

The Huntington Globe.

BY W. LEWIS.

HUNTINGDON, MARCH 28, 1855.

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Petition for License.
TO THE Honorable the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Huntington county at April Term 1855. Your petitioner George Randolph having notified that he will keep a tavern stand in the village of Salsburg, 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.

GEORGE RANDOLPH.
We the undersigned subscribers, citizens of Barre township, in which the above mentioned inn or tavern is prayed for to be licensed, do 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. Carmont, John Honck, John Harper, Reuben Duff, John Corvan, Joseph Forrester, John G. Stewart, Richard Brindle, 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 Huntington: the petition of John Montgomery respectfully sheweth that he has purchased the well known stand known as the Jackson 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 Barre township in the county of Huntington, 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 Wilson, John Vandevander, Adam Warfield, Philip Holler, Samu'l Sharer, Francis Holler, Daniel Gray, James Simpson, J. K. Hampton, 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 Huntington: 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, accordingly 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.

Educational Department.

BY R. M'DIVITT.

ESSAY.

Read by Miss NARCISSE BENEDETTI, before the Huntington County Teachers' Institute, Dec. 22d, 1854.

I teach, thou teachest, he teaches.
We teach, you teach, they teach.
So says the conjugation of the verb to teach; and it is but the reiteration of the truth, that lessons of profit are taught everywhere and in every thing. If it were not so, why has God placed us here amid so many things too great for our comprehension. We are but the poor tools in His hand to be wielded as He pleases, and as long as it is in our power to further His commands and desires, should it not be our greatest aim in life to do so ourselves, and teach others the same?

They teach. The planetary system teaches the almighty power and wisdom of God. Who but a spirit infinite and eternal, could place in the heavens such beautiful lights to guide the weary traveller as he treads the unbeat paths of the desert? The wind and storm teach us that we must not always expect the soft and gentle zephyrs to soothe our wayward spirits, but must sometimes feel the chilling blast, if it be only to teach the power of endurance. And deserving all our pity is the man who when assailed by the wind and storm, cannot stand bravely up and let it pass over him, as it does over the mighty oak, leaving him as firm as before. If we are fortune's favorites, the good opinion of the world is ours. Our power can only be known when we encounter, resist, and endure the storms of adversity. It is enough to ennoble a person to see the mighty forest tree bend and creak, but in the end raise its head as lofty and proudly as before, saying, "I have been well tried, I have passed through the stern ordeal unbroken." The balmy zephyr teaches. It appears to say, be not discouraged; soothing indeed is its cooling freshness after its day of toil, to feel as if we were the hand of God gently passed across the brow, saying, "well done good and faithful servant." It appears to breathe in our spirit the word onward, onward, and still on, cease not till life ceases, and then sink into the arms of your Saviour, knowing your time was well spent, that you lived not for your own good alone, but for the good of those around you.

The sturdy oak and tiny harelbell teach the lesson they were intended to; they show majesty and dependence. The oak appears to say, let the thunder roar and the lightning flash, I challenge them to do the worst, and see how the brave will bear. The tiny harelbell hides behind a plant better able to protect it from the strong wind, it seeking the zephyrs as if courting their society. Note the growth of the oak from the little acorn, as with steady perseverance it fights its way through the hard wayside, it might be plied down only to re-commence with more vigorous efforts to renew its progress, and how well it is repaid; for in a short period it has grown so much that to the strongest wind it only bends its head.

The fragrant rose and the falling leaf teach us a lesson of the goodness of God in placing such beautiful emblems near us. Purity may be learned from the opening bud to the dying flower; its very breath inspires one to holy deeds. While the falling leaf teaches us we are passing away, and will soon be forgotten—that our "summer is past and our harvest ended" as the leaf falls to the earth and mingles again with the same, so shall our bodies return again to their native dust and we shall be spoken of only as things that were. The seasons have their lessons. Spring tells us that now is the time for action and warns us that summer is approaching and that the flowers are in bloom, showing that we are still remembered by our Creator. Autumn has come, with its seared and falling leaves, telling us that all things are passing away leaving nothing but old winter to follow in the rear, to improve and enrich the earth with her frost and snow. When the year's profit is summed up, how little have we done deserving praise; on the contrary how much worthy of censure; how much have we learned, that the closing scenes of life are coming, that the frosts of age will soon freeze up the fountains of our heart and hope.

You teach. In the school room, yes 'tis there you teach and there you are repaid by seeing your very mind as it were instilled into others, your every thought returned, and your appearance greeted with smiles; there you have the pleasure of thinking it was you who introduced light into chaos, and saw it diverge in splendor as the light first dawned on the untaught brain. It was there you first noticed the difference in children, with what aptness some hear, and with pleasure receive instruction, while others dull and stupid, will not be entreated to learn those things which are for their own pleasure and benefit. Your example by the wayside is an ever open lesson to the passing world. In social life you teach, and what a wide sphere you occupy there: your example, your words, and your works teach all those that come within your atmosphere.

At the fireside your influence is greater than anywhere, else, except the school.—There you have been taught and there you must teach, kindness, submission, obedience and love.
In your hours of loneliness, you first learned that all was not sunshine, but the sun is not less bright, obscured by clouds. When you feel lonely and forsaken think not it will be ever so.
"But when your heart is pining,
Hope that your future hath,
Each cloud a silver lining,
One rose in every path."

In your life and in your death are important lessons to be learned. If you have lived well, you have taught those who come after you how to live. You are all, and each, and at all times teachers, and what and how you have taught will be a question for you all to answer.
If teach. What a field for teaching is here exhibited. What a sphere for our powers. As teachers we first note the upward

steps of childhood from its A. B. C. till it masters the problems of Euclid. What a pleasant study is a child. To feel that it is dependent on you for a lamp to its feet, and we bow to the teacher who neglects to train the youthful mind in ways of virtue, truth and honor.

But what do we teach? Of the cares of life and the issues of immortality. And those lessons must be so given as to draw the attention of the wildest and most wayward. By a steady perseverance a loving desire to improve your charge, and yourself, order and regularity, a firm government, remembering that order is not always preserved by the frowning brow, the stamp of the foot or the uplifted rod, but by a steady rein, as the driver controls the spirit of a vicious horse.

Teach. Are you learning from me now an humble effort to perform a duty. There are no lessons to teach in my school room to my scholars of more importance to them, than is this lesson to you; for duty by the poet is said to be the stern daughter of the voice of God.

Thou art virtuous and low law,
When empty terrors overaw;
Give unto me made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-suffice.

Good Sentiments.

We copy the following letter from the Pittsburg Christian Advocate. It contains the sentiments of hundreds of foreigners who have come to our land. The sentiment is patriotic, and it is written in a spirit that all who read it must admire:

BROTHER CLARK:—The providence of God so ordered my destiny that I was born out of the limits of the United States.—While yet a mere lad, I read of the struggle of the heroes of the Revolution for freedom: nor did I fail to observe, that prominent among their grievances, was the effort of their tyrannical ruler to prevent the populating of this country, by restricting the emigration laws. I traced them through the varied scenes, from the first pistol-shot at Lexington, to the final consummation of liberty at the siege of Yorktown; grieving at their defeats, and rejoicing at their success; I saw Lafayette, DeKalb, Steuben, and others, from every nation of Europe, battling side by side with Washington, Greene and Gates; prompted by no motive but the love of liberty, hoping for no reward but its triumph. In that crisis there were none to charge that the stain of foreign birth polluted their souls; they went down to their graves in peace, rejoicing that by their blood and treasures they had assisted in establishing on the footstool of God, one asylum for the oppressed.

Inspired by their examples with an enthusiastic love of liberty, and encouraged by the noble generosity of the American people, I emigrated to this country at an early age, and here ventured my all, of hope, fortune and aspirations. You will not think it strange, then, that I become uneasy when I see an organization growing up among us, whose object it is to blight my hopes, ruin my fortune, and forever defeat my aspirations—when I see the religious presses of the country fostering and aiding this organization—and, it was with regret I learned that the Advocate was among its apologists. Would not the heroes of the Revolution lie uneasy in their graves if they knew their names and their labors perverted to accomplish such an end? Would not their blood cry out for vengeance, being spilled for equal rights, to be thus bartered for privileged classes and birthrights—the initiatory steps to aristocracy?

I have taken an oath to "renounce forever all allegiance to any foreign prince, potentate or sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly to the one whereof I was formerly a subject." This oath makes it perjury for me to claim any other country than this for my home.—And can I call this a home where I am not, nor ever can be (should this order prevail) recognized as possessing, full privileges of citizenship? I am recognized as such by the laws and Constitution, but this order, countering both the law and the Constitution, deprives me of my rights. Caught in this trap—robbed of the privileges which were held out to induce me to swear allegiance to this country, what place on earth may I call my home? I have renounced, on my oath, citizenship in all other countries, and am it then to be denied in this? The Arabs or the Tartars might refuse to admit me to their rights, but even their sense of honor would forbid them thus to ensnare me. I must be lost to every country, and every country lost to me, save that country where the arm of man cannot sway the scales of justice.

I read my Bible in the language of Luther, and learned to be Protestant, and from my Bible and Wesley I learned to be a Methodist. No one asks me to disbelieve the Bible because it came from India, Protestantism because Luther was a German, or Methodism because Wesley was an Englishman. No one refuses me a membership in the church because I was born in a foreign land. I can join them in praising God for his favors, and invoking his blessing on our country; I can commune with them at the sacramental board, and yet refusing me a vote, they will cast their ballot side by side with the vilest scoundrel that ever disgraced the soil on which he was born. Ministers of the Gospel denounce me (with all foreigners) from the sacred desk, and for their proficiency in the work of the order, are bribed to abandon their profession, and mock the call of God, by entering the polluted arena of political warfare; and even endeavor to make the church subservient to their schemes. The brief period, and then only to arise with renewed power and increased splendor. Nor would we here be understood to refer to Democracy in that general sense, as distinguished from monarchy or aristocracy, but to that creed—that loved old Jeffersonian creed—vital with the genius of our republican institutions, and which has and must ever, so long as we remain a free people, control the policy of the government. It is only in the atmosphere of such political

lently acquiescing. I hope for the sake of the church of which I am a member, for the sake of the reputation of the Advocate as a religious journal, and for the sake of Him whose cause it professes to sustain, that such things may hereafter meet the condemnation they merit.
A. METHODIST.
Woodsfield, Ohio, Feb. 14.

From the Eastern Argus.
The Know-Nothing Religious Professors.

Mr. EDITOR: I propose saying a few words, if you will allow me the space, to our *midnight friends*, on their professions of love for Christianity. They pretend to be governed, in all they do, by their admiration of the Christian religion—a desire to put down Popery. I intend to speak pretty plain, though hope to give no offence.

My first proposition is, that this religious element in politics is corrupting to religion. Is not this true? Is not any connection of Church with State necessarily corrupting to the purity of genuine religion? And does not your order force such connection when you make belief in Protestantism a qualification for office? Permit me, gentlemen, to inform you that history is far from being silent in its teachings on this subject, and that those teachings contain a lesson and reveal a warning, which you would do well to heed. True religion should be pure from the soiling contact of politics—as white and stainless as the vestments of its ministry. The mandate from the creator to his creatures—the revelation of God to man—it should never be distorted into the turbid stream of earthly ambition, or made to mingle its waters of life with the muddy waters of the politician and the place man. Its voice like the voice of its Great Author, should be heard only upon the mountain top and in the wilderness—afar from and unmingled with the busy hum of the selfish and grumbling multitude in the valley beneath. Such is religion as it came from the Father and was exemplified in the Son. Such is true religion, and they who would prostitute its holy instincts to the base purposes of political ambition have abundant reason to fear that their fate will be the fate of Ananias and Sapphira. Every fact upon which infidelity has ever fastened in its impious assaults upon christianity has been the offspring of the connection between church and State. It was this connection, which gave existence to the inquisition. It was this connection which produced the persecution of Mary. It was this connection, which, in every age and with every denomination so unfortunate as to be connected with government, has corrupted religion, weakened its influence and given an impetus to infidelity. In the name of religion, then, I appeal to you to pause in your career—to reflect that in your miserable sectarianism you are giving a fatal blow at religion—and furnish its enemies with a whole arsenal of ammunition, with which, to assail it. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's"—"my kingdom is not of Earth but of Heaven,"—these and countless other passages studied over every page of the New Testament should warn you against this sacrilegious attempt to connect religion with politics.

My second proposition is—that this interest of Know-Nothingism in religion is hypocritical.

This, gentlemen, is quite a plain and uncomplimentary allegation. But I think it susceptible of the most complete demonstration. The membership of your order proves it. Look at them. Are they religious? Or the contrary is it not a well known fact that the most of you are among "the ungodly" and that you daily "sit in the seats of the scornful"? To come right home, do not a majority of your order in this very town daily and habitually violate the laws of God? You know this is the fact. How ridiculous then to talk about your being actuated by any sincere interest in religion!—How hypocritical such a profession! That in your searching the scriptures your attention is rapturously enlisted in the miracle of the "loaves and fishes," and hope to see the miracle repeated, and yourselves allowed to gorge, is extremely probable; but, that you are particularly imbued with the precepts of the sermon upon the mount is a proposition I utterly deny. You would doubtless like to have a grant in some land "flowing with milk and honey," but I doubt much whether you would be willing to bear the yoke, or carry the cross. You would be much pleased to look forward to a home at last in the new Jerusalem, but I rather fear that you have neither "ought the good fight," nor very rigidly "kept the faith." For shame, gentlemen! Dark lanterns won't light the way to heaven, nor has Know-Nothingism in its changing ruse the password to enter among the patriarchs and the saints.

Vitality of Democracy
When the winds blow fiercest, the lightnings flash brightest, and the waves roll highest, then it is that the true, tried and faithful mariner laughs at the storm, nerves his heart, redoubles his efforts, and manifests his confidence in the worth of his noble craft. So it is with him who is deeply imbued with the spirit of genuine democracy, and has an intelligent and enlarged appreciation of its glorious principles. Political elements may toss and foam and rock with the wildest discord—clouds and darkness may hang around him with the gloom of Erebus, and still unmoved he stands, and with unblenching eye and a spirit undismayed, awaits the sunshine of "the sober second thought." The mission of the Democratic party is inseparably identified with the destiny of our continent, and its truths are so deeply seated in the great national heart, that they cannot be submerged but for a brief period, and then only to arise with renewed power and increased splendor. Nor would we here be understood to refer to Democracy in that general sense, as distinguished from monarchy or aristocracy, but to that creed—that loved old Jeffersonian creed—vital with the genius of our republican institutions, and which has and must ever, so long as we remain a free people, control the policy of the government. It is only in the atmosphere of such political

truths as were dear to JEFFERSON and JACKSON, that any can hope to attain the full and perfect stature of republican manhood. We are not of those who contemplate recent political results, seemingly so inimical to the interests of our party and the country, with downcast look or saddened heart. There is a Providence in politics as well as in religion; there is a faith in political as well as in religious creeds. The man who has faith in the principles he professes, and in the integrity of the noble masses, "will ever have the consoling assurance that 'the darkest hour is before the breaking of day,'" and that all our reverses have come upon us to remind us that we, as a party, are fallible, and that as a party, in some instances, we have erred; that it is but a test of the strength of our integrity, our devotion to the laws of the land, and our reverence for the contracts of our fathers.

No—the foul, proscriptive and intolerant spirit animating this modern Hindoo organization, cannot bear the blaze of a searching eye, the calm investigation of an honest mind, and it must melt away before the burning indignation of an awakened and patriotic American heart. The truckling demagogues and unscrupulous knaves who have fanned, with poison breath, this treason flame, will only teach the surface to sink and rise no more: and we say to them,
"You are not worth the dust which the rude wind blows in your face."

The experience of the Democratic party is too full of hours dark as this, and its principles have survived too many trying ordeals to permit us now to despair. It has seen the rise of every party or organization that has ever graced or disgraced the pages of our nation's history, and we have an abiding trust that it is destined to see the end of them all. One after another have they "gone up like the rocket, and fell like the stick;" and such will be the early epitaph of the "Supreme Order of the Star Spangled Banner." Let the tide of Know-Nothing victory rush like a scorching sand blast from ocean to ocean—let the note of proscriptive exultation resound through every State, and these immaculate patriots will yet discover that
"Glorious is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperses to naught."

Dem. Union
Sensible and True.
The present agitation, throughout the country, on the subject of foreign immigration, has directed our attention to the following passage in the great speech of Hon. JOHN L. DAWSON, on the Homestead Bill. The language quoted is pertinent, and throws new light upon the subject of the rights of, and advantages to be derived from, adopted citizens. That emigrants will come to this country to seek for bread and liberty, cannot be denied—our Government has repeatedly declared that the country is open to receive them; and it is a selfish policy—a base, uncharitable policy that would deprive them of their privileges. We command the extract to our readers:

"Another ground of opposition, much insisted on by distinguished Senators, is the favor shown by the bill to American residents of foreign birth. But what is the condition of things under the existing system? Foreigners, not even citizens, are allowed to settle on the public lands under the pre-emption laws of 1830 and 1841, and it has been deemed sufficient if they have become citizens at the reception of the patent for their locations. And by the very liberal provisions of the graduation bill passed at the last session, and approved August 3d, 1854, 'any person' can enter as an occupant, and settle upon the lands, and acquire a title and a patent at the graduated and reduced rates. Upon what reasons of policy, of justice, of humanity, should more rigorous conditions be imposed upon any of the subjects upon whom the provisions of this bill will operate? It is proposed to exclude foreigners altogether. Then you must repeal the naturalization laws, and adopt a policy worthy of ancient Egypt, or modern Japan. But let us be careful in doing so, that we believe not the great principles which lay at the basis of our government, and that we prove not ungrateful to the memories of our fathers, and to those noble and self-sacrificing spirits who were prodigal alike of their money and their blood, throughout the two wars which severed us, in the establishment of our independence; and to the thousands who since have come to our shores, and, incorporating their lot with ours, incorporating themselves with us, becoming assimilated to our institutions and usages, and infusing an element of incalculable strength into our republican system.

"Believe, sir, that it is a futile notion that, by any policy short of a repeal of the naturalization laws, and perhaps even a prohibition to the exile of a 'home and a country,' you will be able to stop the influx of foreigners. The premium held out by our republican institutions will attract crowds, till the population of the continent shall at last be equalized; you cannot stay this restless wave of immigration. The over crowded districts of the Old World will heave it upward and onward, and it must struggle for a subsistence and a home. It is, then, far more philosophical to seek such a disposition of it as, from a source of mischievous irritation, shall convert it into one of profit to the State; and while assimilating it to our institutions, shall make it tributary to the general prosperity.

"I Ain't Going to Learn a Trade!"
Ain't you? I should like to know why not. Thousands and tens of thousands have learned one before you, and many more will do the same thing. A trade well learned may make a name and fortune well-earned. If you ever get either without working for it, you will be either very "lucky" or very fortunate.
I don't think much of a boy who says he is not going to learn a trade. If his place

in the world is such that he can learn a good trade, and have a good situation, he will be very unwise not to seize the opportunity.— A boy who goes to a trade, determined to make himself master of his business, and to be a well-informed and intelligent workman, will soon rise to the head of his profession, if he pursues the right path. The faithful apprentice who delights to do his day's work well, and to the best of his ability, so as to earn the praise of his employer, will feel happier, and be a more honorable man than he who does just enough to shuffle along though it were a nuisance and a curse.

I knew a boy who was too poor to go to school or college, although he would have liked that course very well. But he had to work. So he went to learn a trade. He tried to do his work always to the best of his ability. He went to a piece, and the first day his master came to look at what he had done, and after closely examining it, he turned round and said to his foreman, "James, this is very excellent work for a new boy.— It is about as good as any of our journey-men do it." Did not that little fellow feel as proud as if he had won a triumph? He was rewarded from the start with the good opinion of his employer, and he never forgot the pleasure with which he had heard his master's encouraging words. He always tried to do his work well—to do it, in fact, the very best; and while other apprentices did not seem to care how their work was done, as long as they could get their pay, he took a pride in working as though he was in a higher post than that of a mechanic's boy. He is in a higher post now, and is doing well, in more ways than one, in the world.

Marriage Under Difficulty.

A few days since I was present at a marriage which had some things about it so new and romantic that I am tempted to give you a short description. There had been an incessant fall of rain, which added to the deep snow in the mountains, caused a rapid rise of the water. Parson B., of Bath county, had been invited to perform the ceremony. Anticipating difficulty—and, perhaps, remembering defeat in the days of yore, he set out from home early in the morning, with the hope of passing the water courses before they were too full. Vain hope.—When he reached the neighborhood, he was told that the river was swollen beyond any possibility of crossing with any safety. It is often hard to start a wedding, but when started, it is a great deal harder to stop it. The parson having secured the company of a friend in the neighborhood, determined to make every effort to accomplish his mission, and if there must be a failure, let it be after a fair trial. By a circuitous route, he and his companion succeeded in reaching the bank of the river, opposite to, and only a few hundred yards distant from the house. A loud halloo soon brought the wedding party to a parley on the bank of the river. The whole difficulty was before them—the parson could not advance a step further without swimming a dangerous mountain torrent, covered with huge sheets of floating ice.—But "where there is a will there is a way," though there be neither bridge nor boat.

It was proposed that the parson should marry them across the rolling flood. This proposition was acceded to. Yet the parson declared that it behooved them to act lawfully, and insisted on his warrant being transmitted to his hands. Happily for us in this free country the law does not prescribe how this is to be accomplished; neither does it state at what distance the officiating officer shall stand. In this case the license was bound close round a stone of suitable size, and the whole being wrapped with thread so as to make it tight and compact, was thrown across the river. The feat of throwing it was performed by the bride-groom, while his young bride was standing by him. And that man knew he was throwing for a wife, and the only question with him was, wife or no wife. There stood the anxious group—what suspense! It might miscarry—it might be "canned by some overhanging limb, and find a watery grave!

With a powerful swing of the arm it started, and mounting high, took its onward airy flight. I had learned before, that "whatever goes up must come down," but I felt some misgivings as to where the come down might be in this case. The moment of suspense was soon over. The little missile, freighted with a document so important, sped its way through the air in a most beautiful arch, high over the wide waters, and a shout of triumph announced its fall upon terra firma. To unwrap and read was the work of a moment. The parties were already arranged, with joined hands, and Parson B., with uncovered head, stood as gracefully and as lightly too, as he could upon a quicksand at the edge of the river, and with a voice distinctly heard above the roar of waters the marriage was consummated. Well pleased at so favorable a termination of what little before seemed a forlorn hope, the groups on either bank took off their general ways. Whatever else I may forget, I never can forget that three.—Stanton (Va.) Spectator.

GOING TO KANZAS.—We clip the following from the St. Louis News of the 12th inst.

"A small army of passengers left here on Saturday on the different packets for the upper river. Three Missouri river boats left port literally covered with people—jammed and crowded till they could hold no more. To look at the unmitigated would suppose that St. Louis was being deserted, and the people all leaving for Western Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. The cabin of the Jacob Strader or Eclipse, could not have accommodated with benches, all the first class passengers that went on the Polar Star; and the Kate Swinney and Genoa, were crowded to discomfort. The Keokuk packet Jennie Deans, the Illinois river boats, and packets for the Ohio, went out with cabins full of people.

In an old booksellers catalogue appears the following article:
"Memoirs of Charles I., with a mezzotint head capitally executed."