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Select Poetry.

THE WORKINGMAN.

The noblest man I know on earth,
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods and till the soil,
And win thereby a broader fame,
Than follows king or warrior's name,
The workingman, what'er his task,
To carve the stone or beat the hod—
They wear upon their honest brows
The royal crown of the world!
And brighter are the drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet!
God bless the noble workingman,
Who wears the crown of the plain,
Who digs the mines and builds the ships,
And drives the commerce of the main;
God bless them, for their worthy hand,
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

Miscellaneous News.

The War.

GARIBALDI IN LOMBARDY.
(Contributed by the London News.)
ARONA, May 30.
Anxious to gain exact information concerning General Garibaldi's wonderful exploits, I left Alexandria for this place, where I arrived this morning. On reaching Arona, I found that the Provisional Extraordinary Commissary had been arrested by order of Signor Teccio, who was so kind to me at Vercelli. It seems that the above-mentioned magistrate, being anything but courageous, had bolted at the first news of Austrian invasion. The only excuse he made on his return was that courage was a gift which had not been granted to him. Signor Teccio did not find the excuse good enough, and sent him to prison, where he is kept in strict confinement.
One of the Secretaries of Count Cavour, Signor La Farina, a Sicilian of great talent, has been sent here to act as extraordinary commissary, not only for Arona, but with full powers for the whole of this important province. This gentleman, who in former times was one of the most sanguine adherents of Mazzini, is a man of rare energy, and he has set to work with the determination of carrying on the revolution in the whole of the occupied Lombard provinces. The alarm bells ring still in all the communes of the Varese, Tramezzo, Como, and Lecco districts.—The volunteers are pouring in from every village and hamlet into Garibaldi's camp, which has also been strengthened by a Piedmontese brigade, and two batteries of field artillery. You see that the insurrection is gaining ground in Upper Lombardy. At the first appearance of our braves, all the civil authorities of Como and Lecco have recognised the Government of King Victor Emmanuel, which in those towns is now represented by Count Visconti Venosta, a young nobleman from Valtellina, of great determination. His spirited proclamations have roused the enthusiasm of the peasantry and citizens, who have hastened to the scene of action with an ardor never witnessed in 1848. Money, so much wanted in these times, is pouring into Garibaldi's military treasury, together with gold necklaces and other valuable trinkets from fair Lombard ladies. The sum thus collected in two days, has reached 2,000fr.

The telegraph wires will, no doubt have informed you that Como was occupied on Saturday last, after a hard fight of two hours at San Fermo and Camedo. This last-named position is the most considered as the key of the picturesque barrier of Como, for its elevated ground enables a small body of men to oppose a long resistance, even to an army of 15,000 strong. The positions were carried at the point of the bayonet, for our Casciari delle Alpi could not fire their muskets, so inferior in range to those of the enemy. It was a hard and bloody fight, which may, without exaggeration, be compared to the struggles of old, when Roman and Carthaginian legions met. Every one here asks how Garibaldi could have been ordered or allowed to venture on so daring a movement by himself.—The truth is that he was instructed to move in the direction of Varese by slow marches, keeping himself in constant communication with Cialdini's division, to which he belongs. By the necessity of strategical combinations, General Cialdini was obliged to march to and fro from Vercelli and Savigliano, guarding the right bank of the Sesia as far as Gattinara. The necessary result of this constant marching and countermarching was that of retarding the projects of Garibaldi.—He moved slowly for two days, but he could not stand it any longer; and, hastening from Romagnano to the headquarters of the King, he begged him to observe that he did not nor could not understand the scientific principles left to his daring inspiration. Victor Emmanuel saw directly that it was no use to keep such a bird in the cage of strategic rules, and, letting him loose, said: "Go where you like, do what you like. I have but one regret—that of not being able to follow you." In five hours he was at the head of his daring soldiers. You know the rest. It is true that Garibaldi's Casciari delle Alpi brought down their threefold story over the Austrians. Poor Captain Desideri, of whom I wrote to you in my last letter, is dead. He was one of the noblest patriots Italy had among her sons. Two years ago he settled in England, and kept a first-rate military school at Putney. More than one of our English officers had been prepared by him for Woolwich examinations; and I have no doubt they will feel deeply the loss of their worthy master. Captain Sedott, and Lieutenant Ferrini Carigliani and Battaglia, all fell during the action of San Fermo. Captain Frigerio was badly wounded, together with sixty of his men. On the whole, the loss sustained by Garibaldi is about one hundred and twenty-five killed and wounded—a very small one if we consider the success obtained by him. The deeds he has achieved in so short a time

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

PERSEVERE.

Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 1.

have gained him the admiration, not only of the French army, but what is almost incredible that of the French army. Before leaving Turin I was told that the Emperor himself sent one of his orderly officers to Garibaldi's headquarters, to congratulate him on the wonderful success of his small band of heroes. This imperial message deserves more praise when we consider that Garibaldi's first proclamation did not say a word about the French army.

THE CAREER OF GARIBALDI.
[From the London News.]
It is singular that almost every war brings to light some military genius. No sooner were the lines encamped before Sebastopol than Todleben proved his abilities as an engineer; and the Indian revolt drew forth men, till that hour never held suspected of any extraordinary powers. Garibaldi, however, is only continuing the same career for which he has all his life been famous. For more than twenty years, he has been distinguished both as a soldier and a sailor. Having thoroughly studied the theory of his profession both in France and Italy, he took service first with the Boy of Tunis, and then in South America. He has commanded both on sea and land. In 1848 he returned to Nice and took part in the Italian campaign. But perhaps the most distinguished part which he has played, was in the defence of Rome. For a whole week he kept the French army at bay, and, indeed, the French Marshal himself did ample justice to the energy and skill of his opponent. When the city was taken, he refused to surrender, but made his way to Genoa, with two hundred of his followers, and soon returned to America. There he abandoned for a time his warlike pursuits, and betook himself to commerce. About 1852 he assumed the command of the Peruvian army, but when his services were no longer required he returned to Nice.
The story is told that he was at one time in command of a collier running between this country and some foreign port; also, again, that for some years he lived in retirement with his sons on a small island, where he farmed extensively. In short, he has followed all pursuits, and seen much of the world. With a thorough knowledge of men, and a passion for adventure, he undertakes enterprises which to most men would seem impossible. In him sagacious prudence and the most daring courage are perfectly combined. He does all that is possible—he has never yet accepted more than a mere rabble.
Of course, his character has been assailed, and his volunteer band stigmatised as a disorderly rabble. But those who have known him—and many English naval officers have had the privilege—describe him as "an excellent fellow" and a chivalrous gentleman. His vigorous advance, and his perfect success hitherto, conclusively show that his troops are something far beyond a mere rabble.—Austrian writers may represent them as *volunteers* and *lanzknechts*, soldiers of the wallet and the cord, but the truth is that there is no regiment in the service of the Allies subject to stricter discipline, or selected with more scrupulous care. Those who have seen Garibaldi, and watched his career will readily understand how this must be so. Handsome, and with an iron frame, his noble and expressive countenance proves him to be what he is not a common brigand, but a patriot leader.

bottomed steam gun-boat will have been completed in the French navy yard, each armed with effect cannon. They are intended to act on the Po. By the same period, forty steam transports will be finished, each capable of conveying 1,000 troops and baggage.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The *Moniteur* publishes General McMahon's report of the passage of the Ticino, at Turbigo, by the Allies on the 3d June, and of the surprise of the enemy at Robecchetto, by which considerable loss was inflicted on the Austrians. The French lost one captain and seven privates killed; and four officers, including a colonel, and thirty-eight privates wounded. The Emperor ordered the names of the killed and wounded, officers and privates, to be sent to their relatives.
A despatch from Trieste says an Austrian war steamer had captured the French ship Raoul, from Cuba, bound to Trieste.
THE SARDINIAN ACCOUNT.
A Turin despatch, dated June 7th, says the first private letter from the battle-field of Magenta has been received.
The Imperial and Sardinian Guards were alone opposed to the Austrian masses. They were attacked by the Austrians, and were unable to advance, but, nevertheless, finally resisted the enemy. The Zouaves and Guards lost and retook their positions, and at last Gen. Neill's army assumed the offensive, which was irresistible.
The enemy endeavored to surprise the right wing of our army, but the movement of Gen. McMahon rendered the attempt ineffective. So the efforts of the enemy relaxed somewhat for a moment, and the conflict was then resumed with renewed fury.
General McMahon was triumphant, and the battle was won.
A Turin despatch, of June 7th, says there were one hundred and twenty thousand Austrians in the battle, of whom twenty thousand were placed *hors de combat*, and seven thousand taken prisoners.
Turin, June 8.—The official bulletin of the Sardinians reads as follows:
That part of Upper Lombardy which has been freed from the Austrians, has proclaimed Emperor Emmanuel, King.
Volunteers are rapidly arriving to join Garibaldi's corps, which is pursuing the enemy beyond Monza.
General Urban's army, after a precipitate retreat from Varese, has been dispersed and is scattered. A number of soldiers have been taken prisoners and disarmed.
A detachment of Garibaldi's corps has sailed along the shores of Lago Maggiore, disarming the Austrian custom-house guards, and everywhere carrying off the public treasure.
The Government of the King of Sardinia was already established at Como and Sondrio.
VIENNA, June 5.—The official Austrian correspondence contains the following:
After our troops had, according to orders, evacuated Milan, on Sunday, the public functionaries also relinquished their charge, providing for the security of the town, which was transferred to the municipality.
The Imperial Austrian functionaries have withdrawn to Verona, but it is possible they may resume their posts and functions in Mantua.
The *Times*' Paris correspondent says that two of the most influential Powers had agreed on proposing an arrangement after the first great battle, and, if necessary, insisting upon its adoption by the belligerents.
VIENNA, Tuesday, June 7.—Among the wounded at battle of Magenta are Baron Reischschach, three generals, and three officers of the staff are missing, and one major is killed. The Milan is entirely evacuated by our troops.
The telegraphic communication between Milan, Padua, and Verona is interrupted.
The *Times* has received the following from their correspondent at the headquarters of the Austrian army.
MORTARA, June 1.—Five guns have been recaptured from the French at Rivoltella.—The Zouaves rabble, the wounded at Rivoltella, and at Castel Novetto, near Mortara, the wounded Austrians were murdered by the inhabitants.
The operations of the Austrian army are believed to have been directed in person by Marshal Hess, the ablest of the Austrian generals.
The real loss of the Austrians is estimated at from thirteen to fourteen thousand.
The Austrian garrison at Milan, at the time of the insurrection, was reduced to three thousand men.
News has been received that Prince Napoleon's corps *d'Armee* have taken up a position in the Apennines.
Modena is occupied by a large Austrian force.
The *Times* thinks the battle of Magenta may not be by any means so decisive as we were all prone to believe, and we must wait further accounts of the fighting on Sunday. The Austrians appear to be persevering in a determined plan of retreat, but are fighting and not flying.
The *Evening Herald*, in a leader, remarks that the loss of Milan is one which it will not cost the Austrians much to retrieve if they can make head against the French in the field; in fact, every mile the Allies advance, their difficulties increase, whilst the Austrians, in their retreat, only fall back upon stronger positions, and draw nearer to a base of operations which is perfectly secure, as long as they can hold the north-western coast of the Adriatic. When Verona and Mantua are captured, then it will begin to have in the ultimate loss of Lombardy; and not till then does it expect that Francis Joseph will show himself so anxious to negotiate as he is represented to be by the pretended mission of Count Esterhazy to the English Court.
TRIESTE, June 6.—The Raoul, of Nantes, bound from Cuba for Trieste, with a cargo of coffee, has been captured by an Austrian war steamer.

A French Soldier's Account of the Battle.

A letter from a young non-commissioned officer to the *Sentinelles de Jura*, dated Montebello, May 21st, is worth translating:
"At eleven o'clock, yesterday morning, we were in camp, about two rifle shots from Voghera, seated around a big kettle, in which a few slices of bacon, in a large quantity of water, were boiling for the infantry's breakfast, when, suddenly, a brisk firing of rifles was heard in the direction of the heights of Casteggio. We sprang up, seized our arms, and waited. For ten minutes we learned nothing; the firing continued, and we saw there was great animation in the advance guard. We were only two supporting companies—not much of a force in case of an attack. Our captain went higher and thither: the firing seemed to come nearer, but still there was nothing from the advance guard, and nothing from Voghera.
"At last, a horseman, in full gallop, with bare head, and covered with mud and blood, passed near us. He wore a Sardinian officer's uniform, and as he spurred past us, he shouted, 'To Arms! The Austrians!' and he disappeared at the turn of the road. Some of us were posted at the head of the column, a little river, whose name escapes me. Our business was to protect the erection of a battery designed to play upon the head of the Austrian column. By direction of the lieutenant, my twelve men and myself posted ourselves behind a little elevation, which perfectly masked our fire and sheltered us. We were hardly in our place, stretched out on the ground, when a party of Tyrolese, hidden by trees on the left, opened fire on our comrades, who were much more exposed than we were. In less than ten minutes we had stretched fifteen of them on the ground. This put us in a fury. Without any concerted plan, and without saying a word, my men and myself rushed in the water, and ran with our bayonets upon the 30 or 40 Chasseurs whom we saw, and behind whom were others. Our example was followed by three companies, and soon after by a battalion of the 74th. We were unfortunate. Received by a heavy fire, we had to retreat, for we had no longer only some hundred Tyrolese to deal with, but a large column, no less than 3,000 strong, which was advancing by the railroad embankment. Commandant Laretelle ordered the retreat to sound, which enraged us. Happily we did not retire far; we were posted near Casale Nuovo, with orders to fire at will and as often as possible. There, for two hours, on our knees, standing up, hidden, exposed, running to right or left, or remaining stationary, we burned our first cartridges. We were not more than 250 metres (about 270 yards) from the enemy.
" Our officers kept us back, for we were not numerous enough to charge upon the enemy. This was, moreover, most prudent, for this murderous fire, so fatal to the white coats, did us but little harm. Our conical balls penetrated those dense masses, while those of the Austrians whistled past our ears and respected our persons. It was the first time I had faced fire, nor was I the only one. Well, I am satisfied with myself. True, I dodged the first ball, but Henry IV, they say, did the same at the beginning of every battle.—It is, in fact, a physical effect, independent of the will. But this tribute paid, if you cannot only feel how each shot electrifies you, it is like a whip on a racer's legs. The balls whistle past you; turn up the earth around you, kill one, wound another, and you hardly notice them. You grow intoxicated—the smell of the powder mounts to your brain. The eye becomes bloodshot, and its look is fixed on the enemy. There is something of all the passions in that terrible passion, and in a soldier by the sight of blood and the tumult of battle.
" As I said above, our company did not suffer much. Our second lieutenant, M. R., was wounded just as he brought down his third Austrian with the rifle of the sergeant major, who had been killed by two balls, one in the head and the other in the neck. Our artillery during this time, did wonders, and their balls made daylight through the ranks of the enemy, who, however, replied smartly. All this ended, as, perhaps, you ought to have commented. Our Dumesnil fell wounded from his horse. The men gathered round him; there was a cry 'charge bayonets!' and threw ourselves headlong on the Croats.—They received us firmly, which increased the general rage. Lieut. F., cried 'mes enfans! a la croise!' and we turned the butt-ends of our guns in the air. Disorder appeared in the enemy's ranks; we used the bayonet and drove them briskly to Montebello. There it was a different affair. They entrenched themselves in the houses, they fired from the windows, and short scaling ladders were needed to get to them.
" Everywhere I saw the brave Gen. Beuret, fearlessly braving the balls. He went through the streets giving his orders, busy but always calm. I can see him yet, at the corner of a house surrounded by fourteen Chasseurs, a captain had just fallen. The General advanced towards him. He was lifted up, but fell again. 'He is dead,' said he. Gen. Forey advanced with two buglers at his side, and behind him an officer of the staff.—Our poor general addressed him, and they exchanged some words, after shaking hands. 'All goes well,' said they. They move ten paces forward. Five Tyrolese fled before them, but suddenly turning, press round them. They fire; Gen. Beuret drops his reins, totters, and supported by soldiers, breathes his last. The Tyrolese are surrounded and cut to pieces. The unfortunate 84th allowed them no quarter. The enemy fought while retreating. They sacrificed 300 men, who protected their flight by a terrible fire be-

hind the hasty entrenchments they made in the cemetery.

I was not in this attack, which was the most furious of the day. We had been sent in pursuit of the fugitives, whom we drove as far as Casteggio. Oh! if we only had some cavalry. I am told the Sardinians behaved admirably. I believe it, for their dead strewn the ground, pierced with wounds and mutilated by Austrian bayonets.
"I was happy enough to lay my hands on a youngster of seventeen, a sub-lieutenant who was fighting like a little tiger. My corporal was going to finish him when I turned away his rifle, and took the good fellow by the collar to avoid other trouble. 'Surrender, *Moutarde!*' I cried, and he handed me his sword. He is a younger son, fair, slender and haughty. I saved his life, and he scarcely thanked me. I have not a scratch, thank God! Except my silver watch, lost in the tumult, and which I this morning replaced by the gold chronometer an Austrian commandant, I have lost nothing. The prisoners that we made (I have counted more than eighty) are all pale, ragged, and frightfully ugly. They were glad to fall into our hands. We went back and slept at Montebello. I slept happily in a barn. My greatest trouble is that my rifle, my pipe, and my pantaloons are out of order.
The Emperor came to visit the field of battle, and to see the wounded. He warmly embraced General Forey and Colonel Gambriels, thanking them for the victory in the name of the whole army.
" P. S.—I have just learned that I am to change my quarter-master's gold lace for that of sergeant major. Perhaps you will be glad to hear this news, and I give it in all the fullness of my joy."
Letter from "Occasional."
[Correspondence of the Press.]
WASHINGTON, June 21, 1859.
The next House of Representatives will assemble in the Hall on the first of December next, under singular auspices. The removal of the comfortable desks and luxurious, cushioned chairs, prepared for the members at so much expense, will give to the great saloon a vacant and echoing appearance. I confess that the innovation does not strike me favorably, nor do I know any one who has full confidence in the success of the alteration.
In England, it is no uncommon thing to see legislators sitting on their benches, with hats on, and the ministers only have tables and writing materials before them. Whether it is proposed to introduce such practices into our Congress remains to be seen. A true Representative ought to be present as much as possible during the deliberations of the body of which he is a part; but this will be found to be extremely irksome, if he is deprived of the ordinary means of correspondence. Hereafter, if the present arrangement should be maintained, the Representative will be forced to do his writing, with other outside business, in the withdrawing rooms attached to the Hall—a practice which may lead to other practices not of the most agreeable character. But "we shall see what we shall see."
The Charleston *Mercury*—a warm Administration organ—of a late date restates its position in regard to the Convention which is to assemble at that point for the nomination of a Democratic candidate for President. I copy for the benefit of the uninitiated:
" As for an 'alliance' with Douglas, we will here state that the *Mercury* will sustain or countenance him under no circumstances whatever. He is a traitor to the Democratic party, and a traitor to those principles which secure the South. He is dangerous and designing. Away with him! Let him be *anathema marthanum!* say we. Nor shall the *Mercury* sustain any platform put forth by any party whatever, which platform or party shall maintain or endorse, directly or indirectly, by affiliation or omissions, the fatal positions and fraudulent policy assumed by Douglas with regard to our territorial rights. We repudiate the whole scheme by which it is sought to tie our hands and encircle us, as with the folds of a snake, to crush out or smother the vital power of our civilization.
" Finally, the *Mercury* shall sustain no man, of whatever party, clique, creed or sect, who shall stand upon the platform of those principles which should be repudiated and nominated by twenty Democratic Conventions. For the party which would permit that creed is an enemy of the South, and we will war with it to the knife. For ourselves, and we can safely say for South Carolina, we will neither countenance, sustain, nor submit to any such party, platform, principle, or politician."
The *Mercury* is not only the organ of the Administration in Charleston, but I believe its friends are retained in office by the President and honored whenever he can honor them. I do not suppose that this renewed declaration of war, however, will in the slightest degree impair the influence of the *Mercury* with the President and his Cabinet. The difference, mark you, is one not of principle but of latitude. Now, when you of *The Press* stated your determination not to support a candidate nominated upon the odious doctrine of intervention for the protection of slavery in the Territories, you were forthwith handed over to the tender mercies of the horrible "Black Republicans," but you live in a free State, and therefore have no right to speak independently on such a subject. Who is this Douglas by the way, so ostracized by the *Mercury*? A man who more emphatically represents the masses of the American Democracy than any other statesman now living, and yet he and these masses are to be cheated out of their representation at Charleston and denied a voice in the deliberations of the National Democratic Convention, by men who act under the authority of the Administration, and whose friends are supported by its patronage!
Should Mr. Slidell consent to go to France—and that the project of sending him there is seriously entertained, I have no doubt—we shall have a very thorough and prompt trial on the Cuba question. Mr. Slidell is the author of the thirty-million bill of the last session, and left Washington in utter disgust

when that not otherwise invention was emulated. His report, unquestionably forcible showed how anxious he was to consummate the purchase or acquisition of Cuba, and this report will be the chart of his action should he assume the position of American minister near the person of Emperor of France. Mr. Slidell is a fine French scholar, his lady one of the most accomplished and elegant women in America, (whose vernacular is French,) and his family highly educated. Possessed of enormous means and accustomed to fashionable and public life, Mr. Slidell would make a figure in the French capital, and even if he did not succeed in bringing home "the gem of the Antilles" in his breeches-pocket, would leave behind him the reputation of having been a most resolute, out-spoken, and generous representative of his country.
There is one element of the European war question which must presently attract great attention, and suggest a deal of discussion.—I allude to the German element. It is apparent that the Germanic States are rapidly consolidating against Louis Napoleon, if not in favor of Austria. The home feeling will begin to show itself in the United States among the adopted citizens of those nationalities, and I will not be surprised if certain domestic issues do not grow out of the sensitiveness of those who think that to support the French Emperor in his war of deliverance in Italy, is to oppose German interests, and ignore German feelings. The Prussian minister at this point is said to be extremely animated on this question, and I happen to know that many of the Germans throughout our country are a good deal disturbed at the popular demonstrations in favor of Napoleon. Our minister at Berlin, Mr. Wright, the late Governor of Indiana, represents to his correspondents that the people of Germany are preparing for the contingency, which is far from remote, of opposing what they regard as the tendency of the Emperor of the French to place himself in the position of the arbiter of the future destinies of Europe.
The late article in the *New York Herald*, looking to Douglas for the Presidency, does not give satisfaction at the White House. Mr. Buchanan ought to write another letter to his samitic favorite, protesting against this freeing support.
Frances J. Grund, who has been luxuriating at the rate of \$18 per day at certain continental watering places, is to be superseded, which will have the effect of bringing him home to resume his old relationship of personal hostility to Mr. Buchanan.
The continued denouncing of the public press, regard to this scandalous appointment, have at last induced Mr. Buchanan to direct that his bounty should be stopped.
The news from Maine, received yesterday, indicates that Mr. Appleton's State will go about four to one against the Administration's territorial policy, and flat-footed in favor of the Douglas doctrine of popular sovereignty. I have obtained a copy of the resolutions which have been adopted by nearly all the Democratic meetings held in that State. They are models of their kind, and I commend them to the Democratic party of Pennsylvania:
Resolved, That the Government of the United States should not force the institution of slavery upon the Territories against the will of the people thereof, but that the people of each Territory should be left free to determine the question for themselves, without the interposition of Congress, and subject only to the Constitution of the United States.
Resolved, "That this doctrine is founded upon principles as ancient as free Government itself, and, in accordance with them, simply declares that the people of a Territory, like those of a State, shall decide for themselves whether slavery shall or shall not exist within their limits."
Resolved, That the new doctrine, that the Constitution confers the right of holding slaves in the Territories in defiance of the wishes of the people thereof, and that Congress should enact laws giving slave property higher rights than any other property therein, is a wide departure from these principles, and would render the Democratic party justly obnoxious to the charge of deception and dishonesty.
MELANCHOLY TRAGEDY IN THE PINE WOODS.
—A correspondent of the Camden (Ala.) *Republican* relates the following melancholy and shocking story:
I learned from a source perfectly reliable, (on Saturday last,) while on a visit to the south-west of the county of Wilcox, that Mr. Davis, a very poor man, who resided with his wife and four children, in a sparsely settled pine woods neighborhood in this county, was confined to his bed by a disease threatening his life, when his two eldest children, (sons,) who assisted him in the cultivation of his farm, after completing their tasks on Monday last, went in search of angling, commonly called ear-root. Procuring a large quantity, as they supposed, of the root sought, they ate freely of it, and took with them some for the children who remained at home. They also partook of it. The roots proved to be *deadly hemlock*. In a few hours the two first named were taken with convulsions and died. The remaining two, who had eaten so much of the poison, were also seized with convulsions, and became blind and deaf. To add to the horror of the scene, the mother was taken in labor, and gave birth to a fifth child.—In this situation the family remained until the following Wednesday, no one of the family being able to leave the house, and no neighbor calling. On Wednesday, a passing neighbor called, and found the dead children still in their clothes in which they died, and in a state of decomposition. Their condition was soon made known to all in reach. The dead were buried, and the living have since been properly cared for.
FREE MAIL MATTER ACCOUNTS.—The United States Post Office Department is sending out blank forms of accounts of free matter. In accordance with a circular which we noticed some time since, accounts of such matter are to be kept by the various postmasters for four quarters, commencing on the first day of July next, and a return of the same to be made to the Department, with a view of enabling the Postmaster General to ascertain what increase to the postal revenue would accrue if payment was made on all matter now passing through the mails free.—*Washington Constitution*.
A MINE OF ANTIMONY.—The St. Clairsville (Ill.) *Gazette*, says that an antimony, two feet thick and almost solid, was discovered within two miles of St. Clairsville. Antimony is one of the ingredients of type metal, worth about forty cents a pound, and it has been supposed that it was only to be found in Germany.
There will be held a National Spiritualists' Convention at Plymouth, Mass., on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of August next.
The fashionable watering places are nearly all opened for the season, and daily receiving increased numbers of visitors.