

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1857.

VOL. XXII. NO. 50.

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

Select Poetry.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion, lay dying at Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was
a dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him while his life-
blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he
might say—
The dying soldier faltered as he took that com-
rade's hand:
And said: "I never more shall see my own, my
native land.
Take a message and a token to some distant
friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, sweet Bingen on the
Rhine!
Tell my brothers and companions, when they
meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vin-
tage ground.
That we fought the battle bravely, and when
the fight was done,
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath
the setting sun,
And 'midst the dead and dying were some
grown old in wars—
The death wound on their gallant breasts, the
last of many scars;
But some were young and suddenly beheld life's
morn decline:
And one had come from Bingen, dear Bingen
on the Rhine.
Tell my mother that her other sons shall com-
fort her old age,
That I was still a true and true that thought his
home a cage—
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of strug-
gles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his
sentry's hold,
I let them take whatever they would, but kept
my father's sword.
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright
light used to shine
In the cottage wall at Bingen, fair Bingen on
the Rhine!
Tell my sister not to mourn for me, nor sob
with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again with
guns and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly with calm
and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and I did not
fear to die!
And if a comrade seeks her love, I ask her in
my name,
To listen to him calmly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place—my fa-
ther's sword and mine—
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on
the Rhine!
There's another, not a sister, and in happy days
gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that
sparkled in her eye,
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle
scoffing;
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes
sometimes heaviest mourning—
Tell her the last night of my life, (for 'er the
moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of
prison.)
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow
sunlight shine
On the vine clad hills of Bingen, sweet Bingen
on the Rhine!
I heard the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard,
or seemed to hear,
The German song we used to sing in chorus
sweet and clear—
And down the pleasant river and up the slant-
ing hill
The echoing chorus sounded through the even-
ing calm and still.
And her glad blue eye was on me, as we passed
in friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-
remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in
mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, dear Bin-
gen on the Rhine!
His voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was
childish weak;
His eyes put on a dying look, he signed and
ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spirit of
life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land lay
dead;
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly
she looked down.
On the red sands of that battle-field, with bloody
corpses strewn—
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale
light seemed to shine,
As it shone in distant Bingen, fair Bingen on
the Rhine!

Time To Marry.

Solomon says there is a time to marry;
but it is questionable whether he meant a
hard time: A stout Hollander applied at
the Probate Clerk's office in Cincinnati on
Saturday, for a "check" to get married
with: A person who happened to be pre-
sent asked his reason for wishing to take
a wife in such hard times, when he replied:
"I plenty time now—nothing to do. Soon
I work—can't attend to mine wife—plenty
time now—so I get married." And pay-
ing his dollar, drawn from a well-tied shoe
bag, he departed with his license to occu-
py his leisure hours in getting married and
attending to his wife.

Select Miscellany.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

From the New York Tribune.

The President's Message has been so thoroughly anticipated and foreshadowed by the developments of the last few weeks that its promulgation commands less interest, and its positions excite less surprise than they would otherwise have done. Still, its main feature exhibits strikingly the recent and rapid advance of the Slave Power toward complete domination within the nominally Free States as well as those avowedly subject to its sway. To this feature, we ask emphatic and fixed attention.

The Malakoff of the Northern advocates of the Nebraska Bill was the asserted right of each political community to frame and adopt such social and political institutions as a majority of its members should deem most conducive to their own permanent well being. "Why not," it was constantly asked, "allow Kansas, and all States hereafter to be created, to adopt or reject Slavery as its own? People shall see fit, just as New York and Pennsylvania and Vermont severally did? Why deny to their People a right which we claim for ourselves? Why apply one rule to Territories and another to States?" Such was the train of argumentation which induced a large portion of the North and West to acquiesce in the repeal of the Missouri Restriction embodied in the Nebraska Kansas bill. At least a thousand Democratic speeches have been made in Congress and before the People, purporting to defend the doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty" for Territories as well as States.

But the bill had not been long passed before the South began to advance her demands, and to claim of the Free States a recognition of the right of each slaveholder to settle with his slaves in any territory or State, or any adverse local sentiment or legislation. The Democratic politicians of Pennsylvania were, as usual, foremost in the race of submission to this new demand. Senator Brodhead got the start, and Mr. J. Glancy Jones soon followed. In regular course thereafter, the last Democratic National Convention resolved that the People of the Territories, "whenever the number of their inhabitants justifies it," may "form State Constitutions, with or without domestic Slavery"—maintaining an expressive silence on the subject of their right to exclude or inhibit Slavery while they remained Territories.

The step next in order was the Dred Scott decision, whereby the Supreme Court denied to Congress, as well as to the People of the Territories, any right to exclude Slavery from those Territories respectively; and this was backed by Mr. Buchanan in his Silliman letter as follows:

"Slavery existed at that period [passage of the Nebraska Act.] and still exists in Kansas under the Constitution of the United States. This point has at length been decided by the highest tribunal known to our laws. *Has it could ever have been seriously doubted in a mystery?*"

Mr. Buchanan now follows up this blow by a thorough indorsement of the late bogus Constitutional Convention in Kansas, with all its doings, and plumply says that, no matter how generally and indignantly the People of Kansas shall repudiate that body and its acts, they shall have the force of legal authority. "If any portion of the inhabitants shall refuse to vote, a fair opportunity to do so having been presented, * * * they alone will be responsible for the consequences"—though they are not allowed to vote on nine tenths of the Constitution proposed for their government except "for" it. But suppose a majority vote "For the Constitution without Slavery," the result will nevertheless be the Constitution with Slavery—only that the future importation of Slaves is forbidden. To entitle any one to vote, he must, if challenged, swear to support this Constitution, which he is only allowed to vote "for," not against; and though nine tenths should vote for it without Slavery, Slavery is nevertheless to continue, and "No alteration [of this Constitution] shall be made to affect the right of property in Slaves." All this Mr. Buchanan indorses as proper, reasonable and just, closing the subject as follows:

"Should the Constitution without Slavery be adopted by the votes of the majority, the rights of property in slaves now in the Territory are reserved. The number of these is very small; but if it were greater, the provision would be equally just and reasonable. These slaves were

brought into the Territory under the Constitution of the United States, and are now the property of their masters. This point has at length been finally decided by the highest judicial tribunal of the country—and this upon the plain principle that when a confederacy of Sovereign States acquire a new Territory at their joint expense, both equality and justice demand that the citizens of one and all of them shall have the right to take into it whatsoever is recognized as property by the common Constitution. To have summarily confiscated the property in slaves already in the Territory, would have been an act of gross injustice, and contrary to the practice of the older States of the Union which have abolished Slavery."

Will any one say how it is possible, in accordance with the President's logic, ever hereafter to form a new State in which there shall be no Slavery at all? We who prefer that sort of a State are not yet formally outlawed, though so many of us as happen to live in Kansas are practically under the ban. Suppose, now, that nineteen twentieths of the People of New Mexico choose to organize a State Government under which no human being shall be legally held in Slavery to another. But a few slaves have already slipped in, while the Supreme Court and Mr. Buchanan maintain that there was no power anywhere to exclude Slavery, and our State finds them in position. Is there no way whereby nineteen twentieths of the free inhabitants can emancipate themselves from the iron yoke of the remaining twentieth? What are the vast majority to do? Mr. Buchanan, indeed, affirms that "If her Constitution on the subject of Slavery, or on any other subject be displeasing to a majority of her people, no human power can prevent them from changing it within a brief period." Well: suppose they do change it, and forbid Slavery, what of it! Must not the Supreme Court inevitably, in accordance with Mr. Buchanan's doctrine just quoted, protect those "rights of property in slaves," which the President holds it so tight should uphold? "It is not property," cannot be "summarily confiscated," can it be legally confiscated at all? Think of this.

Mr. Buchanan labors anxiously to palliate his desertion of Walker, but with palpable ill success. In his Inaugural last March, he pronounced it "the imperative and indispensable duty of the Government of the United States to secure to every resident inhabitant [of Kansas] the free and independent expression of his opinion by his vote." "The whole 'territorial question,'" he proceeded, should thus be settled on the principle of Popular Sovereignty." Does the dodge submission in Kansas conform to this requirement? Are citizens who are required first to swear to support a Constitution before they can vote on it at all, and then are not allowed to vote against but only "for" it, treated according to the promise of the Inaugural? If you can say yes look at the President's carefully elaborated instructions to Gov. Walker, enjoining on him that:

"When a Constitution shall be submitted to the people of the Territory, they must be protected in the exercise of their right of voting for or against; that instrument, and the fair expression of the popular will must not be interrupted by fraud or violence."

Those instructions cannot be obliterated. The President now tells us that he "merely said" what we have just quoted. True he "merely said" it; but what reason does he give for not doing as he "said" he would? "There stands Gov. Walker on that very doctrine, with the People of Kansas behind him, demanding that what the President 'merely said,' he shall now make good. People of the United States! it is your business to take care that he does it!"

The following is a literal copy of the list of questions proposed for discussion in a debating club down South. We earnestly commend them in their purity to the notice of our literary societies, not only as eminently practical but as models of literary beauty:

- Subject of Discussion.
- Is dancin' moral?
- Is the recidin' uv fictitious works commendable?
- Is it necessary that females shod receive a thurr literary education?
- Ort females to take parts in pollytyx?
- Wuz dres constitute the moral paris uv dancin'?
- We find the following in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary:
Garret.—The uppermost room in a house.
Cockloft.—The room above the garret.
- If you have a regard for your eyes never praise your neighbor's wife in presence of your own.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a lecture in Philadelphia, the other day, of which the following is an extract:

The lecturer began by saying that it was a remarkable fact that all the animals below the rank of man grew naturally to what they were meant for; they required no training. The young lion that roamed the wilderness had no teacher, but he never failed of lionhood; he came to it by instinct. So it was with every other animal, as well as with flowers, trees and the entire vegetable kingdom. But manhood consists in character and that is a very different thing from growth. A fly is as much a fly within an hour of birth as at the end of summer. A worm comes to its maturity in a few hours, whilst man requires years for the full development of his powers, and it was only through the training of our various faculties to their highest co-operation with each other that the perfect maturity of character could be attained. In one sense an uneducated man was not a man, nor more than an acorn was an oak, or a spear of grass a hay field. It was no extravagant assumption to say that ninety per cent. of human life was in its best condition wasted; nearly one half of the human race died in the cradle. As to the blossoms on the trees, it was no marvel that thousands of them should be scattered to the winds, without ending in fruit, for their production was not attended with circumstances affecting the feelings and affections of living souls. But experience taught us that no garden-er weeded his garden with a more unsparring hand than God weeded the garden of human life.

We think much of the wonderful activity of life. Standing in a crowded mart, with the sound of the hammer, the shuttle, the loom, the forge and the thousand noises of commerce in our ears; we glorify the power, the activity, the strength of humanity, forgetting that all this honor and glory is but the result of the human mind; that it never ceases to exert its influence. The old Greek is not dead yet, and will not die for thousands of years; the old prophet still prophesies.

Besides, we estimate activity by the work of the entire race, forgetting how many drones there are in the hive, and if you look closely you will discover what a large proportion of humanity never ripen to manhood, and how much larger a proportion are not worth the plucking.

Before entering upon the proposed investigation of his subject, Mr. Beecher said, it was all important for us to make up our minds first what we really meant by the terms success and failure, and which he contended could only be properly measured by the measurement of internal evidence. It was a great mistake to suppose that a man's success consisted in the accumulating of an abundance of this world's goods. The pursuits of life, instead of being made to subservise this one end, should be regarded as disciplinary to prepare us for the higher purposes of life. That these things were essential in one sense he would admit, upon the same principle that there could be no branches unless there was a stock nor leaves without branches, nor fruit without stems, yet, after all, it was the fruit that constituted the great end and object of them all. Failures in life, according to the world's calculation, were not always failures. The reverses of fortune, as they were sometimes called, were oftentimes but the means of bringing a man's best qualities to light. As we could not taste the meat of the nut until the shell was broken, so these breaking reversions in a man's fortune were oftentimes necessary to bring out the latent qualities of character.

Mr. Beecher said that it might surprise his hearers when he stated that he considered the first element of success in life, and an absolutely essential one, to be health. This he went on to prove by showing that man could not obey God's moral law in all its fulness while he was violating His physical laws. Ventilation, for instance—(laughter)—was as essential to moral purity and strength as any other element. In high health the mere fact of existence was a luxury, as we see in children, and many of the heresies, crimes and evils of the world were born of the stomach. In fact, he thought it could be shown that plenty of false doctrines were bilary results. (Laughter.)

When a man whose vice, for instance, was gluttony, came to him deploring the temptations with which he was beset, and his inability to resist them, his advice generally was, to reform his intemperate

mode of living. He had no faith in the old saints of the calendar, who used hunger, haircloth and indolence as means of grace. The fact that persons in ill health sometimes made their mark, was no more an evidence in favor of ill health itself, than the fact that dismantled ships sometimes outride the storm safest was a proof that a full rigged vessel was not its superior in the main.

The second means of success which the speaker discussed was the ability of using every faculty of our nature properly, fully and freely. Knowledge is not education. A man might be able to speak all the languages in the universe, and at the same time be a stupid polyglot as regards the practical ends of life. The true idea of education was evidently in disciplining every power to perform its functions. Men were not broad enough, they did not spread out all their branches to the air, and they were afraid to do so, because they could not watch the nice propriety and circumspection of each. The present custom was to grind men to a sharp edge, forgetting that all such grinding was at the expense of the substance of the blade. The lecturer explained what he meant by showing that when men wish to discuss or decide on moral and social questions, they must feel them; their natures must be so magnetized that they can feel them through and through. If a man wished to understand love, he must look at the universe through an atmosphere of love, and then in that golden light he will understand it. To feel equity and honor, a man must be equitable and honorable; and perhaps the charity which the world bears young men who are "sowing their wild oats" comes from an instinctive knowledge that a young man is "letting himself out," is using all his powers, and we feel that man will do whatever he has to do, and feel what he has to feel with all his might; having done thought, felt and seen all that any man has done, that he will do better if a man kept pure and did his duty.

Here the lecturer left his manuscript and the remainder of his discourse was an eloquent eulogium on true manhood, a denunciation and analysis of one-sided men, who used but a portion of their natures at the expense of the rest, with a clear setting forth of the superiority of moral and spiritual success, to mere earthly and temporary success. The speaker was severe on misers, on grasping people, and on selfish men who live in the mere shallow enjoyments of taste and cultivation, without higher spiritual aspirations. He spoke of the grandeur of men who bore the loss of property with cheerfulness, and eulogized such men with all his usual brilliancy and efflorescence of illustration.

The lecture was listened to with profound attention by the immense audience, and cordially applauded at all the strong points.

A NEGRO MOCK AUCTION.

If Matt Peel, (says the N. O. True Delta) had been upon the levee yesterday, he might have got a happy ringer in his line from the performances of the genuine colored gentry. The carte for this entertainment was a burlesque auction sale. One of the darkey men, selected for his tonguey qualities, mounted a box, and in good set auctioneer phrase announced to a large assemblage of idle negro laborers, that he was now about to offer them, for cash, "to de high bidder in dis crowd, a fus rate boy A 1, soun and healty, an' warranted not cut in de eye, balk in de sep, nor to steal chickens dat don't 'long to him; also, 'ditional, dis boy wars only one par shoe a year, an' deys good at de end of it; takes keer on his close partickler, an' neber goes cortin'; don't go to sleep ober his work, is 'spectful an' 'bedent; is six foot tree inches high, weighs two hundred and twenty pouns, an' can do more work in house or ild' dan any oder one nigger. Step up hyar, Sam, an' show yourself to dese gentlemen!—Lably now! Dare he is, gemment! 'Mire him for yourselves!"

And the sable auctioneer pointed with triumphant gesture to the subject of this extravagant eulogium—a scrubby, knotted, runted, gray-headed specimen of a field hand, about four feet and a half high, who mounted the box beside him, amid vast roars of laughter from the crowd. "Dar he am, gemment! 'xamine him an' start him off suffin for he must be so!—What does you say?" Several colored gemment mounted the stand and proceeded to "xamine" him. One violently pulled his mouth open and reported—"dis nigger not soun—one jaw too gone." Another tried to straighten out a lock of his wool, with "don't dis—h'r kink too much—nig-

ger lazy!" Another pretended to discover something besides ideas running through his wool, and concluded "nigger's head too pop'lar"—(populous). Another said "nigger's foot too long and slim—long foot nigger will steal an' run away; long foot nigger ain't worth jail fees." Another "nigger's toe nails too long—scratch paint off'r my parlor floor. No wants dis nigger!—Yah! Hy ah! Yah! Yah!"

"Well, gemment! is you done looking at this nigger? Is you satisfy? He's a prime lot! What do you say for do boy? Start him at suffin! He's got to be so!—prumptory sale!"

"Ten cent!" came from the laughing crowd. "Ten cent—ten cent! Going at ten cent—ten—ten—ten."

"One dime" from the crowd. "Thank you sar!—One dime, one dime, one dime—go in' at one dime—d-i-me! 'Too bad, gemment, make me sacrifice dis article dat way! Say 'leben!"

"One bit," from the crowd. "Much 'bliged, ar!—one bit—one bit—bit—bit—go in'—go in'—won't nobody say 'lebon for dis A 1, warranted," &c., &c., boy goin' at one bit—goin' goin' gone at ten cent! Yours, sar, and a dog sight mere dan he's wort!" And he "knocked down" the property to the quasi purchaser with a tremendous blow on the head with the barrel stave he used as a "hammer," which broke it in the middle, and "knocked down" the sold party off the box without apparently feeling the blow, so massive was the conformation of his cranium. This was the greatest auction sale that ever we saw.

A DAUPHIN COUNTY ROMANCE.

In Dauphin county, Pa., some seven years ago, lived a wealthy farmer, who was blessed with a family of six children, the eldest of whom was a beautiful girl of 17 summers. A young man in the neighborhood, who was of good family, teigned attachment to her. Young and inexperienced she fell into the snare set for her. After her ruin was accomplished, the young come apparent, abandoned. The girl feeling her shame fled to Harrisburg, fingling her bonnet into a creek which flowed thro' her father's farm, in order to make her friends believe she was drowned. Shortly after her supposed death, her father, upon whose mind the event weighed heavily, wishing to leave the scene of his affliction, sold his farm and removed to Crawford co. Ohio. In the meantime, she had reached Harrisburg, taken the cars West, and in a few days found herself at the only tavern in a secluded village in the interior of Michigan. The landlady was a kind hearted woman, and at that particular time was in need of an assistant. She heard the story of the poor girl, sympathized with her, and liked her appearance, insisted on her making that her home. In this house she passed six years of contentment. Her hostess introduced her as a widow—and she gained friends and received several advantageous offers of marriage.

One morning about six months ago, she was in the sitting room when the stage drove up. The windows of the coach being down, she could see most of the passengers. Among them was a face which seemed familiar to her. She looked again and with a shriek fell fainting on the floor. It was her seducer! The landlady soon learned how matters stood, and determined that justice should be done. She sought him and told him the facts, and insisted that he should repair the injury he had inflicted, by making her his wife. "To this, he at once consented." Three months after his flight from Pennsylvania, seized with remorse, he had started back with the intention of marrying her. On the way he had picked up a newspaper, which contained an account of her tragical death. Feeling that he was the cause of her untimely end, heart-sick and sad, he turned back, a changed and better man. He had settled down, accumulated property, and was a man of standing and influence. The joy of the girl when she met with her repentent lover may be imagined. They were married that evening, and the next morning started for Pennsylvania. Ascertaining the address of her father, they came on to Bucyrus, Ohio, as fast as steam could carry them. Words cannot paint the raptures of the old man as he clasped to his bosom a daughter he had mourned as dead for six long years. Explanations were made, all was forgiven, and after passing a few weeks of unalloyed happiness at the girl's father, they returned to their home in the West.

"Dutch grocer, to a little girl, who objects to a Spanish quarter:—'Dat just so gule as any one—you just take it to Cuba, and dey'll give you twenty-five cts. for it.'"

From Frank Leslie's Family Magazine.

Return, Return, Ye Happy Hours of Youth.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

Return, return! ye happy hours of youth!
O! pour your balm into my careworn breast!
Sweet time of innocence for ever flown
Of thoughtless happiness and no unrest.
O lead me once more to the quiet stream
Where oft I've mused o'er fable and o'er truth,
And liv'd a lifetime in each bright, brief dream
Unthinking of the coming years of rath!

Return, return, ye happy hours of Youth!
Return, return sweet thoughts of other days,
And let us seek once more the leafy grove,
Sacred to hopes time never can erase,
The first emotion of a youthful love.
The grave has gather'd all I lov'd so well,
The maiden fair, the playmate staunch as truth
Yet from the past they came, as by a spell,
And live again in memories of youth.

Return, return, blest memories of Youth!

A WIDOWER'S PERPLEXITY.

A disturbance of a somewhat unusual character, took place yesterday morning at the dwelling of Mr. Thomas Fothergill, a gentleman of sixty-five, who has been a widower for eighteen months. Mr. Fothergill, having become tired of his solitary condition, advertised for a wife, stating according to custom, the qualifications which applicants for the situation are required to possess. The advertisement could not have been more than an hour before the public, when a brisk widow, Mrs. Rachael Morrison by name, might have been seen ascending the steps of Mr. Fothergill's residence on Eighth street. The lady remembering the proverb that "the early bird catches the worm," presented herself for the advertiser's inspection almost as soon as there was daylight enough to answer the purpose; and to reward her business like alacrity she proved to be the first competitor for the prize.

Mr. Fothergill, being a man of mercantile habits, is very prompt at making a bargain, and, moreover, is not very hard to please. Having examined Mrs. Morrison's was about to be concluded to the satisfaction of all parties, when a hard pull at the door-bell announced another arrival. Almost immediately, a second lady entered the room and glanced around apprehensively, as if afraid she had come too late. She was a thin, elderly, female, whose name afterwards proved to be Miss Noama Price. "Are you the gentleman who advertised for a wife?" asked Miss Price as soon as she entered. Before Mr. Fothergill could reply Mrs. Morrison answered for him,—"Yes, madam, he advertised; but I reckon he's supplied." "I spoke to the gentleman himself, madam," answered Miss Price, sharply, "and I suppose he knows his own mind." "He made a declaration of his intentions before you came," said Mrs. Morrison. "I think you must have misunderstood him, madam; persons at your time of life are apt to hear imperfectly," answered Miss Price. "You appear to be very anxious to change your condition, madam," said Mrs. Morrison. "You seem to be much in want of a husband, too," said Miss Price. "I never found it difficult to get one," exclaimed Mrs. Morrison; "and I wish you to know that I have had two already." "Oh!" cried Miss Price, "I see your husbands were much to be pitied, and I don't wonder that their lives were of short duration."

While this altercation was going on between the ladies Mr. Fothergill looked and listened with extreme embarrassment. Possibly he could have been happy with either, "were the other dear charmer away," and he seemed totally unable to decide which deserved his preference. The contest between the rival candidates was carried on with increasing bitterness, until the hand of Miss Price, while performing an energetic gesture, happened to touch the somewhat protuberant nose of Mrs. Morrison. What followed we would gladly suppress, but, for the sake of making an accurate report, it is necessary to say that the bonnets of both ladies were demolished and their faces rather badly scratched. Mrs. Morrison made a charge of assault and battery against Miss Price.

That the scene we have described made some impression on the mind of Mr. Fothergill may be judged from the circumstance that when giving in his evidence, at the Mayor's office, he signified his determination to remain single for at least six months longer.—Philadelphia Press, Nov. 17.

There is a weariness that sometimes comes over the heart, so heavy, so bitter that the most soothing affection cannot alleviate nor the tenderest hand of friendship remove. Oh, then we learn the vanity of earth.

—Erin go Unam, E Pluribus Bragh.