

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

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JAMES CLARK.

TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.
No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrears are paid.
Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

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

OFFICES:

Philadelphia—Number 69 Pine street.
Baltimore—S. E. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets.
New York—Number 160 Nassau street.
Boston—Number 16 State street.

WOOLLEN MANUFACTORY.

The subscriber respectfully inform his friends and the public in general, that he is prepared to manufacture cloths, sattinets, flannels, blankets, carpeting, &c., at the well known establishment, formerly occupied by Jeremiah Whitehead, situated in the town of Williamsburg, Huntingdon Co. Pa. His machinery will be in good order, and having none but good workmen in his employ, he will assure all who may favor him with their custom that their orders will be executed in a satisfactory style on the shortest notice.

TERMS:

He will card wool into rolls at the low price of 6 1/2 cents per pound; card and spin 12 cuts per pound, 16 cents per pound; manufacture white flannel from fleece, 5 1/2 cents per yard; manufacture brown flannel from fleece, 40 cents per yard; he will find sattinet warp and manufacture sattinets of all dark colors at 45 cents per yard; cloths 2 wide, 50 cents per yard; common broad cloth, \$1 25 per yard; blankets, \$3 per pair; plain girthing carpet, 50 cents per yard; he will card, spin, double and twist stocking yarn at 20 cents per pound; coloring carpet, coverlet and stocking yarn, from 15 to 31 cents per pound.

Country Felling.

Cloths of all dark colors, 22 cents per yard; flannels, 31 cents per yard; blankets, 7 cents per yard; home dye flannels, 6 1/2 cents per yard; home dye cloths, 16 cents per yard. Arrangements have been made at the following places, where cloths and wool will be taken and returned every two weeks.

At the house of John Nail, Hartslog Valley; Jacob McGahan, McConnellstown; J. Entreklin's store, Coffee Run; John Givins's store, Leonard Weaver, Jacob Cypress and Matthew Garner, Woodcock Valley; Gemmel & Porter's store, Alexandria; Walter Graham's store, Canoe Valley; Dysart's Mill, Sinking Valley; Davis Brook's Mill, Blair township; James Candron's store, Frankstown; Geo. Steiner's store, Waterstreet; James Saxton's store, Huntingdon. Persons wishing to exchange wool for manufactured stuffs can be accommodated.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for work.

WILLIAM BUCHANAN,
Williamsburg, Aug. 27, 19, 1845.—tf.

Bargains! Bargains!! SELLING OFF AT COST!!

WILLIAM STEWART,

HUNTINGDON, being desirous to retire from the mercantile business on account of the delicate state of his health, offers his large and entire stock for sale at cost and carriage. A reasonable credit will be given to those who will purchase over twenty dollars worth.

To any person or persons wishing to engage in the aforesaid business, the subscriber would prefer to dispose of his stock wholesale. He would also rent his store room, which as good and convenient a business stand as there is in the borough of Huntingdon. His stock is of entire first goods and the latest arrivals from the city, consisting of

Dry Goods,

such as Cassimers, Sattinets, road Cloths, Silks, Mousin de Laines, Calicoes, Brown and Bleached Muslins, Woolen Shawls, Silk, Gingham and Linen handkerchiefs, all different qualities. Also, an assortment of Hosiery and a very large assortment of

Boots and Shoes,

of all kinds and quality. Also, a large assortment of

Queenware and Hardware,
of the newest and most approved styles. Also, a large and carefully selected assortment of all kinds of

Groceries,

in short, the subscriber is supplied with all the variety belonging to store-keeping, the particulars of which are too tedious to mention.

Horses, or any kind of grain or lumber, will be taken in exchange for goods, at cash prices. Any person wishing any further information, will please call upon the subscriber.

Huntingdon, Jan. 7, 1845.

N. B.—A large lot of the best quality of LIQUORS, consisting of Brandy, Gin and Wine, and also a large lot of the same at other prices to suit purchasers, will be sold in exchange for country produce.

NOTICE.—Those who have unsettled accounts on the books of the subscriber, will please settle them soon, or they will find them in the hands of the proper officer for collection.
WM. STEWART,
Jan. 7, 1845.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL PREMIUM HAT STORE.

BERTRAND ROSS,
No. 120 Chestnut St., south side, 4
doors below Fourth st.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon County, that he has refitted and opened the above establishment, where he is prepared at all times, to furnish Beaver, Nutria and Moleskin Hats, equal to any manufactured in this country. Also, a superior quality of Caps, for officers of the Army and Navy, together with Dress, Riding and Sporting Caps: a new and splendid style of Children's and Boys' Caps, with a great variety of Rich Fancy Furs for Ladies.

Just received, per Steam Ship Great Western, the approved style of LADIES' RIDING HATS; also, a beautiful assortment of Children's French Caps. I am determined that my hats, in point of beauty and quality, shall not be surpassed by those of any other Establishment in any City in the Union.
Philadelphia, Dec. 24, 1845.

NOTICE.

To the heirs and legal Representatives of Nathan Green, late of Warriorsmark township, Huntingdon county, deceased. BY virtue of a writ of partition or valuation issued out of the Orphan's Court of said county, I will proceed on
Thursday, 9th April next,
by Jury of Inquest convened on the premises, to make partition or valuation of the real estate of said deceased, situate in said township.
JOHN ARMITAGE, Sh'ff.
Sheriff's Office, Huntingdon, March 4, 1846.

GREAT BARGAINS!

Can be had at the Chair Shop of Thos. Adams, at his old stand, opposite Geo. Jackson's Hotel, where he intends keeping CHAIRS of different kinds and qualities, warranted good, and cheaper than ever has been sold in Huntingdon.

Call and See!

THOMAS ADAMS.

N. B. Wanted to learn the Chair Making business, a boy about 15 or 16 years of age, of good moral character, and to come on or before the 10th day of April next.
T. A.
Huntingdon, March 4, 1846.

Notice to the heirs of David Johns, dec'd.

THE heirs of said dec'd will take notice, that the Orphan's Court of Huntingdon County, on the 16th day of January, A. D. 1846, granted a Rule on the heirs and legal representatives of the said David Johns, late of Shirley township, in said county, dec'd., to appear at the next Orphan's Court to be held at Huntingdon on the second Monday of April next, to show cause, if any they have, why the real estate of the said dec'd. should not be sold.
JACOB MILLER, Clerk.
Feb. 18, 1846.—6t.

Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons interested are hereby notified that the account of Geo. Jackson, Assignee of John McComb, under a voluntary assignment, has been filed in my Office, and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas, of Huntingdon county, on the second Monday of April next, for confirmation, when and where the same will be confirmed and allowed, if no sufficient cause be shown to the contrary.
JAMES STEEL, Prot'y.
Huntingdon, March 4, 1846.

CAUTION!

DR. J. H. DORSEY,

HAVING removed from Williamsburg to Huntingdon, would inform the community that he designs to continue the practice of medicine, and will be thankful for their patronage. Residence and office formerly occupied by R. Allison, Esq.
N. B. Having been successful in accomplishing the cure of a number of cancers, (for which vouchers can be had if required) he feels confident of success in the most obstinate cases, and should he fail in curing no charge will be made.
Huntingdon, April 23, 1845.

JOHN WILLIAMSON

Having returned to Huntingdon county, has recommenced the practice of LAW in the Borough of Huntingdon, where he will carefully attend to all business entrusted to his care.—He will be found at all times by those who may call upon him, at his office with Isaac Fisher, Esq., adjoining the store of Thos. Read & Son, near the Diamond.
Huntingdon, April 30, 1845.

PERSONS wishing to purchase any kind of WOOLLEN GOODS, will find that they can be had at very reduced prices, at almost cost, at the Cheap Cash Store of
JOHN N. PROWELL,
Huntingdon, March 11, 1846.

Come taste and try,
I am sure you will buy,
Some very superior molasses, at the cheap
CASH STORE of
JOHN N. PROWELL,
Huntingdon, March 11, 1846.

Blanks!

A large supply of JUSTICES' BLANKS, on superior paper, just printed, and for sale at this office.

BLANK BONDS—Judgment and commission—for sale at this office.

POETRY.

The Labourer's Hymn.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

"Don't you all think that we have a great need to cry to our God to put it in the hearts of our grasping queen and her members of parliament to grant us free bread?"—Lucy Simpkins, at Bremhill.

Our God, who by thy Prophets hand,
Didst smite the rocky brake,
Whence water came, at thy command,
Thy people's thirst to slake;
Strike now, upon this granite wall,
Stern, obdurate, and high;
And let their drops of pity fall
For us who starve and die!

The God, who took a little child,
And set him in the midst,
And promised him His mercy mild,
As, by Thy Son, Thou didst:
Look down upon our children dear,
So gaunt, so cold, so spare,
And let their images appear,
Where Lordes and Gentry are!

Oh God, teach them to feel how we,
When our poor infants droop,
Are weakened in our trust in Thee,
And how our spirits stoop;
For, in thy rest, so bright and fair,
All tears and sorrows sleep;
And their young looks, so full of care,
Would make Thine Angels weep!

The God, who with His finger drew
The Judgment coming on,
Write, for these men, what must ensue,
Ere many years be gone!
Oh God, whose how is in the sky,
Let them not brave and dare,
Until they look (too late) on high,
And see An Arrow there!

Oh God remind them! In the bread
They brake upon the knee,
These sacred words may yet be read,
"In memory of Me!"
Oh God remind them! Of His sweet
Compassion for the poor,
And how He gave them Bread to eat,
And went from door to door!

Correspondence of the Express.

The Sabbath.—J. Q. Adams.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.

Among the numerous and exciting party topics of this tumultuous city, we have this day had one adapted to tranquilize the troubled waters; and to produce an effect, like that, which was produced on the tempest-tossed sea of Galilee, when it heard a voice, saying, "Peace be still."—Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Baptists, Dutch Reformed, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, (Old School and New,) and Members of Congress, Whigs and Democrats, and all classes of good men and true, from the East, the West, the North and the South, were assembled in one of the largest Churches of the city, which was filled to overflowing. After some time spent in silence, evidently in eager expectation, the venerable John Q. Adams arose and requested a man, whose name I did not distinctly hear, to address the Throne of Grace.—He came forward, and in a humble, affectionate manner, implored the blessings and presence of the Most High, while they should unite their counsels and efforts for the promotion of the sacred and universal observance of the Christian Sabbath.

After he had closed, Mr. Adams arose, and in a calm, dignified, and yet very kind and subdued tone of voice, said, that he had been requested to take the chair, and to address the Assembly on this occasion. But as the request had just been made, he must speak in a desultory manner. He began by repeating the declaration of the Saviour,—"The Sabbath was made for man." He then went on, in his inimitable manner, to show how the conscientious observance of the Sabbath, as a holy day, promoted all the interests of man. He received him first as a little child, and carried him forward, under the influence of the Sabbath, till he became a youth, and a mature man.

He then surveyed him, as the head of a family, in the discharge of his momentous duties towards his offspring; as an heir of immortality, leading the household at the family altar, in united and fervent supplications to their common God and Father; and humbly confessing their sins and seeking that pardoning mercy, without which they could not be happy in this life, or the life to come. The tremulous, deep emotion with which he uttered this sentiment touched many a heart, and raised many a hand to prevent the falling tear.

He then accompanied the young man out into the world, in the discharge of his social, civil and religious duties, and proceeded onward to the close of life. And as he quitted his mortal and entered upon his immortal state, under the influences of the Sabbath, and found himself in the bliss and amidst the glories of the upper world, which remaineth for the people of God, ever here in the assembly seemeth to say, "The Sabbath was made for Man."

CRUCIOUS FACT.—A farmer in Vermont, last season was behind all his neighbors in cutting the grass in his meadows. At night, some waggish boys went into one of his meadows and cut down all the grass in it. They also went into his potato patch and cut a few swathes through it. At the time of digging the potatoes they were found rotten, except where the boys had cut off the tops; and there they were all found good and sound.—This would seem to show that the disease begins in the tops, and it suggests as a means of saving a crop the cutting off the tops so soon as the tops begin to die.

Huzza for American Manufactures!

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, under date of Wednesday, says:—"Quite an interesting scene occurred to-day in the room of the Post Office and Post Roads Committee of the House of Representatives. This is the room in which Mr. HOSKIN, the Agent of the British Manufacturers, has been located for nearly a month past, with specimens of Manchester goods, with prices attached, to aid in the great work of breaking down the American Tariff! This morning, Mr. STEWART, of the House, with four gentlemen from Boston, Messrs. Page, Livermore, Fay, and Hovey, whom he and other tariff members had invited to come to Washington with specimens of their American goods, that the same might be compared with the specimens of British goods already exhibited here, visited the committee room in question. No sooner had the party entered, than Mr. Homer commenced rolling up his British specimens, for the purpose of leaving. But Mr. Stewart begged him not to go. He said it would not be fair thus to leave without allowing a comparison of the two kinds of goods to be made. Mr. Homer still persisted, and said he would rather not remain—the gentlemen from Boston might have the room. Mr. Stewart still insisted that he must not go, but must remain and aid in the investigation. Finally, Mr. Homer consented to do so.

By comparison it appeared, that prints of the same quality and stamp of those of Manchester, worth 10 cents per yard, are furnished by the Boston and Lowell manufactures at 11 cents—with this difference—and it is a wide one in favor of the American side of the question—the British articles are "Job Goods," and but 24 inches in width, while the American are of the first quality, equivalent to 10 per centum better than the "Job Goods" of the same article, and are 27 inches in width.

The difference in width gives to the purchaser 108 square inches in the yard, or 24,192 square inches in the piece of 28 yards.

Mr. Homer could not get over this "fixed fact." It was a stunner! There were the American and the British goods, and there were the prices of each. Every one could see and judge for himself. The Boston gentleman exhibited a very large variety of cotton, worsted and silk goods. It was truly astonishing to behold to what perfection, competition, fostered by a wise and judicious American Tariff, had brought the manufacture of this description of goods, as well as to what low prices they had been brought. Some very thick, dark and checked cotton cloth, suitable for gentlemen's summer dresses, and so firm that one could not tear it with his hands in any way, was priced at only ten cents a yard.—A suit—coat, vest and pants—costing only 60 cts. Some handsome durable vestings, finely figured, at 10 cents each, were exhibited. Coarse cotton cloths, white, and of a substantial quality, at 4 cents, were also to be seen. It is a charming idea truly, that we must break down our Tariff, in order to get those cheaper than we can now obtain them! Permanency in the Tariff System is what our manufacturers want, in order that they may feel secure in embarking in the manufacture of the finer kinds of goods, such as those manufactured by France. Let Mr. Polk succeed in breaking down our American Tariff, to gratify the British and those who sympathize with the British on this subject, and our capitalists will be cramped and unable to go on in their praiseworthy enterprise. This matter demands the serious and earnest attention of the whole American people.

The opponents of the present judicious Tariff, should well consider the above facts, while they are endeavoring to destroy a law of the land which protects and encourages American industry, and enables our manufactures, to produce goods, surpassing, in almost every respect, the fabrics of the famed and monopolizing looms of Manchester, England. We believe that when a full display of American manufactured articles are exhibited in Washington, the comparison between them and British productions of the same class, will be generally in favor of our own, and that the most strenuous anti-tariffite in either House of Congress, will be obliged to admit the fact, and his heretofore blind opposition to the Tariff, will receive an admonition which cannot fail to produce a change in his views, and have a tendency to paralyze his unwisdom endeavors to repeal the law. The friends of home industry and the supporters of the Tariff of '42, will, no doubt, be highly gratified to learn that the British agent and his Manchester fabricators, have met with such a competition from our manufacturers, that will put a quietus upon his efforts at Washington to obtain friends and supporters among the members of Congress, for his employers, in England.

BLOODY OUTRAGE.—A few months ago, says the Louisville Journal, a young man from near Snow Hill, Maryland, named D. T. Riley, came to that city with the intention of practicing law. Not finding sufficient encouragement, he went about four miles in the country, on or near the Flat Lick road, and took a school. A young man from Shelby co., named Richard Meriwether, Jr., went to Mr. Riley's school-house, called him out, and under the pretense that Mr. R. had reported a remark or a question that was concerning a gentleman in the neighborhood, stabbed him five times; wounding him severely and most dangerously. The Physicians say that Mr. R. will probably die, unless one of his arms be amputated; and he refuses to submit to amputation. Meriwether was pursued, but no information had been received of his arrest.

From the Asylum Gazette.

The Remembrance of the Dead.

The sorrow for the Dead, is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affection we forget. But this wound we consider sacred and our duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude with fond and melancholy pleasure. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though its very recollection is a pang to her bosom? Where the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, although the remembrance be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing over the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart crushed as it were by the closing of its portals, would accept of consolation, if it must be purchased by forgetfulness? No, no, no! The love that survives the tomb is the noblest attribute of the soul. If it has its woes, it always has its joys. When the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into gentle recollection, when the sudden anguish and convulsive agony are over, the present remains of all that we hold most dear—is softened away into meditation—on all that it was in the days of its loveliness. Who would banish such sorrow from the heart?

Although it may sometimes throw a cloud over the hour of gaiety, or a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom—yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No! There is a voice from the tomb, sweeter, far sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead which causes us to turn even from the charms of the living. Oh! the grave, the grave! It buries every terror, covers every defect and extinguishes every resentment—and clothes the loved dead with more than human loveliness. The graves of those who we loved!—what a place for sweet meditation!!! There it is that we call up the full history of virtue, gentleness and a thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded whilst living. There it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the awfulness of the parting scene. The bed of death with its stifled grief, its noiseless attendants, in mute wuthful assidues, the last of expiring love, the feeble thrilling fluttering, the pressure of the hand, the last fond look of the glazed eye, turning on us even from the threshold of existence, the faint fluttering accents struggling in death to give us one more assurance of affection.

P.—in A.

Horror of the Slave Trade.

A letter from one of the Missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Africa, relates the impressions made by a visit to the barque 'Pons,' lately captured by an American Cruiser, and on which were recaptured nine hundred slaves. It is stated that during 14 days passage to Liberia, gentleness and a thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded whilst living. There it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the awfulness of the parting scene. The bed of death with its stifled grief, its noiseless attendants, in mute wuthful assidues, the last of expiring love, the feeble thrilling fluttering, the pressure of the hand, the last fond look of the glazed eye, turning on us even from the threshold of existence, the faint fluttering accents struggling in death to give us one more assurance of affection.

Female Kings.

A new female sect has just appeared in a part of Ohio, called "The Female Kings," who hold that the order of nature has been reversed—that the time has now arrived when "the last shall be first," consequently, that woman is the lord of creation, and man her servant. They sit in judgment upon the saints; are endowed with eternal life; are proof to injury, and are under the special care of the Lord, fed, clothed, and preserved by his power.—They have succeeded in making a great many converts, and the infatuated creatures have left their families, and are wandering about without scrip, and without purse, taking no thought of the morrow, led, as they think, by the Spirit, "to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."—N. Y. Mirror.

The only way to put down this new usurpation, is for the men to get up another society, to be called the "Male Queens," and see how long it will be before the sects unite.

We know nothing about the society, but its existence is a beautiful comment upon the self complacency with which the present generation looks upon the past, it sneers at the witchcraft, and other errors now exploded.—A proof, too, it is, that the same materials that formed the bubbles of other times, will bubble up in our day, and will continue to bubble up, while there is water enough in the channels of society to sustain its bubble.

A Beautiful Incident.

On a fine summer's day, a clergyman was called to preach in a town in Indiana, to a young Episcopal congregation. At the close, of his discourse, he addressed his young hearers in some such words as these:

"Learn that the present life is a preparation for, and has a tendency to eternity. The present is linked with the future throughout creation, in the vegetable, in the animal, and in the moral world.—As is the seed so is the fruit, as is the egg so is the fowl; as is the boy so is the man; and as the rational being in this world, so will he be in the next; Dives estranged from God here, is Dives estranged from God there; and Enoch walking with God in a calmer and better world. I beseech you then live for a blessed eternity. Go to the worm that you tread upon and learn a lesson of wisdom. The very caterpillar seeks the food that fosters it for another and similar state, and more wisely than man builds its own tomb, from whence in time, by a kind of resurrection it comes forth a new creature in almost an angelic form. And now that which was hideous is beautiful, and that which crawled flies, and that which fed on comparatively gross food, sips the dew and revels in the rich pasture an emblem of that paradise where flows the river of life. Could the caterpillar have been diverted from its proper element and mode of life, it had never attained the butterfly's splendid form and hue, it had perished a worthless worm. Consider her ways and be wise. Let it not be said that ye are more negligent than worms, and your reason is less available than their instinct. As often as the butterfly flits across your path remember that it whispers in its flight—"Live for the future."

With this the preacher closed his discourse, but to deepen the impression, a butterfly, directed by the hand which guides the sun and atom in its course fluttered through the church, as if commissioned by Heaven to repeat the exhortation. There was neither speech nor language, but its voice was heard saying to the gazing audience—"Live for the future."

POTATO PLANTING.—Have any of your readers conceived the idea, that the process of cutting potatoes for seed at the time of taking up, instead of at the time of planting, when the sap is circulating and vegetation has proceeded, oftentimes to a very considerable extent, may, in a great measure, render the crop less obnoxious to the plague of which, as has been said, we hear so much, and know so little. I am led to ask the question from having long observed, that those potatoes that have been cut by the hoe or shovel, while taking up, always retain their plumpness and vigor during the winter, and come out of the cellar in the spring, far more strong and healthy than sets that are obtained from whole tubers cut just before planting. This view of the fact may be of importance to those among us who have had our crops mangled in digging, and it has been proved by actual experiment, that sets cut during the autumn have been found more hardy in their growth, and therefore better able to throw off an attack of distemper, from whatever cause arising, that would be likely to prostrate the hopes of the planter, who has, all his life, depended on sets cut from the tuber in the spring.—Boston Cultivator.

THE KENTUCKY GIANT.—Many of our readers will remember Porter, the American giant; he is still alive and resident in Louisville, in his native State. A correspondent of the Christian Watchman lately paid him a visit, and says that he is a perfect wonder in human shape, walking like an Elephant, and looking like a man from another world. He measured eight feet and six inches in height. In gazing upon this man, says his visitor, "We feel an awe greater than that produced by the presence of a king, and a kind of shrinking away into our own littleness. It reminded us of the report of the epic, sent by Moses in the wilderness of Paran, to search out the land of Canaan, who said on their return, "We saw the giants, the sons of Anak, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so were we in their own sight."

A ROYAL COMPLIMENT.—The Washington Union publishes a correspondence which has just passed between Baron Gerolt, the Prussian minister in the United States, and the Rev. Albert A. Muller, Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran St. Paul's Church, in Washington. Baron Gerolt's letter was accompanied by a handsome service of communion plate, presented by their majesties the King and Queen of Prussia, with the following inscription:—"Frederick William IV, King, and Elizabeth, Queen of Prussia, to the Evangelical Congregation of St. Paul, in Washington, 1845." Saint Paul's Lutheran Church is now building in Washington. It is Gothic in its architecture, and when finished will be an ornament to the city.

TALK TALKING.—"May it please the Court," said a gentleman, "learned in the law," yesterday, addressing the judge on the bench, speaking in reply to some rather pungent remarks that fell from a brother barrister—"May it please the court, resting on the couch of republican equality as I do—covered by the blanket of constitutional pauperism, as I am—and protected by the ægis of American liberty, that great preservative, political mosquito bar, under which, even a tiger can take shelter, as I feel myself to be—I despise the buzzing of the professional insect, who has just sat down, and defy his futile attempts to penetrate, with his puny sting, the interstices of impervious covering."