

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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Select Poetry.

WHEN WE HUSKED CORN.

October scorching fires the trees,
And naked lies the shivering vine;
While dimly o'er the distant seas
The fading lights of summer shine.
Along the lawn the negro blows
Deep summons on his noonday horn,
And homeward troop the girls and beaux
From husking of the corn.
I mind me well that autumn day,
When five and twenty years ago,
We turned our labor into play,
And husked the corn for neighbor Lowe.
Ah! wife, we were the blithest pair
That e'er to wedded love were born;
For I was gay and you were fair
A husking of the corn.

Oh! how we sang and how we laughed!
Our hearts sat lightly on our lips,
As we the golden cider quaffed,
And passed the bowl with rustic quips.
And when shy hints of love went round,
You glanced at me with pouting scorn,
Yet smiled, 'tho' you fain would frown,
A husking of the corn.
Then when I found the scarlet ear,
And claimed the old traditional kiss,
You bade me not approach too near,
And pleaded that and pleaded this—
Away you fled, and I pursued,
Till all too faint you were to warn,
And—know you not how well I wooed
A husking of the corn?

MY SONG IS SAD TO-DAY.

I know not and I care not how
The moments pass me by,
Though each may leave upon my brow
A furrow as they fly.
What matters it? each shall but take
One link from off the chain
That binds me to earth's bitter stake
Of wrong, and care and pain.
Time, like a river, plies his oar,
And all his strokes are hours,
Impelling to a better shore
Of sunshine, birds, and flowers.
I've tasted all that life can give
Of pleasure and of pain,
And 'tis not living, nor to live,
When joys no more remain!
For life hath lost its former charm,
And even hope hath fled;
And friends I loved so fondly, once,
Are all estranged, or dead.
Speed on, O speed my bark, speed on!
Quick o'er life's troubled sea:
I sigh for anchorage within
A harbor safe and free.
Perhaps a gentle forest flower
Above my grave will spring—
Not planted there by friendship's hand,
But by some zephyr's wing.
Eve's genial dews will nurse its bloom,
In soft midsummer air,
And stars, that hang like crystal drops,
Be clasped in beauty there.
E. M. S.

An Amusing Sketch.

MR. BROWN'S MISHAPS.

The following amusing sketch of the "Mishaps of a Bachelor," we find in one of our exchanges. We don't know when we have laughed more heartily than on its perusal, and doubt not that our readers will find equal enjoyment in the recital of "Mr. Brown's Mishaps."
Mr. Eliphalet Brown was a bachelor of thirty-five, or thereabouts; one of those men who seem born to pass through the world alone. Save this peculiarity, there was nothing to distinguish Mr. Brown from the multitude of other Browns who are born, grow up, and die in this world of ours. It chanced that Mr. Brown had occasion to visit a town some fifty miles distant on matters of business. It was his first visit to the place, and he proposed stopping for a day, to give himself an opportunity to look about. Walking leisurely along the street, he was all at once accosted by a child, who ran up to him, exclaiming—"Father, I want you to buy me some candy." "Father!" Was it possible that he, a bachelor, was addressed by that title! He could not believe it.—"Who were you speaking to, my dear?" he inquired of the little girl. "I spoke to you, father," said the little one, surprised. "Really," thought Mr. Brown, "this is embarrassing." "I am not your father, my dear," he said, "What is your name?" The child laughed heartily, evidently thinking it a good joke. "What a funny father you are," she said; "but ain't you going to buy me some candy?" "Yes, yes; I'll buy you a pound if you want call me father any more," said he nervously. The little girl clapped her hands with delight. The promise was all she remembered.
Mr. Brown proceeded to a confectionery store, where he actually bought a pound of candy, which he placed in the hands of

the little girl. In coming out of the store they encountered the child's mother. "Oh mother," said the little girl, "just see how much candy father has bought me."—"You shouldn't have bought her so much at a time, Mr. Jones," said the lady, "I'm afraid she will make herself sick. But how did you happen to get home so quick? I did not expect you until night."—"Jones—I—madam," said the embarrassed Mr. Brown, "it's all a mistake; I ain't Jones at all. It isn't my name; I am Eliphalet Brown, of W—, and this is the first time that I ever came to this city." "Good heavens, Mr. Jones, what has put this silly tale into your head? You have concluded to change your name, have you? Perhaps it is your intention to change your wife?" Mrs. Jones' tone was defiant, and this only tended to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment. "I haven't any wife madam; I never had any. On my word as a gentleman, I never was married." "And do you intend to palm this tale off on me?" said Mrs. Jones with excitement. "If you are not married, I would like to know who I am?" "I have no doubt you are a most respectable lady," said Mr. Brown, "and I conjecture from what you have said that your name is Jones; but mine is Brown, madam, and always was." "Melinda!" said her mother, suddenly taking the child by the arm and leading her up to Mr. B., "Melinda, who is that gentleman?" "Why that is father, was the child's immediate reply, as she confidently placed her hand in his. "You hear that, Mr. Jones, do you? You hear what that innocent child says, and yet you have the unblushing impudence to deny that you are my husband." "Certainly I do."

"The voice of nature, speaking through the child, should overwhelm you. I'd like to know if you are not her father, why you are buying candy for her? I would like to have you answer that. But I presume you never saw her in your life."—"I never did; on my honor, I never did. I told her I would give her the candy if she wouldn't say father any more." "You did did you? Bribed your own child not to call you father? Bribed your own child to deny her parents! Oh, Mr. Jones, this is infamous! Do you intend to desert me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world—and is this your first step?" Mrs. Jones was so overcome that without any warning, she fell back upon the sidewalk in a fainting fit. Instantly a number of persons ran to her assistance. "Mr. Jones, is your wife subject to fainting in this way?" asked the first comer of Mr. Brown. "I don't know. She isn't my wife. I don't know anything about her," stammered Brown. "Why, it's Mrs. Jones, ain't it?" "Yes, but I'm not Mrs. Jones," said the first speaker, sternly. "This is no time to jest. I trust that you are not the cause of the excitement which must have occasioned your wife's fainting fit. You had better call a coach and carry her home directly." "Poor Brown was dumfounded. "I wonder," thought he, "whether it is possible that I'm really Jones, and I am crazy, in consequence of which I fancy that my name is Brown. And yet I don't think I'm Jones. In spite of all, I will insist that my name is Brown."

"Well, sir, what are you waiting for? It is necessary that your wife should be removed immediately. Will you order a carriage?" Brown saw that it was no use to protract the discussion by a denial. He therefore, without contesting the point, ordered a hackney coach to the spot.
Mr. Brown accordingly lent an arm to Mrs. Jones, who had somewhat recovered and was about to close the door upon her. "What are you not going with her yourself?" "Why not; why should I?" "Your wife should not go alone; she has hadly recovered." Brown gave a despairing glance at the crowd around him and deeming it useless to make opposition where so many seemed thoroughly convinced that he was Mr. Jones, followed the lady in. "Where shall I drive?" asked the whip. "I—I—don't know," said Mr. Brown. "Where would you wish to be carried Mrs. Jones?" "Home, of course," murmured Mrs. Jones. "Where is that?" asked the driver. "I do not know," said Mr. Brown. "No 19, H— street," said the gentleman already introduced, glancing contemptuously at Brown. "Will you help me out, Mr. Jones?" said the lady. "I am not fully recovered from the fainting fit into which your cruelty drove me." "Are you quite sure that I am Mr. Jones?" asked Mr. B., with anxiety. "Of course," said Mrs. J. "Then," said he, resignedly, "I suppose I am. But if you will believe me, I was firmly convinced that my name was Brown and to tell the truth, I haven't any recollection of this house."
Brown helped Mrs. Jones into the parlor; but good heavens! conceive the as-

tonishment of all when a man was discovered seated in an arm chair, who was the very fac simile of Mr. Brown, in form, features, and every other respect!—"Gracious!" ejaculated the lady, "which is my husband?" An explanation was given, the mystery cleared up, and Mr. B.'s pardon sought, for the embarrassing mistake. It was freely accorded by Mr. B., who was quite delighted to think that after all he was not Mr. Jones, with a wife and child to boot. Mr. Brown has not since visited the place where this mishap occurred.

Miscellany.

Variety's the very spice of Life.

How Elder Cartwright Baptised the Ferryman.

A new work with the title of the "American Pulpit," tells the following anecdote concerning an eccentric old Methodist minister in Illinois, well known as Peter Cartwright, who not only preached the gospel but lectured quite often on political matters and spoke his mind freely upon men and measures. It resulted of course, that the politicians became very angry at the minister, had much to say about "ministers not dabbling in politics," "sticking to their calling," &c. &c. It happened on one occasion he rode to a ferry across the Illinois river, where the country was more thickly populated, and met a little knot of people who were discussing politics. The ferryman, a stout fellow was holding forth in excited terms, about some old renegade—prefixed a good many expletives to his name, which we omit—one Peter Cartwright, swearing that if he ever came that way, he would drown him in the river.
Cartwright, unrecognized by any one said "Stranger, I want you to sit me across. You will wait till I'm ready," said the ferryman. So when he had finished his speech, he added "Now I will put you over." Cartwright rode his horse into the boat and the ferryman began to poll it across. Cartwright felt it his duty to make himself known, and assert his principles, but he wanted to be sure of fair play. So, when he reached the middle of the stream, he threw the horse's bridle over a stake of the boat, and told the ferryman to throw down his pole.—"What for?" said the ferryman. "Well you have just now been using my name im-

properly; you said if I ever come this way, you would drown me in the river—Now you have got a good chance to do it." "Is your name Peter Cartwright?" said the ferryman. "My name is Pete Cartwright," said the preacher. Down drops the pole, and at it go the preacher and ferryman.
They grapple for a minute, but Cartwright was remarkably agile, as well as athletic, and in a trice he had the ferryman with one hand by the nape of the neck, and with the other by the seat of his trousers, and whirling him over the side of the boat, plunges him under the tide—his astonished companions looked on from shore, fair play being secured by the distance. Twice or thrice the preacher souses the poor ferryman under saying as he did so, "I baptise the (k'splash) in the name of the devil, (k'splash) whose child thou art, (k'splash) then lifting him up, dripping with the water, and gasping for breath, Cartwright asked him, "did you ever pray?" "Pray!" said the ferryman, "no." "Then it's time you did," says the preacher. "Say—Our Father which art in Heaven." "D—d if I do," said the ferryman. "K'splash goes the poor man under the tide again. "Will you now?" said the preacher. "No—I—won't," said the strangled ferryman—K'splash under the water again. "Will you pray now?" said the preacher. "I'll do anything," gasped the ferryman. "Say Our Father which art in Heaven." "Our Father which art in Heaven," said the ferryman, and followed him through the Lord's prayer. "Now let me up," said the ferryman. "Not yet," said the preacher. "You must make three promises—first that you will repeat that prayer every morning and night as long as you live; and secondly, must you promise that you will hear every Methodist minister that comes within five miles of this ferry; and thirdly, that you will put every Methodist Preacher over this ferry free of expense. "Do you promise?" "I promise," said the ferryman, and resumed his pole. Cartwright went on his way, and that man not long after became a convert.

Thos. C. Shoemaker, the only Free State man among all the federal office holders in Kansas, has been removed by Geary.

THE DYING BOY & THE VIOLETS.

A little sufferer lay in a high dreary garret, and the beams above his head, and on every side were black and foul. His cheeks were scarlet with the flush of fever, and the unnatural light of his eyes flashed in the dimness of the coming, like a diamond in its gloomy bed of anthracite.
Something told the child that death was busy with his heart. It might have been an angel, for angels gather in around the despoiled couch of poverty.
"Mother," he whispered, and a pale bent woman knelt beside him, "is there one blow now? Look! look!"
For the twentieth time the sickly woman lifted the tiny box of violets, and blood rushed to her face as she beheld one little bud drooping, just beginning to unfold. She carried it to the child, almost an infant, and a smile lighted up his innocent features.

"Put it down, mother, where I can look at it until I die."
With a wild sob the poor widow placed it upon his pillow and watched his glassy eyes eagerly as they watched the flower. Hours passed—the brow grew whiter, the fingers that she clasped were now clammy, the round lips that had so often called her mother were purple, fading into a bluish white and tremulous as though the failing voice struggled for utterance. She placed her ear close to his face and heard him distinctly utter:
"Good bye, mother—take good care of my violets."

After the rough pine coffin was carried away and covered with the mould, while her worn fingers were nervously stitching on the ill-paid for garment, that mother could see a vision of her early buried child in the pure white robes of heaven, bending over the box of violets.

Not Reciprocated.

A good joke is going the rounds, of the adventures of a young man, "ardent in love," who met with a cold comfort.
Joshua stood beside his fair one, trembling; his heart kept turning over, his eyes grew dim, his tongue was paralyzed. A cold clammy perspiration oozed through his skin, while ever and anon he rolled his eyes toward Julietta. At length his knees gave way, and down upon his marrow bones he thus addressed her. "My dearest Julietta, with all my soul I love; I love you!" Here his voice failed and he would have sunk upon the carpet, but a timely answer from her enraptured lips brought him "sp'ill bound" to his feet. "Rise, sir," said she "do not humble yourself to me, for I do not reciprocate your love."

"Reciprocate! reciprocate!" whispered Josh. "What on earth does that mean," thought he. And then off he went, not even stopping to kiss her hand, in search of a dictionary, half mad with hope, and half with fear.
"Dictionary!" he cried as he entered the nearest book store, "a dictionary. I say!" "Yes, sir, in a moment," answered the clerk.
"A moment; thunder! vociferated Josh. "I want a dictionary."
"A nicely bound one," said the clerk; "sell 'em cheap as dirt."

"Sell the d—d—I, I'm looking for a word." Over and over he turned the leaves. At last he stopped; he looked, he looked, he sighed, then laying down the book he walked out, saying as he went, "kicked by jimminy."

Questions and Answers.

What is the chief end of man? Impression.
What is the chief end of woman? Flirtation.
Who made you? The tailor.
What is a heart? A trite mineral used for barter.
What is matrimony? A game for money.
What is pleasure? The art of feigning all the faculties at once.
What is dinner? A tete a tete with interruptions.
What is lunch? An operation to appease appetite.
What is beauty? The result of education—better defined by "style."
What is nature? The vulgar defect common to the uneducated.
What is truth? A traditional fable—qualifies not known.
What is religion? Etiquette.
What is atmosphere? A compound of manner and talent.
What is music? A concord and two discords.
Who exist? Those who are here to-day.
Who are dead? Those who went away yesterday.
Who are remembered? God only knows.

First Underground Railroad.

The following conversation is supposed to have taken place between a slave and his master:
"Hallo there, Sambo, where are you going this evening?"
"Why, whv," says Sambo, scratching his head, "I'ae jest going down to the depot."

"To what depot?"
"To the U. G. Depot, massa."
"Where did you learn anything about U. G. Rail Roads and Depots, you black rascal!"
"In de Bible, massa; de blessed Bible tell me all about it, massa."

Feeling anxious to know what new theory Sambo had found in the Bible, he goes on to interrogate him.
"The Bible don't tell anything about Railroads, neither above nor below ground, you poor nigger."

"Yes, massa, de Bible tell us where de fust track of the U. G. Railroad was laid."
"Where was it?"
"In de Red Sea, massa."

"Who laid it?"
"De Lord, A'mighty, hisself."
"Well, Sambo, 'mellowing down a little, 'who were the conductors on that road?"
"Moses and Aaron."
"Who were the fugitives that run off?"
"De children of Israel, massa."
"Who were the slaveholders?"
"De Egyptians."
"Were they white or black?"
"Black, massa; dat time de slave de white man, de slaveholders de black man, ha! ha! ha! massa."
"Did they pursue the slaves?"
"Yes, massa."
"Did they take them back to slavery?"
"No, massa; dey couldn't catch 'em."
"Why not?"
"Case dey took de track up, ha! ha! good massa, wa'n't it?"
"Sambo, you may go to your quarters."

The Impatient Jurymen.

The Arkansas correspondent of the N. O. Picayune gives the following as authentic:
You are all fond of cracking jokes at the expense of Arkansas; now here is one on your State, absolutely true, I got it from an eye witness.

The District Court in one of our northern parishes was in session—'twas the day of the Court; time, after dinner. Lawyers and others had dined and were sitting out before the hotel, and a long, lank, unsophisticated countryman came up and unceremoniously made himself one of 'em, and remarked:

"Gentlemen, I wish you would go on with this Court, for I want to go home—I left B-seey a looking out." "Ah! said one of the lawyers, "and pray, sir, what detains you at Court?"
"Why, 'sir," said the countryman, "I'm fo'ched here as a jury and they say I go home they will have to find me, and they moun't do that, as I live a good piece."

"What jury are you on?" asked a lawyer.
"What jury?"
"Yes, what jury. Grand or reverse?"
"Grand or tavis jury? dad-fetched if I know!"
"Well," said the lawyer, "did the judge charge you?"
"Well, squire," said he, "the little fellow that sits up in the pulpit and kinder bosses it over the crowd, give us a talk, but I don't know whether he charged anything or not. The crowd broke up in a roar of laughter, and the sheriff called the court."

The Leopard's Attack.

The power of the leopard is wonderful in proportion to his weight. I have seen a full grown bullock with its neck broken by the leopard that attacked it. It is the popular belief that the effect is produced by a blow of the paw. This is not the case. Few leopards rush boldly to the attack, like a dog. They stalk their game and advance crouchingly, making use of every object that will afford them cover, until they are within a few bounds of their prey. Then the immense power of muscle is displayed in the concentrated energy of the spring. He flies through the air and settles on the throat, usually throwing his own body over the animal, while his teeth and claws are fixed on the neck; this is the manner in which the spine of the animal is broken, by a sudden twist, nevertheless, immensely powerful, and one stroke will rip open a bullock like a knife, but the effects of the wound are still more to be dreaded than the force of the blow. There is a peculiar poison in the claw, which is highly dangerous. This is caused by the putrid flesh which they are constantly tearing, and which is apt to cause gangrene by inoculation.—Baker's Wandering in Ceylon.

Queer Bits.

Can do their own Kissing.

Not a thousand miles from this village lives a very exacting land holder. He makes his tenants "come to time" on the very day the rent comes due, and will only relax his stern decrees when a handsome woman is in question. Not long since, he called for his rent of a very worthy mechanic, who, by the way rejoices in the possession of a very pretty little wife. The husband was not at home—Shylock called, and he was enchanted with the pretty little wife of the tenant.—She could not liquidate the amount due; but the land-lord, becoming really enamored, told her he would give her a receipt in full for just one kiss.
"Sir," said she, boiling with indignation "myself and husband are very poor; perhaps we cannot pay our rent, but I tell you sir, we are not so poor but that we can do our own kissing!"
Ain't that a glorious consolation for poor folks? The hardened creditor may take all their property, but he can't deprive them of the privilege of kissing.—Elmira Gazette.

Treatment of the Hair.

"We may be venturing on a delicate subject, perhaps," says the Country Gentleman, "but the following brief extract from an old London magazine expresses our views too nearly to pass unnoticed: If the ladies will trust to our science on the subject of hair, in the first place we can assure them, most confidently, that so far is it from being true that oils and pomatums increase the lustre of their hair, their effect is to diminish that polish which it naturally possesses; while, whatever gloss they may give to hair which is naturally dull, is false, and, like all other falsities, disgusting. Absolute cleanliness, by means of water alone, to commence, followed by brushing in the direction of the hair itself, in a dry state, is the true method of giving to the hair all polish of which it is susceptible; and it is the effect of oils of all kinds to disturb or injure this; to say nothing of the disgusting and necessary dirtiness of greasy hair. It is the effect of oils also to prevent it from curling; and this object is most effectually obtained, if without artificial means, by curling it when wet, and suffering it to dry in that state. And as it happens that almost all hair has a tendency to curl in one direction rather than in another, it is useful to study that tendency, so as to conform to it in the artificial texture given. As to artificial applications, the whole of the so called curling fluids are mere impositions; while one which is really effectual and, at the same time, in-offensive is a weak solution of isinglass, by which a very firm and permanent form can be given to the hair."

TEXAS COURTSHIP—Hello gal, how's your ma? Hun't got none here, reckon she's dead by this time, too!
"Well, how is pa?"
"He was hung last May."
"Hump. What are you doing?"
"Just looking about."
"Zactly what I's doing. S'posen we hitch together and proximate?"
"Zakly, but who'll pay the Judge?"
"Reckon I'll fodder up one half the pro- vender, if you can go the other beat."
"Well, but I've only got a counterfeit note."
"Just zakly my own promises. Come, if we can't cheat one judge we can another—so come on, gal—here take my aim—we'll cry any how."

DEPTH OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC—From the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in the North Atlantic, the distance in a vertical line is nine miles. The deepest part of the Atlantic is probably between the Bermudes and the Grand Banks. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin about a mile deep in the deepest part. There is, at the bottom of the sea, between Cape Race in Newfoundland and Cape Clear, in Ireland, a remarkable steppe, which is already known as the telegraphic plateau. The great circle distance between those two shore lines is 1,600 miles, and the sea along this route is probably nowhere more than 10,000 feet deep.

"I stand," said a Western stump orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of '88, and palsied be mine arm if I desert 'um!"
"You stand on nothing of the kind!" interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots that you never paid me for and I want the money."

Never commit suicide until you have eaten a hearty supper. One-half the fancied miseries of life arise from an empty stomach or from want of digestion. That's so.

Ancient Jewish Notions on Marriage and its Duties.

Marriages were supposed to be arranged in heaven; and forty days before the birth of a child it was there announced to whom he or she was to be wedded. The marriage relation should be entered between eighteen and twenty; but these ties did not prevent the zealous student from prosecuting his studies. The policy of second marriage was considered doubtful, as nothing could make up for the loss of a first wife. (Isaiah liv. 6.)—An unmarried person was without any good, (Gen. ii. 18) without joy, (Deut. xiv. 26) without blessing, (Ezek. xlv. 30) without protection, (Jer. xxxi. 23) without peace (Job. v. 24) and could not properly be called a man. (Gen. v. 2.) In the choice of a wife, regard should be paid to her family, as daughters generally imitated their fathers, and sons their maternal uncles. The most prized connections was that with the family of a sage, or at least with that of a ruler of a synagogue, of the president of a poor's board, or of a teacher of youth. Connexion with the unlettered could not be allowed if the wealth so acquired were to be devoted to assist the sage in his studies; in general, the unlearned were "dead even while living." (Isaiah xxvi. 14.)

Mutual affection and modesty specially on the part of a wife, was regarded as the chief means of obtaining male descendants. It was observed that God formed woman neither out of the head lest she should become proud, nor out of the eye, lest she should lust, nor out of the ear, lest she should be curious, nor out of the mouth, lest she should be talkative, nor out of the heart, lest she should be jealous, nor out of the hand, lest she should be covetous, nor out of the foot, lest she should gad about, but out of the rib, which was always covered. Improper marriages—from lust, or beauty or for money—were strongly condemned and described as leading to wretchedness, inasmuch as whether good or bad, woman is always so in the superlative degree. The husband is bound not only to honor and love, but to treat his wife with courtesy; her tears call down divine vengeance. In general, he is to spend less than his means warrant for food, up to his means for his own clothing, and beyond that limit for that of his wife and children. As woman is formed from a rib, and man from the ground, man seeks a wife, and not vice versa; he only seeks what he has lost. This also explains why man is more easily reconciled than woman—he is made of soft earth, and she of hard bone. A woman should abstain from all appearance of evil, immodesty, or impropriety; she should always meet her husband cheerfully, cleanly and kindly, receive his friends with politeness and affability and be obedient and respectful.—Ebersheim's History of the Jewish Nation.

Moorish Justice.

During my absence, two daring crimes have been committed: A sheriff stole one of the Sultan's horses from the midst of the camp. The Sultan sentenced him to lose his head. He then put in the plea of his birth. "Then," said the Sultan, "cut off his right hand, that he may be disabled from disgracing his blood this way in future." There is no executioner; the buyers are bound to perform this duty. The chief Jewish and chief Mussulman butcher being called they offered for a substitute by a sort of public auction, the crier commencing in this way: "Who will cut off a head (or a hand) for a dollar (—one dollar offered; and thus they ran up the street. No one offering, they increased the bid to two, three dollars, &c. When they had arrived at two doubletons (£7 10s) a tall black stepped forward and said "That is my price." A tub of tar was brought, the black backed off the hand in a hurry, and on dipping the stump into the tar, it proved to be cold. He had, however, brand the arm before the amputation, and they ran to the neighboring blacksmith's shop for some embers, which they threw into the tar, and setting it on fire, the stump was then plunged in, and so scorch and burnt. The sheriff was then to go. In the other case, the culprit, a man from the interior, had killed a lad who was plowing and carried off his cattle. The Sultan said to the mother of the lad, "Excuse his life, and take one hundred dollars; she said, "I want the life of him who took the life of my son." The Sultan three times repeated his question, doubting his offer; she said, "I ask what the law gives me, and that law you are the Sultan to execute." The culprit was led out to execution; as we returned, the head was on the market-gate and the dogs swarmed round the carcass.—Travels in Morocco.