one of these wagons, for the night; but when morning came, it found him so stiffened from the effects of his bruises, and the cold wet air, that he could scarcely move. He nevertheless persisted in taking the saddle, although hewas utterly incapable of getting into it without assistance. In the meantime General Persifer F. Smith, the hero of this field, who had been actively and indefatigably engaged all night long, in gaining the rear of the enemy's entrenched camp, came thundering down upon the astonished Mexicans, a little after sunrise, like an Alpine avalanche. The scene was too exciting for so ardent and enthusiastic temperament as that of Gen. PIERCE, and forgetting his physical pains in the exultation of his spirits, he hurried to join in the pursuit of the already flying foe. Arrived at the town of San Angel, some six miles from the field of Contreras, a halt was directed in order to refresh the troops and prepare them for the great struggle of the day, yet to come, in which hundreds of gallant fellows, now flushed with the morning's victory, were destined to find their next repose in the sleep of death. The General was, even now, paying the penalty of his over exertion and excitement in the pursuit, and his Aid-de-camp, Lieutenant, now Brevet Major FITZGERALD, and myself, both urged him to go no farther, as he would, sooner or later, be forced to yield to physical weakness and pain. A little further on, and at the church of Coyocan where the Commander-in-Chief habitually held himself during the battle of Churubusco, we casually encountered that officer; who, having been informed of Gen. PIERCE's mishap of the evening before, and seeing the difficulty with which he kept the field, kindly added the weight of his influence and authority to the importunities of Lieutenant FITZGERALD and myself, in order to dissuade Gen. PIERCE from going into action, now already commenced. The General, however, was immoveable in his determination to lead his brigade into the engagement, and the reasons he offered for so doing, were too forcible and too consonant with the soldierly feelngs of those who surrounded him, to admit of any further remonstrance or expostulation.—From this time I was separated from him until the battle was over, and cannot, therefore, speak of my own personal knowledge, of what befel him or how he deported himself in the ever memorable conflict of that day. He accompanied the two regiments of his brigade, then at hand (the 12th and 15th,) in an operation which had for its object the turning of the enemy's position and the intercepting of his retreat towards the capital, whilst I was sent for the 9th, of New England regiment, which, together with a section of the Mountain Howitzer Battery, had previously been posted on one of the roads leading from San Angel to the city, but was now ordered to join the brigade. Agreeably to my instructions I hurried in this detachment, and arrived at the position occupied by SHIELDS' and PIERCE's troops, at a moment when no little confusion prevailed in their ranks, owing to a galling flank and reverse fire which they were then receiving from the enemy.—Seeing no one on the ground at that moment, authorized to give instructions relitive to the troops I took the responsibility of posting them in the General's name, perpendicular to the left of Gen. SHIELDS' line, in order to show front to the enemy hovering on our left flank. Having made this disposition of the New England regiment, I remained with it until the close of the battle. I am this minute in these particulars, in order to show how I came to be separated from Gen. PIERCE during the entire engagement as well as to explain certain passages of his official report, which might otherwise appear unsatisfactory. In the meantime, I have it from several reliable sources, that Gen. PIERCE was on the field and was as much exposed as any other man in it, though unfortunately for him and for his command, he was unable to participate actively in the struggle. Lieut. FITZGERALD, than whom a more gallant soldier and chivalric gentleman does not exist, informed me, immediately after the battle, that he was continually by the side of the General, except when carrying his orders to the troops, and that, owing to the difficulties of the ground over which he had to struggle, (it being soft and yielding, and cut up by many broad and deep ditches,) in his then weak and bruised condition, he finally fell, faint and completely exhausted, within the range of the enemy's musketry on the one side, and his cavalry escopetes on the other; thus showing that, if he had intended to avoid the dangers of the field, he made a most unfortunate selection of a hiding place; for the ground on which he is said to have fallen, is a dead level, and was incapable of affording the least shelter from the cross-fire which raked nearly every foot of its surface.

So much then for this fainting fit, over which the enemies of General PIERCE gloat with such evident satisfaction. He who could find in such an incident, occurring under such circumstances, anything to the prejudice of a man's courage, must, himself, be a patroon of the most despicable character. In point of fact, the first and *only* man in Mexico, that I ever heard allude to this affair, to the disparagement of General PIERCE, was just such a person as is here supposed: and the first reference to it, in this country, which came to my notice, was made by the editor or correspondent of a contemptible and scurrilous print, not a thousand miles from your city—one, indeed, which is so scurrilous that it would be incapable of carrying with it the least influence in the community in which its vile sheets find a limited circulation, were it not that its low abuse and ribald jests find an occasional vehicle, in the columns of more respectable, or, at least, more pretending journals.

General PIERCE, as is well known, was selected by the General-in-Chief, one of the commissioners to settle the terms of the armistice which was proposed immediately after the battle of Churubusco—an evidence of the confidence which General SCOTT had in his abilities, diplomatic as well as military. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that General PIERCE entered most heartily into the measures of the General-in-Chief, for the speedy termination of the war. Having no interior objects to gain by a factious and ill-timed opposition to the views and acts of his commanding officer, he exerted himself, like a true patriot and soldier, to give them the effect intended, whatever might be said as to their expediency. I doubt not but General SCOTT, himself, would bear willing testimony to this fact, as it could not have escaped his notice.

At Molino del Rey, General PIERCE rendered good service in relieving WORTH's division after the long and sanguinary conflict maintained by that gallant corps. His brigade was posted some miles off, when the action began, but arrived in time to take the place of WORTH's troops and bring off their killed and wounded from under the guns of Chapultepec and the fire of the enemy's musketry posted in the wood behind the mill. His gallant bearing on this occasion, attracted particular attention.

Thus closed the most important portion of the brief military career of him who is the subject of this communication, he being confined to his bed from severe indisposition on the day of the battle of Chapultepec and the Garitas—the last genral engagement which took place in the Valley of Mexico. Having remained in the capital until there was no longer any prospect of a resumption of hostilities, he left the country, in December, for the United States, and repaired to his home in New Hampshire, where he was welcomed as the cherished and favorite son of the "Granite State."

HENRY CLAY'S FAMILY.—Mr. Clay's domestic biography is much less known than his political life, with the movements of which his countrymen are generally familiar. When Mr. Clay removed from Virginia, where he was born, to Kentucky, his future residence, he married Lucretia Hart daughter of Thomas Hart Esq., a prominent citizen of Lexington. Another daughter of the same gentleman was married to Hon. James Brown, of New Orleans, Minister at Versailles during the administration's of Messrs. Monroe and Adams. Mrs. Clay, who is now in her seventy first year, and in the enjoyment of good health, has been the mother of eleven children, four of whom died in childhood. Eliza, a young lady of unusual promise, died suddenly, in 1824, while on her way to Washington with her father; and almost the same moment, the parents received intelligence of the decease of another daughter, the wife of Mr. Dabalde, of New Orleans. A third daughter, upon whom the father's affections seem to have entered, after the death of the other two, died in 1835. She was married to Mr. James Erwine, of New Orleans; and her loss was a blow from which Mr. Clay never recovered. Of the five sons, the eldest, Theodore Wythe Clay has been, since boyhood, an inmate of a lunatic asylum. Thomas Hart Clay, born in 1813, resides in Kentucky, and is engaged in the manufacture of hemp. Henry Clay, Jr., lost his life at the battle of Buena Vista. James B. Clay and John M. Clay the youngest, are now practising the profession of the law in their native State.

Erie Weekly Observer.

ERIE, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 24, 1852.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN. FRANKLIN PIERCE,

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

WILLIAM R. KING,

OF ALABAMA.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,

WM. SEARIGHT of Fayette County.

☞ The Buffalo "*Rough Notes*" says that Capt. McFayden, for many years the popular commander of the steamboat *Madison*, was drowned near the outlet of Green Bay into Lake Michigan, by the swamping of his boat while fishing. The place where this melancholy occurrence took place is known as Death's Door. Capt. M. had been connected with steamboats on the lakes for the last thirty years, and was widely known and respected. Two young men who were with him escaped by swimming.

☞ We notice that J. G. & W. I. Mills have made an addition to their establishment, by occupying the room lately occupied by Roger's Hat Store, thus making it one of the most extensive establishments in the city.—Mr. Jackson, their agent, is one of the *cleverest fellows* in the city, and we think any one who deals with him once will do so again. For particulars see advertising pager.

☞ We forgot to notice last week, the advent among the newspapers of the county, of "*Young's Waterford Dispatch*" It is issued in the flourishing village of Waterford, by Young & Lynn, J. S. M. Young, Editor; and is altogether a neat and creditable production.

☞ The *Gazette* says we offer the *Observer* to whig subscribers, payable when Scott is elected President. We beg our cotemporary's pardon, but we offer no such thing. We can't afford to wait that length of time for our pay; but if any of the followers of Scott and Graham want it they can be supplied and pay for it when Pierce is elected. And that is not betting either, and you know it. Suppose we should sell the Editor of the *Gazette* a horse, payable when Louis Napoleon becomes Emperor, or Queen Victoria blesses England with another Prince, would that be a bet that either event will take place?—Not at all! The fact is the *Gazette* is more nice than wise—and not for the want of brains either, but because it is fearful such an offer will be the *means of circulating* the *Observer* among those who otherwise would not see it! That's the secret!

☞ The *Gazette* is amazingly troubled because the *Observer* gives currency to the "fire in the rear," discharged from whig batteries upon the waning fortunes of Gen Scott. It endeavors to whistle up courage by attempts to belittle their importance, but it will not do—it sees the hand writing upon the wall, and all its "vaporing" about an "easy victory," cannot deceive.

☞ The *Commercial* has not found that clause in the Constitution "conferring upon Congress the power to commence and carry on a *general system of Internal Improvements*." When it does, we shall probably hear of it.

☞ FIZZLES.—The whigs are great for "fizzles;" they not only "fizzle" in their meetings—especially ratification meetings—but there are notable "fizzles" among their newspapers. Last week the *Commercial* announced with a flourish of trumpets, that it would annihilate the poor unlearned *Observer*, for having the temerity to comment upon Gen. Scott's proposition to make "intelligent citizens" by one year's service in the army or navy, but this week it "kinder gin out"—f-i z-z-l-e-d.

Where is the Enthusiasm?

The whig papers are anxious to create the impression that the *enthusiasm among the people* for Scott is equal to what it was for Harrison, Clay and Taylor, in 1840, '44 and '48; but where is the evidence? If it could be shown, Erie county is the place to exhibit it! Every politician who passed through, and every person who witnessed, those campaigns in Erie county, knows full well that ere this time in the season there was nothing thought of, nothing talked of, but the election. Flags streamed from almost every house top; miniature poles were run up in every door yard with strips of painted cotton informing the learned and unlearned that there dwelt a whig; miniature politicians of both sexes, barely free from the surveillance of the wet-nurse, shouted their politics, and hurrahed for Harrison, Clay or Taylor, as they hurried to school or chased the kite. One tap of the Court House bell, or one toot of that old tin horn, that was wont to summon the faithful to council, was sufficient to draw hundreds together. Mechanics left their shops, merchants their desks, professional men their offices, and the farmer his plow, to mingle in "hard-cider" pow-wows, or Ashland and Buena Vista gatherings. Is there any thing similar to such a state of public feeling now? Where are the Scott poles?—where are the "Lundy's Lane" flags?—who hears the whigs in miniature shout "hurrah for Scott"?—in fact, do the politicians even proclaim their faith by works? If so, where are the Scott clubs? The answer is plain; they are not formed yet; and why they are not formed is because *the material is lacking*. *The mechanic will not leave* his shop—the merchant his other business—the professional man has better employment for his time!—the farmer has found he can make more by sticking to his plow than by running to political gatherings at the beck of *interested "office holders."* And *here is the secret* why the ratification meeting last week proved such a notable failure! There is no enthusiasm among the people now, and there will not be hereafter. The politicians may get warmed up on local questions by-and-by, but *so far as the Presidential question is concerned*, the day of "monster meetings," "tremendous gatherings," "unparalleled enthusiasm," is over! The country is prosperous—money is abundant—every avenue of trade is flourishing—even the political crookers are ashamed to cry "hard times," and without that *cry whigery never* did flourish and never will! Again we ask, where is the enthusiasm?

☞ The *Commercial* appears to be as good at a fib as at a fizzle. For instance, it intimates that in quoting *from* Dr. Wayland *we did not "quote correctly"*—that instead of quoting this sentence in full—"Improvements of coasts and harbors, and all that is necessary for the security of external commerce, must be done by the public,"—we "stopped after the word Harbors!" Perhaps, if the Editor of the *Commercial will examine the article* alluded to, July 1st, he will find he has fibed a little!

☞ GIVING IT UP.—The Whigs are beaten. The New York *Tribune*, with its immense power of brass, can count as probably for Scott only 134 votes, a majority being 149. To get the 134 it claims New York, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, New Jersey, Connecticut and North Carolina!! all of which the people will "*probably deduct*." The Whigs are beaten. They thus virtually give it up in advance.

☞ Gen. Scott says in his letter to Wm. E. Robinson that his Native letter was written under circumstances of unusual excitement; and now the New York *Times* has discovered that he *didn't* write any such letter at all, and offers a large bet to sustain its assertion! First Gen. Scott wrote the letter under *excitement*; secondly, he *didn't write it at all*; thirdly, it was as unexceptionable letter, any how. The last or third point will be in the *Times* of 2d July.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The *Times* is not singular in this mode of reasoning, Mr. *Free Press*. Our neighbor of the *Commercial* is down upon us with a similar battery. First, Scott's letter to Reid is his "own testimony" to prove him so Catholic—second to prove him no "native," "it is a matter of doubt whether Gen. Scott ever wrote the Reid letter;" and third, if he did write it, it does'nt prove Gen. Scott "opposed to the citizenship of foreigners." This world is certainly getting too smart—it can't last!

Gen. Scott Weighed in his own Scales.

When a candidate comes before the people, and, for the want of a better, plants himself upon a platform composed of the "incidents" of his own life, it is no more than fair these "incidents" should all be held up for public examination. Gen. Scott says, in his letter accepting the whig nomination, that he "can offer no other pledge or guaranty, than the *known incidents* of a long public life, now undergoing the severest examination." Gen. Scott certainly could not have alluded, in this remark, to the "incidents" of his *military career*, for it is not as a leader of armies that he is offered for the suffrage of the American people. He aspires now to be their civil head, hence it must be his political "incidents," his civil views to which he invites scrutiny, and which he wishes to *leave in "pledge"* for his good behavior. And what (asks the Rochester *Advertiser*, from which we now proceed to quote) are these views—these "incidents?" Let us examine them a little in detail—for Gen. Scott has courted this examination:—In his celebrated "Astor House parlor" letter, he distinctly says that "should any considerable number of my fellow countrymen assign me, or desire to give me, a prominent position before the public, I shall take time to methodize my views on the great questions you have proposed."

A considerable number of his fellow countrymen having assigned the position anticipated, and he having proceeded to "methodize his views," it now becomes the duty of his countrymen to examine these views, and see whether they will stand the test of a "severe examination!"

"INCIDENT" THE FIRST.—*Gen. Scott's views of the Land Distribution, the Bankrupt Law, and the U. S Bank.*

In a circular letter written from Washington in October, in referring to the measures of the Harrison whig Administration, Gen. Scott says:

"*If I had the honor of a vote on the occasion*, it would have been given in favor of the Land Distribution Bill, the Bankrupt Bill, and the second bill for creating a Fiscal Corporation—having long been under the conviction that in peace as in war, something efficient, in the nature of a Bank of the United States, is not only 'necessary and proper,' but indispensable to the successful operations of the treasury, as well as to many of the wants of our commerce and currency. WINFIELD SCOTT."

Here we find not only a corrupt system of land distribution advocated, and the abominations of the swindling Bankrupt law defended—but we find the Ghost of a Monster Bank disentombed—the fossile remains of that same old Monster which was strangled by the vigilance and intrepidity of the Hero of New Orleans—the veteran Jackson.

"INCIDENT THE SECOND—*Gen. Scott's views on naturalization "methodized."*

In order to introduce Gen. Scott's methodical views on the subject, it is necessary to repeat a portion of the "indignation" letter which he wrote in 1841—

"Fired with indignation (said Gen. Scott) two friends sat down with me, in my parlor at the Astor House, (Nov., 1840) to draw up an address, designed to rally an American party.

The day after the election I set out for the South, and have never known precisely, why our appeal was not published. Probably the election of Gen. Harrison rendered the publication at that time unnecessary, in the opinion of my two friends.

I now hesitate between extending the period of residence before naturalization and a total repeal of all acts of congress on the subject—my mind inclines to the latter.

Concurring fully in the principles of the Philadelphia movement, I should prefer assuming the name of American *republicans, as in New York, or democratic Americans*, as I should respectfully suggest.

Wishing success to the great work (of organising a Native American party) which you and other patriots have set on foot, I remain with high respect, your fellow-citizen." "WINDFIELD SCOTT."

But the hasty manner in which this letter was written, did not allow time fully to "methodize" and elaborate his views. Consequently he does that same, in extenso, in a communication to the National Intelligencer. In this deliberately considered essay, Gen. Scott advocates the passage of a law providing—

"That no alien arriving in the United States after Six months from the passage of this act, shall ever acquire the right to vote, except in the manner hereinafter prescribed, for any elector of President or Vice President of the United States; for any member of the House of Representatives of the same; for any Governor, member of the Legislature, Judge of any Court of Record, or Sheriff, in any State or Territory of the United States, or for any Mayor, Intendent, President, Alderman, Assistant Alderman, or Common Councilman of any city, borough or incorporated town or village, in any of the said States or their Territories, or within the District of Columbia."

The only condition on which such aliens shall ever be allowed the right to vote, according to this Scott scheme is, that they shall serve two years in the army of the United States or during a war—a new kind of conscript system.

Gen. Scott further declares, *in elucidation and defence* of this scheme of his, that he thinks "we are liberal enough, when, in providing for America we leave the door of admission open to the children of foreigners, now abroad, who may hereafter be born here, without allowing *their fathers to come* and help to *govern us*. We, who alone have any right to think on the subject, claim that we can best govern ourselves, and the better such government, in the meantime, so much the better for the foreigners who may hereafter come among us, and for their American born children."

These are some of the prominent views—these the "incidents" in the life of General Scott, which we must take as an earnest of what he would attempt to do, where he invested with authority of Chief Megistrate of this Republic.

It is in vain to say that he now tries to trim his sails to the popular breeze—that he is now willing to take back and repudiate the well-known incidents of a long life—his opinions, his settled convictions have been embodied in his writings, and he must stand or fall by them; he has referred us to them as the only pledge which he can give of his future course—and we ask our readers to judge whether they are such sentiments and views as the American people wish to see carried out in this enlightened age

Gov. Bigler—Senator Broadhead.

In an article relating to the interests of Pennsylvania, the *Farmer*, printed at Wilksbarre, Luzerne county, thus truly speaks:

"It is the fortune of Pennsylvania, at the present moment, *to possess* an Executive who is acquiring a high character as a stalwart and steady defender of the rights of the people. It is equally her pride that in the Senate of the United States, she is represented by a Democratic Senator who adorns and honors her character by a steady and unyielding devotion to the principles which her career has illustrated From both these sources, her people derive substantial protection and advantage, which they are enlightened and intelligent enough to appreciate. When her vote shall be cast for the Democratic nominee for President, she will have aided to place in the highest position in the Nation, an Executive composed of the same incorruptible elements, whose pride and glory it will be to aid in vindicating and maintaining the same principles of justice and sound Government."

☞ BACKING ONES FRIENDS.—Some of the whig papers have a queer way of treading on the corns of their candidate, Gen. Scott. The Buffalo *Commercial*, for instance, the other day in noticing the repeal of the "homestead law" of Illinois, says: "The odium excited against it was similar to that which existed *against the old Bankrupt Law*. The popular voice imperiously and almost unanimously demanded its repeal, and it was promptly *effected*. It does not require a *very long time* for the *people to ascertain* that innovation is not necessarily improvement; and when *interested demagogues load them astray*, they speedily retrace their steps." Who were the "interested demagogues," pray, that "led them astray," when the "Bankrupt Law" *against* which such "odium was excited," was passed? The "truth of history" would most probably point to the men now most enthusiastic in the advocacy of Gen. Scott; and he himself has declared, in one of the pages of his "model letter writer," that:

"If I had had the honor of a vote on the occasion, it would have been given in favor of the Land Distribution bill, *the Bankrupt bill*, and the second bill for creating a fiscal corporation—having long been under a conviction that, in peace, as in war, something efficient, in the nature of a bank of the United States, is not only "necessary and proper," but indispensable to the successful operations of the treasury, as well as to many of the wants of our commerce and currency."

Query—did the *Commercial* mean to tread upon the General's corns, in the above threat at "interested demagogues" who led the "people astray" *in support of* laws against which such "odium" attaches as the "old Bankrupt Law." If it did, we call that backing ones friends, with a vengeance!

Correspondence of the Erie Observer.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

STOCKTON, June 14, 1852.

MR. EDITOR:—It was on a very pleasant morning, about the 10th of last month, that, with just enough business for an excuse, (no American travels without business) we made our escape from the dust and cares of the city, and squeezing our slender person into the Sonora Stage-Coach, had rolled out of town before six in the morning, and were gliding along through the oak groves upon the high-way to the mines. We were joined at the out-skirts of the City by two additional coaches, bound for the same point, each with its nine or ten "insides," besides quite as many as it was safe to carry above *decks*. There are nine or ten lines leaving and arriving daily at Stockton, communicating with Sacramento city, and points in the southern mines. These coaches are usually well filled, and yield on an average twenty cents a mile for each passenger. The roads, bridges, ferries, etc., etc., of California are all the result of *private enterprise*, the public being quite too slow a team for the people to wait upon. Sonora lies nearly due east from Stockton, and is distant about seventy miles. The road was smooth, the horses spirited, the air soft and balmy, and no annoyances save the crowded state of the coach and an irresistable inclination to sleep without any earthly chance of gratifying it. Dozing in a stage-coach certainly has the effect of facilitating social intercourse: for instance as we pitched into a capacious vest whose idiocracy seemed to be quartz mining, *besides making quite a muss with a very coquettish little* bonnet, and interrupting the perusal of what looked to us very much like a love-letter. But now mark the difference (we always did, bless the ladies) the gentleman never forgave us, while on the contrary we become very *good friends with the aforesaid bonnet*.

Our road lay over a level prairie, carpeted at present with green grass and wild flowers, and bearing a growth of oak timber sufficient for a shade and yet not thick enough to prevent a carriage from passing through in any direction. This continued for twenty-five miles.—The topography then changed, the timber ceased entirely, the road wound around and over grassy hills, which as we advanced became more abrupt, until rising higher and higher, they were lost in the pine clad but sterile *spurs of the Sierra Nevada. Caravans of teams* and trains of packed mules were constantly passing us.—Houses of entertainment invited the traveler to refreshment and repose at intervals of two or three miles. We dined at Knight's *ferry*, on the Stanislaus *river*, forty miles *from* Stockton. Here *we saw the first indication* of the miner. The banks and bars of this *river* have all been worked and the "*rockers*" and "*longtoms*" were seen about the ferry, at present laid aside, until the high waters produced by the melting of the snows in the mountains shall have subsided. The digger Indians have a quantity of land set apart for them here by the commissioners, and form quite a colony. A government contractor issues to them daily rations of fresh beef, and they revel in all the luxury of filth vermin and indolence; their mud hovels and raw-hide tents were scattered along the river bank and clustered about over the hills; quite too lazy to work you most them occasionally loafing about among the mines, where they manage to pick up enough of the *truck* to supply them with the luxury of a pair of raw-hide boots or a bottle of mean whiskey. They are certainly the lowest of all in the scale of humanity; without sufficient spirit for cannibals, their greatest delight is in the *mastication of a dish of nutritious roots or a good fat louse*. Bedding a crowd of these creatures, that were lying about the tavern going in stupid wonder upon the traveler's good-bye, we crossed the river. Here the road at once dives into the spurs of the mountains, and becomes more difficult; with five stout *posters we were ye*, obliged to relieve them by short walks up the sides of the mountains. Huge black rocks stood by the road side, great pine trees cast their shadow across our path while jutting heights frowned upon us from all sides.—Seven miles travel brought us to the confines of the mining ground, or *dry diggings*, and we could see the white walls of the tents upon the distant hills. The valleys closed in to the width of a wagon road in many places, the little streams came pleding along, dark with mud, whereat the *sulky vast* was sure there was mining where that water came from."

Occasionally dirt thrown up, or a deep pit, would mark the labors of some miner on his prospecting tour. Now and then patches of ground marked off into claims, with notices written on pieces of paper, *setting forth* the pretensions of the parties, met the eye; at length we arrived at Wood's creek, a stream that takes its rise in the mountains above Sonora, and is crossed by the road for the first time, about ten miles from the town. Its bed has yielded many a poor fellow a pile, and although worked in many parts over and over, continues to yield to the industrious a rich reward. Tents and cabins were scattered about promiscuously, and their occupants were seen plying the pick and shovel most unceasingly along the stream and its immediate banks. The hearty sunburnt fellows rested a moment from their toilsome labors, and indulged in a little idle curiosity as we passed by, then as *if regretting* the precious moment forever lost they rattled the dirt into the "long-tom" with redoubled vigor. The process of mining in the Placer or Surface diggins is quite simple. A claim usually consists of from thirty to one hundred feet square, depending upon the laws established in the different localities. Troughs formed by boards conduct a stream of water of some twenty cubic inches, from ten to twenty yards; this is called the sluice; at the lower extremity of this is the *long-tom*, which is but a continuation of the sluice, save that at the *termination* of the *tom* it is spread out to the breadth of three feet, turned up like the front part of a sled, and has a bottom composed of sheet iron perforated with holes about the size of a five cent piece. The dirt is first cast into the sluice, where the water rushing upon it soon *brings it to the consistency of mud*, then carries it down into the *tom*, where it is stirred about with the hoe until it is thoroughly dissolved, and the stones separated from the clay and cast out; the clay then in this liquid state passes through these holes in the bottom and is received in a *broad shallow box* with partitions where the gold settles to the bottom and the water passes off, and performs the same service to some neighboring machine. Two men can work one of these *toms*, but five is considered a full compliment. It is the most approved mode of *working now in vogue*, the pan and rocker having been cast aside, and is only seen in the hands of the Mexican and Chinaman.

We were now within the confines of the Placers, and every species of industry seemed directly tending to the mining interest. The carpenter was at work repairing or making the sluice or *tom*; the blacksmith performed the same office to the pick and crowbar, and if we met a cart it was usually at work removing some fellow's tools and "tom." Men crossed our path or were seen straying over the hills with pick and pan, on their voyages of discovery. In many places the entire face of the country seemed to have been turned up by these human moles, and was staked off into claims. Miners were seen at work in the ravines and gulches wherever the eye wandered; even the mountains showed where they had been pierced for the gold bearing quartz, and parcelled out by the hungry aspirants for wealth. About four miles from the city (for Sonora is a city) we bounced into the little town of "Camp Seco," comprising some forty structures There were several stores open, one spacious bar-room and billiard-saloon, a lawyers office, a doctor shop, restaurants, bakeries, butcher shops, ball alleys, a dance-house, and drinking places in abundance. The place is huddled together quite compactly, leaving not more than eight feet of a street. Like all mining towns it sprang up in a day, and is built without regard to order, other than such as necessity or the convenience of the moment may have suggested. Its about a *fac simile* of the rest of the places, presenting nothing of interest to the observer unless you may rank as such dirty canvass walls and heaps of empty bottles. Quite a number of little places are built within the circuit of a mile or two of it, bearing such high sounding titles as Yorktown, Georgetown, Jamestown &c., &c. But a limited number of persons can now work in these *dry diggings* on account of the scarcity of water, and consequently these embryo cities are at this time rather dull, and will continue so until the rainy season sets in, when all will be life and animation again. The inconvenience arising from want of water, is being fast remedied by the construction of small canals, built usually by companies, which carry the water to the distant placers, sometimes traversing twenty or thirty miles. They form a source of revenue, often greater and always more certain than the mines; each laborer who receives his supplies from that source, paying a tribute to the company of from one to two, and a *half dollars per day*.

We arrived in Sonora about five in the evening. It is built in a narrow gap in the hills, and numbers about fifteen hundred inhabitants. The houses are built upon one principal street, which twists and turns in a style that would shock the taste of a Philadelphian. It was originally a camp of Chile miners, but the Americans have replaced their tents by wooden buildings, some of which are quite neat, and a spirit of enterprise has transported to this point, in the fastness of the mountains, all the conveniences, luxuries, as well as the vices of our Atlantic cities. Every foot of ground about the place has been dug over, and the miners are now making encroachments upon the streets and houses. If a workman strikes a lead passing under a house, he rents the house and follows up his fortunes. A lucky fellow took out a chunk while we was there, from one of the houses, valued at upwards of eleven hundred dollars, and we understood they had marked out their claims all over the town, hoping that a lucky fire might occur, when they would have an opportunity of working the ground where the houses now stand. All other interests are subservient to those of the miner, and small respects has he for gardens, streets, or even a grave-yard; he'd *follow his lead, if*, in doing so he disturbed the last slumbers of his sainted father.

About four miles beyond this is the town of Columbia, rivaling the importance the city of Sonora. Billiards, whiskey and gambling form the *subjects of amusements*, and truth to tell nearly everybody loves to be *amused*.—At night closes in the b'hoys flock in crowds to the great saloons to "fret the tiger" or "buck at monte," whilst not a few increase their wealth by optical illusions produced by means of the *refracted rays* of the same passing through the cut glass of a brandy bottle.

The more effectually to satisfy my curiosity we bounced for three days with some miners in the vicinity of Yorktown. Our first effort was with the pan, and we obtained *for our first day's* labor about twenty-five cents in dust, and, *a very sore back*. Of course this "would'nt pay," so we went shares in the *tom*, and broke down on the first stretch—flew the track before the dinner hour. 'Twas no field for a lazy man, and we can assure the uninitiated that it's no childs play for an industrious one, being about on a par with canalling or carrying the hod. The miners are constantly in the water, and if the climate was not the best in the world no man could bear up under it more than six months without a broken constitution. We amused ourselves going about among the miners, quizing them with regard to their fortunes, concerning which they are generally as close as the grave, and when questioned endeavor by various pious little artifices, commonly known as *lies*, to lead you astray.—Should their claim pay well, they feel it incumbent upon them to grumble excessively at their ill luck; they even expose a sample of the meager gains of the previous day's labor in proof of their assertions. But the sharpest piece of finesse ring that we heard of among these unsophisticated gentlemen is a process known as *salting their claim for sale*. This consists in scattering dust plentifully over some particular part of an unprofitable claim, and then *as if* by chance leading the uninitiated "late arrival" to prospect in that particular spot; if the bait *takes*, the vendors pocket a smart price and chuckle over their dexterity in *doing* the *green one*.

The gold is usually found in the *gulches* or seams of the mountains, where the water rushing in from the hills would naturally form itself into a running stream; here it is found often from the surface down 3 or 4 feet, to a particular strata in the alluvial soil; again it is only found in particular layers of the earth, and that after digging to a considerable depth. At a camp called Poverty Hill they sunk shafts to the depth of from thirty to forty feet before arriving at the desired layer, but if luckey they usually found a perfect *pile* to compensate for their industry. Quartz mining is conducted in the hills and valleys, the only difference being that the claims in the valleys, though usually the richest, soon run out; a mine of this class was discovered near our tent which paid *from one to three hundred dollars to the pan full*.

The mind cannot comprehend the extent of the mineral wealth of California. Every shovel-full of dirt throughout an extent of country covering hundreds of miles of mountains and valleys, contains gold in either large or infinitely small particles. There is no exhausting it; the resource is *infinite*. Gabriel will probably startle them from their labors when he sounds the last call.

The same variety of nationality is found here, that I *have heretofore described as prevailing in San Francisco*. Over all these however the Yankee towers in all his native energy, ruffianism and impudence. Nothing short of the sluice and long-tom will do him, and if he cannot make from eight to twenty dollars per day he considers *himself badly used and breaks for it with more color*. It is but little use for a Mexican or Asiatic to strike a rich lead for he soon finds himself dispossessed and some American reaping his rich harvest; meantime his rights are being adjudicated in some very slow court, where costs are *proportionably high*. Ah; we're a *glorious* people, and so *enlightened* and *christanized*.

It costs the miner from five to eight dollars per week for board, they live in every comfort; are now well supplied with vegitables by the traders, and occasionally you meet a newsboy, peddling through the mines "the papers by the last steamer." Now and then a senorretta and her beau, are seen dashing through the hills on horse back, and an air of fashion prevails, that one would not look for. Yours truly "OMEGO."

☞ DON'T ABUSE SCOTT!—The whig press, great and small, are in perfect fever of apprehension for fear the Democrats will say something disparaging of Gen. Scott, forgetting that if they did it would be no more than just retaliation for their constant sneers and vituperation of Gen. Pierce. But they need not make themselves unhappy—the Democracy will not abuse Gen. Scott!—They leave the abuse of candidates to whigs; this, however, will not prevent them from telling the truth of Gen. Scott and examining his pretentions and qualifications for the Presidency, upon all proper occasions. At least, we for one shall do so fully and fearlessly. We shall always call things by their right names; that is a way we have; and as Gen. Scott is not only without experience in civil affairs, but wholly without the plain good sense to be useful in Executive duties, we shall be ready to say so. We don't care a whit for whigs whining about abuse of the "Old Hero"—not a w it. When Gen. Scott is entitled to credit we will not withhold it; but it is worse than nonsense to expect his political opponents to overlook his weakness for the sake of satisfying a sanctimonious assumption of infallability on the part of one of the most fallible and vulnerable men in the country. The whigs called him in derision Fuss and Feathers—we call him one of the vainest men in the world—but an excellent General, and we have no idea of admitting that he is "any thing else."

☞ *If* the fact that Scott did not fight a duel makes as many friends for him as Mr. Clay earned enemies by fighting one, the General is pretty sure of election. Those *who abandoned Clay on any such ground, are now, for* the same reason, bound to support Scott. Will they do it?—*New York Times.*

Aye, but there are two "*ifs*" in the way, Mr. *Times*. "If" Gen. Scott had not fought two duels before his "religious" and "patriotic" scruples prevented his accepting Jackson's challenge—"if," he had not forget these same "religious" and "patriotic" scrupels some three *years after* and challenged Gov. Clinton after he had taken an oath not to fight or be engaged in a duel for a publication of more than a year old, then we acknowledge "these who abandoned Clay on any such ground," would have good reason to admire Scott. But these two "*ifs*" are insurmountable!

☞ Pierce's advance to Molino del Rey was certainly just about the slowest marching we ever heard of in all our lives.—*Louisville Journal.*

I called up from a distance of three miles Pierce's brigade, *which approached with zeal and rapidity.—Scott's Report.*

☞ "Gen. Scott," says his enemies, "is a great military man," therefore he is not fit for President. Such is not the conclusion arrived at either through the teachings of reason or history. This very eminence as a General should be an argument in support of his claims, and in defence of his qualifications for the high office for which he has been named.—*Commercial.*

What says Henry Clay, the man the nation now mourns, to this kind of doctrine. Hear him: "Regardless of all imputations, and proud of the opportunity of free and unrestrained intercourse with all my fellow-citizens, if it were physically possible, and compatible with my official duties, I would visit *every State*, go to every town and hamlet, address *every man in the Union*, and entreat them, by their love of country, by their love of liberty, for the sake of themselves and their posterity—in the name of their venerated ancestors, in the name of the human family, *deeply interested* in the fulfilment of the trust committed to their hands—by all the past glory which we have won—by all that awaits us as a nation—if we are true and faithful in gratitude to HIM who has hitherto so signally blessed us—to pause—solemnly pause—and contemplate the precipice which yawns before us! If, indeed, we have incurred the Divine displeasure, and it be necessary to chastise this people with the rod of his vengeance, I would humbly prostrate myself before HIM, and implore his mercy, TO VISIT OUR FAVORED LAND WITH WAR, WITH PESTILENCE, WITH FAMINE, WITH ANY SCOURGE OTHER THAN MILITARY RULE, OR A BLIND AND HEEDLESS ENTHUSIASM FOR MERE MILITARY RENOWN."—*Henry Clay.*

☞ NORTH CAROLINA, TOO!—We really did suppose that the nomination of Graham for the Vice Presidency would have secured North Carolina for Scott, but really we begin to believe that even the "old North State" is about to repudiate the "military candidate." The Wilmington *Commercial* and the Asheville *News*, leading whig papers—one published in the eastern and the other in the western part of North Carolina—are out in the most decided terms against the "military" candidate.—The *Commercial* which was against Scott before the meeting of the whig Convention, is exceedingly severe. The *News* notices the nomination of Gen Scott thus:

"The news of his nomination fell like a cold chill upon the whig party here. They had hoped that Fillmore would be the nominee, and their disappointment and chagrin were quite manifest. Some of the oldest and most substantial members of the party *declare they will not support him*, but stand aloof from the contest entirely."

☞ NEW JERSEY, TOO!—When Gen. Scott was nominated, we conceded him New Jersey, but we do not know but we will be compelled to add her too to the Democratic column, there are many whigs leaving the "military candidate" and enlisting under the banner of Pierce and King. The Editor of the Rahway (N. J.) *Republican*, in referring to the numerous accessions of "good and true whigs" to the Pierce and King nomination, adds, that "among the number is Lewis Grover, Esq., of Newark, a gentleman of great influence, an able speaker, and who in times past stumped the State for the whig party with great success. Mr. G. says that he cannot vote for Scott, but goes in heart and soul for the compromise measures and the election of Pierce and King."

☞ TROUBLED.—It troubles the whigs amazingly because we offer to send the *Observer* to whig subscribers and trust them until Gen. Pierce is elected President.—The Fredonia *Censor* growls over it; and its co-laborer, the *Gazette*, cries out that it is a bet; and cautions whigs not to subscribe on such conditions for fear of the law against betting. Now this is where humbug. A man has an undoubted right to sell his property on any terms he has a mind to—he may agree to wait until the day of resurrection, if he pleases; or, what is about the *same* thing, until Gen. Scott is elected President! We do not choose to wait that length of time! We only stipulate to wait until November, when Gen. Pierce will be elected.

☞ The Boston *Olive Branch*, a religious paper, in announcing the nomination