

The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

VOLUME 2.

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HOLTON & WILLIAMSON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:

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Poetry.

Lines on the Death of James Latta Davidson.

We were six brothers strong in love
That made us happy here below;
Without which those in Heaven above
Would dwindle into endless woe.

Why hast thou bid thy heavy rod
On one who was so dear to God?
Could not thy wrath, Omnipotent God!
Have smitten with a lesser rod?

We know we're guilty in thy sight—
For which we pray to be forgiven,
And will thou shed thy healing light
Upon our circle sorely given?

Alas! he's gone by thy decree,
As all must go at thy command;
To render up at last to thee,
By deeds, by which we fall or stand.

It is a union which we mourn—
Strong ties prepared by Thee for earth;
But those of love, that link us torn,
Shall stronger be, and richer worth.

Teach us to pray "Thy will be done,"
And so to sanctify our loss;
That when we follow, one by one,
It shall be holding by the Cross.

We mourn a brother well beloved—
Gentle and prompt to set his part,
To seek the lowly, not too proud—
And such like traits, adorned his heart.

He is not lost but gone before—
Whose treasure chest was most increase
"Till we shall greet him on that shore,
The port of endless rest and peace."

W. L. D.
Quincy, Pa., August 4, 1853.

Miscellaneous.

From the American Union.

THE MIDNIGHT VISIT; OR, THE HIDDEN WILL— A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY WARREN T. SMITHON.

—CONCLUDED—
CHAPTER IV.

A week past by, and John Berkley had taken all the steps necessary to secure to himself the full possession of all his brother's property. His heart was callous to the appeals of Julia, as it was heedless of the indignation of Herbert, who had represented to him his belief that Robert Berkley had willed his property to his daughter.

There was no one to oppose his movements. He was the nearest relative, and to one not understanding the nature of the circumstances, justice would appear to have been done.

Herbert, feeling that his future prospects now depended entirely upon his own exertions, began to think of departing for Philadelphia, to resume his situation. But he felt that he had been defrauded by the father of Julia—that he stepped between him and the intentions of his foster-father.

The thought of departing, therefore, was difficult to harbor. It was leaving behind him his claims for justice—abandoning them to the villain who had wronged him.

But while he was painfully agitated by these reflections, matters were suddenly brought to a crisis, by the bold representations of Julia. She had narrated to her father, the particulars of the interview, at the death-bed of her uncle, when he had placed her hand in that of Herbert.

Her father had witnessed the act, though in his blind fury, he had not been able to grasp the full meaning of his brother. It was plain to Julia that the dying man had intended she should be the wife of Herbert. And he had mentioned their names in connection with his will. The inference was plain, even to John Berkley, and he trembled with fear, lest the words of his brother should one day deprive him of his ill-gotten gains—lest they should be received as evidence in a court of justice.

But as John Berkley had no love in his heart for God or man, he cared not for his daughter's peace of mind, and immediately decided upon his course.

Herbert was in the library, conversing with Julia, upon his proposed departure, when Berkley entered to execute his purpose. There was an appearance of sternness on his countenance, which seemed to be assumed for the occasion.

When Herbert saw this expression, which had usurped the place of the sinister, cunning look he usually wore, he was prepared for some extraordinary movement.

"Young man," said Berkley, in a pompous tone, "that sounded strangely from his lips, it seems proper, under existing circumstances, that I should inquire what your intentions for the future are."

"I shall be willing to answer any proper question," replied Herbert, coolly.

"Probably you feel disappointed at the disposition my brother saw fit to make of his property."

"On the contrary, if his wishes were heeded, I should feel perfectly satisfied."

"Young man, you are rather reckless in your speech. Don't offend me."

Herbert smiled at the unamiable show of dignity on the part of Berkley, but made no reply.

"If you had any hopes in this quarter, they are now blasted; you are a beggar."

"Father, you are unnecessarily harsh," interposed Julia, her cheek reddening with indignation, at the unprovoked insult of her father.

"Julia, you may retire; this is a business interview, and we do not require the presence of females," returned her father, severely.

Julia did not move from her position.

"Obey me, girl!" repeated her father, his face beginning to redden with anger.

"I will, father," and Julia rose to depart.

Herbert, without heeding Berkley, followed her to the door.

"Stay, young man; my business is with you. You need not follow my daughter; all this must have an end."

"What must have an end?" asked Herbert, turning suddenly round, and with a flashing eye, confronting the old man.

"What! why this intimacy with my daughter. You have not flattered yourself that I should long tolerate this state of things."

"Mr. Berkley, you are pledged to each other. Our mutual vow was made over the cold form of your brother, and it will be sacredly cherished to the last moment of life," replied Herbert, warmly. "Think you it can be broken at your mandate?"

"By Heaven! it shall be broken!" exclaimed Berkley, furiously. "Shall my daughter wed a beggar?"

"No! she will wed me!"

"Do you defy me in my own house?"

"I do!"

"By —, you shall know me better," roared Berkley, in a paroxysm of passion.

"I know you too well; your guardian demon could not teach me more."

"Scoundrel! leave the house!" and Berkley, maddened to desperation, approached Herbert, as if with the intention of doing him violence.

"Stay, old man; do not be rash. Do not force me to forget that you are the father of Julia."

Berkley paused, averted his commanding tone and gesture of the injured young man.

"Mr. Berkley," continued he, "before I depart, hear me."

"Be brief, as you have kicked out the house as soon as you have done."

"Old man, you are a villain!"

Berkley started, turned red and pale by turns, with anger, and made a forward step towards the young man; but a dignified gesture of caution caused him to pause again.

"You are a villain, repeat! You have destroyed the will of your brother, to obtain possession of his property."

"You lie, you scoundrel!"

"I speak the truth. I have the dying assurance of him who is now a saint in heaven, where you can never meet him, of his intentions. You have wronged him and me and your daughter—you have wronged the dead as well as the living."

The manly, firm tones with which Herbert spoke, produced their effect upon the villain. His anger subsided, and he vehemently protested that he had not destroyed the will—that he had never seen it.

"Your black heart disdains not a lie—But the hour of retribution will come, John Berkley!"

The words of Herbert again roused the anger of Berkley, and brought back to his mind his still unexecuted purpose. The artificial dignity he had before assumed again came to his aid.

"Your intimacy with my daughter must forever cease, young man. You can never see each other again—I forbid your meeting."

An exclamation of contempt escaped the lips of Herbert, which roused all the fury in the old man's nature—so that, without pause, he rose to him, he stepped between him and the intentions of his foster-father.

"You are insolent, young man. I am her father!" said he.

"You are; though demons would blush to own the truth."

"Enough of this. You are beyond endurance. I have tried to tolerate you in respect to my brother's memory; but patience is no longer a virtue. Leave my house, young man! If you ever put a foot upon my land again you shall be ejected."

Herbert smiled in derision.

"You hear me—be gone!" and Berkley enforced his words by pushing Herbert from the room.

Julia, who had remained in an adjoining apartment, next presented herself, and begged her lover not to use violence with her father.

"Go, Herbert," said she, "and I will follow you whithersoever you go."

"You will not, Julia—certainly in this room;" and Berkley, by a dexterous movement, drew her into the library, and locked the door upon her.

Herbert, perhaps feeling that he had spoken too freely to her father, checked his first impulse to break down the door and release her, and paused to deliberate. In the act a sudden thought occurred to him. Perhaps the will was still in existence—Berkley would not have had the courage to destroy it. Some recollections of his actions, at different times, tended to confirm the supposition.

Approaching the library door again, he knocked, and pronounced the name of Julia.

There was no answer.

Again he knocked, and heard something that sounded like a struggle.

The sound awakened him; his impetuous nature needed no further stimulus, and drawing back he threw his whole weight

against the door, which came down with a crash, splintered in pieces!

Berkley was discovered holding Julia, to prevent her departure. With a single bound, Herbert stood by her side. Taking the angry father by the collar, he hurled him away from her, to the farther corner of the apartment.

"Nay, Herbert, he meant me no harm; he only wished to detain me," exclaimed Julia, to depreciate her lover's anger.

But Berkley was too deeply infuriated to wait for explanation, and sprang towards Herbert.

"Stay, old man; I will leave your house," said the latter. "I feared for your personal safety, Julia; pardon my violence."

"Be gone, sir," roared Berkley, gasping with passion.

"I shall meet again, Julia—we shall meet soon!" said Herbert, pressing her hand.

"Never, by —, never!" shouted Berkley.

"God bless you, Herbert," replied Julia; and she returned the pressure of her lover's hand, and wiped away the tears that gathered in her eyes.

"Never enter this house again, never, or you will know what it is to hear the lion in his den," said Berkley, savagely.

Herbert heeded not his threats, and, after taking his valise from the room, he left the house.

CHAPTER V.

The sudden reflection that the will of his foster-father might still be in existence, began to strengthen, and embody itself into a belief, as he departed from the house. It was a momentous subject to him, embracing not only his own future prospects, but the last wishes of his dying benefactor, which he regarded as of infinitely more importance than his own selfish desires.

The will—and he felt persuaded in his own heart, that it was still in existence—contained the wishes of the dying man; and these he held to be sacred. He felt that to sacrifice would be too great in his efforts to publish and carry them out.

What could he do? John Berkley had apparently done everything in his power to bring the instrument to light; had desired the most scrupulous search to be made for it. The town talk, after the Squire's examination of the premises, seemed to be that Mr. Berkley had made no will—or, if he had, that he had destroyed it himself.

John Berkley was the only brother of the deceased, and, which would seem to give him the best claim upon the property; and while people had not the heart to congratulate him on his acquisition of the estates, they would not exactly feel that he was justly entitled to them.

Herbert made his way to the hotel in the neighborhood, and seeking his apartment, abandoned himself to the rest, to which his position invited him. It required not much consideration, for one of his enthusiastic temperaments, to forty himself in the belief that he was an injured man, and that the avenue of redress was open to him.

The town clock had struck twelve. Feeling no desire to sleep, he left his room and wandered into the open air. Without being conscious of it, he strolled up the road, in the direction of the place which had once been his happy home.

He had nearly reached the house, before he recalled himself from the engrossing reveries which had abstracted him. There, before him, were the fields and garden through which he had run in his childhood—there the quiet dwelling, wherein he had partaken the bounty of him who was now no more; there was the scene endeared to him by a thousand hallowed memories.

And all these were now to pass into the hands of a cold, unfeeling being, whose very presence seemed a desecration to the temple his heart's affections reared on the beloved spot! Henceforth he could have no part or lot in these scenes. He had been driven, like a masterless dog, from their hospitable precincts; he had been driven from the presence of her whose society was necessary to his very existence; who had been his child-love in years gone, as she was now his true-hearted friend.

These reflections were maddening to the soul of Herbert and as he drew nearer to the house, his pace quickened with the energy of his thoughts. The dwelling was silent and solemn in its aspect. No cheerful light illumined its windows, and its occupants—the guilty and the innocent, the treacherous father and the neglected daughter, no doubt, buried in slumber—if the wicked can slumber in the night of their sin.

The gate was open; the dimly-lit carriage-road seemed to invite him to tread once more its familiar way, and with a light step he turned in. A feeling of gloom seized his mind; the reflection that he had been rudely banished from these sacred precincts, was intolerably oppressive. Ere his foster father's remains had lain a week in the silent tomb he had been cast away with violence from every scene his heart had learned to cherish.

But the feeling that he had been treated with gross injustice by John Berkley, would not long remain dormant. He claimed not to be a saint, and if his feelings were slightly vindictive, it was because the provocation had been bitter.

These sad thoughts led him to the rear of the building, where, from the high window, the library opened upon the vine-lined piazza. Here he had learned his first lessons of morality—his duty to God and man. Here he had spent the happiest hours of his life, in the presence of Julia and her uncle. Unconsciously he ascended the piazza steps, and gazed in at the window. The pale light of the moonbeams shed a melancholy radiance upon the familiar objects in the room—or rather seemed to enfold them in a mourning shroud of vapory white.

He paused to gaze—perhaps for the last time—upon the cherished scene, and recall its hallowed associations. A tear slid down his cheek, and recalled his wandering thoughts. The harsh threat of John Berkley came to his remembrance, and with it

the sad reflection that he was now a forbidden guest—a trespasser on the spot he loved best on earth.

It was a bitter thought. His impatient soul could not brook it. He was about to rush from the piazza when one of his impulsive flashes of thought caused him impulsively to pause. Perhaps the will of Mr. Berkley was still in that room!

His soul kindled with energy at the reflection. An opportunity to redeem himself and the memory of his foster-father was presented to him and with scarcely a thought of the legality of the step, he hastened to embrace it.

The windows were not fastened. A careless hand had left them thus insecure—But it was providential. He had not some unseen power, some mystical spirit that rides on the winds, to guide erring mortals—directed his steps to the spot, led him to the library window, and penetrated his mind with the sudden thought!

Fate seemed to lead him on, and he raised the window. As he stepped into the apartment, he thought that he was playing the part of a "thief in the night," caused him to pause for consideration. It was a criminal act; he had been forbidden the house.

But the impulse was irresistible. The will haunted his imagination so vividly that his vision seemed to penetrate the outer panels of the secretary, and to behold the very spot of its concealment.

He had no light, but the moonbeams cast a broad sheet of pale light upon the secretary. He opened it; it creaked upon its hinges with a starting sound.

His hand trembled with fear, as he drew out the drawer in which the will had been kept. He examined its contents, before pursuing his search to the place which his imagination pictured as its concealment.

It was not in the drawer, he was certain. With a trembling hand he attempted to remove it from its position. His very existence seemed to hang on the revelation of that moment.

But the drawer would not come out. On being removed two-thirds of its length, some obstacle prevented its further passage. So strongly was it impressed upon his mind that the will was concealed here, that he could not abandon the attempt.

Removing the drawer, by the side of it, he thrust his hand into the aperture. A few moments' examination disclosed the fact that the impediment was not an accidental one. A screw had been inserted in the partition between the drawers, which prevented its entire removal from the place.

With his knife he removed the screw and drew out the drawer. With breathless eagerness he thrust his hand into the aperture. His mental vision had not deceived him—the will was there!

Almost transported with joy at the discovery, he grasped the important document, and concealed it in his coat pocket.

"There is a divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will!"

Herbert's destiny was changed. Heaven had not forsaken the just, but had guided him in a mysterious manner, to the crowning hope of his earthly existence. Julia was his now, and from the depths of his heart he thanked God for the auspicious issue of his night adventure.

But there was much need of caution.—His foe was cunning and unscrupulous, and might yet deprive him of his right. With a careful hand he replaced the drawer, not omitting to insert the screw as he had found it.

Congratulating himself on the ease with which he had accomplished his purpose, he was in the act of closing up the secretary, when an unlucky book tumbled from one of the upper shelves, upon the floor, making a noise that sounded like an earthquake, in the stillness of the place.

John Berkley slept in the next room. In an instant he darted into the library, and beholding the form of a man rushed manly upon him. The act was so prompt and determined that Herbert's perturbation deprived him of the power of resistance.

Berkley roared for help at the top of his lungs, which brought to his assistance the man-servant. Herbert spoke; but as soon as the villain recognized his voice, he felt that his revenge was speedy, and committing his prisoner to the care of the man, he went for cords to secure him.

Herbert was securely bound, and rather than expose his secret, he preferred to remain in darkness for the night.

Julia, alarmed by the noise, presented herself at the door to learn the occasion of it. Her surprise at finding Herbert a prisoner was indeed great; but greater to observe the indifference with which he submitted.

"What have you done, Herbert?" asked she.

"Do not be disturbed, my dear Julia; all shall yet be well."

"But my father—he will send you to prison!"

"Let us hope that he may not be sent there himself, Julia.—The will is safe!"

"Good Heaven!"—but the appearance of her father, who had momentarily left the room, broke off the interview.

John Berkley and the man kept guard over the prisoner all morning, when the former, gloating with the prospect of ridding himself of a dangerous enemy, hurried him before a justice for commitment to jail.

CHAPTER VI.

Squire Marlowe was the only magistrate in the vicinity, and John Berkley was compelled to carry his prisoner before him for commitment.

Contrary to the expressed wishes of his employer, the hired man, who had been sent for a constable to attend the particulars of the affair—burglary, he styled it; consequently there was quite a little crowd gathered at the Squire's office to witness the proceedings.

The constable, who knew and respected Herbert, removed the cords with which he was bound, and permitted him to walk by his side, to the place of the examination.—John Berkley protested that the prisoner would escape; but the constable very civilly told him to mind his own business; he would be responsible for the faithful discharge of his duty.

"Squire Marlowe had no faith whatever in the charge of Berkley, and deemed it the result of his malice, or a stupid plan to rid himself of the presence of Herbert. He was very civil to the prisoner, and politely offered him the rocking-chair, while his accuser was coldly pointed to a less comfortable seat. Berkley noticed this, and felt that Herbert had a better friend than himself at hand.—But the case was so plain, that even the best disposed friend could not, in his magisterial capacity, help remanding him.

"Well, Mr. Berkley," said Squire Marlowe, "I am ready to hear what you have to say."

"I accuse the prisoner of entering my house during the night time," replied Berkley.

"Entering your house," repeated the magistrate, smiling.

"If you know the law," sneered Berkley, "you know that it is in my keeping, and that I am the heir-at-law."

"True; and the prisoner actually entered your house during the night time?"

"He did."

"Pray, was he locked out? He resides there temporarily, if I mistake not."

"He does not. Last evening he was ejected from the premises, and forbidden ever to enter the house again," replied Berkley, angrily.

"That alters the case," returned the Squire, with a serious aspect.

"To be sure it does; and if there is any law in the land, my rights shall be respected."

"Then you accuse him of trespass?"

"I do not. I accuse him of burglary."

He was in the act of closing the secretary when he was discovered. What he has stolen, I know not," and Berkley cast a savage glance at Herbert.

"Looks bad," mused the Squire, compressing his lips. "Have you any further testimony to give?"

"None; there is quite sufficient to commit him."

"I did not ask your opinion," replied the magistrate, coolly.

The testimony of the hired man was given in, and the case seemed to be made out.

"Have you anything to say?" asked the Squire of Herbert.

"Very little," returned Herbert, casting a triumphant glance at Berkley.

"If you have any defence, we will hear it."

"My right to be on the premises is unquestionable."

"Your right?" exclaimed Berkley, rising from his chair in a passion. "Did I not?"

"Silence, Mr. Berkley; or you shall be committed for contempt," interposed Squire Marlowe.

Berkley resumed his seat.

"Will you explain yourself," continued the magistrate.

"In one word, I will. I was in my own house!" replied Herbert, with an admirable slow of enunciation.

"Liar!" shouted Berkley, unable to bridle his passion.

"Silence, sir!"

Herbert coolly regarded the angry man for a moment, and then turned to the justice.

"I do not understand your position," said Squire Marlowe, smiling, not doubting that some revelation was about to be made.

"By the will of the late Mr. Berkley, the niece of the deceased and myself are joint-heirs of his estates—at least he intimated as much in his dying moments."

"But there was no will," replied the magistrate.

"Mr. Berkley, if you speak again, you shall be committed," interrupted Squire Marlowe, sternly.

The justice was favorably disposed towards Herbert, but he began to fear that he should be obliged to commit him.

"We need more proof than your simple statement of your right on the premises," continued he, turning with a troubled expression on his countenance, to Herbert again.

"Here it is," replied Herbert, producing the will, as he stepped forward to hand it to the magistrate.

"Proof enough; I know its contents, Herbert, and I congratulate you on regaining it," said the Squire in a low tone.

"The will!" exclaimed several of the spectators. "The will!"

A low murmur of applause followed the announcement.

John Berkley, against his terror, stood transfixed to the spot. In an instant all his magnificent hopes melted away like a dream of yesterday.

"I did not conceal it; upon my solemn oath I did not," announced the treacherous villain.

"The dog and the fox," Squire Marlowe, whispered Herbert.

"Nobody has said you did, Mr. Berkley," added the Squire, with indignant good humor.

"Do you charge him with the felony, Herbert?"

"I do not; God forbid!" replied Herbert.

"I found the will under the drawer—it might have fallen out of its place."

"Very likely it did," returned Squire Marlowe, fully understanding and appreciating the feelings of Herbert. "The case is dismissed."

Herbert received the congratulations of the neighbors, on the favorable termination of the examination, and his accession to the property of his foster-father.

Accompanied by Squire Marlowe, he hastened back to the house from which, only the previous night, he had been ejected, to assure Julia of his safety.

John Berkley sneaked away to his own home. His family were temporarily absent; but rather than appear at the house of his dead brother, he shut himself up alone, in his own abode.

Julia, as may be supposed, was exceedingly rejoiced at the triumph of her lover,

but it was a bitter thought that her father had been his foe.

The will was found to be as the Squire had stated, and gave the testator's immense property to Herbert and Julia, on condition that they were united in marriage.

This condition was easily complied with. Julia was of age; a license was immediately procured, and before the sun went down, the "twain were one flesh." John Berkley could no longer molest them.

The happy couple, after a tour to Niagara and the Springs, settled themselves comfortably in the home estate, which was venerated to them by so many pleasant memories of the past.

They still reside there, beloved and honored by all who know them. They are as charitable as they are rich, and the poor, for many a mile around, proclaim the goodness of their hearts.

The memory of the foster father is affectionately cherished, and though many years have elapsed since he died, the fragrant flowers of summer are laid fresh every day upon his tomb-stone. He was their best friend and a remembrance of his virtues, is still a talisman to guide their steps. "Thou' dead, he yet speaketh."

John Berkley is much the same man he always was. Learned and despised by all who know him, he leads a miserable life—a living illustration of the truth that sin carries with it its own punishment.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.

The North China mail, of the 7th of May, has the following in relation to the insurgents and their religious views:

The insurgents are Christians of the Protestant form of worship, and anti-idolaters of the strictest order. They acknowledge but one God, the Heavenly Father, the All-wise, the all powerful, and Omnipotent Creator of the world; with him Jesus Christ, as the Savior of mankind; and also the Holy Spirit, as the last of the three persons of the Trinity.

Their chief on earth is a person known as "Tao-ping-wang, the Prince of Peace," to whom a kind of divine origin and mission is ascribed. Far, however, from claiming adoration, he forbids, in an edict, the application to himself of the terms "supreme," "holy," and others, hitherto constantly assumed by the Emperors of China, but which he declines receiving, on the ground that they are due to God alone.

Their moral code the insurgents call the "Heavenly Rules," which, on examination, proved to be the ten commandments. The observance of these is strictly enforced by the leaders of the movement, chiefly Kwoong-tung and Kwoong-sung, who are not merely formal professors of a religious system, but practical and spiritual Christians, deeply influenced by the belief that God is always with them.

The hardships they have suffered and the dangers they have incurred are punishments and trials of their Heavenly Father; the successes they have achieved are instances of his grace. In conversation they "bore" the more worldly-minded by constant recurrence to that special attention of the Almighty of which they believe themselves to be the objects.

With proud humility, and with the glowing eyes of gratitude, they point back to the fact, that at the beginning of their enterprise, some four years ago, they numbered but one or two hundred; and that, except for the direct help of their Heavenly Father, they never could have done what they have done.

NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIANS.

It will be recalled that the General Assembly of the above denomination, which met some time since at Buffalo, took action on the subject of slavery, and proposed a series of inquiries concerning slaveholders and slaveholding in the church. We have the first response to this action from a convention of a portion of Southern members of the Church, held at Murfreesborough, on the fourth of last month. The Convention comprised six ministers, and one elder from the Synod of Tennessee, three ministers from the Synod of Kentucky, twelve ministers and five elders from the Synod of West Tennessee, and two ministers from the Synod of Mississippi. The report of the committee strongly condemns the ungodly interference in matters they say do not concern the Northern Church. So long as their brethren of the North and West remain on the Constitution, the Southern Church will stand by and with them—but (we quote literally) "when they leave that, they leave us."

As a summary to the conclusions to which they have come, on mature reflection, they submit the following resolutions:

1. We hold ourselves, and the members of the churches we represent, to be an integral portion of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and entitled to all the rights and immunities of the said church.
2. In regard to slavery, we stand on the platform of the Bible and the constitution of the church, which, in our opinion, nowhere teaches that the holding of slaves is a sin or disciplinary offence; that, consequently, the resolution passed by the General Assembly in Detroit in '50, defining wherein it is, and is not an offence, is unconstitutional, and of no binding force.
3. That we shall look with interest to the course that shall be pursued by the conservative brethren of the Northern and Western portions of the church at the next General Assembly, whether they will lend us their aid in preserving the integrity of the church, and arresting the course of seditious agitation, and settling the church on the basis of its standard.—South Carolina.

DIVORCE AND REMARRIAGE.

It has been said "facts are often stranger than fiction," and every day's experience proves the truth of the aphorism. By a reference to our law reports, it will be seen that a very singular case of divorce was decided yesterday at the special term of the Common Pleas. The facts are briefly these:

A wealthy gentleman, residing in this city, becomes enamored of a poor but virtuous girl. They are married, and in due time are blessed with a smiling cherub—a pledge of their mutual affection. But the course of true love never did run smooth, as frequently after the consummation of the marriage relations as before they are entered upon. Business calls the gentleman to Europe, and the same cause delays his return for a long time. Meanwhile slander, with her hundred eyes and ears, is busy at work. The absent husband is charged with infidelity. The lady becomes indignant, applies to the Courts, and sues out a divorce of five thousand dollars as alimony, which is immediately paid over by the friends of the absent husband. The lady, having yesterday become of age, (21 years) comes before the Court, asking that the above mentioned sum be paid to herself, which was of course granted. But, in the midst of all this legal warfare, the husband returns, seeks an interview with his former wife, explains away all that had been said to his disadvantage, and a second time the happy couple sought the altar, and a second time the knot was tied, and we presume firmly enough this time to last them the rest of their lives.—New York Express.

THE YEAR OF PESTILENCE.

For a year past the yellow fever has been raging with great violence on the coast of South America and in a number of the West India islands. At the island of Hayti probably not less than one hundred American officers and seamen have died, besides a large number of the inhabitants. At Jamaica, Demerara, Antigua, &c. it has been very fatal. The West India English fleet has lost many seamen and several valuable officers by the disorder. In one case a British steamer lost seventy-five men. In Cuba the Cholera and yellow fever together have carried off thousands. On the coast of South America, Rio Janeiro has been visited—the British consul, among others, falling a victim to the dreadful disorder. At Bahia also it has been quite fatal; and at last it has reached New Orleans, and already carried off nearly as many victims as during the visitation of 1817, though perhaps fewer persons of influence.

MAY AND DECEMBER MARRIED.

At Parish Church of Himplton, by Rev. John Vernon, James Hinntiss, Esq., of Clatsley Corbett after a courtship of four days, and HAUNTER, youngest daughter of Wm. Chambers, of the New House Himplton. The bridegroom was in his ninety-seventh year, and had no time to lose; his fair bride, who had seen nearly sixteen summers, had plenty of him, and took him off hand, "for better or for worse," after he had settled upon her the whole of his property, amounting to 45,000 a year.—Medical Gazette.

WE HOPE SO.

A writer in the Washington Republic says that an improved plan of a railroad is in progress, and will soon be announced, which will secure the passenger from injury, and accomplish the most ardent wish for speed without danger of running off the rails, or coming in collision with an opposing train; a plan of railroad that will enable the passenger or the mail to reach the Pacific Ocean in as many minutes as there are miles to traverse.

MR. KING'S FURNITURE.

The furniture and household effects of the late Hon. Wm. B. King, Vice-President of the United States, were sold at auction, in Washington, on Tuesday. The Republic says the furniture was rich and beautiful, the greater part of it made in Paris. Among the many articles a rosewood Chippendale piano was sold for \$274; a pair of rare bronze vases, with marble pedestals, \$450; a statuette of Cupid, \$300; four suits of window curtains with cornice and Estares, \$55 each; four arm chairs, \$300 each. Two large and elegant cabinets, with Egyptian marble tops, elaborately carved and inlaid, and an oval center table, richly gilt and inlaid with shell, were purchased by Mr. Squire Webster for the President of the United States, at \$900 for the set.

SAILS GROWING IN THE FLESH.

A late writer in the Ohio Cultivator gives the following remedy:

Cut a notch in the middle of the nail every time the nail is pared. The disposition to close the notch draws the nail from the sides. It cured mine after I had suffered weeks with its festering.

SEANISH MARRIAGE.—One, the first that has arrived at New York this season, sold in Washington market, at \$3. It weighed four pounds. The average weight of this fish is about two pounds.