

Andrew J. Rhey, Editor.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Thursday, June 9, 1853.

For Canal Commissioner, THOMAS H. FORSYTH, of Philadelphia County.

For Auditor General, EPHRAIM BANKS, of Mifflin County.

For Surveyor General, J. PORTER BRAWLEY, of Crawford County.

"The Rational North West Branch."

In another column of this paper will be found a communication in reference to the North-West Branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which we take from the columns of the Philadelphia North American. We ask for it, a careful perusal by the citizens of Cambria county, as well as those residing upon the line as suggested and direct the attention of capitalists to the advantages this route to the West possesses over any other. If constructed, this road would pass through a section of country as rich in mineral wealth as any portion of our state, covered with pine, hemlock, cherry and poplar of the best quality, all, or the greater portion of which, would find a market by this "Rational Northwest Branch." This road would immediately develop the almost inexhaustible sources of wealth with which the country though which it is intended to pass abounds, and be the true means of connecting by the shortest and most practicable route the eastern and western markets. The local trade which would inevitably be thrown upon it to seek a market, would be of more importance than that of any other road within the limits of this Commonwealth, while from its position and location it would command the immense trade and travel of the lakes and the mighty Northwest. Too long, though the agency of the New York canals and railroads, has this important trade been directed from Philadelphia, its proper market, to enrich the merchants and manufacturers of the Empire city, and for Philadelphia to control it this route must eventually be adopted and a road constructed that will place the dealers of that city within less than a days travel of the Lake trade. To Philadelphians it is not, nor cannot be a question of money in its construction, but one of interest, and they better their condition by an active co-operation in its favor. This is the route, the most feasible and only natural one, and we look for early action and the adoption of such measures as will give us a complete air-line western transit.

Proceedings of Court.

Before Hon. GEORGE TAYLOR, President Judge and Associates ROBERTS and KINKADE; commencing on Monday, June 6th: Commonwealth vs. Daniel A. Skelly.—Indictment for assault and battery; Patrick O'Neill, Pros. District Attorney enters nolle prosequi on payment of costs by Defendant. Hutchinson, Fenlon and Heyer for Com.; Wingard for Dft. Commonwealth vs. Lewis Newhouse, Anthony Sykes and Charles Shoenberger.—Indictment for cutting timber; John Figart, Pros. Settled by article of agreement; and District Attorney, on leave, enters a nolle prosequi. Hutchinson for Com.; Wingard and Blair for Dfts. Commonwealth vs. Patrick Reiley.—Surety of the Peace, on oath of Bernard Sheridan; Defendant and surety bound in the sum of \$100 for the good behavior of deft. for six months. Hutchinson for Com.; Fenlon and Heyer for Dft. Commonwealth vs. Otto Beiter, Benedict Clamder, Gabriel Bender and Joshua Kemp.—Indictment for forcible entry and detainer; Andrew and John Ager, Pros. Verdict not guilty; but that defendants pay the costs of prosecution. Hutchinson, Fenlon and Heyer for Com.; Albright, Kemp and Coffey for Dfts. Commonwealth vs. Elisha M. Luckett.—Indictment for keeping a tipping house; Rees J. Lloyd, Pros. District Attorney enters nolle prosequi on payment of costs by Dft. Hutchinson for Com.; T. L. Heyer for Dft. Commonwealth vs. John P. Parrish and Anthony Molar.—Indictment for assault and battery; Peter Zeiger, Pros. Settled by parties, and nolle prosequi entered by District Attorney, on payment of costs by defendants. Hutchinson, Fenlon and Heyer for Com.; Albright, Magehan and Foster for Dfts. Commonwealth vs. Patrick O'Conner.—Indictment for seduction; Wilson, Pros. Settled, and nolle prosequi entered by leave of Court. Hutchinson and Miles for Com.; Magehan, Wingard, Webster, Fenlon and Heyer for Dft. Commonwealth vs. Andrew Greenwood.—Indictment for obtaining goods on false pretences; Robert Lytle, Pros. Settled by parties, and District Attorney, on leave, enters nolle prosequi. Hutchinson and Webster for Com.; Wingard for Dft. Commonwealth vs. Daniel A. Skelly, Alexander Skelly, Philip Skelly, James Connelly, and W. F. Wilson et al.—Indictment for riot. Settled by agreement, and District Attorney enters a nolle prosequi on payment of costs by Defendants. Hutchinson, Fenlon and Heyer for Com.; Wingard for Dfts. Commonwealth vs. Thomas Deveraux.—In the Oyer and Terminer at March Sessions, 1853.—Indictment for rape; Margaret Roberts, Pros. 8th March, 1853, defendant being arraigned pleads "not guilty;" District Attorney stipulates issue, and jury empanelled and sworn. 12th March, 1853, the jury, after having been out since Tuesday night (9th inst.) came into Court and, declaring their inability to agree, were discharged. 7th June, 1853, new jury called and sworn. Hutchinson, Albright, White and Coffey for Com.; Magehan, Foster, Fenlon and Heyer for Dft. The attendance at court on Monday and Tuesday forenoon was not as large as usual. When the case of Deveraux commenced on Tuesday afternoon the court room was full, and continued so during the progress of the trial. A good deal of interest is manifested by our citizens in the final result of this suit. Much difficulty was experienced in selecting jurors who had not formed or expressed an opinion in reference to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, and before the panel was complete sixty-eight men half of them tales de circumstantibus, were sworn and examined. The evidence closed yesterday afternoon, when the jury was addressed by Albright for Com., and Messrs. Heyer and Magehan for Defence. Gen. Foster spoke on behalf of the prisoner this morning and was followed by Judge White for the Com. The charge of the Court was then delivered.

LOCAL AND EDITORIAL ITEMS.

ALEX. C. MULLEN, Esq., has our thanks for the report of the Proceedings of Court, published this week. Messrs. GLASS & HUTCHINSON, Jr., "broke ground" on the Northern Plank Road, on Monday, near the property of E. Shoemaker, Esq., and intend employing a sufficient number of hands to complete the work, by the 1st of December. Our thanks are due JOHN OAKFORD, Esq., Chief Clerk of the P. O. Department, for a Table of Postages to Foreign countries. The death warrant of James Shirley, of Blair county, was read to the prisoner on Friday. The time fixed is Friday, 12th of August. Col. Thomas C. McDowell delivered an eloquent address at Hollidaysburg, on Saturday, upon the occasion of laying the corner stone of the new Lutheran Church of that place. TRAUOH, of the Standard, informs us that he has had exceedingly bad luck in his fishing arrangements this season. Tote yourself this way, and we will warrant you a "good time," and learn you how to catch the speckled beauties. F. B. Streeter, Esq., of Susquehanna county, has been appointed Solicitor of the Treasury of the United States. John S. M'Callmont, Esq., of Clarion county, has been appointed by Gov. Bigler, President Judge of the eighteenth judicial district, composed of the counties of Mercer, Venango, Clarion and Jefferson. He takes the place of Judge Knox, recently appointed to the Supreme Bench. W. D. LATSHAW, Esq., who, we believe, formerly resided in Johnstown, this county, is now editing the Wabash Valley Republican, at Paris, Illinois. Every Member of Congress from Virginia, recently elected, is a Democrat. The Star of the Old Dominion never sets. Does Scott still lead that column? Col. JAMES ROSS SNOWDEN, of Pittsburgh, has been appointed to the Directorship of the Philadelphia Mint, vice Judge Pettit, deceased. Mr. SNOWDEN was connected with the Mint during the administration of Mr. POLK, and is well known to the citizens of Philadelphia. We perceive by our exchanges that the fly is committing fearful ravages on the wheat in most of the great wheat growing counties of the State. It is also stated that where guano has been used there is no appearance of the fly; a fact worthy the attention of the agricultural community. "Ground Hog Glory" and "Slumgullion Bar" are the names of two towns in California. Fanny Fern delicately styles a certain complaint from which children suffer in cherry time, "a pain under the apron." Those "alarming pantalon patterns," of which we forewarned the public, a few weeks ago, have come out in all their hideousness. If the human continuations were as long and as thick as pine trees of a century's growth, the present style would be quite appropriate and highly ornamental. But as things are, it can not be commended. The observant eye of Punch has discovered that it takes two men to display one pattern. The outside pressure against Benjamin Parke, recently appointed Postmaster at Harrisburg, Pa., was so great that he was removed on Friday last, and a Mr. Brandt appointed. The charges against Mr. Parke were altogether political. It was pretty clearly established that he was in the habit of voting the whig ticket for the last few years, a practice, certainly, which no sound Democrat would indulge in, especially if he wished to aspire to places of honor and profit in the gift of the administration. Fetter is still engaged in picturing the faces of the fairest portion of humanity, as well as those of the "lords of creation," at his rooms in the Academy Building. He does take as perfect and life-like a Daguerrotype as any artist we have ever met with, and if you desire a lasting personation of your form and face divine, call upon him at his studio and you can have it taken by one who will please you to your satisfaction. If we recollect aright, our contemporaries of the Standard, Echo, and Cambrian, have each been presented with a cane during the last month. To the former, a present of a fishing-cane was given, of which the editor speaks most rapturously, and to the latter hickory canes, said to have been cut at the Hermitage, Tennessee, of the value and excellence of which our Johnstown friends are loud in praise. As luck would have it, a friend from Philadelphia, J. H. EGENER, Esq., squatted himself down in our town on Saturday last, armed and equipped as the law directs for a fishing excursion. He was provided with a neat and well varnished cane fishing-rod, which "struck us," not on the pate, but as being admirably adapted for the use or abuse of a disciple of that "fisher as was a fisher," Izak Walton. And he did insist upon a trouting excursion with us, to which we readily agreed to. Taking with us a scant supply of Holland, an article which our eastern friend pronounced ginivine, and of course he ought to know, being a dealer and vender of the pure Schnapps, as well as other choice and palatable liquors, we did go trouting. And, hark ye, of the Standard, of piscatorial propensity we caught 348 of the finest, largest, best eating trout that ever wagged a tail; crocks were with us an "obsolete idea," as we were compelled, from the quantity of fish we had, to obtain buckets to carry them home. And that said cane rod, with which our friend Jake drew forth such large specimens of the finny tribe from the angry waters, was presented to us to be treasured as a lasting memento of the heroes of the 348, which we intend to hold in lasting remembrance. May the generous giver long wave.

We have sent to us a communication from Jefferson, with the request that we would publish it. It refers to the pleasure experienced by the occupants of Jefferson House, in listening to the concord of sweet sounds proceeding from the throats of a number of canaries, red-birds, &c., which the proprietor and his chief assistant Alick had suspended in cages from the windows. There can be no doubt but that these songsters are an attractive feature of that excellent Hotel, but, as we have invariably refused to publish any communications unaccompanied by the author's name, we are obliged to retain it for future consideration. A good one was told us last evening concerning one of our county constables. He had started on Tuesday, with attachments for several witnesses who resided near Jefferson, and succeeded, after great difficulty in finding them, in persuading a gentleman who resides in that neighborhood to bring the witnesses to Court.—The carriage, containing his precious freight, proceeded upon its "winding way" on the Plank Road towards this place, but in passing through a strip of woods, one mile west of town, one of the witnesses, a sick, active young fellow, who was seated upon the back seat of the carriage, very politely jumped through the carriage window and in the darkness of the night escaped, eluding the vigilance of his pursuers. Our constable was therefore much put out, but says he will have the offender before the court to-day, at the risk of bullets. A party of Gipsies visited our town on Friday last, who, if their story was correct, were born in England and descended from some of the nomadic tribes of Egypt or Arabia. Several citizens of the town had their fortunes told by this roving band, and in return presented them with their surplus old clo'. With how much truth they informed them of future good or evil we are unable to say. John Harris, who was arrested in Columbia, Pa., about two weeks ago, on the charge of an assault and battery, with intent to kill, on the person of a German, of Johnstown, was brought to town on Thursday last, with a neat pair of iron bracelets on his wrists, and lodged in jail. His trial will likely take place this week. We have omitted to advertise that on and after this date, JAMES D. HAMILTON, Esq., will run two daily lines of Hacks from Jefferson to Ebensburg, leaving the former place upon the arrival of the Eastern and Western trains, and the latter between 7 and 8 o'clock, and 11 and 12 o'clock in the morning. When necessary he will run an extra at any hour for the accommodation of passengers. The impression is strong at Washington that we will have another Mexican war, growing out of the military occupation by Mexico of the Mesilla Valley. The steamship Canada arrived at Halifax on Monday, with dates from Liverpool to the 28th May. Louis Napoleon threatens a war with Russia.—The French fleet has been ordered to the Dardanelles.—The Emperor of Russia has sent his ultimatum to the Turkish Government, and the 20th of May was fixed for a final reply.—The Emperor of China has requested aid from the American, French and English vessels of war in the Eastern waters, and they have undertaken to protect Nankin and Shanghai against the attacks of the rebels. Death of Judge Pettit. We notice with sincere regret, the death of the Hon. THOMAS M. PETTIT. The sad event took place at his late residence in Philadelphia, on Monday evening, May 30. At the time of his decease, Judge Pettit was Director of the United States Mint in this city, to which place he was recently appointed by President Pierce. He was a native of Pennsylvania, and was a member of the District Court of the City and County of Philadelphia, and subsequently was U. S. District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. He was a gentleman of fine talents, unsullied character, and a prominent member of the Democratic party. He was grandson of Chief Justice McKean, and enjoyed the esteem and respect of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He possessed many noble qualities, and in all the relations of life, public or private, he discharged the duties which devolved upon him, honorably, faithfully, with ability and judgment. As a friend he was true, as a husband he was tender, and as a father he was kind and affectionate. He was a widower at the time of his decease, his wife having died some years ago. As a member of the Bar he occupied a prominent rank, while in his judicial capacity he was sound and impartial. The duties of the office of District Attorney were discharged by him with credit and fidelity, and he enjoyed in an eminent degree the confidence of his political brethren, and of his fellow-citizens generally. He had but just entered upon the responsible office of Director of the Mint, when he was seized with an illness, which speedily terminated in his death. We tender our heartfelt condolence to his bereaved family and sorrowful friends.—Phila. Inquirer. The Coming Thousands. It is stated that nine thousand emigrants arrived at New York during two days of the present week. The movement on the other side of the Atlantic was, at the last dates, as active as ever. The Limerick Reporter says that it is really incredible to imagine the immense exodus that is in progress. Over one hundred and fifty adventurers were despatched in a single train from that town, and another party of one hundred started the same day from Ennis. The Sligo Champion says: "Crowds of well-dressed, respectable looking people, left this port last week for Liverpool, from whence they purpose sailing for America; and although the drain from this locality is incessant, we have not yet heard of a want of hands to carry on the work usual at this season of the year." Thirty families recently left Nenagh on the same day, and one hundred and sixty-seven pauper females were also despatched from the Naas Union, and destined to Quebec. By far the larger portion of the Irish emigrants direct their footsteps to the United States, but some to Canada, and others to Australia. A lucky chap at Washington, one who has tried the prospecting, says "a woman is the best manuverer after all. Take three pounds of petticoats, four smiles, two tear drops, with gammon at discretion; stir briskly and apply gently warm to the blind side of a secretary, and you have a never failing prescription for getting an office."

The Rational Northwest Branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Certainly this is the age of progress. The world has changed much from the "era of Noah to that of Napoleon," and much even from the era of Napoleon to that of Napoleon On-rang-Outang. The dominion of man over nature comes as the inevitable growth of things. The vision of the seer, afar off and incredible, so hidden in the apparently impossible, comes at last to be of the dull catalogue of common events; and the poet says that "Philosophy has even clipped the angels' wings." Like the pitch of the catamaran, on rush the destinies of the world, and the miracles of yesterday are the real things of to-day, and the stories of to-day will be a mouldy tradition on the ear of to-morrow. By what wonderful power is man thus, like a demigod, subduing the earth to himself? By what miraculous force does he bring the brute elements of nature to be the patient ministers of his needs, the docile slaves of his wants, and the wonders of time and space to yield their secrets and pass away as the fables of his childhood? The real wonder-worker is science, and the divine force is the intellect of man. The railroad bar, the locomotive, the telegraph wire have metamorphosed the world, and destroyed time and space; and man's imprisonment within the thick incrustations of the actual seems about to be followed by an emancipation as perfect as his dream of the ideal. The story of Orpheus is no longer a fable, but a bald and familiar fact. He does certainly play, and his enchantment of nature is a perpetual miracle; but his musical instrument is the string of the telegraph, and the whistle of the locomotive. The trees and rocks do certainly dance, but it is a waltz by the way side of "the train" at sixty miles an hour. The beasts do certainly come and follow to his pipings; but the horses and pigs in the cars are on the way to market, hurried by the steam dragon. In the van of this onward rush, Young America is a high youth, the groping giant of the planet, with his hand toward the stars of the Planet. Thus he knows but one command—"all aboard!"—hast but one watch-word—"clear the track!" In the meantime, on venerable trees by the way-side, sit mournful wrens, who croak disasters, and, with ill-boding warnings, cry to the army of Progress—"beware!"—"cautions yaw!"—"dangers ahead!"—"awful climax approaching!"—"giant insolvent snow-storms falling!"—Young America, stand firm under the newspaper editors, are always either prophets or men of prophets; and so they ought to be. For who can know so much as the man who is always reading and making newspapers? Some of this brotherhood seem to imagine themselves the sole occupants of the light-houses of the Universe, and take especial pains to be always pointing out the breakers, and insisting upon the necessity of everybody's being wrecked. Recently, their vaticinations have been expended on the problem of a quickly-coming absolute bankruptcy of the whole United States, and this to be achieved through the instrumentality of the Railroad man. Never mind the prophets, Young America! for there have been Rapps, Smiths, and Mohammeds, as well as Ezekiels and Daniels. Go ahead! Advance with your industrial army! In this warfare no blood is spilled—no precious life dies out. With powder and pick, the railroad soldier attacks the rock and mountain; the abyss is closed; the hills and ancient as the sun, with their granitic, ribbed and ancient as the sun, with the ceaseless cannonading of the drill, fall to atoms. Peacefully and sublimely the operations of this army proceed. The forests and mountains dissolve, and the traveller makes the transit of a continent as in a dream. Sorrowful raven on the tree bough! mournful prophet of quickly arriving ruin! the Railroad man is deaf to his phantoms, alluring the world to destruction, and bidding sudden death; he strikes the deserts and perishes, but a general wave of the ever advancing sea of life and progress, a welling up from the deep fountain of the powers of the world. The "United States man" is represented by his work. Unlike all races that have preceded him, he works in uses alone. He creates neither monuments of beauty, nor memorials of folly; neither statues, nor pyramids, nor obelisks, nor temples of art, but in the sublime world of uses and ends, works and adives, works and lives. All hail! divine rage of railroad-making,—for what bringest thou? Progress, regeneration, and physical salvation for man. If the venerable kings of Egypt would insist upon wasting millions of dollars piling rock upon rock into pyramids, let the sands of the desert cover them. They are monuments of folly and superstition, the mania of an insane race. This land of wisdom, and birthplace of civilization, and philosophies, stands under condemnation of folly. If Egypt, then, the land of wisdom, has consumed millions of dollars in precious days of labor, building mountains of rocks over the dust of stupid kings, shall not young America spend a few thousands for her forest-felling, snake-killing armies, who are making smooth the rugged places, and the wilderness to blossom as the rose? If kings will have their dust repose under mountains that generations have died to build, and the lunatics make his cow-paths straight, and smooth the track to market for his chickens and pigs? No pyramids and temples, no subterranean palaces for the dead, to be covered with sand by the revengeful centuries, do we want; but tunnels and bridges for the living to pass, that nature's great plan of uses be served and the ends of creation fulfilled. Let the "magician's wand," the railroad bar, bring the Atlantic and Pacific face to face, and let the bearded forest giant, "Yankee Slick," shake hands and have a small "swap" of corn and notions. And this brings us to the point young America, and particularly young Pennsylvania, and especially young Western Pennsylvania. The next inevitable thing for the genius of the hour to accomplish, is to construct a direct line of railroad from the Allegheny mountains to the city of Cleveland, leaving the mountain at the western end of the Allegheny and the Pittsburgh route by a southern line. This is not what is wanted as a world road. Why should the vast West, by her eye fixed on the Atlantic, pass there by a circuitous route through Pittsburg? Let us to the end; let us circulate quickly in the charmed circle of ends and uses, say the wheat bag and ham—the merchant and traveller. Not all night at Pittsburg and a day longer: we want "through in a single day," as the bills have it. "Clear the track!" For six thousand years the human race have been trying to get over the Allegheny mountain, coming tortfully and profitably, and when the locomotive emerges from the western end of the "Allegheny Tunnel" man can shout, "I have found it!" Where next? Straight to the city of Cleveland, and then the vast West and the belt of the globe. The south-western deflection of the line, from this mountain to Pittsburg, was necessary as a world road for the South-west. Another leg of the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania is required for the West direct, and North-west. The lake region, with its immeasurable resources and world-wide commercial connections, must have a straight and unbroken railroad bond with the Atlantic ocean and the cities of the Atlantic valley. Already the Pennsylvania Central railroad has made the valley of the Mississippi tributary to the east, by its connection with Pittsburg. It now becomes the manifest destiny of both the east and the west to make a straight and connected line between Philadelphia and the city of Cleveland, which seems, like Delphi of old, to have become the umbilicus

orbis terrarum. The present crossing of the two new railroads of Pennsylvania is the one necessitated by the nature of things. A crest line of the summit of the Allegheny mountain has been run north-east to south-west of this point, nearly one hundred miles long, in the different surveys, and the crossing of the "Sugar Run Gap" has been discovered by absolute mathematics to be the lowest and most desirable crossing. All the lines run for years for the purpose of crossing this great natural barrier between the east and west, without inclined planes, have crossed at this gap, as a certain venerable tree called the "old white oak" with its fan-shaped benches, can testify. By consulting the different maps of these surveys, this can easily be seen. The laws of gravitation and mathematics, then, predestinate and foreordain this to be the crossing place of the great thoroughfare of the continent. Let the west then look to this point; especially, oh openly city of Cleveland, look to the "Sugar Run Gap" as your sunrise and golden-orient of hopes. This is your pass, this the great "world pass" of the Alleghenies. Look to it, then, that you get this road, the Allegheny Mountain and Cleveland Railroad, at once under way. Let no time be lost. A certain writer says the "geography and rivers of a country write its history." This is an obsolete formula now. The railroads of a country will decide and write its history, for the railroad is itself ocean, river and lake, and better than either or any; for whilst man holds the railroad in the hollow of his hand, it is God who holds the waters of the earth in His. The next question is the practicability of the project. Any one taking a map of Pennsylvania and Ohio, will see that an air line from Philadelphia to Cleveland will pass the Allegheny Tunnel in Cambria county, Pa., and taking the elevated table land between the head waters of the Allegheny and Susquehanna rivers, and holding a direct line to the city of Cleveland, will pass a region in which there are no mountain chains to climb, or large valleys of drainage to pass. The southwest deflection descended at once from the mountain heights to the valley of the Conemaugh, then crossing a number of summits, gets into the valley of the Monongahela. This will show the folly of the recent suggestions to leave the main line at some point west of the mountain, as at Johnstown or Blairsville, or even still more absurd, of leaving the Pennsylvania road at Latrobe or Pittsburg.—That is, leaving two sides of a triangle, plunging into vast valleys of drainage, of large rivers, of the course altogether, when one side of the same triangle will carry the line over an elevated region, uncut by a single valley of any depth, or unobstructed by a single mountain. The long talked of Sunbury and Erie seems still to crawl. Nature and science do not seem here to say "Go ahead." A doubtful project at first, smothered and half born, it still struggles with adverse currents and uncertain forces. Let the advocates of this line reflect upon these facts, and say, why this eternal delay? Many railroad projects, conceived long since this one, have been in operation for some time, whilst clouds and shadows rest upon it yet. Why? The nature of things condemns the project. There is no conspiracy of the earth geni to bring it about, as one of the inevitables. Painfully, like a wounded snake, it "drags its slow length along." Private enterprise, private speculation and interest, supply the gas and "the thunder." Ruthless speculators oppose not gravitation and mathematics. The rational transit of the Allegheny chain will soon be achieved, and science and wisdom, after long struggles, will pass this formidable barrier with the locomotive, without planes. Will the human race endorse a project so insane as a tortuous and troublesome line, almost parallel to the bar of the sea, with such immense difficulty achieved, having only the prospect of greater length, the most impassable points, the whole Allegheny lines to overcome, to strike the worst point on the whole Lake range? Strike not. Let private enterprise go into this measure; the universe cannot adopt it. The "rational Northwest branch" leaves the Pennsylvania road where it has consummated its sublimest triumph—the perforation of the Allegheny mountain by tunnel. This magnificent road at this point has achieved its most difficult undertaking, having climbed the eastern escarpment of this mountain, by a series of heroic efforts unprecedented in the annals of railroad making. Almost by the fabled labors of the Titans, almost by the masonry of the Cyclopes, have its mountain spurs been cleared, its chasms filled. The rational North-west takes this splendid achievement as a gift of the supernals, flings its hat on high, shouting "Excelsior!" and strikes on being in Cleveland and the Pacific Ocean. This is no dream or fable, but one of the absolutes of God; what the ages have conspired to bring about, what mathematics, gravitation, and the eternal geographical necessity of things make inevitable. It cannot be said to be a paper project, for fragments of the line have been made with the instruments on the surface, and found feasible. These experimental lines have been in the most difficult parts of the route, and reversed, and found much better than the Pittsburg line. Philadelphia and Cleveland, and especially young, growing, progressive, and richly-blessed Western Pennsylvania, look at this project immediately. There is life in it, health in it, wealth in it. Say the word, and the level and transit will soon sing the song of joy of the rational Northwest Branch of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. In the next chapter on this subject there will be a small sprinkling of arithmetic.

A Model Whig Senator. The complimentary notices received by Senator Barnes, of the Bedford district, from the Whig papers who fought so manfully for his election are really rich and racy. If all they say of him is true, (and we have no reason to doubt their words) Mr. Barnes must be a model Whig Senator—one who does up his business openly, and without fear. The Fulton Republican, in commenting on an article published in the Waterford Dispatch, both whig papers, goes on to say:—"Barnes was guilty of taking bribes in numerous instances during the last session of the Legislature! And in order that it may not be supposed that the charge is lightly made, or without the fullest proof, the Dispatch gives Thomas Carson of Franklin county, the late able and worthy Speaker of the Senate, for authority. From the confident tone of the article in the Dispatch we have no doubt that it was published with the entire approval of Mr. Carson, himself, for he is not the man to wink at rascality in any shape, much less at the villainy with which Barnes is charged. Mr. Carson, both before and after the adjournment of the Legislature, has denounced the character and conduct of Barnes in numerous unmeasured terms, and would have presented articles of impeachment against him, had the facts come to his knowledge earlier in the session. From all authority as high as Mr. Carson, we have it that Barnes utterly refused to attend to the affairs of his constituents, and was always ready to attend to any business in which Philadelphians were interested, for pay, and boasted of the snug sums of money he made by the operation. He was always ready for a trade, and never had sense enough to keep his own secrets, so that before the session closed he was known at the same time to be the most corrupt man, and considerably the greatest ass that has found the way to Harrisburg for a long while. From the article in the Dispatch it appears that he is an exceedingly low priced rascal.—Not content with selling his vote on important bills for money, he is said to have speculated considerably, at Philadelphia, in dry goods, jewelry, wines, brandy, and everything in short that he could get. He is known throughout his district to be a very considerable fool; but he was hardly supposed to be so totally devoid of common sense and common honesty as his conduct during the last session of the legislature has proven him.—He should endeavor to escape the exposure and punishment that awaits him, by resigning his seat in the Senate. For so sure as he presents himself at the bar of the next Senate will be impeached and expelled. Let him, therefore, be content with what he has already achieved, and resign. It is the only wise and safe course left him. If he does not, his experience may prove this:—That it is much safer, although not quite so glorious, to "cabbage" a garment occasionally from a neighbor, than to barter his vote, and the rights of his constituents in the Pennsylvania Senate. What a precocious pink of whiggery this Mr. Hamilton Barnes must be. We know, of course, that both parties are liable to have black sheep within their fold, but we believe there is no instance on record where such charges were ever made against a Democratic Senator. It appears the more strange, too, when we remember what extraordinary exertions were used by the whigs of Bedford and Somerset to elect Barnes, and how pure a patriot he was then, compared to what he rates at now. Well, although the world is a general thing, may condemn him, we think, there is one commendable trait in his character, he shows his hand—openly and above board—and lets his constituents know that honor and honesty form no part of his creed.—Dem Standard. DREADFUL MASSACRE ON BOARD THE REINDEER. Two Murderers Arrested. BOSTON, June 3.—Letters received in this city from Montevideo, report that the captain, both mates, steward and two passengers of the Reindeer, bound to Valparaiso from Boston, were murdered by the crew. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that but little resistance could be made. The crew, shortly after the Commission of the terrible deed, scuttled the vessel off Cape Antonio. The vessel was afterwards discovered abandoned. Her cargo being thrown overboard, she was rowed into Montevideo. The Reindeer had on board a large amount of bullion, which the murderers secured before leaving the ship, and placed in a boat, in which they arrived at Montevideo. On their arrival, one of the murderers seeing the Reindeer lying in the harbor, when he had supposed she had sunk, was seized with a panic and confessed the dreadful crime. The affair created a great sensation. The murderers were arrested and will be sent to England for trial. The Fisheries—British Preparations. BOSTON, June 1.—We have received St. John (N. B.) papers of the 30th ult. They continue to be filled with articles relative to the fishery question. The Morning News states that H. M. vessel of war Ketch had recently arrived, and would be stationed in the Bay of Fundy. The crew steamer Phoenix was fitted out in England, and would be stationed near St. John. H. M. steamers Basilisk and Devastation are to be stationed off Newfoundland. Four small vessels are to be fitted out to be commanded by a Lieutenant of the Navy and manned by 25 men each, from the flag ship Cumberland, and other small vessels are to be fitted out at Halifax, all of which the News thinks, "will effectually put a stop to the encroachments of American mackerel men from the British waters." A STARTLING PICTURE.—He sat before a low table, and his pale fingers clutched with convulsive energy the handle of a knife. His brows were knit and his lips were tightly compressed, while the wild and unsettled expression of his eyes seemed to indicate the desperate purpose that was flashing through his excited brain. Suddenly he held the glittering steel to the light, he felt of its keen edge and tapering point, then, with startling energy, he raised the fatal knife on high and plunged it in the breast of a roast goose. The gravy ran out in torrents, and the half-finished young gentleman left behind him as the only monument of his prowess, a pyramid of bones. Mr. Jones.—That is a fine horse you're leading, Patrick. He carries his head well. Pat.—That's true. An' it's a grand thail he carries behind him. Jones.—Behind him! Don't everything that carries a tail, carry it behind? Pat.—No, your honor. Jones.—No? what don't? Pat.—A cin, sure, carries its thail on one side, and its head on t'other.