

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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SAM. G. WHITTAKER.

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Select Poetry.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

Where, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years from now?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years from now?
The rosy lip,
The lofty brow,
The heart that beats
So gaily now!
Oh where where will be love's beaming eye;
Joy's pleasant smile and sorrow's sigh;
A hundred years from now?
Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
Who'll tread your church with willing feet,
A hundred years from now?
Pale trembling age,
And fiery youth,
And childhood with
Its brows of truth—
The rich, the poor: on land and sea;
Where will the many millions be
A hundred years from now?
We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years from now;
No living soul for us will weep;
A hundred years from now;
But other men
Our lands will till,
And others then
Our streets will fill;
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years from now.

A Good Story.

MARY MOORE.

A PLEASANT LOVE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

All my life long I'd known Mary Moore. All my life I loved her. Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollection is of a boy in a red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old—that boy was myself—Harry Church; that blue-eyed baby was Mary Moore. Later still, I see myself at the little school-house, drawing my little chair up to the door, that Mary might ride home. Many a beating have I gained on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even in her pianoforte. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps when I called her name! how sweetly her blue eyes looked up at me! how gayly rang out her merry laugh! That fairy laugh! No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so soon to her lips. I followed that laugh from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth; I followed it through the heated noon of manhood; and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb my knee and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that, even in gray hairs, I am following its music still. When I was fifteen the first great sorrow of my heart came upon me. I was sent to school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years! This, to me, was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me. But hearts are tough things after all. I left college in all the flush and vigor of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward and embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself, both in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would dazzle and bewilder her, with my good looks and wonderful attainments—never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me yet still more. I was a coxcomb, I know; but as good looks have fled, I trust I may be believed when I say that self-conceit has left me also. An advantageous proposal was made to me at this time, and, accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession, and I prepared to go to the Indies. In a hurried visit home of two days, I saw nothing of Mary. She had gone to a boarding school at some distance, and was not expected home till the following May. I uttered one sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate, and then called myself "a man again." "In a year," I thought, as the vehicle whirled away from our door—"in a year, or three years at the very most, I will return, and, if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why then, perhaps I may marry her. And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer. But now I know that, had Mary met me then, she would have despised me. Per-

haps, in the scented and affected student, she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest interest in me, I should have perhaps found I was mistaken. India was my salvation, not merely because of my success, but because my laborious industry had counteracted the evil in my nature, and made me a better man. When at the end of three years I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation in myself which I knew had taken place. "They loved me as I was," I murmured to myself, "and they shall find out themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly." I packed up many a token from that land of romance and gold, for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary Moore I selected with a beating heart; it was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside—that was all, and yet the sight of the little toy strangely thrilled me as I balanced it upon the top of my finger. "To the eye of others it was but a small plain circlet, suggesting thoughts, perhaps by its elegance, of that beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But to me—how much was embodied there! A loving smile on a beautiful face—low words of welcome—a future home, and a sweet smiling face—a group of merry children to climb my knee—all these delights lie hidden within that little ring of gold.

CHAPTER II.

Tall, bearded and sun-bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor windows and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter, told me that company were assembled there. I hoped my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking curiously on. But no; a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one when he asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this was passing through my mind, as I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw the half-suppressed smile upon the servant's face. I hesitated for a moment before I made myself known, or asked after the family. But while I stood silent, a strange apparition grew up before me. From behind the servant peered out a small golden head—a tiny, delicate form followed, and a sweet child's face, with blue eyes, was lifted up to mine—so like to those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started back with a sudden feeling of pain. "What is your name, my little one?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door. She lifted up her hand as if to shade her eyes (I have seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time), and answered in a sweet, bird-like voice: "Mary Moore." "And what else?" I asked quickly. "Mary Moore Chester," hissed the child. My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried, and tried in vain, to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me! This was his child—his child and Mary's. I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow. And, hiding my face in my hands, I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lip as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor door, and called my sister out, to see who it could be that conducted himself so strangely. I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice saying: "Did you wish to see my father, sir?" I looked up. There stood a very pretty, sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her for a moment and then, stilling the tumult of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms and said: "Lizzie, don't you know me?" "Harry! Oh, my brother Harry!" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast. She wept as though her heart would break. I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all. There was a rush and cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprang toward me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears. Oh, strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to the wayward wanderer. And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie still clung beside me, I felt that all

was not yet lost, and though another had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in this dear sanctuary of a home. There were four other inmates of the room who had risen on my sudden entry. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand.—Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, to which she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure half hidden by the heavy window curtain that fell to the floor. When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand. "Welcome home, my boy!" he said with loud, cheerful tones I remember so well. "You have changed so that I should never have known you. But no matter for that; your heart is in the right place, I know." "How can you say he is changed?" said my mother, gently. "To be sure, he looks older and graver, and more like a man, than when he went away, but his eyes and smiles are the same as ever. It is that heavy beard that changes him. He is my boy still!" "Ay, mother," I answered sadly, "I am your boy still." Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to wept upon her bosom, as I had done in infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked in his full handsome face: "You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better." "Oh, yes! thank you for that compliment," he answered, with a leary laugh. "My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day!" His wife! Could I hear that name and keep silence still? "And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms and kissing her crimson cheek. "I tell you, Harry, there is not such another in the world. Don't you think she looks very much as her mother used?" "Very much," I faltered. "Hallo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness that made me start violently, I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife. I believe you and she used to be playmates in your young days—eh, Harry?" and he slapped me on the back. "For the sake of old times, and because you were not here at the wedding, I'll give you leave to kiss her once; but mind, old fellow you are never to repeat the ceremony. Come, here she is, and for once want to see how you will manage those ferocious mustaches of yours in the operation." He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing towards me! A gleam of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought: "Not Mary!" "I must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was said. Even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silent figure looking out from the window. "Mary—Mary Moore," I said, in a low, eager voice, "have you no welcome to give the wanderer?" She turned and laid her hand in mine, and murmured hurriedly: "I am glad to see you here, Harry." Simple words! and yet how blessed they made me! I would not have yielded up that moment for an emperor's crown! For there was the happy home group, and the dear home fireside, and there sweet Mary Moore! The eyes I had dreamed of by day and night were falling before the ardent gaze of mine; and the sweet face I had so longed and prayed to see was there before me! I never knew the meaning of happiness till that moment came! Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy then is fast turning gray. I am growing to be an old man, and can look back to a long and happy, and I hope a well-spent life. And yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon my white hairs. An old man! Can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of my early days. To me, she can never grow old, nor change. The heart that held her in infancy, and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it. Nor even then, for love still lives above.

Queer Bits.

Legislative Mathematics.

During the last winter the upper branch of the Legislature of Minnesota got into a "dead lock" from a very odd cause, and the territorial Solons had a very funny time while it lasted. The event grew out of a sharp and pertinacious controversy in regard to the location of the capital. A call of the Council occurred, when all were reported present save the Pembina member. It was moved that further proceedings under the call be dispensed with, which was lost by a vote of 9 to 5, requiring a two-thirds vote to dispense with further proceedings. The Sergeant-at-Arms was required to report the Hon. Joseph Rollette in his seat. He accordingly started for Pembina on foot, a distance six hundred miles. From some real or imaginary rule of the Council, in such case made and provided, so long as the vote stood *in statu quo*, that august body was tied up—bound hand and foot—absolutely incapable of doing any business whatever, or even of an adjournment. This was a funny as well as an awkward predicament; but neither side would yield. Various expedients were resorted to by the members to "kill time." Refreshments were ordered, and laugh and joke went round, and a right jolly time was had. The worthy President—says the St. Anthony Express, from which we derive this account—when other amusements failed, having observed that some of the members had quite a mathematical turn, proposed the following problem for solution: "A certain Legislative body, consisting of 15 members is composed of a certain number of mules, a certain number of donkeys, and 1 colt. If I be added to the number of mules, they will equal two-thirds of the donkeys; if I be added to the number of donkeys, they will be double the number of mules. Required, the number of mules and donkeys." Six members worked assiduously on this problem from Sunday noon to Wednesday night, when one of the number, after some extra refreshments, suddenly exclaimed "Eureka!" The President gave him a piece of red chalk, and ordered him up to demonstrate the proposition on the wall, which he did successfully as follows: Let x = number of mules, y = number of donkeys. Then, by the terms of the proposition, $x + 1$ (colt) = $\frac{2}{3}y$ And $y + 1$ (colt) = $2x$ Let us eliminate y and we have $3x + 3 = 2x + 2$ $3x - 2x = 2 - 3$ $x = -1$ Again, transposing 1 (colt) we have $x + 1 = 2x$ But, things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other; therefore $3x + 3 = 2x - 1$ Clear of fractions and we have $3x + 3 = 2x - 2$ Transpose, and we have $4x - 3x = -2 - 3$ $x = -5$ Therefore $x = 5$ the number of mules, and $15 - 5 = 10$ the number of donkeys, minus 1 colt = 9 the number of donkeys. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* "Correct, sir, take your seat. Gentlemen let us now adjourn." And the Council did thereupon adjourn.

Preparing for a Daguerreotype.

A brace of "lovers," anxious to secure each other's shadows ere the substance faded, stepped into a Daguerreotype establishment recently, to sit for their "pictures." The lady gave precedence to her swain, who, she said, "had got to be tucked first, and real natural." He brushed up his tow head of hair, gave a twist or two at his neckerchief, asked his gal if his shirt collar stood about X, and planned himself in the operator's chair; he soon assumed the physiological characteristics of a poor mortal in a dentist's hands about to part with one of his eye-teeth. "Now, dew look purty!" begged the lady, casting at him one of her most languishing glances. The picture was taken, and when produced it reminded the girl, as she expressed it, "jist how Josh looked when he got over the measles!" and as this was not an era in her suitor's history particularly worthy of her commemoration, she insisted that 'he should stand it again.' He obeyed, and she attended him to the chair. "Josh," said she, "jist look smilin', and then kinder don't." The poor fellow tried to follow the infinite injunction. "La," she cried, "you look all puckered up." One direction followed another, but with as little success. At last growing impatient, and becoming desperate; she resolved to try an expedient, which she considered infallible, and exclaimed, "I don't keer if there is folks around." She enjoined the operator to stand at his camera; she then

leaped into her feller's lap and placed her arms about his neck; and managed to cast a shower of flaxen ringlets as a screen between the operator and her proceedings, which, however, were betrayed by a succession of amorous sounds, which revealed her expedient. When this "bill and cooing" had lasted a few minutes, the cunning girl jumped from Josh's lap, and, clapping her hands, cried to the astonished artist, "Now you've got him! put him through!"

A Stump Anecdote.

A Tennessee paper, we believe, is culpable in the following: A distinguished Old Line Whig of Memphis, who never joined to the American order, but who canvassed Tennessee for "Fillmore and Donelson and the Union," used to account, on the stump for his relation to the American party, by telling the Widow Neppins Anecdote. Widow Neppins was "a pillar" of the Methodist Church in the neighborhood where she lived; but with many of the qualities so becoming in a Christian, she possessed far more of the "fortiter in re" than of the "suaviter in modo"—in fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, she was as "crabbed" as she well could be. Well:—once upon a time, a great revival broke out among the Methodists in the Widow's neighborhood. Of course the widow attended; and, though participating after her unbending fashion—that is as if led on ramrod soup—she never failed to occupy her place on the "amen" benches. One evening, after a most copious outpouring of grace, and when the new converts and zealous members were running over with enthusiasm, one of the preachers struck up a jubilant song and started round to shake hands with the brethren and sisters, as is usual on such occasions. Finally he came to the Widow Neppins, whom, while shaking hands, he accosted with "O, sister Neppins don't you love the Lord?" The widow withdrew her hand, quickly, and pursing up her mouth replied in her usual curt manner—"I aint got nothin' again Him!"

Miscellany.

A Romance Story.

The following story from the Paris correspondent of the New York Times, will serve to show the rapid manner in which the Russian Government does an act of justice. Some eighteen months ago a Miss Ward, of one of our Southern States was married at Florence to Polish Count, with a very unpronounceable name. After residing with her three weeks he took French leave one fine morning, taking with him his wife's jewels. He left a letter behind him stating that the marriage was invalid, from the fact that no Russian subject could be legally married except by the Gre-k service. Of course the lady was in great consternation, and at the time of the coronation of the Czar, she, with her mother, went to St. Petersburg. Mr. Sala, the principal writer for Dieken's Household Words, drew up a petition for her to the Russian Government, and it was presented by Mr. Seymour, our minister. "The case was laid before the Emperor and an order was issued to the Russian Minister at Naples, where the Count was living, for his arrest. He was seized by the Neapolitan police, at the expense of Russia carried to Warsaw, where the lady and her friends were waiting, marched into a church by a posse of policeman and was there compelled to stand up before the altar and be married in due form.—His wife, then the Countess, turned to him as soon as the ceremony was over, made a formal bow, and bade him adieu for ever. The Count was sent to Siberia, his property confiscated, his wife retaining one-third by law. The family immediately left for Italy where they are now spending the winter.

Young Lady in a Scrape—Hoops and High Heels in Church.

The Richmond Whig says: A few Sundays ago, a modest young gentleman of our acquaintance attended morning service, in one of our fashionable churches. He was kindly shown into a luxuriously cushioned pew, and had hardly settled himself, and taken an observation of his neighbors, before a young lady entered, and with a graceful wave of the hand preventing our friend from rising to give her place, quietly sunk into a seat near the end. When a hymn was given out she skillfully found the page, and with a sweet smile that set his heart a thumping, handed her neighbor the book. The minister raised his hands in prayer, and the fair girl knelt; and this posture most perplexed our friend to know which most to admire,

her beauty or her devoutness. Presently the prayer was concluded, and the congregation resumed their seats. Our friend respectfully raised his eyes from the fair form he had been so earnestly scanning, lest when she looked up, she should detect him staring at her. After a couple seconds he darted a furtive glance at his charmer, and was astonished to see her still on her knees; he looked closely and saw that she was much affected, trembling in violent agitation, no doubt from the eloquent power of the preacher. Deeply sympathizing he watched her closely. Her emotion became more violent; reaching her hand behind her, she would convulsively grasp her clothing, and strain, as it were, to rend the brilliant fabric of her dress. The sight was exceedingly painful to behold, but he still gazed, like one entranced, with wonder and astonishment. After a minute, the lady raised her face, heretofore concealed in the cushion, and with her hand, made an unmistakable beckon to her friend. He quickly moved along the pew toward her, and inclined his ear as she evidently wished to say something. "Please help me sir," she whispered, "my dress has caught, and I can't get up." A brief examination revealed the difficulty; the fair girl wore fashionable high-heeled shoes; kneeling upon both knees, these heels of course stuck out at right angles; and in this position the highest hoop of the new fangled skirt caught over them, and thus rendered it impossible for her to raise herself or straighten her limbs. The more she struggled the tighter she was bound; so she was constrained to call for help. This was immediately if not scientifically rendered; and when the next prayer was made, she merely inclined herself upon the back of the front pew, thinking no doubt, that she was not in praying costume.

The Sun Flower as a Preventative of Fever and Ague.

Lieut. M. F. Maury writes to the *Rural New Yorker* an account of an experiment he has made in the cultivation of the sun-flower as a means of preventing "chills and fever." He had noticed that the negroes at the south cultivate this plant round their pig sties, under the idea that they "make it healthy" in the neighborhood. He was also aware that belts of trees around infected places were deemed to have the effect of purifying the atmosphere. The locality of the observatory at Washington was one at which people were very subject to fever and ague every season. Last year Lieut. M. had a belt, about 45 feet broad and 150 to 200 yards from the buildings, prepared and planted with the sun-flower, which grew finely. The result was that none of the people engaged on the premises were attacked with "shakes," although the disease was universally prevalent in the vicinity. This is said to have been the first year of exemption since the observatory was built. A repetition of the culture of the plant for several years may settle something in regard to its sanitary influence.

A Desperate Act.

Cut her hand off.—On Wednesday night last, the 22d of April, says the Boonsboro (Md.) Odd Fellow, a colored woman, aged about 20 years, the property of Susan Gray, residing some four miles from this place, under the impression that she was to be sold South, deliberately took an axe and laid her left hand on the root of a tree and chopped it so near off that it hung but by a little skin. She made six cuts, at different places, all of which, save one, went nearly through. After committing the act she crawled under the bake oven, where she was found the next morning, completely prostrated from the loss of blood. But for the coldness of the night, causing the blood to coagulate, she must have bled to death. The hand was taken off above the wrist, by Dr. O. J. Smith, and brought to town, and was the cause of attracting crowds to the Doctor's office. Such a determined act at maiming we have seldom, if ever, heard of.

DEARLY COOL.

—One of the most singular pieces of coolness was evinced during the shooting affair, by an old Free State man named Porterfield. He had been standing on the platform when the shooting began. One of the bullets grazed his hip, inflicting a mark like a whip, and two other balls cut his clothes. "I believe they are shooting at me," said the old man, thinking it too close for stray balls. He then took out his spectacles, composedly wiped them with his handkerchief, and having carefully adjusted them, took out an eight inch revolver, and took deliberate aim at Ex-Sheriff Jones, saying that he should hold him responsible for any more bullets that should come his way.

Murders.

On Thursday night, of last week, Geo. Wilson and his sister, who lived alone in a house near McKeesport, Allegheny county, Pa., were murdered in a very shocking manner, and then robbed. Charlotte Jones, (a niece of Mr. Wilson,) Henry Fife, Monroe Stewart, and a man named Gardner have been arrested as the murderers.—Charlotte has made a confession, detailing the particulars, acknowledging these men murdered them, and that with threats they compelled her to go with them. They are in jail, awaiting trial. Charlotte implicates her brother William, and says that he and a man named James Williams had murdered Mr. White near Washington, and robbed him of about \$750. From the above testimony of Charlotte, as to the murder of Mr. White, search was made and Wm. Jones was arrested and is in prison, awaiting examination and trial. Williams is still at large. Charlotte says her brother made a living by killing and stealing, and that he had often told her he would kill a man any time for \$5. Williams and Jones broke jail lately, at Washington—the latter having been imprisoned for attempting to poison a boy, in order to secure about \$40 he had in his possession. At Cleveland, on the morning of the 1st inst., the body of a young man named Owen Murray, of Warrensville, who had gone to that city a day or two before, and was drinking and gambling, was found with his hands tied behind his back, and had been thrown over a wall near Lucas' Brewery. He had evidently been murdered.

A Canada Bishop's Idea of a Cruel Indecision.

The Toledo Weekly Messenger says, that Rev. T. Creen, Rector of St. Marks, in Nicaragua, C. W. was some weeks since suspended for life, for adultery with one of his parishoners. The sentence of Bishop Strachan, of Toronto, was, that he should be suspended, but should keep his title of rector till January following, and then retire from the episcopacy on a life pension of \$400 a year! The rector's assistant, Rev. Mr. Reynolds, refused to be present at Mr. Creen's service of communion, and gave as a reason for it the adulterous and drunken life of the rector. The scandal thus became public. Bishop Strachan had to take notice of it—a trial was ordered—Creen was un-governed, yet pensioned, while poor Reynolds was adjudged guilty of "cruel indecision," as the Bishop expresses it, and has been indefinitely suspended from clerical duty.

At Their Old Business.

As an evidence that David Wilmot is a popular candidate with the masses, and that he is regarded as a formidable opponent by the Locofoco newspapers in the State, we need only refer to the slanders and falsehoods that are already hurled at him from this quarter. "Arch apostate," "Black Republican," "Abolitionist," &c., are profusely applied, as if it is intended to crush him in the beginning of the campaign. Fortunate for the party which has placed Mr. Wilmot in nomination and for the great interests of human rights, no man in Pennsylvania is more able to defend himself from these assaults and turn back upon his assailants the poisoned arrows aimed at himself than Judge Wilmot. He is thoroughly conversant with the politics of the State, a powerful and eloquent speaker, and he will make the slave-worshiping, slave-driving Democracy wince on more than one occasion in his speeches from the stump, before the campaign is ended. They may well fear his truthful stories and scorching expositions of modern Democracy.

COALITION OF SOUTHERN BAPTISTS AND MOK. MONIES.

—Who would have believed twenty years ago, that any body of Christians would, in the nineteenth century, make a bold step towards the Polygamists of Utah. Surely no man would then have believed that any individual, pretending to believe pure doctrines of our Saviour, could for a moment give countenance to the vileness and grossness and bestiality of the human brutes of Utah. And yet a Committee of the Carolina Baptists have deliberately resolved that when a slave husband has been sold to a new master, he may marry a new wife, and thus have a new wife for every new master.—Thus it is first argued that Christianity justifies slavery, and as slavery justifies the selling of men like cattle, and lawfully leads to Polygamy so that Christianity, according to the teaching of these Carolina doctors, justifies Polygamy. What will the Presbyterians of Carolina say to this? Will they endorse the teachings of their neighbors? Will they sing dumb? Of course they will not condemn a practice which is so profitable to the slaveholder.

A Darky having been to California,

thus speaks of his introduction to San Francisco:— "As soon as dey landed in the ribbar, dar moofs began to watter to be on land, and soon as dey waded to de shore, dey dod'nt see any gold, but dey found such a large supply of noffin to eat, dat dar gums cracked like baked clay in a brick yard."