

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

A Popular Air.

Hard Times Come Again No More.

BY S. C. FOSTER.

Let me pause in life's pleasures, and count its many tears,

While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears
O hard times come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times come again no more;
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door,

Oh, hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and gay,

There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent their pleading looks will say,

Oh, hard times come again no more.

'Tis the song, &c.

There's a pale, drooping maiden, who works her life away,

With worn heart, whose better days are o'er;
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,

Oh, hard times come again no more.

'Tis the song, &c.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,

'Tis a wail that is heard across the shore;
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,

Oh, hard times come again no more.

'Tis the song, &c.

Political.

Slavery in 1787—What an Old-Fashioned Democrat Thought of It.

THOMAS JEFFERSON TO DR. PRICE.

PARIS, Aug. 7, 1785.

SIR: Your favor of July the 2nd came duly to hand. The concern you therein express as to the effect of your pamphlet in America, induces me to trouble you with observations on that subject.

From my acquaintance with the country, I think I am able to judge, with some degree of certainty, of the manner in which it will have been received. Southward of the Chesapeake, the bulk of the people will approve it in theory, and it will find a respectable minority ready to adopt it in practice; a minority which, for weight and worth of character, preponderates against the great number who have not the courage to divest their families of property which, however, keeps their consciences unquiet.

Northward of the Chesapeake you may find here and there an opponent to your doctrine, as you may find, here and there, a robber and murderer; but in no greater number.

In that part of America, there being but few slaves, they can easily disencumber themselves of them; and emancipation is put into such a train, that in a few years there will be no slaves northward of Maryland. In Maryland, I do not find such a disposition to begin the redress of this enormity, as in Virginia. This is the next State to which we may turn our eyes for the interesting spectacle of justice in conflict with avarice and oppression; a conflict wherein the sacred side is gaining daily recruits, from the influx into office of young men grown and growing up.—These have sucked the principles of liberty, as it were, with their mother's milk; and it is to them I look with anxiety to turn the fate of the question. Be not, therefore, discouraged. What you have written, will do a great deal of good; and could you still trouble yourself with our welfare; no man is more able to give aid to the laboring side. The College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, since the remodeling of its plan, is the place where are collected all the young men of Virginia, under preparations for public life.—They are under the direction (most of them) of a Mr. Wythe, one of the most virtuous of characters, and whose sentiments on the subject of Slavery are unequivocal. I am satisfied, if you should resolve to address an exhortation to these young men, with all that eloquence of which you are master, that its influence on the future decision of this important question would be great, perhaps decisive. Thus you see that so far from thinking you have cause to repent of what you have done, I wish you to do more, and wish it on an assurance of its effect. The information I have received from America, of the reception of your pamphlet in the different States, agrees, with the expectations I have formed.

I pray you to be assured of the sincerity of the esteem and respect with which I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

THOS. JEFFERSON.

Mr. Wilmot on the Tariff.

In Congress, July 1, 1846.—Mr. Wilmot made a speech on the Tariff question, in which he advocated the revenue policy generally, but at the same time argued that articles of national necessity, such as iron and coal, were proper objects of protection. As we have already seen Mr. Wilmot misrepresented on this subject, and may expect a repetition of the misrepresentation, we here subjoin that portion of his speech having reference to the particular interest of this State:

"I desire before resuming my seat, to say a few words upon the subject of specific duties and a duty upon iron. When articles of the same nature and character are widely different in quality and value, specific duties are unequal and unjust. A duty of one dollar a yard upon all woolen cloth, would be highly objectionable, because of their great difference in quality and value. So a duty of so many cents a pound on tea or coffee, would be open to the most serious and well grounded objections; some qualities of these articles being worth twice and three times as much as others. Indeed this difference of quality runs through almost every article of commerce, and therefore ad valorem duties should, as a general rule, alone be resorted to. But when an article, such as iron, and others that could be named, is nearly of the same intrinsic value, I can see no objection to imposing a specific duty upon it; and when the article, notwithstanding its uniformity of quality, is liable to great and sudden fluctuations in price. I think there are substantial and good reasons for preferring the specific to the ad valorem duty. The quality of pig iron is nearly the same all over; so of bar, rolled and slit iron.—The imposition of specific duties, therefore, upon iron, would not lead to the injustice and inconsistency of making articles greatly differing in value pay the same duty. Iron is an article which, while of nearly uniform quality, is subject to great and frequent fluctuations in price. Under ad valorem duties, when the price of iron falls abroad, the duty is proportionally reduced; when, if any change were made, it should be increased. So, when the price rises abroad, the duty rises in proportion; when, if changed at all it ought to be lessened. This leads to sudden and excessive importations at one time, and an entire prohibition at another. It gives unsteadiness and uncertainty to the market at home. Under a specific duty the thing is reversed. As the price rises abroad, the present duty is diminished, and as it falls it is increased. It gives greater stability to the market at home. It helps to check excessive importations when iron is low in the foreign market, and does not so readily prohibit importations when it is high. For example: when iron was sixty dollars per ton in England, a 30 per cent. duty might entirely prevent its importation, while considerable would come in under a specific duty of fifteen dollars per ton. And so, if it should fall to forty-five dollars, a 30 per cent. duty would operate as a feeble check to importations, while a specific duty of fifteen dollars would be more effective for that purpose. The illustrations I have given show, also, I think, that the revenue is more endangered by an ad valorem than a specific duty on iron. For these reasons, while I admit the general propriety of ad valorem duties, I am in favor of a specific duty on iron. I will not undertake to fix upon the amount that should be laid upon its several varieties. If, however, there is any interest within the range of American productions, in favor of which the principle of restrictive duties can be tolerated, I confidently claim iron is that interest. It stands upon higher and more national grounds than any other. It is the great element of offensive and defensive warfare. Large capital, much time and labor are required in this production. It cannot be established to meet the demands of the country in the hour of threatened danger. It is urged that iron being a necessary of life, those who oppose duties on tea and coffee because they are such, cannot consistently support a tariff on iron. I think, sir, I see an obvious distinction between an article of national and individual necessity. I agree, that the ordinary necessities of life should be left as free as is consistent with the wants of the revenue; but an article of national necessity—one absolutely essential to the defence and safety of the whole country, if such there be—ought to be produced in the country. An imposition in any form for such a purpose, would not be for the benefit of a class, (though it might operate to their advantage), but to the protection and safety of the State. I would place the iron interest of Pennsylvania on these high, these national grounds, and leave it to the patriotism of gentlemen to say, what measure of encouragement should be extended. I would not blend her great interest with the manufacture of pins and brass buttons. I am fully satisfied that if, instead of lending her support to a false principle and uniting her interests with those of minor importance Pennsylvania would even now assume the high and commanding position to which her truly national interests entitle her, she could obtain at the hands of the Democracy of this House, the full measure of protection that is desired for her iron and coal."

A Good Story.

A LEGEND OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Shrieks—fiendish yells,—they stab them in their sleep."

One hundred years ago!—the hunter, who ranged the hills and forests of New England—fought against other enemies than the brown bear and the panther. The husbandman, as he toiled in the plain, or the narrow clearing, kept closely at his side a loaded weapon; and wrought diligently and firmly in the midst of peril.—The frequent crack of the Indian's rifle was heard in the still depths of the forest—the death-knell of the unwary hunter; and, ever and anon, the flame of some departed farm-house, whose dwellers had been slaughtered by some merciless foe, rose redly upon the darkness of the night-time. The wild and fiery eyes of the heathen gleamed through the thick underwood of the forest, upon the passing of the worshippers of the only true God; and the war-whoop rang shrill and loud under the very walls of the sanctuary of prayer.

Perhaps no part of New England affords a wider field for the researches of legendary than that province of Massachusetts Bay, formerly known as the province of Maine. There, the ferocious Norridgewock held his stern councils, and there, the tribes of the Penobscot went forth with song and dance to do battle with the white man. There, the romantic and chivalrous Castine immured himself in the forest solitudes, and there, the high-hearted Ralle, the mild, gifted Jesuit, gathered together the broken strength of the Norridgewock, and built up in the great wilderness a temple to the true God. There, too, he perished in the dark onslaught of the Colonists—perished with many wounds, at the very foot of the Cross, which his own hands had planted. And there, the Norridgewocks fell, one after another, in stern and uncompromising pride, neither asking nor giving quarter, as they resisted the white spoiler upon the threshold of their consecrated place of worship, and in view of their wives and children.

The following is one among many legends, of the strange encounters of the White Man and the Indian, which are yet preserved in the ancient records and tradition of Maine. The simple and unvarnished narrative is only given:

"It was a sultry evening towards the last of June, 1722, that Capt. Hermon and the Eastern Rangers urged their canoes up the Kennebec river in pursuit of their enemies. Four hours they toiled diligently at the oar. The last trace of civilization was left behind, and the long shadows of the skirting forest met and blended in the middle of the broad stream, which wound darkly through them. At every sound from the adjacent shores—the rustling wing of some night bird, or the footstep of some wild beast—the dash of the oar was suspended, and the ranger's grasp was tightened upon his rifle. All knew the peril of the enterprise; and that silence which is natural of jeopardy, settled like a cloud upon the midnight adventurers.

"Hush, softly men!" said the watchful Hermon, in a voice which scarcely rose above a hoarse whisper, as the canoe swept around a rugged promontory, "there is a light ahead!"

All eyes were bent towards the shore. A tall Indian's face—gleamed up amidst the great oaks, casting a red and strong light upon the dark waters. For a single and breathless moment the operation of the oar was suspended, and every ear listened with painful earnestness to catch the well known sounds, which seldom failed to indicate the propinquity of the savages. But all was now silent. With slow and faint movement of the oar, the canoes gradually approached the suspected spot. The landing was effected in silence. After moving cautiously for a considerable distance in the dark shadow, the party at length ventured within the broad circle of the light, which at first attracted their attention. Hermon was at their head, with an eye and a hand quick as that of the savage enemy, whom he sought.

The body of a fallen tree lay across the path. As the rangers were on the point of leaping over it, the hoarse whisper of Hermon again broke the silence:

"God of Heaven!" he exclaimed, pointing to the fallen tree. "See here! 'tis the work of the cursed red skins!"

A smothered curse growled upon the lips of the rangers, as they bent grimly forward in the direction pointed out by their commander. Blood was sprinkled on the rank grass and the hand of some white man lay on the bloody log.

There was not a word spoken, but every countenance worked with terrible emotion.

Had the rangers followed their own desperate inclination, they would have hurried recklessly onward to the work of vengeance; but the example of the leader, who had regained his usual calmness and self-command prepared them for a less speedy, but more certain triumph. Cautiously passing over the fearful obstacles in the pathway, and closely followed by his companions, he advanced stealthily and cautiously upon the light, hiding himself and his party as much as possible behind the thick trees. In a few moments they obtained a full view of the object of their search.—Stretched at their length around a huge fire, but at a convenient distance from it, lay the painted and half-naked forms of twenty savages! It was evident, from their appearance, that they had passed the day in one of their horrid revels, and that they were now suffering under the effects of intoxication. Occasionally a grim warrior among them started half upright, grasping the tomahawk as if to combat some vision of his distorted brain, but, unable to shake off the stupor from his senses, uniformly fell back into his former position.

The rangers crept nearer. As they bent their keen eyes along their well-tried rifles, each felt perfectly sure of his aim.—They waited for the signal of Hermon who was endeavoring to bring his long musket to bear upon the head of the most distant of the savages.

"Fire!" he at length exclaimed, as the sight of his piece interposed full and distinct between his eye and the wild scalp-lock of the Indian. "Fire! and rush on!"

The sharp voice of thirty rifles thrilled through the heart of the forest. There was a groan—a smothered cry—a wild and convulsive movement among the sleeping Indians; and all was again silent.

The rangers sprung forward with their clubbed muskets and hunting-knives; but their work was done. The Red Men had gone to their last audit before the Great Spirit, and no sound was heard among them save the gurgling of the hot blood from their lifeless bosoms.

They were left unburied on the place of their revelling—a prey to the foul birds of the air, and the ravenous beasts of the wilderness. Their scalps were borne homeward in triumph by the successful rangers, whose children and grand-children shuddered, long after, at the thrilling narrative of the midnight adventure.

Miscellany.

The "Oppressed Sex."—How Women have the Best of Everything.

A bachelor gentleman, or perhaps, 'perfect wretch' of New York increased at the talk concerning the 'rights' that women have not, and the persecution that they endure, pours out his vexation at great length in the *Home Journal*.

"Don't talk to me about the best of everything! The ladies have all the pick and choice. Then again, at all public places of amusement, witness the fatigue the gentlemen often encounter. Just observe a party of ladies going into a box at a theater—the ladies all jump into the best seats, without being invited; the gentlemen timidly stand back, and are pushed in a corner, where they can see nothing, except by standing up and leaning over at the expense of a crooked neck next morning, or a weariness of limbs which a night's rest is not sufficient to remove, whilst the ladies sleep in the lap of forgetfulness and at breakfast are all as fresh as a pack of hounds on a summer morning. No, sir! Many a weary night of it I have had, in standing and waiting for that oppressed sex, as you call it. I have almost wished I were a woman myself, except that I would disdain to accept such services from the other sex as they do. And yet they would tax us for the support of the impracticables! would they?"

"Women's work never done! say you? But what sort of work? They are chatting all the time of it. Don't they sit at the window all day observing everything that is done in the street? Of course, I mean those who do not ride out—Don't they know every body that passes, and everybody that rings for admittance?—And did not our servant discover how many clean shirts the gentleman opposite used in a week, and how often he changed his stockings, and whether he wore drawers in summer or not, and all this by merely watching the laundress's bundle at the door!"

"*Making and mending clothes for children? No sense! They are amusing themselves with the children all the while, and they like it, and long for morning concerts and a drive in a carriage now and then, for a change, but not for other and more agreeable work not they; for they not only like the work,

but they have even the dressmakers to come and sit beside them, that they may be always at hand to superintend and direct. Toil! The most of them are weary just sitting doing nothing. What would they do if they had their will?—Even those who have carriages at command, at last think it a trouble to take an hour's drive and shopping and so toilsome (as you call it) does it become, at last, that they cannot even stand in a dry goods store, but must have the silks satins and laces all brought to them, as they sit themselves before the counter.

Food and clothing! I believe women in general are all better clad than men. How often will you see a tidy, even lady looking wife, walking with an operative husband, poorly clad; and a handsome well dressed girl, with a brother out at the elbows; and how often does a wife say to her husband, your'e a shame to be seen! and how expensive ladies' dresses are, and their bonnets! Why a girl's duck of a new bonnet costs two men's hats; and then the rings, and bracelets and gold chains that they wear! Every woman carries more value upon her than any man of her rank. A watch is man's only luxury, and that is often expensive; but then he carries that for use; a woman's watch is only for a show, as are her rings bracelets and necklaces. No, sir! the wealth of society is spent upon women; they have more than their share. And, what have men, instead? A piece of broadcloth, sparingly used, that whilst it takes twenty yards to make a dress for a woman, about three and a half are more than enough for a respectable sized man. It is always economy in dressing a man, but extravagance in dressing a woman.—And as for food they get as much as they can take but they lace themselves so tightly that they dare not eat much. They would if they durst. And then they have all the choice things, while we are expected to be contented with their leavings.—But don't talk to me, sir, about woman being worse treated than man?"

Thrilling Romance—Sold.

Some time since a Cincinnati paper received and printed the first chapter of what promised to be a thrilling romance in the expectation of being provided with the concluding portions as they might be needed. The chapter was very ingeniously written, and concluded by leaving its principal character suspended by the pantaloons from the limb of a tree over a perpendicular precipice. It attracted the attention of the press, and inquiries began to be made concerning the continuation of the story and the fate of its hero. Day after day the victimized publishers looked for the remaining chapters, but in vain—they never came to hand. Finding that they had been sold, and wishing to put a stop to the jokes their cotemporaries were cracking at their expense, they briefly concluded the story thus:

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

"After hanging to the treacherous limb for four weeks, his pantaloons gave way, and Charles Melville rolled headlong over the yawning precipice. He fell a distance of five miles, and came down with the small of his back across a stake-and-rider fence, which so jarred him that he was compelled to travel in Italy for his health, where he is at present residing. He is engaged in the butcher business, and is the father of a large family of children."

African Colonization.

During the year 1856 the receipts of the American Colonization Society amounted to \$81,388.41, of which New York contributed \$24,371.41; Virginia, \$10,000; Connecticut, \$9,233.30; Pennsylvania, \$4,286.49; New Jersey, \$3,261.46; and Delaware, \$249.97. The contributions of Maryland are set down at \$405.97, but that State has given largely to support the Maryland colony, the State government alone appropriating \$10,000, and large individual contributions having been made. Then, too, citizens of Maryland gave to the American Colonization Society, during the year, the ship Mary Caroline Stevens, costing \$44,000. No less than four hundred emancipated slaves were sent to Liberia from the South in the course of the year.

HAD HER THERE.—Two little girls, one daughter of a clergyman, and the other of a parishioner, fell into angry dispute. To mortify and spite her antagonist, the layman's little girl saw fit to remind her of her father's well known poverty, and intimated rather tartly that had it not been for her father's benevolent interference, the poor minister would have been in the work house. "Well, I don't care," replied the other, "if it had not been for my father, yours would have been in hell long ago."

INTERESTING FROM CHINA.

The Bombardment of Canton—70,000 Men Reported Killed.

MACAO, Jan. 26, 1857.—All foreign business is not only suspended, but entirely at an end, both at Hong Kong and Canton. Since my last letter, the greater part of the western suburbs of the latter city, in which is situated nearly all the warehouses, shops &c., concerned in foreign trade have been consumed. Of the total destruction of the foreign factories you will have heard by my last letter. The Chinese compute their losses in houses, godowns, shops, &c., at over 4000 buildings—up to the present time; and in merchandise, and the value of the above property, they state their losses at \$10,000,000—which is probably not far from the truth.

We cannot, of course, know very accurately the damage sustained by the city of Canton, since the bombardment began 28th of October last; but as the latter has been kept up with more or less pertinacity to within a few days ago, when the English Admiral retired with his forces from before the city, it is fair to suppose that the Chinese do not over-estimate the loss in life when they state it at 70,000, of all ages and sexes. Everything favors the calculation, and it is well known that the streets are exceedingly narrow, the population, the means or the power to move while in the reach of comparatively few; while the custom of closing the gates of every street during a period of public danger, creates immense loss of life, by any sudden movement of the people.

To say nothing of all the other distresses which have been riveted upon them, and which are inseparable from such a condition of things, the total destruction of the place, the interruption to all the daily avocations of the people, &c., are very oppressive in their effects. Still up to the present moment, the Chinese do not make the slightest concession. The Viceroy, Yeh, in all his official documents, is as firm at this moment as he was when the "Arrow," Iorcha was seized by his officers on the 8th October last. The people, too, are even more bitter and exasperated against the English, and perhaps all foreigners; and notwithstanding their distress and their sufferings, their opposition to everything which bears the name of reconciliation or terms of any kind, is greater than ever.

What Articles Pay the Revenue of the Country.

Of the \$63,314,333.87 collected from customs in 1856, the sum of \$47,168,850.05 was raised by duties on iron, steel, silk, wool, hemp, flax and cotton manufactures thereof, brandies, wines and sugar, as follows:

Iron, Steel Manufactures thereof,	\$7,010,622 15
Manufactures of Wool,	8,835,366 40
" Cotton,	6,333,749 05
" Silk,	7,644,846 15
" Flax,	2,238,384 70
" Hemp,	50,746 00
Articles made of Wool, Cotton, Silk, Flax or Hemp, not class-ified,	2,745,683 10
Sugar,	6,761,595 90
Wines,	2,718,123 20
Brandies,	2,859,342 00
Total,	\$47,168,850 05

THE VEGETABLE SERPENT.—A new organization of nature, being pronounced by naturalists the connecting link between animal and vegetable life has been found in the interior of Africa in the form of a serpent with a flower for a head.—This singular freak of nature is spotted in the body, drags itself along, and the flower forming its head is bell-shaped, and contains a viscid fluid. Flies and other insects, attracted by the smell of the juice enter into the flower, where they are caught by the adhesive matter. The flower then closes, and remains shut until the prisoners are bruised and transformed into chyle. The indigestible portion, such as the head and wing are thrown out by aspiral openings. The vegetable serpent has a skin resembling leaves, a white and soft flesh, and instead of a bony skeleton a cartilaginous frame, well filled with yellow marrow. The natives consider it a delicious food.

A long lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug store and asked:

"Be you the druggist?"

"Well I s'pose so, I sell drugs?"

"Wall our Sal's gwine to be married, and she gin me ninepence and told me to get the hull 'mount in scentin' stuff, so's to make her stink sweet, if I could find some to suit, so if you've a mind I'll jest smell round."

The Yankee smelt round without being suited until the "druggist" got tired of him and taking down a bottle of hartshorn, said:

"I've got a scentin' stuff here that'll suit you. A single drop on a handkerchief will stay for weeks and you can't wash it out but to get this strength of it you must take a good big smell."

"Is that so, Mister? Wall jest hold on a minute, till I get my breath, and when I say now, you put it to my smeller."

"The hartshorn of course, knocked the Yankee down; he got up and after rolling up his sleeves he said: 'You made me smell that are tarnal evelristin' stuff, now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone.'"

General News.

Late from Kansas.

LAWRENCE, K. T. MARCH 24.

Col. Lane, arrived in Lawrence last evening. He had come up the Missouri river, disguised, and as a deck hand. He addressed the people of Lawrence to-night. In his speech he said that he had come to Kansas to stay. He took the ground that peace must be preserved if possible, till the emigration came in. He did not want any quarrel to begin about him but he had come to Kansas because he was afraid the people of Kansas would need him.

Immigration still pours in from every quarter, and of almost every persuasion, profession, and character.

A report has reached this place that a body of men claiming to hold land as an association from Missouri, have taken possession of the Wea and Pinkshaw Reserve. It is said they have driven off free State settlers who had gone on these lands.

The pro-slavery officials are again arresting free State men obnoxious to them. The troops aid them in making arrests.

Some free State prisoners lodged at Ge-cumseh, were released by their friends.

The pro-slavery men in Missouri assisted by some in Kansas, are forming associations, for the purpose of holding certain lands against all other settlers by violence. These are amongst the most valuable lands in Kansas.

These conspiracies are made to prevent free State settlers from squatting there.

Sale of the Public Works.

The committee of Ways and Means, in the House, according to instructions, have reported a long bill for the sale of the public works. It gives the Governor power to advertise from time to time for the sale unutilized. They cannot be sold for less than \$7,500,000. If any one becomes the purchaser, he must deposit \$100,000 in money or State bonds as a guarantee that he will pay for the purchase. If the Pennsylvania Railroad becomes the purchaser, it must pay \$1,500,000 more. It has the privilege however, of issuing its own bonds to that amount, none of which shall be paid until 1890. One-tenth is to be paid in that year, and the remainder in ten equal annual instalments. These bonds are to bear five per cent interest. The purchase money and interest thereon is to be applied to the extinguishment of the State debt.

A Hundred Mile Race.

Two sporting men of Albany, N. Y., named Taylor and Dalton, started on horses from that city on Monday the 6th inst., at 5 o'clock, for a one hundred mile race without rest or food. The bet was \$2,500 a side. Whitestown, Oneida county, was the termination of the race. The horses passed Fonda, 43 miles of the distance, at 6, 12 A. M.; time 4 hours 15 minutes—Dalton's horse slightly ahead. They arrived at Little Falls at 26 minutes past 12, the Dalton horse a little ahead, but in bad condition. Taylor's horse arrived at Whitestown at 5 30, P. M., making the distance 100 miles in 12 1/4 hours, and winning the race. Dalton's horse was a quarter of a mile behind. The entire distance was hotly contested, the horses being with-in sight the whole way. It is probable the horses will die from over exertion. Pity it is that the owners were not equally used up.

The Passmore Williamson Case.

The action for damages brought against Judge John K. Kane in the Court of Common Pleas of Delaware county, was some time since argued upon Demurrer. To the Declaration of claiming damages Judge Kane put in five special pleas setting forth his office, the proceedings which occurred and justifying his entire conduct. Plaintiff replied "de injuria" to these pleas, that the Defendant had committed the acts of his own will, and without cause.

Judge Kane's counsel demurred specially to the replication on three pleas, and joined issue in two of them. The argument on demurrer was held in December. Judge Haines on Saturday last, a week, decided against Judge Kane, so that the replication stands, and the case will go to trial on the general issue, and will be tried sometime during the present summer.

His Reward.

Mr. William B. Reed of Philadelphia, has been tendered the Chinese mission by the President, but we doubt his acceptance. Mr. Reed was an active Whig up to last year, when he turned his back, with Mr. Choate, on the "glittering generalities" of the Declaration of Independence, and went in with all his might for the Slave Democracy. He is reputed to have been looking earnestly for something, but we doubt his looking so far for it as the 'Central Flaw-ery Land.'