

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

Vol. 2, No. 9.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., MARCH 12, 1845.

Whole No. 477.

PUBLISHED BY  
**THEODORE H. CREMER.**

**TERMS.**  
The "Journal" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.

No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrears are paid.

Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

## POETRY.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,  
He oft invites her to the Muses' lore."

## Scotch Songs.

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

O, sing to me the auld Scotch sangs,  
I'll be the braid of Scottish tongue,  
The sangs my father loved to hear,  
The sangs my mither sung,  
When she sat beside my cradle,  
Or crowned me on her knee,  
An' I wad na' sleep, she sang sae sweet  
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Yes! sing the auld, the guid auld sangs,  
Auld Scotia's gentle pride,  
O' the wimpling burn, and the sunny brae,  
An' the cosie ingle-side;  
Sang o' the broom an' heather,  
Sang o' the trysting tree,  
The larlocks lilt and the gowan's blink—  
The auld Scotch sangs for me.

Sing on, o' the auld Scotch sangs,  
The blithesome or the sad;  
They make me smile when I am wee,  
An' greet when I am glad:  
My heart gae back to auld Scotland,  
An' saut tears dim mine e'e,  
But the Scotch bluid leaps in a' my veins,  
As ye sing the sangs to me.

Sing on, sing mair o' the auld sangs;  
For ever ane can fall,  
O' joy and sorrow I'll part,  
Where men's lives to dwell;  
Though hair win grey, an' limbs win auld,  
Until the day I die,  
I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings  
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

## CASSIUS M. CLAY.

We thank our readers will thank us for giving them to-day the many letter of Cassius M. Clay to the People of Kentucky.

Engaged in a holy cause, he writes and speaks like a man imbued with a holy spirit, and we find it difficult to repress the enthusiasm which his burning words enkindle, even while referring to them. His position is a glorious one. True to his native soil, let who may falter there, true to the great and fundamental doctrines which our Fathers established, true to himself and his fellow men, he would do in his day what he may, to break the fetters of human thralldom, and elevate Kentucky and her people to the full stature of Freedom. The prayers and sympathy of the good far off and near will be with him!

We need not go into details on this subject.—The letter of Mr. Clay will explain his course and the policy of his friends. If left alone, if not foolishly or fanatically interfered with on the part of the State, we feel confident that they will succeed, and ere long the work of Emancipation will be commenced in Old Kentucky.—*Cin. Gazette.*

## To the People of Kentucky.

Whilst I was battling in the North, in a triangular fight with Whigs, Abolitionists and Democrats, for the postulate that "what the law makes property, is property," and that all good citizens should abide by the law, till they can, in a legal and constitutional manner, conform it to their conscientious standard of morality; the Southern press was denouncing me as wishing to employ the army and navy of the United States in the forcible liberation of the slaves. The many calumnies, insinuations against my fidelity to the laws of the State allegiance, I shall not condescend to reply. I say to those who are so insidiously attempting to prejudice me in the confidence of the Whig party, that I shall not palliate or deny; conscious of my own duty to the American people, I have fearlessly discharged it; and as never played the hypocrite to men, for the sake of office, though sacrificing some personal pride in the cause of the political principles of that party, to some portion of which I owe nothing, so in defeat, I have nothing to deplore but the common calamities of the country.

To the people of Kentucky I would humbly suggest that I am a son of one of the first pioneers of the West—a man who, in an obscure way, rendered some service to his country, both in the council and in the field; he was one of the founders of the State Constitution, and his services were not unappreciated by those who have perpetuated his memory, by giving his name to one of the counties of the Commonwealth. I speak not of these things in a vain spirit, or from overweening filial affections, but to remind those men of yesterday, that they were presuming too much upon popular credulity, and their own significance, when they set themselves up as the exclusive guardians of the honor and welfare of the State, and undertake to denounce and ostracize me as an enemy to the country. Having some small interest in the soil, as well as in the good name of the Commonwealth, with my humility and love of equality, I cannot but give utterance to some

touches of contempt and indignation towards those feeders on the crumbs that fall from other men's tables, who affect so much sensibility about the property of the country. If there is in our State something improper or dangerous to be talked or written about, I put it to every true and manly Kentuckian, if that thing is not improper and dangerous in its existence among us? And if so, is he who undertakes to remove the evil the enemy of his country? Or rather, is not that man, who, seeing the wrong, for the sake of popularity, and a narrow self-interest, in opposition to the welfare of the great mass of the people, dares not attempt its extinction, a traitor and a coward, and truly deserving the execration of his countrymen? I am not ashamed to admit that I am the most uncompromising foe of tyranny, wherever displayed: and I proudly avow myself the eternal enemy of slavery. At the same time, experience-taught charity warns me to loose none of my sympathy for the slave-holder, because of his misfortune or his fault; and while I would be just to the Black, I am free to confess, that every feeling of association, and instinctive sense of self-elevation, leads me to seek the welfare of the White, whatever may be the consequence of the liberation of the African.

Bred among slaves, I regarded them with indifference; seeing no departure from morals or economical progress in the future. The emancipation movement about 1830, affected me as it did most persons at that time; and I felt some new and pleasing emotions springing up in my bosom, when I resolved in common with my lamented brother, to liberate my slaves. I authorized him to put my name to the Emancipation Society, formed about that time in Mercer county. In the same year I went to Yale College, in a free State. I was not blind, and therefore saw a people living there luxuriously, on a soil which here would have been deemed the high road to famine and the aim-house. A city of ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants rose up in the morning, passed through all the busy strife of the day, and laid down again at night, in quiet security, and not a single police officer was anywhere to be seen.

There were more than 500 young men congregated from all climes, of various habits and temperaments, in the quick blood of youth, and in all-conquering passion, and there was not found in all the city, so far as the public were aware, a single woman so fallen as to demand a less price for her love than honorable marriage. A gray haired judge of seventy years and more, in a life time of service, had pronounced sentence of death upon but five criminals in a whole State, and three of these were brought down to ruin by intemperance. I had been taught to regard Connecticut as a land of wooden nutmegs and leather pumpkin seeds—yet there was a land of sterility without paupers, and a people where no man was to be found who could not write his name, and read the laws and his bible. These were strange things; but far more strange, passing strange will it be, Kentuckians, if you shall not come to the same conclusion to which I was compelled, that liberty, religion and education were the cause of all these things, and the true foundation of individual happiness and national glory. In 1835 I introduced a common school bill into the House of Representatives of Kentucky; it was lost. In 1838 I had the pleasure of voting for the present common school law, in common with a great majority of my colleagues. Before 1840 I was convinced that universal education in a slave state was impossible!—Whilst I now write, the eight hundred thousand dollars set aside, from the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, for common schools, surreptitiously appropriated to internal improvements, confirm my conclusion. There is not a cent in the great Commonwealth of Kentucky, appropriated to the education of her people! C. A. Wickliffe, in a convention of teachers in 1840, at Frankfort, said:—"If slavery and common schools be incompatible, I say, let slavery perish." The sentiment was met with tremendous applause. Men of Kentucky, what say you? Time has proved that they are incompatible—not a single slave state has succeeded, from the beginning, in the general education of her citizens. Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, says, in his message to the Legislature—"The free school system is a failure—owing to the fact that it does not suit our people or our government." Experience and reason have long since proclaimed the same unwelcome fact.

Whilst Mr. Wickliffe was speculating I was acting. By aid of the law of 1833, I hoped ultimately to emancipate the State from ignorance, poverty and crime. Kentucky called upon all her sons, by all the glorious memories of the past, by all the fond hopes of the future, to resist those who, by the repeal of that law and a retrograde movement, would sink her into the ever-during night and "lower deep" of perpetual slavery. The time at last came, when I was to play the selfish time-server for office temporary elevation, or, planting myself upon the eternal principles of truth, justice and reason, looking to conscience, to posterity and to God, to fall proudly in their cause. What though I be a "fanatic or an enthusiast" in holding that slavery is contrary to the Declaration of American Independence; the Constitution of the United States; the common law of our English inheritance; and in violation of the laws of nature and of God—the effect of it are beyond all controversy; the monumental hand of time in characters of horrible distinctness; turning the dewy heavens into brass, and scathing the green earth with sterility and decay. The whole South cries out with anguish against this and that measure of national injury; implores and denounces in alternate puerility; makes and unmakes pre-

sidents; enacts and repeals laws with a petulance and recklessness, more worthy of manly indignation, than the pitiable forbearance of the North.—Yet no relief comes to the sinking patient; her hypochondriacal illusions are not dispelled; she cannot, she will not see that slavery is the cause of her ruin. Her fields relapse into primitive sterility; her population wastes away; manufacturers recede from the infected border; trade languishes; decay trenches upon her meagre accumulations of taste or utility; giant famine stalks into the shattered portals of the homestead; the hearth stone is invaded by a more relentless intruder than the officer of the law; and the castle that may stand before the sword, falls by this slow, secret and resistless enemy; the blood of the body politic is frozen at the core; atrophy paralyses all its limbs; and even despair begins to display itself upon the care-worn faces of men; the Heavens frown and the earth cry aloud—the eternal law of happiness and existence have been trampled under foot; and yet with a most pitiable infatuation, the South still clings to slavery.

The competition of unrequited service, slave labor, dooms the laboring white millions of these States to poverty; poverty gives them over to ignorance; and ignorance and poverty are the fast roads to crime and suffering. Among the more fortunate property holders, religion and morality are staggering and dying. Idleness, extravagance, unthriftiness and want of energy precipitate slave holders into frequent and unheard of bankruptcies, such as are unknown in free States and well ordered Monarchies. The spirit of uncontrolled command vitiate our temperaments, and destroys that evenness of temper, and equanimity of soul, which are the sheet anchors of happiness and safety in a world of attainable desire and inexorable evil.—Population is sparse, and without numbers there is neither competition nor division of labor, and of necessity, all mechanic arts languish among us.—Agriculture drags along its slow pace with slovenly, ignorant, reckless labor. Science, literature and art are strangers here; poets, historians, artists and mechanists, the lovers of the ideal, the great, the true and the useful; the untiring searchers into the hidden treasures of unwilling nature, making the winds, the waters, the palpable and impalpable essences of things tributary to man: creating gratification for the body, and giving new susceptibility and expansion to the soul; they flourish where thought and action are untrammelled; ever daring must be the spirit of genius; its omnipotence belongs only to the free. A loose and inadequate respect for the rights of necessity follows in the wake of slavery. Duelling, bloodshed and Lynch law have but security to person. A general demoralization has corrupted the first minds in the nation; its hot contagion has spread among the whole people; licentiousness, crime and bitter hate infest us at home; repudiation and the forcible propagation of slavery is arraying against us the world in arms. I appeal to honesty, to reason, to nature, and to conscience which neither time nor space, nor fear, nor hate, nor hope of reward, nor crime, nor pride, nor selfishness, can utterly silence—are not these things true? A minute comparison of the free and slave States, so often and ably made, I forbear, I leave this unwilling and bitter proof to each man's observation and reflection.

There is however, one consideration which I would urge upon all, because it excludes all fanaticism and enthusiasm. Kentucky will be richer in dollars and cents by emancipation, and slave holders will be wealthier by the change.

I assert, from my own knowledge, that lands of the same quality in the free, are from 100 to 150 per cent. higher in value than in the slave States; in some cases probably six hundred per cent. higher! Lands six miles from Cincinnati, in Ohio, I am credibly informed, are worth \$60 per acre, whilst in Kentucky, at the same distance from that city, and of the same quality, they are worth only \$10 per acre! Now the slave holders of the State are, with rare exceptions, the land holders of the State; they, therefore, absolutely increase their fortune by liberating their slaves, even without compensation. Thus if I own 1,000 acres of land in Fayette, it is worth \$50,000; say I own 12 slaves worth \$5,000, the probable ratio between land and slaves; if my land rise to the value of the free State standard, which it must do, my estate becomes worth (losing the value of the slaves, \$5,000.) \$95,000. If it rises to \$150 per acre, three times its present value, as I most sincerely believe it would do in twenty years after emancipation, the man owning 1,000 acres of land, now worth \$50 per acre, would be worth, under the free system, \$145,000. Now this assertion is fully proved by facts open to all. Kentucky is the senior of Ohio, by nearly one half of the existence of the latter.—Kentucky is the superior of Ohio in soil, climate, minerals and timber, to say nothing of the beauty of her surface—and yet Ohio's taxes for 1843 amounted to \$2,361,482 81, whilst Kentucky's tax is only \$343,617 66. Thus showing Ohio's superior productive energy over Kentucky. Ohio has 23 electoral votes to our 12, and outstrips us in about the same ratio in all things else. A comparison of the older free and slave States will show a more favorable balance sheet to the free labor States; whilst the slave States have greatly the advantage in climate and soil, to say nothing of the vastly greater extent of the territory of the slave state.

Massachusetts produces more in gross manufactures yearly, than all the cotton in the Union sells for! Let Louisville look to Cincinnati, and ask herself how many millions of dollars slavery costs her! All our towns dwindle, and our farmers lose, in consequence, all home markets. Every farmer

bought out by the slave system, sends off one of the consumers of the manufactures of the towns; when the consumers are gone, the mechanic must go also. A. has acquired another 1,000 acres of land, but B. has gone to Ohio with the \$50,000 paid for it, and the State is that much the poorer in the aggregate. A. has increased his apparent means, but his market has flown to lands governed by wiser heads than the land of slavery can boast. Beef from Fayette, sold this spring in the city of New York, for \$6 per hundred, but the expense of a carriage was \$3 per hundred; thus, for want of a home market, which cannot exist in a slave State the beef raiser loses one half of the yearly proceeds of his farm. Slavery costs every man in the community about the same price—one half and more of the proceeds of his labor, as the price of land has already shown!

Political difficulties thicken around us; war for the perpetuation of this curse, threatens us in the distance; dark clouds of bloodshed, dissolution, and utter ruin, lower on the horizon; the great national heart lies bleeding in the dust, under the relentless heel of the slave power! It requires no very quick eye to see that the political power of Kentucky is gone forever, unless she takes a new tack and revives under the free labor system. Having, in truth, no common interest with the slaveholding policy of the South, we bear all the evils of the alliance, without any of the supposed compensating benefits which slavery confers upon the cultivators of rice, sugar and cotton. The South is beginning to be supplied with produce from States nearer them in distance and facilities in transportation than ours, while she is already too poor to buy from us; we look for markets almost exclusively to Cincinnati, and New York, and New Orleans, which last is but the outlet to the other nations.—Until Kentucky is prepared to go all lengths for slavery, she is powerless; not pro-slavery enough for "the chivalry," nor free enough for the free, between two stools she flounders on the ground.

Christians, moralists, politicians, and merely let-laborers feel these bitter truths. Kentucky never will unite herself to the slave empire, born of Southern disunion; then let her at once lead on the van of freedom. Is the cry of liberty less powerful than slavery, to move the hearts of men? Let us then be just and fair. Let us liberate our slaves, and make friends instead of enemies for the evilday; for all the signs of the times proclaim that the elements of revolution are among us, when the crisis comes, if we are free, all will be safe; if not, no man can see the end. British emancipation has gone before us, providing all things safe. The price of lands in the colonies is admitted on all hands to have risen in value, in spite of all the enemies of freedom, these are the eternal and undisputable proofs of successful reform. The day you strike off the bonds of slavery, experience and statistics prove the prophecy of Thomas Jefferson, that the ratio of the increase of the blacks upon a given basis, diminishes, compared with the increase of slavery; whilst the influx of white immigration swallows up the great mass of the African race, in the progress and civilization of the more energetic white. Amalgamation of the two races, so affectively dreaded by some pro-slavery men, is far less in the free than in the slave States; this all men know from observation; what a little reflection would have enabled them, a priori, to have determined.—Many of the more faithful and industrious slaves may be employed by their quantum masters, whilst the idle and vicious must suffer the consequences of their folly. Stealing will not increase, as some argue, but be diminished, for vigilance will be more active, and punishment more certain and severe.—Let candidates be started in all the counties in favor of a Convention, and run again and again, till victory shall perch on the standard of the free.

Whether emancipation be remote or immediate, regard must be had to the rights of owners, the habits of the old, and the general good feeling of the people. To those who cry out forever what shall be done with the freed slaves, it will occur that upon this plan, no more will be left among us than we shall absolutely need, for we have every reason to suppose that many of the opponents of the movement will leave us before its consummation, taking their slaves with them; and the State ought not, if she could, at once deprive herself of the slave laborers now here.

Then let us, having no regard to the clamors of the ultras of the North or the South, move on unshaken in our purpose, to the glorious end. Shall sensible men be forever deluded by the silly cry of "abolitionists;" is this not becoming not only ridiculous, but contemptible? Can you not see that many base demagogues have been crying out wof, whilst they were playing the traitors to their party and the country for personal elevation? Is it not time that some sense of returning justice should revive in your bosoms, and that you should cease to denounce those who in defeat do not forget their integrity, and who, though fallen, do not despair of the Republic.

Washington, Jefferson and Madison, and the great founders of the Republic are my standard bearers; Liberty and Union is my motto. Never yet has a Kentuckian deserted his country's standard, and fled to the field. Shall I be the first to prove recreant the sentiment which should ever be uppermost in the bosoms of the gallant and the free, when danger, no matter whether of the sword, or more damning despotism threatens his native land.

—Think through whom  
Thy life blood tracks its present lake,  
And then strike home!  
I have given my slaves freedom for the public

good. Is more needed!—Tax me to the verge of sustenance and life, and make my country free!—I call upon all Kentucky to speak out upon this subject; let each man come to the press in his own name; let us hear others—hear all. Trust not to those who in private whisper approval in your ear, but denounce the open advocates of the same admissions. I do not profess to be infallible; if I am wrong, show me right, no man will do more, suffer more for conciliation. I listen to advice, I implore counsel; but neither denunciation, nor persecution shall silence me; and so far as the voice of one individual makes up the omnipotence of public will, I say, Kentucky shall be free. Let no man be started; a few years ago most men looked upon slavery as a matter of course; a thing of necessity, which was to live for centuries. Now, few are so hardy as to deny that some 20 or 30 years will witness its extinction.

The time is, in my judgment, yet nearer at hand. A space of three counties deep, lying along the Ohio river contains a decided majority of the people of the State, as well as the greater part of the soil. How long before slaves there will be, from obvious causes, utterly useless! Soon, very soon, will they find themselves hearing all the evils of slavery, without any, the least remuneration. Does any believe that they will tamely submit to this intolerable grievance! If slavery does not tumble down of itself, they will vote it down, for they will have the power, and it will be their interest to do so. The rich interior counties of the State have the least need of slave labor of any portion of the globe. The mountains are ruined by the decreasing population of the lowlands, and the inability to consume their products, where slaves abound. The Green River country should remember if Pandora's box was opened again upon mankind, two greater curses and fore-runners of poverty and ruin, than slaves and tobacco, could not be found! Kentuckians, be worthy of your past fame—be heroes once more. God has not designated this most favored land to be occupied by an inferior race. Italian skies mantle over us, and more than Sicilian luxury is spread beneath our feet.—Give us free labor, and we shall indeed become "the labor of the world" But what if not?—Man was not created for the eating of Indian meal; but the mind—the soul must be fed, as well as the body. The same spirit which led us to the battle field, gloriously to illustrate the national name, yet lives in the hearts of our people; they feel their false position; their impotency of future accomplishment. This weight must be removed. *Kentucky must be free.*

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 1845.

**CRUELTY KILLED BY KINDNESS.**—A young woman in Vermont married a poor but worthy man against her father's wish. He drove them from his house, and closed his door and heart against them. They came down near Boston went to work and prospered. After many years the father had occasion to come to Boston. He concluded to go and see his daughter, expecting a cold reception.

His daughter and her husband received him most kindly and lovingly. After staying with them awhile, he went back to Vermont.

One of his neighbors, hearing where he had been, asked him how his daughter and her husband had treated him.

"I never was so treated before in my life," said the weeping and broken-hearted father. "They have broken my heart; they have killed me; I don't feel as though I could live under it."

"What did they do to you?" asked the neighbor. "Did they abuse you?"

"They loved me to death and killed me with kindness," said he. "I can never forgive myself for treating so cruelly my own darling daughter who loved me so affectionately. I feel as if I should die to think how I grieved the precious child when I spurned her from my door. Heaven bless them, and forgive me my cruelty and injustice to them."

Who does not see in this an infallible cure for difficulties between man and man? There is not a child nor a man on earth, who would not feel and say that that daughter, though so deeply wronged and outraged by her angry father, did right in treating him as she did. That father was her enemy but she was not his. He hated her, while she loved him.

**THE BRIDAL DAY.**—Who does not wish, says Miss Bremer, that a bright sun may beam on their bridal day? It seems to us as if Hymen's torch could not clearly burn if it be not kindled by the bright light of the beams of heaven. A secret belief that Heaven does not look with indifference on our earthly fate remains constantly in the depths of our hearts and however we may be dust and atoms, yet we see, when the eternal vault is dimmed by clouds or shines in splendor, in this change always some sympathy, or some foreboding which concerns us, and often, very often, are our hopes and our fears—children of winds and clouds.

How beautifully has it been asked by an eminent writer:—"Is there to be found a gift of heaven more precious, more worthy our most ardent gratitude, than that of possessing a family, a home, where virtues, kindness, and enjoyments are every day guests, where the heart and the eye sun themselves in a world of love, where thoughts are lively and enlightened, where friends not only by word but by action say to each other—Thy joy, thy sorrow, thy hope, thy prayer are mine!"—*Phila. Inquirer.*

**Filial Affection.**—An Irishman, swearing the peace against his three sons, thus concluded his affidavit:—"And this deponent further saith that the only one of his children who showed any real filial affection was his youngest son, Larry, for he never struck him when he was down."

## The Public Eye.

What sacrifices are daily made to propitiate the public eye, to dazzle its scrutinizing glance, to avert its scorn. The proud victim of poverty, emerging from his garret, where, with squalid want for his companion, he has a hundred times tasted of the bitterness of death, smooths down his knitted brow, and calls up a smile to his care-worn features as he passes into the street to encounter a crowd he knows not and to whom he is unknown. God knows his sorrows, but he is unwilling that they should be seen by the public eye. The slattern wife, who moves about her own dwelling in rags and filth, careless of her husband's reproaches and indifferent to his disgust, will spend hours to adorn herself for a ball, in hope of winning an admiring glance from the public eye. The hard man, whose soul is impervious to Charity, who coins his wealth out of broken hearts, whose banker is Ruin, and whose gold is Gold, will do an alms in the market place—that he may attract the public eye. Virtuous women, who would shrink from the whisper of a libertine as from the fangs of an aspen, have at the dictate of fashion bared their bosom to the common gaze, and courted the licentious glance of the public eye. The Fakirs of the East transpire their flesh with spears, or measure the length of a river by successive prostrations, or hold their limbs in one attitude until they wither flesh and marrow, and all that they may seem saints to the public eye—Nay, even the criminal on the gallows holds the tremendous leap he is about to take from life and light into the inexorable abyss, a secondary consideration to that of causing the public eye to dilate with wonder at the boldness with which he encounters death.—*N. Y. True Sun.*

Those who make war should do the fighting.—Let rulers who crow so bravely, each on his own dunghill, meet in single combat; and if one kills the other, let the question be settled accordingly. If both are killed, let the next in authority take the land in dispute.

Does this method of settling the difficulties appear barbarous to the reader? But is it not as much better than war as the number engaged in the deadly conflict is less? What is war but a duel on a great scale? or, according to Jefferson, "the unprofitable contest of seeing who will do the other the most harm?" which multiplies, instead of redressing injuries!

There is another thing in which war is more barbarous than duelling, which is, that in a duel the principals fight out their own quarrels; but in war they hire others to kill one another, who know little and care less about the quarrel. The object of the common soldier is pay and plunder, with the license to trample on all God's laws with impunity. With the officer, the object is the exercise of arbitrary power, and the praise of the vulgar.

When Alfred the Great instituted the ordeal of battle, it was a great advance on the barbarous manners of the age, and much better than those deadly feuds, in which the parties involved not only themselves but all their retainers. Then why not adopt a plan which, barbarous and unchristian as it is, is not so bad as war?

**BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.**—A traveller who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a dervis, and which seems even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and the recording angel.—Every man, said the dervis, has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on his right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what is once well done is done forever. When he does evil, the angel upon his left shoulder writes it down, but does not seal it. He waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows down his head and exclaims: "Glorious Allah! I have sinned—forgive me!" the angel rubs it out; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel on the right shoulder weeps.

**JEALOUSY AND BUSTLES.**—Please widow Wimple, ma says please lend her the biggest sweet potatoe you've got.

"A sweet potatoe."

"Yes'm."

"Why, aint your ma going to Mrs. Wallapop's party?"

"Yes'm."

"Aint she ready?"

"Yes'm—all but her bustle. She had to bile her'n for dinner to day, and she wants the pertater quick, cos she expects Dr. Possum right away."

"Dr. Possum! He going to call for the widow Fizzle! Tell your ma I hav'n't a sweet potatoe in the house."

"Yes'm."

"That artful woman! She don't get no potatoe of mine. Let her use corn cobs."

**NURSING A BABY.**—The Buffalo Gazette relates that during the fire in that city a short time ago, a police officer observed a woman making a great display of hushing an apparent child, which she held snugly to her bosom enveloped in a cloak. On being questioned by the officer as to what she had there, she replied, "a darling baby, almost froze; but a peep under the cloak detected a fine roll of dry goods, instead of the 'darling baby'."

The man who is worth millions of dollars and never thinks of bestowing any portion of it upon the starving, destitute, suffering poor, is little advantage to any community.

An exchange paper says that a lad of fifteen, who saunters about rum-shops, smokes cigars, chews tobacco, drinks wine, or falls in love with a lady much older than himself, is "rotten before ripe!"

According to the modern Jews, we are now in the year of the world 5604, the church of England considers it to be 5843; the church of Rome makes the world to be 7044 years old, and the Septuagint, 7422 years. Prof. Wallace decides for the reckoning of the Septuagint.

"Am I not a little pale?" inquired a lady who was rather short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor.

"You look like a big tub," was the blunt rejoinder.

The story that there is a chap down east so cross-eyed that he courts two girls at once, is contradicted by one of the girls.

Mr. Isaac Pratt, formerly a dealer in Boston advertised himself thus:—"I pray, opposite the old South Church."