The Democratic Watchman.

"BOTH LIBERTY AND PROPERTY ARE PRECARIOUS, UNLESS THE POSSESSOR HAS SENSE AND SPIRIT ENOUGH TO DEFEND THEM."

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Select Poetry.

[From the Press]

Captain Herndon.

BY W. M.

Ay, shout and rave, thou cruel sea,
In triumph o'er that fated deck,
Grown holy by another grave—
Thou hast the *captain of the wreck.*

No prayer was said, no lesson read,
O'er him, the soldier of the sea,
And yet for him, through all the land,
A thousand thoughts to-night shall be.

And many an eye shall dim with tears,
And many a cheek be flushed with pride,
And men shall say—here died a Man,
And youth shall learn how well he died.

Ay, weep for him, whose noble soul
Is with the God who made it great,
But weep not for so proud a death—
We could not spare so grand a fate.

Nor could Humanity resign
That hour, which bids her heart beat high,
And blazon Duty's saintless shield,
And sets a star in Honor's sky,

Oh dreary night! Oh grave of hope!
Oh sea, and dark unpitying sky!
Full many a wreck these waves shall claim,
Ere such another heart shall die

Alas, how can we help but mourn,
When here bosoms yield their breath,
A century itself may bear
But once the flower of such a death

So full of manliness—so sweet
With utmost duty nobly done,
So thronged with deeds, so filled with life,
As though with death that life begun.

It *has* begun, true gentleman!
No better life we ask for thee,
Thy Viking soul and woman heart,
For ever shall a beacon be—

A starry thought to veering souls,
To teach it is not best to live,
To show that life has nought to match
Such knighthood as the grave can give,

Later from Utah.

Fiery Speech of Brigham Yung—Determined Hostility of the Mormons.

We have received by the Star of the West, our full files of the Deseret News to the 7th of October. The news from Utah is important, as indicative of the temper of the threatening attitude now definitely assumed by Brigham Young.

Brigham made a fiery speech in the "Bowery," at Salt Lake City, on the 13th of September, in which his policy is clearly set forth. We give the material portions:

It is a pretty bold stand for this people to take, to say that they will not be controlled by the corrupt administration of our general Government. We will be controlled by them, if they will be controlled by the Constitution and laws, but they will not. Many of them do not care any more about the Constitution and the laws that they make, than they do about the laws of another nation.—That class trample the rights of the people under their feet, while there are also many who would like to honor them All we have ever asked for is our Constitutional rights We wish the laws of our Government honored, and we have ever honored them, but they are trampled under foot by the administration.

There cannot be a more damnable, dastardly order issued than was issued by the Administration to this people while they were in an Indian country in 1846 Before we left Nauvoo, not less than two United States Senators came to receive a pledge from us that we would leave the United States, and then while we were doing our best to leave their boarders, the poor, low, degraded curses sent a requisition for five hundred of our men to go and fight their battles! That was President Polk, and he is now weltering in hell with old Zachary Taylor, where the present administrators will soon be if they do not repent.

Liars have reported that this people have committed treason, and upon their lies the President has ordered out troops to aid in officering this Territory, and if those officers are like many who have previously been sent here, and we have reason to believe that they are, or they would not come when they know they are not wanted, they are pool, miserable blacklegs, broken down political hacks, robbers, and whoremongers, men that are not fit for civilized society, so they must dragoon them upon us for officers. I feel that I won't bear such cursed treatment, and that is enough to say, for we are just as free as the mountain air.

A SOLEMN OATH TO LAY UTAH WASTE.

I have told you that if this people will live their religion, all will be well; and I have told you that if there is any man or woman that is not willing to destroy anything and everything of their property that would be of use to an enemy if left, I wanted them to go out of the Territory, and I again say so to-day, for when the time comes to burn and lay waste our improvements, *if any man undertakes to shield his he will be sheared down*, for "judgment will be laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet." Now the faint hearted can go in peace, but should the time come, they must not interfere.—*Before I will suffer what I have in times gone by, there shall not be one building, nor one foot of lumber, nor a stick, nor a tree, nor a particle of grass and hay, that will burn, left in reach of our enemies. I am sworn, if driven to extremity, to utterly lay waste, in the name of Israel's God.*

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

Admit of corrupt administrators' sending troops here, and what would be the result? All hell would follow after. I naturally dislike to have any trouble, and would not were I not obliged to; but we are obliged to defend ourselves against the persecution of our oppressors, or have our Constitutional rights rent from us and ourselves destroyed. We must either suffer that, or stand up and maintain the kingdom of God on the earth.

We have known all the time that the kingdoms of darkness were opposed to the kingdom of God, that the powers of earth and hell were combined against it. Christ and Baal cannot make friends with each other; you cannot mix oil and water, righteousness and wickedness. This is the kingdom of God; all others are of the devil. They never can be united in this world, nor in any other: there is no possibility of the two kingdoms becoming one. Those who believe and obey the gospel of the Son of God, and forsake all for its interests, belong to the kingdom of God, and all the rest belong to the other kingdom. There is a distinction and the line must be drawn, and you and I have to stand up to it; even though it may take from us our right eyes and right hands. We must stand up to the line and maintain the kingdom of God, or we will all go to destruction together.

I am perfectly willing that the brethren should stop all improvements, if they choose, and spend a few years in seeing what our enemies will do, though their efforts against us will only tend to use them up the faster. But if the people prefer it, they may stop their improvements and take care of their wheat, and each a supply of grain, flour, &c., where no other persons can find it, though we can raise grain here all the time, yes, all the time.

COUNTING THE COST.

Suppose that our enemies send 50,000 troops here, they will have to transport all that will be requisite to sustain them over one winter, *for I will promise them, before they come, that there shall not be one particle of forage nor one mouthful of food for them should they come.* They will have to bring all their provisions and forage, and though they start their teams with as heavy loads as they can draw, there is no team that can bring enough to sustain itself; to say nothing of the men

It has been asked, "Have you counted the cost?" Yes, for ourselves, but I cannot begin to count it for our enemies. It will cost them all they have in this world, and will land them in hell in the world to come, while the only trouble with us is that we have two or three times more men than we need for using up all who can come here to deprive us of our rights.

As I said this morning, ten years ago on this ground I stated that we should not ask any odds of our enemies in ten years from that date, and the next time that I thought of it was ten years afterwards to a day.—"They are now sending their troops," was the news, and it directly occurred to me, "Will you ask any odds of them?" No, in the name of Israel's God we will not for as soon as we ask odds we get ends —— of bayonets. When we have asked them for bread, they have given us stones; and when we have asked them for meat, they have given us scorpions; and what is the use in asking any more? I do not ask any odds of those who are striving to deprive us of every vestige of freedom and to destroy us from the earth.

Suppose that we should now bow down and they should order their troops back and then send a Governor and other officers here, how long would it be before some miserable scamp would get into a fuss with the Indians in Utah county, or in some other county, and get killed? Then the Governor would order out the militia, probably two or three hundred men, to kill off those Indians.—Well, the brethren, knowing that the aggressor is a white man, do not want to turn out and, like Gen. Harney, kill the squaws, and they say, "We shall not go." Then the Governor would say, "They have committed treason," and it would be, "Send an army here and shoot and hang them."—Our enemies are determined to bring us into collision with the Government, so that they can kill us, but they shall not come here.

Who is He?

Who is that *Calhoun* who figures so conspicuously in the Kansas convention, and is denounced so furiously by the Abolition press in such unmeasured terms. The St. Louis Leader says:—

"Mr. Calhoun was a citizen of Illinois before he was appointed to office in Kansas; he went into the Territory a Free State man in opinion; was elected as such to the Convention; acted as such in it; was made its President as such; was entrusted, with a full knowledge of his opinions, with the powers of which those presses so loudly complain, and will certainly vote to exclude Slavery from Kansas. These facts we are authorized to state, and they are enough to discredit everything emanating from the Black Republican Press on the subject."

A raw Irishman, on his first sight of a locomotive, declared it was the devil. "No," said his companion, "Its only a young steamboat hunting for wather."

Friendship *is* a silent gentleman that makes no parade; the true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue.

Some warlike young men in Harrisburg, Pa., are anxious to raise a company to fight the Mormons.

Daniel Feit swallowed over a quart of whiskey at Meadville, Pa., last week, and died in a few hours afterwards.

Black Version

The legend concerning the color of Adam and Eve's skin, and the causes of the different varieties of shade and complexion now observable among men are more numerous than the varieties themselves. The following, which takes it for granted that all the inhabitants of the earth before the time of the deluge were black, and attributes these varieties to the sons of Noah, is new to us, and may, perhaps, amuse some of our readers:—"Noah," says the black Marabouts, "was entirely black. His three sons were also quite as black as their father. One day, when Noah knew his life would soon end, he showed his sons a pit partly filled with water, which he said had the wonderful property of completely transforming any one that leaped into it. For a moment they all hesitated, but Japhet suddenly rose and plunged into it, and almost suddenly re-appeared from the magical water under the form of a handsome young Caucasian. Shem seeing this, eagerly followed his example, but to his astonishment the water had disappeared, and only a few ripe lemons were at the bottom. With the juice of those he rubbed *his skin*, and issued from the pit, not black, but of an Indian copper color. Ham then took courage, and with one bound reached the bottom of the pit on his hands and feet. Frantic at the disappearance of the water, he even put his lips to the ground to suck up the few remaining drops of lemon juice; thence it happens that the palms of the hands, the solos of the feet, and the lips of the negro race, are of the same coppery color as the skin of Sham."

Plain Truth.

Some one who seems to understand the subject describes the education of "young gentlemen and ladies," of the would-be fashionable sort, which tends only to mental weakness and fashionable decay, as follows:

"A young gentleman, a smooth faced stripling with little breeding and less sense, ripens fast, and believes himself a nice young man. He chews and smokes tobacco, swears genteely, coaxes embryo [illegible] with bear's grease, twirls a rattan, [illegible] his father's money, rides fast horses—on horseback and [illegible]keys—double and single—drinks Catawbe, curses the Main law and flirts with young "ladies," hundreds of which are just like himself, though of a different gender: and this is the fashionable education of the day. The fathers and mothers of these fools were once poor. Good fortune has given them abundance, Their children go through with an inexhaustible fortune, and into the poor house Parents, you are responsible for this folly. Set your sons and daughters to work, and let them know that only in usefulness there is honor and prosperity."

Horse-Racing Morality.

We find the following in one of our exchange papers.

The sum total of the racing prizes for the past year, in England, has been calculated in Bell's Life, at one million forty-seven thousand dollars. Doncaster races figures highest, reaching $70 250; Goodwood, $77, 575; Epsom $62.000; the six Newmarket meetings, $300,000. The receipts of the Grand Stand at the Doncaster races amounted to $18,941."

This does not include, of course, the frightful aggregate of the sum lost and won by bets, and other kinds of gambling and iniquity, the usual concomitants of a horse-race. What possible benefit horse-racing ever produced, we have never been able to imagine. That the breed of horses is improved by the disgusting cruelty of forcing a poor animal, by whip and spur, to run itself nearly to death, is all stuff—gammon. It affords a convenient rendezvous for gamblers blacklegs, and other refuse of society, and that is all.

STATISTICS OF CONSUMPTION.—Medical statistics appear to prove that consumption, where prevalent, originates as often in summer as in winter, and the best authorities declare that it is more common in hot than in cold climates.—*There is more* consumption in the Tropical Indies, both East and West, than in almost arctic Canadas. The number of the British troops attacked with this disease in Jamaica is annually twelve in one thousand, while in Canada it is only about six. The British government have accordingly resolved upon sending their consumptive soldiers to a cold climate in preference to a warm one.

RICHES NOT HAPPINESS.—The late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, when surrounded with immense wealth, and supposed to be taking supreme delight in its accumulation, wrote this to a friend; "As to myself, I live like a galley slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped up in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with cares. I do not value fortune. The love of labor *is* my highest emotion. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that when night comes I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

ADVICE TO ANGRY MEN.—Be doubly careful in this hot weather. Resolutions taken up warmly during the day, should be put out all night, and looked at when cool next morning. Above all, do nothing in the heat of the moment—more especially when that heat happens to be not less than 85 degrees in the shade. As has been pithily said, "The impetuous man who acts from the heat of the moment, *is* singularly apt to burn his fingers."

A Yankee Story.

The funny columns in the English papers derive more of their "stun for smiles" from journals in this country, than from any other source. We find in one of them this ludicrous anecdote of the "bewitched clock."

About half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloath, might have been seen entering Deacon Cephas Barberry's kitchen window.—The leg was followed, finally, by the entire person of a live Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed who thus burglariously won his way into the Deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again!" soliloquized the old gentleman. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is as good as doors, if there aint no nails to tear your trowsers on to. Wonder if Sally'll come down. The critter promised me. I'm affeered to move about here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin or nother and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a Polish bear here. O, here comes Sally."

The beauties maid descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of lucifer matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting she made a rousing fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of vows and hopes. But the course of true love ran not a whit smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it does elsewhere, and Joe who was just making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from his chamber door:

"Sally! what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe; and running to the huge old fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock, and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman.

"It's five by the clock," said Sal; and corroborating her words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again, and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the stair case began to creak, "Goody gracious! its father," exclaimed Sally.

"The deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe.—"Hide me, Sally!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"O, I know," said he, "I'll squeeze into the clock case." And without another word he concealed himself in the case and closed the door.

The deacon was dressed, and seating himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and began deliberately to smoke.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, and then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better feed the critters fust?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No; smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," replied the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment

But r-r-r-r-whiz-ding! ding! ding!—went the clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up and dropping his pipe on the stove; what'n airth's that?"

"It's only the clock striking five," replied Sally, tremulously.

Whiz-ding! ding! ding! went the old clock furiously.

"Power of creation!" cried the deacon. "Strikin' five! it's struck more than a hundred times already."

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what in the universe is the matter with the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man, "it's been a hundred years in the family and it never carried on so afore."

Whiz! ding! ding! whiz-z' went the clock again.

"It'll burst itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothin' left of it."

"It's bewitched!" said the deacon, who retained a leaven of good old New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," said he, after a pause, advancing resolutely towards the clock. "I'll see what's going on in it."

"Oh, don't cried his daughter; seizing one of his coat tails, while his wife clung to the other, "Don't!" chorused both the women together.

"Let go my raiment!" shouted the deacon, "I am't feared of the powers of darkness."

But the women wouldn't let go; so deacon slipped out of his coat, and while from the sudden sensation of resistance, they fell heavily upon the floor, he pitched forward and seized the nob of the clock. But no human power could open it, for Joe was holding it from the inside with a death grip.

The old deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug, when an unearthly yell as of a fiend in distress, burst from the inside, then the clock case pitched head foremost at the deacon, fell head-long on the floor, smashed its face and wrecked its fair proportions. The current of air extinguished the candle—the deacon, the old lady, and Sally fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock effected his escape in the same way in which he entered.

The next day all Applet[illegible] was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched, and although many believed his version, yet some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, and hinted that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that vagaries of the clock case existed only in a distempered imagination.

However, the interdict being taken off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and won the assent of the old people to his union with Sally, by repairing the old clock till it went as well as ever.

A Mysterious Character.

In a solitary cave about four miles north of Milwaukie, lives a young female, entirely isolated from the world. She has frequently been seen for some time past going in the direction of her barbarous abode, and some were led to suppose that she was a recluse in character, and made this place a receptacle for stolen goods. The police were apprised of the matter, and the day before yesterday, policemen Beck and Dodge went out to discover who this mysterious personage might be After some searching they succeeded in finding her cave. It *is in a ravine on the* lake shore, and the brush is so thick around there that it was with much difficulty they reached it. They found in the cave, which is nothing but a hole dug under the bank, an old German prayer book and a few rags—A short distance from it, they found some dishes and cooking utensils, but they did not at first find the occupant of this lonely spot.

Not satisfied with their investigation, they secreted themselves in the brush close by, and towards night they detected the object of their search coming towards her resting place with a load of fire wood upon her back and a little bag of flour. She then proceeded to make a fire at the entrance of her cave, and was preparing to cook her supper when the police showed themselves. She did not appear at all alarmed at their presence, but she either could not or would not speak to them.

One of them tried to make her understand that he would give her something to eat and a place to sleep in, if she would come to his house, but she signified her preference to remain in her lonely abode. She was quite poorly clad, but they say she is rather intelligent looking.

There is a beaten path to her cave, and it is thought she must have lived here a long time. As the police found nothing objectionable or suspicious about this eccentric young woman, they concluded to leave her alone in her solitude.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

A Word to Little Boys.

"Who is respected? It is the boy who conducts himself well, who is honest, diligent and obedient in all things. It is the boy who is making an effort continually to respect his father and mother and obeys them in whatever they direct him to do. It is the boy who is kind to other little boys, who respects age, and who never gets into quarrels and difficulties with his companions. It is the boy who leaves no effort untried to improve himself in knowledge and wisdom every day; who is busy and active in endeavoring to do good acts towards others. Show us a boy who has respect for old age, and who always has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself diligently to get wisdom, and to do good acts towards others, and if he is not respected and beloved by every person, there is no such thing as truth in the word. Remember this, little boys, and you will be respected by others, and will grow up and become useful men."

RESUMING SPECIE PAYMENTS.—The Banks of New York resumed specie payments on Saturday, in pursuance of a resolution unanimously adopted by thirty-eight of their number, on Friday afternoon. Eight of the Banks were not represented. The Banks of Albany resumed on Saturday also, and those of Boston have resolved to resume to-day. It would be a source of sincere satisfaction could we announce alike determination on the part of our own Banks. The probabilities are, however that we shall be compelled to submit to all the injuries of a state of entire suspension for the full period granted by the late Legislature, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether some of them will be fully prepared to resume at that time.

AN UNPLEASANT TENANT.—Fourteen years ago, a French officer, Urich, whilst fighting against the Arabs, was struck by a ball in the eye. About ten days ago he had a slight attack of apoplexy, which shook him greatly and a few nights afterwards he was awakened from his sleep by a sense of suffocation. Jumping up, he found that the ball had, by degrees, worked its way down, and had at last fallen from the upper part of his mouth into his throat! By violent efforts he succeeded in dislodging it, and he is now doing well. The ball, though diminished by corrosion was found to weigh twenty-five grammes, about four-fifths of an ounce.

Mr. Robert R. Welsh, of Clearfield, Pa., the other evening, immediately after dark, in mistake, drank a quantity of Cyanide of Potassium, from the effects of which he died in a few minutes. He was a silversmith by trade, and used the article in his business.—Inadvertently he left a small quantity of the acid in a tumbler. In the evening he went into the shop to get a drink, and happened to pour the water into this tumbler, he drank the fatal acid before he was aware of it.

Terrible Scene in a Theatre.

A writer from Europe gives the following description of the scene at Leghorn, where, in an agony of causeless alarm, 100 men of a crowd, were trampled to death and 500 wounded:

"The house was crowded—the play, 'The Taking of Sevastopol.' The first acts went off well; battery after battery exploded, and the thrilling spectacle made the theatre ring with applause. All eyes were turned to see them take the Malakoff. At last 'twas stormed. The soldiers rushed in—then the explosion amid the wildest cheers. At that moment a spark caught the scenes—they blazed—the audience thought it a part of the play, and cheered the louder, the scene was so natural. Alas! it was too perfect. Another moment they saw their mistake—a wild cry of misery drowned the applause.—Higher and higher it rose, maddening the spectators with fright. Five minutes more and the fire was extinguished, but the spectators, like a herd of buffaloes, like a panic-stricken army, like a flock of sheep before wolves, like passengers from a sinking ship, losing all thought but of self-preservation, rushed from their seats The shrieks of women, the shrill cry of children, the hoarse voices of men, all struggling for life, presented a scene not describable. Some threw themselves from the boxes into a pit, killing themselves and crushing those beneath them. No judgment—no forethought; out of the windows—over the lodges—stamping each other to death. The sentinels were ordered to stop the passage with bayonets. They planted, and those in the fromt ranks were run through and through, and the soldiers, with the rest, were mutilated with the feet of hundreds."

The Five Points.

The following paragraph, from the New York Express gives an idea of the fearful accretion of vice and squalor in the field of labor occupied by the Five points Mission:

In attending to his duties recently, Mr. Pease found a dying woman in a foul apartment in Cow Bay, occupied also by eight other women and one man, all drunken and debased and infamous in the last extreme. In the upper end of the same pestilent court, or close, were found, in fifteen rooms, twenty-three families, making an aggregate of one hundred and seventy-nine persons, or twelve to a room! In five of fifteen rooms intoxicating liquors were kept for sale! Indescribable filth, privation, disease and indecency reigned through them all. Yet seventeen children from these rooms attend the school of Industry. In eleven other rooms were eighteen families, and in nearly half of these rooms spirits were sold. In one of the garrets lived two negroes with eleven abandoned white women. In twelve other rooms were found twenty-four families, consisting of one hundred and twenty-four persons. Here were two blind women, two just past the peril of childbirth, and seventy-one were children, only eight of whom attended any school.

Here, it would seem, is a field large enough for the exercise of sham or real philanthropy, without going to the cotton fields or rice plantations of the South for subjects to shed crocodile tears over. When will charity begin at home.

GREAT CHALLENGE.—RACE FOR $200,000.—The Georgia sportsmen some time since sent forth a challenge to the world—intended for Great Britain, of course—to run a match race of four miles and repeat for $100,000 a side, over the Ten Broeck course at Savannah. The London Sunday Times insists that a company shall be formed in England to accept the challenge and test the superiority of the horses of the two countries.—The Times calls upon Lord Zetland to become the champion of the British turf, and send out his noble horse Skermisher, "to do battle against the American celebrities." The indications are that the match will be made for next season, and if so, we may look for the greatest and most exciting race which the world ever witnessed.

Monsieur Magnean reached St. Louis on the 10th, having gotten on the steamer Edinburg, on the 3d inst., at Kansas city. He is just forty days from Salt Lake City. He reports having met the Government trains blocked up in the snow—the cattle dying, and the officers and men gloomy and despondent. He informed the editor of the Democrat that the Mormons were making the most active preparations to repel the troops. Brigham Young had stated in public council, that he would harass the United States forces and keep them out until they received recruits enough to overpower him, and then, after burning the city, he would lead his people into the mountains.

IT IS STATED that a worthy minister in Indiana, who had become somewhat mixed up in land speculations, recently announced to the congregation, at the opening of Divine service, that his text would be found in "St. Paul's Epistle to Minnesota, section four, range three west!"

If you have the esteem of the wise and good, don't trouble yourself about the rest. And if you have not even that, let the approbation of a well-informed conscience make you easy in the meanwhile.

GENEROUS.—Ex. Governor David R. Porter and James M'Cormick, Esq., of Harrisburg, have each contributed 25 tons of coal for the benefit of the poor of that place.