LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
O. N. WORDEN, Printer.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1853.

VOLUME X.—NO. 21.
WHOLE NUMBER, 499.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL,

Issued on FRIDAY mornings at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.

TERMS.—$1,50 per year, for cash actually in advance $1.75, if paid within three months; $2.00 if paid within a year; $2.50 if not paid before the year expires; 5 cents for single numbers. Subscriptions for six months or less, to be paid in advance. Discontinuances optional with the Publisher, except when the year is paid up.

ADVERTISEMENTS handsomely inserted at 50 cents per square, one week, $1 four weeks, $5 a year; two squares, $1 for six months, $7 for a year. Merchantile advertisements, not exceeding one fourth of a column, $10 a year.

JOB WORK and casual advertisements to be paid for when handed in or delivered.

COMMUNICATIONS solicited on all subjects of general interest not within the range of party or sectarian contest. All letters must come post-paid, accompanied by the real address of the writer, to receive attention. ☞Those relating exclusively to the Editorial Department, to be directed to HENRY C. HICKOK, Esq., *Editor*—and those on business to O. N. WORDEN, *Publisher*.

OFFICE in Beaver's new block on Market Square, north side, 2d story, left hand door.

O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

FADED AND GONE.

Faded and gone are the Summer's sweet flowers,
Strewn by the wintry wind o'er the dark mould!
Smilers, when sunlight stole thro' the soft hours,
Down from you azure their leaves to unfold.
Bright were their beauties when breezes swept on
O'er the blue waters to gather perfume;
Whisperers lovely, now faded and gone!
Slumberers lonely 'mid chilliness and gloom!
Oh! but the Spring time will come o'er the plain,
Wooing the whispering blossoms again,
With its soft tread on the emerald lawn—
Then we'll not mourn for the faded and gone!

Faded and gone are the ones that we cherished,
Fondly and true, in our bosoms of yore!
Slumbering beds may awake o'er the perished,
Their faded hearts shall unfold no more.
Sweet is the music that Memory flings
O'er the oasis of life's early love,
Where flew the angel on fluttering wings,
Bearing our lost through the starlight above;
Oh! there's a land where the perished ones bloom,
Where cometh never a shadow of gloom!
Fadeless and fair is that glorious dawn—
Then we'll not mourn for the faded and gone!

Faded and gone are the sweet dreams of childhood,
When the young wings of the Spirit were free,
Folded or fanned 'mid the shadowy wildwood—
Sweeping the surface of life's sunny sea.
Time's fading finger hath sullied the leaf,
Stainless and lovely in childhood's pure years;
Pages of beauty once brilliant, yet brief,
Wear its deep impress of changes and tears!
Oh! but the blossoms of childhood will bloom
Brightly again, o'er the shadowy Tomb
Infinite gladness flow endlessly on—
Then we'll not murmur for the faded and gone!

From the N. Y. Musical World & Times.

INCIDENT AT THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

Rescue of a Mother and Three Children from Starvation and Infamy.

Last week I attempted a faint sketch of Mr. Pease's labors at the Five Points House of Industry. It was *only* a sketch. To be able to appreciate Mr. Pease's toils and sacrifices and self-denying labors, one must visit the locality: one must wind through those dirty streets and alleys, and see the wrecks of humanity that meet him at every step; he must see children so dirty and squalid that they scarcely resemble human beings, playing in filthy gutters and using language that would curdle his blood to hear from *childhood's* lips: he should see men, "made in God's own image," brutalized beyond his power to imagine; he should see women (girls of not more than twenty years) reeling about the pavements in a state of beastly intoxication, without a trace of feminity in their vicious faces; he should pass the rum shops, where men and women are quarreling and fighting and swearing, while childhood listens and *learns*—he should pass the second-hand clothes cellars, where hard featured Jewish dealers swing out faded refuse garments, (pawned by starving virtue for bread,) to sell to the needy, half-naked emigrant for his last penny; he should see decayed fruit and vegetables which the most ravenous swine might well root twice over before devouring purchased as daily food by these poor creatures; he should see *gentlemen* (?) threading these streets, not to make all this misery less, God knows, but to sever the last thread of hope to which many a tempted one is despairingly clinging.

One must see all this, before he can form a just idea of the magnitude and importance of the work Mr. Pease has single-handed and nobly undertaken; remembering that men of wealth and influence have their own reasons for using that wealth and influence (in opposition to Mr. Pease) to perpetuate this modern Sodom.

One should spend an hour in Mr. Pease's house, to see the constant drafts upon his time and strength, in the shape of calls and messages, and especially the applications for relief that *his* slender purse alas! is often not able to answer; he should see his unwearied patience and activity, admire the kind sympathetic heart—unaffected by toil or the frowns of temporizing theorists—ever warm, ever pitiful, giving not only "the *crumbs* from his table," but often his own meals to the hungry—his own wardrobe to the naked; he should see *this*, and go away *ashamed* to have lived so long and done so little to help the maimed, and sick, and lame to Bethesda's Pool.

I will relate an incident that occurred, some time since, at the House of Industry, and which serves as a fair sample of daily occurrences there.

One morning an aged lady, of respectable appearance, called at the Mission House and enquired for Mr. Pease. She was told that he was engaged, and asked if some one else would not do as well. She said respectfully, "No; my business is with him; I will wait, if you please, till he can see me."

Mr. Pease immediately came in, when the old lady commenced her story:

"I came, sir," said she, "in behalf of a poor unfortunate woman and three children. She is living now"—and the tears dropped over her wrinkled face—"in a bad place in Willet street, in a basement. There are rum shops all around it, and many drunken people about the neighborhood. She has made out to pay the rent, but has had no food for the poor little children, who have subsisted on what they could manage to beg in the day time. The landlord promised, when she hired the basement, to put a lock on the door, and make it comfortable, so that "the Croton" need not run in: but he got his rent and then broke his promise, and they have not seen him since."

"Is the woman respectable?" enquired Mr. Pease.

"Yes—no—not exactly," said the poor old lady, violently agitated. "She was well brought up. She has a good heart, sir, but a bad head, and then trouble has discouraged her. Poor Mary—yes sir, it *must* have been the *trouble*—for I know her *heart* is good, sir. I"—tears choked the old lady's utterance. Recovering herself, she continued:

"She had a kind husband once. He was the father of her two little girls: six years ago he died, and—the poor thing—oh! sir, you don't know how dear she is to *me*;" and burying her aged face in her hands, she sobbed aloud. Mr. Pease's kind heart interpreted the old lady's emotion, without the pain of an explanation. In the weeping woman before him he saw the *mother* of the lost one.

Yes, she was "Mary's" mother. Poverty could not chill her love; shame and the world's scorn had only filled her heart with a Godlike pity.

After a brief pause she brushed away her tears and went on:

"Yes, sir; Mary was a good child to me *once;* she respected religion and religious people, and used to love to go to church, but lately sir, God knows she has almost broke my heart. Last spring I took her home, and the three dear children; but she would not listen to me, and left without telling me where she was going I heard that there was a poor woman living in a basement in Willet street, with three children, and my heart told me that was my poor lost Mary, and there I found her. But oh, sir—oh sir"—and she sobbed, as if her heart were breaking—*such* a place! *My* Mary, that I used to cradle in these arms to sleep, that lisped her little evening prayer at *my* knee—*my* Mary, *drank* in that terrible place!"

She was getting so agitated that Mr. Pease, wishing to turn the current of her thoughts, asked her if she herself was a member of any church. She said yes, of the ——street Baptist Church. She said she was a widow, and had had one child beside Mary—a son. And her face lighted up as she said:

"Oh sir, he was such a *fine* lad. He *did* all he could to make me happy; but he thought, that if he went to California he could make money, and when he left he said 'Cheer up, dear mother; I'll come back and give my money all to *you*, and you shall never work any more.'"

"I can see him now, sir, as he stood there, with his eye kindling. Poor lad! poor lad! He came back, but it was only to die. His last words were, 'God will care for you, mother—I know it—when I'm gone to Heaven' Oh! if I could have seen my poor *girl* die as he did, before she became so bad. Oh, sir, *won't* you take her *here?—won't* you try to make her good?—*can't* you make her good, sir? *I can't* give Mary up. Nobody cares for Mary now but me. Won't you try, sir.

Mr. Pease promised that he would do all he could, and sent a person out with the old lady, to visit "Mary," and obtain particulars: he soon returned and corroborated all the old lady's statements. Mr. Pease then took a friend and started to see what could be done.

In Willet street is a rickety old wooden building, filled to overflowing with the refuse of humanity. The basement is lighted with two small windows half under ground and in this wretched hole lived Mary and her children. As Mr. Pease descended the steps into the room, he heard some one say, "Here he comes, grandmother! he's come—he's come!"

The door was opened. On a pile of rags in the corner lay Mary, "my Mary," as the old lady tearfully called her.

God of mercy! what a wreck of beautiful womanhood! Her large blue eyes glared with maniac wildness, under the influence of intoxication. Long waves of auburn hair fell, in tangled masses, over a form wasted, yet beautiful in its graceful outlines.

Poor, lost Mary!

"*Such* a place!" as her mother had, weeping, said. Not a table, or chair, or bedstead, or article of furniture in it, of any description. On the mantle-piece stood a beer-bottle with a half burnt candle in its nose. A few broken, dirty dishes stood upon the shelf, and a quantity of filthy rags lay scattered round the floor.

The grandmother was holding by the hand a sweet child of eight years, with large, bright eyes, and auburn hair (like poor Mary's) falling about her neck. An older girl of twelve, with a sweet, Madonna face (that seemed to light up even *that* wretched place with a beam of Heaven stood near, bearing in her arms a babe of sixteen months, (which was not so large as one of eight months should have been) whose little hands looked like bird's claws, and whose little bones seemed almost piercing the skin.

The old lady went up to her daughter, saying, "Mary, dear, this is the gentleman who is willing to take you to his house, if you will try to be good."

"Get out of the room, you old hypocrite," snarled the intoxicated woman, "or I'll——(and she clutched a hatchet beside her)—I'll show you! You are the worst old woman I ever knew, except the one you brought in here the other day, and she is a devil outright. Talk to *me* about being *good!*—ha—ha"—and she laughed an idiot laugh.

"Mother," said the eldest child, sweetly laying her little hand upon her arm—"*dear* mother, don't, please—don't hurt grandmother. She is good and kind to us; she only wants to get you out of this bad place, where you will be treated kindly."

"Yes—dear mother," chimed in the younger sister, bending her little curly head over her, "mother, you said once you *would* go. Don't keep us here any longer, mother. We are cold and hungry. Please get up and take us away; we are afraid to stay here, mother, dear."

"Yes, Mary," said the old lady, handing her down a faded, ragged gown, "here is your dress; put it on, won't you?"

Mary raised herself on the pile of rags on which she was lying, and pushing the eldest girl across the room, screamed out, "Get away, you impudent little thing! you are just like your grandmother. I tell you *all*," said she, raising herself on one elbow, and tossing back her auburn hair from her broad white forehead. "I tell you all, I *never* will go from here, *never!* I *love* this place. So many fine people come here, and we have such good times. There is a gentleman who takes care of me: he brought me some candles last night, and he says that I shan't want for anything if I will only get rid of these troublesome children—*my husband's* children." And she hid her face in her hands and laughed convulsively.

"You may have *them*," she continued, "just as soon as you like—baby and all; but I never will go from this place. I *love* it. A great many fine people come here to see me."

The poor old lady wrung her hands and wept, while the children clung round their grandmother, with half averted faces, trembling and silent.

Mr. Pease said to her, "Mary, you may either go with me or I'll send for an officer and have you carried to the station house. Which will you do?"

Mary cursed and raved, but finally put on the dress the old lady handed her, and consented to go with them. A carriage was soon procured and Mary helped inside: Mr. Pease lifting in the baby and the two little girls, and away they started for the Five Points House of Industry.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed the younger of the girls, how very pleasant it is to ride in this nice carriage, and to get away from that dirty place; we shall be so happy now, mother; and Edith and the baby too; see, he is laughing: he likes to ride.—You will love sister Edith and baby, and me, *now*, won't you, dear mother? and you won't frighten us with the hatchet any more, or hurt dear grandmother, will you?

Arriving at Mr. Pease's house, the delight of the little creatures was unbounded. They caught hold of their mother's faded dress, saying, "Didn't we *tell* you, mother, that you would have a pleasant home here? Only see that nice garden! you didn't have a garden in Willett street, mother!

Reader, would you know that mother's after history?

Another "Mary" hath "bathed the Saviour's feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head,"—her name is no longer written Mary *Magdalena*. In the virtuous home of her aged mother, she sits clothed in her right mind, "and her children rise up and call her *blessed*.

FANNY FERN.

County Postmasters should bear in mind, (says the Fredonia *Advertiser,*) for their advantage as well as that of the local press, that for every county paper delivered by them to subscribers, they are entitled to retain of the Post Office funds, ten and one-half cents per year. It is for their interest as well as that of our publishers, that the county papers be prefered, since there is no trouble of making collections or keeping accounts thereof, as on foreign papers, the comission on which will not average more than from six to eight cents per year.

From the Horticulturalist.

The Favorite Poison of America.

There is a curious but indisputable fact (somebody *must* say it) touching our present condition and appearance, as a nation of men, women and children, in which we Americans compare most unfavorably with the people of Europe, and especially those of northern Europe—England and France for example. It is neither in religion or morality, law or liberty. In these great essentials every American feels that his country is the birth-place of a larger number of robust and healthy souls than any other. But in the bodily condition, the *signs of physical health*, and all that constitutes the outward aspect of the men and women of the United States, our countrymen, and especially countrywomen, and compare most unfavorably with all but the absolutly starving classes on the other side of the Atlantic. So completely is this the fact, that though we are unconscious of it at home, the first thing (especially of late years) which strikes an American returning from abroad, is the pale and sickly countenance of friends, acquaintances, and almost every one he meets in the streets of large towns—every other man looking as if he had lately recovered from a fit of illness. The men look so pale and the women so delicate, that his eye, accustomed to the higher hues of health, and the more vigorous physical condition of transatlantic men and women, scarcely credits the assertion of old acquaintances when they were "never better in their lives."

With this sort of impression weighing disagreeably on our mind, on returning from Europe lately, we fancied it worth our while to plunge 200 or 300 miles into the interior of New York. It would be pleasant, we thought, to see not only the rich forest scenery opened by the new railroad to Lake Erie; but, also, (for we felt confident they were there,) some good, hearty, fresh-looking lads and lasses among the farmers' sons and daughters.

We were, for the most part, disappointed. Certainly the men, especially the young men, who live mostly in the open air, are healthy and robust. But the daughters of the farmers—they are as delicate and pale as lilies of the valley, or ladies of the Fifth Avenue. If one catches a glimpse of rose in their delicate cheeks it is the pale rose of the hot-house, and not the fresh glow of the garden damask. Alas, we soon discovered the reason. They, too, live for seven months in the year in unventilated rooms, heated by close stoves! The fire-places are closed up, and ruddy complexions have vanished with them. Occasionally, indeed, one meets with an exception; some bright-eyed young, rustic Hebe, whose rosy cheeks and round, elastic figure would make you believe that the world has not all grown "delicate;" and, if you inquire, you will learn probably that she is one of those whose natural spirits force them out continually in the open air, so that she has, as yet, in that way escaped any considerable doses of the national poison.

Now that we are fairly afloat on this dangerous sea, we must unburden our heart sufficiently to say, that neither in England nor France does one meet with so much beauty—certainly not, so far as charming eyes and expressive faces go towards constituting beauty—as in America. But, alas, on the other hand, as compared with the elastic figures and healthful frames abroad, American beauty is as evanescent as a dissolving view, contrasted with a real and living landscape. What is with us a sweet dream, from sixteen to twenty-five, is there a permanent reality till forty-five or fifty.

We should think it might be a matter of *climate*, were it not that we saw, as the most common thing, even finer complexions in France—yes, in the heart of Paris, and especially among the peasantry, who are almost wholly in the open air—than in England.

And what, then, is the mystery of fine physical health, which is so much better understood in the old world than in the new?

The first transatlantic secret of health, is a much longer time passed daily in the open air by all classes of people; the second, the better modes of heating and ventilating the rooms in which they live.

Regular daily exercise in the open air, both as a duty and a pleasure, is something looked upon in a very different light on the two different sides of the Atlantic. On this side of the water, if a person—say a professional man, or a merchant—is seen regularly devoting a certain portion of the day to exercise, and the preservation of his bodily powers, he is looked upon as a valetudinarian—an invalid, who is *obliged* to take care of himself, poor soul! and his friends daily meet him with sympathising looks, hoping he "feels better," etc. As for ladies, unless there is some *object* in taking a walk, they look upon it as the most stupid and unmeaning thing in the world.

On the other side of the water, a person who should neglect the pleasure of breathing the free air for a couple of hours daily, or should shun the duty of exercise, is suspected of slight lunacy; and ladies who should prefer continually to devote their leisure to the solace of luxurious cushions rather than an exhilerating ride or walk, are thought a little *tite montee*. What, in short, is looked upon as a virtue there, is only regarded as a matter of fancy here. Hence, an American generally shivers in an air that is grateful and bracing to an Englishman, and looks blue, in Paris, in weather when the Parisians sit with the casement windows of their saloons wide open. Yet it is, undoubtedly, all a matter of habit; and we Yankees (we mean those of us who are not forced to "rough it,") with the toughest natural constitutions in the world, nurse ourselves, as a people, into the least robust and most susceptible *physiques* in existence.

So much for the habit of exercise in the open air. Now let us look at our mode of warming and ventilating our dwellings; for it is here that the national poison is engendered, and here that the ghostly expression is begotten.

However healthy a person may be, he can neither look healthy, nor remain in sound health long, if he is in the habit of breathing impure air. As sound health depends upon pure blood, and there can be no pure blood in one's veins unless it be re-purified continually by the action of fresh air upon it, through the agency of the lungs (the whole purpose of breathing being to purify and vitalize the blood), it follows, that if a nation of people will, from choice, live in badly ventilated rooms, full of impure air, they must become pale and sallow in complexions. It may not largely affect the health of the men, who are more or less called into the open air by their avocations, but the health of women (ergo the constitutions of children), and all who are confined to rooms or offices heated in this way, must gaudually give way under the influence of the poison. Hence the delicacy of thousands and tens of thousands of the sex in America.

"And how can you satisfy me," asks some blind lover of stoves, "that the air of a room heated by a close stove is deleterious?" Very easily, indeed, if you listen to a few words of reason.

It is well established that a healthy man must have about a pint of air at a breath; that he breathes above a thousand times an hour; and that, as a matter beyond dispute, he requires about *fifty-seven hogsheads* of air in twenty-four hours.

Besides this, it is equally well settled, that as common air consists of a mixture of two gases, one healthy, (oxygen) and the other unhealthy, (nitrogen), the air we have once breathed, having, by passing through the lungs, been deprived of most of the healthful gas, is little less than unmixed poison (nitrogen).

Now, a room, warmed by an open fire-place or grate, is necessarily more or less ventilated, by the very process of combustion going on; because, as a good deal of the air of the room goes up the chimney, besides the smoke and vapor of the fire, a corresponding amount of fresh air coming in at the windows and door crevices to supply its place. The room, in other words, is tolerably well supplied with fresh air for breathing.

But let us take the case of a room heated by a stove. The chimney is stopped up, to begin with. The room is shut up. The windows are made pretty tight to keep out the cold; and as there is very little air carried out of the room by the stove-pipe, (the stove is perhaps on the air-tight principle, that is, it requires tho minimum amount) there is little fresh air coming in through the crevices to supply any vacuum. Suppose the room holds 300 hogsheads of air. If a single person requires 57 hogsheads of fresh air per day, it would last four persons but about twenty-four hours. and the stove would require half as much more. But. as a man renders noxious as much again air as he expires from his lungs, it actually happens that in four or five hours all the air in this room has been either breathed over, or is so mixed with impure air which has been breathed over, that it is all thoroughly poisoned, and unfit for healthful respiration. A person with his senses unblunted, has only to go into an ordinary unventilated room, heated by a stove, to perceive at once, by the effect on the lungs, how dead, stifled and destitute of all elasticity the air is.

And this is the air which four-fifths of our countrymen and countrywomen breathe in their homes—not from necessity, but from choice!

This is the air which those who travel by hundreds of thousands in our railroad cars, closed up in winter, and heated with close stoves, breathe for hours—or often entire days.

This is the air which fills the cabins of closely-packed steamboats, always heated by large stoves, and only half ventilated—the air breathed by countless numbers, both walking or sleeping.

This is the air—no, this is even salubrious compared with the air—that is breathed by hundreds and thousands in almost all our crowded lecture-rooms, concert rooms, public halls, and private assemblies, all over the country. They are nearly all heated by stoves or furnaces, with their imperfect ventilation, or no ventilation at all.

Is it too much to call it the national poison, this continual atmosphere of close stoves, which, whether traveling or at home, we Americans are content to breathe, as if it were the air of Paradise?

We very well know that we have a great many readers who abominate stoves, and whose houses are warmed and ventilated in an excellent manner. But they constitute no appreciable fraction of the vast portions of our countrymen who love stoves—fill their houses with them—are ignorant of their evils, and think ventilation and fresh air physiological chimeras, which may be left to the speculations of doctors and learned men.

And so every other face that one meets in America has a ghostly paleness about it, that would make a European stare.

What is to be done? "Americans will have stoves." They suit the country, especially the new country; they are cheap, labor-saving, clean. If the more enlightened and better informed throw them aside, the great bulk of the people will not. Stoves are, we are told, in short, essentially democratic and national.

We answer, let us ventilate our rooms, and learn to live more in the open air. If our countrymen will take poison in, with every breath which they include in their houses, and all their public gatherings, let them dilute it largely, and they may escape from a part at least of the evils of taking it in such strong doses.

We have not space here, to show in detail, the best modes of ventilating now in use. But they may be found described in several works, especially devoted to the subject, published lately. In our volume on Country Houses, we have briefly shown not only the principles of warming rooms, but the most simple and complete modes of ventilation—from Arnott's chimney valve which may for a small cost be easily placed in the chimney flue of any room to Emerson's more complete apparatus, by which the largest apartments, of every room in the largest house may be warmed and ventilated at the same time, in the most complete and satisfactory manner.

We assure our readers, that we are the more in earnest upon this subject, because they are so apathetic. As they would shake a man about falling into that state of delightful numbness precedes freezing to death, all the more vigorously in proportion to his own indifference and unconsciousness to his sad state, so we are the more emphatic in what we have said, because we see the national poison begins to work, and the nation is insensible.

Pale countrymen and countrywomen, rouse yourselves. Consider that God has given us an atmosphere of pure, salubrious, health-giving air, forty-five miles high, and—*ventilate your houses.*

The Sandwich Islands.

We have received private advices from the Sandwich Islands, giving us full details of the events recently transpiring there. Our information comes from different sources and is entirely reliable.

Dr. Judd, the recently deposed Minister, was beset by enemies on all sides. He had incurred the hostility of a number of influential citizens on merely personal grounds, and that of some of the merchants by not appointing a Collector and one or two other officers they had recommended. All the rum influences were arrayed against him, and all the anti-Missionary feeling. Of all this the English interest took advantage; and the British Consul-General, who has been intriguing these seven years to displace him, aided by the French Consul, succeeded in getting him out. The Doctor resigned, and the King, whose prejudices had been aroused, accepted his resignation against the remonstrance of every one of the old Chiefs, who constitute the House of Nobles, and who will, although the Doctor has ceased to be a member of the Government, take his advice as much as ever.

But though the British Consul succeeded in ousting Dr. Judd, he was discomfitted in his design of procuring the appointment of an Englishman to fill his place. The American residents acted promptly in the matter, and the King appointed Mr. Allen before the English Consul had time to thwart their efforts. Mr. Allen had previously made all arrangements to leave, and only consented to serve at the urgent desire of the American residents.

What strikes us as the most remarkable thing in these proceedings is the conduct of the British Consul, in attempting to procure the removal of Mr. Judd, and for the reason, as it appears, that Mr. Judd was *suspected* of being favorable to the cession of these islands to the United States. Not succeeding with the King and his Government according to his expectations, this functionary subsequently united with the French Consul, and protested against the cession of the islands to this Government. It seems to us that this gentleman has quite overstepped the boundary of his duties, and really outraged the King's Government by his proceedings.

From what we can learn it appears that the feeling of the Hawaiian Government leans strongly toward annexation. It is known that while Mr. Judd was only *suspected* of being in favor of it, that Mr. Allen, whom the British Consul has most unwittingly managed to intrigue into his shoes, is strongly and openly committed thereto, and has so avowed himself on all occasions prior to his appointment. But we do not understand that any proposition looking toward annexation has been made, or is held in immediate contemplation by the existing Government. At a meeting, however, of the King's Privy Council, held just previous to the date of our last advices, an attempt was made to commit the Council strongly *against* a cession of the Islands to the United States. But it failed entirely. There was but one vote in its favor, and this was given by the mover, who is an Englishman, and the Minister of Foreign Relations.

But, on the whole, the indications that the Islands are to be annexed to the United States, at no distant day, appear to be unmistakeable.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Lobby Members.

The overplus of twenty-five or thirty millions in the United States Treasury is looked upon as a splended prize by all the political gamblers about the country, and a desperate attempt will be made at the next session of Congress to get hold of the money in some specious form or other, miscalled improvement or public good. A correspondent of the Herald, writing from Washington says:

There is every appearance of a prodigious accession to the class of lobby members during the next session of Congress. The host of ex-members of Congress, and of disappointed office seekers of all parts of the country, are coming to Washington to look after the jobs and contracts and other matters, besides various pieces of legislation to be introduced into both houses. The mail steamers, the Pacific Railroad, and various other measures, involving the outlay of vast sums of money, will be up before Congress, and will be pressed outside, in lobby, by various members of that respectable body.

House rent increases very much, in consequence of the pressure of the lobby members. Indeed, these same members are most splendid in their entertainments of any set. For several years past, one of these gentleman has actually kept two splendid houses here, entertained in the most elegant style—one for society of the first rank and the other for out siders. How these men live and spend so much money, has been a mystery to a great many people not in the secret of lobby membering at Washington. The truth is, the thirty millions surplus, to be expended in some mode by contracts and government grants will bring together during the next and following session of Congress, all the polite, the fashionable, the gentlemanly, the card-playing, and the elegant men throughout the country, who have any political tact or diplomacy in humbugging both houses of Congress into measures and projects calculated to take money out of the Treasury. We expect half of Wall street, with plans and circulars for this purpose, to reach Washington.

The public should keep their attention directed to the operations of these gentry. The Pacific Railroad is the grand scheme connected by them as most likely to answer their ends.

SCARCITY OF CANAL BOATS.—The complaint of a scarcity of boats in the coal region is general. We notice that there is a great scarcity on the Schuylkill canal, as well as the Delaware and Hudson. There has also been a deficiency on the North Branch canal during the whole summer. As there will be over one hundred miles of new canal opened next spring on the North Branch of the Susquehanna, all persons interested in the coal trade of that rich region should take measures to have as many boats built during the ensuing season as possible, or there may be great difficulty in getting the products of their mines to market. Every man who can afford to build a boat should do so, and there will be employment for all that can be brought upon the canal next year.—*Bloomsburg Star.*

☞A Distinguished Clergyman of New York, remarked last Sabbath, that "neither pecuniary prolixity nor intellectual longevity, nor even both these combined, are for an excess of moral convexity."