The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

WILLIAM BREWSTER, SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1855.

VOL. 20. NO. 24.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at he following rates:

If paid in advance.....$1,50

If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1,75

If paid at the end of the year.....2,00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

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1. *Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.*

2. *If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*

3. *If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.*

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5. *Persons who continue to receive or take the paper from the office, are to be considered as subscribers and as such, equally responsible for subscription, as if they had ordered their names entered upon the publishers books.*

6. *The Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Post Master who neglects to perform his duty of giving reasonable notice as required by the regulations of the Post Office Department, of the neglect of a person to take from the office, newspapers addressed to him, renders the Post Master liable to the publisher for the subscription price.*

☞ POSTMASTERS are required by law to notify publishers by letter when their publications are refused or not called for by persons to whom they are sent, and to give the reason of such refusal, if known. It is also their duty to frank all such letters. We will thank postmasters to keep us posted up in relation to this matter.

Select Poetry.

WHEN I SAW SWEET NELLY HOME.

BY MARY FRANCIS KYLE.

AIR—"*Rosa Lee.*"

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the grass the moonlight fell,
Hushed the sound of daylight's bustle,
Closed the "pink-eyed pimpernell,"
As down the moss-grown wood-path—
Where the cattle love to roam—
From aunt Pattie's quilting party
I was seeing Nelly home.

Jetty ringlets softly fluttered
O'er a brow as white as snow,
And her cheek!—the crimson sunset
Scarcely has a warmer glow;
'Mid her parted lips' vermillion,
White teeth flashed like ocean foam;
All I marked, with pulses throbbing,
While I saw sweet Nelly home.

When the Autumn tinged the greenwood,
Turning all its leaves to gold,
In the lawn by alders shaded
I my love to Nelly told;
As we stood together gazing
On the star-bespangled dome,
How I blessed the August evening
When I saw sweet Nelly home.

White hairs mingle with my tresses,
Furrows steal upon my brow,
But a love-smile cheers and blesses
Life's declining moments now;
Matron in the snowy 'kerchief,
Closer to my bosom come—
Tell me, dost thou still remember
When I saw sweet Nelly home?

A Select Tale.

GETTING IN AT NIGHT.

'The door was locked when I got home,' said Tom, 'and how to get in without waking up 'the governor,' was the difficulty, I know he'd give me 'particular fits,' if he knew I was out after ten, and the clock had just struck one. The back yard was an impossibility, and but one chance remained. There was a porch over the front door, the roof of which was but a few feet below two windows. One of them I knew was fastened down, and the other opened from a bedroom, which might or might not be occupied. An old maiden sister of Tim's wife had arrived on the same day, and it was very probable that she was in that room; but I knew the bed was in the corner farthest from the window, and hoped I should be able to get in without awakening her, and *then* I had a comparatively easy thing of it. So getting a plank from a neighboring board pile, I rested it against the eave of the shed, pulled off my shoes, put them in my pocket, and then 'cooned up.' All right so far, but I thought it necessary, in order not to arouse any suspicions in the morning, to remove the plank; so dragging it up, I threw off the end, and down it went with an awful clatter on a stray dog that had followed me for two or three squares, who immediately set up the most awful howl a whipped hound ever gave tongue to. That started half-a-dozen other dogs in the neighborhood barking. A mocking bird in the window above commenced singing as if he intended to split his throat at it, and an old woman, in her night clothes, with a candle in her hand, appeared at the window across the street. I knew I was safe as far as she was concerned, but if any one came to our windows, the candle gave enough light to very probably discover me. Nobody *did* come, however, and the old lady, after peering up and down the street for a minute or more, popped her head in and retired. The mocking-bird kept up its eternal whistle, and it was fully half an hour before it and the dogs settled down and gave me a chance to move. Creeping slowly along the wall, till I reached the window, I put my hands on the sill, sprung in, and, with my head and shoulders within, and my legs hanging out, stopped to listen. Yes, she *was* in that room, for I could hear her breathing. After waiting for a minute, I cautiously drew up one leg, then the other, slewed them round, and putting them down to the floor, was just conscious that I had stepped on something soft and yielding, and was about withdrawing them, when another yell broke out at my feet, the old maid jumped up from her bed crying 'Murder, murder,' and the dogs and the mocking-bird started again. I saw through it all: I had 'put my foot in it' more ways than one. A little darkey was lying on her back, under the window, and I had stepped on her face, and, of course, woke her up. I decided in a flash what to do. The house would be aroused, and, I caught, to a certainty, unless I could get to my room before the governor was up. But I hadn't a moment to lose, for the little nigger was yelling, and the woman screaming, so I started for the door, made three steps, and struck a chair, tumbled over, of course, made the awfullest racket you ever heard of, in the 'dead hour of night,' in a peaceable house; the nigger, and the old maid screamed louder than ever; the mocking-bird whistled like a steam-engine, and the dogs fairly made a chorus as loud as Jullien's.

I reached the door, however, swiftly and quietly opened it, and just got out in time to see the old gentleman open his door, with a candle in his hand, and come hurrying up the stairs. Not a moment was to be lost. There was a wardrobe near where I stood, and I sprang behind it.—Up came the governor, reached the door, opened it, went in, and in the meantime there was all sorts of confusion and inquiry down stairs as to what was the matter. Nobody else came up, though, and from where I stood I heard every word of inquiry and explanation in the room. Of course they couldn't make much out of it. The little darkey was too frightened and too sound asleep at the time to understand the truth, and the upshot of the business was, that they concluded she had been dreaming, and the governor, after giving her a sound spanking, and explaining the matter to the aroused neighbors, from the window, went down to his room again.

So far, so good. I now had to go down stairs, reach the back door, unbar it, get into the yard, make for my room, which was in the second story of a back building that stood unconnected with, and about a dozen yards from the main one. After giving everybody another half hour to settle down again, I started. Boys, did you ever try to go up or down a pair of stairs, at midnight, without making a noise?—You may try all sorts of ways, but every step is sure to creak, each with a peculiar noise of its own, and loud enough you are certain, to awaken everybody. I had gotten nearly to the bottom, when a little fiste dog came trotting along the entry towards me, yelling furiously. A suppressed 'Come here, sir, you Zip,' silenced him, for he recognized me; but the fiste started the mocking bird, and the dogs in the neighborhood having learned to take the cue, of course, all joined chorus for the third time.

I ran along the passage, reached the door, unlocked it, just as the governor, roused the second time, opening his door and seeing a man escaping from the house by the back way, of course cried 'Thieves! thieves! and made a rush after me. I was too quick for him though, opened the door, sprang out, broke for the door which opened into the room below mine, and had just reached it, when *crash!* within a foot of my head went a brick, and another voice that I knew belonged to next door, neighbor Tompkins, joined the governor in the cry of 'Thieves! thieves! murder! thieves!' I was safe, though. Rushing up the stairs, I shelled myself quicker than I ever did before or since, and was in bed and sound asleep in less than half a minute. Wasn't there a row, though? I never heard so many dogs before, the mocking-bird, of course, outdoing all previous efforts; the chickens even began to crow. Tompkins, next door, was hallooing 'Thieves!' and calling the governor. I could hear screams and all sorts of talking and noises among the neighbors, until at length the old gentleman's voice was heard in the yard calling 'Tom! Tom!'

Tom was sound asleep—snoring!'

'Tom!' cried the old man in a voice that would have roused a man from an epileptic fit.

I judged it prudent to wake then, and jumping from my bed, raised the window, and rubbing one eye, and looking particularly frightened, (which I was,) asked:

'Why, father what in the world's the matter?'

'There's thieves in the house!' was the reply; 'get your gun and come down, and be quick!'

'He's in the room below you, Tom!' hallooed Tompkins, 'I'm certain of it. I saw him as he ran down, and threw a fire-brick at him. I know he didn't pass that door, Mr. Jones.'

'I was directed to 'look out for myself;' the governor stood sentinel at the door below, armed with a club, while Tompkins had five minutes to collect aid from the neighbors, and in less than half that, so thoroughly was every house alarmed, there were a dozen or more men in the yard, armed with guns, pistols and sticks.

'The governor led the attack. Opening the door, he called, 'Come out here, you house-breaking scoundrel! If you attempt to run or resist, I'll blow your brains out! Nobody came, however.

'Watch the door,' was the order, 'while I go in;' and I was told to 'look sharp,' and 'shoot the rascal if he came up stairs.' A momentary search was sufficient to satisfy everybody that the thief was not in the room.

'He's up stairs, then,' cried Tompkins, 'for I'll take my Bible oath he didn't pass that door.'

'So up stairs they trooped, but I had lit a candle by that time, and there was no bugbear there. The strictest search, even in looking under a bootjack, didn't show the faintest trace of him. The yard was next examined, then the house, and everybody being tolerably well satisfied that he had escaped, the neighbors dispersed to their several homes, but I was appointed as a sentinel for the rest of the night, and ordered not to go to sleep on my post under penalty of a flogging.

'The articles missing, on a thorough investigation next day, were two pies, and the old lady's silver thimble. The thimble turned up in a week or two, being discovered under the corner of the carpet, but the pies have never been accounted for to this day. On oath, I could have given very material testimony as to the disposition of the stolen property, but as the case didn't come before any court, I remained quiet.

'Didn't the local editors loom, though! One of them elongated himself through a quarter of a column, and headed the item, 'A Diabolical and Atrocious attempt at Burglary and Murder!! describing, with graphic particulars, the fiendish attempt to throttle Miss——, and her servant, complimented the 'coolness and resolution of R. Tompkins, Esq.,' and perorated with a withering anathema on the want of vigilance displayed by the police.

'It was fun for me to see with what wide-awake sagacity the watch used to stop at the front door and listen during their nightly rounds, for a month after; and you couldn't have bribed a youngster to go under the porch, on any account, after dark The excitement died away though, after a while; but I'll never forget the night I tried to get in 'without making a noise.'

GEN. JACKSON'S VIEWS OF PRAYER.—While he was connected with the army, an officer complained to him that some soldiers were making a great noise in a tent. 'What are they doing?' asked the General. 'They are praying now, but have been singing, was the reply. 'And is that a crime?' asked Jackson, with emphasis. 'The articles of war, the officer said, 'order punishment for any unusual noise.' 'God forbid!' replied Jackson, with much feeling, 'that praying should be an unusual noise in any camp,' and advised the officer to join them.

Miscellaneous.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

WHY DIDN'T THEY HOLD ME.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

The stage horn was ringing in my ear its warning that, like time and tide, it waited for no man, or woman either, but as I hurried on through a dim passage, I had a glimpse through a half open door at a scene that has impressed itself on my memory indelibly.

'Why didn't they hold me,' were the words uttered in such anguish that they thrilled in my ear when the stage had borne me far away from that great city and its sins and sorrows, and I determined to fling them as an alarm on the winds, until the statesmen and people, mother and teacher, should set about forging bands to hold those that follow in the footsteps of that dreadful sufferer.

A half dozen fine looking men surrounded his bed, the thrifty growth of hair on their faces, and the glittering of jewelry about their persons, indicated as plainly as their haggard features, and wary eyes, the order to which they belonged. They were of that mysterious order of knighthood, who seem to have found the alchemist's coveted power, or at least to enjoy its coveted results. They live in first class hotels, wear first class clothes, gold abounds with them, and yet they hold labor, practically at least, in supreme contempt. I knew the object of their care was one of their number, who, the night before, in a fit of delirium tremens, had thrown himself from the window of the upper story of the hotel.

He did not toss from side to side as men do usually when a burning fever rages on them, for head, spine, limbs, had all been rendered useless by that fall; but his whole frame quivered with agony, and from underneath the matted, streaming masses of hair that fell over his face, already wan and wasted with suffering, his eyes glared out fiercely as a wounded tiger's.

'Why didn't they hold me!' he muttered; and with his groans he mingled reproaches that horrid curses upon the careless watchers that had lost him make that terrible leap.

Why didn't they hold him? Why, they did not realize the fearfulness of the terrors that encompassed him; they have never had delirium tremens—not yet.

The fiend that brandished that naked sword over his defenceless head was invisible to their eyes. They did not hear the hiss of the serpents that coiled and writhed their slimy folds about his shrinking form! Oh, no! they did not see them, and it was such rare sport, to see that swaggering blustering bully cower, and crouch before his imaginary tormentors! So they mocked, and jeered, and incited him on to combat with his phantom foes, until the window caught his eye as a hope for escape, and so, with a yelland a bound, he made that desperate leap, and the next moment there was taken up from amid the mire and blood and shivered glass in the street, a shrieking and mangled wreck of humanity.

Whether that reckless and restless spirit has gone up to its awful account of misspent time, or has to beat out its weary life against the prison bars of a crippled frame, I know not. God be merciful, and heal, if he lingers, both soul and body. Why didn't they hold him? Not those careless, heartless watchers of the other night; the demon of drink was in him then too strong for mortal control, but long, long ago, when he was a blithe, bright boy, as I remember him; then his mother might have held him in the bonds of good habits, and trained him as she did those fragrant vines about her door, and thus virtue might have rendered another home as fair as did those clustering branches her own sweet cottage.

I remember that household well. The father was a man of high standing, filling a responsible and respectable office. The mother gay and indulgent, and affectionate, surrounded by a band of rosy girls and frolicking boys. Fashion entered the holy circle first, with its baneful habits of idleness and extravagance. With it came the custom of drinking, because of fog or frost, because they were merry or because they were sad. The wind was sown there; long years they have been reaping the whirlwind.

A taste for drinking rendered useful occupation distasteful; gaming afforded at once excitement and a promise of a living without labor. The boys drifted off into vagrancy, the father was degraded from his station, and died in disgrace and penury. The girls dropped like cankered flowers, and God, in pity, took them.

The homestead has passed into stranger's hands, and now the poor old mother sits alone in a comfortless cabin, beside the same stream which rolled by the home of her early happiness, and doubtless, as it wanders by, it often whispers of the time when she might have held them all back, by her counsel and example, from their ruin.

WHAT VEGETABLES ARE BEST FOR STOCK.

Mr. Dewey is a careful farmer. He watches carefully the effect of his own methods of cultivation, and the value of his crops, and tries to improve every year by his own experience. He cannot fail to be emulous of improvement, for he is a constant and interested reader of the *Granite Farmer*, and other agricultural papers.—A few observations of Mr. D, on the business of the farm, showed so much exact and valuable knowledge, that we have not been satisfied without longer and more minute inquiries on various matters, of which the following is one:

Speaking of raising vegetables for stock, Mr. Dewey took us into his cellar, where was heaped up nearly 200 bushels of beets the large kind for stock, called the *Mangel Wurtzel*, and not far off an ample store of turnips, carrots, potatoes, &c. The beet yields bountifully, and after five years' experience, Mr. D. is satisfied that the *Mangel Wurtzel* is by far the best vegetable to raise for stock. To satisfy our curiosity, he allowed us to measure the ground where the beets were grown this year and ascertain the quantity produced. The piece of ground is about eight rods long by five in width, containing almost one quarter of an acre. The rows run across and were about two and half feet apart. Every other row was carrots nearly all the way, there being 30 rows of beets and 24 rows of carrots in all. Every four rows of beets filled a 25 bushel cart, giving in all seven loads, good 175 bushels to the quarter acre (or 700 bushels per acre.) Besides, the 34 rows of carrots gave 1,760 lbs., or about 22 bushels to the same quarter acre, (or 128 bushels or three and a half tons of carrots to the same acre.)

Mr. D. has planted the same piece of land with beets and alternate rows of turnips or carrots for six years, and with constantly increasing success. The land is a clayey loam. Sand is added where it is too heavy. It is plowed as deep as can be conveniently done, say from eight to ten inches, and barn yard manure put on and plowed in yearly, equal in quantity to the crop taken off. Mr. D. raises his own seed and sows with a machine. He procures different varieties of seed each year, so as to select choice roots for the raising of seed for the following year to improve it.

As to feeding with roots, Mr. D, says they are exceedingly valuable to keep all kinds of stock thriving, healthy and productive. He feeds them to all his stock in winter, and till they go out to grass, once or twice a week, as the store will hold out, giving about a peck at a time to a cow or an ox He never cuts them except for sheep, and then it is easily done with a sharp shovel in a box for the purpose. Mr. D. has tried and still uses turnips and carrots, and says he would as soon have in his stock five bushels of beets as four bushels of carrots. The beets do much better for sheep than turnips. The lambs are stronger and more hardy. But the beets are are especially valuable for cows giving milk. They increase the quantity and excellence of the flavor more than any other vegetable. Turnips always give a bad flavor.

So much for the *Mangel Wurtzel*. It may suggest to those who have not turned their attention particularly to the subject, what is one of the secrets of raising choice stock, and also the great profit of cultivating well and manuring highly a small piece of land.—*Granite Farmer.*

AUNT HETTY'S ADVICE.—O, girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots or lap-dogs, but let matrimony alone. It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living—you never know when your work is done up. Think of carrying eight or nine children through the measles, chicken pox, mumps, thrush, and scarlet fever, some o' them twice over; it makes my sides ache to think of it. O, you may scrimp and save, and twist and turn, and dig and delve, economize and die, and your husband will marry again, take all you have saved, and dress his second wife with and she'll use your portrait for a fire-board and—but what's the use of talking? I warrant every one of you'll try it the first chance you get—there's a sort of bewitchment about it, somehow!

☞ Solitude teaches us how to die.

AN AMOROUS BALLOONIST.

A late French journal relates the following story, which, it will be seen, is French all over besides being immensely funny:

While Mons. Godard was filling an immense balloon in the *Champ de Mars* he amused the spectators by sending up the small figure of a man, the perfect semblance of Mr. Thiers, without the spectacles, the little man being filled with gas, rose majestically into the air, and was soon lost to view among the clouds. His adventures, which became known the next day, were curious. Thanks to a strong and favoring gale, which impelled him on his course, the little balloon-man arrived the same afternoon in sight of a fine country house in the neighborhood of Bievro. It was near the hour of dinner, and the lady of the mansion, who naturally thought herself perfectly safe, was occupied in the mysteries of her toilet. It was a warm day, and she had opened one of the windows which looked out upon the park, and was safe from any prying eyes. While tranquilly engaged, by the assistance of a corset-lacing, in reducing her waist to a size and shape that would reflect credit on her husband's taste, she was suddenly started by a blast of wind, followed by a strange noise, and immediately the casement was thrown open, and our little balloon-man entered her chamber unannounced. The lady utters a cry of terror, and throws a shawl over her shoulders. The little man, driven by the wind, throws himself upon the unhappy woman, who, screaming louder than ever, pushes him off, and he conceals himself under the bed.

Just as the wife in a supplicating voice, says to this novel Don Juan: "Ah! Monsieur, go away, or you will ruin me!"—the husband furiously rushed in crying: "Ah! the wretch, I have him now!" and he goes in search of his sword to run him through the body.

The wife, more dead than alive, reiterates, in the midst of sobs: "Fly! fly! Monsieur, and save me the sight of a dreadful tragedy."

The husband arrives, armed to the teeth, followed by the whole household, who seek to mollify his anger.

While two of his friends hold the husband, a third, stooping down perceives our little friend, who, for good cause, utters not a word, and catching him by the leg, draws him forth from his concealment, when lo! Monsieur Baloon no longer held down by the bedside, raises himself erect, swells out, and rises majestically to the ceiling, to the immense amusement of the spectators, while the poor jealous husband slinks away, sword and all, heartily ashamed of his causeless wrath.

DON'T SIT UP TO HER.

A Green Mountain boy fell in love with a pretty girl and determined "to court her." To that end he dressed himself in his "Sunday-go-to-meeting;" went to her father's house and found her alone.

"How d'ye do?" said Jonathan.

"I'm nicely," says the girl.

Jonathan took a seat and seated himself in the furthest corner of the room, as though beauty was a thing to be feared rather than loved.

"Aint you cold—hadn't you better sit up to the fire," says Sally, supposing of course that he would, if he was going to make love at all, to do it in a proper manner.

"No, I thankee, I reckon I'm comfortable," returns Jonathan.

"How is your marm?" said Sally.

"Well, she's complainin' a little, says Jonathan. Here a pause of ten minutes ensued, during which time he amused himself whittling a stick.

"There's nothing new up your way, is there?" said Sally, which Jonathan might understand as applying to his present situation, or to his father's domicil.

"Here! oh—yes, you meant him; well, no, that is, yes; our spotted cow's broke her horn," said Jonathan.

Sally would undoubtedly have laughed at this queer piece of information, only she was too much vexed at the speaker.—At length, after much protracted silence, Sally got up a very small edition of a scream, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "Let me alone."

"Why," says Jonathan, dropping his knife and stick in astonishment, "why I aint touching on ye."

"Well," says Sally in a voice which might be indicative of fear, but sounded very like a request. "Well, aint you goin' tu?"

Jonathan thought a moment of this equivocal reply, and then placing his knife in his pocket, he drew his chair by the side of pretty Sally, gently encircled her waist, and—

Our Chip Basket.

☞ The lady who put her floor-cloth in the cradle, and scrubbed the floor with the baby, has since joined the Mormons.

☞ 'I say, Pat, is'nt one man as good as another?'

'Of coorse he is, and a great deal better.'

☞ The following is from an Ohio paper:

'Notice is here By Given that no pursen is pur Mitted to take Ene Nuts of Ene kind out of Mi Woods My hogs Must live look Oute.'

☞ The natives of Australia are a simple race. Their superstitions are curious. They believe that after death they return as white men. One of them, hanged at Melbourne, said, "Never mind, I jump up white fellow, with plenty of sixpence."

A KNOTTY PROBLEM.—The Chinese are said to have labored for centuries under great embarrassment from not knowing how to make a barrel. They could without any difficulty, make the staves, set them up, and hoop them in; and, indeed, with the help of a man inside, they could put the second head on; but how to get the man out after the barrel was headed—that was the question.

☞ A pedagogue relates a laughable story of one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle. He told him to spell 'hostility.'

'H o r s-e, horse—commenced Pat.

'Not *horse*-tility,' said the teacher, 'but *hos*-tility.'

'Sure,' replied Pat, 'and didn't ye tell me the other day not to say *hoss?* Be jabers, it's one thing wid you one day, and another the nixt.'

☞ A man with an enormously large mouth called on a dentist to get a tooth drawn—after the dentist had prepared his instruments and was about to commence operations, the man of mouth began to strain and stretch his mouth till he got it to a most frightful extent. "Say sir," said the dentist, "don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider, for I intend to stand on the outside of it to draw your tooth."

☞ A good story is told of an old gentleman, named Raddleburn, who resides in the western part of this State, and who becoming apprehensive that he had not a single relation in the world, published an advertisement, desiring that all who could claim kindred with the Raddleburn family should come forward, as there was a fortune of $150,000 to be divided among them and in no less than twenty-four hours he was visited by no less than six aunts, nineteen uncles, and twenty-one nephews, ninety-four nieces, and one hundred and seventy-five cousins.

☞ A little boy of six years when undressing for bed one night, with his night-dress on the back of his neck, was heard musing aloud as follows:

"I can beat Tom Tucker; I can write my name in writing; I can spell Nebuchadnezzar; and I can tie a double bow-knot."

Another little fellow, of four, wading in a mud puddle, after a shower, came across an angel-worm, and thus delivered himself in audible reverie;

"Worms are the snakes' babies; little mices are the rats' babies; and the *stars are the moon's babies!*"

Exchanging Wives.

A late number of the Eastern Clarion published at Paulding, Miss., gives an account of a swap negotiated in that vicinity by two of its subscribers, and vouches for the truth of its story. The chattels which changed owners were nothing less than the wifes of the parties, who were on the eve of emigrating, as they eventually did, the one to Alabama and the other to Texas. The Clarion refrains from giving the real names of the faithless Benedicts, and calls them "Obadiah" and "Dick," and records the circumstances of the transaction—how they went into the woods sat down upon a log, and entered upon the business, how they came near spoiling the trade because Obe's wife was a "younger critter by half a dozen years;" and how after much chaffering, the difference was finally equalized by the generous proposal of Dick to give in the way of boot, "a cow and calf, two goats, an old gun and an ox bell." The respective children of the two mothers remained with their respective fathers, and their strangely acquired mothers followed them to the States of their adoption.