

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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Select Poetry.

Song of the Bachelor.

—"Queen Mary's Escape."

Funny and free are the bachelor's reveries,
Cheerily, merrily passes his life,
All bespattering, bumping and battering,
Nothing knows he of connubial devilities,
Troublesome children and clamorous wife;
Free from society, care and anxiety,
Charms in variety fall to his share,
Bacchus' blisses and Venus' kisses—
This, boys, this, is the bachelor's fare.

A wife, like a canister, chattering, clattering,
Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,
All bespattering, bumping and battering,
Hurries him, worries him, till he is dead.
Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,
Young ones are new devils, raising despair;
Doctors and nurses, combining their curses,
Adieu to full purses and bachelor's fare.

Through such felly, days, once sweet holidays,
Soon are embittered by wrangling and strife;
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
All perplexing and vexing one's life.

Children are riotous, maid servants fly at us,
Mamma, to quiet us, growls like a bear;
And Molly is bawling, and Polly is squalling,
While Dad is recalling his bachelor's fare.

When they are older grown, then they are bolder
or grown,
Turning your temper and spurning your rule,
The girls thro' foolishness passion or mulishness
Parry your wishes and marry a fool.

The boys will anticipate, lavish and dissipate,
All that your busy past hoarded with care;
Then tell me what jollity, fun and frivolity,
Equals in quality, bachelor's fare?

A Select Tale.

THE PEASANT'S COAT.

FROM A SHIPMASTER'S LOG BOOK.

On my last voyage to Bristol the owners of the ship went with me. The whole cargo belonged to them, and they not only wished to do some business in England but they also had a desire to travel some. Beside the three owners, I had four passengers in the cabin. The passage from New York to England on that occasion was the most severe and stormy I ever made. I have experienced heavier storms, but never such continued hard weather. The old ship was on a strain the whole of the time and though I ran her into the Avon, without losing a lift, or an important spar, yet she had received much damage. Her main mast was sprung, her rudder damaged, her timbers strained, and for the last week her pumps had to be kept going all the time, owners, passengers, officers and all, doing their share of work at the brakes. As soon as we could get the cargo out, the ship hauled into the dock for repairs, we found, upon examination, that it would be a week before she could be fit for sea; and if she had all the repairs she absolutely needed, it would take her nearer two weeks. A contract was made for the job, and one of the owners agreed to stay by and superintend the work. This left me at liberty, and I began to look around for some place to visit. I had heard much of Salisbury Plain. The famous stonehenge was there, and so were three other relics of Roman and British antiquities. Accordingly to Salisbury Plain I resolved to go. When I went on board the ship to make arrangements with the owner, who had remained there, I found one of the passengers just leaving. His name was Nathan Leeman. He was a young man, not more than thirty years of age, and I supposed him from his features and idiom, to be an Englishman. I told him I was going to Salisbury, and he informed me that he was going the same way.

Leeman had been intending to take the stage to Devizes, and from thence to take some of the cross coaches; but I had resolved to take a horse and travel where, and how, and when I pleased, and he liked my plan so well that he went immediately and bought him a good saddle and horse.

It was about the middle of the forenoon when we set out, and I found out that Leeman intended to visit the curiosities with me, and then keep on towards London, by the way of Andover and Chersey, he having sent his baggage on ahead to Salisbury by the great mail route, which ran many miles out of the way. I found my companion excellent company, and on the way he told me passages from his own life. He was born in England, but this was the first time he had been in the kingdom since he was fourteen years old, and I was led to infer that at that time he ran away from his parents. During the last six years of his residence in the United States, he had been engaged in Western land speculation and he was now independently rich.

We took dinner at Bradford, a large manufacturing town, six miles southeast of Bath, and as soon as our horses were rested, we set out again. Towards the middle of the afternoon the sky began to grow overcast, and we had the promise of a storm. By five o'clock the great black clouds were piled up in heavy masses and

it began to thunder. At Warminster, we had taken the direct road to Amesbury, a distance of fourteen miles, and when this storm came close upon us we were about half-way between the two places. I was in no particular hurry, and as I had no desire to get wet, I proposed we should stop at the first place we came to. In a few moments we came to a point where a small cross-road turned off the right, and where a guide board said it was five miles to Debtford Inn.

I proposed we should turn in this by-way and make for Debtford Inn as fast as possible, and my companion readily consented. We had gone a mile when great drops of rain began to fall, but, as good fortune would have it, we espied a small neat cottage, not more than a furlong ahead, through a clump of poplars. We made for this place and reached it before we got wet. There was a good sized barn on the premises, and a long sheep shed connected with the house. Beneath this shed we drove, and just as we alighted, an old man came out. We told him that we had been caught in a storm, and asked him if he could accommodate us over night. He told us we could have the best his humble place could afford, and if we would put up with that we should be welcome. As soon as our horses were taken care of, we followed the old gentleman into the house. He was a grey-headed old man, certainly on the down hill side of threescore, and his form was bent by hard work. His countenance was naturally kind and benevolent, but there were other marks upon his brow than those of age. The moment I saw him I knew he had seen much suffering. It was a neat room to which we were led, a living room, but free from dirt and clutter. An old woman was just building a fire for supper, and as we entered she arose from her work.

"Some travelers, wife, caught in a shower," said the old man.

"Surely, gentlemen, you are welcome," the woman said in a tone so mild and free that I knew she spoke only the feelings of her soul. "It's poor fare we can give, but the heart of the giver must e'en make up for that."

I thanked the good people, and told them I would pay them well for all they did for us.

"Speak not of pay," said the woman, taking the tea-kettle from the hob and hanging it upon the crane.

"Stop, wife," uttered the old man tremulously. "Let not your heart run away with ye. If the good gentlemen have to spare out of their abundance, it becomes not such sufferers as us to refuse the bounty."

I saw the woman place her apron to her eyes, but she made no reply. The door close by the fire-place stood partly open, and I saw a room beyond, a bed, and I was sure there was some one in it. I asked the old man if he had sickness.

"Yes," said he, with a sad shake of the head. "My poor boy has been sick a long while. He's the only child I have—the only help I have on the little farm—and he has been sick all the spring and summer I've taken care of the sheep, but I could not plant. My wife, God bless her, shares the trial with me, and I think she takes the biggest share."

"No, John, don't say so," uttered the wife, "no woman could do the work you do."

"I don't mean to tell too much Margaret, only you know you've kept me up."

A call from the sick room took the wife away, and the old man began to tell me, in answer to my inquiries, some of the peculiarities of the Plain, for we were on it now, and I found him well-informed and intelligent. At length the table was set out, and the clean white spread, and were invited to sit up. We had excellent white bread, sweet butter, some stewed damsons, and a capital cup of tea. There were no excuses, no apologies—only the food was before us and we were urged to help ourselves. While we were eating the rain ceased falling, but the weather was by no means clear, though just as we moved from the table a gleam of golden light shot thro' the window from the setting sun.

It may have been an hour after this—it was not more than that—when a wagon in which were two men, drove up to the door. The old man had just come from the barn, and it was not yet so dark but we could see the faces of the men in the wagon. They were middle-aged men, one of them habited in a sort of a hunting garb, and the other dressed in black clothes, with that peculiar style of hat and cravat which marks the officer. I turned toward our host for the purpose of asking if he knew the newcomers, and I saw he was very pale and trembling. A low deep groan escaped him, and in a moment more his wife moved to his side, and put her arm around his neck.

She had been trembling, but that groan of her husband's seemed to call her to herself.

"Don't fear, John," she said softly. "They can't take away our love, nor our souls—Cheer up. I'll be a support to ye, John, when all else are gone."

A tear rolled down the old man's cheek, but when another started, he wiped it away and having kissed his wife he arose from his chair. Just then two men entered.—He in the jockey coat came first, and his eyes rested upon Leeman and myself.

"Only some travellers, Mr. Vaughan," said our host.

So Mr. Vaughan turned his gaze elsewhere about the room, and at length we were fixed upon the old man.

"Well," said he, "what about rent?"

"We haven't got a penny of it yet, sir," answered our host, trembling.

"Not a penny! Then how'll you pay me twenty pounds?"

"Alas! I cannot pay it. You know Walter has been long sick, and every penny I could earn has been paid the doctor. You know he was to earn the rent if he had been well."

"I don't know anything about it," returned the landlord, doggedly—for Mr. Vaughan owned the little farm, it afterwards appeared. "All I know is, that you have had the house and the land, and that for two whole years you have not paid me a penny. You know I told you a month ago, that you should have just one more to pay me. The month was up last night. Can you pay me?"

"No! no!—God knows I can't."

"Then you must leave the house."

"When?"

"To night!"

"You do not mean that, You will not turn us out as quickly as—"

"Out upon your prating. What do you mean by that? You had notice a month ago. How long a notice do you suppose I give? If you haven't had time in a month to move, then you must look out for the consequences. To night you must move. If you want a shelter, you may go into the old house at the horse pond."

"But you know there is not a window in it."

"Beggars shouldn't be choosers," remarked Mr. Vaughan. "If it hadn't been for hunting up this officer, I should have been here this morning. But it isn't my fault. Now I can have a good tenant right off, and he wants the house to-morrow. So there's not a word to be said, I shall take your two cows, and your sheep and if they go for more than twenty pounds, after taking out the expenses, you shall have the balance back."

The poor peasant gazed for a moment, half wildly into the landlord's face, and then sank down into his chair, and covered his face with his hands.

"My cows! my sheep!" he groaned spasmodically. "Oh, kill me and have done with it!"

"In God's name, Mr. Vaughan," cried the wife, "spare us them. We will leave the cot, and we will work with all our might until we pay you every farthing, but do not take away our very means of life. My poor boy will die! O you are rich, and we are poor!"

"Nonsense!" uttered the unfeeling man. "I'm used to such stuff. I make a living by renting my farms, and this farm is one of the best I have. A good man can lay up more than ten pounds a year here."

"But we have been sick," urged the woman.

"That isn't my fault. If you are paupers, you know where to go to get taken care of. Now I don't want another word. Out you go, to night, unless you pay me the twenty pounds, and your cows go too."

I was just upon the point of turning to my companion, to ask him if he would not help me to make up the sum, for I was determined that the poor folks should not be turned out thus. The woman had sunk down, she too, had covered her face with her hands. At that moment Nathan Leeman sprang to his feet. His face was very pale, and for the first time I saw that tears had been running down his cheeks.

"Look ye, sir," he said to Vaughan, "how much do these people owe you?"

"Twenty pounds," returned he, regarding his interlocutor sharply.

"And when did this amount come due in this year?"

"It was due just one month ago. The rent is twelve pounds, but I allowed him four pounds for building a bridge over the river."

"Show me the bill."

The man pulled out a large leather pocket-book, and from thence he took a bill. It was receipted. Leeman took up his purse and counted from thence twenty golden

sovereigns. He handed them to the landlord, and took the bill.

"I believe that settles the matter, sir," my companion said, exerting all his power to appear calm.

"Yes, sir," returned Vaughan, gazing first upon the man who had given him the money, to see if he was in earnest, and then turning to the window to see if the gold was pure. "Yes, sir," he repeated, "this makes us all right."

"Then I suppose we can remain here now, undisturbed?"

"Yes! provided I can have my pay for the month that has elapsed and whilst the family remains."

"It is right you should have your pay, sure. Come to-morrow, and I will arrange it with you—only leave us now."

Mr. Vaughan cast one more glance about the room, but without speaking further he left, and the officer had to follow him, with out having done anything to earn a fee.—As soon as they were gone, the old man started to his feet.

"Sir," said he, turning towards Leeman, "what means this? Do you think I can ever pay you back again?"

"Sometime you can," returned my companion.

"Yes, yes, John," said the wife, sometime we shall surely pay him."

"Alas! when?"

"Any time within a month will answer," said Leeman.

Both the old people looked aghast.

"O! You have only planted more misery for us, kind sir," cried the old man.—"We could have borne to have been stripped of our goods by the landlord, better than we can to a noble friend. You must take our stock—our cows and sheep."

"But not yet," resumed Leeman. "Once you had a boy—a wild wayward child."

"Yes," murmured the old man.

"And what became of him?"

For some moments the father was silent but at length said,

"Alas he fled from home, long years ago. One night—we lived then far from here, in Northamptonshire—my boy, joined with a lot of other youths, most of them older than himself, and went into the park of Sir Thomas Boyle and carried away two deer. He was detected, and to escape punishment, he fled,—and I have not seen him since. But Sir Thomas would not have punished him for he told me so afterwards."

"And tell me, John Leeman, did you never hear from that boy?"

"Never," answered the old man.

As soon as I heard my companion pronounce the old man's name, the truth flashed upon me in an instant, and I was not alone in my conviction. The quick heart of the mother had caught the spark of hope and love. At that moment the fire upon the hearth blazed up, and the light poured into the room, my companion's face was fully revealed. The woman rose and walked towards him. She hid her hand upon his head, and trembling she whispered,

"For the love of heaven don't deceive me. But speak to me—let me call you—Nathan—Nathan Leeman!"

"And I should answer, for that is my name!" spoke the man, starting up.

"And what should you call me?" the woman gasped.

"My mother!"

The fire gleamed more brightly upon the hearth, and I saw the aged woman upon the bosom of her long lost boy. And then I saw the father totter up and joined them—and I heard the murmured words of blessing and joy. I arose and slipped out of the room and went to the barn; when I got there I took out my handkerchief and wiped the tears from my cheeks.

It was an hour before I returned, and then I found all calm and serene, save the mother, who was still weeping, for the head of her returned boy was yet resting upon her shoulder, and her arm was about his neck. Nathan arose as I entered, and with a smile he bade me be seated.

"You know all, as well as I can tell you," said he. "When we first stopped here, for had no idea of finding my parents here, when I went away, sixteen years ago, I left them in Kingsthorpe upon the Ken. I knew them, of course, but I wished to see if they would know me. But from thirty-three to thirty is a changing period. I think God sent me here," he added in a lower tone, "for only think what curious circumstances have combined to bring me to this cot."

It did seem truly as though some power higher than our own had brought all this about. But at all events, there was a higher power thought of that night beneath the peasant's humble cot, for God was praised again and again.

On the following morning, I resumed

my journey alone, but had to promise that I would surely call there on my return. I went to Salisbury, from thence to Winchester, and thence to Portsmouth, to see the great ships of war. I returned to the cot in eight days, and spent a night there.—Money possessed some charms for it had not only given to the poor peasant a home for the rest of his life, but it had brought back health to the sick boy. An experienced physician from Salisbury had visited him, and he was now able to be about. I remained long enough to know that an earthly heaven had grown up in that earthly cot. Nathan Leeman told me that he had over a hundred thousand dollars, and that he should take his parents and brother to some luxurious home, when he could find one to his taste.

That was some years ago. I have received some letters from Leeman since, and he is settled down in the suburbs of Bradford, on the banks of the Lower Avon, where he has bought a large share in several of the celebrated cloth factories of that place, and I am under solemn promise to visit him if ever I land in England again.

Select Miscellany.

Food for the Sick.

What shall I eat? How often this question is asked by the sick, or those with delicate appetites. Nature demands food but the appetite does not crave for it, and the mind of the feeble invalid cannot fix upon anything that he will relish. It may relieve such sufferers to point out a few suitable articles of food such as are easily prepared, and as usually tempt delicate appetites.

Here is one peculiarly New-Englandish:

"Cut some codfish to bis the size of a pea, and boil it a minute in water to freshen it. Pour off all the water and add some cream and a little pepper."

"Ham or smoked beef may be prepared in the same way. Cut a slice of ham an egg and stir it in, instead of cream."

These preparations are also good for a relish for a family for breakfast or tea.

Another excellent dish for sick or well, and economical wihal, is made by taking a few cakes of pilot-bread and soaking them till partially soft, after breaking them into mouthfuls, cut a slice of fat salty pork into very small pieces, fry it crisp, pour it over the bread, and heat the whole in a stove or oven, or in a spider.

Another plan is to pour over the bread a sweetened butter gravy, or wine sauce or the juice of stewed fruit or preserves. All are good.

A very excellent food for delicate stomachs may be made by sweetening water, cold or hot, with refined sugar, and crumbing it into stale bread.

Bread and cider used to be a favorite food in Yankee land, in old times. Sweeten the cider, and crumb into it toasted bread.

Beef tea is very well nourishing, if rightly prepared. Take perfectly lean parts of fat beef cut into cubes half an inch square, and soak it some hours in cold water, and then boil all together for an hour. You may improve this by adding a toasted cracker to each bowl full.

Mutton or chicken tea should be made in the same way, and rice may be added to either, to make food as well as drink.

Sometimes a piece of codfish or a slice of fat salt pork, roasted upon live coals, will tempt a convalescent appetite when nothing else will answer.

In making porridge of corn or oatmeal, be careful to cook it well. Don't think it done till it has boiled an hour.

Rice gruel does not need so much cooking. It should not be given to a person of constipated habits. Simple boiled rice is a delicate food for the sick.

Arrowroot, tapioca farina, corn starch, are all the same character—highly concentrated food. A good gruel may be made of either, and flavored with sugar, nutmeg, lemon, &c. Stale bread, very dry, crumbled and made into gruel, is perhaps the most digestible. Stale bread, toasted very dry and then brown, and steeped in water a long time, makes a good drink for the sick, and furnishes considerable nourishment.

In all cases of sickness, when the appetite craves fruit we would give it, ripe and fresh in its season, or preserved and cooked in the most simple manner. Apples for the sick should always be roasted. So should potatoes.

If the friend of the sick possesses a little skill and neatness in the preparation of dishes, the patient need never say, "what shall I eat?"—N. Y. Tribune.

A CAPITAL APRIL FOOL HOAX.

The Evening News, of yesterday, tells the following story:

"COMPLETELY SOLD.—As the Citronella train was on its downward trip to this city yesterday morning, an incident occurred that caused no little amusement to the passengers. As the train was approaching Eight Mile Station, a lady quite elegantly attired with a lovely bouquet of wild flowers in hand, and face concealed from view by a handsome veil, was discovered standing on the platform. The train was ordered to stop of course, to take in the fair passenger—and stop it did. The gallant commander immediately jumped out upon the platform, and cried out, as usual, 'all aboard at the same time raising his hat and politely extending his hand to help the lady aboard. She, however, did not recognize his gallantry, but stood dumb and motionless as a shadow. The astonished conductor advanced, involuntarily raised the veil, when lo! instead of a face of human flesh and beauty, the words, 'April Fool,' inscribed on a black-lighted chunk," met his astonished vision. He started back, gave the signal to be off with an unusual violence jumped aboard exclaiming to the innocent engineer in a stentorian voice 'who the—told you to stop here!'"

The sequel to the story was richer than the foregoing. When the Mississippi train came along, a few hours later the conductor observed a female figure standing in the middle of the track, apparently going toward the city. The train was on a descending grade, consisted of eight cars pretty well loaded, and was going with considerable speed. Conscious of all this the conductor had the whistle sounded furiously and shrilly, yet the figure moved not. She must be deaf, thought the conductor, and ordered to slacken speed and sound another alarm—but the woman still stood in the direct path of the fire-breathing locomotive; while the distance between the two was being rather uncomfortably decreased.

Now, really alarmed the conductor shouted to shut the brakes hard down, and shut off steam; but it was too late. The cars would not stop, and terrible to relate, the cow-catcher caught the supposed woman and tossed her full twenty feet off, to the horror of the passengers and the undisguised terror of the assistant superintendent, conductor and engineer, floating through whose excited brains were terrible visions of inquest, grand jurors, solicitor, &c.

When the train stopped they hurried, with pallid cheeks and throbbing hearts, to the spot where the poor unfortunate rested and lo! it was the same bit of wood, with the same "April Fool" that so troubled the Citronella conductor. Just then a merry peal of laughter came from the neighboring wood, and a bevy of girls were seen enjoying something very much. It turned out that they were the clever authors of the double hoax, and they are entitled to a premium for the success of their invention.

Remarkable Executioner.

We have observed several wonderful stories of late, respecting the skill of the Chinese executioners, who, it is said, can strike off the heads of their victims so skillfully that the poor fellows themselves never discover their loss until a moment or two after they are dead. We recall to mind, however, the story of a German executioner, who far surpassed the Chinese in professional dexterity.

Upon one occasion, it happened that a criminal who was condemned to death had a singular itching to play at ninepins; and he implored permission to play once more at his favorite game before he died; then, he said, he would submit to his fate without a murmur.

The judge, thinking there could be no harm in humoring him granted his last prayer; and upon arriving at the place of execution he found every thing prepared for the game—the pins being set up and the bowls being all ready.

He commenced his favorite sport with enthusiasm. After a while, the sheriff observing that he showed no inclination to desist, made a sign to the executioner to strike the fatal blow while he stooped for a bowl.

The executioner did so, but with such exquisite dexterity that the culprit did not notice or feel it.

He thought, indeed, that a cold breath of air was blowing upon his neck, and drawing himself back with a shrug, his head dropped forward into his hands. He naturally supposed that it was a bowl which he had grasped, and seizing it firmly, rolled it at the pins. All of them fell; and the head was heard to exclaim as it rebounded from the farther wall;

"Hurrah! I've won the game!"—*Portfolio.*

Published by Request.

The Old Maid's Diary.

YEARS.

15. Anxious for coming out, and the attention of men.

16. Begins to have some idea of the tender passion.

17. Talks of love in a cottage, and disinterested affection.

18. Fancies herself in love with some man who has flattered her.

19. Is a little more difficult in consequence of being noticed.

20. Commences to be fashionable.

21. Still more confidence in her own attractions and expects a brilliant establishment.

22. Refuses a good offer because he is not a man of fashion.

23. Flirts with every young man she meets.

24. Wonders she is not married.

25. Rather more circumspect in her conduct.

26. Begins to think a large fortune not quite so indispensable.

27. Prefers the company of rational men to flirting.

28. Wishes to be married in a quiet way with a comfortable income.

29. Almost despairs of being married.

30. Fearful of being an old maid.

31. An additional love of dress.

32. Professes to dislike balls, finding it difficult to get good partners.

33. Wonders how men can leave the society of sensible women to flirt with chits.

34. Affects good humor in her conversation with men.

35. Jealous of the praises of women.

36. Quarrels with her friends who are lately married.

37. Thinks herself slighted in society.

38. Likes to talk of her acquaintances who are married unfortunately, finds consolation in their misfortunes.

39. Ill nature increases.

40. Very meddling and officious. This is growing penchant.

41. If rich, as a dernier resort, makes love to a young man without fortune.

42. Not succeeding rails against the sex.

43. Partiality for cards and scandal commences.

44. Severe against the manners of the age.

45. Strong predilection for religious observances.

46. Enraged at his desertion.

47. Becomes desponding and takes snuff.

48. Turns her sensibility to cats and dogs.

49. Adopts a dependant relation to attend on her.

50. Becomes disgusted with the world and vents all her ill humor on this unfortunate relation.

To Annie—The Little Bonnet.

There is a little bonnet, I see it about town, And a little feather on it that tosses up and down; Beneath this little bonnet are two such sweet blue eyes; Oh! thou cosy little bonnet—I shall waste myself in sighs! And what wonder? See it moving down the crowded street; The little feather bowing over it, nodding to the fairy feet. Proudly goes the little bonnet proudly trip the little feet. And laughingly the eyes beam out on every thing they meet. Ho! clear the way ye suckers of the white nois of your sticks; Ho! smokers of Havannas, stop your puffing, ere that eye puts a stopper on your fire with its liquid brilliancy! Proudly goes the little bonnet proudly step the little feet, and laughingly the eyes beam out on every thing they meet.

SNOWDEN VS. BECHER.—In striking contrast with the spirit of Becher, and those clerical riflemen who armed their flock with Sharpe's repeaters in the North Church, New Haven, recently, was the exhortation of Parson Snowden, of this place on a certain occasion. At the close of his preaching one Sunday afternoon, he addressed his congregation nearly as follows:—"My breveren I am requested to gib notice about a colored military company that is projected to be formed, and I are quested to say that all dose in favor of form'd dat sojer company will meet Chewsday evenin. Now breveren, dis aint none o' my business, and I gib out dis notice because I are quested to do de same. My breveren, I haint no objections to your putting on de Silver ornaments, out in de street, and de belt and de feeders, and de gus, but, my dear breveren, [raising his voice,] I want ye to buckle on de hull armor of righteousness afore you de de muskets! I want you to fight de battle of the Lord afore you use de airthly weepuns!" "Aman!" shouted the congregation, and the colored company is not formed yet.

A plasterer named Charles Wheelock, who had spoken disrespectfully of Slavery, was recently tarred and feathered at Canton, Miss.