



Huntingdon



Journal

BY JAS. CLARK.

HUNTINGDON, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1850.

VOL. XV, NO. 15.

For the Journal.

GETHESEMANE.

Tut, deepening shades of night; hūg o'er all the plains of Judea. The lofty peak of Carmel, the vine-clad hills, the palms, and cedars of Mount Lebanon, were all shrouded in darkness. O'er the Holy Land, her cities, towns, temples, and palaces; the river Jordan, Tiberias' Sea, and Olivet, nights sable curtain had been spread, and her dark sceptre swayed unmoistened. 'Twas the hour of rest. The way-worn traveller, turned for shelter, and sweet repose, to the hospitable inn. The shepherd penned his flocks within the fold, and in his tent sought rest, and sleep, after the cares of the departed day, all things were hushed in silence. The feathered throng, that warbled merrily in the sun beam, were now hushed, and in the distant grove, silently stretched their parental wing, o'er their infant brood. But midst this scene of sweet tranquility, envy, malice, and hatred, rested not; for in the hall of the lofty Caiphas, were assembled the priests, scribes, elders, and rulers, debating how they might best crucify the meek and lowly Jesus.

And thus while they, with envy and malice ranking in their breasts, were devising foul means, to bring down the thunderbolts of ruin, upon the head of the Lord their Saviour, He, isolated and alone, in the Garden of Gethsemane, with no sound to disturb the stillness of the night, but the low murmuring of the brook Cedron, as it gurgled o'er its pebbly bed; with no shelter save heaven's dark blue canopy, kneeling upon the cold ground, prayed, and in his agony the sweat and blood trickled from the overcharged veins upon his temples;—and there, behold him as his grans piece the midnight silence; he cries "Father if it be possible, may this cup pass from me, nevertheless not my will but thine be done." These groans and prayers, the heavens with pity moved, and God the Father, commissioned, from his courts, Angels to go and minister strength and support to his suffering Son.

But now, a light pierces the midnight darkness; the hurried tread, the clang of arms, the gleaming of weapons in the torch light, all give notice of the approach of an armed throng. On, on, they come amid the "clang of helmet, sword, and shield," and foremost of them all, Oh! base, Oh! black ingratitude, he who for money betrayed his friend comes, drawing near, with feigned reverence and fear, crying *Hail! Master; and with a kiss* betrayed his Lord and Saviour, while at the deed, both *Hell and Earth* recoiled, aghast.

Huntingdon March 17th, 1850. NASSO.

Sentence of Dr. Webster for the Murder of Dr. Geo. Parkman.

Boston, April 1, 1850.

Dr. Webster was brought into Court this morning at 8 minutes to 9 o'clock to receive the solemn sentence of the law. He looked gloomy in the extreme, but collected and calm.

The Court room was densely crowded, as were the avenues leading to it. At 10 minutes past 10 o'clock the Court came in, including the Hon. Richard Fletcher, who had not attended the trial.

After some minutes of silence, Mr. Attorney General Clifford, narrated the facts of the indictment, trial and verdict, and moved the Court that the final sentence be now pronounced.

The prisoner rose, and was asked by the Clerk what he had to show why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him.

The prisoner bowed and took his seat in silence.

Chief Justice Shaw then addressed him in the following words:

JOHN W. WEBSTER.—In meeting you here for the last time, to pronounce that sentence which the law has affixed to the high and aggravated offence of which you stand convicted, it is impossible by language to give utterance to the deep consciousness of responsibility, to the keen sense of sadness and sympathy with which we approach this solemn duty. Circumstances which all who are here may duly appreciate, but which it may seem hardly fit to allude to in more detail, render the performance of this duty on the present occasion, unpeppably painful.

At all times and under all circumstances, a feeling of indescribable solemnity attaches to the utterance of that stern voice retributive, which consigns a fellow-being to an untimely and ignominious death; but when we consider all the circumstances of your past life—your various relations in society—the claims upon you by others—the hopes and expectations you have cherished, with your present condition and the ignominious death which awaits you, we are oppressed with grief and anguish. Nothing but a sense of imperative duty, imposed on us by the law, whose officers and ministers we are, could sustain us in pronouncing such a judgment.

Against the crime of wilful murder, of which you stand convicted—a crime at which human shudders—a crime everywhere, and under all forms of society regarded with abhorrence—the law has denounced its severest penalties in these few, simple, but solemn and impressive words:

"Every person who shall commit the crime of murder, shall suffer the punishment of death for the same."

The manifest object of this law is the protection and security of human life, the most important of a just and paternal government. It is made the duty of this Court to declare this penalty against any one who shall have been found guilty, in due course of the administration of justice, of having violated this law. It is one of the most solemn acts of judicial power which a court can perform, and it is a solemn and exalted duty, which we are conscious of the solemn authority of the law, as well in its stern and inflexible severity, as in its protecting and paternal benignity. It punishes the guilty with severity, in order that the right to

the enjoyment of life—the most precious of all rights, may be effectually secured.

By the record before us, it appears that you have been indicted by the Grand Jury of this county for the crime of murder; alleging that on the 23d of November last, you made an assault upon the person of Dr. George Parkman; and by acts of violence, you deprived him of life, with malice aforethought. This is alleged to have been done within the apartments of a public institution, in this city, the Medical College, of which you were a Professor and instructor, upon the person of a man of mature age, well known and of extensive connections in this community, and a benefactor of that institution.

The charge of an offence so aggravated, in the midst of a peaceful community, created an instantaneous outburst of surprise, alarm and terror, and was followed by universal and intense anxiety to learn, by the results of a judicial proceeding, whether this charge was true. The day of trial came. A court was organized to conduct it. A jury, almost of your own choosing, was selected in the midday life, with bright hopes of intelligence and impartiality. Counsel were appointed to assist you in conducting your defence, who have done all that learning, eloquence, and skill could accomplish in presenting your defence in its best aspects. A very large number of witnesses were carefully examined, and, after a laborious trial of unprecedented length, conducted, as we hope, with patience and fidelity, that jury have pronounced you guilty.

To this verdict, upon a careful revision of the whole proceedings, I am constrained to say, in behalf of the Court, that they can perceive no just or legal grounds of exception. Guilty! How much, under all these thrilling circumstances, which cluster around the case and through our memories in the retrospect, does this single word import! The wilful, violent and malicious destruction of the life of a fellow-man, in the claims of duty, and under the protection of the law—yes, of one in the midday life, with bright hopes, warm affections, mutual attachments, strong extensive and numerous—making life a blessing to himself and others.

We allude thus to the injury you have inflicted, not for the purpose of awakening one unnecessary pang in a heart already lacerated, but to remind you of the irreparable wrong done to the victim of your cruelty, in sheer justice to him whose voice is now hushed in death, and whose wrong can only be vindicated by the living action of the law.

If therefore you may at any moment think your case a hard one and your punishment too severe—if one repining thought arises in your mind or murmuring word seeks utterance from your lips, think, oh think, of him instantly deprived of life by your guilty hand. Then, if not lost to all sense of retributive justice—if you have any compunction arising from your conscience—you may be ready to exclaim in the language of the truth, which I have stated against Heaven and my own soul. My punishment is just. God be merciful to me a sinner!

God grant that your example may afford a solemn warning to all, especially the young. May it impress deeply upon every mind the salutary lesson it is intended to teach—to guard against the indulgence of unhalloved and vindictive passion—to resist temptation to every selfish, sordid and wicked purpose—to listen to the warnings of conscience and yield to the claims of duty; and whilst they instinctively shrink with abhorrence from the first thought of assailing the life of another, may they learn to reverence the laws of God and society, designed to secure the protection of their own.

We forbear from obvious considerations from adding such words of advice as may be sometimes thought appropriate on occasions like this. It lies only within our province on occasions like the present, to address the illiterate, the bigoted, the of truth, who early life has been cast among the vicious—the neglected, the abandoned, who have been blest with no means of moral and religious culture; who have never received the benefit of cultivated society nor enjoyed the sweet and ennobling influences of home. To such an one a word of advice upon an occasion so impressive, may be a word fitly spoken and tend to good; but in a case like this, where these circumstances are all reversed, no words of duty could be more reactions than the suggestions of your own better thoughts to which we commend you.

But as we are assigned, this last sad duty of pronouncing sentence, which is indeed the voice of the law and not our own, yet in giving utterance we cannot do it with feelings of indifference, as a formal and official act. God forbid that we should be prevented from indulging and expressing those irrepressible feelings of interest, sympathy and compassion which arise spontaneously in our hearts.

We most sincerely and cordially deplore the distressing condition into which crime has brought you, and though we have no word of present consolation or of earthly hope to offer you, in this hour of your affliction, yet we devoutly commend you to the mercy of our Heavenly Father, with whom, in his abundance of mercy, and from whom we may all hope for pardon and peace.

And nothing remains, but the solemn duty of pronouncing the sentence which the law fixes for the crime of murder, of which you stand convicted, which sentence is, that you, John W. Webster, be removed from this place, and be detained in close custody in the prison of this county, and thence be taken at such time as the executive government of this Commonwealth may, by their warrant appoint, to the place of execution, and there be hung by the neck until you are dead—and may God, of his infinite goodness, have mercy on your soul!

Incidents of Saturday night and Sunday.

It is understood that the jury, after going out on Saturday night, at first deliberated in silence for ten minutes. They then voted on the question whether the remains were those of Dr. Geo. Parkman. There was an unanimous "yes." On the second question, whether Dr. Webster murdered him, there were eleven "yes" and one "no." The jury came from Mr. Benj. H. Greene. He stated his point of doubt, and after some discussion he declared it removed.

The family of Dr. Webster was not informed of the verdict until it was rendered. Friends, however, undertook the task of preparing their minds for it. The awful disclosures were made to them on Sunday morning by Mrs. Wm. E. Prescott. The scene was most heart-rending, and the wails and shrieks could not be concealed from the passers by. Every effort has been made by their friends to assuage the grief of the afflicted wife and daughters, who, up to a late hour, confidently expected an acquittal.

A letter of condolence was presented them on Sunday afternoon, signed by the heads of all the principal families of Cambridge, including the Hon. Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, Prof. Norton, Judge Fay, &c.

The immense crowd retired from the court room and its vicinity in silence and without the least disturbance. Judge Fay gave it up that his friend, Dr. Webster, was a guilty man after hearing his own speech on Saturday evening. Anecdotes of the cruelty of Dr. W. in early life are now told by persons who were then acquainted with him.

THE BATTLE OF MOUNT TABOR.

Our readers, we are convinced, will feel a thrill of something deeper than pleasure, in reading the spirited descriptions which follow, from Headley's "Sacred Mountains."

Forty-seven years ago, a form was seen standing on Mount Tabor, with which the world has since become familiar. It was a bright spring morning, and as he sat on his steed in the clear sunlight, his eye rested on a scene in the vale below, which was sublime and appalling enough to quicken the pulsations of the calmest heart.—That form was Napoleon Bonaparte, and the scene before him the fierce and terrible "BATTLE OF MOUNT TABOR" From Nazareth, where the Saviour once trod, Kleber had marched with three thousand French soldiers forth into the plain, when he, at the foot of Mount Tabor he saw the whole Turkish army drawn up in order of battle. Fifteen thousand infantry and twelve thousand splendid cavalry moved down in majestic strength on this band of three thousand French.

Kleber had scarcely time to throw his handful of men into squares, with the cannon at the angles, before these twelve thousand horses, making the earth smoke and thunder as they came, burst in a headlong gallop upon them. But round those steady squares rolled a fierce devouring fire, emptying the saddles of those wild horsemen with frightful rapidity, and scattering the earth with the bodies of riders and steeds together.—Again and again did these splendid squadrons wheel, reform and charge with deafening shouts, while their uplifted and flashing cimeters gleamed like a forest of steel through the smoke of battle, but that same wasting fire received them till those squares seemed bound by a girdle of flame, so rapid and constant were the discharges. Before their certain and deadly aim, as they stood fighting for existence, the charging squadrons fell so fast that a rampart of dead bodies was soon formed around them. Behind this embankment of dead men and horses, this band of warriors stood and fought for six dreadful hours, and was still steadily thinning the ranks of the enemy, when Napoleon debouched with a single division on Mount Tabor, and turned his eye below. What a scene met his gaze. The whole plain was filled with marching columns and squadrons of wildly galloping steeds, while the thunder of cannon and fierce rattle of musketry, amid which now and then was heard the blast of trumpets, and strains of martial music, filled all the air. The smoke of battle was rolling furiously over the hosts, and all was confusion and chaos in his sight. Amid the twenty-seven thousand Turks that crowded the plain and enveloped their enemy like a cloud, and amid the incessant discharge of artillery and musketry, Napoleon could not tell where his own brave troops were struggling, only by the steady simultaneous volleys which showed how discipline was contending with the wild valor of overpowering numbers. The constant flashes from behind that rampart of dead bodies were like spots of flame on the tumultuous and chaotic field. Napoleon descended from Mount Tabor with his little band, while a single twelve pounder, fired from the height, told the wearied Kleber that he was rushing to the rescue. Then for the first time he took the offensive, and poured his enthusiastic followers, on the fallen foe, carrying death and terror over the field. Thrown into confusion, and trampled under foot, that mighty army rolled turbulently back towards the Jordan, where Murat was anxiously waiting to mingle in the fight. Dashing with his cavalry among the disordered ranks, he sabred them down without mercy, and raged like a lion amid the prey. This chivalric and romantic warrior declared that the remembrance of the scenes that once transpired on Mount Tabor, and on these consecrated spots, came to him in the hottest of the fight and nerved him with tenfold courage.

As the sun went down over the plains of Palestine, and twilight shed its dim ray over the rent and trodden and dew covered field, a sulphurous cloud hung around the summit of Mount Tabor. The smoke of battle had settled there where once the cloud of glory rested, while groans and shrieks and cries rent the air. Nazareth, Jordan and Mount Tabor, what spots for battle-fields!

Roll back twenty centuries and again view that hill. The day is bright and beautiful as then, and the same rich oriental landscape is smiling in the same sun. There is Nazareth with its busy population—the same Nazareth from which Kleber marched his army; and there is Jordan rolling its bright waters along—the same Jordan along whose banks charged the glittering squadrons of Murat's cavalry; and there is Mount Tabor—the same on which Bonaparte stood with his cannon; and the same beautiful plain where rolled the smoke of mortal combat. But how different is the scene that is passing there. The Son of God stands on that height and casts his eye over the quiet valley through which Jordan winds its silver current. Three friends are beside him; they have walked together up the toil-some way, and now the four stand, mere specks on the distant summit. Far away to the north-west shines the blue Mediterranean—all around is the great plain of Esdræon and Galilee—eastward, the lake of Tiberias dots the landscape, while Mount Carmel lifts its naked summit in the distance. But the glorious landscape at their feet is forgotten in a sublimer scene that is passing before them. The son of Mary—the carpenter of Nazareth—the wanderer with whom they have eaten and drank, and travelled on foot many a weary league, in all the intimacy of companions and friends, begins to change before their eyes. Over his soiled and coarse garments is spreading a strange light, steadily brightening into intense beauty, till that form glows with such splendor that it seems to waver to and fro and dissolve in the still radiance.

The three astonished friends gaze on it in speechless admiration, then turn to that familiar face. But lo, a greater change has passed over it. The man has put on the God, and that sad and solemn countenance which has been so often seen stooping over the couch of the dying, and entering the door of the hut of poverty, and passing through the streets of Jerusalem, and pausing by the weary wayside—aye, bedewed with the tears of pity—now burns like the sun in his midday splendor. Meekness has given way to majesty—sadness to dazzling glory—the look of pity to the grandeur of a God.

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A Landlord Gratified.

A Yankee—but whether he was a trader or not, I can't say—stopped at a tavern, away up north, in the State of New York, called for "fixins," and after swallowing a pretty considerable bill, retired. Meanwhile the landlord and interlopers were busily engaged in conversation.—By and by, the Yankee and Yankee tricks were discussed. The landlord informed the bar-room company there was a live Yankee in the house, and if there were possible, he would have a trick or two out of him before he left, while the aforesaid hangers-on were to be witnesses. After a "pleasant smile," all round, at the landlord's expense, they left.

Next morning, landlord and company were ready to snap at Mr. Yankee, as soon as he made his appearance. Breakfast being over in walks Jonathan, with an air peculiar to folks 'deoun east,' paid his bill, and was about to depart, when the landlord accosted him with:

"You, it is plain to see, sir, are a Yankee. Can or will you oblige as with trick or two, for I assure you we are willing to be tricked if you can do it."

"Wall, dunno' bout that. Hev done a few in my time, but dunno' as I kin dew anythin' smart this mornin'."

"Oh do. Let's have a trick," cried the eager crowd.

"Wall, seein' it's yecou I'll dew it jest to please yer; but I s'now, you mustn't git mad."

"Oh no, not at all," says the landlord.

"I'll go his security," chimed old rumsona.

"I reckon," says Jonathan "yew sell a prodigious sight of liquor in these parts, and good taw. Yecou've a pipe of wine down cellar, eh?"

"Oh, rale stuff, too, I can tell you."

"Wall," says Jonathan, "come along all yecou that want to behold the miracle performed;" and down they went into the cellar. The said pipe was pointed out. "Neow," says the Yankee, "gentlemen, yew see that pipe of wine, dew yecou? A nod of assent went the rounds of the crowd. "Wall, neow, I can take brandy out of one end, and gin out of t'other."

"Do it, and you can take my head for a football," exclaimed the landlord.

Jonathan coolly drew from his pocket a large gimlet, and bored a hole in one end of the pipe, which hole the landlord was requested to cover with his thumb. He did so; and soon a hole was bored in "tother, while he end." Jonathan kept a sober phiz during the operation, and requested the landlord to stop up the

tother, while he went after somethin' to put the derned stuff in. The landlord complied with his request, and stretched across the pipe, resembling a man-o-war's man about to receive a dozen with the "cat." Jonathan meanwhile decamped, he did. The landlord's back began to ache, and he began to think the Yankee was a long time getting vials to put the liquor in. Soon the vials of his wrath began to boil over, and words too deep for human ears were struggling for utterance, and he, holding on, endeavored to keep the wine from leaking out. Soon the hoax began to leak from the out-siders. By and by, one gave a laugh, and guessed the landlord was done a leetle the brownest he'd ever seen; and then didn't the walls of the old cellar ring again with bursts of laughter? Well, they did.

The landlord raved and swore almost—no, he was a deacon in the church!—And at last he broke forth with, "Dog my eternal ens, if I ain't been tricked by the confounded Yankee." He tried to get some one of the crowd to supply his place, but old Rumson never let a good opportunity slip; he thought it would be well, inasmuch as the landlord had allowed himself to be tricked by Mr. Yankee Doodle, that he (the landlord) should treat all hands, which having promised faithfully to do, they released the landlord from his tiresome position after losing his patience and some of his wine.

The Hero and the Printer.

"When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering in steel, with his battle axe on his shoulders, 'till fierce hosts fled out to new victories and new carnage; the pale looker-on might have fancied that nature was in her death throes; for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth—the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet it might be on that very gala day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing nine pins in the streets of Metz, whose history was more important to man than that of twenty Tamerlanes. The Tartar Khain, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, "passed away like a whirlwind," to be forgotten forever; and that German artisan has wrought a benefit which is yet immeasurably expanding itself through all countries and through all times. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporation of captains, from Walter the Pennyless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with these moveable types of Faust! Truly, it is a mortifying thing is the metal which he hammers with such violence; now the kind earth will soon shroud up his bloody foot-prints; and all that he achieved and skillfully piled together, will be but like his own canvass of a city camp—this evening loud with life, to-morrow all struck and vanished—a few earth-pits and heaps of straw, for here as always, it continues true that the deepest force is the stillest; that, as in the fable, the mild shining of the sun shall silently accomplish what the fierce blustering of the tempest in vain essayed. Above all, it is ever to keep in mind that, not by material, but by moral power, are men and their actions governed. How noiseless is thought! No rolling of drum, no tramp of squadrons, or immeasurable tumult of baggage-wagons attends its movements. In what obscure and sequestered places may be heard the meditating which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority! For kings and emperors will be among the ministering servants; it will not rule over but in all heads—and with these its solitary combinations of ideas, as with magic formulas, bend the world to its will! The time may come when Napoleon himself will be better known for his laws than for his battles, and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute.—Carlyle.

We often censure the conduct of others, when, under the same circumstances, we might not have acted half so well.

There are some who live without any design at all, and only pass in the world like straws upon a river; they do not go, but they are carried.

Nothing can so fortify the heart against vice, as the love of a virtuous woman. If you would avoid the State prison, therefore, tie yourself to calico as soon as possible. For the morals there is nothing like the "dimity" after all. It is even ahead of rattan.

Sombody thinks that if nature had designed a man to be a drunkard, he would have been constructed like a churn, so that the more he drank, the firmer he would stand.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK, &c.—One of those unhappy fanatics, who positively insist upon the dissolution of the Union, received a terrible beating on Tuesday evening, which was brought about after this fashion:

The fanatic held in his hand a petition for disunion, to which he was soliciting signatures. Unfortunately he stopped an Irishman, and requested his name.

"What good can my name do you?" inquired the Emerald Islander.

"The time for action has at length come; the infamous slaveholders of the South must be put down—the slave must be freed, the constitution—"

"What are you palavering about?" said Pat impatiently.

"The Union must be dissolved!" emphatically replied the fanatic.

"The what?" screamed Pat.

"The Union," said the petitioner.

"Is it destroy the country ye mane?"

"Any thing, so we free the slave."

"Now, arn't you a purty blackguard!" exclaimed Pat.

"Take care what you say, sir."

"Tunder and turf, ye spalpeen—but it's meself that has the notion to break every bone in your unmannerly carcass."

"Beware, sir."

"Is it threat'ning me ye are? Take that—and that—and that," shouted the patriotic Irishman, as he emptied his fists right and left into the face of the fanatic who in vain tried to oppose so unnatural a demonstration.

A crowd soon gathered, and patriotic Pat was suffered to escape; when the facts were explained.—City Item.

SIR H. L. BULWER'S MANIFESTO.—We are glad to notice the spirit which has been awakened by the publication of the manifesto of the British minister in favour of the tariff of 1846. The Whig press of the interior is speaking out boldly on the subject, and we most sincerely hope and believe that the appearance of this ministerial epistle will have the effect of opening the eyes of many who have hitherto been incredulous as to the real character of the present tariff.

The *Miner's Journal*, in referring to the subject, says:

"The question is now presented to the American Congress in a plainer light than ever—it is whether the British or American petition shall be granted—whether the laborers of England or those of America, shall be fostered by the hand of our government! What will the iron manufacturers of our State—a state whose future prosperity depends on the measures of government—say to this? Can they quietly witness such desecration on the part of the British government? We trust they will be ready to exclaim with Mr. Stanly, from North Carolina—"How dare the British minister interfere with our domestic policy!" Of course, Congress will not follow the advice (!) but legislate in a manner that will promote the interests of America, regardless of the disagreeable effect" it would produce in other nation, and teach foreign ministers that we are able to take care of ourselves, and will not permit such insolent interference in our domestic affairs."

Laughing in the Pulpit.

Said Mr. C., a Presbyterian minister of some notoriety, I never laughed in the pulpit only on one occasion, and that came near procuring my dismissal from the ministry. About one of the first discourses I was called to deliver, subsequent to my ordination, after reading my text and opening my subject, my attention was directed to a young man with a very foppish dress, and a head of exceeding red hair. In a slip immediately behind this young gentleman sat an unclean, who must have been urged on in his devilry by the evil one himself, for I do not conceive the younger thought of the jest he was playing off on the spruced dandy in front of him. The boy held his fore-finger in the hair of the young man about as long as a blacksmith would a nail rod in the fire to heat and then on his knee, commenced pounding his finger in imitation of a smith making a nail. The whole thing was so ludicrous that I laughed, the only time that I ever disgraced the pulpit with any thing like mirth.

MR. CALHOUN'S SPEECH.—The Baltimore Patriot in referring to Mr. Calhoun's speech, says:

"In few or none of its conclusions do we agree—in none of its anticipations of evil to result to the Union from what Congress may do or may not do, can we share—and to the bent of the argument—the dissolution of the Union—which swayed the author's mind, we are unalterably opposed."

THE WEBSTER WATCH.—Fifteen subscribers, all of which Eastern merchants, have united to purchase the very best plain gold watch that can be got in New York city, to be attached to the heavy gold chain already prepared, for presentation to Daniel Webster. The watch and chain will be the most splendid establishment of the kind ever got up.