

The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS.

HUNTINGDON, OCTOBER 31, 1855.

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COURT AFFAIRS. NOVEMBER TERM 1855.

- John Brown vs Caleb Brown. H. Myttinger vs P. Livingston. J. Simson Africa vs Daniel Plover et al.

George Jackson vs Sassafras's Ex'rs. et al. Sterritt & Potter vs A. Alexander, Garnishes.

Grand Jurors. Samuel Beck, farmer Jackson. David Barr, Jr., farmer, Warriorsmark.

Traverse Jurors. Thomas N. Barton, farmer, Shirley. Samuel Beaver, farmer, Hopewell.

SECOND WEEK. William Appleby, farmer, Dublin. David Albright, miller, Porter.

THIRD WEEK. William Appleby, farmer, Dublin. David Albright, miller, Porter. Henry Boyles, farmer, Penn.

THIRTEENTH WEEK. William Appleby, farmer, Dublin. David Albright, miller, Porter. Henry Boyles, farmer, Penn.

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Horrible Scenes Within Sebastopol.

From the Sebastopol correspondence of the London 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 Fuselli could not conceive anything at all like unto it.

"With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shell and shot forcing through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these poor fellows, who had served their loving friends and master the Czar but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate.

"Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with Heaven. The attitudes of some were so hideously fantastic as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burnt black mass of flesh have ever been a human soul?

"The Great Redan was next visited. Such a scene of wreck and ruin! All the houses behind it a mass of broken stones—a clock tower, with a shot right through the clock—a pagoda in ruins—another clock tower with all the clock destroyed save the dial, with the words 'Baiwise, London?' thereon—cook-houses, where human blood was running among the utensils; in one place a shell had lodged in the boiler and blown it and its contents, and probably its attendants, to pieces; everywhere wreck and destruction. This evidently was a bivouac once.

"The oldest inhabitant could not recognise it now. Climbing up the Redan, which was fearfully cumbered with the dead, we witnessed the scene of the desperate attack and defence, which cost both sides so much blood. English dead, some of them scorched and blackened by the explosion and others lacerated beyond recognition.

An Indian Execution in Michigan—Avenge the Murder—Horrible Cruelty.

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

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, frequently encamp near each other. In the fall of 1853, a party of one tribe built their cabins 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.

In the evening of the day for which the Indian execution was to take place, the rain was very much on the ground, and the ground was very muddy. The execution was to take place at dusk, and the Indians gathered together in a large clearing.

When night was closed around it, brought his executioners to their work again. The scene of the first night was re-enacted, and so it was the next night, and the next, and so on for a week. Seven long and weary days did he stand there tortured with the most excruciating tortures, before his proud head dropped upon his breast, and his spirit left its clayey tenement for the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit.

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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 Clay Whig, but who, during the recent election in that State, addressed several Know Nothing assemblies, announces in a recent letter his determination hereafter to act with the Democratic party of the Union.

Grant Thornburn on Tom Paine. We select the following about the celebrated author of the "Age of Reason," written by the venerable Grant Thornburn, in March last, in the New York Observer.

I will tell you the truth, as I shall stand before the Judge of all the earth in a few months; being now in my 83d year—a step between me and death. To make the narrative plain, I must first say a few words about William Carver, with whom Mr. Paine and I boarded. From my youth I liked Mr. Paine's political writings; and in my twentieth year was a prisoner in Edenburgh, for reading and preaching his "Rights of Man."

After the lapse of thirty-five years, the two brothers met. It was George's house. A bright, vigorous, alert man was George, though upwards of fifty-five years old. Henry, though several years younger, was very infirm. He had kept in his counting-room long after the doctors had warned him to give up business, and now he found himself stricken in health beyond repair.

George took him into his garden, but Henry began to cough, and said he was afraid of the east wind. When George pointed out to him a beautiful elm, he only cried, "Pshaw!" George took him into his greenhouse and talked with enthusiasm of some flowers, which seemed to give the farmer great pleasure.

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 the guillotine. Robespierre quarrelled with Mr. Paine; he was marked for the guillotine, and escaped by a miracle. 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 found letters urging him to Washington.

Do it yourselves, boys. Do not ask the teacher, or some classmate to solve that hard problem. Do it yourselves. You might as well let them eat your dinner, as "do your sums" for you.

Success in Life. It is the peculiar vice of our age and country to put a false estimate on the mere acquisition of riches. I do not undervalue either wealth or the diligence and enterprise so often exercised in its attainment.

THE LAST SNAKE STORY.—The States Rights Democrat, published at Elba, Alabama narrates the following: "Two gentlemen were lately in the woods, when their attention was attracted by an uproarious noise of hogs. Thinking that something uncommon was to the spot, and found that the hogs had been in a fight with a very large rattlesnake. The fight, from appearances, had been a long and desperate one. The snake was torn to pieces, three hogs dead, and a fourth dying.

A VENERABLE CLERGYMAN.—The Tennessee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, met at Nashville on the 10th. In addressing the candidates for the ministry, the Rev. Joshua Soule, the senior Bishop, said, that he had been fifty-six years in the ministry.

led forth, the self-denials so imposed? I have heard of two brothers, whose father died leaving them five hundred dollars apiece. "I will take this money, and make myself a rich man," said Henry, the younger brother.

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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 said on the other side, but in the matter of plowing we rather like Mr. Warrick's idea of "running his thing into the ground."

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