

The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS.

HUNTINGDON, MARCH 14, 1855.

VOL. 10, NO. 39.

Petition for License.
TO the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Huntingdon county at April Term 1855. Your petitioner George Randolph having rented that well known tavern stand in the village of Sauberg, Barre township, situate on the great leading road from Lewistown to Petersburg, now occupied by John G. Stewart. The petition of George Randolph respectfully represents that he is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers, he therefore prays your Honors to grant him a license for keeping a public inn or tavern and he will ever pray.

mh 6 '55. GEORGE RANDOLPH.
We the undersigned subscribers, citizens of Barre township, in which the above mentioned inn or tavern is to be kept, do hereby certify that George Randolph, the above applicant, is of good repute for honesty and temperance and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers, and that said inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Samuel Coen, Thomas Stewart, Jas. Carmon, John Houck, John Harper, Reuben Duff, John Corven, Joseph Forrester, John G. Stewart, Richard Briandle, James Fleming, R. J. Massey, John Peightal, Peter Livingston.

Petition for License.
TO the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the county of Huntingdon, the petition of John Montgomery respectfully sheweth that he has purchased the well known stand known as the Jackstown Hotel, and is desirous of continuing to keep a public house therein, he therefore prays your Honors to grant him a license to keep a public house at the place aforesaid for the ensuing year and he will ever pray, &c.

JOHN MONTGOMERY.
We the subscribers, citizens of Brady township in the county of Huntingdon, recommend the above petitioner and do certify that the inn or tavern above mentioned is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, and the petitioner above named is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers.

Andrew Wise, John Vandevander, Adam Warfel, Philip Holler, Samuel Sharer, Francis Holler, Daniel Gray, James Simpson, J. K. Hampson, James McDonald, John McDonald, James A. Simpson, Samuel G. Simpson, Richard Meredith, Jesse Yocum.
Feb. 6, 1855.

Petition for License.
TO the Hon. the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the county of Huntingdon. The petition of Ezekiel & Nathan White, respectfully sheweth: That your petitioners occupy a commodious house, situate in the town of Coalmont, in the township of Tod, which is well calculated for a public house of entertainment, and from its neighborhood and situation is suitable as well as necessary for the accommodation of the public, and the entertainment of strangers and travellers. That they are well provided with stabling for horses, and all conveniences necessary for the entertainment of strangers and travellers; they therefore, respectfully pray the Court to grant them a license to keep an inn or public house of entertainment there; and your petitioners will ever pray &c.

EZEKIEL WHITE,
NATHAN WHITE.
Coalmont, February 28, A. D. 1855.
We, the undersigned, citizens of the township of Tod aforesaid, being personally acquainted with Ezekiel & Nathan White, the above named petitioners, and also having a knowledge of the house for which the license is prayed do hereby certify that such house is necessary to accommodate the public, and entertain strangers and travellers; that they are persons of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that they are well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers. We therefore beg leave to recommend them for a license, agreeably with their petition.

Andrew Donelson, Samuel G. Miller, James S. Reed, David Fluck, James P. Reed, Joseph Barnett, Jesse Cook, Thomas Cook, George Horton, William Carr, John W. White, Enoch Shore, Levi Evans, Samuel B. Donelson.

Petition for License.
TO the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the County of Huntingdon: The petition of McDonald Stewart respectfully sheweth: That your petitioner occupies that well known tavern house at McAlevy's Fort, in Jackson township, on the public road leading from Petersburg to Lewistown, which has heretofore been used and occupied as a public house of entertainment for several years last past, and is desirous of continuing to keep a public house therein. He therefore prays your Honors to grant him a license to keep a public house at the place aforesaid for the ensuing year, and he will pray &c.

MCDONALD STEWART.
We, the subscribers, citizens of Jackson township, in the county of Huntingdon, recommend the above petitioner and certify that the inn or tavern above mentioned is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, and the petitioner above named is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travellers.

W. G. Bigelow, William Mitchell, Thomas Ozburn, John Irvin, Samuel McCord, Samuel Powell, Samuel Mitchell, Leonard Hamer, William Tulley, Henry Selfridge, J. J. Ozburn, Thomas Huston.
Feb. 28, 1855.

THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE,
Per annum, in advance, \$1 50
" " if not paid in advance, 2 00
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.
Terms of Advertising.
1 ins. 2 ins. 3 ins.
Six lines or less, 25 37 50
1 square, 16 lines, brevier, 50 75 1 00
2 " " " 1 00 1 50 2 00
3 " " " 1 50 2 25 3 00
4 " " " 2 00 2 75 3 50
5 " " " 2 50 3 25 4 00
6 " " " 3 00 3 75 4 50
7 " " " 3 50 4 25 5 00
8 " " " 4 00 4 75 5 50
9 " " " 4 50 5 25 6 00
10 " " " 5 00 5 75 6 50
Professional and Business Cards not exceeding 6 lines, one year, \$4 00

Agents for the Globe.
The following gentlemen are authorized to receive the names of all who may desire to become subscribers to the Globe, and to receive advance payments and receipt for the same.
HENRY ZIMMERMAN, Esq., Coffee Run.
WM. CAMPBELL, McConnellstown.
BENJ. F. PATTON, Esq., Warriorsmark.
JOHN OWENS, Esq., Birmingham.
R. F. HASLETT, Spruce Creek.
H. B. MYTINGER, Water Street.
SILAS A. CRESSWELL, Manor Hill.
DAVID BARRICK, West Barre.
THOS. OZBORN, Ennisville.
GILBERT CHANEY, Esq., East Barre.
DR. M. MILLER, Jackson tp.
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J. S. HURV, Shade Gap.
D. H. CAMPBELL, Marklesburg.
H. C. WALKER, Alexandria.
J. S. GIBNETT, Cassville.

THE SWORD OF JACKSON.
On the occasion of the presentation of the sword of General Jackson to Congress, Mr. BENTON said:

Mr. Chairman, the manner in which this sword has been used for the honor and benefit of the country, is known to the world; the manner in which the privilege was obtained of so using it, is but little known, even to the living age, and must be lost to posterity unless preserved by contemporaneous history. At the same time it is well worth knowing, in order to show what difficulties talent may have to contend with, what mistakes Governments may commit, and upon what chances and accidents it may depend that the greatest talent, and the purest patriotism, may be able to get into the service of its country. There is a moral in such history which may be instructive to Governments and to people to learn. When a warrior, or a statesman, is seen in the midst of his career and in the fullness of his glory, showing himself to be in his natural place, people overlook his previous steps and suppose he had been called by a general voice—by wise councils—to the fulfillment of a natural destiny. In a few instances it is so; in the greater part not. In the greater part there is a toilsome, uncertain, discouraging, and mortifying progress to be gone through before the future resplendent man is able to get on the theatre, which is to give him the use of his talent. So it was with Jackson. He had his difficulties to surmount, and surmounted them. He conquered savage tribes and the conquerors of the conquerors of Europe; but he had to conquer his own Government first—and did it—and that was, for him, the most difficult of the two; for, while his military victories were the regular result of a genius for war and brave troops to execute his plans—enabling him to command success—his civil vicissitudes over his own Government was the result of chances and accidents, and the contrivances of others, in which he could have but little hand, and no control. I proceed to give some view of this inside and preliminary history, and have some qualification for the task, having taken some part, though not greatly in all that I relate.

Retired from the United States Senate, of which he had been a member, and from the supreme judicial bench of his State, on which he had sat as a judge, this future warrior and President—and alike illustrious in both characters—was living upon his farm, on the banks of the Cumberland, when the war of 1812 broke out. He was a major general in the Tennessee militia—the only place he would continue to hold—and to which he had been elected by the contingency of one vote—so close was the chance for a miss in this first step. His friends believed that he had military genius, and proposed him for the brigadier's appointment which was allotted to the West. That appointment was given to another and Jackson remained unnoticed, on his farm. Soon another appointment of general was allotted to the West. Jackson was proposed again; and was again left to attend to his farm. Then a batch of generals, as they were called, was authorized by law—six at a time—and from all parts of the Union; and then his friends believed that surely his time had come. Not so the fact. The six appointments went elsewhere, and the hero patriot, who was born to lead armies to victory, was still left to the care of his fields, while incompetent men were leading our troops to defeat, to captivity, to slaughter; for that is the way the war opened. The door to military service seemed to be closed and barred against him; and was so, so far as the government was concerned.

It may be wondered why this repugnance to the appointment of Jackson, who though not yet greatly distinguished, was still a man of mark—had been a Senator, and a supreme judge, and was still a major general, and a man of tried and heroic courage. I can tell the reason. He had a great many home enemies, for he was man of decided temper, had a great many contests, no compromises, always went for a clean victory, or a clean defeat; though placable after the contest was over. That was one reason but not the main

one. The Administration had a prejudice against him on account of Colonel Burr, with whom he had been associated in the American Senate, and to whom he gave a hospitable reception in his house, at the time of his western expedition, relying upon his assurance that his designs were against the Spanish dominion in Mexico, and not against the integrity of this Union. These were some of the causes, not all of Jackson's rejection from Federal military employment.

I was young then and one of his aids, and believed in his military talent and patriotism, greatly attached to him, and was grieved and vexed to see him pass by when so much incompetence was preferred. Besides, I was to go with him, and his appointment would be partly my own. I was vexed as were all his friends, but I did not despair as most of them did. I turn to the Government to ourselves—to our own resources—and looked to the chapter of accidents to turn up a chance for incidental employment, confident that he would do the rest for himself if he could only get a start. I was in this mood in my office, a young lawyer with more books than briefs, when the tardy mail of that time, one "raw and gusty day" in February, 1812, brought an act of Congress authorizing the President to accept organized bodies of volunteers, to the extent of fifty thousand—to serve one year—and to be called into service when some emergency should require it. Here was a chance. I knew that Jackson could raise general's command, and trusted to events for him to be called out, and felt that one year was more than enough for him to prove himself. I drew up a plan—rode thirty miles to his house, that same raw day in February—rain, hail, sleet, wind—and such roads as we then had there in winter—deep in rich mud and mixed with ice. I arrived at the Hermitage—a name then but little known—at night fall, and found him solitary and almost alone, but not quite; for it was the evening mentioned in the "Thirty Years' View," when I found him with the lamb and the child between his knees. I laid the plan before him. He was struck with it—adopted it—acted upon it. We began to raise volunteer companies. While this was going on an order arrived from the War Department to the Governor (Willie Blount), to detach fifteen hundred militia to the lower Mississippi, the object to meet the British, then expected to make an attempt on New Orleans. The Governor was a friend to Jackson, and to his country. He agreed to accept his three thousand volunteers instead of the three hundred drafted militia. He issued an address to his division. I galloped to the muster grounds and haranged the young men. The success was ample. Three regiments were completed—Coffee, William Hall, Benton, the colonels; and in December, 1812, we descended the Cumberland and the Mississippi in a fleet of flat-bottomed boats and landed at Natchez. There we got the news that the British would not come that winter—a great disappointment, and a fine chance lost.

We remained in camp, six miles from Natchez, waiting ulterior orders. In March they came—not orders for further service, or even to return home, but to disband the volunteers where they were. The command was positive, in the name of the President, and by the then Secretary at War, General Armstrong. I well remember the day—Sunday morning, the 25th day of March 1813. The first I knew of it was a message from the General to come to him at his tent; for though as colonel of a regiment I had ceased to be aid, yet my place had not been filled, and I was sent for as such as ever. He showed me the order, and also his character, in his instant determination not to obey it, but to lead his volunteers home. He had sketched a severe answer to the Secretary at War, and gave it to me to copy, and arrange the matter of it. It was very severe. I tried hard to get some parts softened, but impossible. I have never seen that letter since, but would know it if I should meet it in any form, anywhere without names. I conferred with the General in the determination to take home our young troops. He then called a "council" of the field officers, as he called it, though there was but little of the council in it—the only object being to hear his determination, and take measures for executing it. The officers were unanimous in their determination to support him; but it was one of those cases in which he would have acted, not only without, but against a "council."

The officers were unanimous and vehement in their determination, as much so as the general was himself; for the volunteers were composed of the best young men of the country—farmer's sons, themselves clever young men, since filling high offices in the State and the Federal Government—intrusted to these officers by their fathers, in full confidence that they would act a father's part by them; and the recreant thought of turning them loose, on the lower Mississippi, five hundred miles from home, without the means of getting home, and a wilderness and Indian tribes to traverse, did not find a moment's thought in any one's bosom. To carry them back was the instant and indignant determination, but great difficulties were in the way. The cost of getting back three thousand men, under such circumstances, must be great, and here Jackson's character showed itself again. We have all heard of his responsibilities—his readiness to assume political responsibility when the public service required it; he was now equally ready to take responsibility of another kind—moneyed responsibility! and that beyond the whole extent of his fortune! He had no military chest—not a dollar of public money—and three thousand men were not to be conducted five hundred miles through a wilderness, and Indian tribes, without a great outlay of money. Wagons were wanted, and many of them, for transport of provisions, baggage, and the sick, so numerous among new troops. He had no money to hire teams; he impressed, and at the end of the service gave drafts upon the quartermaster general of the southern Department (General Wilkinson's) for the amount. The wagons were ten dollars a day, coming and going. They were numerous. It was a ser-

vice of two months; the amount to be incurred was great. He incurred it, and, as will be seen, at imminent risk of his own ruin—This assumption on the General's part met the first great difficulty, but there were lesser difficulties, still serious, to be surmounted.—The troops had received no pay; clothes and shoes were worn out; men were in no condition for a march so long, and so exposed.—The officers had received no pay—did not expect to need money—had made no provisions for the unexpected contingency of large demands upon their own pockets to enable them to do justice to their men. But there were patriotism outside of the camp, as well as within: The merchants of Natchez put their stores at our disposition—take what we needed—pay when convenient at Nashville. I will name one among these patriotic merchants—name him because he belongs to a class now struck at, and because I do not ignore a friend when he is struck.—Washington Jackson was the one I mean—Irish by birth, American by choice, by law, and feeling, and conduct. I took some hundred pairs shoes from him for my regiment, and other articles; and I proclaim it here, that patriotic men of foreign birth may see that there are plenty of Americans to recognize their merit—to name them with honor in high places—and to give them the right hand of friendship when they are struck at.

We all returned—were discharged—dispersed among our homes—and the fine chance on which we had so much counted, was all gone. And now came a blow on Jackson himself—the fruit of the moneyed responsibility which he had assumed. His transportation drafts were all protested—returned upon him for payment, which was impossible—and directions to bring suit. This was in the month of May. I was coming on to Washington on my own account, and cordially took charge of Jackson's case. Suits were delayed until the result of his application for relief could be heard. I arrived at this city; Congress was in session—the extra session of the spring and summer of 1813.—I applied to the members of Congress from Tennessee; they could do nothing. I applied to the Secretary at War; he did nothing.—Weeks had passed away and the time for delay was expiring at Nashville. Ruin seemed to be hovering over the head of Jackson, and I felt the necessity of some decisive movement. I was young then, and had some material in me—perhaps some boldness; and the occasion brought it out.—I resolved to take a step, characterized in the letter which I wrote to the general, as "an appeal from the justice to the fears of the Administration." I remember the words, though I have never seen the letter since. I drew up a memoir addressed to the Secretary at War, representing to him that these volunteers were drawn from the bosoms of almost every substantial family in Tennessee—that the whole State stood by Jackson in bringing them home—and that the State would be lost to the Administration, if he was left to suffer. It was upon this last argument that I relied—all those founded in justice having failed. It was of a Saturday morning, 12th of June, that I carried this memoir to the War Office, and delivered it. Monday morning I came back early to learn the result of my argument. The Secretary was not yet in. I spoke to the chief clerk, (then the afterwards Adjutant General Parker,) and inquired if the Secretary had left an answer for me before he left the office on Saturday. He said no; but that he had put the memoir in his side pocket—the breast pocket—and carried it home with him, saying he would take it for his Sunday's consideration. That encouraged me—gave me a gleam of hope—and a feeling of satisfaction. I thought it a good subject for his Sunday's meditation.—Presently he arrived. I stepped in before any body to his office. He told me quickly, and kindly, that there was much reason in what I had said, but that there was no way for him to do it—that Congress would have to give the relief. I answered him that I thought there was a way for him to do it: it was to give him an order to Gen. Wilkinson's quarter master general in the Southern Department, to pay for so much transportation as Gen. Jackson's command would have been entitled to if he had returned under regular orders. Upon the instant he took up a pen, wrote down the very words I had spoken, directed a clerk to put them into form; and the work was done. The order went off immediately, and Jackson was relieved from imminent impending ruin, and Tennessee remained firm to the Administration.

Thus, this case of responsibility was over, but the original cause of our concern was still in full force. Jackson was again on his farm, unemployed, and the fine chance gone which had flattered us so much. But the chapter of accidents soon presented another—not so brilliant as New Orleans had promised, and afterwards realized—but sufficient for the purpose. The massacre at Fort Mimms took place. The banks of the Mobile river smoked with fire and blood. Jackson called up his volunteers, reinforced by some militia, marched to the Greek nation—and there commenced that career of victories which soon extorted the commission which had so long been denied to his merit, and which ended in filling the "measure" of his own and his country's glory." And that, Mr. Chairman, was the way in which this great man gained the privilege of using that sword for his country which, after triumphing in many fields which is immortalized, has come here, to repose in the hands of the representatives of a grateful and admiring country.

THE TOOTH BUSINESS.—Some men thrive on the infirmities of others. The fact as indicated by the statistics of the tooth-manufacturing business in New York city, where there are a number of individuals or associations extensively engaged in it. At one place in Broadway there may occasionally be seen large rocks of quartz, after being ground, forms a principal ingredient in the composition of which artificial teeth are made. One concern engaged in this business employs thirty men, and turns out three thousand teeth per day, to be sold to dentists, and afterwards attached to gold plates, &c.—*Journal of Commerce.*

From the Pittsburg Daily Union.
Adjutant General.

We saw the newly appointed Adjutant General in our city, on Saturday. He appeared to be in tribulation, we wondered why he should appear so. But we were afterwards informed that the present Adjutant had declined to hand over the "documents," until a successor could be legally appointed; therefore, Mr. Power will have to wait a little longer before he becomes a General. Bide your time, Colonel, until the Governor has appointed all his aids, and then you may secure the higher honors.

The following correspondence has passed between Mr. Power and Gen. Bowman, which will explain the whole matter:

HARRISBURG Feb. 7, 1855.
Gen. George W. Bowman, Sir.—The Governor has appointed me Adjutant General.—Will you please to inform me as to what will be the most convenient mode of conveyance by which I can receive the Books and papers which are in your possession belonging to the office.
Very respectfully, your obt. servant,
THOS. J. POWER.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Bedford, February 12, 1855.

Thos. J. Power, Esq., Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 7th instant, informing me that Gov. Pollock had appointed you Adjutant General of the Commonwealth, and requested me to inform you as to the most convenient mode of receiving the Books and papers belonging to the office. In reply to which I would most respectfully state that, at the expiration of my commission, on the 28th day of October, 1856, I will take great pleasure in handing over the Books, and Papers, &c., to any person legally authorized to receive them, and not sooner. Should the Governor then designate you as that person, it will certainly be gratifying to my feelings of personal regard.
I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GEO. W. BOWMAN.
Adjutant General, P. M.

The Gazette also publishes an extract, as follows, from the opinion of a lawyer of Harrisburg:

"Power bases his claim to the office on the fact that the Record reads that the appointment was made to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Gen. Keenan. But the law does not contemplate a less term than three years, and the error of the clerk, in making the entry, cannot, of course, alter the operation of the Act of Assembly, or, in the slightest degree, vitiate the appointment of Gen. B. for three years. The Law gives him the appointment for three years, and the blunder of a clerk cannot alter it."

From this it appears that the appointment of Col. Power was decidedly "previous."—Gen. Bowman has the law on his side, and he is determined to resist this usurpation of a right which does not, at present, belong to the Governor. If such rash and hasty action is to be a criterion of Gov. Pollock's administrative abilities, the less he shows of them the better.

The New Sunday Liquor Law.

The following is the bill lately passed by the Legislature, the same has received the signature of the Governor, and is now a law. If enforced it will entirely suppress the traffic in alcoholic liquors on the Sabbath.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, &c., That from and after the first day of April next it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to sell trade or barter in any spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider, on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, or for the keeper or keepers of any hotel, inn, tavern, ale-house, beer-house, or other public house or place, knowingly to allow or permit any spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider, to be drunk on or within the premises or house occupied or kept by such keeper or keepers, his, her or their, agents or servants, on the said first day of the week.

Sec. 2. That any person or persons violating the provisions of the foregoing section shall for each and every offence forfeit and pay the sum of fifty dollars, one half of which shall be paid to the prosecutor, and the other half to the guardians of the poor of the city or county in which suit is brought, or in counties having no guardians of the poor, then to the overseers of the poor of the township, ward, or borough, in which the offence was committed to be recovered as debts of like amount are now by law recoverable in any action of debt brought in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, as well for the use of guardians of the poor, (or for the overseers of the poor of the township, ward or borough, as the ease may be,) as for the person suing: Provided, That when any prosecutor is himself a witness on any trial under the provisions of this section, then the whole penalty or forfeiture shall be paid to the guardians or overseers as aforesaid.

Sec. 3. That in addition to the civil penalties imposed by the last preceding section, for a violation of the provisions of the first section of this act, every person who shall violate the provisions of that section, shall be taken and deemed to have committed a misdemeanor, and shall, on conviction thereof, in any criminal court in this Commonwealth, be fined in any sum not less than ten dollars or more than one hundred dollars, and be imprisoned in the county jail for a period not less than ten days nor more than sixty days, at the discretion of the court; and upon being twice convicted, as aforesaid, he shall forfeit any license he may have for selling the aforesaid liquors.

Broke Up.

The Know-Nothing lodge in Raymond lately had a meeting, and dissolved with three cheers for Gov. Baker! It looks as though "the order" is rapidly going to pieces in New Hampshire. This will be a beautiful dissolving view.—*Boston Post.*
So it will be everywhere. No man of sense can calmly shut his eyes to the fact

that the whole organization has been effected for the purpose of carrying out a "Whig trick." Every day's experience proves this fact. The result of the Senatorial election in this State is so conclusive on this point, that we doubt very much if a single member who was formerly a democrat, will deny it. Know-Nothingism has had its day. It has done its work, and from now on, henceforth and forever, it will wane until nothing shall be left of it but the simple fact that once in the political history of this country such an organization did exist. A few may still remain, frightened about Catholicism, but their fears will only be amusement for those who know better.—*Dem. Union.*

An Office-Seeker in Distress.
We find the following letter of poor Mr. Blighted, who was a well recommended candidate for office, in one of our exchanges.—We are not informed as to what position Mr. B. sought, but take it for granted that he fired at the flock.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 16, 1855.
Dear Cummins: I am getting tired of this business. I came here with a fat wallet, and it is now getting as thin as the frame of Calvin Edson. They drink like fish here; every introduction costs me a silver top. I can't even turn round without forking over a quarter. Have to pay a "kit's eye" for being shown the direction of a street. Am frequently invited to change breath with members, but they invariably leave me to settle. When I send my clothes to the washerwoman, my room-mate sends his to the same man, and leaves me to pony over for both when they come back. Am asked to change a ten dollar bill by one, and to loan five to another, the first turns out to be worth but fifty cents on the dollar, and the last I never hear of again!

Cummins! it's all "going." Oh, heavens! the last is the worst of all. I have just rung for my bill, and find upon it eleven bottles of wine and eighty one whiskey Punches which I never called for. Am no gentleman if I dispute the bill—it takes my last dollar—my affairs are in a state of uncertainty, and I return home a dead head.—Good bye, Cummins,—you have always been pretty good to me, good fellow,—noble soul—boo—good—boo—good grave stone; I shall call and make my selection when I return. A plain inscription would be preferred. As for the device—say the American eagle holding in his claws my memorial; a pair of scales representing interest weighing down principle, and "material aid" in the back ground. In order to avoid a public reception, I shall return at midnight. It is my present intention to announce myself a candidate for the poor-house. The train has just left with me in it. I go in the emigrant car.
Yours truly,
B. BLIGHTED.

A REVEREND HORSE THIEF.—Our readers no doubt remember an item we published last week to the effect that a man named Henry Johnston had stolen a horse from a gentleman, living near Brookville, and that it was thought he was in the city, or had come here. Col. Brady, editor of the Brookville Jeffersonian, made us acquainted with the full particulars of the case, but at his request we refrained from giving anything but the mere announcement of the theft, he hoping to be able to capture the thief. The horse was sold by Johnston in Blairsville. The *Apalachian*, in giving an account of the transaction, says that he first asked upwards of \$100 for him, but finally sold him for about \$40 to Mr. Samuel Dixon. This great difference in price excited suspicion, after he had left, that the horse was stolen, and some gentlemen from Brookville, who chanced to be in town on their way back from Pittsburgh, were asked about the matter, and on examination recognized the horse as one which had been stolen from Mr. John Shauflner, about thirteen miles from Brookville, the night previous to Johnston's arrival here.—They, however, knew no person of the name of Henry Johnston in Jefferson county.—Col. Brady got a description of the man, and started in pursuit of him to Pittsburgh, where he had stated he was going to buy flour, for which purpose he said he was compelled to sell the horse. No trace of him, however, was found in that direction. On inquiry, however, it turned out, that the pretended Henry Johnston was a local Methodist preacher, named Aiken Brown, from near Perryville, Jefferson county—a man who had heretofore borne an excellent character. Instead of going to Pittsburgh, he had returned home and we learn was arrested at Perryville by the Sheriff of Jefferson county after the facts became known there, but succeeded in making his escape from his custody to parts unknown. He was formerly a regular minister of the Wesleyan Methodist church, but lately had been acting occasionally as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal connection. While he was here with the stolen horse, he stated that he intended to apply for admission into Pittsburgh Conference, and for an appointment. Mr. Shauflner came to town on last Friday, and obtained the horse.—*Pittsburgh Union.*

TRUTH IN CONVERSATION.—The love of truth is the stimulus to all noble conversation. This is the root of all the charities.—The tree which springs from it may have a thousand branches, but they will all bear a golden and generous fruitage. It is the loftiest impulse to inquire—willing to communicate and more willing to receive—contemptuous of petty curiosity, but passionate for glorious knowledge.—Speech without it is but babble. Rhetoric is more noisy but less useful than the tinman's trade. When the love of truth fires up the passions, puts its lightning in the brain, then men may know that a prophet is among them. This is the spring of all heroism, and clothes the martyr with a flame that outshines the flame that kills him. Compared with this, the evolutions of argument—the pangencies of sarcasm—the pride of logic—the pomp of declamation are as the sounds of automaton to the voice of man.—*Devery.*

The Methodist conference of Alabama is agitating the subject of building a male college. It is proposed to raise \$100,000 for that purpose.

BALTIMORE CARD.

CARR, GIESE & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
FLOUR, GRAIN AND LUMBER,
SPEARS' WHARF, BALTIMORE.
Agents for Newark and Rosendale Co. Cement and Plaster.
Fine and G. A. Salt, constantly on hand.
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Baltimore, Jan. 31, 1855.