

# Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

VOLUME VIII.

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## TERMS.

The "MOUNTAIN SENTINEL" is published every Thursday morning, at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid in advance or within three months; after three months Two Dollars will be charged.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

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All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEVY.

From the Daily Indiana State Sentinel.

Democratic Rallying Song for 1852.

TRICE—"O Susannah," &c.

Fling forth our banner gallantly,

And let the people sing,

Hurray for Pierce and King,

Come, brave locos—

Gallant men and true—

The Whigs we Polked in forty-four,

We'll Pierce in fifty-two.

Our Pierce was bred where granite towers

Aloft o'er stream and glen;

Our King amidst the orange-bowers,

And both are noble men.

Come, brave locos,

Gallant men and true—

The Whigs we Polked in forty-four,

We'll Pierce in fifty-two.

Responsive to his country's call,

With heart to do and dare,

Pierce stood in Freedom's Council Hall

The noblest spirit there.

Come, brave locos,

Gallant men and true,

The Whigs we Polked in forty-four,

We'll Pierce in fifty-two.

His heart is true and always right,

His blood has freely sealed,

Our country's cause in many a fight,

On Freedom's battle-field.

Come, brave locos,

Gallant men and true,

The Whigs we Polked in forty-four,

We'll Pierce in fifty-two.

Upon his proud distinguished name,

There is no blot nor blem;

He never won the blue light fame

Of princely federal DAN,

Come, brave locos,

Gallant men and true,

The Whigs we Polked in forty-four,

We'll Pierce in fifty-two.

No phantom hasty plate of soup

With e'er to him appear,

Nor will he dread the scorching whoop,

Of a fire in the rear,

Come, brave locos,

Gallant men and true,

The Whigs we Polked in forty-four,

We'll Pierce in fifty-two.

## DEMOCRATS READ!!

The following letter will be read with interest by the Democrats of Cambria, and evinces how firm and unalterable is Judge CAMPBELL'S adherence to the nominees of the Democratic Party.

From the Centre Democrat.

## Letter from Judge Campbell.

The following excellent letter from the Hon. JAMES CAMPBELL, to a gentleman in this town, has been handed to us for publication:—

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14, 1852.

Dear Sir:—I have just been informed that some persons in your county have been circulating a report that Judge WOODWARD opposed me at the last election. I can hardly believe that such is the case. Those guilty of fabricating such reports, must be actuated by the worst motives, for nothing can be farther from the truth. Judge WOODWARD was my warm and ardent friend, and during the whole campaign did me great and most efficient service, for which I shall always feel myself under the deepest obligations to him. The manner, too, in which he did it was most grateful to my feelings. Without any solicitation on my part or that of my friends he took the stump for me and defended me against the religious and other assaults which had men were making. The doctrine of religious freedom and toleration found in Judge WOODWARD an eloquent and able defender.

In addition to this, Judge WOODWARD is one of the best men who could have been selected for the Supreme Bench. I need not say to you that he is a learned, and an able man, and that he is above all a thoroughly honest one, possessing all the requisites necessary to the faithful and able performance of all the duties of his station. He comes, besides, from a portion of the State whose great interests demand a representation on the Supreme Bench.

These considerations, with the strong personal attachment I have to the man, caused me to unite with his other friends, in desiring Governor BULLER to tender to him the appointment, and they caused me, too, to urge upon Judge WOODWARD the acceptance of the appointment.

Yours most respectfully and truly,

JAMES CAMPBELL.

## CHARGE OF NATIVISM REFUTED.

The following is the reply of Judge WOODWARD, to the Democrats of Pittsburg, which we re-publish. He triumphantly refutes the unjust, malicious and wicked charge made against him by the Whig party.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 14, 1852.

Gentlemen:—The official duties which brought me to Pittsburg, keep me constantly engaged. My answer to your letter must, therefore, be brief.

From my earliest youth to this present moment I have been an earnest and hearty supporter of the Democratic party, and an equally zealous opponent, so far as my political action could ever be. I am not, and never have been, a "Native American," in any political sense, any more than I am or have been a whig, anti-mason or an abolitionist.

The charge of "Nativism" is attempted to be sustained by a motion which I made in the Reform Convention of 1837. That was simply a limitation of a motion made by Mr. Thomas, a whig member from Chester county, and was calculated to compel his party (who were in majority in the Convention) to come up to the mark or back out. They chose the latter branch of the alternative, and my motion having answered its purpose, was withdrawn. The sin of introducing this subject into that body lies at the door of a whig, and not at mine.

The speech so often quoted against me, I am not responsible for. It was introduced into the debates by a Whig reporter, in violation of the rules of the body which required him to submit for revision before publication, and which he never did. I made some observations explanatory of my amendment of Thomas' motion, but that speech is not a fair report of them. My other speeches were submitted for revision.—This one I never ceased to condemn it.

During the session of the Convention, namely, on the 10th day of January, 1838, a member in debate alluded to the motion, not the speech, as indicative of hostility to foreigners. I promptly denounced the imputation, there in the face of the Convention as I have done many a time since, as a gross misrepresentation.

See debates of the Convention, vol. 10, pp. 33, 34.

I have retained the undiminished confidence of the Democratic members of the Reform Convention, several of whom were adopted citizens and all of them opposed to Nativism. Would this have been possible if the whig reports of my sayings and doings had been true?

The Native American Party itself is my witness. Seven years ago I was the caucus nominee for U. S. Senator. The county of Philadelphia was represented by Natives. They asked me, whether, if elected by their votes, I would favor their measures for changing the naturalization laws. I answered them no, and they threw every vote they could command against me, and raised a shout of triumph over their victory.

You refer to statements in the Whig papers of Pittsburg. One of them was shown me a few days ago, in which was a garbled extract from a letter written by me about a year ago, in which I repelled the imputation of Nativism as distinctly as I deny it now. Yet the editor told his readers that the letter contains an admission that my sentiments were at that time adverse to the rights of foreign born citizens. A copy of the letter thus misrepresented by the Pittsburg Gazette, I send you herewith in the "Keystone" of Sept. 23, 1852.

When men will allow their political passions to get the better of their veracity so far as to impel them to acts and assertions like this, it is easy enough to understand how and why I was misrepresented by a reporter of the Convention, whose motives for doing so were just as strong as those which actuated my political opponents now.

Another allegation that I opposed Judge Campbell last fall, is as false as any other of the numerous misstatements recently made against me. I never opposed any nominee on account of his birth or religion, and I supported no nominee last fall more heartily than I did Judge Campbell.

It is with infinite reluctance I appear before the public at this time, even in self-defence. A candidate for a judicial office is, perhaps, more than any other candidate, required to await quietly the decision of people. I am as sensible as any man can be, that politics ought to be kept away as far as possible from judicial elections, but the terms of your letter leave me no choice but to answer. I have answered by giving you briefly the truth. I give it because it is the truth, and I accompany it with no appeal to party passion or prejudice.

If industrious defamation can succeed in representing me as having ever sustained any illiberal or proscriptionary law, then the Truth and a Life are powerless against slander.

There are some presses and many men opposed to me in political sentiments, who are disposed to treat me fairly, and who will not descend to base appliances, to accomplish a party purpose. Such men and presses command my respect. Against others who are less scrupulous, I have no shield but the truth and my life; and relying on these, I can afford to await, in patience, the verdict of the people.

Thanking you, gentlemen, for the kind feelings manifested in your letter, I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

GEO. W. WOODWARD.

Hon. John P. Hale has accepted the nomination for the Presidency, tendered by the Free Soilers. He says in his letter, that he has not felt at liberty under the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, to set up his own opinion in direct opposition to his friends. He therefore yields his own wishes and opinions to those of his friends, and thus assents to what has been done, notwithstanding his previous refusal to consent that it might be done.

A person who has just returned to Springfield, Mass., from a visit to the White Mountains, states that he climbed Mount Washington on Thursday morning, in a blinding snow storm and that he and his companions came near freezing.

## The Whig Candidate for Canal Commissioner.

Whilst in Reading attending the Democratic Mass Meeting, we made some inquiries in regard to the character and standing of JACOB HOFFMAN, the Whig candidate for Canal Commissioner, and found that he was a small lawyer, of the pettifogging order whose practice generally had been of a peculiar character, such as the great lights of the bar would never permit to come into their office—that almost all his business has been of the speculative, intriguing kind, and he was by no means particular in inference to the manner in which he managed cases, always acting on the principle that the end justified the means. Indeed we heard of several cases, which in our view would have justified any court in which he practised, in striking his name from the roll of Attorneys, as being unworthy of having the business of honorable men placed in his hands, and in one case he passed so near to the line of dishonorable dealings, that it required all his cunning to save his bacon.

It seemed that this Mr. Jacob Hoffman, at a quite early day, conceived the idea of managing courts and juries, according to his notions of propriety, and if they failed to come up to his ideas he endeavored to intimidate them by denunciations and abuse. According to the records of the court of Berks county, Mr. Hoffman was engaged in the case of a certain Wm. Degrummond, when the Hon. Garrick Mallory was President Judge of that court, and after trial of the said Wm. Degrummond, and Jacob Hoffman had a conversation with Thos. Elder Sr., of our borough, in a Public Hotel in Reading, in which he traduced the court in a most vile and disgraceful manner, alleging, among other things, that the Judge was improperly influenced by the prisoner giving his Honor the MASONIC SIGN. This conversation, it seems, was heard of by Judge Mallory, who on the 14th of November 1835, entered a rule on Mr. Hoffman, to show cause why he should not be stricken from the roll of Attorneys. This would have been the ruin of poor Hoffman, and at the January term, 1836, he came forward and made the retraction published below, which was entered on the records and still stares him in the face. The infamous character of the charges may be inferred from the broad and comprehensive retraction. The following is a copy from the records of Berks county in this case:

In the Common Pleas of Berks county, Nov. 14, 1835.

The Court order and direct a Rule on Jacob Hoffman, Esq., a member of this court, to show cause why his name should not be stricken off from the list of Attorneys.

January Term, 1836.

In answer to the above rule, the undersigned respectfully begs leave to state that he had no intention or design of committing a contempt of Court, or of charging the said Court with improper motives, or of inducing the public to withdraw their confidence from the same.

And the undersigned further begs leave to state, that to revive the friendly feelings which have heretofore existed between the said Court and himself, he waives any question touching the jurisdiction of the Court in this matter, and is also pleased to have it in his power to state that he was misinformed in several important particulars, and knows of nothing that can in anywise impeach the honor or integrity of this court.

And further that the record in the case of the Commonwealth vs. William Degrummond, does not warrant the statement made by him to Thos. Elder, Esq. He is satisfied that nothing improper was done by the Court in that case.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. HOFFMAN.

Berks County, &c.

I certify that the above is a true copy of the original, filed in my office, January 23, 1836.

Witness my hand and seal of office, September 18, 1848.

PETER STROHECKER,

Prothonotary.

This is the character of the man the Whigs have set up in opposition to the Democratic candidate for Canal Commissioner. A man's character is to be judged of by his private transactions, and if the whole life of Mr. Hoffman has been spent in low scheming, disgraceful trafficking and managing cases, as Thaddeus Stevens wished to manage father Montelius, by throwing conscience to the devil, the people can readily imagine that he would manage the public works on precisely the same system.—Dem. Union.

The Syracuse Standard learns from a gentleman from Utica, that while visiting the Fair Grounds there, he witnessed a scene not laid down in the bills; it is substantially as follows: A gentleman from the South was viewing some nice stock on exhibition, when he discovered that some one was cutting the side pocket of his coat, where he had deposited the snug little sum of \$4000. He waited until his pocket was cut open, and then drew a bowie knife and plunged it into the heart of the robber, killing him instantly, after which he gave himself up to the authorities.

## From the Pittsburg Post.

A nother Convert!

MESSRS HARPER & PHILLIPS: I send you a letter addressed to me by a valued personal friend, Captain PRESLEY NEVILLE GUTHRIE late of the 11th Regiment, U. S. Army, disbanding after the determination of the Mexican war. Captain Guthrie distinguished himself in all the battles of the Valley of Mexico. He was seriously wounded in the dreadful carnage of Molino del Rey, and was breveted for gallant conduct in the battle of Churubusco.

From his youth up, he has been an ardent Whig, and I embrace the medium of your valuable journal to express my thanks to him for his spontaneous and magnanimous tribute to the talent, bravery and lofty patriotism of General Pierce.

I have the honor to be, truly, Your obedient servant,

WILSON M'CANDELLS.

Pittsburg, Sept. 10, 1852.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 3, 1852.

DEAR SIR:—I have, as you are fully aware, since I have had the privilege of voting, always voted for and advocated whig measures and men; and I intend to advocate them until I shall be convinced that they are wrong. But, in the present presidential question, I am fully convinced of the honesty, integrity and ability of General Pierce; for I have known him personally, and feel satisfied that he is too good a patriot and lover of his country to allow any party feeling to influence him contrary to his good judgment in the exercise of his prerogatives if elected, to the detriment of his country. I admire Gen. Pierce for his ability and modesty, and I shall, if I live, give him my vote and do all in my power to get others to do the same.

Gen. Scott's laurels as a hero are enough to satisfy the vanity of any other man living; and, although the country is indebted to him for some of its military glory, it has acknowledged the fact by placing him at the head of that branch for which nature has so eminently benefitted him. Further than this, I cannot go for Gen. Scott.

As for Gen. Pierce's military capacity, that is of no importance now. He was not long enough in the service to be spoiled by it; and I think, from what little I saw of the two men, that Gen. Pierce is by far the best fitted of the two for the Presidency of these United States.

If I am wrong, it is not by desire to do injustice to Gen. Scott. I would not attempt to lower him in the estimation of his countrymen; but I would raise Gen. Pierce to the Presidency in preference to General Scott, because I think he (Scott) is now as high as we can make him, and that, too, on the ladder adapted to his peculiar talent.

In respect to the persons who impeach the courage and valor of Gen. Pierce, I would say that most of them either did not serve in Mexico, or serving there, sustained rather equivocal reputations.

The story of Gen. Pierce having fainted is a contemptibly twisted and over wrought one.—And although he may have fainted, it is no evidence of want of courage; for I saw an instance on the same field and on the same day, when it is said P. fainted, which I think good evidence that the truest and bravest men may faint from pain and suffering.

Our lamented townsman, Lieut. Irons, aid-de-camp to Gen. Cadwallader, whose courage no man has ever or ever will doubt, was taken sick on his horse, and was lifted from it, exhausted and inexcusable, by (I think) Capt. W. H. Irwin, the ex-Adjutant General of Pennsylvania, and myself.

But it is folly to talk about such things. I do not believe that there was a single man, officer or private, in the campaign of Mexico, who, himself a brave man, would cast any such imputation upon Gen. Pierce, if he knew him; and if he did not know him, of course he could not.

Gen. Pierce is a kind-hearted, pleasant and affable man, and in his manner, easy of approach, totally void of hauteur or vanity.

So how you have my opinion of Gen's Scott and Pierce, as also my intention to vote when the time comes, and I still call myself a Whig. Very respectfully, your ob't. serv't.

P. N. GUTHRIE.

WILSON M'CANDELLS, Esq.,

Pittsburg, Pa.

## Singular.

A small bird, of a species unknown to us, was brought to us yesterday morning by a friend it having been killed on the telegraph wire, near St. Mary's Cemetery, beyond Lawrenceville.—The bird alighted on the wire at a spot where a connection had been made by wrapping or twisting, in the usual manner; one end of the wire being left pointing upwards, on which the bird sat. Almost instantly it was observed to fall. The gentleman who noticed this, went to the bird and picked it up. In its breast he found an oblong punctured crifice, (from which blood was flowing,) large enough to admit a small sized pea, which had doubtless been made by the passage of the electric fluid from the point of wire into the breast of the bird, thereby causing its death. There was no other perceptible injury or aperture that might have served as an outlet for the subtle fluid.—Pittsburg Union.

## From the Hartford (Conn.) Times.

A WORD FROM ONE WHO KNOWS!

Frank Pierce in New Hampshire.

We are permitted to copy the following letter though it was not intended for publication. It is from the pen of the Rev. Wm. McDonald the Catholic pastor of Manchester, New Hampshire, and was furnished to a gentleman here, for whose benefit Mr. McDonald wrote down these facts:

Letter from Wm. McDonald, Catholic Pastor in Manchester, New Hampshire.

MANCHESTER, (N. H.) August 21, 1852.

I consider it not only fair, but an act of gratitude to Franklin Pierce, to exculpate him from any implied or expressed coldness in advocating the abolition of the New Hampshire "test." I say an act of gratitude, for I assure you there is not another man in America who more cordially detests bigotry and exclusiveness than he; nor was there one in the Convention of this State, who so energetically endeavored to secure the removal of the "Test." In the town Meeting, called professionally for its abrogation or retention, he used all his brilliant eloquence to induce citizens to vote for its repeal.

I repeat, the Catholics of this State owe him a deep debt of gratitude, which he has unintentionally and frequently imposed on them.

When the Catholic churches in Philadelphia were in flames, he was the leader in calling a Town Meeting in Concord, and therein pleaded the cause of the Catholics, and particularly the safety of the Catholics in Concord.

When, some three or four years ago, emissaries from a New York society, sympathizing with the Portuguese who were said to be persecuted, visited Concord and called a meeting to raise money, Pierce stood up and fearlessly pronounced their history a forgery.

These, and many other kindred facts in the history of Franklin Pierce, you may learn among the Concord Catholics, showing the disinterested honesty of the man, and that his aid and sympathy were tendered before he or any one ever dreamed of his being nominated for the Presidency.

I remain, sir, yours truly,

WM. McDONALD.

## Fanny Fern on Matrimony.

Shouldn't I like to make a bon-fire of all the "Hints to Young Wives," "Married Woman's Friends," &c., and throw in the authors after them. I have a little neighbor who believes all they tell her is gospel truth, and lives up to it. The minute she sees her husband coming up street, she makes for the door, and if she hadn't another minute to live, stands in the entry with her teeth chattering in her head till he gets all his coats and mufflers, and over-shoes, and what do-call-'em, off, then chases round (like a cat in a fit) after the bootjack; warms his slippers, and put them on, and dislocates her wrist carving at the table, for fear it would tire him.

Poor little innocent fool! she imagines that the way to preserve his affections. Preserve fidelity! The consequences is, he's sick of the sight of her: snubs her when she asks him a question, and after he has eaten her good dinners, takes himself off as soon as possible, bearing in mind the old proverb, "that too much of a good thing is good for nothing." Now the truth is just this, and I wish all women on earth had but one ear in common, so that I could put this little bit of gospel into it: Just so long as a man isn't quite as sure as if he knew for certain, whether nothing on earth could disturb your affection for him, he is your humble servant; but the very second he finds you out (or thinks he does) that he has possession of every inch of your heart—and no neutral territory—he will turn on his heel, and march off whistling "Yankee Doodle!"

Now it's no use to take your pocket handkerchief and go sniveling round the house with a pink nose and red eyes: not a bit of it. If you have made the interesting discovery that you were married for a sort of upper servant, or house keeper, just fill that place and no other; keep your temper, keep all his strings, and buttons, and straps on, and then keep him at a distance, as a house keeper should—"them's my sentiments!" I have seen one or two men in my life who could bear to be loved (as a woman with a soul knows how) without being spoiled by it, or converted into a tyrant—but they are rare birds, and should be caught, stuffed, and sent to Baranau! Now, an the minister says, "I'll close with an interesting incident that came under my own observation."

Mr. Fern came home one day when I had such a crucifying headache that I couldn't have told whether I was married or single, and threw an old coat into my lap to mend. Well, I tied a wet bandage over my head, "left all lying," and sat down to it—he might as well asked me to make him a new one; however, I lined the sleeves, mended all the button holes, and sewed on new buttons down the front, and all over the coat tails—when finally it occurred to me (I believe it was a suggestion of Satan) the pocket might need mending; so I turned it inside out, and what do you think I found?—A love letter from him to my Dreamaker! I dropped the coat I dropped the work basket, I dropped the buttons, I dropped the baby, (it was a FEMALE, and I thought it just as well to put her out of future misery) and then I hopped up into a chair in front of the looking glass, and remarked to the young woman I saw there "F-a-n-n-y F-e-r-n-if you are ever such a—confounded-fool-again—and I wasn't!"—Boston Olive Branch.

Hon. R. M. Toombs is making stump speeches in Georgia, in favor of Webster and Jenkins.

## A Nest of Old Men.

Old Parr has been regarded generally hitherto as the next to Methuselah among the aged men of modern times, whose years have been recorded. But in Wakefield, in New Hampshire, there is a perfect nest of ancients—three score and ten being the ordinary span of life there.—Here is a pretty place for city people to spend the summer, and take a draft of life. Urban, in the N. Y. Courier, says, one house contains a small family, four of which are over ninety, and two over ninety-five, and not more than a mile away lives a couple, who have been married upwards of seventy years. Robert Macklin a Scotchman, was cut off here in 1787, at the untimely age of one hundred and twenty-five years, very greatly to his own disappointment; for he supposed that he was going to last as long as his friend, Henry Jenkins, who lived by the accounts to the great age of one hundred and seventy-five years. He was born in the reign of Henry VIII, whom he personally knew, and was at the battle of Flodden Field. Among the lettered men of his contemporaries, were Sir Thomas Moore, Spencer, Sidney, Raleigh, Bacon, Bunyan, Milton and Dryden.

Macklin lies buried in Wakefield, without a tombstone, where they have a touching custom, as in some parts of this State, even where a hearse is used, as it is not Wakefield, which forbids the handling of the remains of the departed by servile hands. The coffin is lifted from the hearse or bier by the dearest friends or neighbors of the dead; and it is they, who lay him gently in his lonely resting place, and cover him with the mould of the valley that shuts him forever from the living—a custom, we believe, once prevalent in New England.

A correspondent of the Liverpool Albion says that some years ago there was a Jerusalemite individual in Paris, who, in the presence of Dr. Robertson and all the medical savans of the day, got into an oven and sang a song while a goose was being cooked. When he went into the oven the pulse was 72, and rose to 130. At the second experiment it rose to 176, the thermometer indicating 100 of Reaumur.—At the third experiment he was stretched on a plank, surrounded by lighted candles, and then put into the oven the mouth of which was this time closed. He was there five minutes, when the spectators cried "Enough!" Accordingly the door was opened, out he came of the fiery gulf, and with his pulse at 206, jumped into a cold bath, and became as cool as a cucumber immediately after.

The Buffalo Commercial relates a curious fact in Natural History, lately developed at the American Hotel in that city. A family having rooms in that hotel, lately left town for a few weeks. On their return, they found that a mouse was in the habit of constantly visiting the cage of a canary bird which had remained in the room during their absence, having taken the opportunity of forming the acquaintance during the unusual stillness of the apartment.—To the surprise of the family it was found that the mouse had been taking lessons in singing of its musical friend, and would constantly give forth notes in exact imitation of the canary's tone, but low and sweet. The little creature now visits the cage nightly, eats of the seed, and endeavors by its singing to excite the attention and call forth the notes of the bird.

The Chicago Tribune says that considerable attention has been excited in the streets of that city, by the appearance of a fine looking personage in Eastern costume. He was a Syrian gentleman of wealth and intelligence, who is visiting this country to gratify his curiosity, to learn all that he can of a people who are, by means of their missionaries and merchants, doing a great deal for the improvement of his own country. He speaks English fluently, and in conversation with a number of citizens, has detailed many interesting facts, showing the progress which Syria is making again in civilization and the arts. He goes thence to St. Paul and to Lake Superior. From there he intends to turn his steps southward, and after a visit to the Southern States, to go to California and the East.

When Amos Kendall was postmaster General, the people of one of the upper countries of North Carolina petitioned for the establishment of a new post office to be located between two localities, called by the rather odious names of "Polcaet" and "Stinking Quarter."—The applicants being unable to agree among themselves as to the name of their new office, referred that point to Mr. Kendall. He promptly established the office, and called it "Harts-horn."

The Boston Courier has hoisted the Webster and Jenkins ticket, making two papers now in that city advocating that ticket, the Daily Bee having come out for Mr. Webster several months ago. Both of these papers, however support the regular whig nominees for State officers.

Every street, lane, court and alley in London, is patrolled at least once every half hour by the police.