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 28, 1855. VOL. 20. NO. 9.

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

Business men advertising by the Quarter, Half Year or Year, will be charged the following rates:

	3 mo.	6 mo.	12 mo.
One square,	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00
Two squares,	5 00	8 00	12 00
Three squares,	7 50	10 00	15 00
Four squares,	9 00	14 00	23 00
Five squares,	15 00	25 00	38 00
Ten squares,	25 00	40 00	60 00

Business Cards not exceeding six lines, one year, $4.00.

JOB WORK:

1 sheet handbills, 30 copies or less,	$1 25
½ " " " " "	1 50
¼ " " " " "	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.*

☞ 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.

Select Poetry.

NOW-A-DAYS.

Alas! how everything has changed
Since I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls wore homespun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean;
When bonnets made of braided straw,
That tied beneath the chin,
The shawl lay neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin.

I recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill,
Across the meadows, rock and field,
And up and down the hill;
And when our folks were out at work,
(As sure as I'm a sinner,)
I jumped upon a horse bare back,
And carried them their dinner.

Dear me! young ladies, now-a-days,
Would almost faint away
To think of riding all alone
In wagon, chaise or sleigh;
And as for giving "pa" his meals,
Or helping "ma" to bake,
Oh, saints! 'twould "spoil her lilly hands,"
Though sometimes they make "cake!"

When winter came, the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter;
Each Beau would take his sweetheart out
Sleighing in a cutter;
Or if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beax together,
Would meet and have most glorious fun,
And never mind the weather.

But now, indeed, it grieves me much,
The circumstance to mention,
However kind the young man's heart,
And honest his intention,
He never asks the girls to ride
But such a war is waged!
And if he sees her once a week,
Why, surely, "they're engaged!"

Educational.

By J. A. Hall.

ESSAY.

Read by A. W. BENEDICT, Esq., *before the Huntingdon County Teachers' Institute, December* 22, 1854.

Subject—LAW OF SUCCESS.

Every thing has its law of being. In all the material world certain and never changing law controls material existence. Whether it be in the grosser matter of inanimate creation or in the active and symmetrical beauty of man, who has been made only a little lower than the angels. Whether in the monstrous and frightful creatures of irrational life, or in the ethereal emanations of deity, which sparkle in the light of rational truth and love.—Every where there is a *law* which speaks into being, and impels on in progress to perfection.

Law, says the great commentator is a rule of action. I purpose no treatise upon law in the narrow and sharp sense of the word—a dry abstract and obstruse science only interesting to the plodding student,—the matured barrister and judge, and the anxious appellant to its forum for justice; and it may be interesting to the Quirks, Gammons and Snaps, who seek to draw into the entangling meshes of their (not the laws) net, some unsuspecting fly of a client, whose first step is one of danger, which makes its last one of death, more certain. Yet, I doubt not a thought or word will not be thrown away, though I make law my subject for to-night.

If Law be a rule of action, then actions are but the workings of certain rules. This is a self evident proposition, that hardly needs illustration. A stone cast into the air must come down—a stone coming down must have been cast up. In truth it is but another way to declare that effects are but the result of causes. It may be laid down as an axiom that fixed and unalterable law has produced all results.

Let me direct the teacher and the taught to this truth, and inquire, if instuction may not be gathered for us all.

There is a law of intellectual life, that "as iron sharpeneth iron so man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." In obedience to that law of the allwise Law Giver, are we here assembled in this institute to sharpen our wits, and enlarge our wisdom by the genial reflection from the presence of our fellows. What are the impressive teachings of that law and what great lesson of light and life should we all learn from its proverbial worth.

Each of you in your hours of toil, when exhausted patience and wearisome and plodding zeal, have wasted strength and energy; when dull stupidity or restlessness, and active mischief, oppress man and mind, and excite temper, by their and your fruitless efforts at progress, should remember this law, or you may leave seared into the mind so dull, so stupid, so restless, so thoughtless, or even mischievous, some error in thought or action which it may be the rough friction of the world will deepen, and which nothing but divine truth can wear away.

The true purpose of mind will leave its image daguerreotyped upon the prepared and susceptible minds of its associates.—This is strangely true, when the matured and fully developed intellect finds companionship with its equals. How much more marked is its truth where the might of superior mind and will asserts its power over the confiding and admiring spirit of the trusting and hoping child. How carefully should we weigh every word and calculate the force of every action, fearful lest this law would produce effects that would be fatal to good.

How certainly do we impart to those around us the spirit which directs or controls us. There is a law of contagion which seems to pervade social life in every sphere. Our smiles, our tears come alike unbidden to mingle with those who weep and those who rejoice, though we be no party to their joys or sorrows. This law of sympathy moves us by its mysterious will to do its subtle bidding.

It is a law of life, the earnest, faithful protecting love begets an abiding desire in its recipient to return the affection in kind. It is the witching tenderness of a mother's love and faithfulness that begets in her offspring that holy sympathy known as filial piety.

The seed cast into the earth does not more surely spring up and with its bud add blade and blossom bring forth its kind than do all these special laws produce their ripened harvest.

The little school rooms are but the nurseries and flower gardens of intellectual culture. It is the teacher, you and your compeers, throughout our broad land who are planting and transplanting, and grafting and budding and pruning and training the scions of immortality, that they may finally take their place in the broad paterres of our beloved land and win a brighter destiny, when the "last deep beating of the heart shall be stilled in death.

They are the little family circles, where endearing love, faithful zeal, patient perseverance and watchful guardianship, if shining for in all the truthfulness of a mother's love must win to busy and active toil, the throng of young immortals, who gather around the maternal man with that food which shall nourish into maturity and strength the glory or the shame of our country.

And here must be made so apparent the purpose of will, that with that irresistible force which is the law of will, is attracted and drawn forth, and led onward with submissive obedience, that throng, thus associated with, and which lives in the atmosphere of that law; and upon which the shadows and images, whether of the teacher's temper or morals or love of right or dislike of wrong; or earnest and absorbing devotion to the present pleasure, and prospective success and usefulness, are left and reflected back upon the world. The mind of a child is not unlike the camera obscura. The light is let in through some small opening, unobservable to the outride passer by, yet inside are seen dancing upon its walls the dim it may be, yet the certain reflex outline of the external world; and thus upon the chambers of the child's soul are seen the shadows of the rights and wrongs before and around it. They differ only in this,—in the obscura the light and its reflected image fade together while on the canvass of the child's being they become the fixed realities of life.

There is a law of success. In the thousands of schemes and projects, and purposes and designs of human being there are certain determinate laws of action, obeyed, the desired end is surely attained neglected and disregarded disaster defeat and disgrace as assuredly follow.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Miscellaneous.

DR. FRANKLIN AND HIS MOTHER.

It was an idea of Dr. Franklin's, if not a settled opinion, that a mother might by a kind of instinct of natural affection, recognize her children, even though she had lost the recollection of their features. And on a visit to his native town of Boston, after an absence of many years, he determined to ascertain by experiment whether his theory was correct or not.

On a bleak and chilly day in the month of January, the Doctor, late in the afternoon, knocked on the door of his mother's house and asked to speak with Mrs. Franklin. He found the old lady knitting before the parlor fire. He introduced himself and observing that he understood she entertained travellers, requested lodgings for the night.

She eyed him with that cold look of reprobation which most people assume who imagine themselves insulted by being supposed to exercise an employment which they deem a degree below their real occupation in life. She assured him he had been misinformed—she did not keep a tavern, nor did she keep a house to entertain strangers. It was true, she added, that to oblige some members of the Legislature, she took a small number of them into her family during the session; that she had four members of the Council and six of the House of Representatives; who then boarded with her—and that all her beds were full.

Having said this she resumed her knitting with that intense application which said as forcibly as action could—if you have concluded your business the sooner you leave the house the better. But on the Doctor's wrapping his cloak about him, affecting to shiver, and observing that the weather was very cold, she pointed to a chair and gave him leave to warm himself.

The entrance of boarders prevented all further conversation. Coffee was soon served, and he partook with the family. To the coffee, according to the good old custom of the times, succeeded a plate of pippins, pies, and a paper of tobacco when the whole company formed a cheerful smoking semi circle before the fire.

Perhaps no man ever possessed colloquial powers in a more fancinating degree than Dr. Franklin; and never was there occasion on which he displayed them to better advantage than the present one.—He drew the attention of the company by the solidity of his modest remarks, instructing them by the varied, new and striking lights in which he placed his subjects, and delighted them with apt illustrations and amusing anecdotes.

Thus employed, the hours passed merrily along until supper was announced.—Mrs. Franklin, busied with her household affairs, supposed the intruding stranger had left the house immediately after coffee, and it was with difficulty she saw him seat himself at the table with the freedom of a member of the family.

Immediately after supper, she called an elderly gentleman, a member of the Council, in whom she was accustomed to confide, to another room, complained bitterly of the rudeness of the stranger, told the manner of his introduction to her house, observed that he seemed like an out-landish sort of a man. She thought he had something very suspicious in his appearance, and she concluded by soliciting her friends advice as to the way in which she could most easily rid herself of his presence. The old gentleman assured her that the stranger was surely a young man of good education, and to all appearances, a gentleman—that, perhaps, being in agreeable company, he paid no attention to the lateness of the hour. He advised her to call the stranger aside and repeat her inability to lodge him. She accordingly sent her maid to him, and with as much complacency as she could command, she recapitulated the situation of her family, observed that it grew late, and mildly intimated that he would do well to seek lodgings.

The Doctor replied that he would by no means incommode her family, but with her leave he would smoke one more pipe with her boarders, and then retire.

He returned to the company, filled his pipe, and with the first whiff his conversational powers returned with double force. He recounted the hardships endured by their ancestors; he extolled their piety, virtue, and devotion to religious freedom. The subject of the day's debate in the House of Representatives was mentioned by one of the members. A bill had been introduced to extend the prerogatives of the royal governor. The Doctor immediately joined in the discussion, supported the collonial rights with new and forcible arguments, was familiar with the names of the influential men in the House when Dudley was governor, recited their speeches, and applauded their noble defence of the charter of rights.

During a discourse so appropriately interesting to the delighted company, no wonder the clock struck eleven unperceived by them. Nor was it a wonder that the patience of Mrs. Franklin became exhausted. She now entered the room and addressed the Doctor before the whole company, with a warmth glowing with a determination to be her own protectress. She told him plainly that she thought herself imposed on, but that she had friends who would defend her, and insisted that he should immediately leave the house.

The Doctor made a slight apology and deliberately put on his great coat and hat; took leave of the company and approached the street door attended by the mistress and lighted by the maid.

While the Doctor and his companions had been enjoying themselves within, a most tremendous storm of wind and rain had occurred without, and no sooner had the maid lifted the latch than a roaring northeaster forced open the door, extinguishing the light, and almost filled the entry with drifted snow and hail. As soon as the candle was relighted, the doctor cast a woful look at the door, and thus addressed his mother:

"My dear madam, can you turn me out in this storm? I am a stranger in this town, and will perish in the street. You look like a charitable lady—I should not think you could turn a dog from your house this cold and stormy night."

"Don't talk of charity," replied his mother, "charity begins at home." It is your own fault, not mine, that you have tarried so long. To be plain with you, sir, I do not like either your looks or your conduct, and fear you have some bad design in thus intruding yourself into my family.

The warmth of this parley had drawn the company from the parlor, and by their united interference the stranger was permitted to lodge in the house; and as no bed could be had, he consented to rest in the easy chair before the parlor fire.

Though the boarders appeared to confide in the stranger's honesty, it was not so with Mrs. Franklin. With suspicious caution she collected her silver spoons, pepper box and porringer from her closet, and after securing her parlor door by sticking a fork over the latch, carried the valuables to her chamber, charging the negro man to sleep with his clothes on, to take the great cleaver to bed with him, and to waken and seize the vagrant at the first noise he should make in attempting to plander.

Mrs. Franklin rose before the sun, roused her domestics, and was quite agreeably surprised to find her terrific guest quietly sleeping in the chair. She awoke him with a cheerful good morning; inquired how he rested and invited him to partake of her breakfast, which was always served previous to that of her boarders.

"And pray, sir," said Mrs. Franklin, "as you appear to be a stranger in Boston, to what distant country do you belong?"

"I belong, madam, to the Colony of Pennsylvania, and reside in Philadelphia."

At the mention of Philadelphia, the Doctor declared he for the first time perceived something like emotion in her.

"Philadelphia," said she, while the earnest anxiety of a mother suffused her eye; "why, if you live in Philadelphia, perhaps you know my Ben?"

"Who madam?"

"Ben Franklin, my dear Ben—oh, how I would give the world to see him! He is the dearest son that ever blessed a mother."

"What! is Ben Franklin, the printer, your son? Why he is my most intimate friend. He and I work together and lodge in the same room.

"Oh! heaven forgive me!" exclaimed the lady, raising her tearful eyes, "and have I suffered a friend of my own Ben to sleep upon this chair, while I myself rested upon a soft bed!"

Mrs. Franklin then told her unknown guest that though he had been absent from her ever since he was a child, she could not fail to know him among a thousand strange faces; for there was a natural feeling in the breast of every mother, which she knew would enable her, without the possibility of a mistake, to recognize her son in any disguise he might assume.

Frankiain doubted, and took leave to dispute his mother's proposition on the power of natural feeling. He said he had tried this "natural feeling" in his own mother, and found it deficient in the power she ascribed to it.

"And did your mother," inquired she, "not know you? or if she did not *seem* to know you, was there not, in her *kindness* to you, an evidence that she saw someting in your appearance which was dear to her so that she could not resist treating you with particular tenderness and affection?"

"No, indeed," replied Franklain: "she neither knew me, nor did she treat me, with the least symtoms of knindness. She would have turned me out of doors but for the interposition of strangers. She could hardly be persuaded to allow me to sit at her table, I knew I was in my mother's house, and had a claim upon her hospitality; and, therefore, you may suppose when she peremptorily commanded me to leave the house, I was in no hurry to obey."

"Surely," interrupted his mother, "she could not have treated you so unmotherly without some cause."

"I gave her none," replied the Doctor. "She would tell you herself I had always been a dutifu son—that she doated upon me, and that when I came to her house as a stranger, my behaviour was scrupulously correct and respectful. It was a stormy night, and I had been absent so long that I had become a stranger in the place. I told my mother this, and yet so little was she influenced by that "natural feeling, of which you speak, that she absolutely refused me a bed, and would hardly suffer what she called my presumption in taking a seat at the table. But this was not the worst. But no sooner was the supper ended than my good mother told me, with an air of solemn earnestness, that I must leave her house."

Franklin then proceeded to describe the scene at the front door—the snow drift that came so opportunely into the entry—his appeal to her "natural feeling" of mother—her unnatural and unfeeling rejection of his prayer—and finally, her very reluctant compliance with the solicitations of other persons in his behalf—that he was permitted *to sleep on a chair.*

Every word in this touching recital went home to the heart of Mrs. Franklin, who could not fail to perceive that it was a true narrative of the events of the preceeding night in her own house; and, while she endeavored to escape from the self-reproach that she had acted the part of an unfeeling mother, she could not easily resist the conviction that the stranger, who became more and more interesting to her as he proceeded in his discourse, was indeed her own son—But when she observed the tender expressiveness of his eyes as he feelingly recapitulated the circumstances under which she attempted to turn him shelterless into the street, her material conviction overcame all remaining doubt, and she threw herself into his arms, exclaiming.

"It must be—it must be my dear Ben!"

☞ Socrates being asked by a young man whether he would marry, replied:

"My son, if you marry you will repent it; if you do not marry you will be sorry; whichever you do you will regret."

☞ Every one *shall* reap of that which they sow.

"There's Nothing True but Heaven."

When we first heard these words, we are inclined to think, there must be, in the world, some lasting good besides that which is denied from above. But upon more reflection we will be led to conclude that every thing of an earthly nature, will soon fade away and forever pass from our view.

Wealth, with all the attractions attendant upon it, may for a short time, appear to promise to us true enjoyment; but in a moment all our fondest hopes may be turned to the bitterest disappointments, and we feel that "There's nothing true but Heaven."

We may trust confidently in those whom we fondly hoped were our friends; but when affliction comes, or when we most need their sympathy, some of those whom we thought were the most faithful, have entirely forsaken us. And the resistless hand of death, may take from our midst, those few, who still remain unchanged, and thus we are led to think, that true and lasting friendship is not to be found on earth.

The fair and the beautiful, may picture to themselves bright scenes of pleasure, which they soon hope to realize, but how often are they disappointed, how often do all their pleasures fly away just as they are about to enjoy them, and when it is too late, they know "There's nothing true but Heaven."

When our life is almost gone, and we see the wisdom, pleasure, wealth and happiness of this world rapidly pass from our sight, and our spirits are about to wing their flight to another world, then can we fully realize "There's nothing true but Heaven."

Beautiful.

It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and pass off to leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents?—We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where rainbows never fade, where the stars will be out before us like islets that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our possession forever.

To Keep Mutton Sweet.

As soon as your mutton is dressed place it in some situation where it will freeze. When thoroughly frozen, remove it to an out-building, or some other convenient place, where it will be in no danger from dogs or other animals, and having packed it in a close and compact heap, cover it carefully with the pelts. Secured in this way, mutton, or other fresh meats may be preserved perfectly sweet, and in possession of its juiciness, till late in the spring. We have known it kept so from November till the first of April. The pelts being a non-conductor, prevent its thawing.

[*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞ A young lady recently returned from a boarding school, being asked at the table if she would take some more cabbage replied: "By no means, madam—gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate of culinary deglutination consistent with the code of Esculapius."

RECIPE FOR WASHING.—Put two table spoonfulls of turpentine to one of soft soap, and use the same as common soap. It will reduce the labor one-third and the soap will go farther. It has been tested here to the satisfaction of those who have tried it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

☞ "Recollect, sir," said a tavern-keeper to a coach passenger who had only a glass of water, and not remembering the waiter—"Recollect, sir, if you lose your purse, *you didn't pull it out here!*"

☞ An Irishman in recommending a cow said she would give milk year after year, without having calves, "Because" said he "it runs in the brade for she came of a cow that niver had a calf."

☞ The man who made the shoe for the foot of a mountain, is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse.

Wit and Humour.

THE DOESTICK LETTERS—CONTINUED.

FIRST COMPLETE COLLECTION.

Original Views of Men and Things.

HUMOROUS ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

IV.—Doesticks Describes himself in verse.

The *Buffalo Express* asks us, in such a "powerful," winning way, to tell "who is Doesticks," that we really must reply. First, in his own words, he is a young man, lineally descended from

"A genuine poetical mother,
Ditto father, ditto big brother."

Who also says:

"Though I've written for *work* in the office all day,
I will still *keep* writing for *pastime* and *play*."

Again:

I'm out of my cradle, I'm safe through my teens,
I guess I'm "some pumpkins," and think I know beans;
Henceforth I'm to battle, with banner unfurled,
And carve my way through a thundering rough world."

From the following we judge him to be "a limb of the law."

"——hereafter, when I'm expounding the laws,
And gulling the people, in trying their cause,
You shall record my triumphs professional,
Or "set up" my speech, under the head "Congressional."

That he has been a devil, or some other equally dignified fixture of a printing-office, appears from the following, wherein he talks to his printer-brother:

You know I once hated "Mechanics," and then
Considered them less than professional men;
But time has changed my opinion, and made
Me more courteous to those who learn a trade.
And so, since I look on these things more benignly,
I am happy to hear *you* are doing so finely.
But you'll tire of the life, ere ten years you've led it, or,
Perhaps, get promoted, and rise to an Editor—
And then Heaven save me from being your creditor.
(Don't get mad about that, twas the rhyme that I said it for)
But I don't think running in debt e'er will "bust" you,
"Kase why?" Don't think any one ever will trust you.
But keep at it old boy, if you think you will like a
Publisher's fortune—and stick to your "pica,"
"Pearl," "diamond," and "agate," "brevier," and "long primer;"
Put over the fire your "roller," to simmer,
(A compound, I think, of glue and molasses,
With a smell, like the stable of forty jack-asses;)
With "mallet," and "shooting stick" work at the "chases,"
And "lock up" the "matter," in iron "n" "braces."
Print hundreds of lies, full of hatred and malice,
And toil, like an old Roman slave, at the "galleys."
Work hard, for two hours, the "platen" to level,
And throw the "sheep's foot" twenty times at the "devil,"
And call him a "skulk," a "soger," a "dead-head."
And wish he was sunk in the ocean, well "leaded"—
Swear at the jours, and swear at the prentices—
Swear at the money, which "*non est inventus*" is—
Swear at your paper, each hour in the day—
Swear it's a humbug, and swear it won't pay—
Swear you're a bankrupt—and then run away!
With the pen of a prophet, and eye of a seer,
I have thus shadowed forth your future career—
You may think yourself lucky, too, if you should fail,
At the end of the year, to be locked up in jail,
Then, but two things are left to a fellow, d'ye see,
A razor—and verdict of "*felo de se*"
Your destiny may not be quite so forlorn,
But the road to wealth you've begun, "in a horn."
I hope you will never have cause to repent of it,
And never come out of the littlest end of it.

What an Editor does not Like.

To pay postage on a letter ordering a discontinuance of a paper, when perhaps the subscriber is in arrears.

2. To pay postage on communications perhaps not more than ten lines in length, where none but the writer's interest is concerned.

3. To be in debt without the means to pay, because his subscribers will not pay.

4. To send a paper six months or a year to one who is dead or moved away, and postmaster or some else one taking them out and reading them and then after all receive a letter from the postmaster, saying, "Stop your paper sent to Mr.——, he is dead," or 'moved away' but not a word about pay.

5. To have a man to take the paper until he is indebt eight or nine dollars, and then slip off to parts unknown, without paying; leaving the post-master to give notice of the slide, to the editor.