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 21, 1855. VOL. 20. NO. 8.

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.

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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.*

☞ POSTMASTERS are required by law to notify publishers by letter when their publications are refused or not called for by persons to whom they are sent, and to give the reason of such refusal, if known. It is also their duty to frank all such letters. We will thank postmasters to keep us posted up in relation to this matter.

Original Poetry.

For the Journal.

To a Brother.

Say not so carelessly, dear brother mine,
That to thy stay on earth the end is set;
Too closely linked are other lives with thine—
God knows! dear one, I cannot spare thee yet.
And ever, when reminding me of thee,
The star of love shines brightly forth at even,
My heart's deep prayer arises fervently—
"May it be late ere thou return to Heaven."

Late, in a life that would be lone without thee,
Late, in a day whose morning yet is bright;
Not while the hopes that love has wreathed about thee,
Shed on my heart so rich and pure a light.
E'en though the kindred angels wait for thee,
And hope to see thy earthly fetters riven.
Dearest, as thou art all the world to me,
"May it be late ere thou return to Heaven."

But when I reach that better world afar,
Which shall redeem the sad mistake of this,
Where, if thou wert not, I should miss the star
That gave to earth all it contained of bliss—
When in thy early and celestial home,
From whence to us the spirit life was given,
The one who loves thee waits for thee to come,
Dearest one, mayest thou then return to Heaven.

Huntingdon.

Educational.

By J. A. Hall.

Huntingdon County Teachers' Institute.

FRIDAY EVENING—CONTINUED

Mr. McDivitt responded to the call of the Institute in a most eloquent and impressive validictory address which was listened to with deep emotion. After a beautiful introduction, he traced rapidly the rise and progress of the Huntingdon County Teachers' Institute, and portrayed in glowing terms, its present proud position. He said it was no longer an imaginary thing, shrouded in mystery and imperilled by doubts, but stood forth a thing of life, firmly planted on the rock of enlightened resolution, and known and respected by the wise and good. His appeal to the "Old Guard," those who stood by the Institute in its darkest hour, was truly felicitous. He hoped we might ever stand firm as the guard of Napoleon. We had a more formidable enemy to confront than the serried ranks and frowning columns which crushed the mighty Corsica on the plains of Waterloo. We had to contend with Ignorance, a tyrant who holds thousands of our fallen race in a thraldom more vile than Egyptian bondage, more invincible than Europe's veteran legions. He glanced at the importance of our mission, and the dignity of our calling, and exhorted us to keep our armor always bright and acquit ourselves like men.

In speaking of the influence for weal or woe, in time and eternity, which the teacher's character and conduct exerts on his pupils, he made a solemn appeal to parents, pointing out their responsibilities, and warning them to be careful how they entrust the polishing of these priceless jewels, the immortal minds of their children, to unworthy or unskilful hands.

In concluding, he hoped we might live to enjoy many happy reunions like the present, but should this prove to any of us the last meeting on earth, he trusted that amid fairer scenes and holier associations we might all meet and mingle once again.

A copy of the address was requested for publication, but as Mr. M. spoke without notes or previous preparation, it could not be procured; and this brief and very imperfect synopsis, by a member of the Institute, gives but a poor idea of its excellence.

A motion to adjourn—subject to the call of the board of Managers, was now made. Before putting the question the President returned thanks for the honor the Institute had conferred upon him by selecting him to preside over its deliberations. He congratulated the members on the union and harmony that had characterized their meeting, and trusted the same feelings might ever prevail. He spoke of the interest and profit of the discussions, said he had learned many things he had never thought of, and felt as if he would like now to take a school and teach. He hoped and believed that all felt benefited and stimulated to a further performance of duty, and that all would ever keep in mind the high and noble objects for which they were associated. He signified his intention of holding a number of Teachers' Meetings in different parts of the county during the spring and summer.

On motion of Mr. Hall a vote of thanks was tendered to the President and Mr. McDivitt for their addresses, and the Institute adjourned.

J. S. BARR, President.
R. McDIVITT, Secretary.

Educational Departments.

The following county papers have now a portion of their columns expressly and regularly devoted to the subject of education, under the above head. They, and all similarly liberal papers, should be written for and supported by Teachers:

NAME.	WHERE PRINTED.	ED. EDITOR.
Commonwealth,	Washington,	A. M. Gow
Review,	"	D. Lowery.
Star of the North,	Bloomsburg,	B. Weaver.
Journal,	Huntingdon,	J. A. Hall.
Globe,	"	R. McDivitt.
Citizen,	Smethport,	C. H. Allen.
Spirit of the Age,	Meadville,	S. S. Sears.
Centre Democrat,	Bellefonte,	W. Brown.
School Journal,		

It is hoped this list will be rapidly extended until it embraces every county in the State. There will be no lack of liberality on the part of editors in furnishing space in their columns for educational matter. Teachers will hardly be slow to improve the means thus placed within their reach for spreading information on a subject of such vast moment to the public, and such special interest to themselves.

EDU. ED.

By the following paragraph it will be seen that the proceedings of our county Institute, as prepared for the county papers, are too lengthy for publication in the *School Journal*. This I regret, knowing that many members of the Institute have a just pride in wishing to see our "doings and sayings" recorded side by side with those of other associations that have attained a prominent position in the great work of reform, and found utterance in the STATE EDUCATIONAL ORGAN. But it could hardly be otherwise. The proceedings as given in our county papers, are condensed *to one third* of Mr. McDivitt's phonographic report, and they would have required a further condensation of *three fourths* to make them admissible in the *School Journal*. Such brevity would have greatly lessoned their value to the large number of our teachers, who unfortunately, were not present to take part in them. As neither *I* nor my colleague of the *Globe* had time to prepare two sets of these proceedings, we deemed it our duty to make such a report as would be most useful to others though perhaps somewhat less complimentary to the *Institute* and ourselves. By this course we will secure a place in the *School Journal* for some of the excellent Essays read before the *Institute*.

EDU. ED.

Huntingdon County.

The teachers of this spirited county held an *Institute* in Huntingdon, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 21st, 22d and 23d of December, 1854. The proceedings are now in course of publication in the Educational Departments of the "JOURNAL" and "Globe." They are too long for our columns, but none too long for the teachers of the county. In fact, they are just such a report of the proceedings of such an *Institute* as is calculated to do the most good: not a mere minute of meetings, and adjournments, and appointing of committees, but a full review of what was done and said. We hope every teacher in the county will read them and support the local papers which give them publication.—*School Journal.*

☞ The readers of the School Journal will observe that Mr. Wickersham of Lancaster intends to open a Normal *Institute* for three months in April, May and June. The new Academy building at Millersville has been granted free of charge for that purpose and arrangements are being made to board teachers at $2 a week. *It* may gratify the young teachers of this, and adjoining counties, and young persons wishing to become teachers to learn that a similar Institute will be held in Huntingdon during the coming summer. Full particulars will be given in printed circulars in the course of a week or two. ED.

Miscellaneous.

Scene with a Woman in a Passion.

"Let me come to morrow, kate," said I, sitting down beside her on the sofa.

"Remain where you are."

"You do forgive me?" I asked, taking her by the hand.

The reply was a box on the ears, given with such force as to bring the tears into my eyes. I sat silent under this gentle rebuke, and after some time she spoke, in sharp, short sentences, accompinied by vicious kicks aimed at her poor dog, who bore them like a spaniel, licking his mouth whenever he caught it there, and gently wagging his tail when some member suffered.

"Now, I suppose I'm to coufess—to acknowledge my weakness and stupidity—I must promise—I must beg—and you, meanwhile, will laugh at my imbecility."

"Dearest Kate, don't talk in this manner, I only wish you to explain——"

"No of course not, you only wish me to explain, to account for my actions and feelings, and finally promise to make everything give way to you. But then you have a perfert right to make demands.—I am your slave aud must have no will of my own."

"Upon my word, Kate, I can't talk to you while you are in a strange temper."

—"To be sure not; a man who attempts suicide, because a poor girl does not wish to be dragged into an insane marriage, has just cause to complain of the bad humor of other people; that is perfectly fair, and quite like the men."

I could not reply, so I picked up the dog, who had been turned completely over by the last *coup de pied* and amused myself with fondling him. I could see that she did not know how to support the silence that ensued, and waited anxiously till some remark of mine would give her another opportunity at having a shot at me; but I kept silence.

"Put that dirty beast down," said she at length. "Down!"

But as it did not move, she seized it by the back of the neck and threw it into the passage, determinded that dothing should supply the place of her conversation.

"Have you nothing to say sir," came out at last.

"I'm affraid of you, kate," said I gently taking her hand, which, after a slight effort to realise, she allowed to remain in mine.

"I never saw you like this before; I thought you the most amiable of your sex.

"Then now, you see I am not."

"Well, we're none of us perfect angels, and without some slight leaven of malice, you would be much too good for this sinful world."

"Very fine, indeed, and quite original. Go on,"

"I will, if you'll promise not to box my ears."

She bit her lip, but made no reply, and I proceed:

"I am hopelessly in love with you, Kate; will you, can you, so far overcome your repugnance as to marry me!"

"I've no choise; I must either do that or have your death laid at my door. It would be so shocking for a clergyman, a teacher of mankind, one of the lights of the world, to drown himself, because a poor, low-bred girl would not marry him."

"There is no fear of my renewing the attempt, Kate; if you really object to our union, say so. I do not wish to sacrifice you to my unfortunate passion."

"What generous creatures men are! I am so foolish as to compromise my reputation by permitting you to remain in my house, and now you wish to retract your offer of marriage."

"Confound it, Kate, this is past endurance. Had I known your temper earlier, the offer would never have been made."

"You were too prudent, you see, to wait. I think I had known you six hours when you first offered me marriage."

"I was a great fool, and I am not much wiser at the present time, in rushing with open eyes into certain misery; but you have my promise, and that must bind me."

"Oh! you have never promised in writing, nor before witness, so that you are quite free to desert me."

Madam, my promise is sacred, however unwisely, or unfortunately, it has been given; it rests with you."

The reader must not take my words as a correct index of my feelings, though, *I* think, *I* played my part to admiration, exibiting every appearance of regret and displeasure. *I* was quite charmed with the piquancy of her ill temper. To my view she exibited herself in a new, but equally charming light; even her frown appeared strikingly handsome, and her curled lip was quite enchanting. *I* was even mad enough to fancy that such *frucas* as these would be quite delightful after marriage, when *I* should no longer fear her loss; that it would be plesaent to suffer ill-treatment at the hands of this sweet girl, until my suffering should make her ashamed of cruelty, and she would renew her love with increased demonstrations of tenderness. *I* had not then learnt that while the quarrels of lovers are the renewel of love, the quarrels of matrimony are the cradle of disgust. Kate, however, was now plainly alarmed, and her tone was altered to the most dulcet softness, when she answered.

"*I* should accept you if *I* thought *I* could make you happy."

I was not generous enough to forgive her yet, and replied with frigid politeness:

"Favor me with your determination tomorrow. *I* shall not trespass further upon your hospitality to night," taking up my hat as if about to depart.

"Don't go, Charley."

There was no resisting this appeal

Charles Random.

"Let me Sleep."

'Let me sleep,' said my companion halfpettishly turning from my couch. 'Let me sleep.' The words haunted me for hours afterwards. How often has the wish been breathed in this weary world—'Oh, let me sleep.'

The man whose conscience lashes him for misdeeds—evils committed and unrepented of aries, as he drops his head into his thorny pillow—'let me sleep. With sleep comes oblivion.' The mourner who has seen some bright and beautiful one fade from his embrace, like a summer flower, nipped by a too early frost, bows his head above the pallid face of the prostrate form below him, and sighs in the agony of his soul—'Let me sleep! sleep with the loved one whose smile shall never welcome my foot steps more.' 'Let me sleep,' says the traveller, who, foot sore and weary has toiled long in the world, and seen hopes perish unfulfilled, joys wither ere they are tasted, friendship which he thought enduring, changing hue like chameleons and rainbow promises, fading and melting into colorless air—'O, let me sleep, for I am weary.'

The rosy-cheeked child, the bright-eyed maiden, the thoughtful matron, those for whom life put on its fine aspect, its most endearing smiles, all have periods, in which they long for sleep, for the oblivion of all care, hours in which the waters of Lethe may flow darkly and deeply over them.

There cometh a sleep unto all—a sleep deep, hushed and breathless. The roar of cannon, the deep toned thunderbolt, the shock of an earthquake, the rush of ten thousand armies cannot break up the still repose. With mute lips and folded arms, one after another, the ephemera of earth sinks down into darkness and nothingness. No intruding footstep shall jar upon their rest, no disturbing touch shall wring from them the exclamation, 'Let me sleep.'

☞ Dare to do good, though the world laugh at you.

A Good Story.

Two chaps came in contact at one of our restaurants some time since, and were regaling over a "long nine," when the mud and bad roads became the topic of their conversation. One observed that several coal teams had been stuck in the mud, axle-tree deep, and that he saw twenty yoke of oxen straining every nerve, but without effect. The other, no doubt thinking that a tough yarn replied,

"That when he was coming to the city he saw a man sitting on a fence cracking his whip and bellowing at a furious rate, he approached him and enquired what was wrong?"

"Oh, nothing much," replied the teamster, only (pointing to the road) I have a wagon and four yoke of oxen somewhere in the mud, and the plaguey brutes won't pull a bit!"

At this moment an old Hoosier entered who heard only the winding up part of the story, drew up a chair and commenced a yarn about what he had seen.

Says he, "Friend, were you ever on the American bottoms? I crossed there once, and on wading through the mud, which, as a matter of course, was not the best walking, I kicked out a hat, when a voice which said,

"Quit that, old fellow," saluted my ears.

Looking around and seeing nothing, I concluded to give it another kick. which I did, when the same voice was heard exclaim,

"Stop you're kicking my hat!"

"I then discovered that a man was sticking in the mud, and observed,

"Old fellow, you'd better be getting out of that befor night, or you will be sure to freeze to death;" he hallowed out,

"I don't care a darn—*I've a good mule under me.*"

God of My Mother.

The Rev. Cherles Morgan, of East Troy, Wis., in giving an account of a religious revival in that place, says: An infidel of talent and respectability, under the power of the truth, bowed upon and cried in agony, "*God of my mother, have mercy upon me.*" His mother is a devoted christian, in the State of New York.—"*God of my mother!*" How much is revealed in that exclamation—how conclusively it proves, that this man had a mother whose faithfulness left its impression on his soul too deep to be obliterated by time and sin. The eminent Saint Augustine has left an instructive record of his early training, his subsequent wanderings, and his final restoration, showing the importance of early religious impressions. St. Augustine's mother was in deep affliction for his youthful errors: In her sorrow, she consulted the archbishop of Milan—and his reply shall never be forgotten.

"Fear not, my daughter," said the venerable Ambrose, "it is impossible that the child of such tears should perish." This child, wanderer tho' he had been, lived to become a most distinguished object and champion of the converting graces of God, a disciple of the school of the converted St. Paul, no less remarkable than was St. Chrysostom of the school of the beloved disciple. Mothers, bear these things in mind.

Making Bread.

The Rhode Island Society for the Promotion of Industry gave the first premium on bread to Mrs. Hiram Hill, of Providence The following is Mrs. Hill's receipt for making bread exhibited by her.

For two loaves of the ordinary size take two potatoes, pare them, slice them very thin, and boil quick, until quite soft, then mash to a fine pulp, and add little by little, two quarts of boiling water, stirring until a starch is formed; let this cool, and then add one-third of a cup of yeast. This forms the "sponge," which should remain in a moderately warm place for ten or twelve hours, or "over night," until it is light and frothy, even if a little sour it is of no consequence. When the "sponge" is ready, add flour, and work it until you have a stiff, firm mass. The longer and more firmly this is kneaded the better the bread.

Let the kneaded mass remain say from half to three quarters of an hour to rise, then divide into pans, where it should remain say fifteen minutes, care being taken that it does not rise too much and crack, then put the loaves into a quick oven and bake, say three-quarters of an hour. *If* the oven is not hot enough the bread will rise and crack, if too hot the surface will harden too rapidly and confine the loaf.

☞ Suffering for which we obtain no sympathy—When we are suffering impertinence.

Lime-water in Bread.

In bread making, the vinous fermentation sometimes passes into the acid, thus rendering the bread sour and disagreeable. Liebig has lately performed a series of experiments to improve the preparation of bread, from which he comes to the conclusion, that the only effective and innocuous means of improving the qualities of wheat and rye bread, is lime water. *In* making dough he advises one pint of clear lime water to be used for every five pounds of flour. The lime water is first added to the flour, after which a sufficient quantity of common water is added to work the whole into good common dough—the leaven being mixed with water. The lime water prevents the bread becoming sour and is a healthy ingredient. Lime water can be prepared by stirring some quick lime in a vessel containing pure cold water, then allowing the sediment to settle. The clear is then to be poured off, and kept in bottles for use. No care is required respecting the quantity of lime to be stirred in the water, as the water will only take up a certain quantity of lime, and no more. Those who use salaratus (bicarbonate of Soda) in the raising of bread, are recommended to cease its use, and employ pure baker's yeast and a little lime water. Our bones are composed of the phosphate of lime, and those who use fine flour require for their health a little more lime than is contained in their food. Cream of tartar and carbonate of soda are far inferior to common yeast for making healthy bread.

The Money Wasted in War.

"Give me," says Stebbins, "the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land on the globe.—I will clothe every man, woman and child, in an attire that kings and queens may be proud of. I will build a schoolhouse upon every hill side, and in every valley of the habitable earth. I will supply that school house with a competent teacher; I will build an academy in every town and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with proffessors; I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning, the chime on one hill shall answer to the chime on another aronnd the earth's circumference; and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise, shall ascend like the smoke of a universal holacaust to heaven."

Wit and Humour.

THE DOESTICK LETTERS—CONTINUED.

FIRST COMPLETE COLLECTION.

Original Views of Men and Things.

HUMOROUS ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

III—DOESTICKS ON CROTON WATER.

NEW YORK, July 29, 1854.
Seven Hundred and One, Narrow st.

Only once in my life have I been drunk. It was a youthful inebriation, caused by partaking to freely of cider made from apples with worms in it. At present I am sober. Whether, for the last four and twenty hours, I have been so, is the point requiring elucidation. If, during that period, I have been intoxicated, then the time has arrived when any person, who wishes to have a regular "drunk," need only apply to the nearest hydrant. Heretofore I have supposed water to be a beverage, innocent and harmless; but now—well, no matter—I will not anticipate.—Listen, while I relate a "plain, unvarnished tale."

I left my boarding house, in company with a friend, intending to visit the Shaksperian revival at Burton's—the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Before leaving the hotel, at his suggestion, we partook of a potable, known, I think, as punch—*whiskey punch.* I watched attentively the preparation of this agreeable beverage, and I am certain that there entered into its composition a certain amount of water—Croton water, as I have reason to believe; and I am also sure that, in that treacherous draught, I imbibed the first installment of that villanous liquid which produced the diabolical state of facts I am about to describe; and also that the second and third of those ingenious inventions (both of which we drank on the spot) were as guilty, in this respect, as their "illustrious predecessors." And I further conscientiously state, that *my* glass of brandy (one of which we ordered soon afterwards) and which, according to my invariably custom, should have been "*straight,*" was also surreptitiously diluted with the same delectable fluid, by the malicious bar keeper; for I remember experiencing a slight confusion on going out, and mistaking a topsail schooner for the Broadway Theater.

We immediately entered another saloon to procure the wherewith to steady our nerves, when we partook of two gin cocktails and a brandy smash individually; and I state, according to the best of my knowledge and belief, that our principal ingredient in each and every one of these compounds was water—Croton water—culpably introduced therein by some evil disposed persons, without my knowledge or consent. On leaving the saloon, I noticed that my friend, although a single man, had, by some mysterious process of multiplication, become two. I kept fast hold of both, and, after doubling, with a great deal of difficulty, a great number and variety of corners, we reached Burton's.—Tickets being mysteriously procured, we entered, and eventually obtained seats.—Finding, after prolonged trial, that it was impracticable to put my hat in my vest pocket, I placed it on the floor, and put both feet in it. The theater generally seemed to be somewhat mixed up. The parquette, gallery, and dress-circle were all one; and the stage was whirling at a rate which must have been extremely inconvenient to the revolving actor.

At length, after a liberal allowance of overture, the curtain went up, and I was enabled, by the most unremitting attention, to concentrate the actors sufficiently to understand the performance. And many things which I hitherto deemed incorrect, were presented to my wondering vision, then and there. "Hippolyta" was dressed in knee breeches and brogans, and "Titania" did not, to me, present a very fairy like appearance, in a fireman's shirt, and a three-cocked hat. "Oberon" was not so objectionable, (being a gentleman,) in a talma and plaid pantaloons, though even he might have blacked his boots, and omitted the spurs. And I fear I did not properly appreciate the rest of the fairies, who had their heads decorated with sunflowers, and their hands full of onions.

At last, the entertainment was concluded; and I remember consulting my duplicate friend, as to the feasibility of a return to Brooklyn, to our boarding house. On our journey thither, we witnessed many strange things, about which I desire information. In the first place, is it the custom, as a general thing, for the City Hall and Barnum's Museum, to indulge in an animated contra dance, up and down Broadway, in the middle of the night, accompanied, in their fantastic movements, by the upper story of Stewart's, and the Bible Society's Building? for they certainly did, on that eventful evening, and I feel called upon to enter my solemn protest against those nocturnal architectural saltatory exhibitions; as unworthy the dignity of the Empire City. And I would, with all humility, suggest, that, if the stony goddess of Justice, whose appropriate place is on the City Hall, will desert her responsible post, she might choose a more becoming amusement than sitting cross-legged, on the top of a Houston st. stage, playing the jewsharp.

I am now convinced that the Bowling Green fountain is not *permanently* located on the top of Trinity Church cross; but that it was, on that memorable night, my wondering eyes bore ample testimony. I am sufficiently well acquainted with the City to know that the Astor House should be found on the corner of Barclay st., but I am ready to take my oath, that, on that particular occasion, it plied, as an opposition ferry-boat, between Whitehall st. and Hamilton av. The last thing I distinctly recollect is, trying to pay the fare for three, on this novel craft, with a single piece of money (which I now know to have been a Bungtown copper,) and demanding two and six pence change, which I didn't get.

In the morning I found myself in bed, with my overcoat on, and afterwards discovered my boots under the pillow—my hat in the grate, with my pantaloons and hair-brush in it—my watch in the water jug, and my latch key in the bird cage. I presume I had tried to write a letter to some one with my tooth-brush, as I found that article in my inkstand.

Now, if Croton water interferes with my susceptible system, in this unaccountable manner, what shall I drink? I would resort to milk, but I fear our City-edition of the lacteal contains sufficient of the aqueous enemy to again upset my too delicate nerves. To you only can I come; and I exclaim, like Cæsar, when he, too, was afflicted with superfluity of water:—"Help me, Cassius, or I sink!" I submit the case to you. Relieve my anxiety, if within your power.

Hugely yours,
Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

P. S. What would be the effect of brandy and water without any water, and a little lemon?

Q. K. P. D., P. B.