



THE WATSONIAN.

B. S. SALLY AND R. R. HALL, EDITORS.
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.
THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1857.

GOVERNOR.
WILLIAM F. PACKER.
CANAL COMMISSIONER.
SIMROD STRICKLAND.
SUPREME JUDGE.
WILLIAM STRONG.
JAMES THOMPSON.

The Day we Celebrate.

We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. Who we are in our great children will honor it. They will celebrate it with bonfires and illuminations.—John Adams.

It is a happy circumstance for our Republic that once a year the pent up patriotism of the American people is wont to burst forth and fill the land with rejoicing. It would be difficult to touch upon a theme like the Fourth of July 1776, around which cluster so many noble and hallowed associations. Memory turns back to the Pilgrim Fathers as they landed upon Plymouth Rock when the breaking waves dashed high.

On the stern and rock bound coast to found an empire upon the broad basis of civil and religious liberty. The early scenes of colonial history come up before us in panoramic array. We see the founders of our now mighty empire struggling to a wretched existence among savage enemies.

We behold the steady faith of our stern pioneers, as they make the rough hills of New England smooth, and can the willingness to blossom as the rose.

In the moving panorama comes the bloody Indian campaign, and the old French war in which the colonies showed themselves the "Largest of the brave." Then the primary acts of the Revolutionary shadow forth.

The insurrections in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, the memorable Tea party at Boston Harbor, the "Sons of Liberty" meeting in secret council to devise means of defence, the battle of Lexington and the more glorious battle of Bunker Hill.

Incidents of history and deeds of personal valor come freshly to our minds. We behold Israel Putnam leaving his plow in the furrow and hastening to Boston, sword in hand. We see leave John Stark, at the head of his gallant regiment, marching from the green fields of New Hampshire—marching all night, and going to battle in the morning. No less do we recall the great deeds of a Hancock, an Adams, a Franklin, a Jefferson, a Henry!

We come to the crowning act of the assembly of our sires in solemn council, and their desperate, but immortal resolution to declare themselves FREE AND INDEPENDENT! These are some few of the associations and reflections which fill the heart of an American citizen upon the birthday of his beloved Republic.

The Day we Celebrate—The Fourth of July is a glorious day, not only for us but for the world, as it was the day on which a great sentiment of liberty, self-government, of hatred to Kings, which had for years been struggling in the human heart found utterance. It was the culminating point of long years of study and thought and trial upon the questions of freedom and responsible government.

We must not suppose that the Declaration of Independence was a sudden leap, taken by excited men far from light. Freedom was the hope and beacon light of our fathers while they were tossing in the Mayflower lifting up prayer to God in the wilderness, and fighting the battles of England. All this time the fire of freedom smoldered in their hearts, until the storm of British oppression caused it to burst out and burn with unquenchable power.

The Day we Celebrate, also recalls the formation of our confederacy, the Union which we hold so dear. The Union! Who can appreciate its glories or estimate its real value? What sacrifices were made that it might be established? How hopefully and identically the best and purest statesmen, with George Washington at their head, labored to form that great constitutional basis upon which all the States might stand and act in harmony.

What has given us a name and a place among the nations of the earth? What has subdued barbarism, and ornamented our land with the attributes of high enlightenment? What has covered our hills with white fields and whitened the ocean with our sails? The Union, fellow-citizens! It is this great confederacy of States, extending from ocean to ocean, and from almost one extremity of the continent to the other! It is the Union which has insured a common language, literature, laws, institutions and blessings to twenty-five millions of people! It is that Union, which must be preserved!

The Day we Celebrate never fails to bring Revolutionary reminiscences to the memory of every patriotic citizen. Who so ungrateful as to forget the price at which our freedom was secured? Where is the son of America whose pulse does not quicken at the mention of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, Saratoga, Cowpens, Eutaw Springs, or glorious Yorktown? The bones of fallen patriots have smoldered away, but their deeds are enshrined in the hearts of their children. We cannot bestow too much praise upon these heroic men, whose "lives and fortunes" purchased American liberty; nor can we bestow a meed of honor too high upon the illustrious chief, who headed our armies through eight years of struggle. Ah! fellow-citizens, ages may come and fade away, generations may flourish and die, but the name of Washington will never lose its glory, nor shall its honor be dimmed by a single ray. Standing now, far removed from the period of our revolutionary struggles, it is

with amazement that we reflect upon the strength of character, the nobleness of purpose, and the lofty patriotism which caused George Washington and his illustrious compeers to devote themselves to the salvation of their country, and which made him one of the few, the imperial men, that were not born to die!

The Day we Celebrate recalls the evidences of National prosperity that are around us. Other Nations are plunged in debt and degradation. Across the sea we look almost in vain for a free and happy country. England has but recently emerged from a costly war, in which the blood of her noblest sons has been poured out for no just cause. France groans under the rule of a man who maintains his station only at the bayonet's point.

There is no liberty of the press, no right of free speech, in that vast empire. Rebellion rages in the heart of every Span, helpless and bankrupt, in her old age, she had an example of a prostrated kingdom—prostrated through the conduct of her own people. Austria, Italy, and Hungary are bound, with chains, hard and fast. Superstition broods over all Southern Europe. Poverty and vice rage unchecked over the fairest portion of the Eastern Continent. Russia is struggling under her accumulated troubles, like some wounded giant stretched upon the plains. China, also, but recently engulfed in the horrors of civil war, while British tyranny holds undisputed sway over the East India Nations. It is a painful spectacle.

Thank Heaven! our own beloved land is tranquil. Our Nation rejoices in peace and plenty. The sails of our ships are fanned by the breeze of every time. The husbandman rejoices at his bountiful harvests. Churches and colleges, free schools and educational institutions, of every description, flourish over whole country with beams of enlightenment. The bible, the newspaper, and the rifle, are said to be the characteristics of the American Republic, and long may they live each plain and gleam.

Who love Peace, and Love his birds, Are needed, and our rates are still. May Providence preserve and sustain the American Union, and may God be without fathers, no may he be without sons!

The Injunction Case. In the matter of the injunctions applied for to prevent the sale of the Main Line of the public works, the Supreme Court has decided.

1st. That the Legislature had constituted authority to authorize the sale of the Main Line.

2d. That the Pennsylvania Railroad Company may lawfully become a purchaser at such sale.

3d. That the Legislature have Constitutional authority to repeal the tonnage tax.

4th. That the Legislature cannot bind the State by contract from expiring equal taxes, and that the condition of sale is the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in that respect void and an injunction to that extent is denied.

5th. That in all other respects the sale may go on and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company may bid and purchase on the same terms as other corporations or individuals.

The Main Line of the Public Improvements was set at auction the 25th inst. by the Merchants Exchange, for seven million five hundred thousand dollars, to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. There was but one bid, which was made by J. Edgar Thompson, Esq., President, for the said Company. Governor Pollock was present at the sale.

Under the recent decision of the Supreme Court declaring invalid the proviso exempting the Pennsylvania Railroad from taxation in case it becomes the purchaser of the Line for \$9,000,000 or \$1,500,000 more than any other bidder, the Company will take their purchase subject to the tonnage and other taxes as at present.

Civil War in New York. There has been something of a Civil War recently in New York, owing to the passage of a bill by the Legislature of that State to invest the New York Police with a Board appointed by the Governor. This violation of the fundamental principles of our institutions by a self government, was resisted by the Mayor upon the appointments of the Governor to fill a vacancy when upon some thing of a war ensued between the City Police and the Metropolitan Police, as they are termed, and several severely injured, and some few deaths were caused. The Mayor was finally arrested, and now the city is quiet again. The matter has been carried to the Court of Appeals and will shortly be decided.

The Black Republicans of Butler county have nominated Dr. A. W. Crawford and W. W. Dadds for Assembly. The nominees of Washington county have nominated G. W. Miller for State Senator, and James Dunbar and Matthew Linn, for Assembly. In Westmoreland the Democratic ticket is: Senator, Jacob Turney; Assembly, Robert Washburn and M. J. Shields. In Armstrong the Democratic candidate for Assembly is John K. Calloun.

Dr. Crawford has already served two sessions in the House; Mr. Miller (in 1856); and Mr. Calloun was a prominent member of the last House.

It is said that a movement is on foot with a view of showing Walnut out of the course, in taking up a fusion candidate. We shall not be surprised if it succeeds. Walnut stands no chance, and his followers will doubtless support any candidate who may afford them a "peg to hang a hope on."

The leaders may depend upon the acquiescence of the Black Republicans, in this section. They'll agree to anything. Fusion, gentlemen, fuse—we prefer spanking you all at once.

Our friends of the Republican have brought out that paper in an entire new dress. It will now compare in point of neatness and ability with any country paper in the State, and is decidedly the best in that place. We are pleased to see this improvement in the Republican, and if their success is proportionate to their merit, they will have more of this world's goods than is usually possessed by the generality of the craft. That's so.

Place None but Americans on Guard To-night.

The sentence that heads this article is attributed to Washington by our abolition "Plug Uglie," and frequently used by them as an argument against adopted citizens. From the manner in which it is used, we would infer that it is palmed off as a literal quotation from the writings of that good man. Believing that Washington never made use of that expression, we would be pleased if some one would refer us to the place where it can be found. We put the interrogation as a matter of information, and hope to hear from our friends on the subject.

It does seem strange to us, if none but native Americans were to be put on guard, and those of a foreign birth not to be entrusted, and if the order was general as they say, we would ask where did Washington find all his native born Americans in those trying days to guard the army? As the greater part of the army was composed of foreigners, they must have had easy times while the handful of native born were only allowed to stand on guard. How must Lafayette, De Kalb, and a host of other foreign patriots who voluntarily crossed the ocean to shed their blood in the cause of freedom, have felt when informed that no foreigner could be entrusted as a sentinel? Why did Gen. Washington not say, "Place no foreign General in command?" which could have been given with as much propriety as the order, "place none but Americans," &c.

"Americans must rule America." This is another foolish, unmeaning, and uncalled for term used by the opposition. From the foundation of this government to the present time, all the Presidents of the United States have been native born Americans—all the Governors of the different States and Territories—all the Congressmen—all the Legislators—all the Judges of our Courts—in short, all those functionaries, whose duty it is to frame laws, and attend to their execution, have all been native born Americans, with here and there an exception.

Never since the first drop of American blood was shed at Lexington—never since the Thirteen colonies threw off the British yoke—never since Mr. Jefferson proclaimed it in the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are born free and equal" has this country been ruled by any other than native born Americans. Why, then, that senseless, unmeaning and ridiculous motto which the Know Nothings have adopted?

"Americans must rule America!" Tell us when (since the Revolution) Americans did not rule America? These are proper questions, and if the Know Nothings do not prove that this government is now controlled and administered by foreigners there is no cause nor reason in their favorite motto, and it shows most conclusively, that it was only adopted and intended to be used, to excite the prejudice of our own people against adopted citizens. Away with your hypocrisy and your catch words, by which you seek to deceive and mislead the people.

Another Chapter. In the history of the Lancaster Bank. Two or three years ago, our usually quiet city, says the Lancaster Enquirer, was excited by a most singular and unusual phenomenon. A building of unusual magnificence was to be erected for the residence of a banker occupying the depot street of fashionable Society. Pen and tongue were alike employed in depicting the regal splendor of the palatial residence, and the distinguished gentleman who was to be its proprietor. The building was to be of no little magnitude in the first class of rural architecture. The building was finished, the white marble exterior, handsomely decorated with the elaborate and extensive finish of the interior. For a season of days within its halls, and the occupants were to be seen upon the steps and in the hallways that found their way into the "palace of the palace." But evil days came. The building was suddenly and completely abandoned by its proprietors. The building was suddenly and completely abandoned by its proprietors. The building was suddenly and completely abandoned by its proprietors.

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The Workings of Mormonism.

An English clergyman who left England to join the Mormons, returned to London in September last. He has just published a volume giving his opinion of the saints found in the vicinity of the Great Salt Lake. We quote:

"One of the most repulsive features of Mormonism is the proxy system. This is so destructive to every good and honest feeling that many staunch Unitarians reject it altogether. I heard one of the oldest disciples say, that nothing on earth would ever persuade him to believe in it, and that if he had to do with it, he would shoot him. He will say any reader be surprised when he knows what it is. I will endeavor to explain it briefly. When a married man is called by conference to a foreign mission, he has the privilege, as they call it, before leaving home, of choosing some one to take the vicarage of his wife, goods, and whatever he may possess, to provide for a substitute for the family and to become the pro-tem husband of the wife."

The ostensible reason for this arrangement is to prevent the husband from suffering any loss during his absence on missionary duty, since the greatest number of his children are here. To carry out this idea, the wife is handed over to a deputy husband, who maintains his position in the family till the husband returns. Base and immoral as this theory may be, it is strongly advocated by the leading men at the Great Salt Lake. We again quote the standard clergyman:

"But there is something more awful and paralyzing than all I have yet narrated. I mean the fearful sin of incest, which is so intimately and closely connected with polygamy. I could particularize instances where brother and sister are married, and where the same man has been the wife of two others, where brother and sister are married, and where the same man has been the wife of two others, where brother and sister are married, and where the same man has been the wife of two others."

As a case in point, we would mention that some ten months since there was a man at Liverpool, who held the office of counselor to the British Presidency, who, during the last year, was married to three women. He had a family of four children, and his wife was the daughter of a nobleman. He had a family of four children, and his wife was the daughter of a nobleman.

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PEN, PASTER & SUBSORS.

Visible.—The Comet.
Some on a Whistle.—Col. Blair.
Absent.—James McManus, Esq.
On a visit.—J. R. Shoemaker, Esq.
Clever fellow.—Maj. Robt. Durham.
Don't notice every one's horse editor.
Stirred up.—The street commissioner.
Settled.—The weather—over the left.
An Accommodating Clerk.—Theophilus Muffy.

Always laugh when you can, it is a cheap medicine.
A gold mine has been discovered near Loretto, Cambria county.
All the rage.—Speculating in lands. Be careful, gentlemen.
The inventor of gas lights was Philippe Le Bon, a Frenchman.

Better be smitten with a young lady than have the Rheumatism.
Sure Barometer.—A good sized roasting on your footy never fails.
Pop, fl, bang, crack, snap! The 4th will be here on Saturday next.

The editor of the True Democrat has been appointed to a Clerkship in Washington city.
There is a gal down-town so modest that she won't swing in the garden, 'cause she's a virgin.

Col. Patterson, one of the editors of the Harrisburg Telegraph is rusticated in this place.
Go it strong when you advertise.—business is like architecture—its best supporters are its columns.

A good subscriber.—One that pays more than the terms call for such an one is Judge Burnside. May his shadow never grow less.
There are only three ways of getting out of a scrape—write out, back out, but the best way is to keep out.

We were compelled to out our exchange last week, owing to a large increase of new subscribers.
The "Plug Uglie" are in a great state about the result of the recent elections. Why not publish the returns.

A. M. Allen, of Pottsville, is said to have invented a process by which Daguerrotype likenesses are taken on leather.
Keep your temper in disputes. The cool hammer fashions the red-hot iron into any shape needed.

A paper out west sports the following significant motto.—"Good will to all men who pay promptly." Devoted to news, fun and making money.
It is hoped the Street Commissioner will continue the good work already begun. Away with those boxes, barrels, wheelbarrows, carts, wagons, &c. &c.

The editor of an exchange says he never saw but one ghost and that was the ghost of a simon who died without paying for his paper. "Twas horrible to look upon."
Our lady friend who presented us with a copy of a Postal Directory, will please accept the thanks of an grateful fellow as she stood five feet six in his stocking feet.

J. R. Stukild of Howard, will consider on heavier tipped for the interest he has manifested in our behalf. We have entered the names on our list. Pile them on.
John Clay, a son of the departed statesman, shot a horse trainer named Edger in Lexington, Ky., on the 11th inst. Edger is supposed to be mortally wounded.

An Editorial Convention is proposed to be held at Harrisburg, designed to plan, to take into consideration matters of importance to their interests. Let us have the Convention, gentlemen.
The Lycoming county Five Insurance Company paid \$135,718, in damages last year. They have now insured \$23,257,352, and premium notes in force amounting to \$2,182,726.97.

A survey has just been completed, for a new Rail Road from Harrisville to Northumberland, the stock taken, and the road will be built as soon as possible, under a charter obtained several years ago.
It is proposed to light the streets in a village not a hundred miles from Bellefonte, with red lanterns! If we lived there we'd play tipsy every night, and hug the lamp-post. Oh-ha! oh-ha!

In an odd time, a person convicted of being calumniator, was ordered to place himself in a cage, and bark like a dog for a quarter of an hour. If this custom were adopted at the present day, there would be some how-wowing.
A Curiosity.—A flea skin, containing seven mites' souls, seven rich men's consciences, the principles of the Black Republican party, seventeen old bachelors' hearts, and all the remaining sweetness of seventy old marts.

The Reconciliation.
Heart to heart again was laid,
He was not sad, nor she afraid;
He kissed her lips, she kissed her brow,
She murmured, "I am happy now."
And he more blessed than other folks,
Had the track straightway for Triple's,
And purchased an excellent suit of clothes,
For the Lake City (Minnesota) "Tribe,"
A Black Republican party openly
deflates itself in favor of negro equality.
It repudiates as "utterly fallacious" the Democratic doctrine of white supremacy.
It hopes that the Convention will so frame the Constitution of Minnesota as to declare the negro in all respects equal to the white man.

Be content as long as your mouth is full and body covered, remember the poor; kiss the pretty girls; don't rob your neighbor's hen roost; never peek an editor's pocket; entertain an idea that he is going to treat; kick dirt on your own denance; black your boots; sew on your own buttons; and be sure to take the Democratic Watchman and pay for it. Good practical advice.
Change is written on the tide,
On the forest's leafy pride,
On the jewell'd crown of night—
Ah! where'er they eye can rest,
Show it legally impressed!

But still there is no change in the popular eye, for the large and most beautiful flock of spring and summer geese are to be had at Reynolds' cheap store.
When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick-sighted do we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we then regret the original project of the scene which may have escaped us in our intercourse with them. How careful should such thoughts render us in fulfillment of those obligations performed! For who can tell how soon the moment may arrive when repentance cannot be followed by reparation.

A Mr. Smith went home "elevated" the other evening. Mrs. Smith conducted her trunk into his bed-room. Smith started down stairs, double-fastened all the doors, and put a beam against the hall door.
What are you doing, Smith?
Why you see, I'm locking up the house very carefully, because when I come in I see three or four loafers around this neighborhood about dark; I don't want to lose that new suit I bought of Montgomery & Son, on Allegany Street. Take my money, but don't take that new suit, that's all! Mrs. Smith snickered right out, she did.

Terrible Whirlwind and Loss of Life.

On Saturday afternoon a terrible whirlwind passed over a small section of country near Utica, N. Y. It appears during the afternoon several citizens of Utica noticed a very remarkable formation of needless or cloudy substance extending from the heavens nearly to the earth, where it seemed to diminish almost to a point, but expanding gradually as it ascended, until the peculiar form was lost in the clouds, after it made a buzzing, rushing noise, and a short distance from the city settled near the earth, leveled over two fences. Further on a barn was dashed to pieces, and several trees torn up by the roots, until it approached the Baptist parsonage house, occupied by Mr. John Warren. Here we quote from the Utica Herald:

Mr. W. informs us that he was engaged in his garden at about four o'clock and saw the approach of the cloudy object as it threw up the trees. As its course pointed in the direction of his own house he ran to the dwelling caught up his children and fled. He made a running wife to follow the other three and herself by following him to the cellar. The husband had descended two or three steps with his charge, and the wife with an infant and two older children had reached the cellar door, when the house was struck.

The whole frame work was lifted from the stone walls, the entire woodwork above the first floor was carried some twenty feet and then dropped in grand perfection of ruin, while the first floor with the sleepers attached which caught in the foundation, was finally turned roof-like over the entire mass.

Mr. Warren with two of his children remained in the cellar enclosure without injury. Mrs. Warren was found on the ground about ten feet from the cellar door, almost entirely stripped of her clothing, and so severely injured about her neck and body that she died within an hour after the calamity. Her body was found almost entirely free from injury yet utterly destitute of clothing; a little boy who was following his mother to the cellar is now lying unconscious from the wounds he received in the common wreck. His recovery is very doubtful, an elder girl escaped without any injury. The dwelling was two stories high, 28 feet wide and substantially built. In rear of it was a barn, distant about five rods, 25x42 feet, which was literally shivered to splinters.

Next in the due southeasterly line of its course it uprooted several large trees, scattered the woodwork of a large building, and a large barn belonging to Mr. John M. Building. This building was of recent and very substantial build and 45 by 50 feet upon its base, yet the destructive element tore it to pieces, scattering large timbers about the fields at a distance of from five to fifteen rods, and shattering the roof into three or four pieces, and actually taking up an iron cylinder thirty six inches diameter, perhaps four hundred pounds, deposited it at least 80 feet from the barn. A cow belonging to Mr. B. standing near the barn was killed without any apparent wound. About 80 rods further on, to direct line a smaller barn belonging to the same gentleman, was demolished and what is very singular in this instance but little of the material of which it was constructed is to be found anywhere. A few shivered boards and timbers alone attest to its existence. It continued on sweeping down everything in its track for about a mile further, and finally it was released its hold on the earth and "to have ascended from the surface of the ground and dissolved into a general cloudy form. The whole extent of country over which it passed was about five miles and it is said to have travelled at the rate of a mile a minute. The phenomenon was followed by violent rains and winds.

Printers.
In nothing the Democratic State Ticket, the Harrisburg Daily Telegraph, an opposition newspaper says. The Democratic party has no many qualities that meet our approbation, yet there is one that deserves credit for namely, the preference it has always shown, in this State at least, for printers—their best workmen. Of the four candidates now supported by them for State offices three have been members of the Art of Proving—Messrs. Packer, Thompson and Strickland. Of their faculties we need say nothing; suffice it, that they have rendered valuable service to the party, and receive their reward. This is one of the traits that Democracy deserves commendation for though we confess its like a party, we have no objection to its policy and in this course, for it is rewarding the severest laborers in the cause of the party, and meeting their fellows to stronger struggles, with a bright prospect before them, in case of success. Printers, editors are undoubtedly the real soldiers of a party, and though public speakers abound, often obtain honors, it will be easy to show that they do not render the most service.

TRAVELING TELEGRAPH.—We have been informed that the first telegraphic despatch was transmitted to the Hon. Mr. Pollock, President of the United States, to Queen Victoria, and the return despatch will convey her Majesty's reply. The third despatch will be from England, and will be, it is said, a complimentary tribute to Horace B. T. Bell, the original projector of this great enterprise. Mr. T. Bell was for many years a resident of Boston, and is now of New York. He has devoted the last six years of his time almost exclusively to the enterprise now so near completion.

A FAMOUS HORSE.—"Cossack," the horse that Captain Nolan rode when he was killed at Balaklava, (in the famous charge) is now the property of a gentleman of Cincinnati, and arrived in that city last week. He is a gray Arab stallion, six years old, and four-and-a-half high. His groom, who came with him, is Edward Brown, who was one of the British soldiers who landed in Gallipoli, in February, 1854. He was at Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, and at the siege of Sebastopol, and looks, it is said, as if he was made of oak, lignumvite, and iron.

DISCOVERY OF A BODY WITH \$1800 UPON IT.—Yesterday morning the body of a gentleman looking and well dressed man was found by some fishermen in the Ohio river, opposite the farm of Mr. Williams, at the end of the first road, near the bridge over the river. On the person of the deceased a watch valued at \$1800 in gold, a fine gold watch, a large and heavy knife, and a pair of small pistols. He was rather good looking, was about five feet eight or nine inches in height, and wore dark whiskers.—Lancaster Courier, June 20.

A HARD CUP.—The Joliet (Ill.) Signal records the fact that, a few days ago, Mr. James Agnew, of that city, had his vest and an excellent fence watch eaten up by a cow. The paper does not say whether or not the watch was recovered. Mr. Agnew should have adopted the plan of an old friend of ours, who, when an ox swallowed his pocket watch containing \$1,500 in Bank bills, immediately procured a rifle; and shot down the ox, cut him open, and took out the money safe and nearly sound. This is a matter of fact and may be so regarded.

When Dr. H. and Lawyer A. were walking arm in arm, a wag said to a friend: "These two are just equal to one highwayman."—"Why?" was the response. "Because," replied the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

Correspondence.

(For the Democratic Watchman.)
PHILADELPHIA, June 27th, 1857.
Masses. Editors:—There is a perfect calm in the city of Penn. to-day, and folks look languid—very languid—as they go along in the "melting" mood; for you must know that the warm weather is upon us. Old SoF-to-day, has been giving us a small inkling of what he has in reserve for us, and if it is a specimen of what he intends to do when "he speaks himself" in all his "sunny majesty, God help the people.

In politics there is not much doing—the appointment of the new Collector having been made, and a great many being disappointed said, "sorely grieved," in not coming in for a share of the leaves and flabs.—So it is with every thing in life, all can't be pleased. In relation to the Governorship, Gen. Packer strengthens daily, and his vote hereabouts will be a noble one—proving conclusively that the city of Penn has a high appreciation of his many sterling qualities and his steadfast adherence to the doctrines of democracy.

James T. W. McCallister, the Health Officer of this city, died suddenly on Thursday. He was a generous-hearted fellow, but like too many of our politicians, he proved to be his own worst enemy.

The most important event of the week, has been the Convention of Earthen Ware Dealers, which was composed of members of that branch of trade from all parts of the Union. They had a grand time of it—being more of a social than a business affair.

A constable named Eudon was stabbed to death on Saturday evening last whilst attempting