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☞ SEE NEXT PAGE FOR LOCAL MATTERS, TELEGRAPHIC NEWS, &c.

What our Opponents Say.

Our readers, who do not take a Locofoco paper, may have a natural curiosity to know what the opposition papers say of the strangy conduct of many Whigs, at the late election. We will try and gratify them, and at the same time minister to their amusement. We will begin with the *Post*, the legitimate organ of Locofoceism in this county. It says:—

"One question has been decided. We refer to the *Tariff*. The *people have spoken against the protective scheme.* The issue was fairly made, and clearly understood. Each vote was deposited with a view to an expression of sentiment on this subject. Let it be noised abroad *that the Protective Policy* of the Whig party has been condemned in our state."

In other words, the *Post* means, that the people of Pennsylvania have decided in favor of the present Tariff, which is opposed to the protection of Domestic industry. Now, let us see what the *Mercury*, the other opposition print says:—

"There are other causes, however, by means of which the greatgain of the democratic party may be satisfactorily explained. The whigs have heretofore maintained enormous majorities in this county, not because of the attachment of the people to whig principles, but because the tariff has always been put forward as a party issue. *The old game was attempted to have been played off by the whigs previous to this election, but we feel reason to congratulate ourselves that we have been instrutal in defeating their designs.* We have exposed the fallacy that the whigs must be regarded as the *only* friends of protection. We have demonstrated the impropriety of making the tariff a party question. We have insisted upon the duty of both parties going before the country upon their respective principles alone."

That is, the people of this county were not Whigs, but only *Tariff* men, and as the Mercury has asserted that the Whig party is not the only Tariff party, and that Democrats are as safe on that question as the Whigs, the Locofoco Vote has been increased thereby, and the present falling off in the Whig vote is rather an evidence of attachment to the Tariff than otherwise. Thus, from the late election, the sapient editors of the opposition presses, draw exactly opposite conclusions. That neither are worth a straw, every sensible politician will see.

The self gratulation of the editor of the Mercury, is quite amusing. Our neighbor must feel exceedingly comfortable in the contemplation of his great successes in "defeating" the designs of the Whigs; and those Whigs who have been striving to build up the Mercury to break down the Post, must feel comfortable too. We wish *them* all joy of *their* successes.

But we must continue our quotations. The Post further says:—

"We take it that the people have also decided that there is no honesty in the anti slavery pretensions of the Taylor men. And further, has not the conduct of the present Chief Magistrate of Pennsylvania been indirectly rebuked? He has wantonly disgraced his office by his lack of dignity on several public occasions, and the eyes of the people have been upon him."

The Mercury editor does not differ quite so widely from his step brother of the Post, in this, as in the Tariff matter. Their Locofoco instincts lead them together on every other question. The Mercury says:—

"Has the administration forfeited the confidence even of its supporters? *We are inclined to believe so*—and this has been one of the causes why many members of the whig party have taken little or no interest in the late contest."

There, ye lazy, good for nothing Whigs, who were so sure all would go on just as well without your vote, do you see the consequences of your conduct? While you are on the stool of repentance, and protesting that you are exceedingly sorry, that you had no idea of such a result, and that you will never be caught napping again, the Mercury is heralding it all abroad that your works show that you have lost confidence in "Old Zach" and his cabinet, and that that is the reason you remained at home. Now, you need not fume and fret, and say that it is all a Locofoco slander, that you meant no such thing, and that your confidence is unshaken in the glorious old soldier, and the excellent Whig Cabinet, because your conduct has given occasion for such remarks, and there is no other way to mend the matter than to do your duty *on all occasions* in future. But, on the same subject, the Mercury further says:—

"Looking, however, at the general result, seeing that in a locality where General Taylor had a majority of 3,500, the Whigs have now obtained only a majority varying from 800 to 1000, we regard the result of this election as conveying a severe condemnation of the policy of the Administration, *and as an approval by the people of this county of the course which the Mercury has pursued.*"

What vast and important results the Whigs had in view in neglecting to vote in the late election! According to the sage conclusions of our self-important neighbor, they were two fold:—first, to administer a *"severe condemnation of the policy"* of the Whig Administration; and, second, to give their *"approval of the course the Mercury has pursued!"* The latter, we presume, in the opinion of our neighbor, is the more important of the two, and had the most influence! How comfortable and consolatory to Whig delinquents!

All this, however, is mere talk of the weakest, and, on the part of the Mercury, of the vainest kind. About five thousand voters did not turn out. Of these less than a thousand are Locofocos. At least four thousand Whigs neglected to come to the polls. That these persons meant thereby to oppose Protection, as the Post says, or favor it as a no party question, as the Mercury asserts; or that they meant to show their want of confidence in a President and administration which they have just put in power, and have scarcely tried, as both say; or that they meant thereby to show their approval of the course of the Mercury, in its work of "defeating the designs of the Whigs," as its editor has the extraordinary vanity to assert, is the veriest folly that ever entered the head of a political tyro.

A winning party in the Presidential election is not generally the loser at the less important one succeeding. The apathy which always succeeds great efforts, then prevails in all its power, and there is no spur to action. In this State the Whigs having carried both State and National Administrations, settled down into a quiet state of contentment from which nothing could arouse them. Our opponents, on the contrary, had the spur of mortification and chagrin to put them in motion. The winning party also has all the advantages of having the disposal of the offices, by which many selfish persons and their friends are offended, and therefore hang aloof from the party until they get over their pet. These are some among the reasons why the Whig vote was not out at the last election. Besides, there were various local reasons in this county, which added their effects to those of a more general character.

We have not the least doubt that the Whig party is as strong in this county now, as it ever was, and just as strongly attached to our principles. They are just as much opposed to the British Tariff of '46, and as anxious for its repeal as ever. They have just as little confidence that the Locofoco party will ever do any thing for the relief of our industrial interests, as they had when they voted for Gov. Johnston and Gen. Taylor. They know the nostrums of the Mercury cannot cure their ills, and they no more intended to express their "approval of its course" than they did of the truth or reality of the doctrines of Joe Smith.

We hope, however, that the result of the late campaign will prove of lasting benefit to the Whig party, so from the wide spread mortification manifest, we have no doubt, that were an election to take place to morrow, we should have an overwhelming majority. Let this severe lesson not be forgotten.

Some persons are claiming that Dr. McClintock is under obligations to the Whig party, and are asserting that he will be found quite placable in the carrying out of Whig measures, because he owes his election to Whig votes. We make no such claims of the Doctor, and no Whig has any right to expect any thing of the sort. Those Whigs who voted for a Locofoco, in preference to a Whig, have succeeded in their efforts, and we should be sorry to disappoint them, by the Doctor turning a Whig. They wanted a Locofoco to represent them, let them enjoy the fruits of their labors. Dr. McClintock is bound, in honor and fairness, to support the principles of the party and the Convention which nominated him, and those who assert that he will do otherwise, because he was chosen by Whig votes, have very little confidence in the Doctor's political integrity, or their own opinions of political consistency are of a very India Rubber character.

From the Saturday Gazette.

Uncle Josh.

As a physician, Uncle Josh was eminently successful. He was faithful to his charges, and was gentleness itself, when acting as he sometimes acted, in the capacity of nurse. His benevolence was unbounded, though, it must confessed, his way of showing it was somewhat rough. One of his patients told me that he was for some time under Uncle Josh's care with an attack of bilious fever which entirely prostrated him, and left him as he supposed, by a small chance for life. One morning Uncle Josh came into his room, and stood by his side watching his disturbed sleep. Soon as he waked Uncle Josh asked him how he felt.

"I'm going to die, doctor—to die."

"Who said any thing about dying? Answer my question, will you? how are you?"

"Very ill; very ill, indeed!"

"Poh! poh! You make as much fuss about being sick, as if nobody had ever been sick before."

"I'm very ill—just holding on by a single strand!"

"A strand of what?"

"A strand of thread—a hair!"

"Get out, with you! You know nothing about it I tell you. *You're holding on by a three inch cable.*"

His patient told me that his confidence in the judgment of Dr. Gray raised his spirits immediately, while a sudden fit of laughter at the idea of a three inch cable, contributed to his speedy recovery.

"Doctor! doctor!" exclaimed a young lady to him one day as he was passing. "Oh, my tooth! my tooth!"

"What's the matter with your tooth?"

"Take it out—take it out!"

"Well, wait till I run home for my instruments.'

"I can't wait—I won't wait. Take it out now."

"Just the way with these women! Check full of human nature they are. Always want their own way, and always get it. Let's see your tooth.'

He saw the tooth, and lanced the gum very deep. But what was he to take it out with? Very unlikely was it that Uncle Josh should be puzzled upon this head long. He suddenly recollected that he had seen, as he came in, *a mallet and a rocket chisel.* These were his tools. I am relating the simple truth. He leaned her head back, and placing the edge of the chisel against the carious part of the tooth, with one stroke of the mallet drove the tooth into her lap.

"That's well done,' he exclaimed. 'Nothing like a mallet and chisel to draw teeth with?"

One of his best friends lost his wife. When Aunt Betty told him that Mrs. Jones was dead, he started off at once to mingle his tears with those of her bereaved partner; and, as he said, 'to offer a word of consolation." He found the husband very much distressed. They shook hands, and both sat down in silent grief.

"Mrs. Jones is gone, I'm told," said Uncle Josh, after the first burst of grief was exhausted.

"She's gone' and left me behind."

"So I see. Why didn't you go with her? She's up in heaven—a great deal better off. You'll meet her up there, won't you? Do, now?"

"I'll try. I'll endeavor to live as she taught me to live."

"That's right. Go to the Lord, and tell him all about. It'll do you good. But, man, don't take on this way! Don't now—you'll break my heart" and the big tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks as though his heart would break.

"I can't help it, doctor. It's a great relief to cry."

"So it is! so it is! I know that. Cry away as hard you please—I won't stop you. Jesus wept. He did so. But then," said Uncle Josh—and his countenance, as he brushed away his tears assumed a look of deep and solemn thoughtfulness, as though he had upon his mind a sentiment of weighty import—*"but then, after all, it's a very common thing for men to lose their wives."*

He stepped in one day to see a mother whose little one had just died. He was much attached to the family, and usually called the infant his "little pious." "Well, Amelie, little puss has gone to heaven, hey? I'm glad of it?"

"Oh, doctor! doctor! don't say so"

"I will say so! I will! I'm glad of it!"

The poor mother's heart was too full for bursting.—She wept bitterly, and Uncle Josh wept with her. He was grieved beyond measure to hear her cry so, and he consoled her in this wise.

"You women are the queerest beings in the world. All men in creation can't make me and woman! you—you—make my heart break—Now, just look here"—and he brushed away his tears—"suppose your little lamb yet yonder was drowing, wouldn't you take it out if you could, and nurse it, and put it in the clover patch?"

"Oh, yes; to be sure I would."

"So would I. And you wouldn't put it back in the water again?"

"No, no; never!"

"Well, then, I tell you what, for I know all about it, *your baby was most drowned here, and the Lord has taken it up to Heaven!"*

One autumn there happened to be a plentiful supply of apples in Uncle Josh's orchard. He was, of course, delighted with the prospect; and it was a pleasant employment for him to walk round his orchard two or three times a day, looking upon his apples—on one of which perspirations he was overheard talking to himself. "Aint they fine? Aint they beauties? Who says they aint? They are, I say, they are!" The apples were all gathered in due season, and in prime order, and were snugly put away for the winter. Uncle Josh was grateful for all his mercies, was not mindful of his apples. One evening he remembered his apples at family worship, but was somewhat at a loss to know how to bring them into his prayer. But it was not often that he was in a quandary long; so he proceeded to say "how thankful they all were that the Lord had given them so many apples that season—"

He paused a moment, for a sudden thought occurred to him. It was but for a moment, however, and he added—

"But last season we hadn't any at all. *Wouldn't it be better hereafter to divide equally, and give us half one year and half another?"*

Now, uncle Josh said this in the sincerity and simplicity of his heart. He thought no ill, and was not conscious of any wrong in thinking it; and though it sounds strangely in our ears, to those who knew him it seemed nothing extraordinary.

I had on one occasion preached a sermon, and, the same day, called on Uncle Josh. My text had been the words, "He will not break the bruised reed, he will not quench the smoking flax;" and the subject of the discourse was "the gentleness of Jesus." Uncle Josh was much affected. I reached the parlor door, and with my hand upon the knob, was arrested by the voice of earnest prayer. There was no mistaking the supplicant. I was so like Uncle Josh, that had the voice been different, I should certainly have alloted the prayer to him. It was perfectly unique. He had almost finished the prayer, when it suddenly occurred to him that he had said nothing about the sermon. He seemed distressed at this; and giving expression to something that distantly approached a groan, he commenced praying for the blessing of Heaven upon the sermon, and strove to introduce the text. "Thou wilt not quench the broken flax; Thou wilt not break the smoking—no, no; that's wrong—I say Thou wilt not *break* the broken flax that's not right! Thou wilt not break the bruised reed; Thou wilt not quench the smoking flax—That's it! I've got it now!" and he continued in a similar strain to the close of his prayer, which he finished off by praying that they might "all be delivered from sin, Satan, and the devil!"

I have intimated that Uncle Josh did some things of rather doubtful propriety, though no one questioned his good intentions. He was seen on one occasion to see a young friend of his who was suffering under a severe attack of ague and fever. He found him in bed, shaking with the fever.

"Tom, what are you shaking there for?"

"I can-n-t help-p it," chattered Tom.

A sudden thought crossed Uncle Josh's mind.—He pulled out his watch, and exclaimed.

"What are you in bed for at this time of day?"

"You told me to t-i-i-e down.

'Get up, I say. Get up, and dress yourself this minute."

Tom, however, who was very sick, refused.

"Bring me my horse whip," called Uncle Josh to one of the negro boys. "Bring me my horse whip. If you don't get up right strait and dress yourself, I'll flog you!"

Tom jumped from his bed quick as the cat, and was dressed a little sooner than he had ever been before, and Uncle Josh stood over him with his whip.

"Now run for it! I'll give you just the length of this room—and if I catch you, I'll flog you till you can't stand. Run, I say!"

And run Tom did. He dashed down stairs and into the lot adjoining, scared half out of his senses, and Uncle Josh after him, cracking his whip.—Away they went around the lot, round and round, until poor Tom sank down from pure exhaustion. Uncle Josh picked him up as gently as if he had been his own son; and carrying him into the house laid him down in bed, and covered him with blankets and comfortables. A profuse perspiration broke out all over Tom, and he soon sank into a gentle sleep, from which he awaked never to know again what the ague is. Some one told Uncle Josh of his recovery.

"I knew he'd get well," was his quiet reply; there's nothing like the horsewhip for the ague."

He was returning one afternoon from a visit to a distant patient, and as he trotted gently along side the garden of an aged female, whom every body loved, and whom every body knew as the "Widow Brookes"—her more common appellation being "Cousin Nancy"—he saw her very busy fixing some flowers in their places. He guided his horse so gently up to the fence, that she did not know of his being near. Uncle Josh sat watching her proceedings for some time, apparently with much interest in her work, but without saying a word. Cousin Nancy fixed the last flower, and then, standing up pushed back her sun bonnet upon her head; and putting her arms a kimbo, suddenly caught sight of Uncle Josh.

"Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed he; "didn't know I was here, did you? 'Pon my word, you're first rate in gardening. 'Why don't you come and fix my flowers, too? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Why dear bless me, if that aint you! Why, Dr. Gray, how long have you been there looking at me? And I really didn't know you were near. Do get off your horse and come in—supper's just ready."

"Can't stop. I'm in a desperate hurry. Aunt Betty'll have supper waiting for me, and I must be off. Good bye."

"Now, Dr. Gray, do tell me; what does Aunt Betty do for greens this season? Why I can't find a single green in my garden"

"Greens? said Uncle Josh—and his little gray eyes half closed, as he sunk away in a fit of abstraction.

"Greens! Yes, Dr. Gray, what does she do for greens?"

"Oh!" exclaimed he. "What does she do? Why she always has plenty of 'em, and don't do any thing else than eat 'em."

"You don't say! Why where on earth does she get 'em?"

"Out of the garden, to be sure."

"Out of the garden? Why, I can't find a single green in my garden, nowheres."

"Why, yes," replied Uncle Josh, "you've got plenty of greens. Take your corn suckers for greens, that's the way we do."

"Well, now, I do declare! What an old fool I am. Here I've been wishin' and wishin' for greens, and I've got lots of 'em close by me. How does Aunt Betty cook 'em Dr. Gray?"

"Just like any other greens. Just the same as cabbage. Put 'em in a pot of water, with some salt, and a piece of nice fat bacon, and *when they're boiled enough* they're first rate—nothing better."

Delivering himself of which important piece of information in the matter of cookery, Uncle Josh rode homewards, leaving Cousin Nancy reproaching herself as "auld fool" for not knowing all that before, and wondering how she could have managed to remain ignorant of it so long. Supper was ready, but Cousin Nancy must needs go to her corn patch, and cut some "suckers" that Andey, her colored girl, might wash them at once, ready for cooking next day; feeling as if so much of the preparation being made, her morrow's dinner was so much nearer at hand. Andey opened her eyes and mouth wide, when her mistress brought in the corn suckers and told her to wash them clean for boiling to morrow.

"Why, missus, they arn't fit for nothing," she exclaimed.

"Yes' yes! Andey, and so I thought once, but Doctor Gray's just told me that Aunt Betty uses them for greens, and has nothing else."

Andey gave a quiet chuckle; and Cousin Nancy went in to her supper. Andey had prepared a right nice supper, but Cousin Nancy's thoughts were upon her to-morrow's dinner, when she expected to feast off her "greens"—a dish which she fancied a king might envy. As soon as her supper was over, she went into her corn patch, and counted the "suckers," to see how many meals she could make off of them. This grave question being settled, she took up her knitting, though her thoughts were on the morrow's "nice dinner."—Now, to eat bacon without "greens," Cousin Nancy looked upon as a species of heresy. She had never done so, and it would be sacrilege, almost impossible for her to do it now; and so long had she been without her favorite dish, that she dwelt in imagination on her morrow's dinner, as though it would be the grandest event in her life. The morrow came, and good as Andey was at cooking all manner of dishes, Cousin Nancy felt that in a matter of so much delicacy, it was due to herself to give the bacon and greens her personal supervisionce. So, examining the corn-suckers with extreme care, she put them into a pot of water along with a piece of nice fat bacon, and her mouth watered at the prospect which her imaginations opened out before her. She, took up her knitting, and seated herself before the fire, watching the pot as it boiled, chatting a little with Andey, and every now and then peering into the pot, to see if all was right. The pot had been on nearly four hours. With exemplary patience had she watched the bacon boil almost to "death," but it seemed to her, as if the more she boiled the corn-suckers, the more they never would get soft. She had the bacon on one dish, and the suckers on another, and sat down to dinner. The first mouthful of the suckers was enough. No mortal had ever eaten such a dish. Poor Cousin Nancy! It was sad to have all her hopes dashed thus to atoms. But so it was. The corn-suckers were not fit to eat, and her dinner was spoiled.

"Maybe Aunt Betty has some way of cookin' 'em soft," suggested Andey.

"Maybe she has," replied Cousin Nancy, "I'll go to town this afternoon and ask her."

To town she went. She found Aunt Betty alone in her sitting room, and she drew a chair alongside of her.

"Take off your bonnet and shawl now, and stop and take an early tea. You are very warm and tired. One of the boys shall take you out in the carriage this evening."

"No! no! I can't. I've got something to ask you." And here she lowered her tone to an audible whisper. "Aunt Betty, how do you boil corn suckers so as to make 'em soft?"

"Boil corn-suckers! Why, child, you're out of your senses! Why, I never heard tell of such a thing."

"Did ever" exclaimed Cousin Nancy, with the most woe-begone expression of countenance, "why now, I do declare I don't know what I do! Dr. Gray told me that you boiled 'em every day for greens; and I boiled some to-day, and I boiled, and I boiled, and they never would come soft. And all I came in to ask if you wouldn't tell me how you boiled 'em, and now it turns out that you never had any at all?"

Aunt Betty puzzled herself to contrive what Doctor Gray could have meant; and was just trying to make some explanation, when in came Uncle Josh himself.

'Doctor Gray,' said Aunt Betty, 'what on earth did you tell Cousin Nancy that we boil corn suckers for?'

'And here, I went, and boiled, and boiled, and boiled the corn suckers till the bacon all boiled to pieces, and the corn suckers were as hard as bullets,' chimed in Cousin Nancy, with the most dolorous accents.

'You didn't do it right. There's a right way and a wrong way. Aunt Betty, you tell her how you do it. You know all about it.'

"Why, Doctor Gray' I never heard of such a thing. You know we never had a corn-suckers in the house. They aint fit to eat. What did possess you to tell Cousin Nancy such a story?"

"Wasn't a story was it? I don't remember much about it; but I just happen to think now as you mention it, that I did hear her say something about 'greens' and I, suppose I thought she meant pity she couldn't cook corn suckers. But I don't remember much about it.'

'But you told me *how* Aunt Betty cooked 'em, 'Did I? Well, that was a mistake. *I meant to tell her how you would cook 'em if you could.*'

It is due to Uncle Josh and Aunt Betty to say that they made ample amends to Cousin Nancy. Uncle Josh got together a fine lot of turnip greens and ordered Jim to have the carriage ready at the door at six o'clock. They persuaded her to stay to supper, and when she went home she carried along with her an abundant supply of good things.

One day, meeting Uncle Josh in the street, I told him that'd should be at his house that evening on a pastoral visitation, and requested him to inform Aunt Betty, in order that everything might be in readiness. Accordingly, talking with me a clerical friend, who happened to be in town, I called at Doctor Gray's at the appointed hour. It so happened, however, that Uncle Josh had forgotten all about my appointment, and of course had said nothing to his family about it. A little knot of members of the family had gathered together, and one whose powers of entertainment were duly appreciated kept the company convulsed with laughter. Uncle Josh—in a happy forgetfulness of my pastoral visitation—was perfectly at home. He stood upon the floor, with his hands down deep in his pockets, and shaking his sides over with laughter. His little grey eyes twinkling with inexpressible enjoyment. His pretty twice scented to feel it a real pleasure to entertain her uncle, and on she went, keeping the whole company in a continued roar. There stood Uncle Josh, the tears rolling down his cheeks, and he shaking all over with laughter.

But the moment he caught sight of us his countenance fell to its utmost length, and he looked like the most wretched being in the world. He said nothing, but crossing to the opposite side of the room, he sunk into a seat at the end of the sideboard, and commenced groaning with great vigor. Louise, his niece, in ignorance of the object of our visit, was not to be interrupted of course in her story; and some time we were seated resumed the thread where we had broken it. On she went, and we, who came there on a pastoral visit, wondered at the strangeness of the preparation. Uncle Josh's groans became the louder and deeper; and the pretty Louise, never wonder and wither. The sad looks of the preparation. Uncle Josh's groans became the louder and deeper; and the pretty Louise, never wonder and wither. The sad looks multiplied, and Uncle Josh grew more distressed. The company laughed, and Uncle Josh seemed as if the preservation of all earth depended on his groaning. His deep distress caused Louise to stop for a moment, when Aunt Betty, struck with the sudden change that had come over him, whispered to her,

"What on earth's the matter with Dr. Gray? I wonder if he has had a fit?"

No, Dr. Gray had not the choice. He was distressed to think that he had forgotten to tell Aunt Betty that he had appointed a pastoral visitation at his house; and now we had come, and instead of having Bible and Prayer Book all ready, and the whole family prepared, here they were, laughing away with all their might. It was this distressed him. But finding now a pause in Louise's stories, he peeped slyly from his place behind the sideboard, and called out, so as to be heard by us all.

"Mr. Johnson, what do you think of the doctrine of—*prospective generation?*

"Think of what, sir?"

"*Prospective generation*, sir. What do you think of it?"

The question was put to our friend, who answered, somewhat abruptly.

"I know nothing about it, sir."

It was a hard matter to keep our countenance straight. Aunt Betty took a great many pinches of snuff, and Louise enjoyed the scene richly.

"You don't?" exclaimed Uncle Josh, in great astonishment, and coming out of his hiding place, his hands down deep in his pockets; "you've studied theology, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir, I have; but I never studied that."

"Well, then, sir, I tell you what, you've got some things to learn yet. The education of young ministers is very deficient, sir, very, if they don't study *that* question. Now mind me, sir"—and Uncle Josh shook his head with great solemnity; "now mind me, sir, I tell you that question's going to shake the church to its centre. It will, sir, I tell you it will. If it don't, then my name's not Joshua Gray."

Aunt Betty suggested that he didn't know any thing about it himself, and went so far as to hint, in rather plain terms, that he had not even so much as heard of it. Louise asked when he had studied theology, and when he was to preach, and hoped it would be right soon. To all which deprecating observations Uncle Josh replied, that he "hadn't read his Bible for nothing;" "and I tell you all, now bear me witness," and he brought his hand down with great force upon the table, "that doctrine's not inside the Bible! It aint; *no, nor outside neither!*" On the deliverance of which important piece of information Aunt Betty took a great many more pinches of snuff than was necessary; Hannah, the waiting maid, went out to report that Uncle Josh had grown awful wise, "she's got the Bible by heart inside and out!" Louise suggested that "it was funny doctrine that was neither *in* the Bible, nor *out of* it;" and the rest of the company sought relief in a singular kind of cough, which suddenly came upon them all—Uncle Josh told Louise that she was but a child, and that these doctrines were mysteries which she couldn't be expected to comprehend; and wound up with a piece of grave advice to read her Bible, with prayer for light, but never to attempt to understand such a doctrine as this of which he was speaking. To all which Louise responded that he had only made her curiosity the more awakened, to "know whereabouts Uncle Josh had picked up doctrines that were nowhere at all."

At length, when the company had sobered down a little, I ventured to assert that Uncle Josh had made a slight mistake in the doctrine. It was not, as I apprehended, the doctrine of "prospective generation," but that of *progressive justification.*

"That's it! That's it!" exclaimed Uncle Josh, snapping his fingers with great glee; and launched at once into a discussion to prove that they both meant the same thing."

Time rolled on, and affliction came heavily upon the family of Uncle Josh. Aunt Betty was smitten with a sickness, that was unto death. It was my privilege to minister to her in her dying moments. I heard her clear and beautiful testimony to the goodness of her Saviour, and I closed her eyes in the sure and certain hope of her glorious resurrection from the dead. Poor Uncle Josh never recovered from this stroke. His life and animation all left him. He was humbly submissive; but to Aunt Betty he bowed, under God, all his hopes of heaven; and now she was taken away. His health failed him daily. He passed much of his time in prayer, and in reading the Bible; and one day, while sitting in his arm chair before the fire, with his Bible on his knee, he paused, raised his head, and said,

"I see her! She's with Jesus! I'll go to her!"

His family gathered around him, but he was already gone to meet Aunt Betty in heaven.

Late from California.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 8.

The steamship Alabama arrived here yesterday from Chagres, whence she sailed on the 28th ult.

The steamship Falcon, Lieut. Hartstein, U. S. Navy, commander, arrived here on the 5th, in 5 days and 18 hours from Chagres. She brings $70,000 in gold dust, a large mail, and 49 passengers, mostly all for New York; who were transferred to the steamship Ohio in the river.

The steamship Panama arrived at Panama on the 22d ult. with dates from San Francisco to the 1st. She brought about half a million dollars worth of gold dust and forty passengers.

The Hon. Thomas Butler King, of Ga., is represented to be dangerously ill at Monterey, California, and his recovery was considered doubtful. I am happy to add that subsequent accounts state that Mr. K. was out of danger.

The Convention for framing a State Constitution, assembled at Monterey on the 3lst August, and is reported to be composed of men of sterling integrity and intelligence.

General Riley was sick at Monterey, but at last accounts was recovering.

A letter from San Francisco states that Messrs. Guiong and T. Butler King will be elected to the United States Senate—that the Constitution will be formed, and the Legislature elected on the 1st of November.

General Smith had gone on an expedition to the mountains of Siera Nevada. Col. Fremont was at Monterey.

The Vice Consul of the Sandwich Islands, Mr. Wilkake, died at San Francisco on the 26th of August.

Lieut. Beall, bearer of government despatches, had arrived at San Francisco and proceeded to Gen. Smith's head quarters.

The U. S. ship Ohio, Commodore Jones, had arrived at San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands, and was to sail for Boston on the 11th Sept. via Valparaiso and Rio de Janeiro. The U. S. sloop of War Warren, Captain Long and the U. S. frigate Savannah, Captain Voriplex, were also at San Francisco—the Savannah was to take the place of the Ohio. Com. Jones would remain there in command of the Pacific Squadron.

The U. S. sloop of war St. Marys, Captain Crowninshield, reported by the last arrival at Valparaiso, was at Callao, and would proceed to China.

The U. S. steam transport ship Edith from San Francisco, for San Diego, was ashore on Point Droppin, and was supposed to be a total loss.

A French brig parted her cables in the harbor of Mazatlin, in September, and was driven out to sea with 30 passengers on board.

The schooner Julia A. Sutter, from Warren, R. I., bound to California, was totally lost in the Straits of Magellan, on the 26th of June, by running on a rock in a heavy gale and snow storm. The Captain and crew escaped and carried into Callao on the 19th of June.

The ship Milnor, from New York, had arrived at San Francisco in 120 days.

The steam ships Sentinel and Unicorn, from New York, had arrived safely at Panama, and would leave for San Francisco, the former on the 1st, and the latter on the 8th Oct. The steamship California was to leave Panama for San Francisco on the 28th ult., and the Panama on the 13th Oct. The above four steamers, Gardiner will tow the sailing vessels in port, would clear the Isthmus of California emigrants.

The Lehmus continues healthy and travelling is easy in consequence of the late improvement in the road.

The steam ship Empire City left Chagres on the 28th ult. for New York.

A PRINCELY MANSION.—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce describes some what minutely the new house nearly completed by Dr. Mofflat, as a private residence, on the north side of Union Square.

"The drawing room is ornamented with fresco painting, in imitation of bas relief, in the Grecian style, tipped with gold. The dining room is in the Gothic style; parlor in the French; saloon and halls in the Elizabethan, and library in the style of Louis XIV. The ceiling of the latter is ornamented with likenesses of Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, &c., and various devices. The hall is lighted by a stained glass sky light, eight feet in diameter. All the bath rooms are lighted and ventilated by iron sky lights. Gas and hot and cold water are introduced into all the apartments. Some of the mantels and jambs are very elaborately carved. The mantels and jambs of white marble, in particular, (statuary,) are very fine; its cost was $750. All the outer windows are of heavy plate glass. The building is four stories high, with a basement and attic story, and a front of 45 feet and a depth of 84. The cost of the building will be about $65,000, including $5,000 for the lot which it occupies. Last year it was a doctor built for himself a store in Broadway at a cost of near $70,000, including about $20,000 for the lot."

☞ DISEASES OF THE LUNGS.—When the celebrated Dr. Rush declared that dropsy in the chest was a disease, he enunciated a truth which the experience and observation of medical men is every day confirming. The unhappy, and too many apparently insane excesses of those who indulge in the use of spirituous liquors, is thus accounted for. The use of spirituous liquors, which is taken for intoxication, is very frequently found to be a disease of the chest. No organ in the human system, when deranged, produces a more frightful catalogue of diseases. Instead of applying remedies to the manifestations of disease, as is too often the case, physicians should direct their attention to the original cause, we would be the means of saving a great deal of suffering, and fewer deaths from complaints which are the results of a deranged state of that organ. Three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of consumption, have their seat in a disease of the lungs.

Indigestion, Stoppage of the Liver, Costiveness, and general derangement in the functions of the bowels, are diseases originating in the same prolific cause, and also that dreaded scourge—Dyspepsia. Those who are afflicted with any of the above enumerated diseases, may rest assured that the source of their maladies is in the liver, and for its correction the best remedy ever offered to the public, is Dr. Lane's celebrated Liver Pill, for the cure of Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint.

For sale by A. KIDD & CO, No. 69, corner of Fourth and Wood st., Pittsburgh. [oct5-d&wtiwk

To Capitalists and Speculators.

FOR SALE by private contract, 40 acres of excellent land, about 30 miles above Dam No. 2, on the Youghiogheny river. Terms liberal. Persons wishing to examine the premises, will receive any information by calling on the subscriber, on the premises, or addressing

oct12-d2w HENRY SEHL, Elizabeth P. O.

TURQUOIS JEWELRY—Just opening, a beautiful assortment of Turquoise Pearl and Diamond Jewelry, Breast Pins, Bracelets, Finger Rings, Buckles, Slides, Chains, Ear Rings, &c. &c.

Also, a superb stock of gold and silver Watches, of the best quality and at prices—warranted.

Diamond Sparks, Gold Pens, Solar Lard Lamps, &c.

W. W. WILSON,

oct12 corner Market and 4th sts

ONE excellent Jewelry Counter Show Case, for sale cheap. W. W. WILSON

SUGAR CURED HAMS—5 tubs extra S. C. Family Hams, just rec'd and for sale by

oct12 R SELLERS & NICOLS

BACON—70 hhds prime Shoulders; 18 do Sides; 15 do yellow canvassed Hams, in store and for sale by

oct12 R SELLERS & NICOLS

GROCERIES—

200 bags prime Rio Coffee;
40 do Laguyra, 10 bags do;
50 packages Y H and Gunpowder Teas;
40 do Black and Imperial do
100 do Manufactured Tobacco;
20 kegs N O Sugar;
150 bbls N O Molasses; (fresh cask);
20 do sugar house do;
300 bbls and half bbls Mackerel, 2 and 3 Mackerel;
70 tcs Rice; 200 sides Sole Leather;
20 boxes No 1 Chocolate; 2 cerrons S P Indigo;
140 mats Cassia; 9 bbls Cloves;
100 lbs Nutmegs; 1 bbl Camphor;
2 cases Dutch Madder;
10 bbls chipped Logwood; 20 do Tanners' Oil;
50 bales No 1 Batting; 2 dozen Beaver Buckets;
50 bxs white smoking Pipes; 80 doz Corn Brooms;
20 bxs Nos 1, 2 and 3 Rock Candy.

Spanish Cigars, Brimstone, Chalk, Saleratus, Whiting, Cotton Yarns, Candles, Brick, Iron, Nails, White Lead, Soap and Candles, with a general assortment of other kindred articles, just landing and for sale by

JOHN WATT & CO,

oct12 corner of Liberty and Hand sts

INDIA RUBBER CLOTHING—35 large Over Coats; 18 pairs pants; 24 do Leggings; 18 do Boots, with leggings attached, at Camp Blankets, just rec'd and for sale at the India Rubber Depot, No 5 Wood st.

oct12 J & H PHILLIPS

NOTICE.

THE firm of NICKLIN & BRYDEN being dissolved, the undersigned will continue the Forwarding and Commission Business at the steam boat landing, FRANKLIN, and respectfully informs his friends that he has gone to the expense of a heavy insurance on the warehouse and contents, for several years, and trusts he will give entire satisfaction to all who may patronise him. He will receive freight at the Lower Landing. JAMES BRYDEN.

oct12

BUTTER—35 kegs Butter, for sale by

oct12 BURBRIDGE, WILSON & CO

INDIA RUBBER BELTING—2000 ft. Vulcanized India Rubber Machine Belting, from 1½ to 12 inch wide, just received and for sale at the India Rubber Depot, No. 5 Wood st. oct12 J & H PHILLIPS

BUSINESS STAND FOR SALE.—The Brick Building and premises in Diamond alley, now occupied by Mrs. Boyle; having twenty feet in front, extending back towards Fourth street one hundred and twenty feet. For terms, apply to

OLIO. COCHRAN, 95 Wood st

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the Estate of JOHN BROWN, late of South Fayette township, Allegheny county, deceased, are hereby notified to make immediate payment to the undersigned; and all persons having claims against said Estate, will present them, duly authenticated, for settlement, to the subscriber. SAML. STEWART, Executor.

oct12-w3t*3

RUBBER PACKING—2500 lbs Rubber Packing, for the steam engines, just rec'd and for sale at the India Rubber Depot.

oct12 J & H PHILLIPS

SALE OF LOTS IN WEST NEWTON.

THE subscriber will expose to sale at auction, in West Newton, on WEDNESDAY, the 7th of NOVEMBER, 100 BUILDING LOTS, lying on the Youghiogheny River, at the head of the Slackwater Navigation, and on the Turnpike leading from Wheeling to Somerset and Cumberland.

The above Lots will be sold on accommodating terms, and are well worthy of the attention of speculators, as it is believed that West Newton, from its favorable location, and the opening of the Slackwater Navigation of the Youghiogheny to Pittsburgh, cannot fail to become a place of considerable importance.

oct12-w3t*3 JACOB BAUGHMAN.

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for the County of Allegheny.

THE petition of JAS. BRAWDY, of the township of Baldwin, in the county aforesaid, humbly sheweth, that your petitioner hath provided himself with materials for the accommodation of travellers and others, at his dwelling house, in the township aforesaid, and prays that your honors will be pleased to grant him a license to keep a Public House of Entertainment. And your petitioner, as in duty bound, will pray.

We, the subscribers, citizens of the township aforesaid, do certify, that the above petitioner is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation and lodging of strangers and travellers, and that said tavern is necessary.

Andrew Giffin, John McKillip, S. B. Moor, Samuel M'Auley, James D. Cochran, A. M'Cleery, Jr., Wm. Moore, Wm. Cowan, Geo. M.