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# THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.



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### From the Sunday Times. PETER CARTRIGHT; The Jocos Preacher.

A GENUINE PORTRAIT FROM LIFE IN ILLINOIS.

Immense was the gathering at the Methodist camp ground near Springfield, on the 2d Sunday of September, 1832. A powerful magnet had attracted this great mass of people from their homes in many counties a hundred miles round. The new presiding elder, a late arrival from Kentucky, an orator of wide-spread and wonderful renown, it was known, would thunder on that day. The glittering prestige of his fame had lightened far before him, and hence the universal eagerness to hear one concerning whom rumor's trumpet-tongue discoursed so loudly.

Morning broke in the azure east, bright and beautiful as a dream of heaven; but the ex-prodigy had not made his advent. Eleven o'clock came—the regular hour for the detonation of the heavy gun of orthodox—and still there was no news of the clerical lion.

A common circuit preacher took his place, and, sensible of the popular disappointment, endeavored to mollify a miserable failure. The vexed and restless crowd began to disperse, when an event happened to excite afresh their curiosity, and concentrate them again denser than ever. A messenger rushed to the pulpit in hot haste, and presented a note, which was immediately read out to prevent the people from scattering. The following is a literal copy of that singular epistle:

DEAR BRETHREN.—The Devil has foundered my horse, which will detain me from reaching your tabernacle till evening. I might have performed the journey on foot, but I could not leave poor Paul, especially as he has never left Peter. Horses have no souls to save, and therefore it is all the more the duty of Christians to take care of their bodies. Watch and pray, and don't let the Devil get among you on the sly, before candlelight, when I shall be at my post. Your Brother,  
PETER CARTRIGHT.

In fashionable phrase, the reading of this "produced quite a sensation." Some thought the man mad; others deemed the letter a hoax. But still the effect as to one particular was unquestionable; it heightened and interested the public curiosity; & such, very likely, was the precise result intended by the writer.

At length the day closed. The purple curtain of night fell over the earth from the darkening sky. God's golden fire flashed out in heaven, and men kindled their pale candles. The encampment, a village of snowy tents, was illuminated with a brilliancy that caused every leaf to shine and sparkle as if all the trees were burnished with phosphorescent flame. It was like a theatre. It was a theatre in the open air, on the green sward, beneath the starry blue, incomparably more picturesque and gorgeous than any stage scenery prepared within walls of brick or marble, where the cote of arms throng to feast their eyes on beauty, and their ears on the music of silvery sounds.

Presently a form rose in the pulpit, and commenced giving out a hymn, preliminary to the main exercises, and every eye became riveted to the person of the stranger. Indeed as some one said of Burke, "a single flash of the gazer's vision was enough to reveal the extraordinary man," although, in the present case it must, for the sake of truth, be acknowledged that the first impression was ambiguous, if not enigmatical and disagreeable. His figure was tall, burly, massive, and seemed even more gigantic than the reality from his crowning foliage of luxuriant cool black hair, wreathed into long, curling ringlets. Add a head that looked large as half a bushel; beetling brows, rough and craggy as fragmentary granite, irradiated at the base by eyes of dark fire, small & twinkling like diamonds in a sea—a (they were diamonds of the soul, shining in a measureless sea of humor)—a swarthy complexion, as if embrowned by the kisses of sunbeams; rich, rosy lips, always slightly parted, as if wearing a perpetual merry smile, and you have a life-like portrait of Peter Cartwright, the far-famed jocos preacher.

Though I heard it all from the text to the amen, I am forced to despair of any attempt to convey an accurate idea of either the substance or manner of the sermon which followed. There are different sorts of sermons, the argumentative, the dogmatic, the postulatory, the persuasive, the punitive, the combative, "in orthodox blows and knocks," the logical and the poetic; but this specimen belonged to none of these categories. It was sui generis, and of a new species. It might be termed properly the *waggish*.

He began with a loud, beautifully modulated tone, in a voice that rolled on the serene night air like successive peals of grand thunder. Methodist ministers are celebrated for sonorous voices, but his was matchless sweetness as well as power. For the first ten minutes, his remarks being preparatory, were common place and uninteresting; but then all of a sudden his face reddened, his eye lightened, his

gestures grew animated as the waftures of a fierce torch, and his whole countenance changed into an expression of inimitable humor; and now his wild, waggish, peculiar eloquence, poured like a mountain torrent. Glancing arrows of wit, shafts of ridicule, *bon mots*, puns, and side-splitting anecdotes, sparkled, flashed, and flew like hail, till the vast auditory was convulsed with laughter. For awhile the more ascetics strove to resist the current of their own spontaneous emotions; the sour-faced clergy frowned and hung their heads; and all the maidenly saints groaned as with unspeakable anguish at such desecration of the evangelic desk. These, however, soon discovered that they had undertaken an impossible achievement in thinking to withstand the *fasciae* of Cartwright. His every sentence was like a warm finger, tickling the ribs of the hearer. His very looks incited to mirth far more than other people's jokes, so that the effort to maintain one's equilibrium only increased the dispositions to burst into loud explosions, as every schoolboy has verified in similar cases. At length the encampment was in a roar, the sternest features relaxed into smiles, and the coldest eyes melted into tears of irrepressible merriment. Mollie's best comedy on Sheridan's funniest farce was not half so successful. This continued thirty minutes, while the orator painted the folly of the sinner, which was his theme. I looked on and laughed with the rest, but finally began to fear the result as to the speaker.

How, I exclaimed mentally, will he ever be able to extricate his audience from that deep whirlpool of humor? If he ends thus, when the merry mood subsides and calm reflection supervenes, will not the revulsion of feeling be deadly to his fame? Will not every hearer realize that he has been trifled with in matters of sacred and eternal interest? At all events there is no prospect of a revival to-night, for were the orator a magician, he could not change his subject now and stem the torrent of headlong laughter.

But the shaft of my inference fell short of the mark; and even then he commenced to change, not all at once, but gradually as the wind of a thunder cloud. His features lost their comical tinge of pleasurable mirth, and soon wafted out in tones of the deepest pathos; his eye was shorn of its mild light, and yielded streams of water, as the fountain of the hill yielded water. The effect was indescribable; and the rebound of feeling beyond all revelation. He descended on the horrors of hell till every shuddering face was turned downwards, as if expecting to see the solid globe rent asunder, and the fathomless fiery gulf yawn from beneath. Brave men moaned like sick infants, and fair fashionable women, covered with silken drapery, and bedight with gems, shrieked as if a knife were working among their heart strings.

Again he changed the theme and sketched the joys of a righteous death—its faith, its hope, its winged raptures, and what beautiful angels attended the spirit to its starry home—with such force, fire and evident belief that all eyes were raised towards heaven, as the entire congregation started to their feet, as if to hail the vision of angels at which the finger of the preacher seemed to be pointed, elevated as it was on high to the full extent of his arm.

He then made a call for the mourners into the altar, and five hundred, and many of them until that night in fact, rushed forward and prostrated themselves on their knees. The meeting was continued for two weeks, and more than a thousand converts added to the church. From that time the success of Peter Cartwright was unparalleled, and the fact is chiefly due to his inimitable wit and masterly eloquence that Methodism is now the prevailing religion in Illinois.

"In what college did he graduate?—Surely it must have been a mighty *alma mater* to develop such a son."  
You are more than half right, my good questioner. Peter Cartwright, like most preachers of his sect, received his education in the great universal university, the same that produced Homer, Plato, Shakespeare, Moses, Mendelssohn, Franklin,peare, Moses, Mendelssohn, Franklin, that weaver of garlands from the lightning's wing—Washington and Patrick Henry. High up on the highest mountain top, deep down in the lowest valleys, far out away on the rolling billow, there he studied and toiled together in the most glorious of all schools—the free school of self-structure! "But did he graduate?"

Aye, and nature's own hand wrote his diploma with a pencil of living light, and stamped it with a seal of fire—the immortal fire of true genius.

Cartwright became an itinerant at eighteen, with no learning from books save what he derived from the pages of the Bible and a collection of hymns. Year after year he continued to travel, the wild circuits of the frontier, earning annually but a hundred dollars for labors painful as a slave at the oars. But his vocation afforded him an excellent opportunity for meditation and even reading. In his long journeys from one appointment to another he was alone, with nothing around him but woods and waters, birds, in mountains,

sun, moon, and stars. There he might and did ponder well. Aye, did he more, he bought him a book of literature and science, and poured over them as he rode along, with an ardor and perseverance such as perhaps never was witnessed within the stone walls of a college. Thus he mastered several languages, logic, physics, law, & several languages, ancient and modern. Oh! believe me, believe all human history—there is no teacher-like the student's own hard working intellect urged on to action and guided in its efforts by the omnipotence of an unconquerable will!

Why did not this western prodigy achieve for himself a more extended rode? Why did he not climb to the loftiest stations in the church? If his narrative be true, he ought before now to have been a Bishop, at least.

The statement of a few facts will solve the problem. Let it be remembered, then that the Methodist Episcopal Church is a hierarchy, in which the dispensation of clerical honors rests exclusively with the Episcopal and general Conference of itinerants, where the laity and local preachers are unrepresented, and consequently had no voice. Hence, in that respect popularity, eloquence, and other showy qualities, have never been found sufficient passports to the pre-eminence distinctions of authority and office, but often to the reverse. The Bishop's gown must be worn by steady austere devotion, not brilliant oratory or profound and varied learning.

On this perilous rock Peter Cartwright's lofty vessel was shattered into the atoms of a hopeless wreck. He made no pretensions to superior sanctity, nor was it manifested in his conduct and demeanor whether in the pulpit or in private life. Indeed he was distinguished by one very unclerical peculiarity—combustiveness in the superlative degree. His battles, though always apparently on the defensive, were as numerous as the celebrated Bowie. The only difference was this, that Bowie fought with deadly weapons, while Cartwright used but his enormous fist, which was as effective, however, in the speedy settlement of beligerent issues, as any knife or pistol ever forged out of steel. Let the reader judge from the following anecdote.

At the camp meeting held at Alton in the autumn of 1833, the worshippers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under the control of Mike Fink, a notorious bully, the triumphant hero of countless fights in none of which he had ever met an equal or even second. The covens, drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand—outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all pious exercises; and yet such was the terror the name of their leader, Fink, inspired, that no one individual could be found brave enough to face his prowess.

At last, one day, when Cartwright ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes on the outskirts of the encampment raised a yell so deafening as to drown utterly every other sound. Cartwright's dark eyes shot lightning. He deposited his Bible, drew off his coat, and remarked aloud:—  
"Wait a few minutes my brethren, while I go and make the Devil pray."  
He then proceeded, with a snarl on his lips to the locus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully.

"Mr. Fink, I have come to make you pray."  
The desperado raked back the tangled festoons of his blood red hair, arched his huge brows with a conical expression, and replied:—  
"By golly I'd like to see you do it old snorter!"

"Very well," said Cartwright. "Will these gentlemen, your courteous friends, agree not to show foul play?"  
"Incourse they will. They're rale grit, and won't do nuthin but the clean thing, so they won't," rejoined Fink indignantly.  
"Are you radey?" asked Cartwright.

"Radey as a race horse with a light rider," answered Fink, squaring his ponderous person for the combat.

But the bully spoke too soon, for scarcely had the words left his lips, when Cartwright made a prodigious bound towards his antagonist, and accompanied it with a quick shooting punch of his herculean fist, which fell crushing the other's chin, and hurried him to the earth like lead. Then even his intoxicated comrades filled involuntary admiration of the feat, and cheer.

But Fink was up in a trice, and rushed upon the enemy exclaiming:—  
"That wasn't done fair."  
He aimed a ferocious right parried with his left hand, and fell down as if he had struck a wooden post. He struggled, squirmed, and tried to turn his muscular fists into the jaws of the victor, but he was too weak to resist.

"Repeat after me," commanded Cartwright.  
"Well if I must, I must," answered Fink, "because you're the devil himself."

The preacher said over the Lord's prayer line by line, and the conquered bully responded in the same way, when the victor permitted him to rise. At this consummation the rowdies thundered three boisterous cheers. Fink shook Cartwright's hand, declaring:—  
"By golly you're some beans in a bar fight. I'd rather set to with an old he in dog days. You can pass this 'ere crowd of nose smashers, blast your picture!"

Afterwards Fink's party behaved with extreme decorum, and Cartwright resumed his Bible and pulpit.

A thousand other incidents equally material and ludicrous are related as to Cartwright's adventures in Kentucky and Illinois. Many of them are probably fictitious; but those genuine alone, if collected would be sufficient to stock at least two volumes of romantic reality.

Such was the jocos preacher, and his biography teaches us the mighty influence of circumstances in moulding the characters and fixing the destinies of individual men. Had that splendid genius been cast on the tide of war, or thrown into the fiery vortex of a revolutionary era, his name might have been a signal of doom to quaking nations; his renown might have been like a comet through all time. But he was born in the wildest mountains of Kentucky; he was taught the spiritual tenets of Wesley, and educated to regard the calling of a Methodist circuit rider as the loftiest on earth. And so now this poor sketch—this spark of fading fire—dim, flickering and evanescent as a star-dust, is the last ray of his glory, left below the stars—an epitaph by a stranger's hand written on the sand which the next rain shall obliterate wholly—a blasted limb that the first wind shall blow away into the Lethæan sea forever.

Shocking Affair at a Wedding.—A most shocking affair occurred on Sunday morning, at the boarding house of a Mrs. Murphy, in Grey's alley, near Second street. There had been, during the previous evening, a wedding, in which all parties participating were Irish. As usual, much joy and mirth prevailed, which continued until near four o'clock in the morning when the parties began to separate. A young lady, Miss Bridget Lynch, acting as bridesmaid, accompanied the bride up stairs, and while in her chamber, was in the act of reaching for something, holding in the other hand a fluid lump, when, shocking to relate, the lamp exploded, and enveloped her entire dress in one sheet of flame. In this dreadful plight, screaming loudly, the unfortunate young lady rushed down stairs, when every effort was made to relieve her from so perilous a situation. We regret to add, that she was burned in such a shocking manner, about the face, breast, and indeed the whole body, that her life is despaired of. She was conveyed to the Hospital. The accident was occasioned in consequence of the screw of the lamp not being sufficiently tight, the flame coming out, and igniting with the fluid.

Nails Gazette.

Noble Act of a Girl.—The Baltimore Clipper states that a few evenings since, just after dark, a young female residing on the railroad near Sykesville, observed that the rain had caused a part of the embankment to give way, and entirely cover up the railroad track. Knowing that the train of cars would pass along in a short time, she hastily and alone procured a light, and set to work to remove the obstruction. In a few minutes, however, she heard the train approaching at a fearful rate, and abandoning her humane effort to clear the track, she took her station in the middle of the road, and by waving the light to and fro, succeeded in attracting the attention of the engineer, who immediately stopped the engine. In a few moments more, had it not been for the great presence of mind, courage, and thoughtfulness of this young girl, the whole train might have been dashed to pieces. Her noble conduct is deserving of the highest reward.

### REMARKS OF MR. NEEK, OF CENTRE, In the House of Representatives, made on the Reading Railroad Bill, Thursday, Jan. 13.

MR. SPEAKER.—I have watched the progress of this bill, now before us, with mingled feelings of grief and indignation; nor do I rise to address the House in opposition to its progress, with any hope of arresting it. No, sir, I have seen too much legislation to hope for any such result. I have learned, by painful experience, that there is no resisting a measure of this kind when backed by corporation power. But I must express my total dissent to its passage, and representing as I do a plain unsophisticated democratic constituency, I dare not suffer the passage of a bill so monstrous in its provisions, without speaking out my disapprobation in the most unmistakable language.

I cannot disguise the fact, that my own heart beats more faintly—my high expectations of successful legislation now drag in the dust—all my hopes quail, and I am wounded for the cause of my best democratic principles. How is it that we promise so much at home, and yet do so little when here, that is really democratic? Are we not continually dividing our whig opposition with the meanest subserviency to incorporation privilege—with the most absolute devotion to wealth and its usurped prerogatives—while being the party who are always ready to confer privilege upon the few, while we claim to be the devotees of principles known only by this motto: "equal and exact justice to all men—exclusive privileges to none."

I should not have said a word on the subject, but that I wish to bear my testimony to the soundness of our people at home and their honest adherence to principle. They send us here with right views, but alas, we do not stay right, and our deceived and betrayed constituents are still left to wonder why it is so—why they elect a majority of the members to this House charged with the cause of their rights and principles, and yet, whig principles always prevail.

It is with amazement I see democrats in this House, willing to father a responsibility near akin to that assumed by those who inflicted upon the abused people of the Commonwealth the default bank of the United States—a deep, damning, dark deed, that involved millions of money, and brought ruin upon thousands of innocent and confiding people.

The same arguments used now were used to secure the passage of that obnoxious measure—the case of poor widows, orphans, retired business men in their old days—the cruelty of robbing them of their only hope—their all—by cutting down the Bank at a stroke! We were then told of its soundness and utility!—of its solvency—of its ability to settle up its business. In vain did the friends of right measures, urge the dangerous magnitude of the mammoth corporation—its unwieldy debts, and corrupting influences—the inevitable ruin it would sooner or later bring upon the State. All was nothing (with men or like passions with us) when brought in contact with the means and appliances of the Bank—and its friends.

But sir, the day of doom came—the day of which we had been again and again promised, and a fearful crash it was! We heard wailings and ruin through the whole length of the land. Then came the bankrupt law and swept away 450 millions of debts due by these bank robbers, to a plundered people. Where now is the man who dare avow himself a friend of that foul deed of legislation, and yet ask the people to support him for any office in their gift?

But look at this bill before us. Two years ago this company was here asking us to incorporate eight or ten millions of debts as preferred stock. We refused to suspend for 20 whole years, and operation of our collection laws, while we knew how comes all this—years since it was in a debt of 20 millions.

do I remember the man with the red shirt, who, with many other hard-working men, had settled upon a tract of what they thought to be vacant land; after years of toil, sacrifice and patient endurance of privation; and when they thought themselves in possession of homes for their declining years, a British subject sued upon them a writ of ejectment. They preferred their cause to this body, and asked us to interpose the shield of our protection. Were they heard? No, sir, the constitution was in our way. Poor fellows! we could do nothing for them! they were not a corporation. "Alas! poor Yorick!"

Sir, we hear, with the deepest emotion, of the threatened rupture of our holy Union; with dismay portrayed upon every face, the bare possibility of such a catastrophe is spoken of—one lays his finger upon his mouth, and dumb with amazement, he hears the fearful and portentous word "DISUNION," pronounced as the death-knell of his country's glory. His country; aye, the country of destiny; the glory of all lands; the beacon-light of the benighted, down-trodden, oppressed, and injured of all the nations; the country to which we invite the hungry, homeless and penniless of every clime to come, find an asylum in the "land of the free and the home of the brave." And yet sir, we, by our profligate legislation, are likely now to make it but an empty name, a shadow—a skeleton only will be left to the people, if we continue thus to rob them, for the benefit of soulless corporations.

Sir, we shall hear of this bill again, when we come to elect a governor or president. The whigs will hurl it upon us as the party in the minority, and having the power to prevent such legislation. We profess to hold the best—the only good principles on which to administer a republican government, and urge men to sustain us by arguments addressed to their hopes and fears, their rights and liberties; and yet despatch all land betray our party. In the name, sir, of the democratic party and its principles—of my constituents of Centre and Clearfield counties, and of the constitution which I have sworn to sustain, I protest against the passage of this bill.

### Selections From a Newspaper.

Most people think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the earliest part of the business. How great an error. It is by all means the most difficult. To look over and over hundreds of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a newspaper could have edited it, we should hear less complaints. Not unfrequently it is the case, that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something interesting, and can absolutely find nothing. Every paper is drier than a contribution box; and yet something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least care as to what he selects, the writing that he has to do is by far the least part of his labor.

Every subscriber thinks the paper printed for his own benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him it must be stopped; it is good for nothing. Some people look over the marriages and deaths, and actually complain of the editor if but a few people in the vicinity have been so unfortunate as to die, or to get married in the previous week. An editor, scribble such things in his puffy differ—they occur or not. Just as one wants an editor may be. After abhors all the old tastes has he to be satisfied with the tales and poems, smart, wags, the "The politician's smart wags," "The One-pound. One like a door noir," "The traitor, and the of," "The stuff in his."