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, APRIL 18, 1855. VOL. 20. NO. 16.

TERMS:

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

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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.

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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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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.

AN APRIL DAY.

BY LONGFELLOW.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has return'd again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still-wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell,
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosen'd mold
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along.
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake, the sky o'er reaching far,
Is hollow'd out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee as hearts are wed,
Nor shall they fall till to its autumn brought,
Life's golded fruit is shed.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

By J. A. Hall.

West Point and American Education.

The course of education at West Point is to be lengthened from four years to five. This is a movement in the right direction.

There is no better education to be obtained in America for future success in life, than that at West Point. We are not speaking now in a military point of view. For training a body of efficient officers, ready for any emergency that the varied circumstances of the most extended frontier in the world presents, there is nothing at all comparable with it, even in Europe. But the remarkable point is that a man, educated at West Point, has generally a much better prospect of success in any of the peaceful avocations of life, than if he had spent four years in College. Not only do our best civil engineers and architects come from this class, but in every department of life, as lawyers, editors, and even sometimes as divines, the most practical. efficient and successful are our West Point men.

The truth is that *an education will be most useful for general purposes, in proportion as it has some specific end in view.* Knowledge, pursued without some specific object, is very much like exercise taken for exercise's sake. For education is not merely putting knowledge into the mind, but rather drawing out the mind to feed upon and assimilate knowledge. We all know that it is not enough for the nutrition of the body, that food be put before a man; he must have a desire, an appetite for it; not enough that it is got into the stomach, but there must be a hungering and thirsting for it first of all, or it will not do half its proper work.

There must be an appetite created by some palpable, appreciated end in view, before knowledge will accomplish half its purpose in disciplining the mind and giving real mental power and efficiency.—And that object must be a real, bona fide object, as much as possible. College honors may be all very well in their place, just as competition everywhere else in life is useful. But the father who, desiring to raise up a healthy family, should rely mainly on offering rewards to whichever of his sons eat the heartiest meals, not even explaining to them the connection between exercise and appetite, would soon find how superficial were all his ideas.

It is losing sight of these facts that makes an ordinary college education so often a failure, both in the old world and the new. It is an excellent general preparation for everything, but a specific preparation for nothing.

Dr. Wayland's proposed reforms in education are in this respect of unspeakable value. For a man to attempt to know everything in these days of the multiplication of sciences is useless. Hence the education should be made perfect after its kind, and more completely specific, for he who knows any one practical branch of the business of life *thoroughly*, will have therein acquired a power of thought, mental discipline, and habits of generalization which will fit him, if needs be, to acquire any other.

The system of equivalents in education might be wrought out much further and more practically than even this. An equal amount of mental discipline is the result of various courses of study, each of which might be specifically adapted to the future profession of the student.—There is no reason why the future physician should not be allowed to study more chemistry in college as an equivalent for half his Latin, why the lawyer should not be allowed a larger proportion of metaphysical studies, or why the divine should be wholly drawn away from ecclesiastical to classic Greek. The time will come when the application of science to every department of industry will be so complete, that each branch of mechanical employment also will carry up a specific education adapted to it, fully equal in the discipline of mind it will confer to an ordinary college course at present, while uniting with this discipline strength of sinew and practical dexterity that will contribute inconceivably to the progress of our race.

Historical.

COLUMBUS.

1487.—"In the spring of the year 1847, at midday, beneath the burning sun that scorched the roads of Andalusia on a hill about half a league from the little sea-port of Palos, two strangers, traveling on foot, their shoes almost worn out with walking, their dress, which still retained the marks of gentility, soiled with dust, and their forheads streaming with perspiration stopped to sit down beneath the shade of the outer porch of the little convent called Santa Maria de Rabida. Their appearance and fatigue were sufficient prayer of hospitality. The Franciscian convention were at this period the hostilers for all pedestrians whose property prevented them from seeking other refuge. Those two strangers attracked the attention of the monks.

"One was a man who had scarcely reached the prime of life, tall in stature, powerful built, of majestic gait, with a noble forehead, open countenance, thoughtful look, and pleasing and elegant mouth. His hair, in his youth of a light auburn was sprinkled here and there about the temples with the white streaks prematurely traced by misfortune and mental anxiety. His forehead was high; his complexion once rosy, had been made pale by study, and bronzed by sun and sea. The tone of his voice was deep and sonortous, powerful and impressive, as that of man accustomed to utter reflections. There was nothing of levity or thoughtfulness in his behaviour, everything was grave and deliberate, even in his slightest movement, he seemed to have a modest self respect and to retain habitually the controlled demeanor of a pious worshipper, as though he always felt himself in the presence of God.

'The other was a child of eight or ten years old. His features, more feminine but already matured by the fatigues of life, bore so strong a resemblence of those of the other stranger, that it was impssible to avoid taking him for a son or a brother of the elder man.

'The two strangers was Christopher Columbus and his son Diego. The monks, interested and moved at the sight of the noble countenance of the father and the elegance of the child, in such strong contrast with the poverty of their condition, invited them into the monastery to partake of the shelter, the food, and the rest always accord edto wayfarers. While Columbus and his child were refreshing and recruiting their strength with the water, bread and olives, supplied by their host, the monks went to inform the prior of the arrival of two guests, and of the singular interest inspired by their noble appearance, so little in accordance with their poverty.—The prior came down to converse with them.

'The superior of this convent of La Rabida who Juan Perez de la Marchenna, formerly confessor to Queen Isabella who then resigned over to Spain with Ferdinand. A man of piety, of science, and of thought, he had preferred the retirement of the cloister to the honors and intrigues of the court; but this very retirement had secured him great respect in the place, and great influence over the mind of the Queen. Providence rather than chances appeared to have directed the steps of Columbus, as if it had intend to open to him, by a safe though unseen hand, the readiest approach to the ear, the mind, and the heart of the sovereigns.'

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

Spain, at this time rapidly raising to the front ranke of nations, was ruled by two sovereigns conjointly, who seemed constituted by nature, and fitted by circumstances, to be the patrons of the heroic and enthusiastic geographer, in an enterprise which won for him defore its accomplishment, the reputation of a dreamer:—

'Nature seems to have endowed them with beauty' qualities, and excellences of mind and body different, but nearly equal, as if one was intended to supply what was wanting in the other for the conquest, the civilization, and prosperity which were in store for them.

'Ferdinand, a little older than Isabella was a skillful warrior and a consumate politician. Before the age when sad experience is teaching others to understand men, he could see through a man. His only defect was a certain coldness and suspicion, arising from mistrust, and closing the heart to enthusiasm and magnanimity.

'But these two virtues, in which he was to some extent wanting, were supplied to his counsils by the tenderness and genius of of the full-hearted Isabella. Young, beautiful, admired by all, adored by him, well educated, pious without superstition, eloquent, full of enthusiasm for great achievement, of admiration, for great men, of faith in great ideas, she stamped on the mind and policy of Ferdinand the heroism which springs from the heart, and the love of the marvellous which arrises from the imagination. She inspired—he executed. The one found her reward in the fame of her husband; the other, his glory in the affection of his wife. This double reign, destined to become of almost fabulous import in the annals of spain, only awaited, in order to immortalize itself among all regins, the arrival of the destitute foreigner who come to beg admittance within the palace of Cordova, with the letter of a poor friar in his hand.

* * * * 'Ferdinand listened to Columbus with attention, Isabella with enthusiasm. From his first look and his first tones, she felt for this messenger of God an admiration amounting to fanaticism, an attraction which partook of affection. Nature had given to Columbus the personal recommendations which facinates the eye, as well as the eloquence which persuades the mind. It might have been supposed that he was destined to have for his first appostle a queen, and that the truth which he was to enrich his age was to be first received and fostered in the heart of a woman. Isabella was that woman. Her constancy in favor of Columbus never wavered before the indifference of her court, before his enemies, or his reverses. She believed in him from the day she first saw him! she was his proselyte on the throne, and his friend even to the grave.'

PUBLIC REJOICINGS.

Consequent upon the news of the discovery of a new continent, were universal, and every one accorded to the intrepid navigator unlimited applause; while the most marked honors royalty could confer, awaited him at the court of his sovereigns:

1493.—"Ferdinand and Isabella, having been informed of the return and discoveries of their admiral by the messenger whom he had despatched from Lisbon awaited him at Barcelona with honor and munificence worthy the greatest of his services. The Spanish nobility from all the provinces to meet him. He made a triumphal entry as a prince of future kingdoms. The Indians brought over by the squadron, as a living proof of the existence of new races of men in these newly discovered lands, marched at the head of the procession, their bodies painted with divers colors, and adorned with gold necklaces and pearls. The animals and birds, the unknown piants, and the precious stones collected on those shores were exhibited in golden basins, carried on the heads of Moorish or negro slaves. The eager crowd pressed upon them, and wondrous tales were circulated around the officers and companions of Columbus. The admiral himself, mounted on a richly caparisoned charger presented by the King, next appeared accompanied by a numerous cavalcade of courtiers and gentlemen. All eyes were directed toward the man inspired of Heaven, who first had dared to lift the veil of Ocean. People sought in his face for a visible sign of his mission, and thought they could discern one. The beauty of his features, the thoughtful majesty of his countenance, the vigor of eternal youth joined to the dignity of riper age, the combination of thought with action, of strength with experience, a thorough appreciation of his worth, combined with piety toward God, who had chosen him from among others, and with gratitude toward his sovereigns, who awarded him with the honor which he brought them as a conqueror, made Columbus then appear (as those relate who saw him enter Barcelona) like a prophet, or a hero of Holy Writh of Grecian story.

"None could compare with him,' they say; 'all felt him to be the greatest or the most fortunate of men.'

'Ferdinand and Isabella received him on their throne, shaded from the sun by a golden canopy. They rose up before him as though he had been an inspired messenger. They made him sit on a level with themselves, and listened to the solemn and circumstantial account of his voyages. At the end of his recital, which habitual eloquence had colored with his exuberant imagination, and impregnated with fevered enthusiasm, the king and queen moved even to tears, fell on their knees and repeated the *Te Deum*, a hymn of thanksgiving for the greatest conquest that the Almighty had ever yet vouchsafed to sovereigns.

'Couriers were instantly despatched to carry the wondrous news and fame of Columbus to all the courts of Europe.—The obscurity with which he had until then been surrounded changed to a brilliant renown, filling the earth with his name. The discovery of the poor geographer of Cordova become the subject of conversation for the world.

CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS.

The character of this most illustrious man is thus admirably summed up:—

"All the characteristics of the truly great men are united in Columbus. Genius, labor, patience, obscurity of origin, overcome by energy of will; mild, but persisting firmness, resignation toward heaven, struggle against the world; long conception of the idea in solitude, heroic execution of it in action; intrepidity and coolness in storms, fearless of death in civil strife; confidence in the destiny, not of an individual, but of the human race; a life risked without hesitation or retrospect in venturing into unknown and phantomed peopled ocean, fifteen hundred leagues across, and on which the first step no more allowed of second thoughts than Cæsars passage of the Rubicon,—untiring study, knowledge as extensive as the science of his day, skillful but honorable management of courts to persuade them to truth; propriety of Jemeanor, nobleness and dignity in outward bearing, which affords proff of greatness of mind, and attracts eyes and hearts; language adapted to the grandeur of his thoughts; eloquence which could convince kings, and quell the muting of his crews; a natural poetry of style, which placed his narrative on a par with the wonders of his discoveries and the marvels of nature; an immense, ardent, and enduring love for the human race pierceing even into that distant future in which humanity forgets those that do it service; legislative wisdom and philosophic mildness in the government of his colonies; paternal compassion for those Indians, infants of humanity, whom he wished to give over to the guardianship—not to the tyranny and oppression—of the World; forgetfulness of injury, and magnanimous forgiveness of his enemies; and, lastly, piety, that virtue which includes and exalts all other virtues, when it exists as it did in the mind of Columbus—the constant presence of God in the soul, of justice in the conscience, of mercy in the heart, of gratitude in success, of resignation in reverses of worship always and everywhere.

"Such was the man. We know of none more perfect. He contained several impersonations within himself. He was worthy to represent the ancient world before that unknown continent on which he was first to set foot, and to carry to these men of a new race all the virtues, without any of the vices, of the elder hemisphere. So great was his influence on the destiny of the earth, that none more than he ever deserved the name of a *Civilizer*.

'His influence on civilization was immeasurable. He completed the world; he realized the physical unity of the globe. He advanced far beyond all that had been done before his time, the work of God—the SPIRITUAL UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.—This work, in which Columbus had so largely assisted, was indeed too greatly assisted, was indeed too great to be worthily rewarded even by affixing his name; to the fourth continent. America bears not that name; but the human race, drawn together and cemented by him, will spread his renown over the face of the whole earth.—*Home Journal.*

Wit and Humor.

THE DOESTICK LETTERS—CONTINUED.

FIRST COMPLETE COLLECTION.

Original Views of Men and Things.

HUMOROUS ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

XI—Doesticks sees the Spirit Rappers.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25, 1854.
70 Hundred and One, Narrow st.

Being satiated with the ordinary, common-place things of every day life, and having heard a great deal about the mysterious communications telegraphed to this, our ignorant sphere, by wise and benignant spirits of bliss, through the dignified medium of old chairs, wash-stands and card-tables, we three (who had met again) determined to put ourselves in communication with the next world, to find out, if possible, our chances of a favorable reception, when business or pleasure calls us in that direction. Up Broadway, till we came to an illuminated three-cornered transparency, [which made Bull Dogge smack his lips, and say "oysters,"] which informed us, that, within, a large assortment of spirits, of every description, were constantly in attendance, ready to answer inquiries, or to run on errands in the spirit world, and bring the ghosts of anybody's defunct relations or friends to that classic spot, for conversational purposes, all for the moderate charge of twenty-five cents. [Damphool, who had been there before, said that these "deligate Ariels" were the spirits of departed newsboys, who are thrown out of their legitimate business, and strive to get an honest living, by doing these eighteen-penny jobs.] Entered the room with *becoming* gravity, and *over*coming awe. Two old foozles, in white neckcloths, and no collars, a returned Californian, in an Indian blanket, two peaked-nosed old maids, a good looking widow, with a little boy, our own sacred trio, and the "medium," composed the whole of the assembled multitude.—The "medium" aforesaid was a vinegar complexioned woman, very ruby nose, mouth the exact shape of the sound hole to a violin—who wore green spectacles, and petticoats of equivocal purity.

The furniture consisted of several chairs, a mirror, no carpet, a small stand, a large dining table, and, in one corner of the room, a bedstead, wash-stand, and book-case, with writing desk on top. After some remarks by the medium, we formed the magic circle, by sitting close together, and putting our hands on the table. Bull Dogge took a big dring, before he laid his ponderous fists by the side of the others. After a short length of time, the table began to shake its rickety legs, to flap its leaves after the manner of wings, and to utter ominous squeaks, from its crazy old joints. Pretty soon—"knock"—under Damphools hand; he trembled and turned pale, but, on the whole, stood his ground, like a man. Knock, *knock*, in *my* immediate vicinity—look under the table, but couldn't see anybody—knock, *knock*, KNOCK, KNOCK, directly under Bull Dogge's elbow. He, frightened, jumped from his seat, and prepared to run: but, sensible to the last, he took a drink, felt better—reverently took off his hat, and said "d—mn it"—and resumed his seat. Knocking became general—medium said the spirits were ready to answer questions—asked if any spirit would talk to me—yes. Come along, I remarked—noisy spirit announced its advent by a series of knocks, which would have done honor to a dozen penny postmen "rolled into one." Asked who it was—ghost of my uncle—(never had an uncle)—inquired if he was happy—tolerably. What are you about?—principal occupations are, hunting wild bees, catching cat-fish, chopping pine lumber, and making hickory whipstocks. How's your wife?—*sober*, just at present. Do you have good liquor up there?—*yes*, (very emphatically). What is your comparative situation?—am in the second sphere; hope soon to get promoted into the third, where they only work six hours a day, and have apple dumplings, every day, for dinner—good bye—wife wants me to come and spank the baby. One of the old foozles now wanted to talk spirit—was gratified by the remains of his maternal grand mother, who hammered out, in a series of forcible raps, the gratifying intelligence, that she was very well contented, and spent the most of her time drinking green tea, and singing Yankee Doodle.

Damphool now took courage, and sung out for his father to come and talk to him—(when the old gentleman was alive, he was "one of 'em")—on demand, the father came—interesting conversation—old man in trouble—lost all his money betting on a horse-race, and had just pawned his coat, and a spare shirt, to get money to set himself up in business again, as a popcorn merchant. [Damphool sunk down, exhausted, and borrowed the brandy bottle.] Disconsolate widow gets a communication from her husband, that he is a great deal happier now than formerly—don't want to come back to her—no, thank you—would rather not. Old maid inquires if husbands are plenty—to her great joy, is informed that the prospect is good. Little boy asks if, when he gets into the other world, he can have a long tail coat—mother tells him to shut up—small boy whimpers, and says that he always *has* worn a short jacket, and he expects, when he gets to Heaven, he'll be a bob tail angel.

Damphool's attention to the bottle has reassured his spirits, (he is easily affected by brandy—one glass makes him want to treat all his friends—when he has two bumpers in him, he owns a great deal of real estate; and glass No. 3 makes him rich enough to buy the Custom House;) and he now ventures another inquiry of his relative, who shuts him up, by telling him, as soon as he gets sober enough to tell Maiden lane from a light house, to go home and go to bed.

Went at it myself; inquired all sorts of things from all kinds of spirits, "black spirits and white, red spirits and gray."—Result as follows: By means of thumps, knocks, raps, and spiritual kicks, I learned that Sampson and Hercules have gone into partnership in the millinery business. Julius Cesar is peddling apples and molasses candy. Tom Paine and Jack Shepard keep a billiard table. Noah is running a canal boat. Xerxes and Othello are driving opposion stages. George III has set up a caravan, and is waiting, impatiently, for Kossuth and Barnum to come, and go halves. Dow, junior, is boss of a Methodist camp-meeting. Napoleon spends most of his time playing penny "ante" with the Three Graces.—Benedict Arnold has opened a lager bier saloon, and left a vacancy for S. A. Douglas, [white man.] John Bunyan is clown in a circus. John Calvin, Dr. Johnson, Syksey, Plutarch, Rob Roy, Davy Jones, Gen. Jackson, and Damphool's grandfather, are about establishing a traveling theater, having borrowed the capital, (two per cent a month)—they open with "How to pay the Rent." Dr. Johnson in a fancy dance; to conclude with "The Widow's Victim," the principal part by Mr. Pickwick. Jo Smith has bought out the Devil, and is going to convert Tophet into a Mormon Paradise. Shakspeare has progressed, in his new play, as far as the fourth act, where he has got the hero seven miles and a half up in a balloon, while the disconsolate heroine is hanging, by her hair, to a limb, over a precipice; question is, how the heroic lover shall get down, and rescue his lady love, before her hair breaks, or her head pulls off.

Spirits now began to come, without invitation, like Paddies to a wake. Soul of an alderman called for clam soup, and bread and butter. Ghost of a newsboy sung out for the Evening Post. All that was left of a Bowery fireman wanted to know if Forty had got her butt fixed, and a new inch and a half nozzle. Ghost of Marmion wanted a dish of soft crabs, and called out, after the old fashion, to charge it to Stanley. Medium had, by this time, lost all control over her ghostly company. Spirits of waiters, soldiers, tailors, (Damphool trembled,) babies, saloon keepers, dancers, actors, widows, circus-riders, in fact, all varieties of obstreperous spirits, began to play the devil with things generally; the dining table jumped up, turned two somersets, and landed with one leg in the widow's lap, one in Damphool's mouth, and the other two on the toes of the sanctimonious looking individuals opposite; the wash stand exhibited strong symptoms of a desire to dance the Jenny Lind Polka on Bull Dogge's head; the bookcase beat time with extraordinary vigor, and made faces at the company generally; our walking canes and umbrellas promenaded round the room, in couples, without the slightest regard to corns, or other pedal vegetables; while the bedstead, in the corner, was extemporizing a comic song, with a vigorous accompaniment on the soap dish, the wash bowl, and other bedroom crockery.

Bull Dogge here made a rush for the door, and dashed wildly down Broadway, pursued, as he avers, to this day, by the spirit of an Irishman, with a pick-ax, a hand saw, and a ghostly wheelbarrow.—Concluding I had seen enough, I took Damphool, and B. D.'s bottle, (empty, or he would never have left it,) and went home, satisfied that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of," except by lying *"mediums,"* so-called; who, too lazy to work, and too cowardly to get an honorable living by stealing, adopt this method to sponge their bread and butter out of those whom God, in his mysterious wisdom, has seen fit to send on earth, weak enough to believe their idiotic ravings.

Disgusted, but still yours,
Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

☞ I come for the saw sir.

What saucer?

Why, the saw, sir that ye borrowed.

I borrowed no saucer.

Sure you did, sir, you borrowed a saw, sir.

Get out you rascal, I never saw your saucer.

Be dad but ye did, sir; there's the saw, sir, now, sir.

Oh, you want the saw. Why the deuce didn't you say so.

"John, how does the thermometer stand?"

"Againgt the wall dad."

"I mean how is the mercury?"

"Guess it's pretty well, dad; it hasn't complained lately."

"You little rascal, is it colder than yesterday?"

"I don't know,, dad I'll go out and feel."

Novel Way of Evading the Law.

In Wooster, the liquor sellers evade the law by putting up the "fire water" in common ink bottles and labelling "writing fluid."

This title, says an exchange, is an apt and emphatic one. Rum is a writer, and a writer of such power and eloquence that its records are almost unequalled. It writes down men of genius and talent as driveling fools—it writes down rich men as beggars—it writes down radiant brides as comfortless widows, and lovely children as homeless beggars. It writes the destination of Hell opposite to the entry of many a soul-name, and indites the epitaph of shame upon many a tomb-stone. Aye, Rum is a writer, and a terrible one at that.

☞ I wonder how they make lucifer matches?" said a young lady to her husband, with whom she often disagrees.—'Oh, the process is very simple,' said he, 'I once made one myself.' 'Indeed! how did you manage it?" 'Went to church with you dear, and was married!' 'Guess it is near dinner-time, love,—Sally is dinner near ready?' Snapping turtles.

☞ Vermont, Florida, New Hampshire, and Delaware have no State debt.