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, MARCH 28, 1855. VOL. 20. NO. 13.

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.*

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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.*

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☞ 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.

A CATEGORICAL COURTSHIP.

I sat one night beside a blue-eyed girl—
The fire was out, and so, too, was her mother,
A feeble flame around the lamp did curl,
Making faint shadows, blending in each other;
'Twas nearly twelve o'clock, too, in November;
She had a shawl on, also, I remember.

Well, I had been to see her every night
For thirteen days, and had a sneaking notion
To pop the question, thinking all was right,
And once or twice had made an awkard motion
To take her hand, and stammered coughed and stuttered,
But, somehow, nothing to the point had uttered.

I thought this chance too good now to be lost;
I hitched my chair up pretty close beside her,
Drew a long breath, and then my legs I cross'd,
Bent over, sighed, and for five minutes eyed her;
She looked as if she knew what next was coming,
And with her foot upon the floor was drumming.

I didn't know how to begin or where—
I couldn't speak, the words were always choking;
I scarce could move—I seemed tied to the chair,
I hardly breathed—'twas awfully provoking!
The perspiration from each brow was oozing,
My heart, and brain, and limbs their power seemed losing.

At length I saw a brindle tabby cat,
Walk purring up, inviting me to put her;
An idea came, electric-like as that—
My doubts, like summer clouds began to scatter;
I seized on tabby, though a scratch she gave me,
And said—"Come, Puss, ask Mary if she'll have me."

'Twas done at once—the murder was now out,
The thing was all explained in half a minute,
She blushed, and turning pussy cat about,
Said—"Pussy, tell him yes," her foot was in it!
The cat had thus saved me my category,
And here's the catastrophe of my story.

Miscellaneous.

THE MANIAC.

From an interesting article in the April No. of the Southern Literary Messenger, on Matthew Gregory Lewis, (commonly called Monk, from the novel of that name which he wrote) we take the following:

"Among his poem is that celebrated one, 'The Maniac,' which has been lately joined to thrilling music, and sung by a distinguished composer. It was originally a monodrama, and presented by Mrs. Litchfield, the tragic actress, at one of her benefits. Her character as a maniac, and her embodyings of the author's imaginings, combined with the scenic effect, threw a portion of the audience into hysterics, and the whole theatre into confusion and horror. Even the box-keepers took fright, and universal terror clothed the countenance of boxes, pit and gallery. Mrs Litchfield herself, in acting, was near fainting. Of course the piece was withdrawn but the author was sufficiently complimented by its effect, if compliment it be to well nigh kill a whole assemblage. The piece, with Lewis's stage directions, and in its original form, is much more effective than as a bit of poetry or as a song. In its primitive dress we present it.

The scene represents a dungeon, in which is a grated door guarded by strong bars and chains. In the upper part is an open gallery leading to the cells above.—Slow and melancholy music. The captive is discovered in the attitude of hopeless grief; she is in chains; her eyes are fixed with a vacant stare, and her hands are folded. After a pause, the jailer is seen passing through the upper gallery with a lamp; he appears at the grate and opens the door. The noise of the bars falling rouses the captive. She looks around eagerly; but on seeing the jailer enter she waves her hand mournfully, and relapses into her former stupor. The jailer replenishes a jug with water, and places a loaf of bread by her side. He then prepares to leave the dungeon, when the captive seems to resolve on making an attempt to excite his compassion; she rises from her bed of straw, clasps his hand and sinks at his feet. The music ceases, and she speaks:

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee,
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more—in proud despair
My language shall be calm, though sad;
But yet I'll firmly truly swear
I am not mad (kissing his hand) I am not mad.

He offers to leave her; she detains him and continues, in a tone of eager persuasion:

A tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dreary cell.
My fate unknown my friends bewail,
Oh, jailer, haste that fate to tell,
Oh, haste, my father's heart to cheer;
That heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad! not mad! not mad!

Harsh music, while the jailer, with a look of contempt and disbelief, forces his hand from her grasp, and leaves her. The bars are heard replacing.

He smiles in scorn!—he turns the key!
He quits the grate!—I knelt in vain!
Still—still his glimmering lamp I see—

Plaintive music the light grows faintey, as the jailer retires through the gallery, and the captive watches his departure with eager looks.

'Tis lost!—and all is gloom again.

She shivers, and wraps her garment, more closely around her.

Cold!—bitter cold!—no warmth! no light!
Life! all thy comforts once I had!
Yet here I'm chained this freezing night,
(Eagerly) Although not mad no, no, no, no, not mad!

A few bars of melancholy music, which she interrupts by exclaiming suddenly:

'Tis sure a dream!—some fancy vain!
(Proudly) I—I, the child of rank and wealth
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Deprived of freedom, friends and health?
Oh, while I count these blessings fled,
Which never more my hours must glad,
How aches my heart!—how burns my head!

Interrupting herself hastily, and pressing her hands forcibly against her forehead;

But 'tis not mad—no, 'tis not mad.

She remains fixed in this attitude, with a look of fear, till the music changing, expresses that some tender melancholy has passed her mind.

My child!—ah, has thou forgot by this
Thy mother's face—thy mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
(With a smile) Nor round her neck how fast you clung.
Nor how you sued with her to stay,
Nor how that suit your sire forbade!
(With agony) Nor how—(With a look of terror.)
I'll drive such thoughts away.
In a hollow, hurried voice,
They'll make me mad!—they'll make me mad!

A pause—she then proceeds with a melancholy smile.

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone,
Was never born a lovelier child!
With a sudden burst of passionate grief, approaching to frenzy.
And art thou forever gone?
And must I never see the more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
(With energy) will be true!

(Endeavoring to force the grate) Unbar this door!
I am not mad! I am not mad!

She falls, exhausted, against the grate by the bars of which she supports herself. She is roused from her stupor by loud shrieks, rattling of chains, &c.

Hark! hark!—what mean those yells—those cries?
(The noise grows louder)—
His chain some furious madman breaks!

The madman is seen to rush along the gallery with a blazing firebrand in his hand.

He comes, I see his glaring eyes!

The madman appears at the grate, which he endeavors to force, while she shrieks in an agony of terror.

Now—now—my dangeon bars he shakes,
Help! help!

Scared by her cries the madman quits the grate. He appears again in the gallery above, is seized by his keepers with torches, and after some resistance, is dragged away.

He's gone!—oh, fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see:
My brain! my brain!—I know—I know
I am not mad, but soon shall be;
Yes—soon! for lo! you—while I speak—
Mark yonder demon's eye-balls glare,
He sees me—now with fearful shriek
He whirls a scorpion high in air!
Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad:
Ay! laugh, ye fiends!—I feel the truth!
'Tis done! 'tis done!—(With a loud shriek)
I'm mad—I'm mad!

She dashes herself in frenzy upon the ground. Her two brothers cross the gallery, dragging the jailer; then a servant appears, with a torch, conducting the father, who is supported by his youngest daughter. They are followed by servants with torches, part of whom remain in the gallery. The brothers appear at the grate, which they force the jailer to open; they enter, and on seeing the captive, one is struck with sorrow, while the other expresses violent anger against the jailer, who endeavors to excuse himself; the father and the sister enter, and approach the captive, offering to raise her, when she starts up and eyes them with a look of terror; they endeavor to make themselves known to her, but in vain; she shuns them with fear and aversion, and taking some straw begins to twine it into a crown, when her eyes falling on the jailer, she shrieks in terror, and hides her face; the jailer is ordered to retire, and obeys; the father again endeavors to awaken her attention, but in vain. He covers his face with his handkerchief, which the captive draws away with a look of surprise. Their hopes are excited, and they watch her with eagerness. She wipes the old man's eyes with her hair, which she afterwards touches, and finding it wet with tears, bursts into a delirious laugh, resumes her crown of straw, and after working at it eagerly for a moment, suddenly drops it, and remains motionless with a vacant stare. The father and brothers express their despair—the music ceases. An old servant enters, leading her child, who advances carelessly, but on seeing his mother, breaks from the servant, runs to her and clasps her hands. She looks at him with a vacant stare, then with an expression of excessive joy, exclaims, 'My child,' and clasps him to her bosom. The relatives raise their hands to heaven in thankfulness for her restored reason, and the curtain slowly falls to solemn music."

Casting a "Devil" out of Church—A Methodist Minister Arrested for Assaulting a Distiller.

We are indebted to our friend J. M. Eells, of Marietta, Ohio, for the following graphic sketch. We are assured that the facts transpired substantially as narrated:

"A Methodist clergyman, who has been laboring in this vicinity, was, not long since preaching to his people on the miraculous power of the Apostles over the demoniac spirits of their day. As he was pursuing his theme, the audience were suddenly startled by a voice from some one in the congregation demanding, in a half-querulous, half authoritive tone, "Why don't preachers do such things now a days?" In an instant, every eye in the house was turned upon the individual who had the effrontery thus to evade the sacredness of the sanctuary.

The speaker paused for a moment, and fixed his penetrating gaze full upon the face of the questioner. There was an interval of intense silence, broken at last by the speaker in resuming his subject.—He had not proceeded far with his remarks before he was again interrupted by the same impertinent inquiry. Again he paused for a time, again resumed his subject. Not content with a silent rebuke, our redoubtable questioner demanded again, "Why don't the preachers do such things now-a days?" and curling his lips with a sneer of self-complacency, drew himself up pompously in his seat.

"Our reverend friend, (who, by the way is a young man of great muscular power,) calmly left the desk, and walked deliberately to the pew, where the interrogator sat, and fastening one hand firmly upon the collar of his coat, and the other on the waistband of his 'unmentionables,' lifted him square out of the seat and bore him down the aisle to the entrance. Pausing for a moment there he turned his eyes upon his audience, and in a clear, full voice, said, 'and they cast out the devil in the form of a *distiller*," and suiting the action to the word, out went the knight of the mash-tub, *a la* eap frog fashion, into the street.

"The good pastor quietly returned to his desk, and completed his discourse.—After closing the services, as he was passing out of the church the out cast distiller with an officer of the law, escorted our clerical friend to the office of a magistrate to answer for an assault upon the person of said distiller. After hearing the case the magistrate dismissed the clergyman, and after roundly reprimanding the complainant, find him for molesting the services of the sanctuary.

"Since that day we believe he has never for a moment doubted the power of the Methodist preachers to cast out devils, at least within the limits of the Ohio Conference.—*Binghampton (N. Y.) Standard, March 7.*

SEEING THE MONKEY.

A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, writing from Branfield, Conn., gives the following account of the vocal and instrumental music of that place:

"Our singers are a caution to all hearers not to *lend* their ears, which Anthony desired to borrow of the Romans. What they lack in skill they make up in volume. This is especially true of our female vocalists. Why my dear friend, they scream. Having no taste to discriminate in this matter, and unfortunately their directions in their tune books being in an unknown tongue, they attack a psalm as a fort to be carried by storm. And they do carry it. Evidently, there is a strife among them who shall sing the loudest, and the palm is not yet conferred. They are getting up a concert now, and perhaps the question will be decided when that comes off. By the way, a good story may be told of our chorister's attempt at improving the psalmody as well as the music of our church. He set some music of his own to one of the Psalms of Watts, a very familiar psalm, in which occur these lines:

"Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

Calling on his pastor, who has more music in him than you would think, the chorister asked his approbation of a new version of these lines, which would render them more readily adapted to the music he had composed. He suggested to read them as follows:

"O may my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin,"

The good pastor had some internal tendencies to laugh in the singing-man's face, but maintaining his gravity as well as he could, he said that he thought he could improve the improved version, admirable as it was. The delighted chorister begged him to do so, and the pastor, taking his pen, wrote before the eyes of his innocent parishioner, these lines:

"O may my heart go diddle diddle,
Like uncle David's sacred fiddle."

The poor leader, after a vain attempt to defend his own parody, retired, and I guess he will sing the psalm as it stands.

We have an organ of course. They tell us that every church has an organ if it is anything of a church. Ours is not a very large one, but it is large enough in all conscience for the house and the playing. It is somewhat larger, and makes more solemn, church-like music, than the organs which your strolling music pedlars carry in the streets, grinding pennyworths of sound for their ragged customers. But it does sound very much like those vagabond factories of music murder, I fear, from an incident of last Sunday.

A lady from New York was up here, having been spending the summer in the country. As this was to be the last Sabbath of her visit, she took her son, a child of four years old, to church for the first time. As soon as the organ commenced its strains, the little fellow started up with delight: he looked back to the gallery, he stretched his neck; he got up on the cushions and raised himself to his very tallest; his mother remonstrated with him, and told him to sit down. But he refused, and continued gazing aloft with straining eyes. 'Sit down,' said his mother. 'I won't!' he cried, so as to be heard all around, '*I won't to see the monkey.*'"

Colic in Horses.

The following remarks on colic are from Dr. Dodd's "Modern Horse Doctor."—They embody some new ideas of this disease which it may be well to consider:

In nine cases out of ten, colic is the result of impaired digestive organs; the food runs into fermentation and evolves carbonic acid gass. In view of prevention, then, it becomes a matter of importance to know what are the causes of indigestion; and the most frequent may be said to be immediate feeding—eating or drinking whatever disagrees with the stomach, in regard to quantity or quality. Every tyro in medicine knows that a drink of hard water will often produce colic, both in man and beast, provided the digestive organs shall be impared. Mr. White says, "when the Royal Dragoons were quartered at Croydon, scarcely a day passed without one or more of the horses being attacked with flatulent colic, and on examining the water made use of in the barracks, it was found remarkably hard,"—Our own experience confirms this fact, for before the introduction of Cochiturate water into Boston, very many of our employer's horses were frequently attacked with both flatulent and spasmodic colic, which are now entirely free from it since they use pure soft water.

The treatment should consist first: in the use of diffusible stimulants, (not alcoholic) of a carminative nature, such for example, as grains of Paradise, carraway seed ginger, &c., and these should be given in a liquid form. Stimulants of a *sensative* nature are always indicated in the treatment of colic; for if the stomach be distended with a load of semi-putrid food, how can we get rid of it except by the ordinary way when the parts are in a healthy state? Men have strangely erred in recommending medicine—castor oil, salts, aloes, opium, turpentine, &c.,—for the colic, and perhaps we ourselves are not free from blame in this matter. Experience and nothing else, has changed our views, and we give them for the benefit of man and horse. "*Experience is the only true guide.*" We select the following case as an example of treatment; powdered grains of paradise, 1 teaspoonful; powdered carraway, ½ teaspoonful oil of peppermint, 20 drops; powdered slippery elm, 1 teaspoonful; hot water, 1 pint. These were mixed together and given from a bottle. An injection of common soap suds was then thrown into the rectum. In a few minutes the mare avoided a mass of excremens, accompanied with slime and wind. She now appeared to grow easier, and in a few minutes was free from pain.—*Farm Journal.*

The Making of a Good Wife.

When you see a young woman who rises early, sets the table and prepares her father's breakfast cheerfully, depend upon it she will make a good wife. You may rely upon it that she possesses a good disposition and kind heart. When you see a young woman just out bed at nine o'clock with her elbow upon the table, gasping and sighing "Oh, how dreadfully I feel," rely upon it she will not make a good wife. She must be lazy and mopish.—When you see a girl with a broom in her hand sweeping the floor, with a rubbing board or clothes line in her hand, you may put it down that she is industrious, and will make a good wife for somebody.—When you see a girl with a novel in her left hand and a fan in her right shedding tears, you may be sure that she is unfit for a wife. Happiness and misery are before you, which will you choose?

A NEWSPAPER.

It was Bishop Horner's opinion, that there is no better moralist than a newspaper. He says, "The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitude displayed in a newspaper, are so many beacons continually burning to turn others from the rock on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy and anger, than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel? What caution likely to be more effectual against gambling and profligacy, than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy, than the auction of estates, houses and furniture? Only take a newspaper, and consider it well—*pay for it, and it will instruct you.*

☞ We clip the following from a western paper: "To rent a house on Mellow avenue, located immediately alongside of a fine plum garden, from which an abundant supply of the most delicious fruit may be stolen during the whole season.—Rent low—and the greater part taken in plums."

Wit and Humor.

THE DOESTICK LETTERS—CONTINUED.

FIRST COMPLETE COLLECTION.

Original Views of Men and Things.

HUMOROUS ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

VIII—DOESTICKS ON THE OHIO.

STEAMSHIP BLUE WING, Oct. 1, 1854.

Which said boat is very much the shape of the Michigan country-made sausage, and is built with a hinge in the middle to go round the sharp bends in the river, and is manned by two captains, four mates, sixteen darkies, two stewards, a small boy, a big dog, an opossum, two pair of gray squirrels, one clock, and a cream-colored chambermaid; fog so thick you could'nt run a locomotive through it without a snow-plow; night so dark the clerk has two men on each side of him with pitch-pine torches, to enable him to see his spectacles, (he wears spectacles;) pilot so drunk the boys have painted his face with charcoal and cokeberries, till he looks like a rag carpet in the last stage of dilapidation; and he is fast asleep, with his legs (pardon me, but—legs) tied to the captain, his whiskers full of coal dust and cinders, and the black end of the poker in his mouth; boat fast aground, with her symmetrical nose six feet deep in Kentucky mud; there she complacently lies, waiting for the mail boat to come along and pull her out. Passengers elegantly disposed in various stages of don't-care-a-cent-itiveness, and the subscriber, taking advantage of the temporary sobriety of the clerk, and his consequent attendance in the after-cabin to play poker with the mates, to drop you a line. The silence is of brief duration, for I am interrupted by a grand oratorio by the nigger fireman, much to my delight and edification. It runs somewhat as follows:

(Grand opening chorus.) "A-hoo—a-hoo—hoooooo—a-hoo—a-hoo—a-hooo—a-hoooooo!"

(The dashes in the following represent the passages where the superfluity of the harmony prevented the proper appreciation of the poetry.)]

"Gwin down the ribber—a-hoo a-o! Good-bye—nebber come back——debbil——beans—Gray-haired injun——Ya-a—a—aaa—Ya-a-a-a-a-a-a——Ga—!" (leader of orchestra) "Dirty shirt massa got de whiskey bottle in his hat, dis poor ole boy nebber git none——A-hoo—a-hooo—a-hoooooo!" (ending in an indescribable howl.)

(Pensive darkey on the coal heap.) "Miss Serefiny good-bye—fare-well; nebber git no more red pantaloonses from Miss Serefiny—Oho—Ahooo—Ahooo-O!"

(Extemporaneous voluntary by an original nigger with two turkey feathers in his hat, and his hair tied up with yellow strings:)

"Corn cake—lasses on it—vaphuns—" (meaning waffles) "big ones, honey on em—Ya-a-a-a-a." (Stern rebuke by leader.) "Shut up your mouf, you 'leven hundred dollar nigger."

(Leader improvises as follows:) "Hard work—no "matter—get to hebben bymbye—don't mind—go it "boots—linen hangs out behind"—(here, having achieved a rhyme, he indulges in a frantic hornpipe.) "My true lub—feather in him boot—yaller gal got another sweetheart—A-hoo—A-hoooooo!—A-hoooooooo—O-O O O!!!!—Hoe-cake done—nigger can't "git any—ole [illegible] in the parlor playing de pianny—"You a-a-a—Ga Ga Ga."—Captain here interferes and order the orchestra to wood up—and so interrupts the concert.

Have got over on the Indiana side; principal difference to be noticed in the inhabitants is in the hogs; on the Kentucky side they are big, fat and as broad as they are long; on this side they are shaped like a North River steamship, long and lean. I just saw two of them sharpen their noses on the pavement, and engaged in mortal combat; one rushed at his neighbor, struck him between the eyes, split him from end to end; cart came along, run over the two halves, cut them into hams and shoulders in a jiffy—*requiescat in many pieces.* This is decidedly a rich country; the staple productions are big hogs, ragged niggers and the best horses in the United States. The people live principally on bread made of corn; whisky ditto, and hog prepared in various barbarous ways. They give away whisky and sell cold water. The darkies are mostly slaves; they nail horse shoes over their doors to keep away the witches, indulge in parti-colored hats in the most superlative degree of dilapidation; barefooted, and have large apertures *in puppis pantaloonii.* It is a perfect treat to watch their entertaining performances. At the hotel, the allowance is fourteen niggers to each guest, and as each one seems to be possessed of the peculiar idea that his province is to do nothing at all, with as many flourishes as possible, the confusion that follows is far from being devoid of entertainment.

They never bring you anything you call for; if you call for chicken, you will probably get corned beef and cabbage; if you want roast beef they will assuredly bring you apple dumplings; ask for sweet potatoes, and you'll get fried eggs; send for corn bread, and you're safe to obtain boiled pork; ring the bell for a boot-jack, and you'll get a hand sled. And when you want to retire for the night, instead of providing you with a pair of slippers and a candle, the chances are ten to one the attendant sable angel will give you a red flammed shirt, a shot gun, a flask of whisky, three boiled eggs, and a pair of smoothing irons. There is, however, one redeeming feature about the darkies, they won't live in the same country with Irishmen. They can live with hogs, have half a dozen shoats at the dinner table, a litter of pigs in the family bed; but they can't abide Irish. The slaves are as may be imagined, of various colors, ranging from the hue of the beautiful yellow envelope of the Post Office Department to that of the blackest ink that ever indites a superscription thereon. The theory of Woman's Rights is in practical operation among them; the men cook, set the table, clean up dishes, do the washing, and spank the babies, while their blacker halves hoe corn, crop wood, go to market, and "run wid de masheen."

Have great fruit in this country; apples big as pumkins, not very large pumkins, small-sized pumkins, diminutive pumkins, infantile pumkins, just emerged from blossomhood, and ere they have assumed that golden overcoat which maketh their maturer friends glorious to the view. And pumkin pies, manufactured by the sable god of the kitchen; pies enormous to behold; wherein after they are ready to be devoured, you might wade up to your knees in the noble compound which filleth the interior thereof, and maketh the pie savory and nectarean; in fact, pies celestial, whereof writers in all ages have discoursed eloquently; and sweet potatoes—such s-w-e-e-t p-o-t-a-t-o-e-s! Jiminetty! big enough to fill a six foot grave, yellow as rhubarb, and luscious as—lasses candy.

To return to the principal topic—the darkies—they are all built after the same model; hand like a shoulder of mutton, teeth white as milk, foot of suitable dimensions for a railroad bridge, and mouth big enough for the depot; they have all got six toes on each foot, skull like an oak plank, yellow eyes, and a nose like a split pear; the black extends inwardly four inches and a half; they live on yams, whisky, corn-bread, swine-beef, hog mutton and pork; they are not sickly, principal ailments are spine in the back, the diaphragm in the region of the stomach, and cranium of the head; besides which they are apt to be troubled with retina of the eye, tibia of the leg, mumps, whisky blossoms, seven year itch, and the six-foot measles. Should I hear of any more distinguished characteristics, I will let you know soon.

Meanwhile I am desultorily yours.

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

☞ "Look a-hea, Sam," said a western negro to a field-hand over the fence, "look a-hea; d'ye see dat tall tree down dar?"

"Yah' Jim, I does."

"Wall, I got up dat tree night afore tomorrow."

"What you in dat tree arter?

"I was arter a coon."

"You catch him Jim?"

"Wait till I tell de fax, Sambo."

"Well, succeed."

"I chased de coon out to de todder end ob dat longest lim, and den I hear suffin' drap. What do you guess't was, Sam?"

"De coon, ob curse."

"No you don't; 't was dis ere nigga; like to broke he neck—been limpin' 'bout eber since."

☞ When a man comes home and tries to bolt the door with a sweet potatoe, pokes the fire with the spout of the coffee-pot attempts to wind up his clock with boot-jack, tries to cut kindling for his morning fire with an ivory paper knife, takes a cold boiled potatoe in his hand to light him to bed, and prefers to sleep in his hat and boots, you may reasonably infer that he has been making the acquaintance of some very friendly people.

☞ Riches are but ciphers—it is the mind that makes the sum.