

BY W. LEWIS.

HUNTINGDON, OCTOBER 31, 1855.

VOL. 11, NO. 19

COURT AFFAIRS. NOVEMBER TERM 1855. TRIAL LIST.

FIRST WEEK. John Brown vs Caleb Brown. H. Mytinger vs P. Livingston. J. Simpson Africa vs Daniel Flenner et al. Hirst for Caldwell vs Daniel Africa, Hon. John Stewart vs Love & Smith. D. Caldwell vs Doll & Crotsley. D. Caldwell vs Dell & Crotsley. Comth. for Bratton vs M. Crownover. Joshua Johns vs Blair, Robison, & Co. Horatio Trexler, & Co. vs J. & W. Saxton. Thomas Clark's heirs vs Brison Clark. Charles S. Black vs D. McMurtrie q. tam. Adolphus Patterson vs John Doughenbeugh. Comth. for Kyler vs Robert Madden.

SECOND WEEK

George Jackson vs Sassaman's Ex'rs. et al. Sterritt & Potter vs J. Alexander, Garnishee. John Lee vs Joseph P. Moore. Amos Potts vs James Neely. S. Creek & Philipsburg T. Co. vs W. Graham. Waterman, Young & Co. vs John Jamis.n. James Entrekin vs Brison Clark.

Grand Jurors.

Samuel Barr, farmer Jackson. David Beck, Jr., farmer, Warriorsmark. Samuel Book, farmer, Tell. William Coleburn, farmer, Franklin. John Carver, mechanic, Barree. Jos. Cremer, mason, Clay, now Huntingdon. John Flenner, farmer, Henderson, Samuel Gregory' farmer, West. Samuel Gregory larmer, West. Henry Horton, farmer, Tod. Johu S. Isett, iron master, Franklin. Richard Madden, farmer, Clay. Benjamin McMahan, farmer, Clay. William McLain, farmer, Dublin. John B. Morrow, farmer, Tell. John B. Morrow, farmer, 1eff. James Neely, farmer, Dublin. Henry Orlady, physician, West. Samuel Rolston, Warriorsmark. John G. Stewart, carpenter, West. William Sims, clerk, Franklin. Samuel Stewart, drover, Jackson. Andrew Wilson, farmer, West. John S. Wilson, farmer, West. Jonathan P. Doyle, Shirley. David McGarvey, farmer, Shirley.

Traverse Jurors.

FIRST WEEK. Thomas N. Barton, farmer, Shirley. Samuel Beaver, farmer, Hopewell. Jacob E. Bare, miller, Springfield. George Cresswell, merchant, West. James Duff, farmer, Jackson. Henry Davis, blacksmith, West. William Dowlan, farmer, Penn. Adam Fouse, farmer, Hopewell. John Gehrett, Brady. Charles Green, Esq., farmer, West. Henry Garner, farmer, Walker. Augustus Green, farmer, Clay. Adam Heeter, farmer, Clay. Thomas Hooper, farmer, Cromwell. Thomas B. Hyskill, farmer, Warriorsmark. Adams Houch, farmer, Tod Asahel Hight, laborer, Hantingdon. Samuel Harnish, farmer, Morris. Jacob Hicks, farmer, Walker. Samuel Isenberg, carpenter, Porter. John Jamison, merchant, Dublin. Daniel Knode, farmer, Porter. Adam Keith, farmer, Tod. James Long, farmer, Shirley,. James Lane, farmer, Cromwell. James Lynn, mechanic, Springfield. Joseph Mingle, farmer, Warriorsmark. John Mash, farmer, Jackson. George Miller, farmer, West. Reuben Massey, farmer, Barree. Robert Madden, merchant, Springfield. Samuel Neff, farmer, Porter. John Piper, farmer, Tod. John Reed, farmer, Hopewell. Henry Rhodes, farmer, Shirley. Jonas Rudy, farmer, Barree. Abraham Shaw, farmer, Union. Abednego Stevens, merchant, Warriorsmark. Samuel Sharrer, farmer, Tell. David Stevens, plasterer, Springfield. Isaac Taylor, farmer, Dublin. Walter C. Van Tries, clerk, Warriorsmark. John Whitney, manager, Tod. Simeon Wright, Esq., farmer, Union. Isaac Yocum, farmer, Penn. Lewis Knode, farmer, Porter. John Bisbin, mason, Porter. Daniel Peightal, farmer, Penn. SECOND WEEK. William Appleby, farmer, Dublin. David Albright, miller, Porter. Henry Boyles, farmer, Penn. Samuel Bell, farmer, Shirley. Basil Devor, farmer, Cromwell. John Eberly, farmer, West. James Fleming, farmer, Jackson. Thomss Fisher, merchant, Huntingdon. Samuel Garner, farmer, Penn. James Hutchison, farmer, Henderson. Samuel Harris, farmer, Penn. Archibald Hutchison, farmer, Warriorsmark. Evans Jones, gentleman, Franklin. William Krider, farmer, Warriorsmark. William Krider, farmer, Walker. Daniel Kyper, farmer, Walker. Thomas Locke, laborer, Springfield. John Long, merchant, Shirley. John Murphey, shoemaker, West. William Morgan, farmer, Warriorsmark. James Morrow, farmer, Franklin. Charles H. Miller, tanner, Huntingdon. Joseph Marlin, farmer, Porter George McCrum, Jr., farmer, Barree. George W. McClain, farmer, Tod. Jesse McClain, farmer, Tod. James S. Oaks, farmer, Jackson. Samuel Pheasant, farmer, Porter. Andrew Smith, farmer, Union. Martin Shank, farmer, Warriorsmark. William Stewart, farmer, West. Wm. B. Smith, farmer, Jackson. Dorsey Silknitter, iarmer, Barree. Peter C. Swoope, Huningdon

THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE, 51 50 Per annum, in advance, " if not naid in " " if not paid in advance, 200 No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

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Horrible Scenes Within Sebastopol.

From the Sebastopol correspondence of the Londen Times;

"Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have been presented to the world the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heartrending, and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fuseli could not conceive anything at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when ev-ery limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder what little will kill. The buil-river, an Indian, maddened by liquor, killed ding used as a hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dock-yard wall, and is situa-ted in the centre of the row, at right angles to the line of the Redan.

"The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack Battery, and it bears in sides, roofs, windows, and doors, frequent and destructive proofs of the severity af the cannonade. En-tering one of these doors I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed! In a long low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window-frames, lay the wounded Russians who had been abandoned to our mercies by their gen-eral. The wounded did 1 say? No, but the, soldiers, who were left to die in their extreme agony untended, uncared for, packed as close as they can be stowed, some on the floor, oth-ers on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or he was taken back and tied fast to a tree.—

served their loving friends and master the shrill twang, it sent a missile into the quiv-Czar but two well, were consigned to their ering flesh of the homicide; and to heighten

witnessed the scene of the desperate attack and defence, which cost both sides so much

with them. The bomb proofs were the same as in the Malakoff, and in one of them a music book was found, with a woman's name in it, and a canary bird and vase of flowers were outside the entrance"

An Indian Execution In Michigan--Avenging the Murder---Horrible Cruelty.

The Clinton county (Michigan) Express publishes the following and vouches for its authenticity. It is certainly a curious his-

In the different parts of Central Michigan there are two tribes of Indians, the Ottawas and Chippewas. They are friendly to each other, and during the hunting season, fre-quently encamp near each other. In the fall of 1853, a party of one tribe built their cab-ins on the banks of the Maple river, and a party of the other tribe, about eighty in number, encamped in what is now called the town of Dallas. It is unnecssary to speak of their life in these camps-suffice it to say that the days were spent in hunting, and the his squaw, and to conceal the deed threw her tribe, he fled towards the other encampment. His absence was noticed-the charred remains of the poor squaw were found, and the cry for blood was raised. The savages were soon upon his track-they pursued him into the encampment of their neighbors-he was found, apprehended, and in solemn council doomed to the death which, in the stern old Indian code, is reserved for those who shed the blood of their kin. It was a slow, torturing, cruel death. A hatchet was put in the victim's hands, he was led to a large log that was hollow, and made to assist in fixing it for his coffin. This was done by cutting indead, the rotten and festering corpses of the to it some distance on the top, in two places, about the length of a man apart, then slabbing off, and digging the hollow until larger, so as to admit his body. This done, pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the fioor, mingled with the droppings of cor-uption. "With the roar of exploding fortresses in now commenced the orgies-they drank to their ears, with shell and shot forcing through intoxication-they danced and sung in their the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these roor fellows, who had

"The oldest inhabitant could not recognise tution of slavery, would rend the union as-it now. Climbing up the Redan, which sunder, and bury beneath the ruins of the was fearfully cumbered with the dead, we Constitution the liberties of the country. • I have heard of two brothers, whose died leaving them five hundred dollars a

ARCH. DIXON. L. C. TRIMBLE, R. I. J. TWYMAN, and

others. 🤝 How They Plow at Agricultural Fairs, The following good natured communication to the New York Tribune upon the subject of plowing is quite interesting. We don't know what there may be to be said on the other side, but in the matter of plowing we rather like Mr. WARING'S idea of "running his thing into the ground."

Srn-The old fogies are not all dead yet, and this is how I know it. But first let me explain my position ; it is all about a "plow-ing match" in which I was one of the com-petitors—the first premium being \$8, and I having received at this exhibition awards to the amount of \$45, a diploma and a book, 1 cannot be accused of pecuniary disappointment. I write this for the benefit of farmers in general, and old fogies in particular. Yesterday being the day for the plowing match of the Westchester County Society, at White Plains, N. Y., I was on the ground with my large plow, three heavy horses abreast, and teamster. The lands, of one-eighth of an acre each, having been laid out and our positions selected, we started-there being two other competitors with small plows and two horse teams. The time allotted was an hour, and the result was as follows : One man (Mr. Van Wart, I believe,) plowed his land in thirty-five minutes; the depth of his furrow was not more than five inches. The second bounds in my figures, for I think that I plowed nearer a foot than ten inches deep, and I think that five inches is a very liberal estimate for the others. When completed my land lay at least eight inches higher than that joining me; showing clearly that I had loosened more soil and left it lighter.— The remarks that I heard as my furrows were rolling up most gloriously were edifying-to antiquarian philosophers. These are some of them: "That fellow is a fool." "You needn't tell me that it will do to bring that dead land to the surface." "What is he do-ing? Digging graves ?" etc. Of course there were many who commended the work, and my own neighbors testified to the good results of the same plowing (only much deeper,) on my own farm, but perhaps a majority of those present hooted at the idea of-what ?

tution of slavery, would rend the union as-sunder, and bury beneath the ruins of the Constitution the liberties of the country. I regret, gentlemen, that circumstances over which I have no control will prevent my being with you on the occasion alluded to. I am very truly, Mour obedient servant, ABCH DIVON

ved on being a farmer. After the lapse of thirty-five years, the two brothers met. It was at George's house. ry, though several years younger, was very infirm. He had kept in his counting-room give up business, and now he found himself stricken in health beyond repair. But that was not the worst. He was out of his elehe would have looked upon so many bricks. George took him into his garden, but Henry about forty minutes; I plowed my portion in twenty-eight minutes, at an honest and uni-form depth of over ten inches. I am within bounds in my figures, for I think that Lat George took him into his greehouse and talk-ed with enthusiasm of some flowers, which seemed to give the farmer great pleasure.— Henry shrugged his shoulders an yawned, saying, Ah! I dont care for these things." Concrease of the secret mission to the court of France by Silas Dean. He was summon-ed before Congress, acknowledged himself the author, and was dismissed with disgrace. [See the Jourual of Congress of 1794 or 5.] This treachery occasioned much trouble to George asked him if he was fond of paintings and engravings. "No, no! Don't trouble vourself," said Henry, "I can't tell one daub from another." "Well, you shall hear my daughter Edith play upon the piano; she is no ordinary performer, I assure you." "Now, don't brother—don't, if you love me!" said Henry, beseechingly; "I never could endure music " "Ent what can I do to amuse you? music." "But what can I do to amuse you? the guillotine. Robespierre quarrelled with take a ride?" "I am afraid of a horse. But, Mr. Paine ; he was marked for the guillotine, if you will drive me carefully down to your and escaped by a minacle. Mr. Jefferson village Bank I will stop and have a chat with the President." Poor Henry! Money was uppermost in his mind. To it he had sacrificed every other good

Grant Thornburn on Tom Paine

multiplication table, abandoned all thoughts between me and death. To make the narrabetween me and death. To make the narra-of going to school, and began by peddling, in a small way, over the country. He was shrewd, and quick to learn whatever he gave his attention to; and he gave all his attention to making money. He succeeded. In one to making money. He succeeded. In one tieth year was a prisoner in Edenburgh, for year his five hundred dollars had become a reading and preaching his "Rights of Man." thousand. In five years it had grown to be I arrived in New York in June, 1794. A twenty thousand; and at the age of fifty he few weeks thereafter William Carver arrived was worth a million. George remembered the words of the wise man: "With all thy gettings, get understanding." He spent two-thirds of his money in going to school, and acquiring a taste for solid knowledge.— He the making wrought (not cut) nails. Mr. Paine and I boarded with Carver; hence our intimacy. He, his wife and Mr. Paine were and acquiring a taste for solid knowledge. — He then spent the remainder of his patrimony in purchasing a few acres of land in the neighborhood of a thriving city. He resol-ing them relate their youthful pranks and leeds of riper years. Thus I learned his history from his cradle, traced him through life, and followed him to his grave in 1809 A bright, vigorous, alert man was George, We agreed on politics, and parted by natural though upwards of fifty-five years old. Hen- consent on the "Age of Reason," never in anger. He maried a respectable woman in the town of Lowis. She died in eleven long after the doctors had warned him to give up business, and now he found himself stricken in health beyond repair. But that was not the worst. He was out of his ele-ment when not making money. Geoige took for like treatment. In 1773, while he held him into the library and shew him a fine collection of books. Poor Henry had never cultivated a taste for reading. He looked upon the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him into the books with no more interest than him books him books with no more interest than him books him book to the Secret Committee of the House of Congress, and took the oath of office not to divulge their secrets. He broke his oath by publishing in the Philadelphia Bulletin the project of a secret mission to the court [See the Journal of Congress of 1794 or 5.] This treachery occasioned much trouble to Congress, and in the court of Louis XVI, and nearly frustrated the coming of Gen. La-

fayette, with the French fleet and army. Mr. Paine now went to France and was chosen a member of the first Convention .-For a time he helped Robespierre to establish the freedom of the press, the liberty of speech and the rights of conscience, by means of and escaped by a minacle. Mr. Jefferson sent a frigate to bring home Mr Paine from the hands of his enemies. He arrived in the spring of 1802. I spoke with him in the City Hotel, a few hours after his arrival. He

those present hooted at the idea of what is those present hooted at the idea of what is the idea of what is the idea of what is the impossible in the days of the "wooden bull-plows" of their grand-fathers and incurable in their traditional course. I left my surface roughly broken up, while the others were flatly turned upside down.— Mine was in the best condition for the action of the frost of winter and for immediate harthey went out, leaving Paine on his chair fast asleep. Next day he received letters and instructions to return to New York. When Aaron Burr came back from Europe, whither he had fled after his duel with Hamilton, he kept his law office in Nassau street, near my seed store. From him I obtained the account as above stated. Mr. Paine was absent eight or ten days. Meantime the waiters spread abroad the fame most any school, 1 would give more for what of his intemperate, slovenly and filthy habits. The City Hotel and every decent house refused to board him. In this dilemma Wm. Carver took him in. Mr. Paine was a man of strong mind, and having seen the gutters of Paris flooded with blood, his company was very interesting when not under the influence of brandy. He told me that when Louis XIV was condemned by the Convention to suffer death, each member on voting was requested to state his reasons. When it came to Mr. Paine, he voted against his death. "I think, gentlemen," said Mr. Paine, "we are not making nately for Louis, he was born a king; he could not help it. Let us banish him to America, there he can do no harm. Let us spare his life and give him a sum of money to live on." I think this is the bright 'sput in Paine's history. In consequence of his very intemperate habits, he was shunned by the respectable portion of his friends. many months before his death. He asked permission from the Trustees of the Society progress. He tries once more and succeeds; of Friends, to have his bones laid in their burying ground; they refused. He was much hurt by their refusal. His father was a member of the society of friends in England. Paine died of delirium tremens. Ais last words were, "Lord Jesus, help." He was buried on his own farm, near New York. Carver, his warm friend and admirer, assured me that Mr. Paine drank two gallons, of brandy per week, during the last three months of his life. T. A. Emmet, one of his executors, told me, when Mr. Paine's affairs were all settled, a balance of \$400 remained for his relations in England.

blood. English dead, some of them scorched my being with you on the occasion alluded and blackened by the explosion and others to. I am very truly, lacerated beyond recognition. The quantity Your obedient servant, and blackened by the explosion and others lacerated beyond recognition. The quantity of broken gabions and gun carriages here was extraordinary; the ground was covered

wool de lancs, of the best styles and selected with the greatest care, for sale by J. & W. SAXTON.

seeking escape from it in their extremest ag- | The next day was spent in sleeping and ken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking ment as a warrier should. through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, the head and trunks, pointed to the lethal so it was the next night, and the next, and so

spot. have ever been a human soul? It was fearful low. to think what the answer must be. The bodand reel round.

"In the midst of one of these chambers of horrors,-for there were many of themwere found some living English soldiers, and forest spot where was consumated this sin-among them poor Captain Vaughar, of the gular act of retributive justice. 90th, who has since succumbed to his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand the sight which horrified our most experienced surgeons-the deadly, clammy stench, the smell of gangrened wounds, of corrupted blood, of rotten flesh, were intolerable and odious beyond endurance. But what must the wounded have felt who were obliged to out a hand to give them a cup of water, or a voice to say one kindly word to them !

"Most of these men were wounded on they might have been there. In the hurry great weight of character and influence: of their retreat the Muscovites seem to have carried in dead men to get them out of the horrid mockery. So that this retreat was secured the enemy cared but little for the believe, sought by ourselves, as our over- with which I have so long acted, has no lonoverworked surgeons could not attend to, any now but my country. To this I shall not cease to be faithful. The American party, more.

a scene of wreck and ruin! All the houses ties, the one northern and the other southern. behind it a mass of broken stones—a clock can only injure where it would serve the a pagoda in ruins-another clock tower with tional men of all parties, it can only divide Michael Ware, farmer, West. William Hutchison, farmer, Warriorsmark. THE handsomest assortment of De lanes, Per-sian Cloth, Larilla Cloth, Berage de Lanes, Paramette Cloth, and ali wool Merinocs, all Paramette Cloth, and ali wool Merinocs, and probably its attendants. to Note the sources of the best studen and probably its attendants. to Note the sources of the best studen and probably its attendants. to Nichael Ware, farmer, West. William Hutchison, farmer, Warriorsmark. The sources of the desira-the world of a good example, good habits, a ali the clock destroysd save the dial, with the min all the elections, when union and the world of a good example, good habits, a say that, as the last hog would groan, the say that, as the last hog would groan, the say that, as the last hog would groan, the say those as the dial, with the min all the elections, when union and the world of a good example, good habits, a ali the clock destroysd save the dial, with the world of a good example, good habits, a the source of the desira-th lodged in the botter and blown it and its energy its attendants, to still co-operates with the southern Democra-contents, and probably its attendants, to pieces; everywhere wreck and destruction. This evidently was a beauquartier once. This evidently was a beauquartier once.

terrible fate. Many might have been saved his misery, they cut off his ears and nose. by ordinary care. Many lay, yet alive, with Maternately drinking, dancing, beating maggots crawling about their wounds. Many their rude drums and shooting their arrows nearly mad by the scene around them, or into the victim, the night passed.

ony, had rolled away under the beds, and eating, the victim meanwhile still bound to glared out on the heart-stricken—oh! with the tree. What his reflections were, we of such looks. Many, with legs and arms bro- course cannot tell, but he bore his punish-

When night was closed around, it brought food, or pity, or, deprived of speech by the his executioners to their work again. The which I approach of death, or by dreadful injuries on scene of the first night was re-enacied, and spring.

on for a week. Seven long and weary days "Many seemed bent alone on making their | did he stand there tortured with the most crupeace with Heaven. The attitudes of some el torture, before his proud head dropped upwere so hideously fantastic as to appal and on his breast, and his spirit left its clayey root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful tenement for the hunting grounds of the Great fascination. Could that bloody mass of clo- Spirit. And when it did, they took the body, thing and white bones ever have been a hu- wrapped it in a new clean blanket, and plaman being, or that burnt black mass of flesh | ced it in the log coffin he had helped to hol-

They put his hunting knife by his side ies of numbers of men were swollen and that he might have something to defend himbloated to an incredible degree, and the fea- self on the way, his whiskey bottle that he tures distended to a gigantic size, with eyes | might cheer his spirits with a draught now protruding from the sockets, and the black- and then, and his tobacco and pipe that he ened tongue lolling out of the mouth, com- might smoke. Then they put on the cover, pressed tightly by the teeth which had set drove down the stakes each side of the logs, upon it in the death rattle, made one shudder | and filled up between them with logs and brush. The murdered squaw was avenged. The camp was broken up, and the old stillness and quiet once more reigned over the my Lima beans, where my furrows averaged And well he may. Last night his lamp

> Our informant has visited the spot often since then--the log is still there with its cover on, and beneath may be seen the skeleton of the victim.

Mr. Clay's Successor in the Senate.

Senator Dixon, of Kentucky, formerly a tion in that State, addressed several Know not say a word to throw doubt on the impor-Nothing assemblages, announces in a recent tance of acquiring such a measure of this between these becaute there, a great gulf Clay Whig, but who, during the recent elec- often exercised in its attainment. I would endure all this, and who passed away with- tion in that State, addressed several Know not say a word to throw doubt on the importhe Democratic party of the Union. Mr. and able to assist others. The young man Saturday -- many perhaps on the Friday be- Dixon is the successor of Henry Clay in the who thinks he may amuse or employ himself fore; indeed, it is impossible to say how long United States Senate, and is a gentleman of as he sees fit, at the same time throwing the

Henderson, Sept. 24, 1855. GENTLEMEN :- I am in the receipt of your way, and to have put them upon pallets in favor of the 15th inst., requesting me to be I assert that the too common mistake, which present and address a mass meeting of the makes men look upon the acquisition of a Democracy, to be held at Paducah on the fortune, or the having a fine and fashionable wounded. On Monday only did they receive 27th inst. You are right in supposing that house, as constituting success in life, is ex-those whom we sent out to them during a it is my intention to cooperate in future with tremely pernicious. Success in life consists our welfare than that of making money-fac-

"The Great Redan was next visited. Such divided as it is into two great sectional par-

of the frost of winter and for immediate har- and mine a dead failure !" Sad, but true rowing. Theirs were simply samples of pawords.—Osborne. rallel lines, which are more useful mathemati-cally than agriculturally. The next crop will

Do it Yourselves, Boys.

indicate my land in the middle of the field, Do not ask the teacher, or some classmate and will do more than any writing can do to assert the force of scientific truths, even in to solve that hard problem. Do it yourselves. such every day business as farming. I leave You might as well let them eat your dinner, further discussion of the subject to the seed as "do your sums" for you. It is in studywhich Mr. Fisher may put on the land next ing, as in eating; he that does it gets the benefit: and not he that sees it done. In al-

I write the foregoing not for self laudation, the teacher learns, than for what the best nor from any personal motive, but merely that those who save files of the Tribune for scholar learns simply because the teacher is twenty-five years may see that a committee compelled to solve all the hard problems, of farmers in the county adjoining New York and answer the questions of the lazy boys. awarded the third premium to the man who Do not ask him to parse the difficult words plowed his land over ten inches deep in twenor assist you in the performance of any of ty-eight minutes, and gave the first to those vour studies. Do it yourself. Never mind, though they look as dark as Egypt. Don't who plowed less than one half as deep, and required a longer time. My prize is a work ask even a hint from any body. Try again. of some kind on agriculture, and I herewith Every trial increases your ability, and you of some kind on agriculture, and I herewith publicly devote it to the "Committee on will finally succeed by dint of the very wis-Plowing," hoping that they will profit by dom and strength gained in the effort, even the instruction it may contain on the supject though at first the problem was beyond your of thoroughly disintegrating the soil to a skill. It is the study and not the answer that We are contending for principle. Unfortusufficient depth. I have no space to say why really rewards your pains.

I plowed no deeper at this time, but I wish Look at that boy who has succeeded, after six hours hard study, perhaps; how his large that those who doubt the expediency of such plowing would come and see my corn, grown eye is lit up with proud joy, as he marches on ground plowed fifteen inches deep, and to his class. He treads like a conqueror. more than eighteen inches in depth. They burned late, and this morning he waked at can't beat it with five inch plowing. dawn. Once or twice he nearly gave up.— He had tried his last thought; but a new thought strikes him as he ponders the last G. E. WARING, JR.

Chappaqau, N. Y., Sept. 29 1855.

Success in Life.

and now mark the air of conscious strength It is the peculiar vice of our age and counwith which he pronounces his demonstratry to put a false estimate on the mere acquisition of riches. I do not undervalue either tion. His poor, weak schoolmate, who gave wealth or the dilligence and enterprise so up that same problem after his first feint trial, now looks up to him with something of buithen of his support on others, or leading a precarious life, on the verge of debt and bankruptcy, is a dishonor to his species. But

by side. They will never stand together as equals again. The boy that did it for himself has taken a stride upward, and what is better still, has gained strength to take other and greater ones. The boy who waited to see others do it, has lost both strength and courage, and is already looking for some good excuse to give up school and study forever .---Conn. School Journal THE LAST SNAKE STORY .- The States annually; and that the consumption of gold those whom we sent out to them during a it is in interaction between the interaction of gold brief armistice for the purpose, which was, I the Democratic party. The Whig party, in the proper and harmonious development Rights Democrat, published at Elba, Alabama leif in eight manufacturing towns to 584 ounof those faculties which God has given us. - | narrates the following: "Two gentlmen were | ces weekly. For gilding metals by the elecbelieve, sought by ourselves, as our over with a molifical existance. I have no party Now, we have faculties more important to lately in the woods, when their attention was trotype and the water gliding processes not attracted by an uproarious noise of hogs. less than 10,000 ounces of gold are required ulties more conducive to our happiness, and Thinking that something uncommon was to annually. A recent English writer states the

rimony than money; they can leave to them three hogs dead, and a fourth dying. They 500,000,000 annually.

CONSUMPTION OF GOLD .-- It has been ascertained that in Birmingham, England, not less than one thousand ounces of fine gold are used weekly, equivalent to some \$900,000 to our health of body and soul. There are the spot, and found that the hogs had been in consumption of gold and silver at Paris at higher and better modes of activity than those a fight with a very large rattle snake. The over 18,000,000 of frances. At the present which are exhibited in multiplying dollars. fight, from appearances, had been a long and time the conumption of fine gold and silver in Men can leave to their children a better pat- desperate one. The snake was torn to pieces, Europe and the United States is estimated at

> A VENERABLE CLERGYMAN.—The Tennes-see Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, met at Nashville on the 10th. In addressing the candidates for the ministry,