# The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1857.

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**COURT AFFAIRS—August Term, 1857.**

TRIAL LIST—FIRST WEEK.

Enoch Dean vs Joseph Harbaugh.
Savage's Trustees vs Davis & Smith.
Stevens for use vs Henry & Smith,
Thomas Clark's heirs vs Brison Clark,
D. Grow's adm'r vs Abednego Stevens,
Sterling & Alexander vs Bracken, Stitt & Co.
M. Greenland vs Caleb Brown,
Daniel Crownover vs Joshua Gorsuch,
Michael Quarry vs Wise & Buchanan
Patrick Kelly vs Penna. R. R. Co.,
George McCrum vs Thos. Wilson.

SECOND WEEK.

McCutcheon vs James Entrekin.
J. Cresswell vs Robert Hare Powel,
Peter Crownover vs Daniel Shindle,
Samuel Beaty vs Wm. H. Wharton,
John Dougherty vs Abr. Taylor et al,
Weiler, Kline & Ellis vs C. Couts,
Edwards for Stunkard vs Glasgows,
Joel Moore vs B, X. Blair et al,
Gemmill & Cresswell vs J. R. Cox, Admr.
Same vs Same,
Mary E. Trout vs Wm. H. King & Flenner,
John W. Glasgow vs John Brewster,
B. F. Glasgow vs. Same.

GRAND JURORS.

Thomas Adams, mechanic, Huntingdon,
Peter H. Burket, tanner, Warriorsmark.
John Bibin, laborer, Porter,
Jacob Cresswell, agent, Tod,
Alex. Cunningham, merchant, Huntingdon,
Jackson J. Fee, carpenter, Henderson,
John Hunt, laborer, Cromwell,
John Hirst, farmer, Barree.
Samuel Lutz, farmer. Shirley,
John Logan, farmer, Henderson,
David Long. farmer, Clay,
Joshua Gornell, farmer, Cass,
David Miller, farmer, Tod,
Benjamin Myers, farmer, Shirley,
J. K. McCahan, farmer, Warriorsmark,
Carens Patterson, blacksmith, Porter,
Samuel Rorer, farmer, Shirley,
Benjamin Rhodes, farmer, Cromwell,
William Rothrock, brewer Huntingdon,
Thomas F. Stewart, Esq., farmer, West,
Jacob Stover, farmer, Warriorsmark,
Thomas L. States, hatter, (once) Huntingdon
William Thompson, farmer, Union.
Daniel Weight, farmer, Warriorsmark.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

John Brown, farmer, Brady,
John Brown, farmer, Springfield,
John Beaver, farmer, Hopewell,
John Booth, teacher, Springfield,
Thomas Bell, carpenter, Barree,
Henry Boyer, farmer, Penn,
Alexander Creo, farmer, Dublin,
Alexander Coulter, laborer, Walker,
John Carl, miller, Dublin,
Abraham Crane, farmer, Franklin,
Basil Devor, farmer, Cromwell.
Jacob S. Devore, blacksmith, Shirley,
William Dorris, Sr., gentleman. Huntingdon,
A. W. Evans, merchant, Cassville,
Charles Geisinger, farmer, Union,
Andrew Garner, farmer, Warriorsmark,
Andrew S. Harrison, J. P., Huntingdon,
Jesse Henry, carpenter, West,
John M. Hight, mechanic, Cassville,
Joseph Hudson, farmer, Tell,
Samuel Hackedon, farmer, Tell,
Thomas H. Huling, farmer, Shirley,
Elijah G. Fleck, plasterer, Clay,
Richard Jones, farmer, Franklin,
Nathaniel Lytle, saddler, Morris,
John Love, farmer, Barree,
John Miller, saddler, West,
James Myton, farmer, West,
Samuel McCord, farmer, Jackson,
Joseph McCracken, farmer, Brady,
John McClain, farmer, Tod,
Jonathan McWilliams, farmer, Franklin,
Alexander M. Oaks, farmer, Barree,
James Oliver, farmer, Franklin,
Isaac Peightal, farmer. Penn,
Samuel Porter, farmer, West,
Daniel Peightal, farmer, Penn,
Jacob S. Park, farmer, Cass,
John Rupert, farmer, Clay,
David Stevens, farmer, Clay,
Alexander Stewart, farmer, Franklin,
Lawrence Swoope, mechanic, Cassville,
Robert Stewart, inn-keeper, Jackson,
Joseph Taylor, farmer, Clay,
Samuel Work, farmer. Porter,
David Weight. farmer, Warriorsmark,
John B. Weaver, farmer, Hopewell,
Jesse Yocum, mason Brady.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

George Bell, farmer, Barree,
James Baker, mason, Cromwell,
David Barrick, farmer, West,
Jesse Cook, farmer, Tod,
George Cresswell, merchant, West,
Dorsey Green, iron master, Porter,
William P. Gosborn, farmer, Tell,
William Hutchison, farmer, Warriorsmark,
William H. Harper, merchant, Jackson,
John Henderson, Jr., farmer, Warriorsmark,
Hays Hamilton, manager, Franklin,
Frederick Hoover, farmer, Penn,
John Headings, blacksmith, Brady,
James Horning, farmer, Barree,
William Johnston, farmer, Warriorsmark,
John S Isett, iron master, Morris,
James Long, farmer, Shirley,
Joseph Law, merchant, Morris,
Isaac Lininger, cabinet-maker, Huntingdon,
John McCartney, farmer, Henderson,
Samuel K. Metts, farmer; Brady,
Jacob C. Miller, farmer, Barree,
William Meredith, carpenter, Brady,
Jonathan Miller, farmer, Clay,
Jacob Miller, gentleman, Huntingdon,
Jacob Neff, farmer, Porter,
Calvin Noble, mason, Cromwell,
Henry Nearhoof, farmer, Warriorsmark,
Joshua Price, farmer, Tell,
Charles Porter, merchant, Porter,
Joseph Reckets, laborer, Shirleysburg,
G. W. Robison, clerk, Shirley,
Geo. Sipes, Esq., merchant, Cromwell,
Abraham States, blacksmith, Walker,
James Simpson, farmer, Brady,
David Henderson, farmer, Franklin,

July 29, '57.


**Cheapest "Job Printing" Office IN THE COUNTY.**

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**Job Printing at 20 per cent. cheaper rates Than any Office in the County.**

Give us a call. If we don't give entire satisfaction, no charge at all will be made.

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BLANKS! BLANKS!

**BLANKS.**

*A general assortment of Blanks of all descriptions just printed and for sale at the "Journal Office."*

| | |
|---|---|
| Appointm't of Referees, | Common Bond, |
| Notice to Referees, | Judgment Notes |
| Summons, | Vendue Notes, |
| Executions, | Constable's Sales, |
| Scire Facias, | Subpœnas, |
| Complaints, | Deeds, |
| Warrants, | Mortgages, |

Commitments, Bond to Indemnify Constable, &c.


## Select Poetry.

**'Tis Well to Have a Merry Heart.**

'Tis well to have a merry heart,
However short we stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
Whate'er the world may say.
Philosophy may lift its head,
And find out many a flaw,
But give me that Philosophy
That's happy with a straw.

If life but brings us happiness,
It brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, tho' rich ones try,
With all their heaps of gold!
Then laugh away—let others boast,
Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly say
He has the wealth of earth.

There's beauty in a merry laugh,
A moral beauty too—
It shows a heart an honest heart,
That paid each man his due,
And lent a share of what's to spare,
Despite of wisdom's fears,
And made the cheek less sorrow speak,
The eyes weep fewer tears.

The eye may shroud itself in cloud,
The tempest wrath begin;
If finds a spark to cheer the dark,
Its sunlight is within!
Then laugh away, let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth!

## The Pulpit.

[*From the New York Independent.*]

**Duty of the Church and Ministry IN THE UNITED STATES,**

In Relation to the Iniquity of Slavery.

*Effect of Silence and Consequent Connivance.*

The inquity of Slavery never could have grown to the enormity and extent of power and wickedness in which it now reigns, except by such connivance and silence. Had the thunders of the word of God against Oppression but been unsealed from the beginning, this iniquity would have been utterly abandoned—it could not have stood in a single State against an excommunication by the Church and Ministry. But when God has commanded His angels to loose the seals, and the thunders to utter their voices, there have been other angels repressing them—conservative angels holding them in, and giving counsel that Christian expediency requires us to restrain them for fear of the agitations, disturbances tumults, earthquakes and lightnings that might follow from them. See now the consequences of procuring peace, or deferring a necessary conflict, by consenting to rebuke sin! The sin grows, and you are more and more afraid of it—afraid to say one word against it—till at length it boldly challenges you as your master, and claims to be a rightful institution; and from beginning by a purchase of your silence, it rules over you and binds you hand and foot. The evil and the sin have grown to a magnitude that none but God can cope with, and nothing but His word can meet. It has advanced steadily from step to step, till now it is publicly enshrined and enthroned in the place of righteousness, the tribunal of national justice. In this position, with these impious, unblushing, daring claims, it is impossible to confront it with any authority but God's, that of God's word to the conscience. Every other consideration it has disregarded, every obligation over-ridden; all political combinations against it have been as flax before the fire. Indeed, everything, in comparison with the word of God upon the conscience, is as unspun hemp in comparison with a wrought cable; and that word is our last resort, our only refuge. It has never been thoroughly tried, nor the conscience roused by it, but the policy of silence and the reign of terror have prevented it, and it is now for the church and the ministry to come forward and apply it. And, by as much as this remedy has been neglected and delayed, while the iniquity has been growing, and the evil rolling on, by so much is the greater zeal, energy, boldness and perseverance now requisite. It is not now a few words that will answer but a vial as of the seventh angel must be poured forth into the air, and the great voice from the throne out of the temple of heaven. All the collected and concentrated thunders in the word of God are needed.

*Objections Considered.*

But there are objections urged against this course, and it is proper that we meet them. The fanaticism, hypocrisy, and folly of the outcry about political preaching have been sufficiently demonstrated already, and I proceed to consider the only material argument urged against bringing the word of God to bear upon the sin of Slavery. It is said that preaching about such sins gives offence to the People, and that where it is well known that any particular truth brought into view will irritate a part of the congregation, and perhaps drive them away, it is not expedient to present that truth, but a regard to the interests of the society forbids it. It is urged that such preaching repels the pew-holders, prevents people from coming to church, preaches away the people, so that the interests of society require that it be stopped at once, and a preacher obtained who will not proclaim that portion of God's word which is so offensive.

Now let us consider, seriously, to what this objection amounts; and we shall be ready to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" We shall find that it is really nothing but a modern Simon Magus bargaining with Peter. It is really taking for granted that not the truth nor the glory of God, nor the redemption of men from sin, is the object of the Church and the Ministry entrusted with God's word, but the selling and renting of the pews. If it were demonstrated that by this kind of preaching you could build up the society, and rent all the pews, then by these principles you would have this kind of preaching. Preach the truth as you find it in God's word, if you can do it without giving offence, and just so far as you can do it in that way, with that insurance. Preach the truth, so far as you can do it without damaging the pew-rentals, but by all means rent the pews; for the interests of the society are first to be be consulted, and the truth must be suppressed, and the minister who proclaims it put away, if it damages those interests, if it imperils the revenue.

The statement and analysis of such an objection are enough to refute it, and stamp it with shame. God never meant to have His Word withdrawn from the conflict against sin, and applied as a dray-horse to drag the finances of a society up hill. When we see heaven opened, and the White Horse, bearing forth in infinite divine glory the Word of God, and the armies of heaven following him upon white horses clothed in fine linen, white and clean, do we expect the quarter-master with a committee of gentlemen to meet them, and harness them to the finances, the baggage-wagon, and the pay-master's chest? God never meant that His word should be changed from an Almighty warrior to a pay-master's drudge; that its last end should be to meet the expenses of a society, or to settle the bills for costly temples, instead of instructing and edifying souls. God means the society for his word, the society to *receive* His word, the society to wait upon His word, not this word to wait like a beggar upon the society, or like a sexton to collect rents. The Church is the pillar for the truth, to lift it up, to set it on high, to hold forth the word, not the truth a mere cash currency for the Church; the candlestick is appointed to hold the light, not the light to secure payment for the candlestick. God never meant that His word should be cut and carved only according as a body of trustees might determine would be for the interest of the Society. And if men, anywhere in our land, are coming into bondage under such ideas, and settling and unsettling ministers by them, it is a perfect gangrene of Simon Maguses in the church; it is the destruction of all purity, independence, manliness and power. God never meant to make the Church or the sanctuary an enormous cradle with downy niches, in which men could be lulled to sleep by the music of the organ, the great end of the preaching being to pay the expenses attendant on the Sabbath's nap, the expenses of warming and rocking the cradle and providing pillows. Neither did He mean that the Church should be like a ship, in the sides of which ministers, fleeing from their duty in Nineveh, might take their berths, and sleep out the voyage, having their own passage by concealing their mission.

The sinfulness, debasement and shame, as well as the mischievous destructive tendency of such views, cannot be too thoroughly reprobated and exposed. Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein and ye shall find rest unto your souls, But they said. We will not walk therein. Also I set watchmen over you, saying. Hearken to the sound of the trumpet. But they said. We will not hearken. Therefore hear ye nations, and know, O congregation, what is among them. Hear, O earth; behold I will bring evill upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts, because they have not hearkened unto my words, nor to my law, but rejected it. A conspiracy is found in the land, a conspiracy of her prophets in the midst thereof, like a roaring lion ravening the prey; they have devoured souls; her priests have violated my law, and have profaned mine holy thing; they have put no difference between the holy and profane. [*showed* the difference between the clean and the unclean,] and have hid their eyes from my Sabbaths, so that I am profaned among them, and her prophets have daubed them with untempered mortar. This is our guilt. If there be a reigning iniquity in the land, and the Church and Ministry are not arrayed against it, they conspire to sustain it if they keep silence in regard to it they consent, and all that they *do* say goes only for mortar to daub that sin. If that sin were in Africa or India they could speak out against it, and none would object, but all would applaud. Because it is here, among us, upon us, in our own churches, in our own tribunals, the very reason that renders the application of God's word imperious and unquestionably proper and necessary, is alleged against any such applications, because it will make disturbance.

The influence is dreadful on all our views of truth, in permitting the prejudice against race and color to remain and grow, unopposed, uncorrected; and the prejudice in favor, of Slavery to stand between us and our consideration of the subject in the word of God. It is only by gazing at the truth with open face, with the vail of self interest, fear, and prejudice cast away, that we can see and acknowledge even our duty. A writer on the power of vision, and the causes that impair it, notices the wearing of veils as permanently weakening many naturally good eyes, on account of the endeavors of the organ of vision to adjust itself to the ceaseless vibrations of the medium before it. Just so, whatever vail of expediency or self-interest hangs before the moral vision, if there be any prejudice there, whether of cast or color, or a private aim or speculation, or any ambitious project, neither the heart nor the mind can steadfastly receive the light, or look to any noble moral end with a benevolent, disinterested, single ness. The truth glimmers, and the light instead of shining brightly struggles and wavers through a medium itself obscure and unsteady.

The effect of suppressing the truth in regard to any one thing on which God has given it to be spoken, extends to the suppressing and destruction of its power in every direction. If the Ministry are muzzled, the souls of the people suffer. We have read an account of a new and cruelly ingenious instrument of torture, contrived in Sicily, for which the Neapolitan tyrant had rewarded the inventor. It was the torture of being compelled to keep silence, under an iron mask and collar, so screwed upon the face and neck, that any relief to the agony of pain by groans and exclamations became impossible, and every pain must be endured without the slightest demonstration. The effect of such an intollerable enforced muscular rigidity and silence under anguish was to congest and cramp the lungs and the heart, producing suffocation. Just such must be the effect of a compulsory silence of the Ministry, before the sufferings and tortures of the dumb, in whose behalf we are commanded to speak out. A congestion of piety, a convulsive pressure of blood driven back upon the heart, and all the dreadful struggles of suffocation in the system, must ensue. The stillness of the pulpit under such despotism would cry louder to God for vengeance than the most terrific howlings of agony. God will take no excuse for silence. "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and them that are ready to be slain, if thou sayest, behold we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it, and He that keepeth thy soul doth not He know it? and shall He not render to every man according to his works?" C.

## Miscellany.

### A SHORT PATENT SERMON.

CALIFORNIA SERIES--NO. XXXI.

BY DOW, JR.

'D'Orville' sends me the following text, I will expatiate a little upon it this morning:

What is Love?—'Tis a fool's blind dream
Of something that ne'er existence had;
It vanishes 'neath the daylight's gleam—
And when it is gone, the fool goes mad!

MY HEARERS: If you think that your lonely preacher, through practical experience, is more capable of giving a perfect analysis of Love, than anybody else, you sit there under a heavy mistake. True, in my more susceptible days—and before I took to chewing tobacco—I often felt a slight, mysterious jerking at the heart-strings, but only once the real, magnetic, galvanic, spasmodic, convulsive, soothing, painful, delightful sensation of genuine Love. I handled the article thoroughly—examined it, tasted it, rubbed it and smelt of it,—and yet, for the soul of me, I can't now tell what it is, nor even what it's like. Enough to say, it's some sort of a nervous affection, taking root in the heart, branching out and blossoming in the brain, and when they come to nervous diseases, doctors of medicine, doctors of divinity, and horse-doctors are alike equally in the dark. But there is something in it, as the unbeliever said when he took the laughing gas.

Brother Burns, who used to plough up a good deal of love poetry, never told us what Love actually is, albeit he has given us to understand something what it is like. He says—

"Love is like a dizziness,
It will nae let a poor body
Gang about his business."

That is so, my friends; Love unfits a body for any useful pursuit upon the face of the earth, and annihilates his appreciation of anything that is really valuable. I suppose that when the fit is on, even miners can't dig with the energy of a woodchuck in the last stage of consumption—and when they come across a nugget, they probably look upon it as being worthless, as did Æsop's old rooster upon the jewel he chanced to scratch out of a dung-heap.

Love is a lazy, dreaming, high-ho-ing state of existence, in which one either looks on the world as a garden full of roses, without a single thorn, or an immense field of Canada thistles and not a solitary one in blossom. When your preacher first experienced a severe touch of the tender passion, everything, from the wood pile to the hen-house, was crowned with roses bigger than flapjacks; and turkey buzzards hovering over the carcass of a dead mule seemed like so many Cupids poising their pinions above the bosom of my sleeping Beauty.

Unhappy Goldsmith, my brethren, once poetically exclaimed, in something like these heart-piercing words:

Oh! what is friendship but a name—
A charm that lulls to sleep!
And Love is but a brushwood flame,
That leaves the wretch—A SHEEP!

or "to weep," I forgot which—very likely "a sheep,"—it's more natural.

But what says our text?—"'Tis a fool's wild dream of something that ne'er existence had." Now, my friends, you know very well that the woof of all dreams is composed of threads spun by Fancy, and more brittle than the beams of a dilapidated moon; the whole fabric is flimsy trash at the best. Then, if Love be nothing more than an idiot's dream—gilding everything, and converting airy nothing into a seemingly solid something, and yet nothing after all—then, I say, Love wont pay for candle-light—much less for either its laudanum or its brandy-cocktails. My lamented friend Moore says, most pathetically:

New days may come with milder light,
Or shed a brighter beam;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream!

'Love was once a little boy;" and full of mischief; and then all his dreams, though very sweet, were notwithstanding, very foolish; and he doubtless found so, when he came to grow up and know the difference in the value of a kiss and a five dollar gold piece, or that of a leg of mutton and a pretty ankle. My text, brethren, seems to give us to understand, that when Love's silly dream vanishes before the broad daylight of Reason, the dreaming fool is very likely to go mad as a March hare. If this don't hold good in all instances, I tell you, my friends, that in a majority of cases, it will apply as tenaciously as hot glue in a nigger's wool. Hear the same poet rave, in his crazy second thought:—

Oh! the days are gone when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove—
When all my dream, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!

Here, my brethren, you can easily see the madness protruding an inch or so. Mark how the fellow sighs, like a furnace with that distressful 'Oh!"—how he takes on, to think that the days are forever past when he had little else to do, and was fit for nothing else, than to crawl under a gooseberry bush and dream of "Love, still love,"—or sit and doze while Beauty was manufacturing a halter for his heart, and perhaps for his neck. That the gifted bard of Hibernia's Green Isle died of a softening of the brain—after he had drunk of love and wine to their very lees—is a melancholy fact.

That the dream of love "vanishes 'neath the daylight's gleam," is perhaps more true than poetical. All lovers do but dream during the uncertain moonlight of courtship. They awake to a true, sober sense of their situations only in the broad glare of matrimony. And then, if they find the first flame extinguished, and beyond the power of rekindling, it is no wonder they go mad, and do something desperate—perchance tear a board off the pig-pen.

But, my friends, there should be no necessity for love dying out while being connubialized. If you don't dream too much in its early stages—but have your eyes, your ears, and your better judgment open, to assist you in making a choice selection for life—I'll stake my Bible against a last year's almanac, that you don't find it fizzling out, just at the time when conjugal joys should begin to cluster, thicker than hornets and yellow jackets at the bung-hole of a barrel of new cider. Love can be so managed in its acute stage as to become chronic, and run in the family for at least a couple of generations. So mote it be!

N. B—I prepared the notes to my sermon yesterday, with great fear and trembling, expecting every moment to be numbered among the things that used to be.—But, thank Heaven, we have dodged the comet this time; and therefore you will please sing the *Dodge ology* commencing with—

We've dodged the Comet, thank the Lord!
Hal-lal-lelujuh!
A narrow dodge, upon our word—
Hal-lal-lelujuh!
Shout, Glory, then—shout, Glory, glo—
We'll dodge the de'il, the sheriff, too,
And eke the darts from Cupid's bow—
Glory! Halleluyah!

(Omit the eighty-fifth verse, and as many more as you please,)

### Good Backers.--An Incident of Spiritualism.

A long-bearded customer recently entered a spiritual bookstore in New York and applied for an agency. He proposed to take a large quantity of books to his part of the country, 'away out west,' where he represented that he could soon sell them, as he was assured by the 'invisibles.' The enterprising bookseller was of course delighted with this prospect of a sale; but his enthusiasm was somewhat dampened on the long bearded gentleman remarking that he had no money, and wanted the books entirely upon credit.

'Are you responsible?' was the natural inquiry of the merchant.

'Perfectly.'

'*What evidences of your reliability can* you furnish?'

'I have the best of backers—men whose names you know very well.'

The merchant's countenance brightened

'Very well,' said he, 'let us see your papers.'

Thereupon the customer presented the following document:

'*To whom it may concern:* We, the undersigned, having been acquainted spiritually with Mr.———, of———, Wisconsin, for many years, recommend him as perfectly reliable, and would not be afraid to trust him to any amount.

GEORGE WASHINGTON,
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
HENRY CLAY,
THOMAS PAINE,
JOHN MILTON, and others.

'Through Jane E———, medium.'

The bookseller remarked, that the backers were good if the medium was reliable; but he thought, on the whole, he would prefer to keep the books. The customer hereupon denounced the bookseller as an imposter, telling him that he did not believe his own doctrines, and that the spirits would expose his duplicity to the world. Of this he felt assured by the spirit of prophecy within him. The bookseller was not convinced

### Mr. Buchanan on Polygamy.

Major Jack Downing thus relates a conversation he had with Mr. Buchanan on Utah:

"Old Buck is a good deal riled with Brigham Young, who with his one hundred wives, have created a rebellion—when the old Buck hasn't one that he can call his own. If one woman created a rebellion in the garden of Eden when she had a man and ought to bin satisfied, it isn't wonderful that one hundred should do the like in Utah, having only one man among 'em all! Says I, 'Bucky, did you ever see union and harmony where there was a hundred wimin and but one man—it's agin all nater to expect it—and the only way to bring matters to a sartin point is to see each woman has her man.'

'Yes, but,' says old Buck, 'then every man would be obleeged to hev his woman.'

'Yes, sartin,' sez I.

'Well, then,' sez he 'I'd be blamed for the hull of this trouble and say I'd sot 'em a bad example.'

'That's so,' sez I, 'and since you druv so many women to take up with one man bekase you refused to take your sheer, it's your duty to make 'em peaceable as they are, or else break the hull thing up by reforming and setting every old bachelor a good example by takin one of these deluded women at once.'

☞ Laugh and grow fat.

### The Mother's Influence.

The solid rock which turns the edge of the chisel bears forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements. If we trace back to its fountain the mighty torrent which fertilized the land with its copious streams, or sweeps over it with a devastating flood, we shall find it dripping in crystal drops from some mossy crevice among the distant hills; so too the gentle feelings and affections that enrich and adorn the heart, and the mighty passions that sweep away all the barriers of the soul and desolate society, may have sprung up in the infant bosom in the sheltered retirement of home.

"I should have been an atheist," said John Randolph "if it had not been for one recollection; and that was the memory of the time, when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and caused me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven!"

☞ The manner in which editors are treated out west is scandalous. No respect whatever is paid to these unfortunate beings. Only listen to the statement of the editor of the Kansas Canton Ball, who describes in graphic style, peculiar to himself, the reception he met with from the pro-slavery men after he had returned from a four days visit in the back settlements:

"On our way to our sanctum we were met by a delegation who began presenting us with vegetables, &c. One of them thinking we were fond of game, threw us what they no doubt supposed to be a coon, but which we (being a judge of game) thought savored like a cat of the pole species. They placed us on a pole, intending to do us honor, as it had been formerly used as a flag-staff, and conducted us through the town and then to the outskirts, where they began stripping us. When they had divested us of all but our left stocking, they procured a bucket of black paste, resembling tar, also a bag of feathers. They then proceeded to make a very warm suit for winter, feather lined with paste. After they had all saluted us *by pulling our nose, (which is the customa*ry salute between the pro and anti-slavery men) they told us it was time to go which, after receiving a concussion in the rear, we did. We were surprised to hear when we went to the office that we had been tared and feathered. The foreman assisted by the devil, fell to work and picked us, we all the time experiencing the sensations supposed to belong to that 'insect' called 'goose.' We are now 'featherless' but the tar will stick to us as long as we live.

P. S. The feathers are for sale at our office. The whole lot for sale for $7,50.

ANOTHER HINT TO LADIES IN THE CARS.—The 'hint to ladies in the cars' which some time ago found its way into the newspapers, receives an appropriate counterpart in the following:

The seats were all full, except one which was occupied by a rough-looking Irishman—and at one of the stations, a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats, but seeing no vacant ones were about to go into a back car—when Patrick rose hastily and offered them his seat, with evident pleasure. 'But you have no seat yourself, responded one of the young ladies with a smile—hesitating, with true politeness, as to accepting it. 'Niver ye mind *that*,' said the Hibernian, 'yer welcome to't! I'd ride upon the *cow-catcher* till New York, any time, for a smile from such *jintlemanly* ladies!' and he retreated hastily into the next car, amid the cheers of those who had witnessed the affair.

☞ An Agricultural Society up in Vermont, offers the following premium: A beautiful silk dress (the color and quality to be optional with the fair recipient) to the maker of the best loaf of bread—the competitors to be unmarried ladies, and the committee of judges to consist of bachelors and widowers. It is generally thought that bachelors in search of good housekeepers will be on hand at *that* agricultural fair.

The following is the transcendental for "Miss, will you take my arm!"

"Young lady will you condescend so far to sacrifice your own convenience to my pleasure, as to insert the five digitals and a part of the extremity of your contiguous arm through the angular aperture formed by the crooking of my elbow against the perpendicular portion of my frame?"

"OLD GRIMES IS DEAD."—Mr. S. E. Grimes died recently in Georgia, at the age of one hundred and ten years.