

THE GLOBE.

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HUNTINGDON, PA.

Wednesday, March 4, 1857.

To Delinquents!—Pay up.

All those indebted for the Globe, advertising and job work, are requested to settle their accounts at the earliest moment convenient—at least between this time and the first day of April, 1857. This notice is particularly intended for those whose accounts have been standing for two years and upwards.—There are few, if any of those, who could not pay their accounts at a moment's notice, without any difficulty; and we hope they will not wait for another asking. We, as a general thing, are not in the habit of dunning, but justice to others requires this to be done.—We pay cash regularly to our operators, as well as for type, paper, ink, and so on, and cannot recognize as friends, those persons who are so negligent as to leave their accounts run for several years, when they are abundantly able to pay. We like to do business in a business way, and hope to be seconded by our friends.

Money Registered, can be sent by mail at our risk.

THE INAUGURATION.—To day JAMES BUCHANAN will be inaugurated President of the United States, in accordance with the will of the people expressed through the ballot-box. The inauguration ceremonies will be witnessed by thousands of spectators from all portions of the Union. The inaugural address, which will be looked for with much anxiety, we will lay before our readers next week.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.—The State Convention which assembled at Harrisburg on Monday, completed its labors yesterday by placing in nomination the following popular ticket: For Governor, Hon. Wm. F. Packer; Supreme Judge, Hon. ELIAS LEWIS; Canal Commissioner, Hon. NIMROD STRICKLAND. We have not the time to speak at length of these nominees this week. It is sufficient for the present to say that they are men of great popularity at home, and well and favorably known throughout the State. The convention done its work well.

PRINTERS AHEAD.—Col. John W. Forney, the late Democratic candidate for United States Senator from Pennsylvania, and Gen. Simon Cameron, the successful aspirant for the same post, were both printers! Hon. Wm. Bigler, one of our present Senators, was a printer. So Pennsylvania will be represented for at least three years to come by two printers in the Senate of the United States; and we have reason to believe her interests will be ably managed in their hands. Gen. Wm. F. Packer, the Democratic nominee for next Governor of this State, was a printer. Col. J. Lawrence Getz, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Col. Jacob Zeigler, Clerk of the same body, and Mr. Hammersley, Clerk of the Senate, were all printers. Chief Justice Lewis, of our Supreme Court, was a printer. Hon. H. D. Hickok, Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools, was a printer. If we mistake not, Canal Commissioner, Mott, was a printer.—Six members of the present State Legislature, are printers! Without wishing to be considered egotistical, we hesitate not to say, that Printers are the leading men in Pennsylvania; and the facts prove that the people appreciate their many superior qualities.—Hav'n't we all good reason to be glad that we are Printers?—Exchange.

FURNACE AT WILLIAMSBURG.—We see it stated that Messrs. J. K. Neff, Samuel Dean, and James M. Johnston have in contemplation the erection of a Coke Furnace at Williamsburg. Such an enterprise would be a great advantage to that locality, and indeed to the county at large, and we shall be greatly pleased to learn that it goes on. They have the ore convenient and magnificent water power.

OATHS AND AFFIRMATIONS.—A bill has been submitted to the House at Harrisburg, which provides that "executors and administrators, to whom letters testamentary and of administration have been duly granted, shall have full power and authority, in the settlement of the estates for which they have been so appointed, to administer oaths and affirmations to the appraisers of the personal estate of the decedent under the existing laws of this Commonwealth, and also to all persons who shall present claims and demands for settlement against the estate which they have been so appointed to settle, and that the effect of said oath or affirmation be the same as if administered by a judge, a deacon, or justice of the peace."

MARCH "came in like a lion," and if there be any truth in the old saw, she "will go out like a lamb." Snow fell thick and fast, during the greater part of the afternoon, and the wind was very high.

DR. BURDELL.—In the Bible of this murdered man was pencilled a scriptural paraphrase, "The first death is the result of Adam's sin, but the second death proceeds from personal transgression." Unconsciousness to himself, he had written in years gone by, the moral to his own murder. Had his personal transgression against virtue, and the law of reputable society been less, the dagger of the assassin would never have ended his days.

President Pierce. President Pierce retires from public office to-day, and some of the newspapers which have very loudly abused his administration, now discover that there was considerable merit in it. Like Mr. Polk's administration, it has, in spite of assault, left its mark distinctly impressed upon the history of the country. The Phila. Ledger remarks, there is no question of foreign or domestic policy which has arisen during the last four years, which it has not frankly and boldly met, and nearly all of them have been settled upon principles advantageous to the nation and promotive of its peace and prosperity. We need mention but the Northeastern fishery question, the enlistment question, one of which adds to our commercial advantages, the other to our national honor. Then came the Central American question, which, though it has not been settled definitely, has yet released us from the entanglement of a very bungling treaty. The Kasza affair, the Spanish difficulties, and in fact every question which brought us in collision with the powers of Europe by the fearless enunciation of principles favorable to Democratic progress, or in vindication of our sovereign rights, has been honorably and peacefully settled, and an American policy established which hereafter must be regarded and respected by the nations of the world in their international conduct. All these things speak highly of the firmness of the executive, the wisdom of his counsellors, and his own appreciation of their suggestions. In our domestic policy the same foresight, discrimination and adherence to sound principles, have added to the strength of the nation and increased its prosperity. A wise forbearance, during a heated political struggle, saved the country from the evils of a civil war; and whatever may be the differences of opinion respecting the constitutional control by government of slavery, circumstances will hereafter show that the principle adopted for the territories, is the one which best favors freedom without producing the shock which would have been caused by the attempted exclusion of slavery. The administration of President Pierce we regard as one of the most successful in its results amid its most trying difficulties that we have had.

Death of Dr. Eliza Kent Kane.

The whole country has received, with profound sorrow, intelligence of the death of this estimable gentleman and fearless navigator; and this sorrow will not be confined to his native land. Everywhere on the surface of this vast globe where science and courage are appreciated, the death of Dr. KANE will be heard with regret, and proper respect will be shown to his memory. It was especially becoming in the Legislature of his native State to express their high opinion of his merits and their unfeigned sorrow that the light of his great mind had been so soon extinguished.

We annex the resolutions which were adopted in the Senate on Thursday last by a unanimous vote, and the eloquent and appropriate remarks made, on the occasion, by Senator WELSH:

Mr. WELSH submitted the following preamble and resolution: WHEREAS, This body has been informed of the decease of Dr. ELIZA KENT KANE, a citizen of this Commonwealth, who, actuated by a generous impulse of humanity and an enthusiastic love of science, engaged upon the perilous polar expeditions of Sir John Franklin and his companions:

AND WHEREAS, It is proper to testify our respect and admiration for the memory of so eminent a citizen; therefore,

Resolved, That we have heard with the most profound regret, of the decease of our brave and devoted countryman; and as a token of respect to his memory, the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution being read, Mr. WELSH said: Mr. Speaker, In offering the resolution which has just been read, I do so, sir, with unaffected pain that any necessity should now exist for its presentation to this body. Although the labors of the session are at this time crowding thick and fast upon us, I have deemed it both right and proper that we should for a moment pause, and, standing by the open grave of the young hero who has just fallen in life's great battle, add our voices to the general expression of sorrow that is now pervading our whole country. A citizen of Pennsylvania, born within her limits and devoted to her interests, we cannot but feel, sir, that here, upon this floor, and through the representatives of this great Commonwealth, proper tribute of respect should be paid to the memory of one who has reflected so much glory and honor upon the State which gave him birth.

Sir, I have not risen for the purpose of passing an eulogy upon the lamented dead.—It is a task for which I am utterly and entirely incompetent. But he needs no words of praise from me or any other man. The illustrious deeds associated with his gallant name—the proud applause that hailed and greeted him wherever his footsteps trod, whether in his own native land, or on some distant foreign shore—and the bright tradition of those intrepid feats of generous enterprise which marked his brief but brilliant life, will build up in the sad heart of every American citizen his true and fitting monument.

However pleasing it might be to me, sir, I will not attempt to follow him through his eventful career and trace his daring footsteps upon almost every portion of the earth's surface. This is not the proper place, nor would the present be the proper time. Yet, sir, there are traits in his character—traits of the rarest and truest nobility—which demand more than the mere "passing tribute of a sigh." It is not only as a great explorer—it is not only as a bold and fearless adventurer in the field of scientific investigation, that he claims our admiration and respect. Gifted with talents of the highest order, he unconsciously added to them a surpassing modesty and a woman's gentleness. Besides the many public services which adorn his name, his whole life was full of private virtues, whose simple record may never reach the light of "this common day." An accomplished scholar, a devotee to science, an ardent lover of his country, a true and chivalrous gentleman, he seemed to live with but one single object over held before him, and that was his great duty to humanity. Few men ever lived, sir, who exhibited qualities of finer mould than his, and it is no exaggeration to say that the noble deeds which instinctively sprung from his self-sacrificing nature will be cherished and remembered by his grateful countrymen, as long as science has a votary or literature a worshipper. A true and generous heroism was exemplified most strikingly, sir, in all his actions, public and private, from the intellectual career, when the boy adventurer crept into the throes of the burning volcano, to the hour when amid the orange groves of a sunny isle, he sought in vain to drive away the chill that grew around his heart far away in the frozen regions of the North. The sculptured marble in its virgin purity may rise above his mouldering bones, his commemoration of his public deeds, but his true and unspotted life will be his proudest monument.

"Such graces as his are pilgrim shrines, Shrines to no creed or code confined; The Delphian vales, the Palestines, The Meccas of the mind!"

THE ELECTION OF U. S. SENATORS IN CALIFORNIA.—We are highly gratified to learn by the late California steamer, that two Democratic United States Senators have been elected in that State—Messrs. Gwin and Broderick. These gentlemen are both well and favorably known to the country, and will add greatly to the Democratic strength in the Senate. Mr. Gwin, during his former term, most zealously and faithfully represented the interests of his State and of the Democratic party, and won high rank as a leading member. Mr. Broderick has hosts of ardently attached friends in the golden State, and has the reputation of being a man of very decided ability. His career in the Senate will doubtless be a brilliant one.

THE CAMELS AT WORK.—The San Antonio (Texas) Times says: "The camels, twenty-two in number, have just passed through our city loaded with about six hundred pounds each, returning to their place of rendezvous, which is some twenty miles from here. There are dromedaries also with them and seated on top of these camels and dromedaries are Arabs and Turks, dressed in their own costume of their own country. Texas is a great country, and San Antonio is a great city. We have among us people of every nation and religion, and around us every specimen of the animal kingdom, with perhaps the exception of the woolly horse which can now only be found near the source of Salt River."

Profane swearing is abominable.—Vulgar language is disgusting. Loud laughing is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tatling is mean. Telling lies is contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful. Avoid all the above vices, and aim at usefulness.—This is the road in which to become respectable. Walk in it. Never be ashamed of honest labor. Pride is a curse—a hateful vice. Never act the part of a hypocrite. Keep good company. Speak the truth at all times. Be not discouraged, but persevere; and mountains will become mole-hills.

"Murder Most Foul."

The Toledo Commercial adds another to the already long list of murders recently committed. A Mrs. Ward, the wife of Return J. M. Ward, of Sullivan, disappeared suddenly and mysteriously, and the husband's explanations being contradictory and unsatisfactory, the citizens determined to investigate the matter thoroughly. They went to Ward's premises, which they searched, and found indubitable evidence that the woman had been foully murdered. The account says: "In a pile of ashes near the house, human bones were found—an upper jaw, almost entire, and pieces of a skull. Two finger-rings were also found, which were recognized as those worn by Mrs. Ward. The citizens who made the search found abundant evidence, as they thought that the effects of Mrs. Ward had been all burnt. The lock of her trunk, pieces of dress, hooks and eyes, and other articles were found. The citizens searched farther—the bed-clothes had the appearance of having been recently washed. On opening the bolster and bed, the feathers were found covered with blood. Blood was also found on a mat in the upper part of the house. A minute search revealed traces of blood in other parts of the house.

Whether the woman had been stabbed, or shot, they could not tell; but that she had been foully murdered and her corpse burnt, they were satisfied; and at once proceeded to cause the arrest of Ward. He was arrested and examined before Mr. Justice Clark, and was committed to the jail in this city to await trial before the next term of the Court of Common Pleas for murder in the first degree."

A Murder Case in Detroit.

THE MURDERED MAN ASTONISHES EVERYBODY BY HIS APPEARANCE IN COURT.—Outrages and violence are the order of the day just now, and Detroit, as a matter of course, must have its share. The good people of that city were greatly excited last week in consequence of a murder most foul, which was alleged to have been committed near a place called Brownstown, and which the papers dignified by the title, in flaming letters, "The Brownstown Murder Case."

The facts in this singular case, as near as we can gather them, are these: Some days since, a pedlar named Samuel Kiter, aged nineteen, entered the house of a man named Bickley, whose family consists of three ladies and a little son. The pedlar was missed by his friends. He was traced to Bickley's house. He had never been seen to leave that house afterwards.

The three ladies in Bickley's family, Mrs. Mary Bickley, Miss Nora Bickley and Mrs. Mary Sheoman, were arrested on the charge of murder, and lodged in jail at Detroit. Old Bickley and his son were not taken because they were too unwell to be removed.—The examination of the parties commenced on Friday.

The murdered man's brother testified that he had visited the prisoners' house and made a search. Saw fresh blood on the floor and wall; found bones and a piece of cloth in a barrel of ashes; he thought the cloth belonged to his brother's vest; saw blood on the barn and on the snow.

A neighbor named Mrs. Hannah Clark, had talked with the accused relative to the blood; told them murders were always found out; on one particular night the witness smelt the burning of woollen very strongly, and also the burning of fresh meat; she thought the neighbors were cooking meat for the bee. The old lady told her, since the blood had been found, that a man had stoppel there over night, and came over to her house to get a shilling to give him change.

A man named Peabody saw blood and "smelt something burning."

Captain Alvord saw blood; dug into it with a knife, and found human hairs, some of them six or seven inches long, of a dark brown color; found another spot about forty or fifty rods off, in the road; dug into that and found some more hairs; a dozen or fifteen in all.—Went back to the house, saw the blood before described, and some more on a flour barrel; saw a piece of bed ticking about as large as the top of the table, (about 24 by 36 inches,) with several spots of blood upon it two or three inches in diameter; it was taken out of the bed.

The Free Press says that the counsel were about summing up the case on Saturday, when a little Dutchman (the pedlar,) who had stood with his hands in his pockets a quiet spectator of the scene, stepped forth and protested against any such liberties being taken with his affairs, declaring that he had neither been slaughtered nor burnt up, and as to being dissolved into the small show of sheep bones and horse hair, which had been before him afforded, he felt indignant at the idea.—The Free Press says:

Of course we shall not attempt to describe the delight of the spectators, the consternation of the learned counsel, or the amazement of the Judge at the summary winding up of the beautiful case which had been made out; but we will confidently assert that the scene was rich.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Printer's Anxium.

For some time past the members of the craft typographical in this city have been agitating a proposition to establish an asylum for superannuated printers, and the widows and orphans of deceased printers. Other institutions of a charitable and benevolent character appeal to the sympathies of so many classes as easily to procure the means of support from a liberal public. But one like this, devoted exclusively to a particular trade, might at first seem to be restricted in its quarry. Nevertheless, all branches of the profession have manifested so much interest in the project, and evinced so general a desire to contribute in its aid, that we feel assured its success is by no means impossible. It is gratifying to find the employers of largest means and highest standing, leading in this praiseworthy movement, for it shows the spirit which prevails among the members of the profession. They seem to feel that in misfortune there is a genuine democracy. The deceived or unfortunate employer is as apt to need relief as the journeyman whom he was wont to give work to, and the widows and orphans of the one must be cared for like those of the other. The Philadelphia Typographical Society, at a meeting held last Saturday evening, approved of the undertaking, and appointed the following committee to take the initiative in the matter: Jesse R. Ferguson, Wm. C. Kelley, T. K. Collins, R. P. King, Wm. H. Jones, Thomas McKellar, James Montgomery, Benj. Mifflin, Charles Brigham.

Execution of Verger.

The execution of Verger, the ex-priest who recently murdered the Arch Bishop of Paris, took place on Friday the 30th of January.—The horrible feelings of a man who values life and yet knows that a terrible and ignominious death awaits him, and that the time when his head shall be severed from his body is fixed to a minute, may be imagined from the following narrative of the conduct of Verger when it was announced to him that his hour was come, and that no earthly power could save him:

"It was the chaplain who undertook the office of informing him that his appeal had been rejected, that his petition to the Emperor was equally unsuccessful, that no further hope remained, and that all that was now left him was to prepare for death. The wretched man raised himself on his pallet; he held his head down for some instants, and turned it about bewildered, as if he had woken from some terrible dream. When he awoke from that state of insensibility, he was conscious of what was passing, and when the dismal words that hope was no more were fully comprehended by him, he cried, 'impossible, impossible!' The chaplain repeated that, unfortunately it was too true, and that all was over. 'At once he became excited, and his excitement rose to fury. 'I will not die!' he shouted. 'It is impossible that my appeal and my pardon are not refused, impossible! I will cling to life; my life is my own, and you have no right to take it from me.'"

"The chaplain endeavored to calm and console him, but in vain. He refused to listen to his prayers; he broke out in violence, and reviled the priest with language similar to that which he used before the court of Assize. The director of the prison at length interfered. Verger cried, 'Give me but an hour—an hour—but one hour—no more. I must send an express to the Emperor!' The director told him 'it was impossible. 'Impossible! no, I will not die.' 'You will not—I will defend myself to the last! You may murder me in this cell, but from it I will not stir.' At these words he threw himself again on his bed, clung to it with head, hands and feet, and resisted all attempts to lift him. The gaolers had to be called in, and they were obliged to put on his clothes by main force. During the operation Verger made the greatest resistance, but flinging all his efforts vain, he all of a sudden relaxed and fell into a state of prostration.

"At a quarter to eight the executioner entered the cell to put on him the dress of the scaffold. Verger underwent this last operation without making a movement or uttering a word; he only shrank a little when the cold steel of the scissars that cut the hair from the back part of the head touched his neck. The chaplain again approached him, and with tears in his eyes and a tremulous voice once more exhorted him to think of his soul. He at first listened to the priest in silence, and then retired with him to a corner of the cell. He knelt, joined in prayer, and probably confessed, for the chaplain pronounced the absolution.

"Eight o'clock sounded, and at the last stroke he issued from the cell, and proceeded to the scaffold. He appeared calmer, and almost resigned to his fate; nevertheless, when bidding farewell to the directors of the prison and his assistants, he once more implored for an hour 'to write to the Emperor.' A few minutes after eight he issued from the prison gate, when at once the scaffold, in all its hideous reality, met his eye. During the short passage he was supported by the chaplain on one side, and on the other by the director of the prison and the executioner.

"He was again exhorted by the attendant priests. He knelt on the ground, and once uttered some words. He slowly rose, cast a glance in the distance, took the crucifix in his hands and kissed the image of the Saviour; gazed for an instant on the cold and clear sky above, flung himself into the arms of the Abbe Hugon, and then surrendered himself to the executioner. He was fastened to the plank, and his neck placed under the instrument of death. At the given signal it fell, flashing in the cold light of the morning, and all was over."

The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Leader says:

"A singular circumstance happened to Colonel Forney's residence in this city, which was discovered a few days ago. It has been closed ever since he left here for Pennsylvania last fall, and intending to return during the month of March, had sent orders to have it aired and the roof repaired. On opening the house, every part of the furniture, from cellar to garret had been gnawed to pieces by rats, and the floors looked as if the recent terrible snow storm had covered the floors of the bed rooms with its fleecy feathers. The beds were torn all to pieces, and the contents strewn about. The duty assigned to Col. Forney's agents, for ratifying his instructions in the business, was superseded by the 'ratification' already in possession. His loss is said to be over \$1,000 by the damage.

Copper Coins.

As the copper coins are about to give place to new small cents made of nickel and copper, an ordinary of the "red cent" will not be an uninteresting thing. It was first issued as a United States coin in 1792. It then bore the head of Washington on one side, and thirteen links on the other. The French Revolution soon after created a rage of French ideas in America, which put on the coin, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the Goddess of Liberty—a French Liberty, with neck thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was replaced by the olive wreath of peace. But the French Liberty was short lived, and so was her portrait on our cent. The present standard, classic dame, with a fillet around her hair, came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago.