gives all he can recollect, as follows:

Big Smit.
Little Smit.
Smit from the hill.
Smit from de holler.
Smit mit de store.
Smit mit de blacksmit shop.
Smit mit de larger bier shop.
Smit mithout any vrow.
Smit wot wants a vrow.
Smit mit one leg.
Smit mit two legs.
Smit mit de pigs.
Smit mit de pig head
Smit mit de pig feet.
Smit mit de brick yard.
Smit mit de junk shop.
Smit mit de bolognas.
Smit mit de one eye.
Smit mit two eyes.
Smit mit de bone picker.
Smit mit two vrows.
Smit mit de swill cart.
Smit mit de segar stumps.
Smit mit peach pits.
Smit mit de red whiskers.
Smit mit de red hair.
Smit mit no hair.
SMIT.

For the Farmer.

He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

From the Farm Journal.

Wool Growers Look to Your Sheep.

MR. EDITOR:—If wool growers would look more after their sheep and see that proper bucks are kept in their flocks, we would see more handsome and large sheep, carrying fleeces of fine long and compact wool, in place of the many long legged, misshaped sheep, carrying a light, open and coarse fleece of unsaleable wool, which will scarcely pay for producing it. But says one, when have we proper bucks in our flocks? I will tell you when you can be certain of it, and do not rest satisfied until you have your arrangements made for the coming fall; from now until you clip your sheep will be the last good opportunity you will have for arranging them properly for this year. Begin by throwing out all the worst formed sheep, from the flock you wish to breed from, and then when you wash, you can throw out those having coarse and uneven fleeces, and when you clip, you can tell by the scales which are too light fleeced to retain. Now make such marks on them that you will make no mistakes, and next fall put a perfect buck with your flock of ewes, and you will find that the offspring will more than meet your most sanguine expectations. I have followed this method for a number of years, and the man that will follow the same method, will find that his sheep will be much sought after by wool-growers. Perhaps the reader will ask what kind of sheep to breed from? I would answer Merino. For four lbs. of wool at sixty cents will amount to two dollars and forty cents, which is better than two at eighty cents; and five lbs. at fifty cents, which will amount to two dollars and fifty cents, or six lbs. at forty cents, which will amount to two dollars and forty cents, is better than one and a half lbs. at ninety cents; and that ten lbs. at forty cents, is better than four at eighty cents; yet I have exceeded any of the above calculations. Yours respectfully, J. S. G.

To Promote the Health of Cattle.

Feed all animals regularly. They not only look for their food at the usual time, but the stomach indicates the want at the stated period. Therefore feed morning, noon and evening, as near the same time as possible.

Guard against the wide and injurious extremes of satiating with excess and starving with want. Food should be of a suitable quality, and proportioned to the growth, and fattening of animals, to their production in young, and milk, and to their labor or exercise. Animals that labor need far more food, and that which is far more nutritious, than those that are idle.

In dry time, see that the animals have a good supply of pure water. When the fountains are low, they drink the drainings of fountains, streams, and passages of water, which are unwholesome.

If barns and stables are very tight and warm, ventilate in mild weather, even in winter.—*New England Farmer.*

Value of Roots.

In the winter of 1852–3, we fed seven cows on good English hay, cut and mixed with one quart of oil meal and two quarts of cob-meal, per day, for each cow. In the winter of 1853–4, the same cows, coming in about the same time, fed on hay cut upon the same ground as that of the previous year, and with the addition of four bushels of ruta bagas per day, but not a spoonful of grain of any kind, gave just *double the gallons of milk* that they did when fed on grain! The circumstances under which the cows existed, both winters were alike, with the exception of temperature—the weather being much the coldest when they gave the most milk.—The barn, however, in which they were kept is a very warm one, so that in the coldest weather they were all comfortable. *N. E. Farmer.*

Wintering Young Cattle.

If you wish to raise well sized, full developed animals, you must give the young creatures plenty of food. When we say *plenty*, we do not mean that you should keep them fat like show beeves, for that would be an unhealthy condition; but we mean that you should keep them in good growing condition—that you should so feed them as that they shall have wherewithal to build up their frames.

Cure for Ringbone.

I noticed in the Cultivator for May 15th, an inquiry for the cure of a ringbone in a colt, and answer, take high wines of cider brandy, add saltpetre as much as will dissolve, and wash the ringbone two or three times a day. One of my neighbors cured one of three or four years' standing, by the application of this a few times.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Wit and Humour.

THE DOESTICK LETTERS—CONTINUED.

FIRST COMPLETE COLLECTION.

Original Views of Men and Things.

HUMEROUS ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

II.—DOESTICKS IN LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, July 14, 1854.

MINE FRIEND:—Having been thoroughly cooked by the broiling sun, which has unremittingly paid me his ardent devotions during the whole day—having been alternately melted and blistered by the aforesaid—having had the skin peel from my back like a wet shirt from a little boy's back—having made a perfect aqueduct of myself for the last twelve hours in the fruitless attempts to keep cool—and having swallowed so much dust that I have got a large sand bar in my stomach—I sit down to write you in as enviable a state of mind as you can perhaps imagine; and this town, which is remarkable for nothing but big cats, fat wenches, witty editors, tandem jackass teams, and darkies in white pants, which invariably have a hole behind, where the sable integument peeps forth by way of contrast, is so utterly devoid of interest, that I shall confine myself to the opinion I formed of it, from spending one night, and a portion of a day at its best hotel. After endeavoring to endure, with what philosophy I can muster, the savage onslaught of ferocious fleas, the odoriferous attacks of blood-thirsty bed-bugs, and the insatiable and impetuous assaults of musically murderous musketoes, I am roused by the infernal clang of that most diabolical of all human contrivances—a gong—a dire invention of the enemy, a metallic triumph of the adversary, compounded of copper, and hammered upon, with an "embon point" drum-stick, by a perspiring darkey, who does not "waste his sweetest in the desert air," (more's the pity.) After an abortive attempt to wash my face in what is truly *living* water, assisted by a piece of marbleized soap, and, hastily drying upon three inches of towel, with a ragged edge and iron rust in the corners, I proceed to dress.

Button off my shirt-neck, which being a matter of course, does not affect my equanimity half as much as finding that one of the sleeves is torn nearly across, and is only connected with the main body by a narrow isthmus of seam, which is momentarily growing "small by degrees and beautifully less." Second gong for breakfast; everything on but boots—open the door, and find the porter has brought the wrong ones—he always does—ring the bell indignantly, and sulkily wait, (breakfast disappearing the meanwhile,) until the blundering darkey explores his subterranean dominions, and eventually returns with the missing articles. Breakfast at last; waiter sets before me a mass of bones, sinews, and tendons, which he denominates chicken, and then brings me something which he calls *steak*, although, but for the timely information, I should have supposed it gutta-percha. Pours out a lukewarm, muddy mixture, supposed to have been originally coffee, which I sweeten with niggery-brown sugar, and swallow at a gulp, ignoring the milk pitcher entirely on account of the variety of bugs which have found a "watery grave" therein; bread hard and greasy, butter oily, and full of little ditches, where the flies have meandered; knife with an edge like a saw, and fork with a revolving handle, table cloth splotchy, eggs hard as pebbles; rest of bill of fare consists of salt ham, red flannel sausages, hash with hairs in it, dip toast made with sour milk, burned biscuit, peppery codfish, cold potatoes, mutton chops, all bones, and mackerel with heads, fins and tail complete. Stay my stomach with half-a-glass of equivocal-looking water, and exit. Go to the office, and order my room regulated immediately; go up in an hour, and find two inches of dust over everything, my port folios untied, books open at the wrong place, tooth-brush out and wet, and several long red hairs in my comb. Considerate, cleanly chambermaid!

Pack trunks, pay landlord, fee porter, hurry to the cars, tumble baggage on board, only too happy, if, by the diabolical ingenuity of the baggage man, it does not get put off at the wrong station. So endeth my brief glimpse of Louisville, which may be summed up as follows:

This town does very curious seem,
For boys run loose at random,
And when folks want a splendid team,
They hitch two jack-asses before a dray, and
get a big nigger, with a red shirt on, up behind, to drive 'em tandem.

Yours, clandestinely,
Q. R. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.