HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

THE UNION, IT MUST BE PRESERVED — PROTECTION

Wednesday Morning, Nov. 23, 1853.

S. L. GLASGOW, Editor.

CIRCULATION 1000.

Agents for the Journal.

The following persons we have appointed Agents for the HUNTINGDON JOURNAL, who are authorized to receive and receipt for money paid on subscription, and to take the names of new subscribers at our published prices.

We do this for the convenience of our subscribers living at a distance from Huntingdon.

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JOHN LUTZ, Esq., Shirleysburg.
DAVID PARKER, Esq., Warriorsmark.
DAVID AURANDT, Esq., Todd township.

☞ JOHN ARMITAGE, Esq., of this borough, was admitted, on Monday last, to practice law in the several Courts of Huntingdon County. His acknowledged intellectual ability and shrewdness, are sure guarantees to him of attaining a high position at the bar, if it is his purpose to give the profession of law his attention. We wish him success in his new calling, and hope he may meet with the encouragement his talents and qualifications deserve.

☞ Joshua Greenland, Esq., our worthy Sheriff elect, will be sworn in this week. Next week he will move his family to the jail where he will take up his lodgings for the next three years. Peace and joy go with him.

He has employed David Blair, Esq., as his counsel, and a happier selection could not well have made. This is the first instance of his wisdom and prudence—many more will follow.

NO MORE COUGHING.—If you want to stop your cough speedily, go at once and purchase a bottle of Dr. Keyser's Pectoral Syrup, it only costs half a dollar, and will cure a cough in less than a day. It has been highly approved whereever it is known. Sold by Thos. Read, & Son, Huntingdon and by Druggists every where.

GODEY AND GRAHAM.—These excellent magazines for December have been received.

Godey is hard to beat in any particular, and Graham ditto. We have often felt surprised that they are not seen on the parlor table of every lady and family in the community.—If they were once properly introduced and their worth appreciated, it would be impossible to dispense with them.

☞ The Episcopalians held a fair in the Town Hall, last week, and we learn, realized quite a handsome sum of money, which will be appropriated to the benefit of the congregation at this place. It would have rejoiced our heart if they had received five times as much as they did, for their congregation is rather small here, and we understand, has some difficulty in removing a few liabilities caused by the erection of St. John's Church.

We trust they will finally succeed, and thus give to the world another evidence of the power of christian fortitude and perseverance.

SOLDIERS OF 1812.—There was a meeting of these "brave associates" held in this town sometime during last week, but we have not been able to learn what the nature of their proceedings was. The community, we have no doubt, would like very much to learn something of the history of this war, through a few of the worthies who figured so extensively at some of those "hard fought battles," and then *lost courage and deserted.*

The American soldier, who has faithfully served his country, always stands an object of special regard by our citizens, and has volumes of praise written in his favor. We are *said* to be no "ungrateful people"—will any body doubt this?

Spiritual Telegraph.

We have received a copy of this paper from the editor, with the request that his "editorial brethern will notice the peculiar features of the Telegraph."

What to say on the subject of *Spiritual Science,* to the promotion and development of which the columns of the Telegraph are exclusively devoted, is difficult for us to determine. We are not personally a disciple of the faith, nor are we a positive unbeliever, because we are not prepared to refute the arguments and facts, its advocates bring to bear in its favor.

But if all that is said on the subject is *true,* it is certainly a very wonderful and mysterious science, and its scoffers should be careful as to what they say against it. We cannot recommend it to our readers, farther than to say, if any of them have a desire to learn something about the mysterious workings of unseen spirits, and a disposition to search after truth, which sometimes exists in very large masses of error, they can procure a copy of the "Spiritual Telegraph," at No. 300 Broadway, N. Y., by paying two dollars in advance. Further than this, the deponent saith not—at least for the present.

The Result of the Election in Wisconsin.

MILWAUKIE, Nov. 12.—The Democrats have undoubtedly carried the State by a sweeping majority. The following ticket, all Democrats, is elected:—

Governor—William Barston.
Lieut. Govenor—J. Lewis.
Secretary of State—Grey.
Attorney General—George Smith.
The Legislature is largely Democratic.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—It is stated that President Pierce's message will be sent, as usual, to the postmasters of the most important cities in advance, to be given to the newspapers the moment it is presented to Congress.

Westminster Abbey.

A vessel is speeding its way o'er the waters. Over its side a traveller listlessly bends, and gazes into the deep blue sea rolling beneath. The waves gently ripple against the ship's side, curling their crests into wreaths of foam, which sparkle in the sunlight with dazzling brilliancy. Every thing is beautiful and bright: and surely nothing can be farther from the thoughts of him, who is looking down upon all this, than Death. Yet, far below him, among the coral rocks, rest the bones of many who, too, at one time perhaps, looked upon those peaceful waters and recked not that Death lurked beneath their mirrored surface.

Where has not Death been? The world is his domain, where he has swayed his sable sceptre in all ages. The brow upon which the wrinkles of time have thickly gathered, as well as the head, around which the curling ringlets of youth cluster, are alike laid low in the dust by his merciless hand.

But, though Death thus relentlessly tears away from us those whom we hold dear, the mind clings strongly to their memory. The tendrils of our affections have twined about them; and tears unbidden start when fancy woos the images of "dear departed ones." We love and revere them still, and our feelings find vent in tokens of affection, bestowed upon their lifeless remains. And, although these last sad tributes no longer affect them, they afford us the melancholy pleasure of fondly thinking, that their spirits, hovering near, see and are satisfied.

The affectionate sister, at the return of Spring, anxiously watches the opening of the first rose bud, that she may haste away, and scatter its fresh petals over the green hillock, that presses the bosom of a beloved brother. One raises a rough stone, upon which is cut, in rude characters, the initials of the deceased. Another, willing to let the world know how good a man has gone from their midst, emblazons upon a tablet of finer texture the virtues of him who rests beneath. The wealthy man raises a statue, and a Nation rears a pile, that towers to the clouds, under which the great, the good, the noble, and the mighty of her land are "gathered to their fathers."

Such is Westminster Abbey! Look upon its spires pointing heavenwards, glittering in the reflection of the glorious sunbeams. How emblematic of the fame of those, whose last resting place they point out! Whilst the sunlight of their good deeds streams from their memories, we gaze upon their resplendent glory with reverential and admiring eyes; but, when the fires, which once burst upon us, have waned in their brightness, when the flame, which has not been kindled upon the altar of Truth, has gone down in its socket, their names fade away from our sight, and sink forever in the sea of oblivion.

A mysterious building is that Abbey, that Palace of Death!

"A temple, shadowy with remembrances
Of the majestic past!

Around it, the affections of a nation cluster, for even in England, good and great men are only discovered to be such, only begin to be beloved and revered, when their spirits are beyond praise or censure, and their bodies mingled with their kindred dust.

We enter its portals with bowed heads, and, with noiseless footstep, tread our way among the tombs of those, who, "being dead, yet speak." Our eyes are cast upon the ground, and, in the tesselated pavement, are the rude marks of the chisel, exhibiting to our eyes characters that will soon need the kind offices of an Old Mortality, to rescue their subjects from oblivion. We direct our attention about us, down the long aisles, which stretch away from us on every side; and, in the array of statues, pillars and monuments, vainly endeavor to fix our gaze upon any single object. With reverence and awe, we lift our eyes to the fretted ceiling, where the delicate pillars shoot up with graceful curves in pointed arches. The folds of massy drapery and gorgeous banners cover the walls. The large arched windows admit through their stained glasses, the "dim religious light" of evening, which steals along the corridors, "in a path of dreamy lustre," softening the bold projections, and melting away into the gloom of the recesses beyond.—We gaze upon all—below us, around us, above us—then with hearts too full for utterance, sink at the base of a monument; and, with head reclined upon the marble, muse upon the Past, the Present and the Future, here so vividly brought before our minds.

Before us pass, in ghostly array, the grim, gaunt forms of mail-clad warriors, time-honored sages and ladies fair, who thronged the courts of Sebert and his successors, and whose ashes now rest with his, under the monument of his zeal and attachment for his holy religion. All traces of the Present vanish from our sight; and we are amongst another race of beings.—The iron-shod heel rings upon the stone pavement, the raised visor reveals the stern unyielding front that quails not, when dangers, in demon shapes, threaten to overwhelm—the gauntleted hand rests upon the hilt of the broad falchion, ready at the moment to unsheathe, either in the cause of honor, to protect injured innocence and oppressed virtue, or cleave to the shoulders the haughty Saracen, whose blood-red flag waves from the battlements of Salem's sacred walls. The Lion Heart is there, rushing on with the maddened fury of the whirlwind, hewing himself a way through the mass of his foes, all reeking with gore, which gushes forth at every stroke of his ponderours battle axe.

Now the scene shifts, and, what *we* would call a more enlightened generation fills the "places which once knew their fathers." The Philosopher is sitting in his study; and, whilst his own mind is bursting the bonds which heretofore fettered it, he is opening up a way to Truth, upheaving the foundations of Error, clearing away every obstruction that might impede the progress of others, and giving to Science the Novum Organum, by which she has ever since been guided. The Statesman is standing among the assembled powers of the realm, who watch, as from an oracle, the words of sage wisdom which drop from his lips. And then, from afar, come swelling the notes of the Swan of Avon—sounds that gain in sweetness and force, the farther they roll from the source whence they sprang.

What mean the sounds which now burst upon our ears? The heavy tolling of the deep-toned bell, and the sullen, measured roar of distant cannon! What mean the habiliments of wo and the mourners going about the streets? "Know ye not, that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel!" The silver cord has been loosed, and they are bearing him to his long home, the tomb of the Kings, the grey-old Abbey. Its massy portals open wide to receive the dust of him, who, but a few years before, had the crown placed upon his head within its walls. Mark the pomp, the palling pageantry, and then, for a moment, turn with us to a different scene, which is transpiring in another part of this same realm. Before the door of a humble cottage are assembled a few sturdy peasants, to perform the last sad act of this world, for one to whom they had looked up as to a father. No empty parade mocks the stroke of Death; and when the hour arrives, a grey-headed old man rises and places himself in front of the body. All heads are uncovered, and the old man, whilst his thin locks are moved by the breeze, raises his clasped hands and utters a short but feeling prayer. The plain deal coffin is raised, and borne along at the head of the little procession to the village church-yard. They stand around the grave, and then

"They lay his silver temples in their last repose."

Silence reigns around. The old man approaches the grave. With one hand he removes his hat from his brow, the other he raises, and bending forward, whilst a tear starting from his eye rolls down his furrowed cheek, his thin lips move, and he breathes, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." The clods roll upon the coffin—he turns away—all follow, save those who remain to fill up the grave. Their duty is soon accomplished, and they too depart. Now all have gone. All? no, not all! A poor orphan lad, who had been saved from death, and reared by that kind old man whose burial we have witnessed, remains. Seated upon a stone, he had watched with unuttered anguish, the filling of the grave. He had heard the sound of the spade, smoothing over the top, and, when all had departed, he threw himself upon the mound and mourned in the bitterness of his soul, that he should no longer have one to love him as his *poor old father* had done.—But who mourns at the tomb of the King? Do the scalding tears of grief fall upon his tombstone? Alas, no! We stand and gaze upon the splendid monument, the varied tracery, and rich hangings, and can almost fancy a hand writing above, in letters of fire, "Vanity of vanities!"

Again, from afar comes noise and tumult.—Again the bells chime, but the death-knell has changed to the merry peal. Again the cannons roar, but the minute gun is succeeded by quick successive discharges. And then is borne along upon the breeze, faintly at first, but growing stronger, the cry, "God save the King!" A nation has found her Osiris, and the mourning for the lost is changed into rejoicings for the found. Again the gates are thrown wide open, and again the crowd of the great ones of the earth fill the Abbey, which, as if in sympathy with the occasion, lays off its "cathedral look," and hides its sombre walls beneath the folds of smiling tapestry.

What a contast! There rises the monument of a King yet moist with a nation's tears, there stands the coronation chair in which his successor is receiving on his fevered brow the diadem, that once encircled *his* brow, now cold in death.

And now, leaving the Past and the Present, we are borne irresistibly on to the Future.—Its dark mysterious depths cannot conceal from us, that those who shall hereafter move upon the stage of existence, will tread lightly over the spot, consecrated by the relics of power, wisdom and genius. In fancy we can see the verger, many years hence, pointing the visitor's eye to the names of those, of whom he has learned that they were great and good men, who lived long, long ago. And how the stranger's eye kindles, when the names of Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, Dryden, Goldsmith, Addison, fall upon his ear; and how he feels a sacred awe stealing over him, when he realizes that he is indeed standing over the dust of men so great, so good!

But who cannot look forward to the time, when even *their* names may cease to be mentioned, or will only meet the eye of the antiquary, on the pages of old dusty folios? The tooth of Time may gnaw away what now renders the Abbey beautiful and grand, and leave standing, nothing, but the crumbling walls, from which the owl will hoot, and among which ghosts will hold their midnight orgies. And then the firm stone will moulder away and away, until not one block shall remain upon another, where now, the *already* old Abbey rears its lofty turrets. Standing among the ruins of Petra and gazing upon its wonders we exclaim, where now is human glory? The spirit of twenty centuries of death-like silence reviving moans through the oriels of its crumbling temples, "Passing away." The lofty pyramids, around whose tops their builders fondly hoped Eternity would play, must perish. A broken corner here, a crumbling mass there, utter slowly but surely, "Passing away." And the Abbey—though prince and people strive to the last to preserve this great Mausoleum, this national Urn of national greatness, the hollow winds, that sweep along the shattered fretwork of its pointed arches, mourn, "Passing away." There is written upon the fleeting clouds of heaven—upon the deep waters—upon the giants of the forest—upon the everlasting hills—upon all things earthly—upon Man himself, "Passing away."

Quarter Sessions.

The following is the most important part of the proceedings in the Court of Quarter Sessions during last week.

Commonwealth vs Benjamin Couts.—Indictment—Assault and Battery. Deft pleads guilty, and Court sentences him to pay a fine of $3,00 and costs of prosecution.

Commonwealth vs John Ambrose.—Indictment—Assault and Battery. Not a true bill. Sentence of Court, prosecutor to pay costs of prosecution.

Commonwealth vs Wm. Chestnut.—Indictment—Assault and Battery. Not a true bill. Sentence of Court, John Ambrose, prosecutor, to pay costs of prosecution.

Commonwealth vs Charles S. Black.—Indictment—Misdemeanor in office. Verdict guilty. Motion for a new trial for reasons filed,

Commonwealth vs James C. Hess.—Indictment—Assault and Battery. *Nolle prosequi* entered on payment of costs by Deft.

Commonwealth vs Josh. M. Booher.—Indictment—Fornication and Bastardy. Deft. discharged, no person having appeared to prosecute.

Commonwealth vs Harvey Wilson.—Indictment—Fornication and Bastardy. Deft. discharged by proclamation.

Commonwealth vs David Freed.—Indictment for contempt. *Nolle prosequi* entered.

Commonwealth vs John Green.—Indictment Larceny. "True Bill." Deft. pleads guilty and submits to the Court.

☞ The man who has "carried the thing too far"—has let it drop. The Sheriff is after him.

The Whig Party and its Prospects.

Political parties most necessarily exist in a form of government like that of the United States. Public sentimet can only be ascertained through the ballot box. The exercise of the elective franchise is the only effectual way of giving force to it. Free discussion is therefore, an essential element to the existence of our government, and it inevitably leads to the organization of adverse political parties, and the development of adverse principles and measures. Of the truth of this fact, we need not the evidence which the history of other Republics affords. That furnished by the history of our own is enough proof. From the adoption of the Federal Constitution to the present time, the people have been divided into political parties, and they will, of necessity, ever continue so to be divided. Let faint-hearted men and strong-minded women prognosticate as they may, that a political millennium is about dawning upon this country, when party divisions and distinctions shall be blotted out of existence, and there shall no longer be known such an organization as the Whig Party, the experience of the past teaches us that these are idle speculations; and destined never to be realized.

The Whig who can be thus deluded, by crafty political opponents, or fanatical enthusiasts, into the belief that the Whig party is annihilated, must indeed, be of faint-heart and weak faith, and a disbeliever in the doctrine that

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

As well might he expect that the prophecy of the Millerites of the world coming to an end in May next, will be realized, and cease his business pursuits preparatory for his exit, as to believe that the Whig Party is at an end, and that henceforth, the so-called Democracy will have every thing their own way, until some new organization shall grow up to contend with them. The one is about as likely as the other; and he who truly believes either, gives such evidence of want of sanity as, in our opinion, would justify the application for a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* against him.

It is true the Whig party is just now out of power almost everywhere, and many of its members are desponding; but its principles are immutable, and as vigorous and sound now as they ever have been. They can never die, though the party be at times disorganized and desponding; and the reverses which these principles have met with during the last year past, will but serve to contract the more forcibly their benign and conservative character, with the destructive tendencies of Locofocoism, and prepare the way for their ascendancy, at no distant day, in the administration of the government. The Whig party now is as strong and as powerful in the country, when roused from its lethargy and all its forces thoroughly organized, as it ever has been. It is not dead—it only sleepeth. The principles promulgated and sustained by CLAY and WEBSTER are as ardently cherished now as they were when these great Statesmen and true Patriots stood shoulder to shoulder in their support in the forum of the nation; and a favorable occasion need but present itself, such as the destructives now in power will not fail soon to produce, when those who in days gone by were good and true Whigs will again battle manfully and patriotically for the success of these principles.

Even in this early day, within less than a year since the accession of the party into power, discord and disunion prevails in its ranks everywhere. Like the Macedonian and Roman empires, so Locofocoism now bids fair to crumble to pieces by its victories and own weight, while the Whig party, if but true to the principles of Clay and Webster, which it has hitherto cherished, will after a brief interval be again in the ascendant. Let the good and true men of the party take courage from the past, remain banded together as brethren of one faith, and neither abandon their distinctive principles, nor surrender their honored name. The defeat in 1836 prepared the way for the brilliant and glorious victory in 1840, and the Locofoco triumph of 1844 was but the forerunner of the glorious Whig achievement in 1848; and judging the future by the past, with the light which the present sheds upon it, we feel that we are quite safe in saying that the unparalled Locofoco victory of 1852 will be followed, in 1856, by another Whig triumph like those of 1840 and 1848. Courage, Whigs, courage!—*Daily News.*

Locofoco Testimony.

In noticing a statement made by the Pittsburg *Union,* that the funds appropriated for the completion of the Portage Railway had been exhausted and the debts not yet paid, the Westmoreland *Argus,* the Locofoco organ of that county, remarks that the last Legislature made appropriations exceeding *five millions of dollars,* and that yet in advance of the meeting of the next Legislature, *a new loan of forty thousand dollars is about to be made for the Portage Railway.* This it strongly condemns, and says:

If the people do not soon open their eyes to the alarming condition of our finances, it will be too late. When will these loans cease?—Are the Democracy of the State unequal to the task of placing honest and able men in power, who will guard and protect their rights and interests? Must the people forever remain silent and inactive while the Portage road, and the *Cormorants* who grows rich on its spoils devour their toils and substance? This is a question that belongs to the people and it is for them to make the reform. If they are unable or unwilling to guard their interests, they cannot expect that others will do it.

The Baltimore Platform.

JOHN VAN BUREN'S INTERPRETATION OF IT.

To show the position of the New York Soft Shells, whom the National Administration has taken into its especial favor and keeping, on the great principles of the party as proclaimed by the Baltimore Convention, and the faithful observance of the Compromise measures as a *final* adjustment of the slavery question, we make the following extract from a speech recently delivered by John Van Buren at Tamany Hall:—

"Now I say that the democratic party is pledged to resist the agitation of the slavery question. There may be men in that party who *do not approve of the compromise measures;* these is no prohibition expressed in the Baltimore platform. *Davis, of Mississippi, and Johnson, of Georgia, do not approve of them, and there are various men on the democratic party besides myself who do not approve of them,* BUT WE ALL AGREED THAT THEY SHOULD NOT BE DISTURBED DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF PRESIDENT PIERCE, and we have agreed also to resist the agitation of the slavery question in or out of Congress. That is the Baltimore platform."

MARCY DOOMED.—The vote polled by the Hard Shells in New York has sealed Marcy's doom. Henceforth his prospects for the Presidency will be laughed at by rivals instead of dreaded. It is said that the result caused great consternation at Washington amongst those who pinned their faith to the small clothes of the Secretary of State. The Marcy men boasted, previous to the election, that the Free Soil Democrats would poll more than two-thirds of the Democratic strength of the State—not two-thirds of the Democratic votes cast, but that proportion to the whole known strength of the party. Grievously have they been disappointed in their expectations.

TOO MANY GENERALS TO COMMAND.—The *National Democrat,* the organ of the N. York Hard Shells, has come to the conclusion that there are too many Generals, besides General Pierce in command at Washington. It says the Cabinet organ babbles perpetually about insubordination and rebellion—which reveals a spirit in the general government that the Democracy thought it had conquered forever.—The Cabinet appears to be too literary a *general* government—altogether too much so for a Democratic Administration. There are General Cushing, General Davis, General Marcy—for the Governor was in commaad in the last war, and had the good fortune, we are happy to say, to get off without any scars."

Spirit of the Washington Press.

The Sandwich Islands, project of annexation, is thus spoken of in the Washington *Union*:—

"The question of the annexation of the Sandwich Islands has not originated with our government. The influence of our example has been operative, and citizens of the U. States, in the prosecution of their lawful schemes of enterprise as individuals, may have exerted an influence upon the question. But our government has taken no step to bring about the result which now seems to be nearly ripe for consummation. If the islanders make up their minds to seek the protection of our flag, *our government will not hesitate then to take the subject under consideration.* This is the natural course of things, and it shows that we need no fillibusterism to bring about those expansions of territory which all intelligent men see must sooner or later, be accomplished.

"Although our government has had nothing to do in bringing about the state of things which seems likely soon to result in an application from the Sandwich islands for annexation, we are assured by the doctrines of President Pierce's Inaugural, as well as by the American sentiment of the Administration, *that the application will receive prompt consideration.* We cannot for a moment suppose that the measure will be seriously embarrassed by the outrageous pretensions set up in the protest of the French and British consuls. The answer of the American commissioner, Mr. Severance, is a full and conclusive reply to those pretensions, and we have no reason to doubt that his sentiments will be cordially approved by the Administration."

MUCH IN LITTLE.

☞ Court is still in session.

☞ Cats are quoted in Australia at fifteen dollars each.

☞ The weather has been damp and unpleasant this week.

☞ There are eighty thousand hymns in the German language.

☞ The salary of the King of the Sandwich Islands is $16,000 a year.

☞ Seven hundred thousand children attend school in the six New England States.

☞ Search creation round, and you will find no character more detestable than the hypocrite.

☞ *Bizarre* publishes a list of the most noted autograph collectors in the United States. The number is thirty-three

☞ Over two-thirds of the members of the next Congress will serve for their first time in that capacity.

☞ Gen. Wm. H. Irwin, has been proposed as a candidate for Governor, by a Whig meeting at Lewistown, Mifflin County.

☞ A London paper begins its weekly record of crime with, "There have been five cases of woman-beating this week."

☞ The Pacific Railroad Company have purchased four blocks of buildings in the city of St. Louis at a cost of $120,000.

☞ The Pennsylvania Historical Society, celebrated the 171st anniversary of the landing of Penn, by a dinner at Reading on Tuesday last.

☞ The next Locofoco State Convention is to be held at Harrisburg on the 8th of March. Among other things to be done by it, is the nomination of GOVERNOR BIGLER for a second term.

☞ The Hon. Andrew Johnston, the new Governor of Tennessee, commenced life in an Almshouse in North Carolina. He remained there until his eighth year, when he was apprenticed to a tailor.

☞ The great South West is certain to become one of the chief wine-producing countries of the world. The farmers of Missouri are turning their attention more than ever to the culture of vine.

☞ At Memphis, Miss., the other day, whiskey was mixed with water and given to a mule. It made the animal "gloriously drunk," and he behaved quite as foolishly as a man would under similar circumstances.

☞ A Democratic paper claims the result of the late election in Georgia as a proof of the Administration. So be it. Last November the majority for Gen. Pierce in Georgia was 18,045. It is now 258!

☞ Santa Anna, who treads slowly—for a natural reason—but valorously, in the steps of Louis Napoleon; has, according to the last advices from Mexico, issued a formal decree forbidding the making of caricatures of himself or his Ministers.

☞ The Philadelphians have taken hold of the project for erecting a monument to Franklin, in earnest. Editors and printers have the matter in hand, and, of course, the thing will be *done.* Let the monument be simple, modest, and everlasting.

☞ Last week was rather brisk in the "Ancient Borough," owing we presume to the fact, that there were several cases in the Sessions, under investigation, in which many seemed to be interested, either from curiosity or something else.

☞ To cap the climax of the "Junius" absurdity, it is now proposed by an English writer that a monument be erected to "Junius," in the new House of Parliament. Another writer suggests a motto for the proposed statue, "*Stat nominis unbra.*"

☞ The exports of specie to Europe, last month, amounted to $5,534,578, slightly more than the gold receipts of the same period. But the receipts of California gold, thus far, are still about $24,000,000 greater than the whole shipments of coin to foreign countries.

☞ A man of virtue is an honor to his country, a glory to humanity, a satisfaction to himself, and a benefactor to the whole world. He is rich without oppression or dishonesty, charitable without ostentation, courteous without deceit and brave without vice.

☞ In speaking of works of fiction, the *Christian Inquirer* remarks:—For some time, we have had more than a suspicion that works of fiction are beginning to lose their charm, and the day of the romance of reality is dawning. The facts of life, at home and abroad, when seen by a keen eye, and exhibited graphically, with a pen tinged with pleasant fancy or pointed with wit, win upon us far more than most novels do; and the time may not be distant when readers, who nod over Dickens and Thackeray, will keep their eyes open over the new Davys and Humboldts of artistic science."

☞ It is rumored that Gen. Scott is writing a history of his life for publication, &c.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

Very improbable. The greater part of his life is already written on the pages of the history of his country, and deeds shine forth in it with a brilliancy which partisan slurs cannot dim if they were to be scribbled until the reappearance of the comet, three hundred years hence. As "Junius" said of Chatham, "Recorded honors shall gather round his monument, and thicken over him. It is a solid fabric and will support the laurels that adorn it."

Annexation of the Sandwich Islands.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* says it is deemed not improbable that Mr. SEVERANCE, the United States Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, has already negotiated a treaty of annexation to the United States; his instructions left him full discretion in the premises. His reply to the Protest of the British and French authorities in Hawaii, certainly implied that he had the *power* to negotiate for annexation:—which he was not disposed to lose by committing himself, even by inference or default, to the views or assumptions of European diplomasts. The recent change in the Hawaiian Ministry clearly indicates the growing desire on the part of the King for annexation. Dr. JUDD was known to be in favor of that project, but Mr. ALLEN, who recently assumed Dr. JUDD'S Portfolio, is more radical on the subject, and in favor of *instant* and perfect annexation, without conditions of any sort likely to embarrass the United States in considering the subject. So we may as well get ready to admit the State of Hawaii, with Mr. ALLEN, and perhaps Dr. JUDD, as her two United States Senators.

ELISHA H. ALLEN, who succeeded JUDD in the Hawaiian Ministry, came to Washington two years ago, at the time of the French aggression on the Island, with a direct proposition and ALLEN returned. He now promotes the same scheme as a member of the Hawaiian Government. GREGG, the new Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, is fully informed that the statement of the Administration warmly favors annexation. That and the Cuba questions are expected to be great topics of interest, during the next session of Congress.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

Georgia U. S. Senator.

Charleston, Nov. 16.—The Legislatura of Georgia have voted to go into an election for U. S. Senator, to-morrow. At a caucus held, the two third rule was adopted, which it is supposed will operate against the election of Hon. Howell Cobb.

Georgia Legislature.

Charleston, Nov. 17.—The Georgia Legislature have agreed to elect a United States Senator to day. The caucus have adopted the two-third rule, which, it was supposed, would operate against the Hon. Howell Cobb.

Massachusetts Election.

Boston, Nov. 18.—It is now ascertained that Dr. Sabin, the "free soil" candidate for Senator in Berkshire county, is defeated. This will give the Whigs the organization of the Senate, having eleven to the twenty-one elected.

The House of Representatives stands 163 Whigs to 94 opposition, leaving 162 districts in which there is no choice.

Mississippi Election, &c.

Baltimore, Nov. 18.—By the arrival of the Southern mail, we learn that the election in Mississippi has gone Democratic by five thousand majority. There is a majority of twenty-five on joint ballot in the Legislature for the Democrats, which will defeat Gen. Foote's election to the United States Senate.

Hon. H. Benning has been elected Judge of the Supreme Court in Georgia.

A Poor Speculation.

Two brothers, Valentine and Dyer Ogden, chartered a freight car for the purpose of carrying some freight to Oswego; and in order to save their passage money, concluded to ride in the car they had chartered, supposing, no doubt, that their charter would pass them as freight. But on arriving at Baldwinsville they were informed that they could not be considered in that light, and must pay their fares.—They refused; and drawing pistols, told the conductor to advance at his peril. After some scuffle the weapons were taken from them, and they were permitted to go on to Oswego.—Word was sent to this city, and officer Henderson proceeded to Oswego and arrested them, as they were about taking passage for Canada. They were brought back, and had a hearing before Justice House, who fined them eight dollars. Rather a poor speculation that.—*Syracuse Republican.*

A Pierce office Holder Described.

The Washington *Sentinel,* the national organ of the Hard Shells, thus describes one of the appointments of the present National Administration, that of the notorious William J. Brown, of Indiana, who holds the office of Mail Agent for the States of Indiana and Illinois:

"This miserable creature has been raised from the pit of degredation and infamy, to which a national Congress had consigned him, and dignified by one of the most influential and important posts under the general government." * * * *

Who is this William J. Brown that dares to raise his diminished head to look at, much less speak of, a gentleman, or a press, or any thing with which either has to do? We scarcely can realize the fact, that it is he of speakership notoriety, who strove to walk into that honorable position with a lie in his throat, and the *death warrant of his country in his pocket!*

The scenes and *scenery* of that memorable occasion, which a generous adversary opportunely exposed, and for which a great and noble party continue to blush, are vivid in the memories of all. * * * * And we had hoped that, for the sake of *very decency,* this despoiler of truth and common honesty, would never have had sufficient vitality given him again, to intrude himself upon the notice of society.

Expanding the Chest.

The Scientific American says that those in easy circumstances, or those who pursue employment within doors, use their lungs but little, and breathe but little air in the chest, and lay the foundation for the loss of health and beauty. All this can be obviated by a little attention to the manner of breathing. Recollect the lungs are like a bladder in their structure, and can stretch open to double their size with perfect safety, giving a noble chest, and perfect immunity from consumption.

The agent and only agent required, is the common air we breathe, supposing however, that no obstacle exists, external to the chest, such as twining it about with stays, or having the shoulders lie upon it. On rising from the bed in the morning, place yourself in an erect posture, with your head thrown back, and your shoulders entirely off from the chest, then inhale all the air that can be got in; then hold your breath and throw your arms off behind; hold your breath as long as possible. Repeat these long breaths as many times as you please. Done in a cold room is much better, because the air is much more powerful in expanding the chest. Excercising the chest in this manner, it will become flexible and expansible, and will enlarge the capacity and size of the lungs.

MISSISSIPPI ELECTION.—Additional returns from this State make the election of the Democratic State ticket as certain by over 7,000 majority. The majorities for the several candidates for Congress from the Districts are reported considerably below the State ticket average.

STATE TREASURER.—The *Pennsylvanian* says it learns that Senator Goodwin, of this County, will be a candidate for State Treasurer at the coming session of the Legislature. We notice also the name of Joseph Baily, Esq., late Senator from Perry, announced for the same position. Either of these gentlemen would doubtless make a good officer, and as rotation ought to be a doctrine of the democracy—there may be a chance for our old friend General Bickell to step out.

GEN. DAVIS AND THE MISSISSIPPI SENATORSHIP.—The Washington *Star* has "taken pains to obtain information justifying the positive assertion," that Gen. Davis will not leave the Cabinet for the purpose of accepting the Mississippi Senatorship.

For the Journal.

A Leaf from a Visitor's Journal.

A lively, vivid imagination is never at rest. It has its own picture gallery, where are portrayed fairy scenes, and more truthful landscapes. Some exist only in this wonderful study, and have no counterpart in the world without; others are transmitted there from nature's glowing canvass.

It is the delight of the enthusiastic lover of nature, not only to create and cherish these pictures of the brain, but to gather new material from the one vast unfailing source. Every tree and hill-side, the towering mountain, the craggy ledge, and bolder granite front, the running stream, and winding rivulet, all fringed with shrubs and flowers, the ever-changing clouds above; all love to reveal their own peculiar grandeur and beauty, and they hold out a picture which the eyes of his soul may feast upon. Then it is that his whole being is quickened into life,—a new life. The load of care, and perplexity, and labor, that man is burdened with, is cast aside, and with purer, holier thoughts, and sanctified vision, he can indeed look from "Nature up to Nature's God." Then be a student of Nature's—be an enthusiastic, devoted worshipper at her shrine, since all her gifts and precepts tend only to elevate the thoughts and purify the heart.

The truth of these statements was most forcibly illustrated in a recent visit to the valley of the Juniata—in centre Pennsylvania.

I had heard much in my far-off home of the enchanting scenery of this lovely valley, and indeed of all central Pennsylvania, and had long desired to be myself a spectator. The coveted pleasure was enjoyed at length, for Providence cast my lot among the very mountains and hills whose bases are washed by the waters of the "blue Juniata;" and in sight of the famed Alleghanies, whose blue to psare lost in the clouds.

On a bright November morning, a happy party started out to ascend the high hill just south of the little village of Birmingham.—This eminence is upon the left of the fine, new Seminary Building recently erected in the village, and from its summit may be taken a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country for many miles in extent. All were eager to command a view of the country so renowned in poetry and song, which the great Creator had formed so singularly grand, wild, and beautiful. As peak after peak rose before us they were quickly surmounted, and an occasional stopping and turning around to get a glance of the widening landscape below us. But an agreement "not to look around" until we stood on the highest point, soon put an end to that, and on we moved, all anxious to gain the spot. A few moments and we faced a bold cliff. Once on its summit, and the land of Beulah would lie below us—all around us. Who shall describe the scene? Not even the "pen of the ready-writer." Then wonder not that the unpracticed pen shrinks from the task; and blame not if it fails to do its office.

From an elevated stand-point the eye naturally seeks the distance. And such a distance is all around us. Ten, fifteen, twenty miles—North, South, East and West. Range after range of mountains and hills bounding the whole circle of the horizon, rising one above another, and forming such a back-ground as would make an artist's pencil spring to copy. The pale blue highest range blends with the azure of the clear sky, and next to this the deeper blue stratum, then the next—and next—till the low, brown hilly ridge stands sentinel over the valley. Here and there is a wide gap in the wall of mountains, through which peeps a proud little village. One towards the western rail-way route—Tyrone City—see, its large brick hotel stands just within the huge, upturned, open jaws of a gapping mountain. Higher up, next the blue sky, stretches the famous Alleghaney range. Then away to the south-west lay packed in numberless mountains and hills, where repose the Canoe and Sinking Vallies, the villages of Hollidaysburg, Williamsburg, and others. Farther along towards the "city of brotherly love" are the mountains about the thriving village of Huntingdon—the shire town of the county, and the metropolis of the surrounding country, three wild, romantic peaks near Waterstreet, Spruce Creek, with the deep cut, and long, well-built Tunnel.

But our eyes are tired with roving, then turn we to the nearer prospect—the deep vallies that keep the hills and mountains at respectable distances, the winding river, and its steam companion by its side—the recently built railroad, the white village on the hill, and the circuitous roads leading to the villages and farm houses, which are sprinkled about the landscape. There is so much to charm the eye—so much beauty—picturesque, romantic beauty. Never, before, did I gaze upon a scene so extensive, so varied, so full of beauty and grandeur. And in the midst of all, we stand, and gaze, spell-bound. How quickly the eye traces out the picturesque in Nature. And there it is, directly below us, the gentle, quiet, beautifully wild and romantic Juniata, with its many little islands; and hills on the one side, sloping gracefully down to dip in its waters, and bearing on their crests, in its eyrie homes the time-honored and pleasant village of Birmingham. While in striking contrast on the opposite side, rises a forest mountain, and stretching along its base, the Pennsylvania railroad.

Surely, Dame Nature has been partial in the distribution of her finest scenery; crowding into centre Pennsylvania a larger share than she bestows upon some sister States. But we were not disposed to murmur, for as we descended to the valley, we could only thank God in our hearts, that he had displayed His creative power so gloriously in any part of this our fair and beloved country.

Sunday