

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

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TERMS.
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V. B. PALMER, Esq., is authorized to act as Agent for this paper, to procure subscriptions and advertisements in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Boston.

OFFICES:
Philadelphia—Number 59 Pine street.
Baltimore—S. E. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets.
New York—Number 160 Nassau street.
Boston—Number 16 State street.

STANTON'S EXTERNAL REMEDY
CALLED

HUNT'S LINIMENT.
IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE

The Infallible Remedy.
For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contractions of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Issues, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Breast and Chest, Ague in the Breast and Face, Tooth Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Salt Rheum, Burns, Frosted Feet, and all Nervous Diseases.

The following certificate of the restoration to health and the perfect cure of a deformed and crippled child, who was thought to be beyond the reach of hope, shows that, no matter how appalling the case may be, there is a remedy in HUNT'S LINIMENT, that will conquer the most desperate cases, and that, if the disease be curable, this celebrated external remedy will do it. It has never failed in giving immediate relief if timely applied, as proved by the abundance of high and unimpeachable testimony, the particulars of which are to be found in the pamphlets which are to be had of every agent.

GEORGE E. STANTON, Esq.—Sir—I feel called upon by the tie of gratitude, to offer the following testimony in favor of Hunt's Liniment. My grandson, Clarke E. Evans, who is now ten years of age, has been for the last eight years a cripple, caused by falling from a chair when he was two years old, and wrenching his spine. From the time of the occurrence, we have tried every means to restore him to his natural shape, but all without avail. We took him to New York and placed him under the care of a physician of skill, and after remaining there some time, we brought him home no better than when we took him there. For several days at times he was so helpless that he could only walk by placing his hands upon his knees for support, giving him the appearance of a deformed hunchback. He was also taken to Newburg and prescribed for without any better success. At times he would be strong enough to go out doors, but after playing an hour would come in perfectly exhausted, and for several days would be again perfectly helpless. We had lost all hope of ever again seeing him restored to his natural strength or shape—but a kind Providence placed your external remedy in my hands. I have used four bottles, and I am rejoiced to say that the boy is now as straight and strong as any boy of his age. Any of my neighbors will testify to the truth of this statement. I take sincere pleasure in stating these facts for the benefit of those who are suffering under the like calamity.

Yours, respectfully,
RACHEL SHUTE.
This is to certify, That I am personally acquainted with the subscriber, Mrs. Shute, as well as the boy alluded to, and frankly bear witness to the deformity of which he was seriously afflicted, apparently for life.—Dated Sing Sing, June 9, 1845.
HENRY HARRIS,
Justice of the Peace.

For particulars of cures, see the certificate accompanying each bottle.
HOADLY, PHELPS & CO., 142 Water street, wholesale Agents. Orders addressed to them, or to the proprietor, Sing Sing, will be attended to.
GEORGE E. STANTON,
Dated March 19, 1846.
For sale by Thomas Read & Son, Huntingdon, and the principal Stores and Druggists throughout the country.
July 15, 1846.

DR. H. K. NEFF,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Huntingdon, Pa.
Come taste and try, I am sure you will buy, some very superior molasses, at the cheap CASH STORE of
JOHN N. PROWELL,
Huntingdon, March 11, 1846.

Blanks!
A large supply of JUSTICES' BLANKS, on superior paper, just printed, and for sale at

NEW STORE.

Who Wants Great Bargains?
Dr. Wm. Swoope,
Respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon and vicinity, that he has lately returned from the city of Philadelphia with an entire NEW STOCK of Goods, which he offers for sale a few doors east of the new Presbyterian Church and directly opposite the residence of Mrs. Allison, Main street. He is fully determined to

SELL CHEAPER
than any establishment in Huntingdon, or further, than any in Huntingdon county.—The stock consists of a general assortment of
SPRING, SUMMER and WINTER DRY-GOODS; such as Broad Cloths of various colours; Cassimeres single and double milled; a good assortment of Vestings, Sattinettes and Flannels; all descriptions of Woolen & Summer goods; consisting in part, of Silks, Lawns, Shawls, Gingham, Calicoes, Balsarines, Balsarine Lawns, Gingham Lawns, Hosiery, Muslin, Suspenders, Ribbons, Linens, Checks, Fickings, Sunshades, Parasols, Summer Goods, for men and boys' wear; Also, a carefully selected assortment of Queensware, and

Hardware, Composed of Iron, Steel, Saws, Scythes, Sickles, Hammers, Axes, Nails, Traces, Shovels, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Knives & Forks, Shovels & Tongs, Looking Glasses, etc., etc. ALSO,
Groceries: Such as Coffee, Sugar, Teas, Tobacco, Oils, (fish and Sperm.) Molasses of different qualities, Fish, &c. &c.
All articles kept at this store will be disposed of on very reasonable terms for CASH, or in exchange for all kinds of country produce.
He hopes that persons before purchasing elsewhere, will give him a call.
Huntingdon, May 27, 1846.

WAR! WAR! MORE WAR!
In Texas, Mexico, and Oregon!
GREAT EXCITEMENT!!
Latest arrivals of Spring and Summer Goods,
At the Cheap Cash Store of JOHN N. PROWELL,
Directly opposite Wallace's Hotel, Huntingdon, Penna.

A Splendid assortment of **LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S DRESS GOODS,** Consisting in part of **CLOTHS** of every description,
Cassimeres, Vestings, Satinets, Sheetings, Tickings, Linens, Checks, Gingham, Calicoes, Lawns, Gingham Lawns, Balsarines, Balsarine Lawns, Shawls, Hosiery, Ribbons, Suspenders, Table Diapers, &c. Also, Groceries and Queensware,
In short everything that is necessary for the wants of the public. As his stock has been selected with an eye single to the interests of the community, persons would do well to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere. Thankful for past favors, he still hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage.
N. B.—He would wish to be distinctly understood, that he can sell a little cheaper than any store up town. All you have to do to satisfy yourselves of this fact is to give us a call.
All kinds of marketing, such as Butter, Eggs, Bacon, Wool, Rags, &c., taken in exchange for goods.
May 27, 1846.

Valuable Real Estate At Orphans' Court Sale.
BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, will be exposed to public vendue or outcry, on

Thursday the 31st day of July next, at the public house of SAMUEL STEFFY, in Jackson township, **EIGHT TRACTS** of Unsettled Land, late the property of Jacob K. Neff, dec'd, situate in said township, one containing 400 acres, surveyed on a warrant in the name of Henry Canan: One containing 400 acres, surveyed on a warrant in the name of David Stewart: One containing 400 acres, surveyed on a warrant in the name of A. Johnson: One containing 400 acres, surveyed on a warrant in the name of Hugh Johnson: One containing 400 acres, surveyed on a warrant in the name of Henry West: One containing 400 acres, surveyed on a warrant in the name of Thos. McCue: One containing 420 acres, surveyed on a warrant in the name of James Dean, and one containing 400 acres, surveyed on a warrant in the name of John Adams.

TERMS—One-half of the purchase money to be paid on the confirmation of the sales, respectively, and the balance within one year thereafter, with interest, to be secured by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser.
By order of the Court,
JACOB MILLER, Clerk.
Attendance will be given by
JOHN NEFF, Esq.,
June 17, 1846.

JOHN SCOTT, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HUNTINGDON, PA.,
Will attend with promptness and fidelity to all business with which he may be entrusted in Huntingdon or the adjoining counties.
His office is the one formerly occupied by James Steel, Esq., nearly opposite Jackson's Hotel.
Huntingdon March 11, 1846.

POETRY.

POETRY BY JOHN Q. ADAMS.

Miss ELLEN M. COBBY, of John and Thomas Forrest, Baltimore county, presented to Mr. Adams, a few weeks ago, a pair of knit gloves. In acknowledging their reception, the 'old man eloquent' penned the following lines:

Who shall say that public life
Is nothing but discordant strife?
And he whose heart is tuned to love,
Tender and gentle as the dove,
Must whet his talons, night and day,
For conflicts with the birds of prey?

This world is fashioned, Lady fair!
Of Joy and Sorrow, Ease and Care,
Of sudden changes, small and great;
Of upward and of downward fate:
And who bends his mood to trace
The annals of man's fallen race,
May sigh to find that nature's plan
Is ruthless war from man to man.
But nature cruel, to be kind,
Not to war only man consigned;
But gave him woman on the spot,
To mingle pleasure in his lot,
That if with man war cannot cease,
With woman reigns eternal peace.

Fair Lady, I have lived on earth
Nigh fourscore Summers from my birth;
And half the sorrows I have felt
Have by my brother man been dealt;
And all the ills I have endured
By man inflicted, woman cured.
The glove from man to man thou know'st,
Of fierce defiance is the boast;
And cast in anger on the floor,
To mortal combat shows the door.
But gloves from woman's gentle hand,
Of cordial friendship bear the wand;
And in return a single glove
Betokens emblematic Love.

Thy gift, fair Ellen, then I take,
And cherish for the giver's sake:
And while they shelter from the storm
My hands, the Heart alike shall warm;
And speed for thee to God above,
The fervid prayer of faithful love.
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
Washington, April 19, 1846.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

The Heroine of Fort Brown.
More familiarly known in the Army of Occupation as the "Great Western," was first brought to the notice of the public in a few remarks by Lieut. Bragg, at the collation given by the army to the Louisiana Delegation, at Gen. Arista's head quarters, in Matamoros. He mentioned her gallant conduct and noble bearing during the whole of the bombardment. A few of the incidents of the life of this extraordinary woman, which I have been able to pick up in the camp, will read with some interest; they prove that the sex has not been unrepresented in the soul-stirring and bloody scenes on the Rio Grande.

The Great Western belongs to a class known and recognized in the organization of the army as "Landresses," three of whom are allowed to draw rations in each company, and are required to wash for the soldiers thereof, at a price regulated by a council of officers. She arrived at Corpus Christi last Autumn, with the 7th infantry, to one of the companies of which her husband was attached.—Up to the time the army marched for the Rio Grande, she performed all her appropriate duties, and in addition, kept a "mess" for the young officers of the regiment.

When the army took up its line of march for the Rio Grande, the women with a few rare exceptions were left behind to come by sea. A very few procerous ponies and followed their husbands on their tedious and arduous march. Not so with "THE GREAT WESTERN." Her husband was sent by water, whether on duty or for disability I am unable to learn; but she true to her character, declaring that "the boys" (young officers of her mess) "must have somebody to take care of them," purchased a mule and cart, packed her luggage, cooking utensils and supplies, mounted behind her donkey, with a whip in hand, and displayed upon the whole route qualities and attainments which the best teamster in the train might have envied. During the whole of the journey she kept up the "mess," a relief from the burdens of which is the greatest boon to an officer on the march. The Brigade to which she was attached arrived upon the banks of the Sal Colorado as Gen. Taylor was preparing to cross with the Dragons and the 1st Brigade of Infantry. The Mexicans upon the opposite bank were making great demonstrations by blowing bugles, etc. etc. After calmly surveying the scene from her cart, she remarked with great coolness and determination, that "if the General would give her a good strong pair of tongs, she would wade that river and whip every scoundrel that dare show himself!" It may be imagined that the men were not backward in crossing after that.

When Gen. Taylor marched for Point Isabel with his army, on the 1st May, the 7th Infantry, and of course, the Great Western, remained to garrison Fort Brown. How that noble regiment and the two companies of Artillery left in this work sustained themselves, is already known, but nothing will more gratify them than to have justice done their gallant heroine, of whom they speak in the warmest terms. She, with all the other women left behind, some eight or ten, moved into the fort, where her mess was soon put in operation, the position of her tent and fire being near the centre of the fort. The enemy's fire opened on the 3d, just as she was commencing her arrangements for the "boys' breakfast. Every security that could possibly be provided was offered the women, to whom the gallant soldier always gives his first attention.

The magazines were the only "bomb proofs" in the fort, and as the government had sent no ammunition to fill them the next most inflammable material—the women—found perfect security in them. These women, however, be it said to the honor of the sex, were not idle. Most nobly did they ply the needle in preparing sand-bags out of the officers' and soldiers' tents, wherewith to strengthen the work, and protect the artillerymen when serving their guns. The Great Western, true to herself again, declined participating in this protection or sewing, and continued her labors at the fire, in the open air. From the firing of the first gun all hands were at their posts, Ford's and Bragg's artillery speaking in tones of thunder the indignation they felt at being thus saluted on a bright May morning. When the hour arrived for breakfast, but few expected the luxury which awaited them. The mess was as well attended to as if nothing but a morning drill with blank cartridges had come off, and in addition a large supply of delicious hot coffee was awaiting the thirsty, who had but to call and partake, without distinction of rank. To some of the Artillerymen, who were unable to leave their guns the beverage was carried by this ministering angel, and, as may readily be believed, no bells of Orleans, as much as she might be admired or beloved, ever met a more gracious reception. The fire of the artillery was kept up almost incessantly until dinner hour—a soldier's dinner hour is 1 o'clock—when the good and generous woman again provided for those who were almost utterly exhausted and worn out, a delicious dish of bean soup—this bean soup is declared by the Mexicans to be the foundation of that invincible spirit which they have seen so strikingly displayed by the Yankee soldiers. This she distributed again, without money and without price. Thus did she continue to discharge her duties during the seven days that the enemy kept up an incessant cannonade and bombardment. She was ever to be found at her post; her meals were always ready at the hour, and always of the best the market afforded. When the despatches were made up for Gen. Taylor on the evening of the 4th, a number of officers and others had written to their friends at Point Isabel, and among them the Great Western had found time to communicate with her husband; and I have frequently heard it said by those who saw her letter, for it was loudly called for and made public, that her description, if not the most accurate, was certainly the most graphic which was given of the events of the 3d and 4th May. She expressed her full confidence in the ability of the garrison to sustain itself, and only regretted the absence of her husband. To supply his place, however, I am told that she applied, early in the action, for a musket and ammunition, which she received and put in a secure place, expressing her determination to have full satisfaction whenever the enemy should dare approach within range of her piece. This they never did, and our heroine must rest contented with the reflection that she nobly performed her own duty, and will long be remembered by the besieged garrison of Fort Brown.

She is probably as celebrated for her personal appearance as she is for her deeds. With an erect and majestic carriage, she glories in a height—six feet—which fully entitles her to a place in the Grenadiers, any soldier of which might well envy her athletic but graceful form. But her reputation, the desert of all things to a woman, is what she prides herself on. The tongue of slander has never dared to attack her well earned and well sustained conduct. With virtue as a basis, and such heroic conduct to build with, she never needed for the necessity of exercising her extraordinary physical ability in defence of that reputation. But if attacked, the gallant defenders of Fort Brown, I doubt not, be found pressing forward in her defence, and we be to the dastard who receives a discharge of artillery from such gunners.

Yours truly, H.

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.

Many of our married lady readers, are not aware how a husband ought to be cooked, so as to make a good dish of him. We have lately seen a receipt in an English paper, contributed by one "Mary," which points out the "modus operandi" of preparing and cooking husbands. "Mary" says, that a good many husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women go about it as if their lords were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water, while others again freeze them by conjugal coldness. Some smother them in hatred, contention and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and good managed in this way; but they are, on the contrary, quite delicious when well preserved. Mary points out the manner as follows:—Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness, (which by the by, all good wives have at hand.) Being placed in it, set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear. Above all let the heat be regular and constant; cover him well over with equal quantities of affection, kindness and subjection. Keep plenty of these things by you, and be very attentive to supply the place of any that may waste by evaporation, or any other cause. Garnish with modest becoming familiarity and innocent pleasantry, and if you add kisses or other confectionaries, accompany them with a sufficient portion of secrecy and it would not be amiss to add a little prudence and moderation.

Honor among Thieves.

There is an incident connected with the medal presented by Congress to General Scott, which we cannot forbear to relate. It illustrates a great principle of human action, and indicates how deeply the feeling of reverence for distinguished and brilliant services sinks into the heart, and how pure that feeling may remain when other and kindred voices have yielded to temptation.

This medal was deposited by Gen. Scott many years since for safe keeping in the City Bank of the city of New York. Some time after, the bank was entered by false keys, and robbed of bullion and other funds to the large amount of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.
The robber, on entering the bank the day after the robbery, discovered that the safe had been forced, and soon ascertained the extent of the loss.—On examining the trunk in which the medal was deposited, he found to his surprise and delight, that the medal was safe, though every dollar of the bullion deposited with it had been taken. The matter was inexplicable to the officers of the bank.—The robber had burst open the trunk, and stripped it of its valuable contents, opened the case which enclosed the medal, and yet left that large piece of massive gold behind. No motive could be discovered for such an act. The robber was finally arrested, the funds recovered, and the law satisfied by a full term of service in the state prison.

At a subsequent period, in passing down the Hudson river on board a steamboat, Gen. Scott's purse was abstracted from his pocket. The fact being made known to the chief of the police, the money was soon recovered and restored. It was during the progress of this investigation, that the burglar who had robbed the City Bank reproached his confederates with their want of honorable bearing. He said, "that when he took the money from the city bank, he saw, and well knew the value of the medal, but scorned to take from the soldier what had been given by the gratitude of his country."

This incident is a curious phenomenon in the operations of the human mind. A man who had made theft and robbery his profession, and felt no compunction in seizing the property of others, propels his way with a dark lantern, through damp vaults and narrow passages, until at length he reaches the object of his hopes. He breaks the locks, and his dim light discovers bags of gold. He seizes them with avidity. In his search he discovers the medal of a patriotic soldier. One current of virtuous feeling had not been corrupted. He replaces the treasure and rejoices that he yet loves his country and honors her defenders.—*Manchester's Life of Scott.*

Hydrophobia or Rabies in Cats.

Yonatt, the celebrated veterinarian, in his work on "The Dog," remarks, in the division devoted to the consideration of that horrible affection rabies, "that fortunately for us, rabies in the cat, does not often occur; for a mad cat is a truly ferocious animal. I have seen two cases, one of them to my cost; yet I am unable to give any satisfactory account of the progress of the disease. The first stage seems to be one of sullenness, and which would probably last till death; but from that sullenness it is dangerous to rouse the animal. It probably would not, except in the paroxysm of rage, attack any one; but during that paroxysm it knows no fear, nor has its ferocity any bounds. A cat that had been the playmate of the children, had all at once become sullen and ill-tempered. It had taken refuge in an upper room, and could not be coaxed from the corner in which it had crouched. It was nearly dead when I went. I saw the horrible glare of her eyes, but I could not see so much of her as I wished, and I said that I would call again in the morning. I found the patient on the following day, precisely in the same situation and the same attitude, crouched up in a corner, and ready to spring. I was very much interested in the case; and as I wanted to study the countenance of this demon, for she looked like one, I was foolishly, inexcusably imprudent. I went on my hands and knees and gazed on those glaring eyes and that horrible countenance, until I seemed to feel the deadly influence of a spell stealing over me. I was not afraid, but every mental end bodily power was in a manner suspended. My countenance perhaps alarmed her, for she sprang on me, fastened herself on my face, and bit through both my lips. She then darted down stairs, and, I believe, was never seen again. I always have nitrate of silver in my pocket; even now I am never without it. I washed myself, and applied the caustic with some severity to the wound; and my medical adviser and valued friend, Mr. Milington, punished me still more after I got home. My object was obtained, although at somewhat too much cost, for the expression of that brute's countenance will never be forgotten."

Scene in a Court Room.

The following rich scene, says the New Orleans Picayune, recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the Judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam:—
Judge.—What is your native language.
Witness.—I pe no native; I's a Dootchman.
Judge.—Wha's your mother's tongue?
Witness.—O, fader say she be all tongue.
Judge.—(in an irritable tone) What language did you first learn? What language did you speak in the cradle?
Witness.—I did not speak no language in te cradle at all; I only cried in Dootch.
Then there was a general laugh, in which the Judge, jury and audience joined. The witness was interrogated no farther about his native language.

GENERALS FIGHTING FOR SEVEN DOLLARS A MONTH.

When General Vega was led into the American Camp, he asked General Taylor how many generals he had in his army. The reply of "Old Rough and Ready" was characteristic of the man. "I think there are about fifteen hundred.—We are all generals to-day." And upon all occasions he has spoken in the highest terms of the conduct of the private soldiers, during the battles of the 8th and 9th of May. The result of these battles depended mainly upon the individual daring of the soldiers. And these men, who upon those occasions were all generals, are paid seven dollars a month by a government professing a due regard for the equality of men. In regard to our Army and Navy, we are the most aristocratic people in the world. We pay and treat the officers like princes, but we pay and treat the private like slaves. The private is miserably paid, and what is worse, he has no chance of rising. Like the serf of Russia, he is chained down to his degrading condition. In the Army and Navy of no other country, save England, is this the case. Why not make lieutenants of some of those noble fellows who won the victories of the Rio Grande? But the Government will neither do that, increase their pay, or give them a quarter section of land. They have given them a vote of thanks, and have it in contemplation to give each of them a brass medal. A most magnanimous Republic!—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A Brilliant Bridal.

A London correspondent of the Boston Traveller, says, that great preparations have been made in Russia, for the forthcoming nuptials of the Duchess Olga, daughter of the Emperor, and the Hereditary Prince of Wurtemberg. This ceremony will surpass in magnificence any thing of the kind that has taken place in Europe in modern times. The Duchess Olga is represented as a very beautiful woman, and surpassed in personal appearance by none of the Princesses of Europe. A series of grand fetes will be given, and continued for three days. The Empress of Russia will be present and join the throng of crowned heads. These fetes will take place at the Emperor's summer palace and garden at Peterhoff, on the borders of the gulf, and two hours drive from St. Petersburg. They will be the most brilliant and expensive ever got up in Europe. The artists of every nation have been a long time employed to contribute their handicraft or talents to render every thing unequalled in modern times. It is supposed that amongst the entertainments there will be a grand review of fifty thousand men.—Every regiment of cavalry will have a different colored horse, and every horse in each regiment, even to a spot, will be alike. Such a military display, it is said, cannot be equalled in the world.

A Multiplying Saddle.

We find, in one of our Southern exchanges, a story told of a shrewd and cunning merchant, in order to illustrate a striking trait in human nature, that were money is readily made it is usually not well taken care of, to show how important it is that every individual should examine the items charged in his bill.

A merchant of Mississippi, during a day's business in which he had been crowded with customers, sold a saddle to the amount of forty dollars, but had neglected to make the charge. Next day he missed the saddle and recollected the fact of the sale, but not the individual who had bought it.—After raking his memory for some time to no purpose, he directed his clerk Jim to turn to his ledger alphabet and read off the Ws, then the Ss, the Bs, the Cs, and other letters in succession; all to no purpose. Tired out with mental exercise and as the readiest way of settling the difficulty, "Jim," said he, "charge a saddle to every one of the customers." This was accordingly done. When the planters had got their cotton in, and settling time came round, the bills were presented, and if occasionally one man, more prudent than his neighbors, went through the drudgery of examining a long list of sundries got by different members of the family, he might possibly discover a saddle which they had not got, or one more than they had got, and objecting to the item, it would be struck out of course, alleging there was some mistake.

When all the accounts had been settled up, "Well, Jim," said the store-keeper, "how many customers paid you for the saddle?" Jim examined and reported thirty one. "Little enough," exclaimed his employer, "for the trouble we have had to find out who got it."

This story may be viewed as exhibiting dishonesty on the part of the tradesman—but it more strikingly shows the carelessness of wealthy Southerners with regard to money. It may well be asked in view of it, "who in the North or East would pay an item of forty dollars without examining the bill which embraced it?"
The wife of one of the Louisville volunteers was much opposed to his leaving home, and to avoid the pain of a farewell, he left home without bidding her good bye. Soon after she heard of his departure, and dropped dead on the floor.