

The Hurry Herald

"BE TRUE TO YOUR WORD AND YOUR WORK AND YOUR COUNTRY."

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A KINDRED SOUL.

(From *The Pearl*)

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Keith was late that night, and he brought a gentleman home to dinner, so Eleanor had no opportunity to ask him the result of his inquiries concerning Jack, until the evening was over. Eleanor had found it very tiresome for their guest. Mr. Holmes was a rather stout, and rather dull middle-aged man, who aspired to her hand, and endeavored to make it public knowledge, at all times. "This manner of wooing Eleanor disliked, more especially as the man himself was repugnant to her."

But she kept her temper admirably through it though she was less spirited than usual; and when at last Mr. Holmes bowed himself out, she gave a sigh of gladness that his visit was over, and turned to ask her father what manner of man he found Jack Norton to be.

"Do you know," Mr. Keith began, before she had time to frame her query, "that Mr. Holmes is one of the richest men we know?"

"I am glad there is something interesting about him," Eleanor returned. "It puts my teeth on edge to spend an evening with him; I wish you would ask him so often, papa, we know so many more agreeable people."

"Nonsense," returned Mr. Keith. "He is a man of rare good sense, and it is about time you gave up trifling with him and decided to marry him."

"Why, papa, not three months since, you told me he was an old fool, and—"

"I didn't know what I was talking about, and have changed my mind altogether, since then."

"But I think you were right at the beginning; besides, must I change my mind whenever you do, papa? If that is to be, why not have some patent arrangement attached to my feet, and when you wish me to smile on a gentleman pull the right string; if you desire me to frown pull the left. Then I will know just how to please you. I never could arrange my likings to fit your moods otherwise."

"Look here, my dear, you are getting to be too pert altogether. Now I don't care who you like or dislike, but you are twenty-four years old, and ought to get married to somebody. A woman never amounts to much until she is settled in life."

"There is no possibility of her amounting to much afterward. But I do really begin to think I ought to marry. I really do, papa. Only give me a little time, and let me select my own husband. By the way, did you find out whether there is a Jack Norton or not?"

"O, yes," fumbling in his pocket-book, "and this signature is genuine, I only wish I had it on a cheque for—"

"Did you find out what sort of a man he is?"

"Certainly; if you want to loan him money, he is safe for all you have to spare, without security."

"But is he respectable?"

"What a question! Didn't I tell you he is a very rich man?"

"Did you learn anything about his family?"

"What has his family to do with it? I do remember, though, that they said he came of a good family; he has none of his own; in fact, he isn't married."

"Oh!"

"One man said he was a good-natured crank, and another said he was a good fellow. Now if he's a crank, you'll take to him amazingly, Eleanor, for you like cranks, and cranks are inclined to like you. Wherever I hear you are especially interested in any man, I know at once he is a crank."

"I suppose that is one reason why I am so fond of you, papa. But please listen. Do you remember that night at Waltham when you reproved me for speaking my mind so clearly to Celia upon the marriage question?"

"I remember. How you did shout that night!"

"So it seems. At all events Mr. Jack Norton heard me, and has written me this letter bearing upon the subject; I received it to-day. Read it, if you like, and fit this signature at the bottom. Then I would like to know what you think of it."

Mr. Keith took up Jack's letter and read it through.

"Well, upon my word!" he exclaimed. "I like that fellow's presumption! I'll teach him to write to my daughter in that style."

"And why not write your daughter as well as any other woman? Your daughter, upon her father's side, is the grand-child of a blacksmith."

"Eleanor, do speak lower, or manage to mumble your words a trifle; the servants may hear you."

"I will try and forget the blacksmith, for your sake, but he was a jolly old man, and none the worse for having trained his muscles by hammering iron, and shoeing horses. But I am wandering. I think this a manly letter, and with your permission I propose to answer it."

"Have your wits left you?"

"Not at all. He's a rich man, you know, papa, a good fellow—"

"And a good-natured crank—"

"And he has no father or mother or brother, and you want me to get married—"

"Do you propose to marry a stranger?"

"No, I do not. I intend to correspond with him until I know all about his character, his aims, if he has any, and his habits of thought, and you must meet him personally and find out if he is satisfactory to you. If not, I promise you I will drop him at once; but if you like him and I like him, and he likes me—"

"How will you know whether you like him or not when you are never to see him?"

"Oh, papa, I want to marry my husband altogether for his soul!"

"Stuff! You will not know anything whatever about his soul, and a fine mess you will make of it."

"I have told you all about it, papa, but remember you are not to say a word concerning it to any one."

"And suppose you do conclude to marry each other? Do you intend to get married by telephone, and keep on mooning by letter throughout the rest of your lives?"

"If we do marry, I don't want to meet him until the ceremony is performed. No one but you need know. People may think I have been very quick about it, but I don't wish them to know more. I may never come to anything, papa, but I want to write him, and I will not do it without your full consent."

"Well, my child," more seriously than he usually spoke, "do as you wish. I don't think you can go far wrong, when you are so willing to confide in me. And though you may be a bit saucy at times you are a dutiful daughter always, and I am thankful for it. Good-night, my dear."

Eleanor went to her room and sat down thoughtfully by the fire. She was going to train herself to fall in love systematically, with Jack Norton's soul, or his mind, so far as she could distinguish it by letter. It would be a sort of ethereal love, very unique and very interesting. She went to her writing-desk and wrote a short reply to Jack's letter, and then retired to dream of him, or rather, to dream of a man who wrote letters, like Jack, and who eyes like Raymond Norris.

"He was very handsome," she thought, "I particularly remember his eyes. And I think anybody who looked at him would know his name was Jack."

(To be continued.)

Beecher at His Best.

Nowhere can a man get real root-room and spread out his branches till they touch the morning and the evening, but in his own house.

The real man is one who always finds excuses for others, but never excuses himself.

Men have different spheres. It is for some to evolve great moral truths as the heavens evolve stars, to guide the sailor on the sea and the traveler on the desert; and it is for some, like the sailor and the traveler, simply to be guided.

In the morning we carry the world like Atlas; at noon we stop and bend beneath it, and at night it crushes us flat to the ground.

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.

A man ought to carry himself in the world as an orange tree would if it could walk up and down the garden—swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air.

The superfluous blossom on a fruit tree are meant to symbolize the large way in which God loves to do pleasant things.

Our best actions are often those of which we are unconscious; but this can never be unless we are always yearning to do good.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track, but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your Christian life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

What cares the child when the mother recks it, though all atoms beat without? So we, if God doth shield and tend us, shall be heedless of the tempests and blasts of life, blow them over so rudely.

You have seen a ship out on the bay, swinging with the tide, and seeming as if it would follow it; and yet it cannot, for down beneath the water it is anchored. So many a soul sways toward heaven, but cannot ascend thither because it is anchored to some secret sin.

Is Cleveland a necessity? Well, no, not exactly, but he is about as handy a President as the country has ever had, especially when jobs and jobbers are to be knocked out.—*Houston (Texas) Post*.

SAM SMALL'S LAST SPIREE.

A Laid Picture of Himself by Sam Jones's Convert.

The Rev. Sam Small spoke to a large audience in Cooper Union, New York, last Tuesday night. After a short introductory, he said:

I was well born. I had a noble mother and a noble father. At school I became acquainted with young men who had seen something of a dissipated life. After graduating I soon found myself immersed in frivolous cities of the South. I saw that the great men of the State were leaders in those frivolities, and I said I would do as they did. I believed that I had the will to break off whenever I saw that I was going too far. But I found that I might as well try to bind an African lion with a rope of sand.

Finally I married, and then my wife found out too late that she had married without due caution. She pleaded with me often, but I put her away with idle jest, and kept my way.

Then there came a time when my father passed by me with bowed head, that he might not see the marks of dissipation in my face. His hair whitened before its time, and untended laid him softly in the grave. He was dead of a broken heart. One day my mother came to me and begged that for that one night I would promise to go home to my wife and children and try to make them happy.

"The strain," she said, "is more than I can bare when I think of you." I promised, and I did go. I thank God every day that I did so. After an evening spent pleasantly, a policeman rang my bell, and when I went to the door told me that my mother, when rising from her knees in her room, had fallen over dead. I wept over her, and then to drown remorse and grief went on a debauch.

Finally I saw in my wife's face that she had lost her hope. I saw my children flee when I came home, not knowing what they might expect from a drunken father.

As a supreme effort to save me my wife went to Judge Hammond in the Court where I was employed, and got him to write out legal notices to the saloon keepers forbidding them to sell liquor to me. She signed them, and a faithful officer delivered them. The barkeepers stuck them in the mirror behind the bar, and made them the butt and scoff of every drunken loafer that entered. They knew my wife was too proud to prosecute them. She hired a detective to follow me and warn the liquor men not to give me drink, and he did so faithfully. They would say to him: "Certainly, we have the notices, and will obey them." Then they would call some hanger-on and send the liquor to me that they might get the money they knew I had for them. And there lung those notices, blistered by my wife's tears. They cared no more for them than for rain drops on the roof.

And yet, my friends, when I tell this story there are a lot of pulpy, weak-kneed people that rise up and say that I am a crank on the liquor question.

I had at last arrived at a condition where I was on the dividing line between imbecility and the condition which drives men to suicide, when on September 13, 1885, I awoke in a lucid interval. I looked at my children, and saw them shrink away from me in terror, not knowing what my mood might be, and I determined that I would do something that day to make them at least forget for the time their little sorrow. It was Sunday. Sam Jones was preaching at a town fifty miles North of there, in a big tent. I was the city editor of a paper in Atlanta, and knew all about him, but I had not printed much about him. I was orthodox, too orthodox to print such stuff. But I thought I would take the children up there. The big tent and the crowd would be a novelty to them.

I had to go on the platform among the reporters: There was no other place. I took notes for a while, but I soon had to leave that for the regular man. I was too much interested. I left that place more deeply convicted of my sins than any one present. I sent my children home, and I began a spree that astonished even my old cronies. I wanted to blot out the effects of what I had heard. All of Sunday night, all of Monday, all of Tuesday night I drank, but I could not lose my memory. The liquor did not affect me as before.

At 10 o'clock Tuesday morning a friend came to me as I leaned my head on a table in a barroom, and said my wife was looking for me in the street. I went home with her. Then I went up stairs to my library, locked the door, and threw myself on my knees in an agony of shame and remorse, and prayed to God for mercy.

Until 4 o'clock I remained there, incoherent, and without hope. I was giving over all further effort when I raised my head, and the light came to me. My troubles were at an end. I

realized that there had come to me the peace that passeth understanding.

When I hastened to tell my wife she broke down in utter sorrow. She did not understand. She believed that I had lost my mind and was in the first stage of mental exaltation that marks one form of insanity. But my little ones believed me, and, kneeling there by the bedside of my wife, in childish tones gave thanks to God for His mercy.

The speaker then told how he got bills printed announcing that Sam Small would preach on the street corner that night, how an old covey fixed up a platform with four whiskey barrels, how 3,000 people gathered to see what the latest drunken freak of the city editor of a favorite paper would be, how his children were his only assistants on the platform, and how the boys went off to a pool room afterward and put up their spare change on the number of days the reform would last. A year later, after Sam had preached the sermon on this first anniversary of his conversion, one of those boys came down the aisle, shook hands, congratulated him, and then said regretfully: "If I'd only known you was going to hold out so long as this—if I'd only had a pointer—I could a bankrupted the town."

When, as the speaker said, he was converted on that Tuesday afternoon, he did not lose his appetite for liquor. He told his wife next day that he must have it, but when he got up from his bed he went up to his library instead of to the street, and after two hours on his knees the desire for liquor left him.

"I testify to you to-night," he added, "that from that time to this I have never felt a pang of the appetite."

The Surplus Outrage.

Among the burdens which the late Congress left upon us is a scale of taxation which collects of production a third more taxes than the Government can spend; and while it requires 40 per cent. more produce than the normal to pay a dollar's taxes, it collects \$100,000,000 more taxes than it can even waste.

This leaves upon us a system which forces us to export 2,000,000,000 pounds of cotton which we produce for \$125,000,000, while another nation buys 1,700,000,000 pounds of it by spinning and weaving it; it forces us to take of our mineral and coal supplies, which are abundant enough to meet the yearly consumption of 500,000,000 foreign people for centuries to come, and allows us to work up only enough to meet the wants of one-tenth as many people, even while its use at home is restricted by an arbitrary enhancement of value amounting at present to 75 per cent. added to its cost. It conspires with our foreign rivals to degrade and depress the silver product of this nation, which is 50 per cent. of the world's production. It conspires with foreign capital to maintain a flagitious innovation upon the system of natural currencies which the world has used through all its ages, which robs all production of 30 to 50 per cent. of its normal returns, and which, by the common consent of the scientists of America and Europe, falls more heavily upon our greatest interest, that of agriculture, than any other in all other nations. It is thus forcing us to make food and raw material at minimum prices for artisan labor, while rendering it impossible to employ artisan labor on a large scale in this country, thus helping, at the expense of American farmers, to cheapen food and raw material, mainly for the benefit of foreign capital. It has kept us under a system of home consumption for artisan productions which permits us to employ only 765,000 of our people in protected industries while 17,000,000 are left to seek other employment, and 8,000,000 are driven to grubbing in the fields for cheap food and cheap raw material to undersell in European markets the products of Europe and Asia, and thus, by cheapening their artisan production, keeping up the pretext of high continued protection.

If we were on the bed-rock of free competition with foreign labor, we might be giving many-fold more of our people employment in our home artisan industries; and in one product alone—cotton—we might be securing that 800,000,000, which free-trade England gets out of less cotton we annually export for \$190,000,000, and this difference of \$210,000,000 would be a gain in the firm from one source, which is divided among producing labor and capital.

I Say.

An old gentleman who was in the habit of prefixing "I say" to every sentence to which he gave utterance, having heard that his man-servant mimicked him, thus addressed the ill-behaved domestic when he met him: "I say, John, they say that you say that I say 'I say'; and if I do say 'I say' I say that is no reason why you should say 'I say'; I say, John."

The Rock of Ages.

There can be little doubt that right or wrong, the theology of the present day has undergone some most remarkable changes as to the idea of the future state of punishment and the great office of the risen Redeemer of the world.

It does not become a secular paper like the Register to enter the lists with the great doctors, who differ upon these particulars of faith. It is somewhat remarkable, however, that the new school of a more liberal faith should find its most earnest advocates in the bosom of New England, where the early fathers of the faith thundered the terrors of the law into the ears of their hearers, rather "comforting them with damnation," than consoling them with that perfect love which casteth out all fear.

It is true, that where the doctors differ, according to the old saying, we may stand excused, one way or another, in our belief. Who knows who is right and who is wrong?

Yet there is one thing that will occur with peculiar significance to any one who has been raised by a Christian mother.

As we recall the early years of life when the illustrated family Bible was spread before our eyes, and a loving mother instilled the truths of salvation into our young hearts and minds, we will all recall the fact how the loving, gentle Saviour was pressed upon our attention, entirely to the exclusion of a faithless, implacable gulf of punitive justice. How Christ loved little children; how He himself was born a little child, and lay in the manger in His mother's breast, the hope of the world; how He walked among men in after life never having any possession of any kind on the face of the earth, living from day to day, asking only for that "daily bread" for which He has taught us in His own blessed words to pray.

As with our little hands we turned over the cuts of the sacred book as it lay on a mother's lap, we found this hope of the world teaching in the temple and confounding the doctors, as He expounded the Scripture with a wisdom far beyond their learning. We had Him at the marriage feast converting the water into wine, and gaze with incredulous eyes into the tender mother's face to know how that could be possible. We there learn for the first time the faithless idea of a miracle. That "God's ways are not as man's ways;" that He is bound by no necessary incidents of His own creatures and creation; that He is independent of natural cause and effect when He chooses to be; that a miracle is an incident of Divinity itself, and meant to show us that the risen Lord was very God whilst very man. Ah, the wondrous story that abideth with us to the last, and which in all its simplicity, as we get it from a loving mother's lips, no doctor, however deep he be in theology can ever get any further in.

We see Him next, who so marvellously made wine, going about healing the sick, opening the eyes of the blind, bidding the dumb to speak, the lame to walk, forgiving the sins of erring mortals, driving the money changers from the temple, rebuking the Pharisees, weeping over the dead and the city of His loving, gainsaying Jerusalem; that He would have gathered to himself, as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wings; going about doing good everywhere without money and without price; preaching and teaching a gospel of love and forgiveness such as no philosophy on earth had ever reached in all its conceptions; watched, hunted down, betrayed, and at last crucified until the precious blood trickled down the cruel cross, the flood tide of grace for all generations of men.

Oh, the blessed, beautiful, beneficent Son of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. This is the mother's story. Is it not enough to quicken the hearts of men at all the stages of human existence?

If it be true, who shall stay the beneficence of a precious Saviour and a risen Lord? If it be not true, what have we gained and what have we not lost? Close the book on the mother's knee! Say she taught us a fable in her ignorance; that there is no Saviour, no risen Lord, no hope in Jesus, and where do we stand? An unfathomable mystery, say you? What is not a mystery traced to its first cause? We must begin somewhere to accept as true that which we cannot fully comprehend, in order to know anything or believe anything. He is a blind fool who would stop at the beautiful, loving, all-healing faith of Jesus of Nazareth.

The child may as well dispute, concerning its mother's breast, and its life giving flow of love and nourishment as for us poor mortals to reject the only Christ and Redeemer that the world has ever seen. If this story of Him, who spake as never man spake, be a myth, then the wonderful power of the Christian economy over the four corners of the earth is something that no man can account for.

Then let the story live as we get it in all its purity, simplicity and power. Let the philosophizing of no

man disturb for us this Rock of Ages.—*Columbia Register*.

What Congress Has Done.

The measures that the Forty-ninth Congress has passed are: The Presidential succession act; the inter State railroad act; electoral count act; the oleomargarine act; the trades' union act; the land grant for the act to increase the naval establishment; the act repealing the tenure of office act; the act creating a Department of Agriculture; the Indian land act; the Dingley shipping act; the anti polygamy act; the act for the redemption of the trade dollar; the act for the punishment of three commissioners to investigate the Pacific Railroads; the act subjecting lands granted to railroads to taxation by the States within which they lie; the widows' pension act; and the Mexican pension act. There are many other acts that have gone on the Statute Book, but these are the chief enactments. Now let us look at the important measures that have failed.

The tariff reform promised by both parties has been Randolphized as usual. The refusal to reduce and cut down the surplus revenue was the legitimate outcome of the production appropriation bills of the Senate and the reckless dependent pension bill of the House, from which the President's veto. In this connection we cannot do better than to repeat our respected contemporary, the *Baltimore Sun*, as its accurate information in Congressional matters, as well as its conservative temper, entitle it to confidence and respect.

The Forty-ninth Congress may be said to have distinguished itself in the matter of private pension bills, having passed more of these doubtful measures than all its predecessors put together. The Senate, which excelled in this kind of legislation, at one of its recent sessions passed fifty-seven private pension bills in twenty-five minutes. The fisheries retaliation bill deserves also perhaps to be classed as an act of doubtful expediency, and along with it may be placed the act making a close season for mackerel fishing. Subject to criticism likewise is the provision in the river and harbor bill of \$500,000 to begin the construction of the Hennepin Canal project. The proposal of the Senate to give a subsidy of \$500,000 to certain lines of steamships engaged in carrying foreign mails was vigorously resisted by the House, as was also the vast and ill arranged scheme of expenditure elaborated by the Senate for the purchase or ordnance material and the construction of ships and forts. The country needs guns, ships and forts, but it wishes to be sure of its method of obtaining them before it puts several hundred millions into the enterprise. Of the Forty-ninth Congress it may be fairly said that it was the first in many years past to awake to the necessity of providing adequately for the national defense. Above all it was honest, as Congresses go. A lobby has existed at Washington in the last two years, and lobbyists will for a long time to come be a considerable element of the population of the national capital, but it is to the credit of the Congress that expires to-day that lobbyists made very little money out of its errors.

We take it, this is the best that can be said for the Forty-ninth Congress and its act of commission and omission.—*Columbia Register*.

Senator Edmund's Views.

A Star representative called on Senator Edmunds the other evening. "Do you think the Democrats will renominate Mr. Cleveland?" asked the reporter.

"Yes. There is no one else they could run with any chance of success. They cannot nominate any one else and hope to succeed."

"Would he hold the Republican votes he got before?"

"As between two evils they would vote for him. Though he has not lived up entirely to what they understood to be his promises, they may not see how he could have done better with his party, and they may not see where they will find another who would do as well."

"What do you think of the chances of the Republican party in '88?" asked the reporter.

"Believing that the Republican party represents the best principles of government, and having confidence in the intelligence of the people and their ability to discriminate, I expect the Republicans to be restored to power."

"That depends on the nominee, does it not?"

"Yes. But having confidence in the wisdom of my party, I think they are sure to nominate a good man."

"Who are prominent men now to the front?"

"Ah, excuse me, but I do not care to speak of that. Many things may happen within two years."—*Washington Star*.

Turpie in the Senate.

I have often heard that David Turpie, the new Senator of Indiana, made a national reputation in the Senate in a service of that body of less than one short session. It appears that he was very young at the time, and that he was principally noted for his logic and scorpion invective. He had been in the Senate but a few days when that body considered the Federal Censorship Act. He opposed the measure in a constitutional argument that astonished every one, and Howard and Wilson, the latter afterward Vice President, and both veteran Senators, took him to task. Finally the affair became personal, and the following is a passage from Turpie's speech, which shows terrible powers of invective:

"Had the Senator from Massachusetts lived in the days of those whom he has named, he would have been found in opposition to their principles and their doctrines. If he had lived in the days of Jackson, he might probably have spoken well of Washington; he might have praised the Revolution. If he had lived in the days of the Revolution, he and his political colleagues would have been Tories, true to King George. They would have spoken then as flippantly as they do now of rebels and rebellion. They would have strangled the gallant Haynes in the prisons of South Carolina. They would have offered rewards for the heads of Sumner and Marion. They would have sold their country, like Arnold, for a less price than he. The Senator would have found nothing in those days a fit subject for his commendation. He would have praised Luther and his co-workers. Had he lived in the days of Luther he would have stood fast by the Pope and the Vatican. He would have feasted upon the ashes of martyrs. He would have kindled the fires of Smithfield. The Luther of that hour would have received his bitterest condemnation."

He might have gone even so far back as the Christian era before he obtained an object worthy of his praises. He would have spoken well of the mission of the Deity, who came to earth, and for our salvation was nailed upon the bitter tree, in whose name he would have burned Luther and those who fought the battle of the Reformation against the arbitrary ecclesiastical power of that era. Had he indeed lived in the days of Christ; had he seen the Saviour of man-kind, the Senator from Massachusetts would perhaps, have followed Him. He would have followed Him from the garden of Gethsemane through the streets of Jerusalem to the judgment seat of Pilate, and there his voice would have been heard, and his language would have been: "Release unto us Barabbas, as for this Jesus let him be crucified!"

Half dozen other passages, equally severe, can be found in the speech, which abounds in classical allusion and lofty flights of eloquent declamation. When he takes his seat next December he will find a new set of hands at the bellows, and if he wants to engage in a general knock-down and drag-out he might practice on Ingalls. If his mind turns to law, and I suppose it does, Edmunds and Everts will afford him some amusement.

SAYOVARR.

"The Jackals and the Lion."

Several days ago, while Henry Ward Beecher was lying at the point of death and his poor wife was prostrated by such a push as only a wife can know, the Congregational clergymen of Chicago engaged in an undignified and acrimonious discussion as to whether they should send her a resolution of sympathy because of the condition of her husband. The Rev. Dr. Goodwin was the chief spokesman against the adoption of such a resolution. He was afraid that the transmission of a dispatch of the character indicated "would commit the 'association to an endorsement of Mr. Beecher's religious views, the Congregationalists of Chicago regard as dangerously heterodox." The resolution was finally adopted by a close vote, but not until the Chicago clergymen had covered themselves with disgrace. The New York Times properly characterizes their action in a head-line which reads, "The Jackals and the Lion."

No wonder Mr. Moody selected Chicago as the best site for his religious training-school. He ought to get up a class for the especial benefit of the Rev. Dr. Goodwin and his associates. They need all the training they can get. That a body of Christian ministers should refuse to say a kind word to the wife of a sick brother, because he held peculiar views upon the doctrine of eternal punishment, is a spectacle in which hells might take delight.—*News and Courier*.

A negro was put upon the stand as a witness, and the judge inquired if he knew the nature of an oath. "For certing, boss," said the citizen; "I swear to a lie, I must stick to him!"