

The Globe

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Select Poetry.
I WISH I WAS AN EDITOR.
BY NED.
I wish I was an Editor,
I really do indeed;
It seems to me that Editors
Get everything they need,
They get the biggest and the best,
Of everything that grows,
And get in free of cures,
And other kind of shames;
When a mammoth cheese is cut,
They always get a slice,
For saying Mrs. Smith knows how
To make it very nice;
The largest pumpkin, the longest beet,
And other garden stuff,
Is blown into the Sanctum by
An Editorial puff;
The biggest bug will speak to them,
No matter how they dress,
A shabby coat is nothing if
You own a printing press;
At Ladies' Fairs they are almost hugged,
By pretty girls who know
That they will catch on everything
The Ladies have to show;
And thus they get a blow-off free
At every party feed;
The reason is because they write
And other people read.

Communications.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE GLOBE.

BALTIMORE MD., 1859.
EDITOR OF THE GLOBE:—In my last letter from this place, I gave you an account of a Sunday in "the Monumental City," a visit to the Manual Labor School, &c. My present communication will consist of some of the incidents worthy of note, in my last day in the city. At an early hour we started for North Exeter street, for our young friend Wm. G. Ray, who was to accompany us, in our peregrinations during the day. We made our way to a wharf on the Baltimore harbor, and took passage on the steam ferry boat, "Belle of Baltimore," for Locust Point, in order to visit Fort M'Henry, which your readers will remember came near falling into the hands of the British, in the campaign of 1814. This fortress is built at the extremity of Locust Point, and defends the entrance from the Patapsco to the Baltimore harbor. The "Star Spangled Banner" waves above its parapet, and a company of Uncle Sam's hardy boys march to and fro beneath its folds, and daily destroy, not hosts of boasting British, but beans and beefsteak. Every thing about the fort is kept in good order, and dark mounded cannon mounted on the breastwork, seem to threaten annihilation to any hostile vessel that might dare to approach the city. It was during the siege of this fort, that Lord Ross the British commander was killed. It seems that he had made the impious assertion, that he would "eat his supper that night in Baltimore or in hell." During the day, two young Americans, with characteristic fortitude and patriotism, resolved to turn the tide of battle by sacrificing their own lives. Concealing themselves in a clump of bushes with their deadly rifles in their hands, they calmly awaited the approach of the British Commander and his staff. Onward came the haughty Lord, flushed with past victories, and thinking no doubt, of the fresh laurel that would be added to his wreath, when the eagle that soared over Baltimore, pierced by his sword, should fall fluttering from his dizzy height, and the British lion cause American hearts to thrill with terror. Suddenly two rifle locks clicked, young Wells and McComas took deliberate aim and fired, and Lord Ross, who had been guilty of vandalism unparalleled in civilized warfare, the burning of the Capitol at Washington, including the libraries &c., reeled and fell dead. Wells and McComas were instantly fired upon and killed. It is believed that this brave act saved the city from falling into the hands of the enemy. Last Summer the grateful citizens of Baltimore had the bones of these men exhumed and brought with appropriate ceremony, to the central, or rather eastern part of the city, and buried with the honors of war. I believe a monument is to be erected over them. I visited their graves, which are enclosed with a neat iron railing.

After a long walk we returned to the city, and, as our appetites were by this time well sharpened, we did ample justice to an excellent dinner provided for us, by the places of hospitable friends. Among the places of interest we visited in the afternoon, may be mentioned the Maryland Institute. This is a very large building, containing extensive halls for lectures. The library contains a library of several thousand volumes, comprising every variety of useful reading matter. Persons by paying five dollars, become members, have access to the library, and free tickets to all the lectures. O! if the young men of the city would only spend their evenings in those pleasant and comfortable reading rooms, instead of frequenting drinking saloons, gambling tables and dens of infamy—there would be fewer broken-hearted parents, disgraced families and desolate freeways.

Perhaps some of your little readers, who are disposed to be curious, would like to have a description of the Phoenix Shot Tower, the highest one in the world, being 250 feet high. Imagine to yourselves a round brick chimney running away up as high as three of your highest houses placed on top of each other—Here the melted lead is poured through a pipe, and the little streams cooling as they fall, form many grains of shot, by the time they reach the ground. You make the ascent by means of winding stairs, in the inside. I made my way to the top, to have a view of the surrounding city and country. The evening was beautiful. Not a cloud was to be seen in the sky and the sun was just approaching the western horizon. Away southward as far as the eye could carry, the Patapsco, and Chesapeake were dotted over with spreading sails; westward the hills were blue in the distance, but not a mountain could be

seen. Beneath, and all around, were hurrying along the stony streets, vehicles of almost every description. The streets stretching away in every direction, until the long rows of high brick houses seemed to come together. The rattling of the coaches over the streets, the busy hum of machinery, the puffing of steam engines, and the shrill whistle of locomotives, each contribute to the interest of the view. The scene was grand, even to sublimity. We spent near half an hour on the top of the tower, and then commenced the tedious descent. After many a turn, we arrived on *terra firma*. I find my letter is already too long, so I must close this, my last letter for the present, from the Monumental City.
LEROY.

The Father of his Country.

MR. EDITOR:—Why is Washington called the "Father of his Country?" Napoleon overran countries, destroyed cities, conducted bloody battles, and was crowned with the title of "Napoleon the Conqueror." Alexander, like Napoleon, with but one great object in view, viz: that of having his name recorded in the book of fame—stained his hands with the blood of the innocent, conquered the world, and, after having finished his work and received the title of "Alexander the Great," fell upon his knees and wept because there were no more to conquer.—But why is Washington called the "Father of his Country?" How lofty was the character of that great man, George Washington, and how deplorable the condition of our country when this noble man of noble daring carved for himself a name which will be handed down upon its adamantine tablet from generation to generation, and cherished by unborn millions as that of a christian as well as a warrior, a father to the orphan as well as the "Father of his Country." Whether bowed in fasting and prayer before God in behalf of his country, or taking the fate of the feeble colonists on his noble heart, or fleeing before the unmerciful tyrants of Great Britain, or rallying freedom's noble sons to the charge, or spurring his frightened steed amid the broken ice and angry waves of the Delaware in the midst of the midnight storm, or galloping into the deadly fires of the enemy in the strong effort to restore the light, or wearing the wreath of victory which a grateful nation placed, with mingling tears and shouts of applause, on his brow, he was the same self-collected and noble-minded man. But what was the condition of our country? A feeble colony just struggling into existence, about to be ground under the iron heel of tyranny, and subjected to the arbitrary power of Great Britain, bounded on one side by a limitless forest filled with innumerable savages, who were ever ready to destroy, and on the other, by the mighty Atlantic, whose waves were spotted with the proud fleets of her enemies, she, notwithstanding all this, stood up with "truth and right," for her motto, and George Washington for her guide—offered battle to the strongest empire in the world. It was at this critical moment that the youthful form of our hero, who now sleeps at "Mount Vernon," raised his mighty arm in defence of his country, taking upon himself the arduous task of bringing harmony out of discord—an almost fatal discord—of producing strength from weakness, and creating resources where they did not exist, cheering and encouraging his handful of half-clad and half-fed men, doing all this for the blessed liberties which we now value so highly. Where is the true American who is not ever ready to acknowledge Washington as deserving of the title he receives from the American people? All that is necessary to answer this question.—Why is Washington called the "Father of his Country?" is to speak of his noble deeds, is to substantiate the assertion that it was he and he alone that directed our forefathers through the varied scenes of the Revolutionary war, and procured for us freedom—the privileges of worshipping God according to the dictates of our own consciences, and not restrained by a Monarchical form of government. There is an enduring monument, time shall never mar its splendor—the generations of men will repeat the name found upon it—the beloved name of WASHINGTON.
DELTA.

Miscellaneous News.

Kossuth on the War.
Kossuth has addressed another large meeting at Manchester, England. He counseled England to a strict neutrality in the present contest—not, however, from any regard to the interests of England, but in the conviction that the sympathies of the British rulers are with Austria. He distinctly charges them on this score, maintaining that they have never expressed a word of friendliness or anxiety in regard to the fate of Italy, while they had manifested the profoundest solicitude for Austria.

He hopes to see the ferments and agitations of Italy extended to his native country; the House of Austria is to him the dragon of history, fetid and red with crime, against which he has thundered for years, and he is averse to seeing it strengthened, even by a moral approval. In this view the burden of his adjuration to England is, "If you cannot help Italy, for heaven's sake do not help Austria, the oppressor of Italy. Do not allow your prejudices against France and the rule of France, to place you on the side of tyranny and wrong."

Kossuth draws an ingenious distinction between the French and the Austrian governments; for in France the despotism is personal and temporary, while the nation is essentially free, radiating the light of science and art to all the world; but in Austria the despotism is absolute, part and parcel of the national life, depressing and blighting whatever comes within its influences. If the task-masters go to war, let them tear each other to pieces, if they please. He adds, at the same time, that he knows nothing of the intentions of Louis Napoleon, although he believes that his interests were all on the side of the independence of the nations.

Political Movements in Oregon.

(From the Alta California.)
The Democrats of Oregon, are just now being severely exercised by having had an obnoxious nomination thrust upon them by their State Convention, of a candidate for Congress. It seems that Mr. Grover, their late Representative, could not be used in Congress by General Lane, as easily as the latter gentleman desired, and Lane ordered the Convention to nominate one who would be more pliant in his hands, and who would fetch and carry at his bidding. Accordingly, when the Convention met, a Mr. Lansing Stout—who has been a resident of Oregon but little more than a year, and who was an American member of our Assembly from Placer county, in 1856—to the astonishment of everybody received the nomination for Congress. The wives were all fixed in caucus, and the puppets played exactly as they were bidden to do by Gen. Lane. Mr. Grover was ignored and thrown overboard, notwithstanding he has the reputation of being one of the most popular men in Oregon, and fully posted up in regard to the wants of the State; while Stout, in this latter respect, remains as he was two years ago—"a know-nothing."

The result has been to call forth notes of deep dissatisfaction from Democrats all over the State. The Statesman—generally recognised as the leading organ of the party in Oregon—while it boasts the name of Stout at the head of its columns—is out flat-footed against his nomination, editorially. It contains communications from Democrats in every part of the State, denouncing the nomination of Stout in the bitterest terms; and the expression of a determination to throw their votes for Logan, the Republican nominee, rather than have such a nomination thrust upon them, is very general. There is, therefore, every indication that Oregon will add a Republican member to the next Congress, instead of a Democrat, as has heretofore been generally anticipated.

The Legislature of Oregon met on Monday last, the 10th inst., and its first business would probably be the election of a United States Senator. It is stated by parties from Oregon, with whom we have conversed, that while Judge Williams, Delano, Smith, and ex-Governor Curry, are the prominent candidates, it was thought by those professing to be "knowing ones," that Mr. Grover, who had been thrown overboard by the Convention, would be elected to the Senate over all others. Such a result would be a terrible rebuke to Gen. Lane. We know nothing whatever in regard to it; but of this one thing there is no question—the people of Oregon have for years past been owned, body and soul, politically, by Gen. Lane. He has been supreme dictator in all things pertaining to the political destinies of the Territory, and his action in procuring the nomination of a man who by his short residence in the State and by his political antecedents, is justly obnoxious to the people is merely a fair sample of a similar corrupt exercise of power upon former occasions. Mr. Grover was sufficiently pliable and ductile to be recognized at Washington as a good Administration Democrat. General Jo came back with instructions from headquarters to kill him off, and presto! it was done. In all human probability, it will be the means of releasing the people of Oregon from the condition of political vassalage which they have so long occupied under the dominion of Lane, and, possibly may be the means of purifying their party conventions and caucus system, wherein, after all, lies the main secret of party corruption, as developed in the political history of more than one American State.

The Execution of Dr. King, for the Murder of his Wife—His Speech on the Gallows.

We have already given a short telegraphic account of the execution of Dr. King, at Coburg, Canada, for the cruel murder of his wife by poison. A correspondent of the Hamilton (C. W.) Spectator, gives full particulars of the case, with a short account of the previous life of the unfortunate man. It appears that he was brought up in the neighborhood of Brighton. The sheriff, who had to direct his execution, had known him from a boy, as had also the Rev. Mr. Bleesford, who attended him in his last moments. His life had been a chequered one. When a youth, he was fond of reading theological works, and his demeanor was so serious that it was imagined by many that he would go into the church. Then he married a Miss Lawson of Brighton, and went to the Normal School, Toronto. Next he became a teacher at the Central School, Hamilton.—Finally, he studied homopathy at Philadelphia, and settled down to practice at Brighton.

He seems to have thought his wife beneath him in station. She certainly was inferior to him in education, and, of late years, while he was educating himself more and more, she seems to have become more and more distasteful to him. His wife bore him a child some two years since, which only survived a short time, and, as she was about to become a mother again, he destroyed her in the most heartless manner. No valid excuse can be found for the crime; nothing can be told in palliation. He says he was infatuated with a Miss Vandervoort, and felt he must have her as his wife, whatever happened. He acknowledges that he administered arsenic in repeated small doses. After giving arsenic time after time, he intended to do similarly with chloroform, but the first dose of it proved too strong for her feeble constitution, and she died of it.

King was a fine looking man, with a thick beard and mustaches, and only about 24 years of age. On the scaffold, he was dressed in black, and looked the gentleman.—There was nothing whatever in his appearance that would lead one to suspect him of crime. One of the clergy asked him, when all had taken up their places, whether he had anything to say. "Where," he asked, "is that paper?" A document was given him, which he had written that morning early, in a fine, free, firm hand. "Must I stand on the drop?" he said. The sheriff told him "where you please." He went to the front and read in tones which were clear, distinct,

The Political Future.

The prospect for a strict adherence to the platform of the Democratic party, as enunciated at Cincinnati in 1856, is now highly encouraging in most of the Northern States. The Democratic masses cannot be forced from their principles. They fought for the doctrine of Sovereignty in the Territories in 1856, and they are too honest to stultify themselves in 1860. Already has the Ohio Democracy taken ground in favor of the people of the Territories settling the slavery issue for themselves without interference from the National Executive or the National Congress, and it is now confidently asserted, that Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, New Jersey, Maine, and other northern States, will take not only similar ground with Ohio, but that they will be still more explicit in enunciation of this great principle. The administration to be sure, is straining every nerve to induce the Democracy to follow its pernicious lead to certain political destruction, but even its flatteries and its dispensation of official favors to hungry aspirants, fails to lead the honest masses of the Democracy astray.—How could it be otherwise? Here is a doctrine laid down which is just as true and unanswerable as any one of the commands in the decalogue. It is a fundamental principle of our own liberties. The crown of England claimed the right to dictate laws for the regulation of the internal affairs of the American Colonies. The English government alleged that we were in a state of pupillage, and that we had therefore no rights independent of the parent nation. Our fathers contended against this monstrous assumption. They drew the sword of defiance, and poured out their best blood to prevent and overthrow this tyrannical demand. After hearing innumerable indignities, they resorted to the Revolution of '76, and won with their own strong arms and brave hearts, the right to manage their own internal affairs in

but sorrowful, the following address:

"My fellow-Christians—I stand before you to-day in the most awful position in which a human being can be placed—convicted of the most dreadful of all crimes, and sentenced by the laws of my country to pay the penalty of my guilt by sacrificing my own life. It is very hard to be deprived of life in comparative youth; but I do not dispute the justice of my sentence nor find fault with the most righteous dispensations of an all-wise Providence. I have had time to think over the evil of my ways; to bewail my grievous sins and great wickedness with a deep contrition, and to go to the fountain of healing for pardon. I have besought Almighty God night and day for forgiveness. I look to the cross of Christ, to the merits of His precious sacrifice, as my only stay, my only hope. Unworthy as I feel myself to be of God's compassion, I have a firm reliance upon His gracious redemption, that He willeth not the death of a sinner. I humbly and devoutly believe that He has pardoned me, chief of sinners though I be, for the merits of Jesus Christ, our blessed Redeemer.

"I fully and entirely confide in the all-sufficiency of His atonement, and I humbly trust that through the efficacy of His precious blood, my Heavenly Father will accept me, a broken-hearted penitent, into His kingdom of peace and blessedness.

"I entreat my fellow-Christians to take warning from my fate, and to beware of the temptations of the evil one. I have been blinded by the evil passions of our corrupt nature, and seduced into the greatest of crimes, through the instigations of the corrupt flesh, and the snares of the devil. I affectionately exhort you to guard against this, and to seek steadfastly the Grace of God as your only sufficient protection and safeguard. Acknowledge Him in all your ways; live in the fear and love of God; honor His Sabbaths; keep close to Him in prayer, and the reading of His word; and maintain communion with Him in the blessed ordinances of religion.

"My Christian friends, I leave this world in charity with all men, and with a heartfelt prayer that God would bless the souls of all my brethren of the human race. I pray that His kingdom of peace and truth may spread everywhere, and that His will may be done on earth as purely and universally as it is in heaven.

"In these, my last moments, I heartily thank all those who have showed me any kindness, especially those who have aided me during my recent trials, with their counsel and their prayers, and from my soul I forgive all those who have done me any wrong or injustice.

"I beseech you, my dear Christian friends, pray now for me; join your prayers with mine, that my faith may not fail at this my last hour, that no weakness of the flesh, no power of Satan, may separate me from God. Pray that I may experience His full pardon, and that, believing, as I do, heartily and sincerely in the Lord Jesus Christ, and deeply contrite for my sins, I shall be saved.

WM. H. KING.

Coburg Jail, June 9, 1859.

After which he said, "I hope I shall see her again—I think I shall."
The paper was then given to Mr. Vandenburg, and King said to the crowd, "Farewell—I bid you all a long farewell."
There was hardly one upon the scaffold whose eyes were not moistened with tears.—All the clergy sobbed audibly; the sheriff, too, was much affected. Nor was the emotion of the beholders lessened when the criminal was directed to kneel, and the executioner tied his hands and feet and put a white cap over his head. Then the Rev. Mr. Bleesford read the sentence from the service at the burial of the dead beginning, "Man that is born of woman." Then the Rev. Archdeacon Bethune began and finished the beautiful commematory prayer used in the visitation of the sick, "Unto God's house."
Before the prayer had been concluded the sheriff's signal was given, and the drop fell—a heavy "thud" was heard and the body seemed to fall, men drew a long breath and sighed, a few women shrieked loudly, one or two fainted, King's muscles twitched slightly, and all was over.

Honest and Sound.

Even the South, to which he has sold himself, are becoming disgusted with President Buchanan. They begin to see and feel the evil effects of his unwise conduct, and we venture to say that in less than six months, he will be the most unpopular President, in every section of the country, that ever filled the Chair.

Mr. John C. Barnes, of Alabama, who was lately appointed one of the visitors to the West Point Academy, writes a letter declining the honor. In it he says:
"I am well aware that there is a discrepancy of opinion as to the existence of any real danger to the institutions and interest of the South at present, but I am also well aware that the President has been guilty of a fatal error to the interests and welfare of the whole country—that of maintaining his own peculiar notions of the policy, without improving the condition of the Democratic party; and whether the South is to suffer from the imbecility of a superannuated President, or the ontomachous impudence of the Northern Abolitionists, time will only show."

The New Jersey Millrites—Their Time Ended.

(From the Newark Mercury, June 13.)
Yesterday was the utmost limit fixed by the Second Adventists of this city for the continuance of all earthly things. At the meeting of these deluded people at Union Hall in the morning, one of the speakers said that it had been announced in the newspapers that if this day did not witness the end of the world, they would give up their belief and cease to hold their meetings. This was an error. They intended nothing of the kind. If the world did not come to an end, and he doubted somewhat that it would, it would come "some time," and the meetings would be continued to the end, that they might all be prepared when the long expected event should take place. He counselled his hearers to be in no wise cast down, but to hold up their heads and look the world square in the eyes. He firmly believed that according to the Scriptures, "time was up." He had not prophetic vision, and there might be some error in the calculation, but far as he could see it was high time for the consummation of all things in general and everything in particular. The speaker said that probably the next steamer from Europe would bring some intelligence favorable to their views, and enlighten them upon some points which were heretofore very dubious. Whether or not he meant that the world had caught fire on the other side of the water, and that the flames were spreading over the face of the earth like the measles through a community, this deponent did not learn.

The speaker compared the present position of those who were "rooted and grounded" in the peculiar belief of the Second Adventists, to the condition of the children of Israel, on coming, in their journeyings, to the Red Sea. There appeared to be no avenue of escape, but God opened a way for them; and he would now relieve them from their present condition of doubt and uncertainty, through some such miraculous agency. Much of this kind of argument was used, but it apparently afforded the leading disciples present but little satisfaction, and they appeared as though they would have much rather experienced the crisis at this time. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," was literally true in their case. The majority, however, seemed to find great satisfaction in the fact that the "end was not yet," and were perfectly willing to "wait a little longer." We suppose a new "cypher" will now be made in order to ascertain wherein their calculations had been in error, and we would suggest that in figuring the great beast with seven horns, and the little beast with eleven eyes, into years and days, that they subtract from the grand total the result of the present war in Europe. Everybody wants to know about that.

Horrible Cruelty at Sea.

The trial of Captain Ephraim Pendleton was proceeding in San Francisco, and developed a fearful chapter of the woes of seamen. The following evidence was elicited:
William Johnson sworn—I was an ordinary seaman on board the bark Sarah Parks, on her late voyage from Cardiff to this port; I was whipped on board several times; on the first occasion I took a little bread, for which I was whipped; was hauled up by the hands with a piece of rope; the captain struck me with a piece of rope; my back and stomach were cut all to pieces; the cook rubbed the wounded places with salt pickle; first time whipped was after we came round Cape Horn; after the pickle was used on me, I was put over the bows and kept there all day; one morning, at four o'clock, while at the wheel, I was so hungry that I could hardly stand upon my feet; I had to leave the wheel, and go down to the scuttle to take some bread; the second mate said he would go and tell the captain; for doing this the captain tied me to the strong back and flogged me; twenty-five lashes with a cane were given on my bare back; the captain took me down, but put me up again and gave me twelve more lashes; after receiving the last twelve, irons were put on my wrists, and then fastened to the ring-bolt, lying down; two buckets water were thrown over me; I was then taken down through the after-hatch to the coal between decks with irons on, and there fastened, to a stanchion; could not stand up; the space between the coal and the upper deck was from feet to waist; could not slide the irons up on the stanchions; was kept there 11 or 12 days; remained there until we reached San Francisco, when I was taken out; received while in confinement two biscuits per day, and a pot of water; the tub used for the pig on board was brought down; the other man in confinement used to push the tub with his foot toward me; I took something out of it with my hands to eat; I took three biscuits first time for which I was flogged; I eat one and put two in my box; I took them because I was hungry; I was born in Norway; the last time I was flogged we were on this side of the line; a policeman took me from between decks, and brought me to this building, and from here to the hospital.

An Accommodating Wife.

The Augusta (Ga.) Dispatch relates the death of a man in that county under the most horrible circumstances. He was intoxicated, and told his wife he intended to kill himself. She seconded the proposition and aided him in getting a rope over a beam in the house, and in getting it around his neck. She then knocked the chair from under him, and he fell breaking his neck. His wife immediately ran away and had not been apprehended.

A Well Injured.

A negro woman fell head-foremost, into a well 150 feet deep a few days since, at Montgomery, Alabama. In the descent her head struck the stone wall, knocking a quantity of the masonry out of place, her head, however, was but slightly bruised. She was quite cheerful when drawn out. The only damage done was to the stone wall!

Railroad War.—Reduction of Fare.

The Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad Company (connecting with the Pennsylvania Railroad at Pittsburgh,) on Monday 6th reduced the fare to New York to \$12, to Boston \$14, and to Baltimore and Philadelphia \$10. The other roads connecting with these points have done the same.

Steam on the Canal.

Efforts are making to propel boats by steam on the Schuylkill canal. The Navigation Company are building a canal boat to make the experiment, other experiments have been made heretofore, but have proved unsuccessful owing to the agitation of the water and the washing on the side of the canal.

Last week an elderly man was brought as a convict to the Kentucky State penitentiary, whose six sons were already in that institution as convicts.

The Locusts have made their appearance in "Egypt," or Southern Illinois, and cover woods and orchards in swarms.

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Horrible Cruelty at Sea.

The trial of Captain Ephraim Pendleton was proceeding in San Francisco, and developed a fearful chapter of the woes of seamen. The following evidence was elicited:
William Johnson sworn—I was an ordinary seaman on board the bark Sarah Parks, on her late voyage from Cardiff to this port; I was whipped on board several times; on the first occasion I took a little bread, for which I was whipped; was hauled up by the hands with a piece of rope; the captain struck me with a piece of rope; my back and stomach were cut all to pieces; the cook rubbed the wounded places with salt pickle; first time whipped was after we came round Cape Horn; after the pickle was used on me, I was put over the bows and kept there all day; one morning, at four o'clock, while at the wheel, I was so hungry that I could hardly stand upon my feet; I had to leave the wheel, and go down to the scuttle to take some bread; the second mate said he would go and tell the captain; for doing this the captain tied me to the strong back and flogged me; twenty-five lashes with a cane were given on my bare back; the captain took me down, but put me up again and gave me twelve more lashes; after receiving the last twelve, irons were put on my wrists, and then fastened to the ring-bolt, lying down; two buckets water were thrown over me; I was then taken down through the after-hatch to the coal between decks with irons on, and there fastened, to a stanchion; could not stand up; the space between the coal and the upper deck was from feet to waist; could not slide the irons up on the stanchions; was kept there 11 or 12 days; remained there until we reached San Francisco, when I was taken out; received while in confinement two biscuits per day, and a pot of water; the tub used for the pig on board was brought down; the other man in confinement used to push the tub with his foot toward me; I took something out of it with my hands to eat; I took three biscuits first time for which I was flogged; I eat one and put two in my box; I took them because I was hungry; I was born in Norway; the last time I was flogged we were on this side of the line; a policeman took me from between decks, and brought me to this building, and from here to the hospital.

An Accommodating Wife.

The Augusta (Ga.) Dispatch relates the death of a man in that county under the most horrible circumstances. He was intoxicated, and told his wife he intended to kill himself. She seconded the proposition and aided him in getting a rope over a beam in the house, and in getting it around his neck. She then knocked the chair from under him, and he fell breaking his neck. His wife immediately ran away and had not been apprehended.

A Well Injured.

A negro woman fell head-foremost, into a well 150 feet deep a few days since, at Montgomery, Alabama. In the descent her head struck the stone wall, knocking a quantity of the masonry out of place, her head, however, was but slightly bruised. She was quite cheerful when drawn out. The only damage done was to the stone wall!

Railroad War.—Reduction of Fare.

The Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad Company (connecting with the Pennsylvania Railroad at Pittsburgh,) on Monday 6th reduced the fare to New York to \$12, to Boston \$14, and to Baltimore and Philadelphia \$10. The other roads connecting with these points have done the same.

Steam on the Canal.

Efforts are making to propel boats by steam on the Schuylkill canal. The Navigation Company are building a canal boat to make the experiment, other experiments have been made heretofore, but have proved unsuccessful owing to the agitation of the water and the washing on the side of the canal.

Last week an elderly man was brought as a convict to the Kentucky State penitentiary, whose six sons were already in that institution as convicts.

The Locusts have made their appearance in "Egypt," or Southern Illinois, and cover woods and orchards in swarms.