

"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.
ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates:—50 cents per square for the first insertion; 75 cents for two insertions; \$1 for three insertions; and 25 cents per square for every subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year. All advertisements handed in must have the proper number of insertions marked thereon, and will be published until forbidden, and charged in accordance with the above terms.
 All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEEY.

A DEMOCRATIC SONG.

We transcribe the following stirring and patriotic song from an Eastern exchange. It breathes the true spirit of poetry and the pure principles of Democracy. It is a gem which will be admired by every reader. There are thousands of hearts in this State which will respond to the sentiments of this song:

What means the proud triumphal scenes,
 The shout and cannon's roar—
 The long hurrahs that proudly swell
 Along New England's shore?
 The lofty hills take up the sound,
 And from their granite heights
 Are streaming wide, o'er land and tide,
 Her countless beacon lights.

’Tis but a dream of that which rocks
 The nation far and near—
 Glad sounds of joy and revelry
 Fall ever on the ear.
 A starry banner meets the sky,
 From every vantage dome;
 While hearts are light and hearths are bright,
 Within each happy home.

Are they who march at midnight hour
 With torch and trumpet in hand,
 Returning from the battle field—
 A brave, victorious band?
 Are those the mighty shouts that rise
 Above a fellow foe,
 When tyrants yield the gory field,
 And freedom strikes the blow?

They're conquerors—yet no bloody stain
 Rests on their glorious path;
 They're conquerors—but no deeds of wrong
 Record a nation's wrath.
 With faithful hearts, and fearless souls,
 A noble fight is won;
 A field on which long years ago,
 Scarce prouder deeds were done.

They've scattered from the peaceful sky
 A black and fearful cloud,
 That darkly hung, and seemed to wrap
 Our country in a shroud.
 We see the fair blue heavens again—
 We feel their breath once more,
 And doubly bright the sun's broad light
 Illumes our native shore.

God bless the free! our country's pride,
 An iron-hearted band—
 No firmer on the wild-hill side
 Their granite pillars stand.
 With homes to guard, and hearths to cheer,
 And many a tie to cherish—
 They proudly go to meet the foe,
 And conquer—or they perish.

New Staples for the United States.
A REMINISCENCE, &c.—We have seen it stated recently, that a Bonyuge has at the instance of Mr. Lawrence, our Minister to England, come to this country for the purpose of inviting the attention of the people to the advantages which will result to them from the introduction of about twenty of the most valuable agricultural staples of the East, among which are tea, coffee and indigo. He thinks that tea and indigo if properly cultivated, would become articles of export to an amount exceeding the value of all our present exports. He says that tea for which we now pay from sixty cents to a dollar a pound, can be produced for two to five cents a pound, free from the noxious adulterations of the imported article. He has recently published a small volume entitled "The Future Wealth of America," in which he fully explains his opinions.

Doctor Smith, of South Carolina, has completely succeeded in his efforts to cultivate tea plants in that State. It would certainly be a great advantage to our country if, in the single article of tea, we could become independent of China.

As to coffee, we are rather skeptical; but indigo was once the staple of Louisiana. We have seen the plant grow, and the article made ourselves, in sufficient quantity for family use, thirty years ago, near this city, in Indiana, and it answered every purpose. The immigrants from North Carolina, of whom there were many near where our family resided in 1839, raised cotton and indigo, as a matter of course, having been accustomed to rely solely upon their own products for all domestic articles, of whatever kind, whether for food or raiment, of necessity, luxury or adornment.—*Cin. Times.*

A Yankee in Bangor to avoid the operation of the Maine liquor law, advertises for sale "the fluid extract of apples, of very recent manufacture." That's much like cider.

A poet out West, speaking of a late tornado says, "the frightened weathercocks alarmed the spires." This is almost equal to Nat Lee's celebrated line—
 "A mad potato went howling down the gale."

The Drunkard's Funeral.

A SCENE IN SEAWARK.

"Can you attend a funeral this afternoon at 2 o'clock?" inquired a man beyond the meridian of life who stood at my door, with an expression of sympathy upon his countenance—"can you attend a funeral at the corner of ——— and ——— streets? There is a man dead there, sir, and, although he is poor, yet we do not like to bury him without some kind of religious services. We should be very glad, sir, if you could attend."

"I am sorry to say that it is out of my power to comply with your request," I replied, "inasmuch as I am previously engaged to attend a funeral at that hour in another direction."

"I am very sorry, sir," he replied, "but after a moment's reflection again inquired—"could you not come a little later if we were to defer it an hour? Could you not come at 3 o'clock?"

"I think I can," I replied. At all events, I will come as near that hour as possible."

He left me, and at the appointed time I went to fulfil my first engagement. A man of four score years was sleeping his long last sleep. Relatives and friends were occupying the comfortable and well furnished apartments, absorbed in grief. The services being over, the lengthy procession moved slowly onward to the peaceful mansion of the dead. It was not a costly burial, but such as we could desire for ourselves, plain, solemn, appropriate, nothing extravagant, yet nothing wanting, and while we felt that the congeniality also in the place selected for the last sleep of death, even our own beautiful and quiet cemetery.

I hastened from these solemn, orderly and appropriate obsequies to obey my second summons. An open wagon, with one horse attached, and four or five individuals were standing near the door. I felt a chill run through my veins. Part of a fearful truth was now revealed. The keen November wind was blowing, and the sky wore its gloomy autumnal aspect, but I feared there was keener anguish and deeper gloom within. I entered, and at one glance the

It was the funeral of a drunkard.
 A small, cold and desolate chamber was appropriated for the solemn service. Indeed, it was all they had. Here for a season had lived, and here had died, and now from here was to be buried, a husband and a father, who had lived and died a drunkard. It was a dreary place. There, in one corner, upon a rough old rickety table, from which they had often eaten their cold and cheerless fare, was placed the coffin, made of rough pine boards, slightly stained with red, in which was placed the corpse. He was a man perhaps of fifty, coarsely clad with grave clothes. His countenance, if in index to his state of mind, bespoke nothing but gloom. Around, underneath his head, where, in other places, I had often seen the downy pillow and the rich satin linings, were stuffed a few of the shavings roughly taken from the boards which composed his coffin.

I looked with a spirit almost crushed within me, first at this new trophy of the reign of death, and then at the living scene around me. Both were expressive of the deepest wretchedness. In an opposite corner, upon a pile of old clothes rudely thrown together, sat the unhappy widow, a tall spare woman, pale as the corpse before me. Her dark eyes were large and sunken, and she was thinly and poorly clad; and as she sat, wrung her hands as if to relieve the agony she felt within, while almost every breath she gave a low, hollow, consumptive cough, which told me too plainly that death had marked her for his victim also. Several little children, were standing around and beside the table where the coffin rested, shivering with cold and weeping from some cause whether they understood the meaning of a father's death or not—and the tears rolling down their pale and hollow cheeks, upon the uncarpeted floor, in large and briny drops. A few of the neighbors had gathered to attend the solemn services connected with the funeral. There were seated some on boxes, others upon an old worn out trunk, while others stood. It was a gloomy scene, gloomier than the day without, and the anguish keener than the biting blast.

I stood there in the midst of that group, a minister of Christ. The Bible was before me—the Bible so full of denunciations against sin.—But as I looked around me, it seemed as if sin had denounced itself. There were the visible, tangible, heart-rending fruits of a godless life, and if possible, the more revolting spectacle of godless death, upon all which seemed written, forsaken, hopeless, miserable. I strove to direct attention to the necessity of religion to preserve us from the vices and miseries of life, and to its holy consolations to support us under the trials of our earthly pilgrimage. But I feared then, and still fear, that it was too late for such advice. There were hearts there that had so long been accustomed to the treachery of men, so steeped in sorrow and accustomed to sin, that they could hardly be led to repose confidence in God. Having commended them to the care of heaven, and especially to the God of the poor, the coffin was carried down the narrow stairway, and the drunkard's family, half clad, and shivering in the keen November wind, was placed in

the one horse open wagon at the door, and following the hearse drove lonely and sad through the streets of our Christian city, to the Potter's Field, the last resting place of the friendless poor, where the drunkard sleeps to-day unheeded and unknown.

MOUNT BLANC.

Those who have visited Switzerland, and have seen Mont Blanc from Chamoux, will allow that the following sketch, written from the village of Chamoux, is a life-like picture of that interesting country:

My first and only Alpine excursion was to the *Mer de Glace*, one of the great indeed the greatest, glaciers of the Alps. The glaciers is not a broad, smooth, glistening mass of ice, as I had supposed; it is a river of ice ten or twelve miles long, a mile wide, and from two hundred to two thousand feet in thickness: It fills, or rather chokes up a great gorge which lies between snow capped mountains, and moves down one every day, descending at an angle of 30 degrees. As the mass melts at the lower end, where its drippings form a swift river, thence from above presses its way down, the motion cracks it traverse, and opens ten thousand chasms, each of which is a blue, bottomless abyss. Its surface looks like mountain blocks of marble split from the quarry, and standing on edge irregularly together. Boulders of granite, weighing five hundred tons, lie lightly on the glaciers, like pebbles on an ice-pond, and are borne down by it to the valley. Imagine a mountain with a motion of one foot per day! Really the speed seems as great as that of the floods of Niagara.

After looking at this terrible momentum, the wonder comes how it could be staid; whether it be not easier to say, even to the ocean "Hitherto shall thou come, but no further. Walking out upon it you see death within a step, and feel yourself an atom. One visit is enough.

The sides of these high mountains are always shedding snow, ice and rocks, which altogether form a glacier. There are many of them among the Alps. From these meltings of the *Avernon*, and other streams take their rise.

There is a class of men, of *Franche Comtee*—*the business of life to understand the Alps, and to guide any parties passing from one point to another.* Without their coolness and experience to aid, travellers could do nothing in the way of exploring, or even visiting the savage solitude. They are a sober, virtuous class, and win upon every one by their very noble qualities. From all that I hear, I doubt not they would die if necessary to the safety of such as put themselves under their guidance. These guides are ready even to ascend *Mont Blanc*.—*Jacques Balmot*, one of the most daring and experienced, was the man who first made the ascent when he was seventy years old.

He started forth alone to explore some ice gorge far in among almost inaccessible and unapproachable peaks. The old man never was heard of any more. Whenever you read of any one's making the ascent of *Mont Blanc*, you may set it down that the guides ascended it for him; that is, guides have been employed, they have gone before and behind him, told him where to put his pike or place his foot, tried for him every loose, dangerous stepping place, cut out steps for him on the very steep of the summit, and even carried him along, and lifted him up, and may be brought him down; and thus secured to him the *eternity* and glory of having performed the hardy, perilous feat of having ascended *Mont Blanc*. All the guides get a stipulated sum.—As twenty of these are usually employed, it costs about \$500 to ascend the king of the Alps. All the travellers are waiting to see his hoary crown, for he seldom reveals his august head.—The clouds rise and seem to be moving right off, and ready to lift their misty curtain, but when they are almost gone they let themselves down again, as if to screen him at his bidding. As we all watched anxiously their sublime hesitation, I understood what David had said of God, "Clouds and darkness are round about Him."

The same traveler thus speaks of his last look at this mountain. He writes under date of October 1st.

This morning I took a last look at *Mont Blanc*. The sun came out clearly, and there was not a cloud in the valley or upon the mountains; pure lofty, uncompromising, enduring, unapproachable seemed this, the highest of the Alps—like unto Him who made it; yet, as the sun lighted it up and fringed its top, was beautiful as a mountain of silver and as if one might easily ascend and step off, from it into Heaven. Every peak, and dome, and needle, gleamed with white glory, and all the circle of mountains gave witness to the majesty of Jehovah.

"Above me are the Alps,
 The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps
 And throned eternity, in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 Of the avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
 Gather round these summits, as to show
 How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave
 Vain man below."

"A buck, while being measured for a pair of boots, observed:
 "Make them cover the calf."
 "Heavens!" exclaimed the astounded snob,
 surveying his customer from head to foot, "I have not leather enough."

MESSAGE FROM GOVERNOR BIGLER.
 STATE FINANCES—SPECIAL LEGISLATION.—
 Gov. Bigler transmitted to the Legislature on the 20th ult., a message on the subject of the public debt, State finances, &c. He says there is now due and unpaid \$2,491,255 of the bonds of the Commonwealth, bearing an interest of six per cent, and a balance of near \$100,000 due to domestic creditors bearing a like rate of interest, besides \$1,300,000 at five per cent. Over \$2,000,000 will fall due in 1853, and about \$3,000,000 in 1854.

He suggests to the Legislature the propriety of making provision for the cancellation of the matured bonds, and such as may fall due during the coming year, by authorizing a loan for that purpose and issuing the bonds of the Commonwealth, reimbursable in ten or fifteen years, at a rate of interest not exceeding five per cent. Or in other words, borrowing money at five per cent, or less, and redeeming bonds on which the State is paying six per cent, thus reducing the rate of interest. He is fully satisfied that the bonds of the State, exempted from taxation, can be negotiated at such rates of interest, as to make a very desirable saving to the Treasury.

It is estimated that \$772,000 will be sufficient to complete the North Branch Canal, and \$594,350 to finish the road for the avoidance of the inclined planes on the Portage Railroad.—The Governor recommends that money be borrowed for these purposes. With the necessary appropriations, four of the ten inclined planes can be avoided during the present season.

He also urges the propriety of adopting the system of cash payments on the public works—of fixing a time after which the officers on the works shall not be allowed to contract debts for any purpose whatever; and suggests the adoption of some more summary mode of disposing of claims for damages than has heretofore been exercised.

The message closes with the following excellent and judicious remarks upon a subject which has attracted considerable public attention of late. The evil complained of, is growing absolutely intolerable, and must be made Gov. Bigler having thus wisely called the attention of the Legislature to the subject, it is to be hoped that such action will be taken upon it, as to lead to the beneficial results which must inevitably follow the proper course in the matter:

In conclusion, I beg to be indulged in a suggestion on the subject of special legislation. I am confident that the General Assembly will agree with me, that some reform on the subject is much needed. The volumes of our laws for the sessions of 1850 and 51, compared with those of previous years, show that our legislation is increasing to an alarming degree. By reference to these volumes, for the years I have named, it will be seen that but a comparatively small portion of the laws they contain are of a general character, being mainly for local or private purposes. These volumes when compared with the statutes enacted eight or ten years since, or with those annually enacted by Congress, or any of our sister states, swell into an astonishing magnitude. This evil is on the increase, and it seems to me that a remedy is imperiously called for. Much may be done to arrest this evil by the adoption of a few well digested general laws.

For the purpose of attaining this desirable end, I respectfully suggest for your consideration, the propriety of constituting a commission of two or three experienced legal gentlemen, whose duty it shall be to prepare general laws to meet this object, to be submitted to the consideration of the next Legislature. I know from experience how difficult it is for the representatives of the people, after their arrival at the seat of government, to find the necessary leisure and privacy to enable them to prepare and digest intricate general laws. Each day seems to bring its labors upon them, and the session runs by before a subject of this kind can receive the necessary consideration.

The subject of regulating election districts, naming electionhouses, which annually occupies much of the time of the Legislature, and many pages of the journal and statute books, might be safely confided to the commissioners of the respective counties. The subject of divorces should, it seems to me, be left entirely with the courts, as well also, as the whole subject of selling real estate by trustees, guardians and those acting in a representative capacity. These measures, together with a few more general statutes on the subject of corporations, would I think have a most salutary effect on legislation. As far as possible our laws should be general, and those that are so should be sternly maintained against special innovations.

In accordance with Gov. Bigler's suggestion the House has passed a bill authorizing the Executive to appoint Commissioners to revise the code of the Commonwealth.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—The block of granite which the government of the Swiss Confederation has had prepared for the Washington Monument bears this significant inscription.
 "Diealte freie Schweiz dem Aenderken de General G. Washington."
 Old free Switzerland to the memory of General G. Washington.

The Dawn of Spring.
 BY IK. MARVEL.

I love to trace the break of Spring step by step. I love even those long rain storms that sap the icy fortresses of the lingering Winter,—that melt the snows from the hills, and swell the mountain brooks;—that make the pools heave up their glassy cerements of ice and hurry down the crashing fragments into the wastes of the ocean.

I love the gentle thaws that you can trace day by day, by the stained snow banks shrinking from the grass; and by the gentle drip of the cottage eaves. I love to search out the sunny slopes by a southern wall, where the reflected sun does double duty to the earth, and where the frail anemone or the faint blush of the arbutus, in the midst of the bleak March atmosphere, will touch your heart like a hope of heaven, in a field of graves! Later come those soft smoky days, when the patches of winter grain show green under the shelter of leafless woods, and the last snow-drifts reduce to shrunken skeletons of ice, lie upon the slope of northern hills, leaning away their life.

Then, the grass at your door grows into the color of the sprouting grain, and the buds upon the lilacs swell, and burst. The peaches bloom upon the wall, and the plumbs wear bodices of white. The sparkling oriole, picks strings for his hammock on the sycamore, and the sparrows twit in pairs. The old elms throw down their dingy flowers, and color their spray with green; and the brooks, where you throw your worm or minnow, float down whole fleets of the crimson blossoms of the maple. Finally, the oaks step into the opening quadrille of Spring, with grayish tufts of modest verdure, which, by and by, will be long and glossy leaves. The dog wood pitches his broad, white tent, in the edge of the forest; the dandelions lie along the hillocks, like stars in a sky of green; and the wild cherry growing in all the hedge rows, without other culture than God's, lifts up to Him, thankfully, its tremulous white finger.

Amid all this, comes the rich rains of Spring.—The affections of a boy grow up with tears to water them; and the year blossoms with flowers. But the clouds hover over an April sky, timidly—like shadows upon innocence. The showers come gently and drop daintily to the earth,—with now and then a glimpse of sunshine to make the drops bright—like so many tears of joy.

The rain of winter is cold, and it comes in bitter seeds that blind you; but the rain of April steals upon you coolly, half reluctantly,—yet lovingly—like the steps of a bride to the altar.

It does not gather like the storm clouds of Winter, grey and heavy along the horizon and creep with subtle and insensible approaches (like age) to the very zenith; but there are a score of white-winged swimmers afloat, that your eye has chased as you lay fatigued with the delicious languor of an April sun;—nor have you scarce noticed that a little bevy of those floating clouds had grouped together in a sombre company. But presently, you see across the fields, the dark grey streaks stretching like lines of mist, from the green bosom of the valley in that spot of sky where the company of clouds is loitering; and with an easy shifting of the helm the fleet of swimmers come drifting over you, and drop their burden into the dancing pools, and make the flowers glisten, and the eaves drip with their crystal bounty.

The cattle linger still, cropping the newcome grass: and childhood laughs joyously at the warm rain;—or under the cottage roof, catches with eager ear, the patter of its fall.

Gen. Gorgey and his Wife.
 The following singular tribute to the usual right-mindedness of women, occurs in the account of Gorgey's Surrender, extracted from the forthcoming "Kossuth and his Generals," in press of PINKNEY & CO:

Whether Gorgey saw the fate reserved for his friends, whether he had any notion of the terrible consequences of his deed—who can say? But it appears that he alternately entertained hope and apprehension, and that, in spite of his iron mind, he sometimes shuddered at himself, and then again imagined that his deed might have blessed consequences for Hungary. As if treachery could ever be justified by its results!

When body after body of the Hungarians troops, at Vilages, drew up before the Russians, and silently laid down their arms without any surmise of the treachery, Gorgey noticed at his side, young Remenyi, scarcely eighteen years old, and a virtuoso on the violin. This youth had always been at the head of battles, or on the morn after the combat, had enlivened with his sweet melodies the hearts of many an officer and, as a new David, dispelled the gloomy thoughts of the Hungarian chief. Gorgey now called him, and inquired what he was going to do, and whether he was provided with money? Remenyi replied, with the carelessness of a youth, "that with his violin he could fight his way through the world, but as to money he had none." Gorgey emptied his pocket, gave all his gold to Remenyi, united some golden toys, which were hanging on the chain of his watch, and said: "Take this my boy, in remembrance of me!" As Remenyi noticed among these

trifling jewels a small silver key, he returned it to the General with the observation; "But this key you got from your wife; I can not take it; my lady would be displeased if you gave away what you received from her as a keepsake."—"Take it!" said Gorgey, "for after what I have done to-day, my wife will never smile any more upon me."

General Butler.
 This gentleman—who has been repeatedly charged with entertaining views favorable to the free-soilers—has recently addressed a letter to Francis P. Blair, in reply to one asking his opinions on the great political questions of the day, in which he states in the most decided and explicit terms, his attachment to the Union and his determination to adhere to the Compromise measures of 1850, as a final settlement of all the sectional issues which have of late disturbed the harmony of the country.

In this letter, Gen. Butler fully endorses the resolutions of the Democratic State Convention of Kentucky, by which he was recommended as a candidate for the Presidency. These resolutions are plain and comprehensive, avoiding none of the issues which have grown out of the legislation of Congress, on the subject of slavery, but distinctly affirming opposition to the Wilmot proviso, the faithful maintenance of the Compromise, and a reliance on the doctrines of the Democratic party as explained by its past action. They were submitted to Gen. Butler and were approved by him before they were offered to the consideration of the convention. These facts show conclusively that the rumors so long prevalent in the political circles of some portions of the Union, connecting the name of this distinguished soldier and statesman with the anti-slavery party of the North, are not entitled to the least credit.—*Daily Dayton Empire.*

Mammoth Steamer.
 We see it stated in the London Times, that a proposition is on foot to build iron steamers of 720 feet in length, 90 feet beam, and 36 in depth, with four engines of 1,000 horse-power, and a screw, whilst there will be eight masts, with rigging between decks. The vessels are to be built of iron and will be not only shot but fire proof, and, from the novel method, though simple, and for strength known to every schoolboy, their immense length renders them more safe than those of smaller construction. It is calculated to carry 2,000 passengers, with a theatre for amusements, &c., and could, in case of war, open a battery of 300 guns. This projected scheme is for the purpose of bringing the English colonies within a month's reach of London, but it is altogether too large an affair. The only short way of bringing England's colonies nearer to London, is to give them the best system of government possible for their interests.

North Branch Bill Passed.
 The bill to authorize a loan of \$820,000, to complete the North Branch canal, passed the House of Representatives Thursday last, and we presume ere this has become a law. This will be most gratifying news to the whole northern section of our State, as it will open up a region rich in mineral resources, that has heretofore been shut out from a market. The policy of completing this improvement at the earliest practicable day, has long been manifest, and whenever the Whigs were before the people seeking their suffrages, they advocated this measure; but most strange to say, when this bill came up it was opposed at every stage by the Whig leaders in the Legislature, and every effort was made to defeat it. Through the active instrumentality, however, of its numerous Democratic friends, and the effective appeal of Gov. Bigler in its behalf, it was carried triumphantly through both branches of the Legislature.—*Har. Union.*

Gov. BIGLER has vetoed the bill passed by the Legislature incorporating the Charlestown Silver Lead Mining Company. Speculators and their mammoth and Mammoo schemes seem to meet with no favor at the hands of the Executive. The sentiments of the present veto message will be cordially approved by every good citizen in the State, whether whig or Democrat.

SILVER CURRENCY.—The bill engrossed in the U. S. Senate on Monday last, from the Committee on Finance, provides for a new silver coinage, in pieces of the denomination of half a dollar and less, to contain a greater portion of alloy than the silver coins now in use. The measure is viewed as one of importance, in order to retain in the country a currency which is so essential in all business transactions. The bill, if it shall pass the House of Representatives, is to take effect on the first of May next.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal, of the 20th of March, states that orders have actually been issued from the Colonial office, or shortly will be issued, directing the immediate release of the Irish Exiles, subject to the condition that they are not to return to any part of the British Islands. This is "important if true,"—but is it true? The report creates something of a sensation among our Irish residents here.

THE POET MOORE.—A monument to the memory of Tom Moore is to be erected by his friends in Ireland. Moore's journal, which has been kept with great regularity during many years of his life, is to be prepared for the press by his wife.