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☞ Letters and communications, by mail, shall have prompt attention.

VOICE OF THE PESTILENCE.

The following poem was written in 1831, on the approach of the Cholera from the east towards the western parts of Europe, and it is appropriate to its renewed apparition and westward progress, as mentioned in recent journals:

Breathless the course of the Pale White Horse,
Bearing the ghastly form—
Rapid and dark as the spectre bark
When it sweeps before the storm!
Balefully bright through the torrid night
Ensanguined meteors glare—
Fiercely the spires of volcanic fires
Stream on the sulphurous air!

Shades of the slain through the murderer's brain
Flit terrible and drear—
Shadowy and swift the black storm-drift
Doth trample the atmosphere!
But swifter than all, with a darker pall
Of terror around my path,
I have arisen from my lengthened prison—
Slave of the high God's wrath!

A deep Yoice went from the Firmament,
And rejoiced the ends of Earth—
Therefore I came on my wings of flame
From the dark place of my birth!
And it said "Go from the North to the North,
Over you wide briny hall—
Sin is the King of the doomed Thing,
And the sin-regarded must fall!"

A voice of fear in the Hemisphere
Tracketh my where I fly—
Earth weeping, shrieks for her widowhood—
I wild and dark I cry!
Thrones and dominions beneath my pinions
Wither like the meet thing—
Melt from my breath the pride and pleasance
Of pallor-stricken kings!

Sorrow and mourning hurry ceaseless scorning,
My throne is the thunder-star—
My chosen shroud is the dark-plumed cloud—
Which the whirling blasts bear!

Then dark to the beat of my hastening feet,
Then shrined in the sea;
Where are the dreams that the Ocean streams
Won't be safety into thee?
Awaken! awake! my wings are shaken
Athwart the troubled sky—
Streams the red glance of my fated lance
And the glare of my eager eye!

Hearken, oh hearken! my coming shall darken
The light of the festal cheer;
In thy storm-rocked home of the Northern foam
Nursling of Ocean—hear!

For the Argus

Messrs. Editors: Don't *you* think I am far enough "out of the woods" to be perfectly justifiable in giving a *short* or *nice* at least?

I have waited with great impatience to see my answer to my last article on "Woman's Rights," from J. B. K., who so loudly took up my gauntlet, and flung defiance at all my arguments; and his long silence has led me to the above-mentioned conclusion, hoping some of them may reach his ear, (if he be still alive,) and bring forth an immediate reply, for I could take wide delight in the knowledge that I was the cause of his writing (writing!) such an acknowledgment from him; and trust his silence is not caused by anything more serious than an eager pursuit for the last Paris fashion plate, and hope after he has studied it, carefully, and had time to have a suit "*a la* Paris" in readiness, he will soon more take his stand in opposing Woman's Rights.

To be candid, Messrs. Editors, I am really alarmed concerning Mr K.'s silence.—I'm afraid I administered an over dose the last time (though, indeed, I pitied the Editors more than him), I should have given small portions till he got used to it; perhaps he is even now making vain attempts at committing suicide, by shooting himself in the looking-glass, or threatening to drown himself, if he should perish in the attempt. If so, I entreat him to be comforted, and I'll promise to give small doses in the future and administer them regularly.

If I may be allowed to "give a word" to Mr K. I would say, it is an old saying of Davy Crockett, or some other equally celebrated character, "Be sure you're right, and then go ahead." Now I'm afraid you *went ahead*, without being sure you were right; hence your silence. If this is not the case, come along—remember "in the bright lexicon of youth, there's no such word as fail," and in the emphatic language of Lawrence—"Don't give up the ship," (unless you're *blocked* up). I shall watch anxiously for your reply, during the next three weeks, and trust I will not be disappointed; if I am I must bid you farewell, and advise you never again to blow against a Bellows.

And to you, Messrs. Editors, I would say, I am very sorry I threw down a gauntlet, to give you so much trouble. If there is *any* interest at all in our pieces they come so "far between" that it is all lost before the next appears, and I know it must be unpleasant, as well as unprofitable, to publish them. If Mr. K. answers me immediately, I'll do so too—if not, thanking you for your kindness, I'll leave the subject—

And lest you think me so uncivil,
To plague you with this drumming drivil,
Abjuring all intentious evil,
I quit my pen.

BELL BELLOWS.

North Sewickley, July 15th, 1857.

☞ Prices of cattle are tending downward. A blessing!

SPECIMENS OF GUMPTION.

We select from the Boston Gazette, a few unmistakable varieties of this article. The first relates to a gentleman, who, in a mixed assemblage, suddenly heard his name called from all parts of the house. Although unaccustomed to public speaking, he rose amid great applause, and said:

"Fellow citizens, I thank you for this kindly greeting, and as my rising has called forth such plaudits, I trust my sitting down will elicit no less substantial marks of your approbation."

The gumption of the gentleman gained him three hearty cheers, and it had quite as good an effect as if he had spoken ten minutes, which he probably might have done if he had had anything to say.

Gumption is a prompt application of common sense—a never-failing resource—According to this definition, shrewdness, capacity and address are component parts. These qualities are particularly necessary in a lawyer, who is called upon to speak often in open court.

One of the leading members of the Suffolk bar once found that even eloquence, mighty and powerful as is its sway, was no match for the gumption of his opponent.

Our eloquent friend addressed the jury, one day, in a case of considerable pecuniary importance, and feeling in good health, he gave full play to his imagination, and so all the merits of the case under the glitter of his beautiful imagery, and so charmed all hearers by his style, that the jury was carried away by his command of language and his beauty of expression. His brother lawyers congratulated him upon his efforts, and he sat down, thinking, as others did, that it mattered little what the counsel for the defendant had to say. He happened, however, to be a man of gumption, though not of eloquence, and rising from his seat, he said:

"May it please this Honorable Court, and you, gentlemen of the Jury, to allow me, before entering upon the legal merits of this case, in which my worthy client has great interests at stake, to compliment my learned brother, upon his brilliant and powerful argument, which he has just closed. it has had its effect upon you, gentlemen of the jury; it has had its effect upon the learned Judges of this Honorable Court; it has had its effect upon the members of this bar, here assembled—but it has had no effect upon me."

There was a slight movement in the Court, at this candid expression of opinion, and all eyes were directed towards the young man, who had the boldness to make such a statement. He continued:

"And I will tell *you*, gentlemen of the Jury, why his eloquence has had no effect upon me. Yesterday I had the pleasure of being with my learned brother, the counsel for the *plaintiff*, on a fishing excursion in our harbor. You may imagine, that we employed hook and line, bob and sinker, to procure the fish with which we concocted our chowder. We did so, with the exception of my friend here. *He* came on board in the morning, gentlemen of the Jury, with white kid gloves on. If you have had any experience in the art of capturing halibut or cod, you will say that white kid gloves are not appropriate for such a duty. He did not take his gloves off during the day I believe, nor did he take a line into his hand, but he caught many fine fish.—You may wonder how it was done. I will tell you, gentlemen of the Jury. He walked to the side of our small craft, and addressed the fish in a strain of eloquence, unequalled since the days of Cicero, with the exception of his effort today. The fish listened, as you have listened, gentlemen of the Jury; they drank in the music of his eloquent lips, and so pleased were they, with his descriptions of the pleasures of being broiled and boiled and baked, that they jumped on to the deck, and looked with admiration into the face of him, who, having the power to delude fishes, may have the power to fascinate you and hide from sight the true merits of this case."

The Court was unable to stand this sally. The spell wrought by the eloquence of the counsel for the plaintiff was broken, the Jury paid attention to the merits of the case—thought of the fishes—and the young man whose gumption told him that he must first destroy the glittering effect of his opponent's argument, before he could hope for justice—heard the verdict of the twelve upright men, with great satisfaction.

A friend of ours, to whom we related this illustration of gumption, furnished us with another, the scene of which was in a country court. The case under consideration was in the hands of two lawyers, Smith and Brown. Smith was a very flowery orator, and generally, in a plea or argument, made copious quotations from the poets, with an occasional bit of thunder borrowed from Webster, Witt, or Choate, and not only astonished the auditory, but sometimes astonished himself. Brown, on the contrary, was a matter-of-fact lawyer, who struck at the roots of a question, and was somewhat free-spoken and blunt. As Smith arose to open the case, Brown, who was there to oppose him, settled himself into his chair, and requested Smith, in a louder tone of voice than he intended, "to astonish himself." The Judge very properly rebuked such language, and administered a severe reprimand for such open contempt of court. Brown saw that he had made a false move, and that his personal unpopularity might prove injurious to the cause of his client. His gumption came to his aid:

"May it please your Honor,' he said, rising, 'I did not intend any disrespect to this court, when I gave utterance, inadvertently, I assure you, to the expression which has given just cause of offence to yourself, and probably to the enlightened gentlemen which compose this jury. I hold that the dignity of the court should be maintained at all hazards and under all circumstances. I would also apologize to my learned brother. I requested him, in a moment of forgetfulness, to astonish himself. I retract that application, and now request him not to astonish himself.'

A subdued laugh pasted round the court, from which none were exempt, and his readiness—his gumption—regained him the popularity which he had lost.

FREE SPEECH IN TEXAS.

Our readers will probably remember that a few weeks since we published a short article taken from an exchange, which set forth that a paper published at Quitman, Wood county, Texas, called the *Free Press*, had dared to venture an opinion that the interests of Texas would be greatly promoted by substituting free for slave labor. The article also stated that the editor of the paper, Mr. Winston Banks, had been elected to a seat in the Democratic State Convention, of which party he was a member. It appears that the *Free Press* was not rapid in its advocacy of freedom in Texas, but persisted in publishing the communications of Mr. J. E. Lamon, which advocated the substitution of free for slave labor. The publication of Mr. Lamon's articles was loudly disclaimed against by the Journals and leading politicians of the State, but none undertook to put him down by argument, although assured by Mr. Banks that his columns were open for discussion of all subjects. Subsequent events have shown that both Mr. Banks and Mr. Lamon presumed too much upon their unquestionable rights as American citizens and citizens of Texas, to discuss the laws and institutions of their State. Mr. Banks attended the meeting of the State Convention, presented his credentials and demanded his seat; but was refused a hearing by the unanimous vote of the body, and not even allowed a word in defence of his position in favor of free discussion. But this is not the whole. By means of a conspiracy formed among the members of that convention, a mob was assembled at Quitman soon after, as *"law and order"* citizens of Wood County," composed of slaveholders for leaders and an excited rabble from the surrounding counties, under the influence of leading politicians from the Convention which had so unceremoniously treated Mr. Banks. This meeting of "law and order" men passed a serious of resolutions condemning the freedom of speech and declaring that the *Free Pres* should no longer be published. The resolutions also contained a warning to Messrs Banks and Lamon to leave within two days, upon pain of being forcibly ejected. A committee was appointed with instructions to officially notify the objectionable gentleman of the action taken in their case, which duty was discharged. Mr. Lamon left immediately, and Mr. Banks as soon as he could dispose of his office. Both are natives of the south. Mr. Banks of South Carolina, and Mr. Lamon of Virginia—have always lived and been reared amid southern institutions, but possessing innate convictions of right which teach any unbiased mind that it is wrong to eat the bread of another, and that such a wrong will surely recoil with untold evils upon the perpetrator.

The Mutiny in India.—A private letter from an officer in the British East India army to his friends in England, which is published in the London News, presents an alarming picture of the condition of affairs in Hindostan. He declares that it is impossible to conceal any longer the condition of India, though the government suppresses every kind of information it receives that is likely to create alarm, and it is even said that it pays heavy to the daily papers to do the same. It is consequently difficult to arrive at the truth, or a knowledge of what is going on.

The writer adds, that the dissatisfaction that has so long existed among the sepoys from one extremity of British India to the other, has at length displayed itself in all its meaning. After giving some details of recent mutiny, he says that before another mail reaches England, he apprehends it not impossible that the European population of India will be considerably diminished. He alleges that this is not exaggeration. There seems to be no reason to doubt the extent of the disaffection, more especially in view of the serious manner in which the English periodicals speak of it.—*Phila. N. American*

Fasting.

A degree of abstemiousness is, by all reasonable persons, allowed to be favorable to mental effort, but an occasional fast is also found, in certain constitutions, to invigorate both mind and body. It seems to give time for the functions to complete their work, and then to rest for awhile.—Fasting, for a moderate period, diminishes the carbon in the blood, and thus prevents drowsiness, while promoting a free circulation of highly vitalized blood through the brain; and as on this kind of supply the ready power of the mind depends, a clearness and rapidity of perception may reasonably be expected under such circumstances, provided the muscles are not much in demand. Those who by mental habit can take advantage of this state may attain the highest ecstasy of meditative abstraction. Probably the greater number of persons who think themselves morally and physically in health, would find how greatly they are mistaken if they could but be induced to bring their appetites more into subjection, and wait for something like urgent demand for nourishment before they indulged in eating. Instead of submitting to custom, and regularly resorting to the table three or four times a day for the mere gratification of the palate, the wise plan would be sometimes completely to break through the habit, and enjoy the quickening power of a rational will triumphing over animal appetite. Thus health of body and mental fortitude, which together constitute the best assurance of intellectual power, may be equally promoted.

LETTER FROM A MORMON EDITOR.

The Police *Gazette* had a letter from Salt Lake signed "One who was once a Mormon Editor," which says:

"But a short time ago I had an interview with Lucinda Stratton [illegible]" of Heber C. Kimball. She [illegible] from Ohio, where herself and family were respected, loved and esteemed by all. Brother Mormon preacher, or missionary, entered her once happy home, and taught her his pernicious doctrines, which lured that peaceful family to this city. Mr. Stratton was murdered in one month after he reached here, because he cried out strongly against the plurality wife system. His wife died soon after, and then the only child was in the hands of this destroying band—only fifteen years of age, but beautiful, accomplished much beyond her years. But not long was she to enjoy the calm, innocent retrospection. The terror was there in almost every form, the destroyer in one.—That man is Heber C Kimball, whose white hair tells his years of crime to be over half a century. His harem is filled from the elite and educated of many once happy homes. He has fifteen "spiritual" and forty-two illegitimate children! Sisters have married the same man, and their offsprings both call him father, and both sisters claim him as their husband.

We send you with this letter an ambrotype of a young female, who lived two years in the State of New York but was decoyed from home and friends to become a being of shame and crime. Her name we shall not disclose, as her family are enjoying the respect and esteem which are due them in that State. She has become a sort of a queen in the harem of one, and seems to enjoy the life she leads, regardless of the future. She has more than firmness and determination, when one aroused, then any woman in Utah. A short time ago another brother became enamored of this fair but frail wanton woman and while Johnson was absent on a settlement about sixty miles from the city, he went to brother Johnson's and tried to persuade his "spiritual" to leave her lord and go and live in his house where he had but five wives, while Johnson had nine.

But she promptly refused to go, and plainly told him not to come there again.

Not for any virtuous scruples, by any means; but she did not like him, and enjoyed herself with Johnson. But this brother would not give up the chase so easily; he went again, and Brigham with him, to see her. The Prophet told her that it was the will of the Lord that she should be divorced from her former husband and be sealed up to this brother; but she told the Head of the Church plainly that she would do no such thing, and that they might leave her house. This from a woman and to the Prophet who feels himself almighty and powerful, made him angry [illegible] and brother who had come with him to "take a kiss and then they would go." The other did as he was bid, or at least attempted to do so when she flew at him like a wild cat, scratching him in the face and tearing his shirt bosom entirely out! The lover could make but a feeble show against this woman and soon called to Young to "take her off."

When he was released he presented a truly laughable sight. The claret was running freely and the prints of her nails were visible on every part of his lustful visage. Young was so full of laughter at the sight that he was laughing as he past our boarding house, while our whipped brother was by his side, with coat buttoned up to the throat to hide the loss of shirt and collar.

As it has been *my* misfortune to have been a Mormon Elder I am well acquainted with the heinous crimes of this infatuated people. I shall write its history of villainy, for in no other way can I do duty to myself and the whole American people.

I should have left the priest cursed land long ere this, but my repugnance to the spiritual wife system has long since remarked me as one who shall never go from the hive with the secrets I hold. To attempt a departure from the city would insure my certain imprisonment, and perhaps death.

A Revolutionary Cannon Ball Unexpectedly Fired.

In Norfolk, Virginia, on the afternoon of the second of July, certain persons who were mindful of what was due to the proper celebration of Independence Day, came to the conclusion to clean out an old cannon which had been laying around ever since the Revolutionary War, with a view to preparing it for the firing of a salute.—After trying a considerable length of time to clear it out from the muzzle, and finding it impossible, they went to work at the vent or touch-hole. This was soon opened, and by dint of perseverance the dirt within the chamber was hauled out by thimbles-full, till room enough was made to pour in an ounce or two of gunpowder. The piece was then primed, and the match applied, when, very much to their surprise, an unexpectedly sharp explosion took place from the mouth of the piece; something whizzed across the street, and there was a crashing of the wood of the United Fire Engine House opposite. An investigation showed a respectable sized hole in the panel of the door, and inside an old six-pound cannon ball was found on the floor. The old cannon had not been used since the time when it was last loaded for the especial benefit of the British troops, seventy-seven years ago, and the artillerymen who then rammed home the ball little expected how many times the grass would grow and with er again above their graves before the missile should be discharged. It was very appropriate that a cannon loaded by the patriots of 1776 should be fired in commemoration of their time-honored and glorious deeds.

☞ Peaches have appeared in the New Orleans market.

For the Argus.

SONNET.

BY LYDIA M. RENO.

"I nevermore may look into thy face,
Till God says look."

Mrs Browning.

I only met thee one calm summer even,
When God's bright stars were shining overhead
And clear blue waters purling round our boat
Like softly rippling [illegible]
And yet the memory of thy kindly acts,
Performed so kindly, and so tenderly,
For me and mine, that they might not offend,
Will never leave my heart as soon the stars,
Leave the blue Heaven above us,
Within my spirit thou'rt forever shrined,
Among dear moonlight pictures. I believe,
As firmly as my soul believes in God,
[illegible] and meet again!
The Eternal splendors of the Infinite.

Rochester, Pa.

Old Gorden and his Laddies.—John Gorden, who died near Turriff, Banffshire, some time ago, attained the age of one hundred and thirty-two. All the travellers who chanced to call at the neighboring inn of Turiff were uniformly directed by the landlady, Mrs. Wallace, to the cottage of the patriarch, "where they wad see," she used to say, "the auldest man i' Banffshire—ay, in a' the world." Among the visitors, one day, about the close of harvest, was a young Englishman, who coming up to the door of the cottage, accosted a venerable looking man, employed in knitting hose, with, "So my old friend, can you see to knit at your advanced period of life? one hundred and thirty-two is truely a rare age."

"Deil's in the man! it'll be my grandfather you're, seeking—I'm only seventy-three; ye'll find him round the corner o' the house." On turning round the corner the stranger encountered a debilitated old man, whose whitened locks bore testamony to his having long passed the meridian of life, and whom the stranger at once concluded to be Gorden himself. "You seem wonderfully fresh my good sir, for so old a man. I doubt not you have experienced many vicissitudes in the course of your very long life." What's your will, sir?" inquired the person addressed, whose sense of hearing was somewhat impaired. The observation was repeated. "O, y'll be wanting my father, I reckon; he's i' the yard, there.' The stranger now entered the garden, where at last he found the venerable old man busily digging potatoes and humming the "Battle of Harlaw." "I have had some difficulty in finding you, friend, as I successively encountered your grandson and son, both of whom I mistook for you; indeed, they seem as old as yourself. Your labor is rather hard for one of your advanced age." "It is," replied John. "but I am thankful that I am able for't, as the laddies, poor things, are not very stout now."—*Glasgow Railway Journal.*

Peculation on the Public Works.—Since it became probable the works would be sold, the rats have been very busy carrying off public property. Tons and tons of old iron have been gathered up and sold; the proceeds, it is thought, will never reach the State Treasury.

The grab game has been played boldly, and every tit has been milked dry. The toll collectors have long faces. All the office holders, State agents, key drivers and railroad loafers are in mourning because the public works will "have no more work for poor old Ned!"

The wood piles have vanished away in a night. The rogues now begin to tell tales on each other.—The people now begin to find out how the State has been cheated.—Here is a story that was told the other day, as a specimen trick, of the manner in which a person got pay three times over for wood.

When the wood is cut and put in rank, the wood inspector of the State is sent for.

He measures it and certifies one hundred cords measured and sold to the State, at $4 per cord. The wood is then hauled to Downington, corded up, and the wood inspector measures it again, and gives another certificate. The wood is there loaded up on the State cars, and shipped down to West Philadelphia, and corded up. The State inspector is sent for and he measures it again, and gives a third certificate, each time as though it was not the same wood.

Upon each certificate, pay for the same wood is obtained from the Treasury. By this cute contrivance 100 cords of wood are paid for three times over.—*Chester Democrat.*

A Happy Country.

Sweden must be one of the happiest countries in the world, according to the description of the Rev. R E Hughes, who says that "it is a country where, from the clumsiness of the constitution, and the good sense of the inhabitants, the power of the sovereign and the liberty of the subject are almost equally unlimited; a country where toleration of religion and religious intolerance are alike unknown. The religion of the State is accepted by the people, or the religion of the people is accepted by the State, I know not which. Anything for a quiet life, should be the legend of Sweden; dissent is not permitted, chiefly because there are no dissenters to permit; political discussions are as free as air, consequently politics are rarely discussed. The King does not interfere with the people, and the people do not interfere with the King; the estates are interfered with by neither, and for their part they never succeed in coming to any resolution, except to interfere with nothing and nobody, and so they jog on very comfortably."

This is coming about as near to Utopia as anything that can be found beneath the clouds. Yet Sweden has produced great heroes, who have done their full share in laying the dust of the world with blood.

☞ Gen. Suter, who first discovered the gold in California, has become a poor man and homeless.

MINNESOTA.

The Republican members of the Minnesota Constitutional Convention show an unflinching steadiness in adhering to the policy they have marked out. They all possess "backbones" of unquestionable stiffness. Anticipating the course of the "Dead Rabit" opponents, [illegible] assembled on Sunday, the 12th, and remained there until noon of Monday, when the Convention was duly organized; but, lest "Dead Rabits" should, in the intervals of adjournment, take possession of the hall, they have remained there ever since, eating and sleeping there and are determined to continue there, if need be, until the end of their labors. Such men are invincible.

In order to understand fully the merits of the quarrel there, between the two conventions, it may be well to state that prior to Monday, the 13th, the Republican and Democratic members held separate caucuses to resolve upon their plans. Committees of conference were appointed, which drew up a mutual agreement that the members elect should meet in the Representatives' Chamber, at noon, on Monday, the 13th, at which hour they were to be called to order and organized. This agreement the Republican committee signed in good faith; but when it was presented to the Democratic caucus some quibbles were raised, in the midst of which the agreement disappeared suddenly and mysteriously.—This led the Republicans to anticipate foul play; they accordingly took possession of the chamber at midnight on Sunday. Monday, near noon, the democratic members numbering thirty or thereabouts, came in, at fifteen minutes *before* 12, Mr. Chase, the Territorial Secretary, undertook to call the Convention to order. He was anticipated, however, by Mr. North, a Republican, upon whose motion the Convention was duly organized; but Mr. Chase, in the meantime, put a motion to adjourn, to which the thirty Democratic members responded, and they then retired.

The argument of the "Dead Rabbit" press against the Republican majority is that it does not consist of a majority of members *legally* elected—there being among them four men whose seats are contested and who did not receive a majority of the popular vote in their district. It is admitted that these four men, with legal certificates of their election in their hands, were present; but there was an unquestioned majority of the whole convention *without* them. The Republicans contend that the whole number of members is properly 102 which excludes the Pembina delegation, all of whom reside outside the limits of the proposed state. The proposed state line cuts the Pembina districts through the middle, leaving the part in which are the main settlements, outside of the line and in the Territory of Dacotah; and the six members claiming seats from there, all live in the territory of Dacotah. The democrats contend that these men should be admitted, making the total of the Convention 108. The majority of the first number would be 52 and of the latter 55.

Now the Republicans had 50 members present, and excluding the four whose seats were contested, they still had 55, a majority of the whole number even fixed by their opponents. Besides this, there is a seat awarded by the returning officers to a democrat, who refuses to accept, admitting that this Republican opponent was legally elected, which would make the number of Republican members whose seats are unquestioned, 56—a clear and indisputable majority, even if the Pembina delegates be adiuitted.

The true secret of the troubles in that territory is that Minnesota will, if things are allowed to go straight forward in their proper course, come into the Union as a Republican State. The instructions sent out to the territorial officers from Washington are "BRING IN MINNESOTA AS A DEMOCRATIC STATE IF POSSIBLE, IF YOU CAN NOT DO IT, PREVENT HER FROM COMING IN AT ALL, AND WE WILL HELP YOU!" The officers are following out their instructions literally. They know that the people of Minnesota have elected a majority of Republican delegates to the Constitutional Convention; and their sole object now is to prevent the formation of any constitution whatever. This is the way in which 'Democracy' illustrates its devotion to the will of the people.—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

Scene in Court

The Howard county (Ind.) *Tribune* furnishes the following account of the doings of a court in that vicinity. The suit in question was between a father and son.

The counsel became excited, began quarrelling, and finally entered upon a brisk discharge of books and such like dangerous missiles as lay in their way. The son fearing his counsel was not holding up with the vigor necessary to victory, "pitched in" himself. But here we must let the *Tribune* tell its own story.

"Finally the young man, who had brought the suit, fearful that his attorney would come out second best, and joined in the sport. He raised his arm and struck a mighty blow, aimed at the head of the lawyer-editor, but, by some unaccountable—twist of the wrist, the blow fell upon the unlucky head of his own father. This exasperated another son of the old man, who was now stretched upon the floor, and the two brothers 'went in.'

"The court, thinking she understood herself, concluded that it was best to leave without awaiting a formal adjournment, and made the attempt. The court stumbled over one of the combatants and fell against a spectator who turned about, and with one stroke succeeded in extending the body of the court under some benches in the opposite side of the room. At this the house divided and 'set in' in parties of two—our informant was included—so that we have no means of following up the scene—we are informed, however that an officer of the court after a few moments, appeared for a *second* on a stump in the woods about a hundred yards off, and having called 'I command the—— ——,' and this writing, been heard from. He is supposed to be somewhere near the western line of (Ill.) and is still going. What became of the rest of the party is not known.

LIFE IN THE WEST.

The following genuine woman's letter is from the Portsmouth Tribune. The excitement and novelty of the wild life doubtless helps to pay for its privations. The letter is from Strawberry Hill, Kansas, and dated May 17th. In getting out there, after leaving the boat, they all 'piled into one little wagon,' stopped one night at a log house, 'innocent of daub and chinking,' and had to hold the bed clothes with their teeth to prevent them from blowing away. We quote the rest of the letter:

"I wish to goodness that I could give you a drawing of our house and furniture, but I can't do the thing justice. The house is about as large as your kitchen. The logs are beautifully hewed in the inside, although they still retain their natural appearance on the outside. I have the greatest quantity of kindlings by just going around the *walls* and pulling them off. We will have enough to last several years, if we have good luck. We have no window, but something far more convenient, made by simply moving the shingles to one side, as they are not nailed, it answers every purpose. The day we got here, Mr. S—— made a table and a cupboard, and two benches (one has a back.) As our bedstead has not yet come from 'The Plut,' we make our beds on the floor. We have two shelves where we put all our pretty things. Three or four bags hanging around the walls help the appearance very much. My guitar occupies a friendly position near the meal-bag. I have a nice little cooking stove, which bakes very well. We have no chairs, or any thing that 'town people' require.

I wish you had seen us eating our first dinner; we had no dishes. Charley ate off a shingle; Mr. S—— took the lid of the stove! M—— ate off her bread; I had a big piece of brown paper. We drank our coffee out of tin cups. D—— and Mr S—— have made two of the nicest gardens you ever saw. They fenced them and all in three days. I helped D—— clear off the garden for three days—and I wish you could see my hands. But I have been very happy—it is so nice to work alone with one's husband. Thursday I did a three weeks washing. D—— is very well and as happy as he can be. He has a wagon and a yoke of oxen, cow and calf, two turkeys and two dogs—which, I believe, is all the live stock we have yet. We have not seen butter since we left the boat—it is not fashionable here. D—— is going to build a house next week—a frame one too. How I wish you were here; I long to see you.—The country is lovely, and we have a splendid place. I have two beautiful bouquets I gathered yesterday when I went with D—— after wood. I rode in an ox-wagon! It has been so cold lately that I have worn two dresses. I think the comet does it; what do you think of it by this time? We have the most gooseberries and raspberries you ever saw, all near the house; besides strawberries all around the door, and plenty of wild plums."

The Prospects of Republicanism.

Under this head the Erie *Constitution* says:

We have watched the contest thus far closely and with deep interest, and from all that we can gather we think the friends of Wilmot have reason to be encouraged. The signs are auspicious—words of hope cheer us from every part of the State. In Philadelphia where the Democracy had every thing their own way last year, we have assurence from the most reliable sources that Wilmot will have a larger vote than any candidate opposed to sham Democracy ever had. The "Old Guard" Americans of '40 and '44 and their able and enthusiastic organ, *The Sun*, are making a grand effort for the Ticket. Judge Wilmot during a recent visit made a very favorable impression among the intelligent citizens of the "Quaker City."—Hundreds called upon him, and all who made his acquaintance were filled with admiration of the great author the "Wilmot Proviso." He will shortly take the stump and canvass the entire state, and it is folly for any man to assert that his Democratic opponent, Gen. Packer will make friends. His manly bearing, his eloquence in behalf of free institutions free men, his honest, earnest defence of the true interests of the country, will all contribute powerfully to his immense popularity. In Bradford county, the place of his residence, where he is best known, his friends confidently claim that he will have 6,000 majority, and throughout the "Wilmot District," and the Northern tier of counties he will gain very largely on the Freemont vote. In this county we confidently believe he will have 3,000 majority. Crawford will give him 2,000 majority as sure as election day comes, and all the counties in Western Pennsylvania will give him largely increased majorities over the vote of last year. This is no guess work, but truth which circumstances and indications go very far to corroborate. The Democratic leaders feel their weakness very sensibly, and are greatly disheartened.—They are fully convinced that they cannot again play successfully the game of trickery and fraud that gave them the State last fall.