"The Democrat."

O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, [illegible] and Morality.

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Poetry.

MY MOTHER DEAR.

There was a place, in childhood,
Which I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tones
Bright fairy tales to tell;
And gentle words, and fond embrace,
Were given with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place,
Beside my mother's knee,
My mother dear, my mother dear,
My gentle, gentle mother.

When fairy tales were ended,
"Good night," she softly said,
And kiss'd, and laid me down
To sleep, within my tiny bed,
And holy words she taught me there,
Methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt,
Beside my mother's knee
My mother dear, my mother dear,
My gentle, gentle mother.

In the sickness of my childhood,
The perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years,
The cares of every time;
When doubt, or danger, weighed me down,
All pleading then for me,
It was a fervent prayer to heaven,
That bent my mother's knee.
My mother dear, my mother dear,
My gentle, gentle mother.

Miscellany.

THE ALIBI.

It was one of those bright and beautiful April mornings which nature sometimes throws in upon our eastern shores, as it in compensation for months of fog and fickleness, that I awoke from the uneasy slumbers of a mail-coach passenger, just in time to drink in, at eye, ear, and nose, the brilliant sparkle, enlivening dash, and invigorating odor of my native waves, as they leapt up in exulting fondness to kiss the rocky barrier which Scotland opposes to the fury of the German Ocean. I was, ere long, to pass a barrier of a different description, (now, happily, a nominal one,) between two sister nations; or, to plain English, to enter the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, a few miles beyond which, on the southern side of the border, business obliged me to proceed.

At the inn-door, where we stopped to change horses, in this capital of "no-man's-land,"—whose inhabitants assert their anomalous independence by speaking a dialect which they take care shall be neither Scotch nor English—I also exchanged, for the brief remainder of my journey, a taciturn, common-place sort of a fellow-passenger, from whose wooden physiognomy I never dreamt of extracting anything, for one whose modest yet serious countenance and the interest she evidently excited in the few who were astir at that early hour, it was impossible to avoid heeding a great deal.

The coach-door was opened, and with swimming eye, flushed cheek, and silver hair blowing about in the morning wind, a venerable-looking old man took leave, with more than paternal tenderness, of a simply-dressed, yet good-looking young woman; who, returning his tremulous "God bless and reward you!" with an almost filial farewell, drew over her face a thick, black veil and sat down opposite to me.

I never felt more inclined, and at the same time at a loss, to open the conversation. To intrude on female sorrow is unjustifiable. That of my new companion seemed of a gentle, subdued sort, arising more from sympathy for others, than personal causes; and, ere long, putting back her veil with the reviving cheerfulness of one whose heart is lightened of an unmerited burden, she looked calmly out on the fresh morning aspect of nature, (so in unison with her own pure and innocent countenance,) and said, in the tone of one breathing at length from the pressure of painful thoughts, "How beautiful everything does look this fine spring morning!"

"It does, indeed," said I, struck with the confiding *naivete* of this involuntary remark; "and I suppose you are the more sensible of it from being a young traveler." Her only answer was one of those quiet, intelligent smiles which admit of various translations, and which I chose to construe into assent. Coupling the remark with the circumstance of her only luggage being a small band-box, I set her down for a farmer's daughter of the neighborhood; and added, "I suppose, like myself, you are not going far?"

"I am going to London, sir," with a tone of calm self possession, as if such a journey had been to her a daily occurrence; and so, indeed it was, not metaphorically, but literally

"To London!" repeated I, with more surprise than I could well account for.—"Were you ever there before?" Oh yes!" was the reply, rendered more piquant by its singular composure. "I came from seventy miles beyond it the day before yesterday."

It would be quite superfluous to say that my curiosity was excessively excited by this unexpected answer, and I dare say my readers will set me down—as I did myself when it was too late—as a very stupid fellow for not having the dexterity to gratify it.

But my companion, as if ashamed of having so far committed herself to a stranger, and rather a *young* gentleman, (tho' I have a wife and five children written on my face, I believe, pretty legibly,) sat back in the coach and answered one or two indifferent questions with that laconic gentleness which is infinitely more discouraging than sullen silence. I felt I had not the smallest right to ask in direct terms, "My dear, what could make you travel seven hundred miles for one day?" and as I saw she had not the least mind to tell me, I really must plead guilty to the weakness of being ashamed to use the advantage my station and knowledge of the world gave me, to worm out a secret; which, from a silent tear that I saw trickling down behind her veil, I guessed must be fraught with more of pain than pleasure.

The struggle between my curiosity and better feelings was still going on, when the arrival of the coach near my friend's gate gave to the latter an involuntary, and not very meritorious triumph. Now that all idea of intrusion was at an end, I could venture upon kindness, and I said (I am sure in honest sincerity,) "The idea of your going such a long journey by yourself, or with chance company, grieves me. Can I be of any use in recommending you to the protection of the guard, or otherwise?"

"Thank you, sir, a thousand times," said she, raising for the first time a pair of mild, innocent eyes to my face; "but He who put it in my mind to come, and blessed the purpose of my journey, can carry me safe back again; and I should be silly indeed to mind going a few hundred miles by land, when, trusting to him, I am about to sail to the other end of the world. I am much obliged to you, sir, I am sure, though," said she again; and if we had been destined to go another stage together, I should certainly have known all.

Time, however, on all occasions despotic, is inexorable when armed with a mail-coach horn. I could only shake hands with the gentle being I left behind me, slip a crown into the guard's palm, to look well after her, (which I was glad to find he took as a tacit affront,) and turn my thoughts, by a strong effort, to my Northumbrian friend's affairs.

These occupied me fully and disagreeably all the morning; and early in the afternoon I was forced to run away from my old friend's claret, and older stories (for I had shot snipes on his lands with my first gun some twenty years before,) to fulfill an engagement in Edinburgh early on the following day.

I compounded for this outrage on the old gentleman's hospitality, by accepting his carriage to carry me back to Berwick in time for a coach, which I knew would start from thence for the north in the course of the evening; and no sooner did I find myself at the door of the King's Arms, than the circumstance brought full on my memory the romantic occurrence which had been, for the last few hours, eclipsed behind a mass of dusty law papers, and the portly persons of a brace of hard-featured and hard-toned Northumbrian attorneys.

I found myself a few moments too early, and as I stood on the steps, shivering in the cold evening breeze, and pondering on the vicissitudes of a Northern April day, I could not help asking the landlord (a civil, old-fashioned boniface,) "Pray, sir, do you know anything of the history of that nice, decent-looking young woman who started from your house with me this morning for London?"

"Know, sir!" said he, as in compassion for my ignorance. "Ay, that I do! and so does all Berwick, and it would be well if all England and Scotland knew it, too. If ever there was a kind heart and pretty face in Berwick bounds, it is surely Mary Fenwick's!"

"It's rather a long story though, sir, and the horses are just coming round; but I'm thinking there is one going with you as far as Haddington, that wont want pressing to give you the outs and ins of it." So saying, he pointed to a stout, gentler-looking personage, in a thick great-coat and worsted comforter, who, by his open countenance and manly, yeoman-like bearing, might have been own brother to Dandie Dinmont himself. "This gentleman," said the landlord, with a respectful glance at myself, and a familiar nod at the borderer (a substantial wool stapler in Berwick, but passing in quest of his pastoral commodity half his life among the neighboring farmers,) "wishes to hear all about Mary Fenwick. You have known her from the egg, I may say; and been in court yourself on the trial yesterday; so you'll be able to give it to him to his heart's content."

The last words were drowned in the rattle of the advancing coach—in jumped I, and in clambered the Borderer; reconciled to the durance of an inside berth by the sharp east wind, and the pleasure of talking of Mary Fenwick.

Having explained, for the sake of propriety, that my interest in the damsel arose from the singular circumstance of one so young, and apparently inexperienced, traveling about six hundred miles, to pass one day in Berwick, my portly *vis-a-vis* civilly begged my pardon, and assured me that no one there felt the least uneasiness on the score of Mary's journey. "There's a blessing on her errand, sir, and that the very stones on the road know; and besides, she is so staid and sensible, and has so much dignity about her, that she's as fit to go through the world as her grandmother."

To all this I assented the more readily, that this very dignity had made me forego all inquiry into what I wished so much to know; and even now I listened to it with all the more satisfaction for the hint she had thrown out, as if of regret, for not having told me herself. "Does she belong to this place," asked I, "that you seem to know her so well?"

"Yes, sir; born and bred in Berwick bounds. She was a farmer's daughter, a mile out of town, and just what a farmer's daughter should be. Her mother, a clever, notable woman, taught her to bake and brew, and knit and sew; in short everything that many girls in her station are now too fine to do. They think these good old fashioned things make them ungenteel, but they never made Mary Fenwick so; for I am sure, sir, but for her suitable dress and simple manner, you might have taken her for a lady.

"Well! Mary came often in her father's little cart to market, to sell her butter and eggs (we've a great trade in eggs here, you know, sir;) and, somehow or other, she fell in with a young man of our town, a merchant's clerk, who was taken with her good looks, and cared for very little else His old father, however, (the old man who put Mary in the coach this morning,) made many inquiries about his son's sweetheart; and as he heard nothing but good of her, he had the sense to see, that though one of a large hard-working family, she would be the very wife to reclaim his gay, idle, tho't-less son, if anything would

"And very idle and extravagant he was sir! The only son of people well to do in the world, and a good deal spoilt from a child, he neglected his business whenever he could, and loved dress, and horse-racing, and all that, far too well. But he really loved Mary Fenwick; and no sooner saw that she would not so much as listen to him while all this went on, then he quite left off all his wild courses, and became a new man to gain her favor.

"It was not done in a hurry; for Mary had been brought up very piously, and had a horror for everything evil. But Dick Mansel was very clever as well as handsome; and when he pleased, could make one believe anything; and really to give him his due, as long as he had any doubts of Mary's love, no saint could behave better. At last, however, he fairly gained her innocent heart: though I believe it was as much by the aid of his good father and mother's constant praises of himself, and doating fondness for Mary, as his own winning ways.

"When he saw she loved him, and it was not by halves, though in her own gentle way, he wanted to marry her immediately; and Mary's father would have consented, for it was a capital match for a portionless girl. But Mary said, "Richard, you have kept free of cards, and dice, and folly, one half year, to gain your own wishes—let me see you do it another to make my mind easy, and then I'll trust you till death divides us" Dick stormed, and got into a passion, and swore she did not love him; but she answered, "It is just because I do, that I wish to give you a habit of goodness before you are your own master and mine. Surely it is no hardship to be, for six months, what you intend to be all the rest of your life?"

"Richard was forced to submit: and for three of the six months behaved better than ever. But habit, as Mary said, is everything; and his bad for years sat the wrong way. With the summer came fairs, and idleness, and junketings, and, worst of all, races, into the neighborhood. Dick first staid away with a bad grace; then went, just to show how well he could behave; and ended by losing his money, and getting into scrapes, just as bad as ever

"For a time he was much ashamed, and felt real sorrow, and feared Mary would never forgive him. But when she did so, sweet, gentle soul! once or twice (though her pale face was reproach enough to any man,) he began to get hardened, and to laugh at what he called her pensiveness—Mary was twenty times near giving him up; but his parents hung about her, and told her she could only save him from perdition: and, in truth, she thought so herself; and this joined to her love for him, which was all the deeper for its slow growth, made her still ready to risk her own welfare for his.

"It is not to be told how much she bore of idleness, extravagance, and folly—for vice was never, as yet, laid to his door—in the hopes that when these wild days were past, Richard would settle again into a sober man of business. At last, however, to crown all, there came players to the town; and Dick was not to be kept either from before or behind the curtain. He fell in with a gay madam of an actress, very showy, to be sure, but no more to be compared with Mary Fenwick than a flaring crockery-jug to my best china punch-bowl. She persuaded him that, to marry a farmer's daughter, was quite beneath him; and, to be kept in awe by her, more contemptible still. So, to make a long story short, sir Dick, after trying in vain to force his poor heart-broken Mary to give *him* up (that he might lay his ruin at her door,) had the cruelty to tell her one night, as he met her going home to her father's from nursing his own sick mother, that he saw she was not a fit match for him, either in birth or breeding; and that if ever he married, it should be to a wife of more liberal ways of thinking!

"He has been drinking a good deal, it is true, and was put up to this base conduct by his stage favorite: but when he found, that instead of a storm of reproaches, or even a flood of tears, poor Mary only stood pale, and shaking, and kept saying. "Poor Richard! poor, poor Richard!" he grew sobered, and would fain have softened matters a little. But she summoned all her strength, and ran till she came to her father's gate; and two days after, when the old Mansels drove out in their post-chaise, to try and make it all up, and get their son put once more upon his trial, Mary was off—her parents would not tell whither."

"And where did she go?" asked I, for the first time venturing to interrupt the honest Berwicker's *con amore* narration.

"It came out sir, afterward, that an uncle in London had formerly invited her to come up and visit him; and now, that her engagement was so badly broken off, she told her parents it would save her much misery to leave home for a while, and even go to service, to keep out of the way till Dick Mansel should be married—"*Or, hanged!*" cried her father, in his passion, (as he afterward acknowledged,) little thinking how near it was being the case. There was a salmon-smack lying in the river just then, whose master was Mary's cousin; so she slipped quietly on board in the dark, and got safely to London."

"How long was this ago?" said I.—"Oh! about five or six months, perhaps; let me see, it was in October, and this is April. Well, sir, Mary staid but a short time at her uncle's, as idleness was a thing she never liked; but through his wife (who had been housekeeping to a nobleman,) she got a delightful place in the same family, as upper nursery maid; which her gentle manners, steady temper, and long experience in her father's family, made her every way fit for.

"She had not been long with them when Lord S—— was appointed to a government in the Indies, and as he resolved to take out some of his younger children, nothing would serve Lady S——, but Mary must go with them, They were grown so fond of her, that her cares on the voyage would be worth gold; and then her staid, sober, dignified ways made her a perfect treasure in a country where, I understand, girls' heads are apt to be turned. Lady S—— knew her story and thought it recommendation enough; so her parents were written to, half of Mary's ample wages secured them by her desire, and she went down to the sea-side to be in the way to embark at the last moment, when all the tedious outfit for a great man's voyage was over."

"So this explains a hint she threw out about going to the world's end!" said I

"Yes, sir, she would have been half way there already, if it had not pleased God to send a contrary wind, to save Dick Mansel's life." "His life! poor wretch!" said I. "Did he take to worse courses still?" "Pretty bad, sir; but not quite so bad as he got credit for. I'll tell you as short as I can.

"There came about Berwick, now and then, a scamp of a fellow, whom everybody knew to be a gambler and a cheat; and whom none but such idle dogs as Dick Mansel would keep company. This man, sir, was known to be in or about town last summer, and to have won money of Richard, both on the turf and at a card-table They had a row about it, it seems, high words, and even a scuffle; but few knew or cared; and Jack Osborne went away as he came, with none the wiser.

"But about six weeks or two months ago, it began to be whispered that he had been missed of late from his old haunts, and that Berwick was the last place where he had been seen; and, good for nothing as he was, he had decent relations, who began to think it worth while to inquire into it The last person in whose company he had been seen, in our town, was certainly Dick Mansel; who, when asked about him, denied all knowledge of his old comrade—But Dick's own character by this time was grown very notorious; and though no one here, from respect to his family, would have breathed such a notion, Jack Osborne's stranger [illegible] felt no scruple in insinuating that his nephew had met with foul play, and insisting on an inquiry.

"In the course of this, a very suspicious circumstance came out: a pair of pistols, well known to be Osborne's, were found in Dick's possession; and a story, of his having received them in part payment of some gambling debt, was of course very little, if at all, believed. There were plenty of people who could depose, that on the twenty-third of October, at a tavern dinner, the two had quarreled, and had high words—though they were afterward seen to go out separately, and seemingly good friends.

"The next step in evidence was, two people having returned that evening, and on passing a little stunted thicket, about half a mile from town, hearing something like groans and cries; which, however, they paid little attention to, being in a great hurry. This caused the place to be searched; and in an old sand-pit near the spot, to the surprise and horror of all Berwick, were found the remains of poor Jack Osborne; his clothes, from the dry nature of the ground, quite in good preservation.

"Things began now to put on a face terribly serious for Dick Mansel; especially as another man now came forward to say (people should be very cautious, sir!) that he had met Dick—or some one so like him, that he had no doubt of its being him—on the road to that very spot, just before the hour when the groans were heard; and that on being addressed by his name, he passed on, and gave no answer.

"Between the quarrel, and the pistols, and the groans, and the dead body, and, above all, the evidence of this man, a complete case was made out for a jury, and there were many things besides to give it color; especially poor Dick's own reckless habits, and his evident confusion when first asked what he had been doing on the evening of the twenty-third of October. To those who saw his conscience-stricken look, when taken by surprise, and his angry defiance afterward, when aware of the drift of the question, there was no doubt of his guilt

"Dick was committed for trial; and, oh! sir, it was a sad day for all who knew his worthy parents, and had seen the creature himself grow up before them, a pretty, curly-haired child, and then a manly spirited boy! His behavior in prison was chiefly dogged and sullen; and he seemed to scorn even denying the fact to those who could suppose him guilty, as most did; but to his poor father (who never would credit it) urging him to think, for the sake of his gray hairs whether some means of proving his innocence might not yet be found, he at length said, though it seemed wrung from him by his parents' distress: "There's but one person on earth who could clear me of this horrible charge, (but even if she were angel enough to do it, I suppose she's left England) and that's Mary Fenwick! This is a judgment on me, father, for the usage of that girl!"

"The agonized parents lost not a moment in writing to Mary the most pathetic letter a broken heart ever penned. They feared she would have sailed. But it pleased God otherwise; and though the wind that first kept them had changed, they were detained one week longer for reasons of state. Mary carried the letter to her good mistress, and told her all.

"She readily got leave for the journey, and was offered a fellow-servant to take care of her; but she was steadfast in declining it. "I would wish no unnecessary witness of poor Richard's shame and his parents' sorrow, my lady," said she; "and God will protect one who is going to return good for evil"

"There was not a moment to be lost, to let Mary appear at the assizes yesterday, and get back to Portsmouth in time; so into the mail she stepped, and arrived here as soon as a letter could have done. When they saw her, the poor old Mansels almost fainted for joy. They kissed and wept over her, as they had done many a time when their son's wildness grieved her gentle spirit, but they soon came to look up to her as a guardian angel come to save their gray hairs from despair and disgrace.

"They would have proposed to her to see and comfort Richard; but she said mildly, "We have both need of our strength for to-morrow. Tell him I forgive him, and bless God for bringing me to save him; and pray that it may not be from danger in *this world* alone"

"She was quite worn out with fatigue, it may be supposed, and glad to lay her innocent head down once more on her mother's bosom, in the bed where she was born, and where she had hardly expected ever to lay it again. She rose quite refreshed, and able for the hard trial (and hard it was to one so modest and retiring) of appearing in court before her whole towns-people on so melancholy an occasion.

"She was indulged with a chair, and sat as much out of sight as possible, surrounded by kind friends, till she should be called on. The case for the prosecution was gone into; and a chain of circumstantial evidence made out so desperately against poor Dick, that the crown counsel—a rather flippant young man—said, "This is a hollow case, you will see, my lord. Nothing short of an *alibi* can bring him off."

"And that shall be proved immediately, my lord," replied—very unexpectedly—some of the prisoner's friends. "We have a witness here come more than three hundred miles for the purpose:" and Mary shaking like a leaf, and deadly pale, was placed in the box. The counsel had nothing for it but to examine her. I should be sorry to say, sir, he wished to find her testimony false; but lawyers have a frightful pride in showing their ingenuity; and he did not quite like his "hollow case" to be overturned. At all events, his manner was anything but encouraging to a poor frightened girl; but he little knew that Mary could be firm as a rock where duty was concerned.

"On being desired to say what she knew of this business, Mary simply averred, in as few words as possible, that Richard Mansel could not have been in Overton wood at the hour assigned for the murder of Jack Osborne; as he was at that very time with her, on the road to S—— farm, exactly on the other side of the town.

"Very pleasantly engaged, I dare say, my dear!" said the counsel, flippantly; "but I am afraid the court will not be the more disposed to admit your evidence on that account." "I am sure they ought," said Mary, in a tone of deep and solemn sincerity, which dashed the lawyer a good deal. "But," said he, recovering himself, "Richard Mansel met you, you say on the road to S——, at a little after the hour of nine, on a certain evening. Pray what reason have you for remembering the hour?"

"Very logical indeed! And now, my dear, to come more to the point, how come you to remember this meeting itself so very particularly? It was not the first, I dare say." "No, sir," said Mary, her paleness giving way to a flush of insulted dignity; "but it was the *last!* I remember it, because we were engaged to be married; and on that very night (and I bless God that it was no other) Richard Mansel told me, and not very kindly, I was not a fit wife for him; and all that had been going on between us so long was forever at an end! I have a right to remember this, sir, I think"

"Mary had made, to muster strength and utterance for this testimony, all the exertion nature would permit. She fell back, fainting, into her father's arms, and a murmur of admiration ran through the court.

"This is an *alibi*, with a witness?" said an old shrewd barrister. "'Tis not likely a discarded sweetheart would come six hundred miles to perjure herself for a scoundrel like this!" In corroboration of Mary's simple testimony, should any be required, there was handed to the jury a housewife, or pocket-book, whose few leaves of simple memorandums contained, (evidently written down at the moment, and dotted with a still discernable tear,) "October 23d—this day, parted forever in this world with poor Richard Mansel. God grant that we may meet in the next."'

"And did they meet again in this world, sir?" said I, when my honest friend had got rid of something troublesome in his eyes. "No, sir: Mary thought it was better otherwise, and no one durst press it upon her. She wrote him a letter, though, which no one else saw; and I hear he says his life was hardly worth saving, since he has lost Mary. Poor devil! we'll see if this great escape will sober him!"

Little more passed between me and my friend, as the lights of Dunbar were now in view. I have since been in Berwick, and find Richard lives with his parents, a sadder and a wiser man than they ever expected him to be; and Mary is married, in India, to a young chaplain, up the country, to whom Lord—— has promised a living in her own native north, on his return to Britain.

☞ A country editor very piquantly remarks:

We do not belong to one "patron"
Our paper is wholly our own;
Whoever may like it can take it;
Who don't—can just let it alone.

Democratic State Convention.

WILLIAMSPORT, May 29, 1850.

The delegates elected to the Democratic State Convention assembled at the Court-House to-day at 11 o'clock. Gen. A. P. WILSON, of Huntingdon, was unanimously chosen President *pro tem.*, and *Wm. Jack*, of Westmoreland, *Wm. H Fagen*, of Philadelphia county, and *F. M. Grayson* of Washington, were appointed Secretaries. A list was then prepared from the credentials of the delegates, when some debate ensued upon the subject of the disputed seats, but before the question was determined, the Convention adjourned until half past two o'clock

The following is a list of the Delegates from the several Senatorial and Representative Districts of the State:

SENATORIAL DELEGATES

1. Philadelphia city—Michael McNenny, Danie Haviland.
2. Philadelphia county—James W. T M'Allister, William Henwood, Wm. H Fagan
3. Montgomery—George W. Jacoby.
4. Chester and Delaware—Dr. J. T. Worthington.
5. Berks—Joel Ritter.
6. Bucks—Paul Applebaugh.
7. Lancaster and Lebanon—Cyrus Zimmerman, Reah Frazer
8. Schuylkill, Carbon and Monroe—B S. Schoonover.
9. Northampton and Lehigh—Thomas Slator.
10. Susquehanna, Wayne and Wyoming—W. C. Ward.
11. Bradford and Tioga—Samuel Dickerson
12. Lycoming, Clinton and Centre—Dr. J. D. Canfield
13. Luzerne and Columbia—Wesley Roat.
14. Northumberland and Dauphin—W L. Dewart.
15. Mifflin, Juniata and Union—W. P. Cooper.
16. Perry and Cumberland—George Blattenberger.
17. York—James M. Anderson.
18. Franklin and Adams—Joel B. Danner
19. Huntingdon, Bedford and Blair—Gen. A P. Wilson.
20. Clearfield, Indiana, Cambria and Armstrong—R P. Linton.
21. Westmoreland and Somerset—William Jack.
22. Fayette and Greene—Wesley Frost.
23. Washington—John Graham.
24. Allegheny and Butler—H. S. Magraw.
25. Beaver, Mercer and Lawrence—J. N. M'Guffin.
26. Crawford and Venango—Vincent Phelps.
27. Erie—John Galbraith.
28. Warren, Jefferson, Clarion, Potter and McKean—John Hastings.

REPRESENTATIVE DELEGATES.

Adams—William R. Stewart.
Allegheny—C. Barnett, D. Lynch, A. Black, John Coyle.
Armstrong—Joseph Bullman.
Bradford—B Laporte, E. O. Goodrich.
Bedford—Joseph Fuller, Hiram Lentz.
Beaver—Thomas J. Power, D. Bois.
Berks—Henry Smith, Benj. Tyson, Lewis Frank, A. M. Sallade.
*Blair—(Voted out.)
Butler—Amos N. Meylert.
Bucks—Noah Schull, David Evans, C. E. Wright.
Crawford—William Porter, W. M'Laughlin.
Centre and Clearfield—William H. Blair, W. W. Moore.
Chester—Major M'Veigh, John Hickman, G W. Pierce.
Columbia—J. S. Fulmer.
Cumberland—Saml. Woodburn, Jas. C. Dunlap.
Cambria—Augustin Durbin.
Delaware—Philip Morris Jr.
Dauphin—Thomas B. M'Cord, Jeremiah Harner.
Erie—James Thompson, Geo. H. Cutler.
Fayette—Wm. Hatfield, Daniel Kaine.
Franklin—G. W. Brower.
Greene—Maxwell M'Caslin.
Huntingdon—Thomas P. Campbell.
Indiana—Edward Carlton.
Jefferson, Clarion and Venango—A. Plumer, W. T. Alexander.
Lebanon—Cyrus Cormony.
Lehigh and Carbon—Wm. H. Butler, Solomon Fogle.
Luzerne—E F. Seybert, Wm. Koons.
Lancaster—Jacob M. Amwake, John M. Dunlap, Chas. M. Johnson, John Houston, James Boon.
Lycoming, Clinton and Potter—Oliver Watson, Charles Lyman.
Mifflin—Joseph Alexander.
Montgomery—J. C. Smith, A. H. Tippen, Spencer Shoemaker.
Mercer—John Hoge, W. S. Garvin.
Northumberland—W. Follmer.
Northampton and Monroe—R. E. James, W. H. Hutter
Perry—Joseph Baily.
Philadelphia city—Peter Cullen, Chas. J. Barns, John Scott, Dr. Wm. P. Lambert.
Philadelphia county—John Abrams, Wm. Green, John Uber, John G. Brenner, Dennis Lamont, C. L. Carpenter, J. S. Donahue, Jesse H. Fliteraft.
Schuylkill—Michael Weaver, Charles Frailey.
Somerset—(Vacancy.)
Susquehanna and Wyoming—C. M. Gere.
Tioga—Edward Manard.
Washington—John Moore, Richard Donaldson.
Westmoreland—John Fausold, James Keenan Jr, John Snodgrass.
Warren and McKean—James L. Gillis.
Wayne and Pike—C. F. Sperring.

Union and Juniata—James K. Davis, C. Crawford.
York—James E. Buchanan, Robert Gemmill, John Hurst.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

A motion to admit both setts of delegates from Blair county, was made and after some discussion was postponed indefinitely. A resolution was then adopted, requiring the delegates from the several Senatorial districts to choose a committee equal to the number of Senators allowed, for the purpose of selecting officers for the permanent organization of the Convention; for which purpose the Convention took a recess of half an hour.

The committee to nominate officers, upon the re-assembling of the Convention, was announced as follows:

Messrs. W. Alexander, Black, Buchanan, Burns, Canfield, Calton, Carmony, Carpenter, Cutler, Danner, Davis, Donaldson, J. C. Dunlap, Garvin, Green, Haviland, Hickman, Houston, James, Koons, Laporte, Lentz, McAllister, McCord, McCaslin, Meylert, Phelps, Schoonover, G. Smith, Snodgrass, Tippin, Ward, Wright.

Mr. CALEB E. WRIGHT, Chairman of the committee to select officers, reported the following:

PRESIDENT,
HENRY S. MAGRAW, Esq., of Allegheny.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

John Fausold,	Wm. H. Blair,
James Keenan,	Joseph Filler,
Wm. C. Ward,	Dr. T J. P. Stokes,
Joseph Bailey,	Dr. W. P. Lambert,
Solomon Fogle,	Benjamin Tyson,
James Boon,	Wm. H. Butler,
James A. Anderson,	John Coyle,
Wm. L. Dewart,	J. S. Fullmer,
David Boies,	Wm. P. Cooper,
Geo. W. Jacoby,	Arnold Plumer,
Dr. Wm. R Stewart,	J. Galbraith,
John S. Donahue,	John L. Gillis,
Wm. Henwood,	Col. S. Dickerson,
Dennis Lamont,	Noah Shull,
Robert P. Linton,	John Moore,
Wesley Frost,	Cyrus Zimmerman,
Major M'Veigh,	Samuel Woodburn.

SECRETARIES.

Wm. Jack,	Robert Gemmill,
A N. Meylert,	Wm. H. Fagan,
R. E James,	George S. Carter,
Geo. W. Pierce,	Joel Ritter,
Geo. W. Brewer,	Spencer Shoemaker,
C. M Johnston,	T. W. Grayson,
Charles Barnett,	Thomas B. M'Cord,

The Convention then proceeded to vote for candidates for Canal Commissioner, as follows:

FIRST BALLOT.

Messrs. Anderson, Boies, Brewer, Buchanan, Canfield, Davis, Dewart, J. C. Dunlap, Durbin, Filler, Fraley, Fogle, Fronk, Frost, W. Fullmer, Gemmil, Graham, Harner, Hatfield, Hursh, Lentz, Kinton, McCord, Maynard, Power, Ritter, George Smith, Sallade, Stewart, Tyson, Weaver Watson, Woodburn,—33 voted for EDWARD B. HUBLEY.

Messrs. Bailey, Barnett, Black, Blattenberger, Bullman, Carmony, Coyle, Danner, Fausold, Gere, Goodrich, Hickman, Jack, Keenan, Kaine, Koons, Laporte, Lynch, McLaughlin, M'Veigh, Magraw, Morris, Overfield, Pierce, Porter, Seybert, Snodgrass, Ward, Worthington, Zimmerman—30 voted for NIMROD STRICKLAND.

Messrs. Abraham, J. Alexander, Burns, Butler Carpenter, Cullan, Donaldson, Fagan, Fliteraft, Grayson, Haviland, Henwood, Lambert, Lamont, M'Nenny, McAlister, J. Moore, Scott, Shull, Stokes, Uber, Wright—23 voted for FRANKLIN VANSANT.

Messrs. W. T. Alexander, Blair, Carlton, Cutler, Garvin, Galbraith, Gillis, Hastings, Hoge, Lyman, D. W. Moore, McGuffin, Plumer, Phelps, Thompson—15 voted for SETH CLOVER.

Messrs. Applebaugh, Dickerson, Evans, J S. Fullmer, Jacoby, Meylert, Roat, Shoemaker, J. C. Smith, A. H. Tippin—10 voted for WM. T. MORRISON.

Messrs. Amwake, Boon, J. M. Dunlap, Frazer, Housten, Johnston—6 voted for PETER MARTIN.

Messrs. Coolbaugh, Hutter James, Sleter, Schoonover, Spering—6 voted for JOHN H. BRODHEAD.

Messrs. Brenner, Donahue, Green,—3 voted for WM. S. HALLOWELL.

Messrs. Campbell, Wilson—2 voted for JOHN CROSWELL.

Mr. Crawford voted for EVERARD OLES.

Ballots,	2d	3d	4th
Hubley,	38	42	44
Strickland,	32	33	39
Vansant,	23	23	22
Clover,	11	9	7
Morrison,	9	8	9
Martin,	7	6	8
Hallowell,	1	4	2
Creswell,	1	1	
Oles,	2	2	2
Brodhead,	6	2	

Changes.

On the second ballot, Messrs. Applebaugh, Carlton, Evans, Gillis, Hogue, M'Guffin, voted for Mr HUBLEY

Messrs. Donahue, Greene, Phelps, voted for Mr STRICKLAND.

Mr Wilson, for Mr Vansant

Mr Butler, for Mr Morrison.

Mr Porter, for Mr Clover.

On the third ballot, Messrs. Butler, Garvin, and Phelps, voted for Mr. Hubley.

Messrs. Blair, Maynard, and Sletor, for Strickland.

Mr Schoonover, for Vansant

On the fourth ballot, Messrs. Brenner and Porter, voted for Hubley.

Messrs. J M Dunlap, Frazer, Hueston, Hutter, and James, for Strickland.

Messrs. D W Moore and Schoonover, for Morrison.

After the 4th ballot had been announced, Mr. Reah Frazer, moved the appointment of a committee of nine, to draft resolutions for the consideration of the Convention, which motion was adopted, and Messrs. Frazer, Ritter, Hutter, Wilson, Lynch, Thompson, Plumer, Kaine, and Danner, appointed said committee.

The Convention then adjourned until half past 8 o'clock, to-morrow morning.

SECOND DAY.

Thursday, May 30.

The Convention met and consumed the entire forenoon in balloting without effecting a choice, as follows:

BALLOTS	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th
Hubley,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Strickland,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Vansant,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Morrison,	11	10	9	9	10	10	10	10	11
Martin,	2	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Creswell,	1	2				2			3
Oles,	6	2	(withdrawn.)						