

MOUNTAIN SENTINEL.

Andrew J. Rhey, Editor.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Thursday, December 23, 1852.

We wish our subscribers a happy Christmas, and may you all enjoy it with a fat and well served up turkey as we intend to.

Hon. J. Glancy Jones, M. C., from this State, will accept our thanks for a copy of his speech on the proposition of Mr. Brooks, of New York.

New Advertisements.

Jno. McDevitt & Bro. Pittsburgh, advertise Groceries and liquors for sale on favorable terms. Robert Davis & Co., Ebensburg, advertise all kinds of Stoves, Tinware, Mill-Irons and castings, which they are prepared to sell at low prices.

FOUND DEAD.—A man whose name we have been unable to learn was found dead in the field adjoining the burial ground of the Catholic Church, at the Summit, on Monday morning. It is presumed he was a laborer on the line of railroad, and must have died from exposure or more probably intoxication. He was thinly clad, had on a straw hat, light green sack coat and blue pants. No one present recognized him.

EXCURSION TICKETS.—W. W. Ivory, Esq., ticket agent at the Summit will sell excursion tickets, good from the 24th of December to 2nd of January, for half price. Who would not "jump into the cars and take a ride," when he can travel from the Summit to Philadelphia and back for \$6.55. Cheap as dirt.

The Weather.

The last few days have been very changeable, at times quite pleasant, and in a few hours afterwards any thing but pleasant; to-day we have had real old winter—sleet falling in abundance, and a very disagreeable day for those circulating without doors. Every person complaining with the cold, which has inundated the country, and even invaded the editor's sanctum. But such are the beauties of winter; who would not suffer a cold for the pleasure of a sleigh ride.

County Poor House.

A number of persons have lately spoken to us concerning the erection of a Poor House, in this county, desiring to know if such would not be the cheapest and best method to support our county poor. We will examine the subject and give our views. Such an institution has, we believe, been a saving and a benefit in many counties where they have been founded, and would likely exhibit the same result here. When the building and ground are paid for, the expense should be nothing—the revenue, in fact, ought to exceed the expenses.

A Circular from England.

A number of Ladies of Great Britain, belonging to the aristocracy of that country, have forwarded an address to the women of America, in which they allude to the evils of slavery, and express the hope that the American ladies will "put their shoulders to the wheel" for the purpose of ridding the land of so great an evil.—Kind, considerate creatures, these Duchesses, Countesses, and my-lady-and-so-are! These benevolent ladies, imagining that their transatlantic cousins, as they call us, are unable to manage our affairs, are desirous of doing it for us! Well, we have no doubt our American girls are exceedingly obliged to them, and will assure them that as we were capable of attending to our own business during the stormy days of '76, we are doubly competent to guard the domestic institutions of the country at the present day. They had better look at home, and endeavor to curtail the miseries of their own land. Let them "go about doing good" in their workshops—let them alleviate the sufferings of the millions who labor harder than slaves in the mines and factories of their own "Merry England"—let them place poor Ireland in the position she should occupy as a Nation, bestowing a Government upon her worthy of her people, and elevating them to a better sphere, ere they address us on a matter that concerns them not.—Better for them to mind their own business and we will endeavor to take care of ours.

Congress.

On Tuesday, the illness of Hon. Wm. R. King had so greatly increased that he sent to the Senate his resignation as President pro tem. of that body. By refraining from business, his friends expect that his health will be sufficiently restored to admit of his being sworn in as Vice President on the 4th of March. The alarming character of his disease gives little assurance that this hope will be realized, and it is not unlikely that the year of 1852, so memorable for the loss of eminent men, will add another to the mournful category. Hon. A. Dixon, of Kentucky, has been admitted to the seat in the Senate, rendered vacant by the death of Henry Clay, by a vote of 27 to 16. This seat was contested by Hon. David Meriwether. The Senate have passed, by a vote of 34 to 12, the resolution conferring the brevet rank of Lieutenant-General upon Gen. Scott. The resolution was ably advocated by Gens. Cass and Shields. In the House, the Tariff question was still under discussion, a resolution having been offered instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to report on or before the 1st of January, a bill to admit railroad iron free of duty. The resolution was defeated; the question on a variety of amendments, offered by members, was taken consecutively, and they were promptly voted down. The tariff is not likely to be disturbed the present session. Hon. D. R. Atchison, of Missouri, unanimously chosen President pro tem. of the Senate, in place of Mr. King.

A tumor weighing 112 pounds was taken, after death, from the body of Hannah White, of Gill, on the 22d inst. The sack of the tumor weighed 17½ pounds, the balance being water, which, on being emptied out, filled a common sized wash tub. It had been in existence for eleven years.—*Springfield Republican.*

Cheap Ocean Postage.

Mr. Barnabas Bates has just issued a little pamphlet, in which he urges the policy and propriety of cheap ocean postage. His facts and arguments are of most persuasive and convincing character. This indeed is a reform that is greatly needed. It must come sooner or later. The age requires it—the wants of the people of both worlds demand it. Why not apply the same doctrine to the ocean as the land? The present rates are enormous. Mr. Bates says that the postage on a single letter sent in a mail steamer is twenty-four cents. If it weigh over half an ounce and under an ounce forty-eight cents—if over an ounce ninety-six cents. A letter conveyed by a sailing vessel to Great Britain will cost sixteen cents, and when brought from thence to the United States, the postage is twenty-two cents. But this is not the only tax. On the continent of Europe there is an additional inland postage, varying according to the rates exacted by the different governments, so that a letter sent to, or from France or Germany, before it arrives at its place of destination, is liable to two or three additional postages. By a recent treaty with Prussia, the postage to that kingdom has been fixed at thirty cents, which is at least six times more than it should be.—The postage to France via England, is enormous. The charge on a letter weighing half an ounce, between Dover and Calais, two ports within sight of each other, is thirty-one cents, which is added to the charge from New York to Liverpool is fifty-five cents.

According to recent information the number of transatlantic letters conveyed by steamers and sailing vessels, during the past year, was about four and a half million, and the postage collected on them, nearly one million of dollars. One-fourth of these were mercantile or business letters, the other three-fourths were letters of friendship. Here then we see a tax of three-quarters of a million of dollars is levied on the exercise of the social affections, and paid by the most indigent classes of our community. It now costs a laboring man nearly the price of a day's work to send a letter and receive an answer to it, from his friends in Europe!

Let us contrast the difference between inland and ocean postage. In Great Britain a letter is conveyed to any part of the United Kingdom for two cents, and in the United States any distance under three thousand miles for three cents, but a letter carried three thousand miles by water, from one country to the other, is charged twenty-four cents, and if it weigh a fraction over an ounce it must pay quadruple this rate, or ninety six cents!

These are indeed startling and telling facts, and they cannot be too widely circulated, or too earnestly commented upon. The subject is one that appeals to the best feelings of our nature. According to the official returns, there were upwards of two millions of foreigners in this country in 1850. The number of the relatives and friends on the other side of the Atlantic may also be counted by millions. How important then, that the postage on letters should be reduced to the lowest possible point.

Recall of Santa Anna to Mexico.

The Panama Star of the 23d ult., contains the following important article in relation to the recall of Santa Anna:—

We yesterday, for the first time, learned from a gentleman who came passenger on the New Orleans, which arrived here last Sunday night, that a revolution had broken out on the Western Coast of Mexico, having for its object the recall of Santa Anna, to again take hold of the reins of Government.

How far into the interior the revolutionary spirit had spread, was not known at the moment of our latest advices from Acapulco; but from previous indications and intelligence from the Atlantic side, we cannot but suppose it to be general throughout the country.

It is well known that General Santa Anna has been living, since his exile from Mexico, near Carthage, on the Atlantic side of this Republic. A late paper from that city, brings us information that intelligence had reached the distinguished Mexican as to the feelings of his countrymen; and that he "would sail for Mexico in a few days," to assume the new powers conferred upon him.

While awaiting, by California steamer, and papers from the Atlantic confirmation and further particulars of this new revolution, we may express our belief that under late and present circumstances of Mexico, Gen. Santa Anna is the only living Mexican, of whom we have any knowledge who is qualified in the least degree, to be at the head of her affairs. And from even him not a great deal of real good is much to be expected by outsiders.

His recall to his country at this present time, we think is mainly due to the emergency in which Mexico finds herself placed in her relations with the United States, in the Tehuantepec and other important matters. Santa Anna is probably the only man who can ward off immediate collision between the two nations, short of an actual and immediate abandonment of the grounds hitherto occupied by Mexico, and it remains to be seen whether or not, even he can long defer the "manifest destiny" which awaits his country.

We hold our breath for further information.

Mr. Pierce's Address to the Public Schools.

BOSTON, Dec. 20.

The President elect in company with a number of distinguished persons, visited the public schools on Saturday. He addressed the scholars and his remarks were calculated to make a lasting impression. The success and honor, he remarked, in his address to the boys, of an American citizen depended much on his own exertion. Every boy before me, whether of an American or foreign origin, is here fitted to become an American citizen, and so let him improve his opportunities that he may become a blessing and an honor in support of his country. He concluded by an earnest appeal to the boys to be industrious in the improvement of their present advantages.

Daniel Webster.—Interesting Sketch of his Home and Family by Himself.

The New York Commercial has been favored with the perusal of a letter, written by Mr. Webster to an intimate friend in that city, dated Franklin, May 3, 1846, from which we make the extract below, and which we are sure will be read at this time with unusual interest:—

"I have made satisfactory arrangements respecting my house here, the best of which is that I can leave it where it is, and yet be comfortable, notwithstanding the railroad.

"This house faces due North. Its front windows look toward the river Merrimack. But then the river soon turns to the South, so that the Eastern windows look toward the river also. But the river has so deepened its channel in this stretch of it, in the last fifty years, that we cannot see its waters, without approaching it, or going back to the higher lands behind us.—The history of this change is of considerable importance in the philosophy of streams. I have observed it practically, and know something of the theory of the phenomenon; but I doubt whether the world will ever be benefitted, either by my learning, or my observation, in this respect.

"Looking out at the East windows, at this moment, (2 P. M.) with a beautiful sun just breaking out, my eye sweeps a rich and level field of 100 acres. At the end of it, a third of a mile off, I see plain marble grave stones, designating the places where repose my father, my mother, my brother Joseph, and my sisters Mehitabel, Abigail and Sarah; good Scripture names, inherited from their Puritan ancestors.

"My father! Ebenezer Webster!—born at Kingston, in the lower part of the State, in 1739—the handsomest man I ever saw, except my brother Ezekiel, who appeared to me, and so does he now seem to me, the very finest human form that ever I laid eyes on. I saw in his coffin—a white forehead—a tinged cheek—a complexion as clear as heavenly light! But where am I straying?

"The grave was closed upon him, as it has on all my brothers and sisters. We shall soon be all together. But this is melancholy—and I leave it. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all!

"This fair field is before us—I could see a lamb on any part of it. I have ploughed it, and raked it, and hoed it, but I never mowed it.—Some how, I could never learn to hang a scythe! I had not wit enough. My brother Joe used to say that my father sent me to college in order to make me equal to the rest of the children!

"Of a hot day in July—it must have been one of the last years of Washington's administration, I was making hay with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm tree, about the middle of the afternoon. The Hon. Abiel Foster, M. C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house and came into the field to see my father. He was a worthy man, college learned, and had been a minister, but was not a person of any considerable natural powers. My father was his friend and supporter. He talked awhile in the field, and went on his way. When he was gone, my father called me to him, and he sat down beneath the elm on a haycock. He said, 'My son, that is a worthy man—he is a member of Congress—he goes to Philadelphia, and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here.' 'My dear father,' said I, 'you shall not work. Brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest'—and I remember to have cried—and I cry now, at the recollection, 'My child,' said he, 'it is of no importance to me—I now live but for my children; I could not give your elder brother the advantages of knowledge, but I can, do something for you.—Exert yourself—improve your opportunities.—LEARN—LEARN—and when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time.'

"The next day he took me to Exeter, to the Phillips Exeter Academy—placed me under the tuition of its excellent preceptor, Dr. Benjamin Abbott, still living.

"My father died in April 1806. I neither left him, nor forsook him. My opening office at Bozeman was that I might be near him. I closed his eyes, in this very house. He died at sixty-seven years of age—after a life of exertion, toil, and exposure—a private soldier, an officer, a legislator, a judge—everything that a man could be, to whom learning never had disclosed her ample page.

"My first speech at the bar, was made when he was on the bench—he never heard me a second time.

"He had in him what I recollect to have been the character of some of the old Puritans. He was deeply religious, but not sour—on the contrary, good humored, facetious—showing even in his age, with a contagious laugh, teeth, all as white as alabaster—gentle, soft, playful—and yet having a heart in him, that he seemed to have borrowed from a lion. He could frown; a frown it was, but cheerful, good humor, and smiles composed his most usual aspect.

"Ever truly, your friend,

"DANIEL WEBSTER."

Attempted Escape of Prisoners from the Petersburg Jail.—Terrible Tragedy.

RICHMOND, Dec. 20.

Benjamin Sadler, charged with kidnapping, and another man named Jones, confined in Petersburg Jail, locked the keeper in their cell, while he was making his usual rounds, and effected their escape. Joel Sturdivant, and a negro man, attempted to stop them as they were passing through the yard, when Sadler shot both of them dead.

The citizens rallied and pursued the prisoners, and when close upon Sadler he blew his brains out with a pistol. His accomplice, Jones was arrested and committed to prison. The most intense excitement prevailed.

Mr. Ritchie has been elected printer to the Virginia Legislature.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The editor of the Petersburg, Va., Intelligencer, in referring to the recent report of the president and directors of this road says,—

In 1826, when the company was organized, the work, we well recollect, was looked and spoken of as of exceedingly doubtful completion. It was dreamed barely possible that it might, in the course of time, be extended as far as Frederick or Cumberland; but the idea of its ever reaching the banks of the Ohio was not seriously entertained by one mind in a thousand, even of its friends. In the year 1830, about the 4th of July, it was our fortune to be in Baltimore for the first time in our life. This was more than four years after the organization of the company. We remember on that occasion the enthusiasm which was then being felt at the opening of the road to Ellicott's Mills, a distance of only some twelve miles. We never before that visit saw a railroad car, and those which we then saw were drawn, we believe, by horses.

Six years afterwards in returning from the West, we traveled on the said road from Frederick to Baltimore, (60 miles) and then saw enough to satisfy us that a further extension of it Westward would be such a Herculean task as to render it one of the most problematical things in the world, whether it would or could be successfully undertaken. But we were mistaken. We had formed a very inadequate conception of the genius and energies which were enlisted in its prosecution. And now we have a report presented to the company by its president, announcing (or as good as announcing) the completion of the work through its whole length of 280 miles.

So little remains to be done at its western extremity, that it may be said with truth that the harbor of Baltimore and the waters of the Ohio are in each other's embrace. On the 1st of the ensuing January, the train of cars that will leave the depot in Baltimore will, in twenty hours or less time, discharge their freight and passengers on the banks of the Ohio. In taking up our pen to notice this splendid achievement of the people of the Monumental City, we can but cordially congratulate them upon their well deserved and almost unexampled success.—They have entitled themselves to the everlasting gratitude of the millions who will share with them the rich fruits of their commercial enterprise, which are to be realized in this magnificent structure. They deserve to flourish under its auspices, as they must do, in a rapid and substantial manner. They have persevered steadily and courageously in the face of all difficulties, and in despite of all discouragements—difficulties and discouragements too, which would have dismayed and palsied the hopes and exertions of less spirited communities—and now they have the pride of contemplating, after the lapse of twenty-six years, the triumphant issue of their labors. A triumph like this worthy of glorification, not only in Baltimore, but throughout the length and breadth of the whole country.

Pacific Railroad.

Ion writes as follows from Washington to the Baltimore Sun, on the subject of the Pacific Railroad:—

Col. Benton has found a rival in Gov. Roane, of Arkansas, so far as road-making to the Pacific is concerned. Gov. Roane, in his message to the Legislature of his State, urges the superiority of the Arkansas route for the Pacific and Mississippi Railroad over that of the Missouri route. He does not doubt that the railroad project will be executed by this government. He estimates the cost of the road, by the route through Arkansas, at sixty millions, and proposes that the sum be raised by subscription to the stock, the government guaranteeing the payment of six per cent. interest on the same for forty years.

The public mind is prepared for the execution by the government of the great work thus proposed, and it is certain that it cannot be carried through except by the strong hand of the government. But as Congress must designate the route, and as three routes—one southern, one northern, and one in the middle, will be insisted upon, there is no certainty that Col. Benton's will be preferred.

A railroad from San Francisco terminating on the Mississippi at some point nearly opposite Memphis, will after awhile, be profitable, for it will be the channel by which the silks and teas of China, and the gold of California, will be brought to the Atlantic region. From Memphis, by way of the Ohio, to Wheeling, and thence by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, these products will be brought in a few days, and Baltimore, instead of New York, may thus be the centre of the East India and the Pacific trade.

Hayti.

Rev. W. L. Judd, who has spent several years in Hayti, in a letter to the Boston Traveller, thus speaks of the character of the people, and the security for life and property among them:—

"I hesitate not to say that I believe there has been the past six years less murder, less robbery, and less incendiarism, at Port-au-Prince, than in any city of the same size, and during the same period, in the United States. During this whole period, and even longer, there has been but one fire in that city of thirty thousand inhabitants! Where can a parallel case be found in the United States? I have traveled in the country at all hours of the day and night, 'over mountain heights and in valleys low,' in lonely forests and amid cultivated fields, and have never been treated with disrespect by the coarsest peasant or the rudest mountaineer. In these journeys I have never been refused a night's lodging at the poorest cabin, where from necessity or convenience I chose to stop. And when I have called for the bill of fare, I am almost universally answered by the expression, 'Just what you choose to give.' (Ce que vous voulez me donner, or, in the simple patois of the paysan, ce ou voulez baïlle moi.) And although it is the land of the old buccaniers, and where the example of foreigners has exhibited more of the violence and fraud than of gentleness and honesty, still from Tibaron to Samana, and from Jacmel to Cape Haytien, I know of not a single case where a ship may not enter, nor a single mountain fastness where a traveler may not pass with safety from robbers.

Dangers of Brandy Drinking.

In the last number of the Irish Quarterly Review, the weakness of poor Maginn is thus alluded to:—

"He now turned for comfort and inspiration to the foul fiend, brandy, which has been the cause of misery and death to so many men of genius. We regret the errors of Addison and Steele, we sigh at the recollections of poor Moreland the painter, working at his last picture, with a brush in one hand and a glass of brandy in the other, for he had then arrived at that terrible condition in which reason could visit him only through intoxication; and Maginn, although not so fallen as this, sunk deeply. The weary hours of lonely watching brought not resource, but that which copious draughts of the liquid could supply. Health was fading away, the brightest years of life were passed forever, and as the dim future lowered, he gazed upon it under the influence of that demon which enthralled the brilliant souls of Addison, of Sheridan, of Charles Lamb, and which sent the once stalwart form of Theodore Hook, a miserable, wretched skeleton to the grave. Maginn, we know, felt his position. He was neglected by his own party—he was forgotten by many of his former friends, and as we looked upon him in his pitiable condition, and compared what we then saw him with what he might have, and as we hoped would have been, we often recalled the fearful passage of Charles Lamb:—'When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue, disposing you to a witty sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks. To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty; to be applauded for wit when you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures hatred; to give pleasure, and be paid with squinting malice; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine, which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable crops of grudging applause—are the wages of buffoonry and death.'

Mr. Webster.

The London News closes its comments upon the death of Mr. Webster, and the effect of his decease upon this country, as follows:—

"It is a characteristic of American institutions that the removal of this robust and inflexible soul would not even for a moment be felt in the progress of political events. His place will be filled—more or less ably—and things will go on as if he had never been removed. This is the consequence of popular institutions—self government—that statesmen are the agents, not the masters, of popular opinions and wishes, and that there is always a redundant supply of competent public servants. Hence steadiness and consistency in the policy of popular governments. Individuals may be fickle and changeable; but masses are ever drearily monotonous in their aims and efforts. As children like to hear the same tale told over again, so the multitude like to see their rulers go incessantly through the same routine. The watchwords of popular party change slowly. This reflection places in a strong light the fatuous folly of those who dream they see the resuscitation of the empire guarantee to France for the success of revolutionary changes. By vesting all power in the hands of an autocrat, the French render their national policy liable to shift and change with all his freaks and whims. Nay, they render that order and tranquility for which they yearn dependent upon the continuation of his life, certain to be interrupted by the interruption of its frail and precarious tenure. In the Democratic Republic of America, the survival or extinction of a master mind like Webster does not for a moment shake the public tranquility—does not perceptibly effect the steady course either of domestic or foreign politics. In the French Empire, now, in progress of inauguration, the death of even a Louis Napoleon would restore anarchy. Everything would be interrupted till the rivals for his inheritance of power had fought it out. This is the inevitable consequence of the people leaving the management of their affairs to one or a few, instead of keeping it mainly in their own hands. Popular governments among civilized people are more truly conservative than despotism or oligarchies."

Billy Bowlegs in Florida.

The Newark Mercury states that a gentleman in that city, who has a son in Florida, has received a letter from him, dated Fort Meade, Florida, from which we make the following extract. It would seem that Billy has very little disposition to leave Florida:—

Billy Bowlegs, Grand Sachem of the Seminoles in Florida, has returned to Tampa, and taken passage for Fort Myers.—His joy on embarking for Fort Myers knew no bounds. He leaped and yelled, cursed and swore, like a crazy man, and during his caperings, he tore a new suit of citizen's clothes into a thousand ribbons. About this time, a soldier at Tampa said, "Now, Billy, give us the war-whoop." Billy stood as if riveted to the spot, his eyes seemed to send forth sparks of fire, and drawing himself up to his full height, he exclaimed in a low, yet passionate voice, "By blood! when you do hear the war-whoop, your blood will curdle in your veins!" In reply to a question put to him by an officer at Tampa, "So, you are going to leave Florida, are you?" he answered, with a very knowing look, "Oh, yes, I told them so in Washington, but d—d if I do it, though!" "If he don't go, and that very soon, too, Uncle Sam will find a way to make them leave—either by steamboat or 'by blood!' They can take their choice.

Hon. James Campbell.

It often affords us useful instruction to watch the movements of different individuals, especially in the political world, and endeavor to judge from their actions of the motives and inducements that sway and control them. There is, at the present day, so much of utter selfishness in the political arena—so loud professions of attachment to principles, that prove to be professions merely, where personal ambition is disappointed—that it relieves us somewhat from the unhappy opinion we might otherwise form of political men generally, when we find in a man such manifestations of pure attachment to principle as is exhibited in the person of Hon. James Campbell. We do not believe that there can be found another man in this whole country, if indeed such an one can be found in the whole past political history of the country, who has exhibited such resplendent, self-sacrificing devotion to his political sentiments, as he has. Struck down as he was, last fall, by the most unhappy combination, no one had reason to expect ought from him but coldness and indifference, if not overt opposition. True, he was nobly sustained and fully vindicated by the great hero of the Democracy of the State, and would have been triumphantly elected but for the corrupt combinations of Philadelphia; but men in defeat are apt to consider that simply, and not the cause. But this was not the case with Judge Campbell. Rising high above all personal feeling of disappointment, in the contest just past, he threw himself in the breach to turn back the retaliatory blow; and, regardless alike of personal ease, pecuniary advantage, or natural obligation, devoted himself to the success of the Democratic party, with an energy and purpose never before witnessed. The obstacles he has encountered, and the exertions he put forth, seem almost superhuman; and when we say that the Democracy of Pennsylvania are more indebted to him, for their success, than to any man or set of men in the Commonwealth, we are but doing him faint justice.

We admire that man, Judge Campbell; and not the man merely, but his noble, exalted, and virtuous actions. He labors from principle—from a high sense of affection and duty to his Commonwealth and his country. The selfishness of the mere politician is not found in him, but the spirit of a patriot is everywhere exhibited by his life and actions. Would that Pennsylvania, and the country, had more such men to control their politics!—*Montrose Democrat.*

Distressing Suicide in Reading.

On Sunday evening last, says the Reading Gazette, of Saturday, Coroner Keen was summoned to hold an inquest on the body of a stranger, about 45 years of age, named John X. Jones who was found about 5 o'clock, dead in his chamber at his boarding house, in Seventh street below Hingham, having committed suicide by suspending himself from the bed post with silk handkerchiefs. He had come to this city from New York, only a few weeks ago, and obtained employment in the Boiler Works of Messrs. Noble & Sons. From the facts ascertained at the inquest, it appeared that ever since his arrival here, he had been laboring under great mental depression, and it is supposed that this led him to commit the fatal act. A verdict was rendered accordingly. Papers found upon him disclosed that he was one of the Trustees of the Welsh Baptist Church of New York, and had been for man of the Novelty Works in that city for a period of nineteen years. His discharge from that situation, without any reason being assigned, had preyed seriously upon his mind, and doubtless occasioned the melancholy mood which brought on self-destruction. He has a brother living at Minersville, and leaves an afflicted wife in New York. The Coroner telegraphed to the clergyman of the Church in which her husband was an officer, who broke the sad news to her, and she immediately came on, in company with a male friend. The body and effects were meanwhile taken in charge by the Coroner, to await their arrival. They reached here on Tuesday morning, and the same afternoon at 4 o'clock the body was interred in the Baptist Cemetery of this city.

Mr. King.

The New York Times has a Washington correspondent, who writes (Dec. 16th) as follows relative to a matter which is just now the occasion of some anxiety in the public mind—the health of Mr. King, the Vice President elect.—"The fact that the Senate went into Executive Session for the purpose of talking over the steps necessary to be taken in view of his inability to attend its sittings, shows the studious efforts which were made to keep from the public a knowledge of his true condition. Of course, all such attempts are futile. It would be far better to let the public know the actual facts of the case. The popular mind is always more sensitive under the influence of an uncertainty than with a full knowledge of the worst. You may rely upon the statement that Mr. King is failing rapidly. True, he is not continually confined to his bed; nor was Mr. Webster until a few days before the country was shocked by the announcement of his death. His lungs are far gone with the disease, and entire system quite prostrated. It is possible that he may get to the Senate again and I am told he is very anxious to do so. If he should rally sufficiently for the effort, I have reason to believe he will take his seat there once again; but only to stand in person his resignation.

GEN. PIERCE'S CALIFORNIA RING.—The Boston Transcript says of this ring:—

It is of the purest gold, weighs 10½ ounces, and would be a very becoming ornament for the little finger of the "King of Giants," of whom we read in fairy tales. The ring is beautifully chased, and has a number of appropriate representations of scenes characteristic of the modern Ophir. They must have artists of the first order of skill in San Francisco, to have produced such a work. The cost was about \$2000 and the value of the gold is upwards of \$1200. By touching a spring, a lid rises up, and you see imbedded various specimens of California ores. This marvellous ring is well worth seeing.