# The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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## 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 and virtue of this 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 penetrating 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 my 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 people 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. 16 1859.—1y.


## SELECT POETRY.

### NATIONAL ODE.

BY MRS. JANE MA IA MEAD.

COLUMBIA! lift thy starry eyes
And weep o'er ruined hopes no more;
The sun still shines in yonder skies,
Though lightnings leap and thunders roar;
Then from thy garments shake the dust,
And smooth thy brow, and smile on care:
Daughter of Heaven! 't is thine to *trust*,
And never breathe the word despair.
Our fearless sires—uncheered, unshod—
Through fire, and flood, and tempest trod,
And conquered "*in the name of God.*"

Comrades! the very stars have stooped
To light the hero on his way;
Through war and peace, in glory grouped,
Undim'ed, their beams of splendor play.
They lead the legions of the free;
They above the soldier's bier;
They guard our rights on land and sea—
In doubt, in darkness doubly dear.
Through years of peace—'neath war clouds dun—
Till death—will every father's son
Defend the flag our fathers won.

Can we forget the men that trod
The ranks of death with iron will?
Can we forget the blood that flowed
At Lexington and Bunker Hill?
No! By the memory of the Brave
Who sleep in glory's hallowed bed—
By every sainted mound and wave,
Each drop of blood for Freedom shed,
Shall prove a seed will rise again—
A harvest vast of mighty men,
Invincible with sword and pen.

From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
The stripes must wave, the stars must burn,
While mountains rise or rivers roll
To them the world's opsressed shall turn,
To them th' oppressor look with awe,
And learn tyrant's arm is clay,
Tyrant's scepter but a straw;
And till the reign of Wrong gives way,
Above our fathers' martyred dust
We swear: Our swords shall right the Just
Or ever in their scabbards!

## Local Correspondence.

*For the Journal.*

### Religion Necessary to a Nation's Stability.

[*Continued from October 26th*]

Religion is necessary to the true development of character and the restraining of man's evil passions. How much of the evil in the world may be distinctively traced to the indulgence of man's evil disposition? How many civil feuds, party broils and bloody revolutions have their origin in hatred, malignity, envy, ambition and the whole chain of evil passions which drag men on to crime. If he had remained the being he once was, much of the misery and wretchedness our world has been compelled to witness would never have existed. There would not then have been one war where a thousand have existed; no one murder where there have been murders without number; not a drop of blood where the earth has been reddened with gore; not a cry of sorrow where wails of anguish have gone up from thousands of broken hearts; not a solitary murmur where have been heard the groans of millions of oppressed beings, burdened with an almost insupportable despotism. The subterranean murmurs of passion is often heard in its heaving and tossing to and fro, threatning every moment to burst its bands and heave forth, over this green earth, this land of smiles and sunshine, the hidden lava of misery and desolation, quenching every noble feeling; destroying all moral harmony, rending asunder nations and making of one land one mighty, barren waste. It is only when these passions are restrained by the wholesome influences which religion throws around them that they are made to follow their proper course and be the dispenser of gladness instead of desolation to man. The aim of christianity is to restore man to his former happy condition; to spread over our earth the bloom of the ancient Eden. It purifies and ennobles the affections, shows man to his fellow, not as one to be dispersed, hated and destroyed but to be loved and respected. It seeks to make man like his great creator meek gentle, long suffering, free of compassion, and only when this is accomplished has it effected its purpose. Where once was a perpetual volcano, sending forth its terrific flames of fire, scattering terror and death, it has caused the green grass to grow, the scented flowers to bloom and spreads joy and peace and gladness on every side. Where desolation and barrenness ruled, there is now a luxuriant growth. Thus christianity restrains man's evil desires and turns his aspirations and affections into pure and lawful channels. Men under such influences commit few crimes.

Such is the influence of christianity on individual character. Nations are but a collection of individuals. If a majority of the persons who form any community are christians it is easy to ascertain what the character of that community will be. It is the individual man who determines public sentiment. We have only approached the idea of a good government, one which no storms of anarchy or despotism, no civil feuds or bloody wars shall enthrone where we have a religious spirit pervading the land; in fine when we have all men christians. A christian is the highest style of man and a christian government is the only stable one; as others approach this standard, so will be the duration of their existence.

We have been so long accustomed to the religious element pervading society that we cannot possibly estimate its influence on the administration of law and stability of government. A christian people will have just laws. They are those who know their rights, and knowing dare maintain. No tyrant can oppress them with impunity. The fact of a nation having became a christian nation, and of having the bible circulated and read among the citizens presupposes a degree of intelligence sufficient to prevent any oppression from one exercising dominion over them. When laws are just they are always ready and willing to obey them. There is no need of a standing army to compel the people to submit. There is a government of law and one of force. It is for the advantage of every christain to pay a ready obedience to law. In other nations marshelled hosts and bristling bayonets are often the only resort of rulers. In christain lands every man is an administrator of a righteous law and all his powers and influence are brought to bear upon its *proper* administration.

Suppose we abolish religion with all its attendant ceremonies, and what will be result? Do away with the ministerial profession, and then destroy all its noble and purifying influences on humanity.—Let the churches which deck the green hill side, where the weary and heart-broken have gathered for years, to listen to the words of truth, as they flowed from the lips of the man of God be razed to the ground. Let the children who weekly meet at the sabbath school and are trained up in the path of duty and are taught to love their home, this country, and their God, be turned loose in the streets to wander wherever inclination may lead them. Gather all the bibles and religious books, which flood our land, and have afforded light to millions of benighted minds; illuminating the whole atmosphere and extending the horizon of thought, into one huge pile and then burn them. If it were possible, destroy every influence every emotion, every act which all these have been the means of producing. Let all our philanthropic societies, formed for the promotion of truth and good will to men, perish with the others. Destroy all that reverence for truth, justice, law and lawgivers, for man and God, which has resulted from the prevalence of religion in our midst, and which can only exist a minds acknowledging the existance of in Deity. Let the men cease to have any regard for an oath. Let the Sabbath be spent in folly, wickedness and revelry.—If it were possible, destroy all these, and what is left worth having.

## Select Miscellany.

### The Bble Legend OF THE WISSAHIKON.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was here in these wilds of the Wissahikon on the day of the battle as the noonday sun came shining through the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly combat. They grappled in deadly conflict near a rock, that rose—like the huge wreck of some primeval world—at least one hundred feet above the dark waters of the Wissahikon.

That man with the dark brow, and the darker grey eye, flashing with deadly light, with the muscular form clad in the blue hunting frock of the Revolution, is a Continental named Warner. His brother was murdered the other night at the Massacre of Paoli. That other man, with long black hair, drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half-military costume of a Tory refugee. That is the murderer of Paoli, named Dobney.

They had met there in the woods by accident, and now they fought, not with sword or rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knives, that flash in the light, as they go turning and twining and twisting over the green sward.

At last the Tory was down! Down on the green sward with the knee of the Continental upon his breast—that uprais'ed knife quivering in the light, that dark grey eye flashing death into his face!

'Quarter—I yield! gasped the Tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast—'Spare me—I yield!'

'My brother!' said the Patriot soldier, in that low deep tone of deadly hate—'My brother cried for 'quarter' on the night of Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees, you struck that knife into his heart! Oh! I will give you the quarter of Paoli!'

And his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched in deadly hate. He paused for a moment and then pinioned the Tory's arms, and with one rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

'Mercy!' gasped the Tory turning black and a by by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. 'Mercy! I have a wife—a child—spare me!'

Then the Continental, with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, this bitter sneer between his teeth:

'My brother had a wife and two children!—The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow, those children were orphans!—Wouldn't you like to go and beg your life of that widow and her children?'

This proposal, made by the Continental in the mere mockery of hate, was taken in serious earnest by the horror stricken Tory. He begged to be taked to the widow and her children, to have the pitiful privalege of begging his life. After a moment's serious thought, the patriot soldier consented; he bound the Tory's arms yet tighter; placed him on the rock again; led him up to the woods. A quiet cottage, embosomed among trees, broke on his eyes.

They entered that cottage. There, beside the desolate hearth stone, sat the widow and her children. She sat there a matronly woman of thirty years, with a face faded by care, a deep dark eye, and long black hair hanging in dishevelled flakes upon her shoulders.

On one side was a dark haired boy, of some six years—on the other a little girl, one year younger, with light hair and blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open on that mother's knee.

And then that pale faced Tory flung himself upon his knees—confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli—but begged his life at her hands!

'Spare me, for the sake of my wife, my child!'

He had expected that his pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart—but not one relenting gleam softened her pale face.

'The Lord shall judge between us!' she said in a coldicy tone, that froze the murderer's heart—'Look! The Bible lays open upon my knee. I will close that volume, and then this boy shall open it, and place his finger at random upon a line, and by that line you shall live or die!'

This was a strange proposal, made in full faith of a wild and dark superstition of olden time.

For a moment the Tory kneeling there, lived as ashes, wrapt in thought. Then in a faltering voice, he signified his consent.

Raising her dark eyes to Heaven, the mother prayed the GREAT FATHER to direct the finger of her son—she closed the Bible—she handed it to that boy, whose young cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer!

He took the Bible—opened its holy pages at random—placed his finger on a verse.

Then there was silence!

Then that Continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood there with dilating eyes and parted lips.

Then the culprit kneeling on the floor, with a face like discolored clay felt his heart leap to his throat.

Then in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament,—if was short yet terrible:

THAT MAN SHALL DIE!'

Look! The brother springs forward to plunge the knife into the murderer's heart, but the Tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widows knees! He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years, with golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents; there is a pause.

With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she does, that little girl opens the Bible as it lays on her mother's knee—she turns her laughing face away—she places her finger upon a line.

That awful silence grows deeper!

The deep-drawn breath of the brother, the broken gasps of the murderer alone disturb the silence.—The widow and the dark eyed boy are breathless.

That little girl unconscious as she was caught a feeling of awe from the horror of the countenances around, and stood breathless, her face turned aside, her tiny fingers resting upon the line of life or death.

At last gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes to the page, and read. It was a line from the New Testament.

'LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.'

Ah! that moment was sublime!

Oh! awful Book of God, in whose dread pages we see Job talking face to face with Jehovah, or Jesus waiting by Samaria's well or wandering by the waves of dark Galilee. Oh! awful Book, shining to-night, as I speak, the light of that widow's home, the glory of that mechanic's shop, shining where the world comes not, to look on the last night of the convict in his cell, lightening the way to God, even over that dread gibbet. Oh! book of terrible majesty and child-like love, of sublimity that crushes the soul into awe, of beauty that melts the heart with rapture:—you never shone more strongly beautiful than here, in that lonely cot of the Wissahicon, when you saved that murderer's life!

For—need I tell you—that murderer's life was saved! That widow recognised the finger of God—even the stern brother was awed into silence.

The murderer went his way.

Now look ye, how wonderful are the ways of Heaven!

That very night, as the widow sate by her lonely hearth—her orphans by her side—sate here with crushed heart and hot eye balls, thinking of her husband, who now lay mouldering on the blood-drenched sod of Paoli—there was a tap at her door.

She opened the door, and—that husband living, living though covered with many wounds, was to her arms!

He had fallen at Paoli—but not in death. He was alive, his wife lay panting on his breast.

That night there was prayer in that wood embowered Cot of the Wissahikon.

### A Georgia Wedding.

The preacher was prevented from taking his part in the ceremony, and a newly elected Justice of the Peace, who chanced to be present, was called upon to officiate in his place. The good man, knees began to tremble, for he had never tied the knot, and did not know where to begin. He had no Georgia Justice or any other book, from which to read the marriage service. The company was arranged in a semi-circle each one bearing a tallow candle. He thought everything he had ever learned, even to—

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November."

but all in vain, he could recollect nothing that suited the occasion. A suppressed titter ran all over the room astonished him, and in agony of desperation he began:

'Know all men by these presents, that I—"

Here he paused and looked up to the ceiling, while a voice in the corner of the room was heard to say:

"He is drawing a deed for a tract of land, and they all laughed.

"In the name of God, Amen!" he began again only to hear another, in a loud whisper, say:

"He is making his will, I thought he could not live long, he looks powerfully bad."

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray—"

was the next essay, when some erudite gentleman remarked:

"He is not dead, but sleepeth."

"Oh, yes," continued the 'Squire.

A voice replied:

"O, no! oh, no! don't let's."

Some person out of doors sung out: "Come into court!" and the laughter was general.

The bride was near fainting, the 'Squire was no far from it; but there being an indefatigable man, he began again:

"To all and singular the sher—"

"Let's run, he's going to levy on us," said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the 'Squires face; he ordered the bride and groom to hold up their hands, and in a solemn voice said:

"You and each of you do solemnly swear, in the presence of this company, that you will perform toward each other all and singular, the functions of husband and wife, as the case may be, to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God."

"Good as wheat!" exclaimed the father of the bride.

☞ Read this line very carefully.

### JERRY SNEAKS.

In the following article the Philadelphia BULLETIN hits off so true to life a class of individuals who are to be found in all communities, that we copy it entire, with this additional remark, that whenever a stranger—be he lecturer, showman, or politician—happens to drop into the village where Jerry Sneaks are always on the "qui vive" they are sure of thrusting themselves right under his nose or lay hold of his "coat tail" nor let him move out of their sight for a moment until, by disgusting every man of common sense and common decency by their officiousness they drive the stranger from the place with no very favorable idea of its citizens.

COMMON PESTS.—Everybody knows and every community possesses several of those individuals whose peculiarity is a morbid craving for notoriety, no matter for what end no matter how, so that their wretched personalities may be incessantly thrust before the public. Where a man is really distinguished, when he occupies a place, won by exertion of superior intellect, when he has for years received the tributes due to superior merit, when scholarship or political talent, and tact, or high toned yet unobtrusive piety have distinguished his deeds, we might pardon him that he feels the need of that celebrity which has identified with nature. Yet it is remarkable that such men can dispense with celebrity infinitely more readily than those petty minds who without one spark of real ability, hunger and thirst for notoriety for notoriety's sake.

Few persons see so much of these conceited pettifoggers editors, and none see more clearly unveiled the small trickery to which they resort to hoist themselves before the public. The press is the great means of conferring notoriety and it is accordingly the press which is most plied by them for smallest crumbs of notice. The appetite which some men display for anything which in the slightest manner renders them notorious, is really incredible. They hunger and thirst for it as for life—Abuse even is a thousand times more acceptable to them than no notice at all, and when at last they have attracted a stinging allusion with what angry relish and fussy zest do they run all over town with the paper, reading the piece to every body, and arguing the point all their own way. But how delighted they are, after all, secretly in their souls. It is a peculiarity of these small Men of these individuals who are all outside that they seem to pass through life utterly unconscious of pettiness are known to every one, and that the whole community laugh at them behind their backs, and unite in a tacit agreement to keep a sarcastic joke by flattering their vanity. When wealth or family, or similar considerations, aid these Nothings, they often go happily through life fussing and blowing and strutting their names in every paper and on every wall, until they drop into their graves, when down they go plump, like a leaden weight, into oblivion—or perhaps deeper, for a life spent in a feverish chase for notoriety, seldom improves the soul in reality, no matter what its specialty of vanity may have been. As for the "poor devils" of this class they either howl at steet corners, let their hair grow long, emigrate to Mormondon, or go to the Insane Asylum. It attacks all classes indifferently.—Kings have been afflicted by it, and there is a French anecdote of an archbishop who would not resign his office in his ninety-fifth year, so desirous was he that the world should still speak of him as "Monseigneur! Archeveque" and who would not see even himself except—"dust in pontificalibus"—when robed in pontificals. Even men of genius have had an itching to be celebrated for something not in their line—and it is remarkable by the way that men seldom seek notoriety for their real merits. Who has not heard of a certain really great tragedian, who listened with impatience to compliments which were paid him on his performance of Richard III, and then suddenly exclaimed, 'But, sir—did you ever see me in my Jerry Sneak? Pity that there should be so many Jerry Sneaks and all proud of their sneakiness.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—Let all young men looking out for wives, follow the counsel we give below. It will save them a world of trouble: 'If ever you marry," said my uncle, "let it be a woman who has judgment enough to superintend the work of her house, taste enough to dress herself, pride enough to wash herself before breakfast; and sense enough to hold her tounge when she has nothing to say."

☞ The following toast was recently given at a fishing frolic—

"THE LADIES—May we kiss all the girls we please, and please all the girls we kiss."

### INDIAN SUMMER.

There is a time just when the frost
Prepares to pave old Winter's way,
When Autumn in a reverie lost,
The mellow daytime dreams away;
When summer comes, in musing mind,
To gaze once more on hill and dell,
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all are ripened well.
With balmy breath she whispers low,
The dying flowers look up and give
There sweetest incense ere they go,
To Him who made their beauties live.
She enters 'neath the wood lands shade,
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf,
And bear it gently where are laid
The loved and lost ones of its grief.
At last old Autumn, rising takes
Again his scepter and his throne,
With boisterous hand the tree he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.
Sweet Summer sighing, flies the plain,
And waiting winter guant and grim,
Sees miser Autumn hoard his grain,
And smiles to think it's all for him.

### The Wife's Commandments.

A Sunday paper published in Cincinnati, gives the following as a correct version for the use of all doubting husbands:

1. Thou shall have no other wife but me.

2. Thou shalt not take into thy house any beautiful graven image of a servant girl, to bow to her, for I am a jealous wife.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of thy wife in vain.

4. Remember thy wife to keep her respectable.

5. Honor thy wife's father and mother.

6. Thou shalt not fret.

7. Thou shalt find no fault with thy wife.

8. Thou shalt not chew tobacco.

9. Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not visit the rum tavern; thou shalt not covet the tavern keeper's rum, nor his brandy, nor his gin, nor his wife, nor anything that is behind the bar of the rumseller.

11. Thou shalt not visit billiard saloons, neither for worshipping in the dance, nor in the heaps of money that lie scattered on the table.

12. Thou shalt not stay out later than nine o'clock at night.

### The Vinegar Plant.

An exchange notices a "Vinegar Plant," by means of which housewives are enabled to manufacture a superior article of vinegar. It is a vegetable mother, thick and more solid than any we have noticed, strongly resembling tripe, only more yellow, and generally attains about one-half inch in thickness. Those who wish to make vinegar, take ten quarts of soft water to one quart of molasses, place them in an open jar or barrel, and put in a plant, which will grow, and the vinegar will increase in strength for twenty-one days, when the plants (for another plant will have formed under the original one, which will occupy the area of the top of the vessel containing it) must be removed, or the vinegar, will, after this, eat them up. The vinegar has a peculiarly pleasant flavor, and approaches nearer to pure cider vinegar than any manufactured we have ever tasted. The plant floats upon the top, but if reserved will sink and will not grow. We do not know where the plant originated, but have been told, that it is to be found on a lake in Iowa. Others, however, say that it is manufactured by chemists.'

### The Lottery System.

By some means the lottery gamblers in Maryland and Deleware have obtained the names of many of our citizens whom they are constantly annoying by sending them circulars, setting forth their "brilliant schmes" to obtain a fortune. The following *reasonable* letter was sent to the managers of a neighboring town, who had been similarly annoyed, and the writer anxiously awaits the action of the lottery men in the premises.

"Smallwood & Co.:—Your very polite favor of the 1st inst., enclosing a scheme in the Delaware State lottery, is at hand. I am deeply thankful to you for your very kind feeling towards me, an entire stranger to you; nor can I ever be able to repay you for the unsolicited offer you make. You offer me the capital prize in your lottery of $40,000, for the trifling sum of $20. I gladly accept it, and beg that you will at once consider me as having engaged the package that you assure me must draw this splendid prize. If not too inconvenient, I would like another package for a friend. Of course, the price of the packages you can deduct out of the two prizes of $40 000 each when drawn, as it would be inconvenient for me to raise that amount just now, and I presume it will make no difference to you, who have shown such disinterested feelings towards me. As soon as these prizes are drawn, you can deduct your commission and expenses, and remit the balance of the money to me.

W. HAM