The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER, "LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE." Editor & Proprietor.

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MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S

Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERUPTIVE and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, or ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS and BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, SYPHILITIC and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "*impurity of the blood*" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose of this compound of Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC,

are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their tormenting properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis our American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: *Costiveness, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice*, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

LOWELL, MASS.

JOHN READ, Agent, Huntingdon, Pa.

Nov. 10, 1858.—1y.

SELLING CLOTHING AT

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

1858. NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS. 1858.

M. Gutman & Co.,

Inform the public generally, that they have just received a large stock of

Fall and Winter Goods,

Consisting of

COATS,
VESTS,
PANTS, &c., &c.
Also,
BOOTS,
SHOES,
HATS,
CAPS.

His stock of Clothing is of the latest fashions, and manufactured of the best materials and as they are determined to sell as cheap as the cheapest, the public will do well to give them a call and examine their stock.

☞Don't forget the place—Long's brick building, on the corner, Market square, Huntingdon.

Oct.13,'58

☞S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.'S Advertising Agency, 119 Nassau St., New York, & 10 State St., Boston. S. M. Pettengill & Co. are the Agents for the "JOURNAL" and the most influential and largest circulating Newspapers in the United States and the Canadas. They are authorized to contract for us at our lowest rates.

Select Poetry.

LITTLE BESSIE,

AND THE WAY IN WHICH SHE FELL ASLEEP.

To those who have lost some sweet "Little Bessie," how touching will be the following exquisite lines:

"Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
I am cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night:
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast;
Oh, I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest!

"All day long while you were working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said;
How the kind and blessed Jesus
He loves his lambs to watch and keep;
And I wished He'd come and take me
In His arms, that I might sleep.

"Just before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
While the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name.
All at once the window opened,
In a field where lambs and sheep,
Some from out a rock were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep.

"But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strained my eyes to see;
And I wondered if He saw me,
He would speak to such as me?
In a moment I was looking
On a world so bright and fair,
Which was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there!

"They were singing, oh! how sweetly!
Sweeter songs I never heard!
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than can sing our yellow bird.
And while I my breath was holding,
One so bright upon me smiled;
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When he said, 'Come here my child!

"'Come up here, my little Bessie!
Come up here and live with me,
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see!'
Then I thought of all you told me
Of that bright and happy land;
I was going when you called me,
When you came and kissed my hand.

"And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me!—I would go
Oh! to sleep and never suffer!
Mother, don't be crying so!
Hug me closer, closer, mother,
Oh! how much I love you, mother,
But I feel so strange to-night!"

And the mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast;
On the heart so near to breaking,
Lay the heart so near its rest.
In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness, calm and deep,
Laying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep!

A Romantic Sketch.

A FEMALE ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The schooner Ozelle, Captain Marvin, master, arrived at Racine, Wisconsin, the 15th of April, from Marquette, Lake Superior, having on board a young lady, Miss Sophia Richardson, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, who for the last three years has been living in solitude upon a desolate and uninhabited island in Lake Superior, near the British coast, and northwest from Isle Royal, upon which she was cast away in the spring of 1856.

A gentleman travelling in Illinois, communicates to the New York Times the following history of Miss Richardson for the last three years:

I was in Racine when the schooner arrived, and Captain Marvin, who is an old and valued friend of mine, was kind enough to introduce me to this young lady, whose adventures have been so remarkable, and from whom I have obtained permission to make public the facts which follow. Miss Richardson is apparently about 22 years old. Her countenance, without being positively handsome, is pleasing in its expression; her air and manner are extremely well bred; and, although when I saw her, she was arrayed in garments that were anything but fashionable and elegant, and her hands were roughened and browned with exposure and toil, it was impossible not to perceive that she was an educated and intelligent young lady.

It will be remembered that in the month of May, 1856, the bark Mary, Capt. Edward, sailed from Cleveland, Ohio, bound for Green Bay, with a cargo of provisions, dry-goods and hardware. The crew consisted of eight men, including the captain and mate. The latter, Mr. George Richardson, was the cousin of the young lady above mentioned, and it was under his charge she embarked with the intention of meeting at Green Bay her affinced husband, Daniel Ashnell, who had been living at Green Bay for a year, and to whom she was to be married on her arrival there. Miss Richardson was the daughter of a respectable and tolerable wealthy family, and she sailed well provided with a stock of clothing, amply sufficient for her requirements for a year or more. This was a prudent and economical measure, when the scarcity and dearness of such articles at her destined home is remembered, and as it afterwards proved, was the means of securing her from much suffering and privation. The cargo of the bark was made up of pork, flour, groceries, mining tools, and several bales of blankets, buffalo robes and heavy clothing.

The commencement of the voyage was pleasant, and nothing occurred to destroy the anticipations of happiness indulged in by Miss Richardson, until the vessel had passed the Manitouline Islands, and was about to enter the Straits of Mackinaw. They passed the Great Manitouline just at dark, and immediately afterwards were assailed by a terrific storm, surpassing in violence anything which Miss Richardson had before seen. During the morning of this day the Captain had tapped a barrel of whisky, which was in his cabin, of the contents of which he and the mate had copiously partaken. Contrary to their usual custom, they had both retired to sleep immedistely after supper, leaving the helm in charge of a sailor named "Dad." Miss Richardson is of the opinion that the whisky had been circulating among the crew, as well as the officers, and that they were all under its influence. At all events the storm continued to increase in violence, and the vessel was driven from her course. When at length the Captain and mate were aroused and brought on deck, the former announced that they had been driven through the Middle Channel, and were then nearly opposite Sault St. Marie. He took the helm, saying he would keep the bark beating about in Tequamenon Bay until morning.

Either he was mistaken in his calculations, or was unable to manage his vessel, for when the morning broke they discoverd that they were in the neighborhood of a long island the name of which Miss Richardson has forgotten, but which the captain said was 150 miles from the Sault. (This was probably Michipicoten Island.) The storm appeared to increase in violence and the vessel began to feel its effects.—Miss Richardson was in a state of alarm, dismay, which were not at all lessened when her cousin informed her that the bark was leaking badly, and that she was in imminent danger of sinking. She does not remember all which transpired after this, as she was in great distress both of mind and body, but after some hours had passed she was summoned to the deck and saw that the bark must soon strike upon what she was told was an island. The rudder of the vessel had become unshipped or broken, her rigging was torn to tatters, and the Captain said their only hope of life was to wait until she struck then to leap into the water and trust to the waves to wash them upon the shore.—The yawl had been stoved in by a heavy sea some time before. The vessel was, perhaps, a mile from land, while immediately in front of her arose a low line of broken and jagged rocks. The only life-preserver on board was given to Miss Richardson, who inflated it and tied the same beneath her arms. The bark struck with immense force upon the rocks, and there appeared to stick fast, either upon the sand or between the breakers. The captain and the crew leaped overboard as she struck, and Miss Richardson and her cousin were about to follow, when a spar from the broken and shattered mast fell to the deck, striking the mate upon the head and instantly killing him.—Miss Richardson's courage forsook her at this awful sight, and she sank insensible upon the deck.

From this point I gave the narrative in her own words, copied from the notes which I took during our interview.

"How long I remained in this condition I cannot say, but when I regained my senses I saw that the storm was dying away, and that the vessel was sticking fast where she first struck. At my side laid George, his face covered with blood, and his eyes staring wide in death. I almost fainted again at the sight, but with a strong effort I repressed my feelings and got upon my feet. The waves were yet rolling heavily but as I looked upwards the clouds broke away and the sun beamed down upon me. I knew that the water would become more tranquil as night approached, and I hoped that if the captain and crew had reached the shore they would endeavor to rescue me. I went into the hold and observed that the leak did not increase. The seams of the vessel were open, and her timbers were strained and broken, but she appeared to be so tightly between the rocks that she could not sink. The wind blew strongly towards the shore, and I saw spars and barrels thrown upon the land by the wave, and then washed off again by the returning sea.

"Hours passed by and I saw and heard nothing of the captain or the crew. I was alone with the dead. The thought became unbearable, and I resolved to leave the wreck and endeavor to reach land. I brought up my trunks from the cabin, and lashed one to each end of the spar which had killed poor George. Then with infinite labor got them over the side and into the water, which had now become comparatively calm. Summoning up all my resolution I lowered myself into into the waves. The life-preserver supported me admirably, and I managed to reach the spar to which my trunks were tied. The wind carried us slowly towards the breakers. There were passages between the rocks, and fortunately we were floated through one of these, and finally thrown upon the shore. I was terribly lacerated and exhausted, but managed to crawl up on the sand out of the reach of the waves, and then laid down with a full and grateful heart. After resting for perhaps half an hour, I untied my trunks and rolled them upon the bank. The shore was covered with casks and boxes, and I succeeded in securing some of them.—This fatigued me excessively as I was then unused to labor, and was not so robust as I now am.

"Night was approaching. My garments were wet, and I began to shiver with cold and hunger. I had eaten nothing except some biscuits, which I had devoured just before leaving the wreck.—The loneliness and danger of my situation rushed upon me. I feared I should perish with cold and hunger. I knelt down upon the sand and tried to pray, but no words came to my lips. I arose again in utter wretchedness, and walked towards the water. A dark bale of goods was tossing near the shore, and I thought by venturing into the water a short distance I could save it. I made the attempt, and got the bale to land, but its weight prevented me from rolling it out of the waves. My scissors were around my neck, and I cut off the covering of the bale. It was composed of buffalo robes, and the sight inspired me with new hope. I cut the goods which one by one, on shore. Some of them were wet, but three were warm and dry. I opened my trunks took off my wet apparel and replaced it by dry clothing. Then, making a bed of two of my buffalo robes, I wrapped myself in the other, and prepared to pass my first night upon my desolate island. The terrors of my situation, my uncertain fate, and my grief for my poor cousin, for awhile deprived me of sleep—but at length I fell into a deep slumber, from which I did not awake until the sun of the next morning shone into my face.

"The wreck had disappeared. I supposed that during the night the wind had again risen, and tossed the vessel to pieces against the rocks. The wind still came toward the shore, and every few moments a wave would throw upon the sand fragments of the wreck, or portions of her cargo. I felt strong and refreshed, but very hungry, and I knew not of what I could make my breakfast. I began to renew my former labor of rolling the barrels and boxes out of the way of the returning waves. My hands were torn and bleeding, and my limbs soon ached with the unaccustomed fatigue but I persevered, as I could not bear to see so much property swallowed up by the waves. Among the boxes was one marked "Sardines." I forced the lid off with a stone, and feasted my eyes upon my treasure. But, shut up in their little tin boxes, the fish were as useless to me as if they were in the bottom of the lake. My hunger increased, and I sat down upon my buffalo bed and gave way to tears. Suddenly I remembered that in one of my trunks I had a newly invented chisel for copper cutting, which my father had sent as a present to Mr. Ashnell, who was engaged in the mines. I found it, broke open one of the boxes of sardines, and enjoyed a delicious and refreshing meal.—My hunger satisfied, I again went to work and spent all that day in saving such things as I was able to handle.

"The next day I occupied in collecting together the goods which I had saved. I found that I had eight barrels of pork, two kegs of lard, twelve barrels of flour, two of sugar, several boxes of candy, candles, raisins, and dried herrings, one box of sardines, another bale of buffalo robes, a box of dry goods, needles, pins, thread, yarn, etc; a box of mining hatchets, a box of heavy clothing, and a bale of blankets.

"On the third day I explored my island. I found it entirely uninhabited, as far as I could then judge, and I afterwards ascertained this to be true. The shore was sandy and barren. Half a mile from the lake there were short and scrubby trees, which grew thicker and larger as you advanced. On this day, also, the waves threw upon the shore the dead and bruised bodies of several of the sailors, among them that of my cousin. In his pocket I saw a metal box filled with friction matches, which were of great service to me.—I dug a shallow grave as well as I could, and buried them. It was a sad and awful duty, and left me very melancholy and depressed.

"For several weeks I was certain that a vessel would arrive and rescue me. But when six weeks had passed, and I had seen no sail nor heard the voice of any human being, I began to give way to the most poignant agony and fear. I was enabled finally to overcome this, and as Autum approached I had become in a measure, at least, reconciled to my fate.

I knew I had provisions sufficient for three of four years. I had already learned to catch fish, and to cook my pork and flour without the aid of dishes or stoves.—With the fragments of the wreck, and some of my empty barrels and boxes, I made a low hut, which I covered with sand to the depth of a foot. One end of this was closed, and the other was fitted with a door made from the lids of my two trunks; over my barrels and boxes of goods I stretched a sail, fastening it by means of stakes. As the winter approached I fabricated from my buffalo robes a dress, which I fancied would be impervious to the cold.—My shoes, gloves and hat were made of the same material. The forest supplied me with fuel, and I soon learned to chop it with considerable ease. During the early part of the first winter I suffered terribly, but I managed to live through it, and the next season I was inured to hardships.

"In this manner I passed three long and lonely years. I kept a journal during this unhappy period, and this was my only recreation. My books, and even my Bible were left in the vessel. During these three years I saw but seven vessels. They either did not see or would not regard my signals; my anguish on these occasions was indescribable. The tho'ts of home, and of the friends who were now rush upon me with overpowering force, and my misery seemed too heavy for me to bear.

"At length—I know not on what day, but by my calculations on the 25th of February—my island was visited by six Menominee Indians. They had crossed from the British shore, partly in their canoes and partly on the ice. They were as much surprised to find me on the Island as I was delighted to see a human face again. We could not understand each other, but they made signs that I should go with them. I was in their power, and I was willing to go, as I conceived that by their means I might finally obtain my release and restoration. They returned with me to the British coast, which, I think is not more than twenty or twenty-five miles from my island. They conducted me in two day's journey, to a French trading post, where, for the first time in three years, I found myself in the company of civilized men.—I was received with kindness, and soon forwarded to Fort William. The commander of this Fort entertained me hospitably until the lake became open, when he dispatched me to Marquette, from which point Captain Marvin has conducted me hither. At the Sault I learned that Mr. Ashnell had returned to Cleveland, and I am now on my way thither."

Such is this remarkable and interesting narrative. The journal kept by the young lady was well written, and no doubt would prove an attractive and saleable book if published. I intimated this to her, but her modesty appeared to dissent from that opinion. She came to Chicago in the same train with your correspondent, and leaves to-night for Cleveland, her kind friend, Captain Marvin having furnished her with means of pursuing her journey. She will be received at home as one risen from the dead.

Select Miscellany.

[From "Rome, its Churches, its Charities and its Schools."]

THE CUPOLA OF ST. PETER'S.

We resolved to day to take another view of St. Peter's. The ascent to the cupola is, as we have already observed, of the easiest discription, being nearly an inclined plain. From the cupola alone we can have a true idea of the immense extent of St. Peter's. The fourteen figures of the Apostles, our Saviour, and St. John the Baptist, which, from the piazza, appear to be of the ordinary height, are in reality, nearly 20 feet high. On the roof live those workmen who are imployed in the repairs of the buildings, for a large sum of money is spent every year to keep the Basilica in its present state. From the interior of the cupola the view of the church is realy deceptive. What apeared to you so large and so wondrous is now dwindled away to almost nothing. You seem to be in the church triumphant, raised above the things that have once appeared to you so wondrous and so great will be then brought down to mere nothing. Beneath you is the tomb of the Apostles, and its wondrous canopy, which now appears to you quite small. The altar of St. Processus and Martinianus, the jailers of St. Peter and St. Paul in the Mamertine prision, appear to you still smaller; but you recognize the power of religion which has effaced the sins of those who were once the prosecutors of the apostles, and now reunites them in the same exalted honors to them, as it does to those whom they persecuted. As we proceed still higher up, we come to the interior, on the top of the cupola, before entering the stairs which lead to the ball. How noble the prospect which is presented to you from this? What a panoroma of the Eternal City and of the distant mountains on one side, and of the blue Mediteranian on the other, is now before you! All seem as it were by the hand of the magician, to be reduced to a diminished scale, The Vatican palace and its gardens, the piazza and its fountains, present an appearance of being brought to their present size by some invincible power. The view of everything is so deceptive, that you seem almost to be laboring under some delusion and you cannot trust your eye sight; but to ascend the ball this is the work. We enter a room, after a short ascent, from which a ladder made of iron placed almost perpendicularly leads to the ball—For those who are of large dimensions the ascent is rather difficult. One of our companions of rather beyond the average dimensions, took off his coat and waistcoat to try and enter into the ball. In the midst of his aerial course he sticks fast, and he can neither come down nor go up. Some drag him by the hands, others push him by the feet, but to no purpose, and he at last has to descend before he wished to accomplish. The ball is eight feet in diameter, and can contain sixteen persons. The cross above the ball is fourteen feet high. The effect produced by the lighting of 4,000 lamps and afterwards of 800 flambeaux, is truly astonishing and presents this glorious structure on the night of its illumination in its full glory.

Thomas Burnside—James Petriken—Jas. T. Hale.

The elder Judge Burnside presided in one of the courts of Pennsylvania when the memorable case of Parsons vs. Parsons was on trial. J. Petriken, was one of the counsel assisted by James T. Hale. Hale was speaking and having made a strong point, which the Court challenged, he said that he could sustain it by citation of cases from the books, but he had left them at his office, close by.

"Why did you not bring your books here?" asked the Judge.

"Because I considered the point so plain as not to need the support of other cases: but I will step over and get the books."

As Mr. Hale left the house the Judge, in a pet, said, "That man reminds me of a carpenter who came to work for me, and left his tools at home. The court has forgotten more law than the young man knows."

"That," said Mr. Petriken, "is just what we complain of—that your Honor has forgotten too much."

And so it proved: for the books came with Mr. Hale, and they revealed the fact that the memory of the Court had been too short on this point, if on no other. [Hale has since been a very able Judge, and is now Member of Congress elect.]

The case of Parsons vs. Parsons was brought by one brother against another, for the purpose of breaking their father's will, which cut off Abraham, the older brother, without a cent, giving all the property to Samuel the younger. This Samuel was a stout, broad shoulder'd Pennsylvania farmer well-dressed and portly, showing himself to be somebody; while Abraham was a lank, lean, ill favored man, with thin threadbare clothes for bad weather. Mr. Petriken, counsel for poor Abraham, asked a witness, "What is the relative wealth of the two brothers?"

The opposing lawyer jumped up and objected to the question. "It was of no consequence who was richer or who was poorer: it was a question of law."

Petriken saw that the question would not be allowed, and calling out to his client, said, "Abraham, stand up by the side of Samuel!"

Abraham planted his figure, in shabby clothes, by the side of his corpulent, well-dressed brother; and Petriken cried out to the jury, "Now compare the parties!" The effect was instantaneous and complete—far better for Abraham than any evidence of witnesses as to the amount of his property. The jury gave him a verdict: and law or no law, he got half of his father's property.

Popular Maxims.

One of our cotemporaries has a philosopher who does up some maxims for popular use in the following wonderful style;

"Never go where you wouldn't like to be found dead"—one of Mr. Jarboe's personal by-laws. Hence Jarboe is lookod upon as a model husband, first-class citizen, and his pathway through life is strown with roses, sunshine, poetry and ease. Look to it.

Rise early and introduce yourself to sunshine, morning glories and sky-larks.—Early rising adds a bloom to your cheek, and inflates your lungs with purer air.—Make it a business matter also. To try to get through the world without early rising, will be as impracticable as Jones' attempt to bore square holes with a gutta percha auger. Try it once or twice and see.

Keep a smile on your countenance.—Smiles breed dimples, which are far more ornamental than three dollar vest or chains. It's dangerous to sleep in the same town with the proprietor of a perpetual frown. Don't walk around looking as dismal as a sick undertaker, or as if you were going to your own funeral. Melancholy, two thirds of the time, results from hunger or indigestion. Dissect a suicide, and the chances are you will find his bread basket empty. If you feel down hearted, avoid hemp and take to victuals. A timely sirloin might save many a goodfellow from an early grave. Is'nt that so?

Be kind to children, even if you are an old maid and can't bear them. The sixpence old Mr. Kifer gave us when a boy proved a good investment—we last week licked a man for striking one of the little Kifers. Early impressions last longest. With us Kifer is the synonym of all that's good, just and generous, notwithstanding rumors to the contrary. Judge Douglass is a Democrat simply because when young he saw a Whig strike his father. There's a great deal of observation among the smallest of genius. What is excusable in Horace Greeley if attempted by Smith, would create the impression that he was a Damphool.

Indian Anecdote

Sepuaspequash, an Indian of the remains of a tribe in Connecticut, was some years since brought before a justice of the peace on some charge or other which I do not recollect. John happened to be drunk at the time, and instead of answering directly to the questions put to him by the justice, merely muttered out—

'Your Honor is very—very wise—very wise—y-y-your Honor is very wise, I say.'

Being unable to get any other answer from him the justice ordered him to be locked up till the next day, when John was brought before him perfectly sober.

'Why,' said the justice, 'you were as drunk as a beast yesterday. When I asked you any questions, the only answer you made was—Your Honor's very wise—very wise.'

'Did I call your Honor wise?' said the Indian, with a look of incredulity.

'Yes,' answerd the magistrate.

'Then,' replied John, 'I must o' been drunk, sure enough.'

Moral Suasion on a Ram

When a friend of ours, whom we call Agricola, was a boy, he lived on a farm in Berkshire county, the owner of which was troubled by a dog Wolf. The cur killed his sheep, knowing, perhaps, that he was conscientiously opposed to capital punishment, and he could devise no means to prevent it. "I can break him of it," said Agricola, "if you will give me leave."—"Thou art permitted," said the honest old farmer; and we will let Agricola tell the story in his own words. "There was a ram on the farm," said Agricola, "as notorious for butting as Wolf was for sheep stealing, and who stood in as much need of moral suasion as the dog. I shut Wolf up in the barn with this old fellow, and the consequence was that the dog never looked at a sheep in the face again. The ram broke every bone in his body, literally. Wonderfully uplifted was the ram aforesaid, by his exploit; his insolence became intolerable; he was sure to pitch into whomsoever went nigh him. "I'll fix him," said I, and so I did. I rigged an iron crowbar out of a hole in the barn, point foremost, and hung an old hat on the end of it. You can't always tell, when you see a hat, whether there is a head in it or not; how then should a ram? Aries made at it full butt, and being a good marksman from long practice, the bar broke in between his horns, and came out under his tail. This little admonition effectually cured him of butting."

☞ The time of the singing of birds has come.