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 25, 1855. VOL. 20. NO. 17.

TERMS:

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

If paid in advance.....$1,50

If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1,75

If paid at the end of the year.....2,00

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

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

ADVERTISEMENTS

Will be charged at the following rates:

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

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JOB WORK:

¼ sheet handbills, 30 copies or less,	$1 25
½ " " " " "	1 50
¾ " " " " "	2 50
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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.

CONSTANCY.

Believe them not, time cannot change
The heart that loves but thee;
All else may change, all but my love—
'Tis linked with destiny!

They call me wayward, full of change,
And ever prone to rove;
Believe them not, my heart still wears
The chains thy beauty wove.

Thou art present with me every where,
Alike in grief and joy;
When pleasure gilds the fleeting hours,
Or when earth's cares annoy.

Thy smiles, that with their magic power,
Have captive seized my heart,
Like spirits ever with me dwell,
And ever joy impart.

They tell of moments when our thoughts
To all the world seemed dead;
When cherish'd dreams were realized,
And life's forebodings fled;

When fond, fond hopes were warmly breathed,
To ears that lost no sound,
Each by the other's voice entranced,
Unconsciously spell-bound.

And thinkest though I'll prove untrue;
Forget my plighted vow?
Deep as I loved when it was pledged,
Still deeper love I now!

And time shall never, never change
The heart that loves but thee;
All else may change, all but my love;
'Tis link'd with destiny!

Miscellaneous.

From the Spiritual Universe.

AN ENORMOUS STORY.

New Developments in Ghostology—Spirits Talking Aloud and Baking Slapjacks.

HARTFORD, Trumbull Co., Ohio, January 8, 1855.

S. W. Smith, Esq—Dear Sir:—The facts given in the inclosed affidavit of John Richardson are of public notoriety here, and can no doubt be sustained by any amount of evidence. You are at liberty to make any use of the affidavits you choose,

Respectly, WM. J. BRIGHT.

The State of Ohio, Trumbull County, ss.—Before me, Wm. J. Bright, a Justice of the Peace in and for the county afore said, personally came Jno, Richardson, who, being duly sworn, deposes as follows: I am a resident of Pamytumiany township, Mercer county, Pa; live four miles east of the centre of Hartford, Ohio; have lived where I now reside some nine months. About five weeks ago my attention was arrested by a very sharp and loud whistle seemingly in a small closet in one corner of my house. This was followed by loud and distinct raps, as loud as a person could conveniently rap with the knuckles. The closet door is secured or fastened by a wood button that turns over the edge of the door. This button would frequently turn, and the door open without any visible agency. This was followed by a loud and distinct (apparently) human voice, which could be herd perhaps, fifty rods.

After repeating a very loud and shrill scream several times, the voice fell to a lower key, and in a tone about as loud as ordinary conversation, commenced speaking in a plain and distinct manner, assuring the family that we would not be burned, and requesting us to have no fear of any injury, as we were in no danger.—Those manifestations being altogether unaccountable to myself and family, we searched the entire house, to find, if possible, the cause of this new and startling phenomenon, but found no one in or about the premises but the family. Again we were startled by a repetition of the screams, which were repeated perhaps a dozen of times, when the voice proceeded to inform us that the conversation came from the spirit of two brothers, calling themselves Henry and George Force, and claimed to have been murdered some eleven years since, and then gave us what they represented as a history of the tragedy, and insisted that we should call on some of the neighbors to hear the disclosure. John Ranney, Henry Moore, and some dozen others, were then called in, to whom the history was detailed at length. We could readily discover a difference in the voice professing to come from the two spirits.

About the third day after these manifestations commenced, my wife brought a ham of meet into the house, and laid it on the table, and stepped to the other side of the room, when it was carried by some invisible agency from four to six feet from the table, and thrown upon the floor. At another time a bucket of water was, without human hands, taken from the table carried some six feet, and poured upon the floor. This was followed by a large dining table turning round from its position at the side of the room, and carried forward to the stove, a distance of more than six feet. This was done while there was no person near it. The same table has since that time been thrown on its side without human agency, and often been made to dance about while the family were eating around it. At one time dishes, knives and forks, were thrown from the table to the opposite side of the room, breaking the dishes to pieces.

On another occasion the voice requested Mrs, Richardson to remove the dishes from the table which was done immediately, when the table commenced rocking violently back and forward, and continued the motion, so the dishes could not be washed upon it, but were placed in a vessel and set upon the floor, from which a number of them flew from the tub to the chamber floor, overhead, and were thus broken to pieces What crockery remained we attempted to secure by placing it in a cupboard, and shut the doors, which were violently thrown open, and the dishes flew like lightening, one after another against the opposite side, and broke to pieces. At another time a drawer in the table was, while there was no person near drawn out, and a plate that had been placed there carried across the room and broken against the opposite wall. And this kind of demonstration has continued until nearly all the crockery about the house has been broken and destroyed.

At different times the drawers of a stand sitting in a bed-room, have been taken out, and at one time carefully placed on a bed. A large stove boiler has been, while on the stove, filled with water, tipped up, and caused to stand on one end, and the water was turned out upon the floor, and at this time taken off from the stove, and carried some six feet, and set down upon the floor, and this while untouched by any person. A tea kettle has often been taken from the stove in the same manner, and throw upon the floor. At one time a spider, containing some coffee for the purpose of browning, was taken from the stove, carried near the chamber floor, and then thrown upon the floor. And frequently, while Mrs. Richardson has been baking buckwheat cakes on the stove, the griddle has, in the same unaccountable manner, been taken from the stove and thrown across the house; and often cakes have been taken from the griddle while baking, and disappeared entirely.

At one time the voice, speaking to my wife, said it (the spirit) could bake cakes for George, a boy eating at the table—Mrs. Richardson stepped away from the stove, when the batter (already prepared for baking cakes) was by some unseen agency taken from a crock sitting near the stove, and placed upon the griddle, and turned at the proper time, and when done, taken from the griddle, and placed upon the boy's plate, at the table. The voice then proposed to bake a cake for Jane, my daughter, who was then at work about the house. The cake was accordingly baked in the same manner as before stated, and carried across the room, and placed in the girl's hand.

During all these occurrences, the talking from the two voices and others has continued, and still continues daily, together with such manifestations as I have detailed, with many others not named.—The conversation, as well as the other demonstrations, have been witnessed almost daily by myself and family, as well as by scores of persons who have visited my house to witness these strange phenomena.

I will only add, that the spirit (the voice) gave as a reason for breaking crockery and destroying property, that it is done to convince the world of the existence of spirit presence.

JOHN RICHARDSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 8th day of January, 1855.

WM. J. BRIGHT, Justice of the Peace.

—

Eliza Jane Richadson, being duly sworn, says:—I am the wife of John Richardson, who made the above affidavit. I have witnessed all the manifestations given by my husband in his affidavit, and many others, such as singing by the voices, and writing without human agency.

ELIZA JANE RICHARDSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 8th day of January, 1855.

WM. J. BRIGHT, Justice of the Peace.

James H. Moore, being duly sworn, says: I have witnessed many of the occurrences given by John Richardson in his affidavit, such as conversing with the voices, seeing the table move about, &c.

JAMES H. MORE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 8th day of January, 1855,

WM. J. BRIGHT, Justice of the Peace.

SIN AND FOLLY OF SCOLDING.

Fret not thyself to do evil.—Psalm xxxii. 2.

1. *It is sin against God.* It is evil and only evil, and that continually. David understood both human nature and the law of God. He says:—"Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil." If you cannot speak without fretting or scolding, keep silence.

2. *It destroys affection.* No one ever did, ever can, or ever will love a habitual fretter, fault finder, or scolder. Husbands, wives, children, relatives, or domestics, have no affection for peevish fretful, fault finders. Few tears are shed ove the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them—may bear with them; but they cannot love them more than the sting of nettles or noise of musquitoes.—Many a man has been driven to the tavern, and to dissipation, by a peevish, fretful wife. Many a wife has been made miserable by a peevish, fretful husband.

3. *It is the bane of domestic happiness.* A fretful, peevish, complaining, fault-finder in a family, is like the continual chafing of an inflamed sore. Woe to the man, woman, or child who is exposed to the influence of such a temper in another. Nine-tenths of all domestic trials and unhappiness spring from this source. Mrs. D. is of this temperament. She wonders her husband is not more fond of her company—that her children give her so much trouble—that domestics do not like to work for her—that she cannot secure the good will of young people. The truth is, she is so peevish and fretful. Children fear her, and do not love her. She never gained the affections of a young person, and never will till she leaves off fretting.

4. *It defeats the end of family government.* Good family government is the blending authority with affection, so as to secure love and respect. Indeed, it is the great secret of managing young people.—Now, your fretters may inspire fear, but they always make two faults where they correct one. Scolding at a child, fretting at a child, sneering at a child, taunting a child, treating a child as though it had no feelings, inspires a dread and dislike, and fosters those very dispositions from which many of the faults of childhood proceeed. Mr. G. and Mrs F. are of this class.—Their children are made to mind; but how? Mrs. F. frets and scolds her children.—She is severe upon their faults. She seems to watch them in order to find fault. She sneers at them; treats them as though they had no feelings—seldom gives them a command without a threat, and a long-running, fault-finding commentary. When she chides it is not done in a dignified manner; she raises her voice, puts on a cross look, threatens, strikes them, pinches their ears, thumps their heads, &c. The chileren cry, pout, sulk, and poor Mrs. F. has to do her work over pretty often.—Then she will find fault with her husband because he does not fall in with her ways, or chime with her as chorus.

5. *Fretting and scolding make hypocrites.* As fretters never receive confidence and affection, so no one wants to tell them any thing disagreeable, and procure for themselves a fretting. Now, children will conceal as much as they can from such persons. They cannot make up their minds to be frank and open hearted. So husbands conceal from their wives, and wives from their husbands.—For a man may brave a lion, but he likes not to come in contact with nettle and musquitoes.

6. *It destroys one's peace of mind.*—The mere one frets the more he may. A fretter will always have enough to fret at, he or she has the bump of order and neatness largely developed. Something will always be out of place. There will always be dirt somewhere. Others will not eat right, look right, talk right; he will not do these things so as to please them.—And fretters are generally so selfish as to have no regard for any one's comfort but their own.

7. *It is a mark of a vulgar disposition.*—Some persons have so much gall in their dispositions, are so selfish. that they have no regard for the feelings of others. All things must be done to please them. They make their husbands, wives, children, domestics. the conductors by which their spleen and ill-nature are discharged.—Woe to the children who are exposed to such influences. It makes them callous and unfeeling, and when they grow up pursue the same course with their own children, or those entrusted to their management, and thus the race of fretters is perpetuated. Any person who is in the habit of fretting or sneering, taunting their husbands, wives, children, or domestics, shows either a bad disposition or else ill breeding.—*N. E. Farmer.*

A Clergyman Engaged to be Married to Eleven Ladies.

We heard yesterday of a series of villanies perpetrated recently by a wolf in sheep's clothing, of a character to bring the reverend impostor, if caught, to the penitentiary. His name is John Howard Wilson, and he has been preaching for some time past at Cheviot. Being endowed with a soft oily tongue, and a sleek appearance, he tried his killing accomplishments indiscriminately among the unmarried belles of that suburban village with such success, that he engaged himself to be married to no less than eleven, some of whom he borrowed money from upon pretence of making the necessary arrangements towards housekeeping. Of one young lady he obtained fifty dollars, which he laid between the leaves of a Bible in her parlor, to be used the day previous to the wedding; but when, upon hearing of the pranks of the sanctimonious Lothario, she looked into the hiding place, the bank bills were *non est.*

The manner which led to the discovery of his multifarious engagements was, that a couple of the betrothed met, by accident, in a fashionable dry goods establishment in this city. After mutual recognition, they proceeded to examine various fabrics, and make purchases. Singularly enough, their tastes assimilated so exactly that young lady No. 1 remarked to young lady No. 2 that she thought it was very strange. Hereupon young lady No. 2 replied that so it was; but if she (young lady No. 1) could keep a secret she would tell her one.

No. 1 promised (what feminine would not?) that her lips should be eternally sealed, when, blushing like a peony, her companion whispered in her ear that she was going to be married.

"To whom?" exclaimed the excited No. 1.

Another promise of secresy, and the name of the Reverend John Howard Wilson was softly breathed.

"Who?" exclaimed No. 1, while her earnest gaze betokened her astonishment.

The name was again repeated, and forthwith young lady number one becomes suddenly dizzy, and, but for the application of *sal volatile* and cold water, a fainting exhibition would have ensued. After a while, when sufficiently calm to explain, she informed young lady number two that she too, was under an engagement of marriage to the reverend deceiver, and she was then making purchases of her wedding garments. Another kettle of fish was the consequence of this disclosure for the young lady number two immediately went through the same motions as her predecessor, and again the pungent mixture and cold water were in requisition. The disconsolate damsels returned, without their purchases, to the quiet village, where they speedily proclaimed the villany of the rascally pastor, who, getting wind that all was discovered, made tracks between two days during the past week.

Since his exit it has been discovered that he sometime ago forged a draft on Mr. Elliot, of the Methodist Book Concern, which was honored. No tidings have been heard of him since his absquatulation, but we presume he will turn up under another name, when he can discover a convenient field to reap a harvest by playing upon the credulity of the susceptible feminies who have a *penchant* for love and sanctity.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A GHOST IN LOVE.

A farmer who had lately become a widower was arroused at midnight by a loud barking of his dog. On going to it the animal displayed extreme terror, whereupon the farmer took his gun and proceeded to an inspection. All at once he saw a phantom, clothed in a white sheet, rise behind the hedge. The farmer turned deadly pale, and his limbs shook with dismay. He, however, contrived to ejaculate.

"If you come from God, speak; if from the devil, vanish!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the phantom, "I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Maria A———, to whom you are making love. The only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B——— Marry her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your doom!" This strange address from the goblin, instead of dismaying the farmer, restored his courage. He accordingly rushed on the ghostly visitor and stripping off its sheet, discoverey the fair Hanrietta B——— herself, looking extremely foolish. It is said the farmer, admiring the girl's trick, has had the bans published for his marriage with her.—*Gateshead (Eng.) Observer.*

The Bible.

The Bible must be the invention of *good* men or angels, of *bad* men or devils, or of God.

It could not be the invention of *good* men or angels for they neither would nor could make a book and tell lies all the time they were writing it, saying, "Thus saith the Lord," when it was their own invention.

It could not be the invention of *bad* men or devils, for they could not make a book which commands all duty, forbids all sin, and condemns themselves to all eternity.

I therefore draw this conclusion: the Bible must be given by inspiration of God. —*Simpson.*

☞ Two Irishmen, who were traveling together, got out of money and being in want of drink of a whiskey, devised the following ways and means:

Patrick, catching a frog out of a brook, went ahead, and the first tavern he came to, asked the landlord what sort of a crater it was?

'It is a frog.' replied the landlord.

'No, sir' said Pat, 'it is a mouse.'

'It's a frog," persisted the landlord.

'It is a mouse,' declared Pat, 'and I will leave it to the first traveller that comes along for a pint of whiskey.'

'Agreed,' said the landlord.

Murphey soon arrived, and to him the appeal was made. After much examination and deliberation he declared it to be a mouse and the landland, in spite of his senses, paid the bet.

GUESSING AT HARD WORDS.—A missionary in 1849 stepped ashore from a flat boat on the Keanebec, with some tracts, to speak to an old woman who was knitting under a low tree by a shanty. It was the height of the cholera panic.

"My good woman," said the evangilist, as he offered her a tract, "have you the gospel?"

"No sir, we haven't," replied the old crone, "but they have got it awfully down to Bangor."

THE WORD "ITS."—Through the whole of our authorized version of the Bible, "its" does not once occur; the work which it now performs being accomplished by "his" or "her" applied as freely to inanimate things as to persons, or else by "thereof," or "of it." Trench remarks that "its" occurs but three times in all Shakspeare, and he doubts whether it is in Paradise Lost.

Wit and Humor.

THE DOESTICK LETTERS—CONTINUED.

FIRST COMPLETE COLLECTION.

Original Views of Men and Things.

HUMOROUS ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

XII—DOESTICKS RUNS WITH THE "MASHEEN."

NEW YORK, Oct. 30, 1854.
70 Hundred and One, Narrow st.

I am not known by the cognomen of "Mose," nor do I answer to the name of "Syksey"—neither as a general thing do I promenade the middle of Broadway with my pantaloons tucked into my boots. Still, by way of a new excitement I lately joined the Fire Department, and connected myself with the company of Engine 97.

Bought my uniform, treated the company, took up my quarters in the bunk room, where I slept by night in a bed occupied in the day time by a big yellow dog.—First night, went to bed with my boots on, ready for an alarm. At last it came—seized the rope with the rest of the boys; started on a run; tugged and toiled till we got her into the 11th district, four miles and a half from home; found the alarm had been caused by a barrel of shavings, and the conflagration had extinguished itself; had to drag her clear back; tired most to death; it wasn't funny at all; turned in; half an hour, new alarm; started again—hose 80 laid in the same alley, got our apparatus jammed on the corner; fight; 97 victorious; got our machine out, and carried off the forewheel of 80's carriage on our tongue; reached the fire; big nigger standing on the hydrant; elected myself appraiser and auctioneer; knocked him down without any bidder; took water; got our stream on the fire; fun; worked till my arms ached; let go to rest, foreman hit me over the head with a trumpet, and told me to go ahead; thought d—n, but kept at it; children in the garret; horrible situation; gallant fireman made a rush up the ladder; battled his way through the smoke—re appeared with a child in each arm, and his pocket full of teaspoons.

Old gentleman from the country; much excited; wanted to help, but didn't exactly know how; he rushed into a fourth story bed room; threw the mirror out of the window; frantically endeavored to hurl the dressing table after it; seized the coal-scuttle; hurriedly put in the poker, boot-jack, and a pair of worn out slippers, carried them down stairs, and deposited them in a place of safety four blocks away, came back on a run, into the parlor; took up the door mat, wrapped up an empty decanter in it, and transported it safely into the barn of the nearest neighbor; he kept at work; by dint of heroic exertion, he at various times deposited, by piece, the entire kitchen cooking stove in the next street, uninjured; and at last, after knocking the piano to pieces with an ax, in order to save the lock, and filling his pocket with the sofa-castors, he was seen to make his final exit from the back yard, with a length of stove pipe in each hand, the toasting fork tucked behind his ear, and two dozen muffin-rings in his hat, which was surmounted by a large sized frying pan.

During the next week there were several alarms—fire in a big block full of paupers—first man in the building; carried down stairs in my arms two helpless, undressed children, thereby saving their valuable lives; on giving them to their mother, she, amid a whirlwind of thanks, imparted the gratifying intelligence that one was afflicted with the measles, and the other had the Michigan itch. Fire in a boarding-school; dashed up a ladder; tumbled through a window; entered a bedroom; smoke so thick I couldn't see; caught up in my arms a feminine specimen in a long night gown; got back to the window; tried to go down; ladder broke under me; stuck adhesively to the young lady; and after unexampled exertions, deposited her safely in the next house, where I discovered that I had rescued from the devouring element, the only child of *the black cook.* Fire in a store house—went on the roof; explosion; found myself in somebody's cellar, with one leg in a soap-barrel, and my hair full of fractured hen's eggs; discovered that I had been blown over a Church, and had the weathercock still remaining in the rear of my demolished pantaloons. Fire in a liquor store—hose burst; brandy "lying round loose;" gin "convaynient," and old Monongahela absolutely begging to be protected from further dilution; Croton water too much for my delicate constitution; carried home on a shutter. Fire in a Church—Catholic—little marble images all round the room in niches; wall began to totter; statues began to fall; St. Andrew knocked my fire hat over my eyes; Saint Peter threw his whole weight on my big toe; Saint Jerome hit me a clip over the head which laid me sprawling, when a picture of the Holy Family fell and covered me up like a bed quilt. Fire in a big clothing store—next day our foreman sported a new silk velvet vest, seven of the men exhibited twelve dollar doeskin pants, and the black boy who sweeps out the bunk room, and scours the Engine had a new hat, and a flaming red cravat, presented, as I heard, by the proprietor of the stock of goods, as an evidence of his appreciation of their endeavors to save his property. I didn't get any new breeches; on the contrary, lost my new overcoat, and got damaged myself. Tell you how—fire out, order came "take up 97;" took off the hose; turned her round; got the boys together, and started for home; corner of the street hook and ladder 100, (Dutch,) engine 73, (Irish,) hose 88, (Yankee,) and our own company came in contact; machines got jammed; polyglot swearing by the strength of the companies; got all mixed up; fight; one of 88's men hit foreman of hook and ladder 100 over the head with a spanner; 97's engineer clipped one of 73's men with a trumpet; 73 retaliated with a paving stone; men of all the companies went in; resolved to "go in" myself; went in; went out again as fast as I could, with a black eye, three teeth (indigestible, I have every reason to believe) in my stomach, intermingled with my supper, my red shirt in carpet rags, and my knuckles skinned, as if they had been pawned to a Chatham st. Jew, got on a hydrant and watched the fun; 88's boys whipped everything; 73's best man was doubled up like a jack knife, by a dig in the place where Jonah was; four of 97's fellows were lying under the machine with their eyes in mourning; hook and ladder took home two thirds of their company on the truck; and the last I saw of their foreman he was lying in the middle of the street, with his trumpet smashed flat, his boots under his head, and his pockets inside out. Four policemen on the opposite corner, saw the whole row. On the first indication of a fight, they pulled their hats down over their eyes, covered up their stars, and slunk down the nearest alley.—Got home, resigned my commission, made my will, left the company my red shirt and fire cap. Seen enough of fire service; don't regret my experience, but go grieve for my lost teeth, and my new overcoat.

Sorrowing, sorrowfully yours,

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

P. S.—Have just met the foreman of 73—he had on my late lamented overcoat; ain't big enough to lick him—magnanimously concluded to let him alone.

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

Rules for Self-Government.

BY A PRUDENT OLD GENTLEMAN.

Always sit next to the carver, if you can, at dinner.

Ask no woman her age.

Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts.

Never joke with a policeman.

Take no notes, or gold, with you to a Fancy Bazaar—nothing but silver.

Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party.

Don't play at chess with a widow.

Never contradict a man who stutters.

Pull down the blind before you put on your wig.

Make friends with the steward on board a steamer—there's no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

In every strange house it is as well to inquire where the brandy is kept—only think if you were taken ill in the middle of the night.

Never answer a crossing-sweeper.—Pay him, or else pass quickly and silently on. One word, and you are lost.

Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers.

Never offend a butler—the wretch has too many chances of retaliation.

Write not one letter more than you can't help. The man who keeps up a large correspondence is a martyr tied, not to the Stake, but to the post.

Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, examining minutely whether you are "fast" or "slow."

☞ "Bob lower yourself into the well and holler for help." "What for?"—"To frighten dady, and make some fun." Bob did as desired, but got more fun than he bargained for. It was administered with a hickory sapling. Distance, five and a half feet.

☞ The country is getting green.