

JOURNAL AND UNION

Hannibal, Mo., December 4, 1851.

JOURNAL AND UNION

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL AND UNION.

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St. Louis Agent.

Louis F. Fayson, No. 127, N. Fourth st., St. Louis, Mo., is our authorized Agent to obtain Advertisements and Subscriptions, collect Accounts, &c.

CANDIDATES.

We are authorized to announce D. F. JACKSON as a candidate for Sheriff, at the ensuing election.

We are authorized to announce R. J. BRADLEY as a candidate for Sheriff of Marion county at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce WM. A. MADDOX as a candidate for Sheriff of Marion county at the ensuing election.

MONEY! MONEY!

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to this office for subscription or other account, are requested to call and settle, or send the amount by mail at our risk.

H. LEER & ARBOGAST, have just received a fresh stock of Tobacco and Cigars. Their Cigars are splendid—Chewing Tobacco ditto. We speak from experience. Give them a call—Sign of the Big Indian.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. W. M. Rush, on account of the state of his health, and by medical advice, recalls his appointment for preaching on next Sabbath.

The first Quarterly Meeting of the present Conference year, of the Hannibal Station of the M. E. Church, South, will commence on Saturday, the 13th inst., at 10 o'clock.

GARTIN'S TOBACCO AND CIGAR DEPOT.—This is the place to get luxuries, in the shape of Tobacco, Cigars, &c. He can supply your wants, from a "tip-top" Regalia down to a pinch of snuff.

The Western Journal.—For November, has been received. We would recommend this book to our citizens as one of the best works of the day, and should be encouraged. Forward your subscriptions for the new year.

"BAGGING."—Our neighbor of the Courier let himself out on this subject last week, and although his story is not so hard to believe as some things he says about his party, still, we advise him to tell it to the "marines," for the old sailors can't swallow it. It is said the little fellow has been known to tell the truth, (we don't doubt it,) but this last yarn would put his illustrious ancestors, (Gulliver and Munchausen,) to the blush.

"To keep within the bounds of party duty, is an easy task to those who really honor its principles, and to violate them with impunity, is no easy task to a community of intelligence and integrity."—St. Louis Times.

If the Democratic organs had not expended all their resources in the attempt to establish sufficiently comprehensive bounds to enclose the whole mass of discordant elements which at present constitute the party, we might feel disposed to indulge for a moment in the queries:—Where are those landmarks; what do they include, and how far can they be extended? The acts of the party within the last few months, speak more conclusively than all the idle words which render the columns of the Times so conspicuous in the squabble.

We however, entirely coincide with him, in the opinion, that, to keep within the "bounds of his party duty," at present—himself being a worthy criterion—is in the very nature of their latitude, a very "easy task." If there be not this latitude, but the bounds are definite, then it appears there are few in the ranks who "really honor its principles." We insist that our position must be to reject, and have the clarity to suppose that in a "community of integrity" it is "no easy" matter to violate them, but that every neighbor goes in great way out of the path of "integrity" in his determination to lug in Nullification. We have within the Democratic ranks of Missouri—if we may judge from the epistles which they administered among themselves (before the course of re-union) elements as little predisposed to unite, as oil and water—without the slightest chemical affinity.

But they must be brought together, however miscellaneous, and partitioned have commenced the work in earnest. The contest has been long and unobscured. Now triumph has been the language. But now they in a their language

eyes to the fat offices of '52, and the smallest chord of love would bind them together long enough to divide the spoils. By stirring and re-stirring, a partial but imperfect union may be effected (if union it could be called), with adhesive properties, sufficiently tenacious to hold them together, possibly long enough to crow over the spoils. But after a time they must, like the oil and water, separate, and respectively re-assume their appropriate consistency.—That branch to which our neighbor of the Times belongs, and it is now entirely too late in the day to deny the fact, has denounced the opposing branch—through their great champion—Free-soilers. When a reunion is desired, the Courier puts forth all of its strength to include the fact that no principle whatever was involved in the division. Is it so? Then we are forced to the conclusion, that the whole Democratic party of Missouri are Free-soilers. County meetings have been held, but what has been accomplished? Resolution after resolution has been adopted, without touching—with one or two exceptions—upon the points in issue.

They seem determined to be "naum." No concessions have been made. The thing is to vote the same ticket, (Benton excepted) divide the spoils; both treat and say nothing more about it for the present. One wing of the party, as has been affirmed by leading journals are Free soilers, and not only this. The Times may put its unpardonable sin, nullification. How such elements can be really bound together in the bonds of union, would puzzle the brain of any but the advocate of nullification.

KENTUCKY SENATOR.—But a few months ago the Whigs of Kentucky virtually elected a Democratic Governor, inasmuch as they neglected to make use of the power which they had, to prevent it, and now, in the appointment of a United States Senator, to fill the vacancy which will soon occur, they are again divided among themselves, in their endeavors to establish individual claims. The friends of Crittenden and Dixon are respectively unyielding, and every attempt to compromise, and conciliate appears to widen the breach and diminish the probabilities of a satisfactory issue.

Without feeling somewhat chagrined, and not without reason, mortified, at the late defeat of their champion—forced as he was into the canvass—and on this account will be very loth to surrender his claim to any one. One gentleman has gone so far as to declare his determination to cast his vote for him, in nomination or otherwise, as long as he holds his seat. When such a spirit as this is entertained on the part of members, with them, the advancement of party is but a secondary consideration.

After the above had gone to press, we are informed that Mr. Crittenden has been withdrawn, with respect to which we made the following extracts of a letter from Hon. T. F. Marshall addressed to the Louisville Journal in answer to the charges of his having been "the irritating cause which has rendered the breach (in the party) incurable."

In withdrawing Mr. Crittenden, or requesting his withdrawal, I was compelled to explain, or be exposed to misconception myself and risk irreparable injury to him.

The facts existing at the time are briefly these:—That portion of the Whig party who desire to restore Mr. Crittenden to the Senate, from whence he was withdrawn in 1848, to make the gubernatorial race against Mr. Powell, sorely as it now appears against his own political interests, did not desire to involve him in a contest on the floor with any member of his own party. They were willing to discuss his claims upon national, State, personal or party grounds, before the Whig party alone, in a free and equal party council. They did not know by any count they were able to make, what would be the result. They pledged themselves over and again to abide that result, whatever it might be, and to go in solid and unbroken phalanx for the nominee by a majority in a council of seventy of the party, the whole severely binding themselves to such submission.

In scanning the elements of opposition to Mr. Crittenden, and in tracing the sources of division among the Whigs, those which I have enumerated are open and lie upon the surface.—There is another deeper and far more dangerous, which is working at the vitals, which, if not healed or eradicated, will, in my judgment, disorganize the party, and scatter its elements near again to be united under a common head, with common objects, and upon its ancient principles of social organization, law, and policy—at least during this generation. This sore I endeavored to touch, when I spoke, as I shall do while I write, with tenderness and caution, but with truth. I did it then, as I do now, with a sincere desire to vindicate historic accuracy, and to prevent the mischief which must inevitably result to a common cause, from the misunderstandings and heart-burnings among the respective friends of two of the greatest, at any rate the most renowned, statesmen which this age of Kentucky has produced.

This spark of contention which other men not I, are endeavoring to fan into a flame of conflagration, had its origin in the action of the convention at Philadelphia, which nominated Gen. Taylor for the Presidency in 1848, and in the course pursued by the Kentucky delegation in that convention.

He awaited without interference the decision of his party, prepared to aid to the utmost that decision for whomsoever it might be cast. He had certainly aided Gen. Taylor, cause, when no man expected Mr. Clay to become a candidate; he certainly informed Gen. Taylor, so soon as Mr. Clay's name was before the public, that he could go no further—that habit, friendship, duty made him pre-empt Mr. Clay to any one else. He certainly declared this preference after Gen. Taylor's nomination, and within my hearing, in a public speech at Versailles—the most brilliant, the most beautiful that ever he ever delivered. I questioned him in private as to that declaration—whether I had understood him correctly. He answered, with a retaking eye, the third rebuke I ever received from that glorious and eloquent eye, that he preferred Mr. Clay, and he had said it. He said it, and so I reported him. The sketch of the debate between Mr. Powell and himself that day, published afterwards in the Yeoman, signed Seneca, was taken by himself. He said it, and he CANNOT LIE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ART AND MELODY.

Hast thou, Art, forgot the Zhidan stroke, The mould divine, the grace-enriching cloak? Have all thy Godlike thoughts incarnate walked? Stayed on oiled lips, discourse Celestials talk? Still thy creative touch carves out its shapes? A kindled life, a rapture-beauty draped Still at thy call the fibres of splendor glow! Still thy lilt mysteries thy first-born know! The Council's wonder lifts his manly brow, Pure from the block thy radiant gifts endow. Sabites with marble state thy' applauding eyes— The Watoe field, where Powers and Natura vie! Voice of Melody! hast thou yet scaled All heights, all depths of passion, hast regaled With sweeter airs than spring from Seraph lyres, Empyrean homes that crystalline aspire? Cast all thy measures on the ravished ear, Then snatch the echoes to thy upper sphere? Still enchainment! obey the burning strings, Still on the heart thy heavenly fervor rings. Aye! thy dwelling thou hast made with men, A vestal binds thee, lest thou flee again! Like to the Northern lights along the sky, The incense-vapors of her votaries fly; From zone to zone, to gilded billows curl, Flashing like sun-rays cast from seas of pearl!

AWFUL CALAMITY!

FORTY-FIVE CHILDREN KILLED! SIXTY-THREE WOUNDED!

A most shocking catastrophe occurred on Thursday afternoon at Ward School No. 26 N. York.

Miss Harrison the teacher, being taken suddenly with a fainting fit, some of the children near her instantly cried for water—this cry was mistaken for that of fire, and the whole room resounded to the cry of fire! The children rushed for the door en masse. The alarm was communicated to other rooms, throughout the building. From all one general rush was made for the spiral stairs, which descended from fourth story to the ground floor paved with flags.—The banisters gave way, and hundreds of the terrified children were precipitated to the bottom, the full killing and wounding a great many. The scene of distress and agony presented to the eyes of the distracted parents as they gath ered hastily to the spot, passes description, A accurately as could be ascertained in the alarm and confusion of the hour, the number of killed and wounded is as stated above.

From the Messenger.

HANNIBAL.

Ms. Editor:

Allow me, through your columns, to congratulate the city of Hannibal on its growing prosperity. During a short sojourn here, from what I have learned from observation and through your principal men, I am led to believe that there is no point on the upper Mississippi that enjoys greater advantages for the building up of a large city than Hannibal. Your business men understand themselves perfectly, and your farmers and mechanics seem to be of the substantial kind. Your hotels are conducted after the most approved style, and cannot fail to meet the approbation of the traveling public, except in one particular.—They fail to supply their guests with a luxury that every traveler wishes to enjoy to a greater or less extent—I mean fine cigars! But I find that your fellow citizens, Messrs. Leer & Arbogast make ample amends for this deficiency in the hotels. At their store I purchased a box of as fine Regalias as I remember to have smoked in New York or Boston, at the astonishingly low price of three dollars and twenty-five cents! For the fine articles they keep, and the low rates at which they sell, they should be liberally patronized; and if all your merchants imitate them in fine goods and low rates, the amount of business transacted here cannot fail to compare favorably with any city in the Union, of the same size. In a tour through the West, I have not been in a more pleasant little city than Hannibal.

A TRAVELER.

A RARE DOG STORY.

In 1792, I was then in my nineteenth year, and well remember the circumstance.

A gentleman, whose country seat stood within six miles of my "cottage on the moor," kept a fine mastiff dog. By day he was chained up near the house; by night he was loose to range through the garden and enclosures, a terror to evil doers, but kindly affected to all such as do well. Now, whether it was natural instinct, (for wolves are only wild dogs,) or whether he had received some real or supposed affront from the sheep fraternity, I never could learn; for though the dog had a language of his own, and in which he conversed fluently at times, yet I confess, I could better understand the language of his eyes, (dogs have very expressive eyes,) one morning he was accused of having murdered two of a neighbor's sheep. His master, unwilling to take an evil report against his faithful watch dog, had the trial postponed to Monday next, as they say in court. On the following night, however, another murder was committed. This time the last was too clear to admit a doubt. Hero was brought in guilty, not by a verdict of his peers, but by a convention of two-legged animals, who were too dull to appreciate his motives, and too blind to sympathize with him under the circumstances, neither had they courtesy to ask, as has been the custom in all civilized communities ever since the days of Haman, who, himself, was strung up fifty cubits, if he had any objection to make against being hung, but straightway they proceeded to execution. His master, while a tear crossed his eyeball, says, John get a stout piece of rope. Hang Hero behind the barn, so as not to be seen from the house. Having spoke thus, he entered his dwelling. Hero heard his sentence with the same philosophic indifference that I have heard some two-legged animals receive theirs in the Hall of Justice in the Park. He will be a long respite between the sentence and the hanging day. So without speaking a word, and dale, o'er fields and floods he flew, as the wings of the wind. He never drew up till he entered a city of refuge; here the avenger of blood dared not enter.

You have read in that book for which all others were made a man drew a bow at a venture, the unerring eye of Omnipotence became pilot

to that shaft, it entered between the joints of his armor, and the proud monarch sunk dead in his chariot. The same merrig eye directed the flight of this dog to the spot, where, after an absence of nearly seven years, he was the means of saving the life of his master, as you will see in the sequel.

It came to pass, when nearly seven years had expired since the fright and flight of Hero, (no doubt the poor dog was scared enough when he heard the order for immediate execution) that his late master was sojourning on the borders of Scotland and England; it was winter, and dark in that climate at 5 P. M. He put up at a tavern by the wayside. As soon as he dismounted and went into the stable to see that his horse was cared for, he was followed by a large mastiff dog, who by every means that a dog could invent, endeavored to draw his attention. The gentleman sat down in the hall, the dog by his side, when he began to think there was something strange in the dog's attentions and manner. He put his hand on the head of the dog and spoke kindly; the dog encouraged him, and laid his paw on his master's knee, and looked earnestly in his face; recollections arose in the memory of the master, and he exclaimed in surprise, "Why Hero, are you here?" Hero was so pleased at the recognition, that he almost leaped upon his master's back. Whether the landlord was informed of the merits of the case, or not, my informant did not say, as any rate, Hero and his master were never separated from that hour. Hero followed his master in the bed-room, when seeing him about to undress, he seized the skirt of his coat with his teeth, and drew his master toward a closet, on opening the door, he discovered the corpse of a man suspended against the wall. He saw his danger and made preparations accordingly.—This matter occurred shortly after the return of the army from America, after the war of Independence. Many of the disbanded soldiers took to robbing on the highways, and gentlemen always traveled well armed. He saw that his four pistols were in eight trim, piled everything movable in the room against the door, and sat down to wait the result. At midnight there was a knock at the door, a vial of medicine which was standing on the mantelpiece was wanted for one of the family who was taken suddenly ill, &c. Mr. Morton (which was the gentleman's name) informed the assailant he was prepared with his arms, and would shoot the first man that entered. Presently, he distinguished the voices of three men, when after some further parley an axe was sent for to break in the door. At this critical moment the sound of carriage wheels was heard from afar; the robbers paused, Mr. M. thrust his head out of the window, and as the carriage approached halloed at the top of his voice. They heard his cries and stopped, when the robbers fled by the back door. There were four men in the carriage, they secured three women whom they found in the house, and lodged them in jail. By their information, the men were caught soon after; tried and hung; the women were banished to Botany Bay for life.

On searching the house, several corpses were found buried in the cellar; and in the rooms, many articles identified that belonged to persons who had disappeared, and were never heard of till this occurrence.

Hero went home with his master, and was a happy dog for many years thereafter, when he died, and was buried. A stone, recording the Providential deliverance, was set up over his bones, and his portrait was hung in the hall, with the family escutcheons.

The story was published in the newspapers and periodicals of that day, all over Britain, as a fact beyond controversy.

GRANT THORNTON.

October, 1851.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.

The Die Vernon and Archer came in collision about 2 o'clock Thursday morning, at Enterprise Island, five miles above the mouth of the Illinois river. The latter boat was cut down to the water's edge, and sunk in less than twenty minutes, to her cabin floor. The boat and cargo a total loss.

Report says that twenty-five to thirty lives were lost—all deck hands and deck passengers on the Archer. Ten persons, women and children of two families are missing. The captain of the Die Vernon and the officers of the Archer are unable to say how many, and perhaps the exact number never will be known.

The Archer has no cabin, and therefore had of course, few or no passengers above the first deck. The officers are all safe. The Die Vernon sustained little or no injury, and after laying by the wreck for four hours, rendering every assistance, arrived in port shortly after daylight on Thursday morning.

The accident is said to have been entirely accidental, and blame can be attached to no one. For a version of this unhappy occurrence, we refer to the statements of the pilots of the boats, below.

We have ascertained the names of the following persons lost:

Deck Passengers. James Smyers, Sen., James Smyers, Jr., Jane Smyers, Margaret Ann Smyers, Mary Smyers, Sarah Smyers, Caroline Smyers, Ellen Smyers, Susan Dick.

An Irish family, consisting of seven or eight persons; an American of three or four, and five or six other deck passengers, all drowned.

Ten of the deck hands and firemen belonging to the Archer are also missing—killed or drowned.

The clerk of the boat has not the names of any of the deck passengers registered, and having lost the book containing the names of the deck hands and firemen, is unable to give even these. He thinks that the total number missing may be safely set down at twenty-eight to thirty.

Mr. Blakesley, the pilot of the Die Vernon, says, when I first saw the Archer I was at the head of Enterprise Island the Archer being then about half way between two islands. Seeing the boat coming, I immediately rang my bell, giving two taps, as a signal that I would keep my boat to the left. I heard no answer. I then worked the boat slow, still holding on in the same position as indicated by my signal. At that point I heard from the Archer to stop her my boat. I immediately commenced backing my boat, when after three revolutions backing the two boats came in collision.

Such is the statement of Mr. Blakesley, and it is proper for us to say that these statements were made in the presence of both these gentlemen, and no exception was taken to them by either party.

Samuel Smyers, the unfortunate boy, twelve or thirteen years of age, and Miss Sarah Dick, a lone and unprotected female, survivors from the wreck of the ill-fated Archer, are now in the city, probably destitute of means, and several hundred miles from their friends. Would not

the cause of humanity be served by a contribution from our citizens, sufficient to defray their expenses to their friends in Pennsylvania? The boy Smyers has lost his father mother, and five brothers and sisters and every article of furniture and clothing possessed by his parents. Miss Dick was taken from the wreck in her night clothes, and is entirely destitute. Her sister-in-law, and perhaps brother, were both drowned. We bespeak for these unfortunates a donation sufficient to send them to their friends.

In reference to the unfortunate event recorded above we have just conversed with the pilots of both boats, viz: Mr. L. B. Goll, the pilot of the Archer, and Mr. Willis Blakesley, the pilot of the Die Vernon. Their statements are as follows:

Mr. Goll, the pilot of the Archer, says that his boat was ascending the river, the time being about half-past 1 A. M., when he discovered the Die Vernon coming down at the head of Enterprise Island. He attempted to ring his bell, to give the descending boat the usual signal, when, finding the bell foul and not ringing, he became afraid to meet the descending boat in the middle of the river. I then called on the mate of the Archer to clear the bell, and while he was so doing I attempted to run my boat out of the regular channel to avoid a collision. At this moment the descending boat struck us. Mr. Goll states further, that when he found the bell defective, and the signal could not be made, he adhered to the old established rule, claiming the shore or upper bar for his boat. He says, moreover, that the confusion on board his boat, and the escape being very loud and close to the pilot house, totally precluded him from hearing any requests made by the descending boat.—St. Louis Times.

IMPORTANT FROM HAVANA.

ARRIVAL OF THE GEORGIA.

Mr. Thrasher Sentenced to the Chain-gang for eight years—A Jofel Riot at Chagres, twenty to thirty Americans killed.

New York, November 19. The United States mail steamer Georgia, Lieut. D. D. Porter commander, arrived from Havana in four days and seven hours, with the California mails and passengers.

The Georgia met at Havana the steamer; Dupuis and took her mails and passengers. She had met with an accident to her machinery. Also met the Philadelphia and took her passengers. The latter ship had also 400 passengers for New Orleans. The Georgia brings \$1,550,000 in gold dust, and about \$800,000 in the hands of passengers.

The California had arrived at Panama with 270 passengers, and the New Orleans with 200. The Georgia also brings a number of passengers by the Nicaragua route, who could not obtain passage by the other line. Most of them were fourteen days crossing over, and experienced many hardships. About 200 still remain there. Mr. Thrasher, at Havana, has been tried and found guilty of treason, and sentenced to eight years in the chain-gang, and would be sent to Spain. He is in good spirits and anticipated a reversal of his sentence. Mr. Owens, the American Consul, was present during the trial and had been using his endeavors to obtain from the Captain General Mr. T.'s release, without effect. Every thing was quiet at Havana. No American man-of-war there. The steamship Edger arrived at Havana on the 14th.

We are in possession of the particulars of another terrible riot at Chagres, growing probably out of the same causes which led to the former difficulties. The following account is from the Panama Star:

On the 23d of October a general fight commenced, which ended in the free use of fire arms and some of the cannon on the old fort. The reputed number of the killed is 14 Natives and 1 American. Some twenty or thirty more Natives were wounded, and also American. The U. S. Consul, Mr. Gleason, was shot at but not injured.

POSTSCRIPT.

At a late hour last evening, we conversed with two gentlemen who had just arrived from the steamer Ohio, and from whom we learn that when they left Chagres, the fight between the Americans and the blacks, (who are not natives, but San Domingo, Jamaicans and Carthagenians,) was still going on with desperation.—They state that at least twenty Americans were killed, and a much larger number of blacks, making in all about one hundred. A ball was fired through the hat of one of our informants. The roof of the Irving House was shattered by the cannon ball from the fort.

A proposition to take the fort was made to the Alcalde by the Americans, and accepted, and the attempt was to be made immediately. The blacks were in full possession of the fort, and one rifleman, a returned Californian, was seen to pick off five of them successively, as they attempted to discharge their cannon.

RECOVERY OF STOLEN TREASURE.

Two bars of silver, valued at five thousand dollars, were recovered on Friday last by Mr. Hurtado, on the Cruces road. They were stolen from the British specie train, about three months ago, and all hopes of recovering them had been wholly abandoned. Last week, however, suspicions were excited against a native man, and he was arrested by Mr. Hurtado, who induced him to confess the robbery and to state that the treasure was buried some distance out on the Cruces road.

He was taken out to the place indicated, and after digging about for some time, and no discovery of it being made, Mr. Hurtado had him taken and hung to a tree. As soon as he found the rope tightening upon his neck, he confessed that he had misled the search, and that, if they would release him, he would take them to the right spot.

He was accordingly released, followed to another place in the woods which he pointed out, and there the bars of silver were buried in the sand. One of the bars was covered with canvas, the other inclosed in a wooden box. Great credit is due to Mr. Hurtado for his efficiency in recovering the treasure, which had so long been considered lost.—Panama Herald, Oct. 27

TROUBLES IN UTAH.—The accounts from the Salt Lake give information of a most extraordinary revolution in the Mormon settlement. Those violent fanatics foolishly vain of their strength, and believing themselves secure from the intervention of the Government by the remoteness of their position, have driven the United States officers, who are not Mormons, Young, renounces all allegiance to the Government of the United States.

The necessity of a strong military force at the Salt Lake is obvious; it should be a permanent post, and should be garrisoned by troops enough to chastise the insolence of the Mormons, and to keep them in subjection to the law.

It is stated in some of the papers, that the

President will appoint a new Governor for Utah soon after the assembling of Congress, and we are further told that an attack will be made upon the Administration by Mr. Senator Douglas, in reference to this Utah matter. Upon what ground the Administration is to be censured for the outrages of Mormon outlaws we are at a loss to conceive. The appointment of Brigham Young as Governor of Utah was regarded, when made, as a proper one. He was known to have great influence over his people, and as the Mormon people constituted the bulk of the population of the Territory, it seemed to be just and right that the Governor should be selected from the holders of that faith. The recent outbreak shows, indeed, that Young is a bad man, and that his people are of the same class. They will receive, we trust, the punishment they so richly deserve.—Balt. American.

A SUMMER VIEW OF NEW BUDA.

The Hungarian settlement, under Gov Ujhazy, is situated in the southwestern part of Iowa, in the county of Decatur, at a distance of about 150 miles from the Mississippi river, 100 miles from the Missouri, and about 10 miles north of the boundary line of the State of Iowa and Missouri. The aspect of the country presents ridges of elevation, narrow ravines, and occasionally wide, spread valleys, all covered with rich soil, varying from one to three feet deep, which displays its fruitfulness in the abundant production of grass, of fruits and flowers. The Thomson river, a about 50 yards in width, but too shallow for navigable purposes, winds slowly through the county of Decatur in a southeastern direction, on its way to the Missouri. Its course is lined by a heavy body of timber, from one to three miles wide, consisting chiefly of sugar maple, black walnut, white oak and elm.

PETITION TO THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.—Some weeks since a petition to the Queen of Spain, in behalf of the Lopez victims, was forwarded from this city, through the agency of the United States District Attorney, to the State Department, for transmission to Spain.—The following letter from the Secretary of State will show those interested what disposition has been made of the petition.—Mobile Advertiser.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

WASHINGTON, October 30, 1851. P. HAMILTON, Esq., U. S. District Attorney.— Sir: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th instant, with its enclosure, and to state that the petition to the Queen of Spain, in behalf of the surviving Americans of the Lopez expedition, signed by many of the most respectable citizens of Mobile, has been forwarded to the American legation, Madrid, with proper instructions respecting its presentation. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, DANIEL WEBSTER.

AGRICULTURE IN OREGON.—A letter from Umqua valley, Oregon, published in the New York "Courier," says the climate is so mild in that quarter of the globe, that sleeping out doors is no hardship. Even in winter, the ground in the valleys never freezes, so that oats, potatoes, and barley are sown in the fall. The wheat has the largest berry ever seen. Oats of a corresponding quality are raised five years in succession from one sowing, yielding at the rate of fifty bushels to the acre at each crop! Indian corn does not so well, on account of the droughts in August and September; but potatoes, turnips, and other roots in the moister locations grow to a great size. No insects or weeds trouble the crops of any kind. Apples produce abundantly, and plums, crabapples, raspberries, (a large yellow variety,) whortleberries, (of red species,) strawberries, and several other berries of fine flavor, not known at home, are very abundant. Government gives to every settler on public lands in Oregon, 640 acres in fee simple.

QUEER PROPOSALS.—Last week we received a proposition to do about \$10 worth of advertising for a publishing house in Philadelphia, and take \$4 in books. This week we have one from a periodical in Chicago, to do about \$6 (75 cents), as pay. We have also a proposition from a "Medicine Man" in New York, to do about \$20 worth of advertising, and take 12 "consumptive recipes" for pay; which valuable recipes, the proprietor states, retail for \$1 each! We give some specimens of a publisher's troubles.—Pike Co. (Ill.) Free Press.

[Right! Mr. Free Press! Free the rascals round. This species of advertising is becoming too fashionable, entirely.]

During the last year, 107 accidents occurred on the western waters. 700 persons lost their lives, and property was destroyed to the amount of \$1,500,000.

PAPIER MACHE' CHURCH.—There is a church actually existing near Bergen, which can contain nearly 1,000 persons. It is circular within octagonal without. The relief outside, and the statues within, the roof, the ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all of papier mache, rendered waterproof by saturation in vitrol, lime water, whey, and the white of egg.—[Dickens' Household Words.

FRANKFORD, Nov. 25

Three ballots were had this morning for United States Senator. The joint vote on the eight ballot stood; Meriwether 58; Dixon 49; Helm 15; Marshall 9. Ninth ballot—Meriwether 59; Dixon 48; Helm 16; Marshall 8. Tenth ballot—Meriwether 59; Dixon 46; Helm 16; Marshall 9; J. C. Williams 2; G. R. McKee 1; C. M. Clay 1.

The children in the House of Refuge at Cincinnati, manufacture daily, 20 dozen of brooms. The farmer whose pigs were so lean that he took two of them to make a shadow, has been teak by another who had several so thin that they would crawl out through the cracks in their pen. He finally stopped that "fun" by tying knots in their tails.

GIRLS AND STRAWBERRIES.—When Malloy was cast away, he made his mouth so watery by just thinking of girls and strawberries that he was enabled to do without drink for over two months.

"WHAT is the matter, my dear?" asked a wife of her husband, who had set half an hour with his face buried in his hands, and appeared in great tribulation. "O, I don't know," said he, "I've felt like a fool all day."

"Well," returned the wife consolingly, "I am afraid you'll never be any better—you look the very picture of what you feel."