THE DEMOCRAT.

Thursday, August 29, 1850.

Democratic State Nominations.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,
WILLIAM T. MORRISON,
OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
EPHRAIM BANKS,
OF MIFFLIN COUNTY

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL,
J. PORTER BRAWLEY,
OF CRAWFORD COUNTY

Democratic County Nominations

FOR SENATOR,
F. B. Streeter, of Susquehanna.
(Subject to the decision of the Sen. Conference.)

FOR REPRESENTATIVE,
Isaac Reckhow, of Great Bend.

FOR COMMISSIONER,
Shubael Dimock, of Herrick.

FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY,
J. H. Dimock, of Montrose.

FOR AUDITOR,
M. J. Mumford, of Tompson.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
Orin S. Beebe, of Jessup.

Election Tuesday, October 8, 1850.

☞ Read, by all means, the able speech of Hon. Mr. Olds, of Ohio, on our first page It is really a capital thing, and takes the right view of every question it touches Dr. Otis is already seen what known to our readers as a spirited and caustic debater, he being the person that lampooned the infamous traitor, *Tom Corwin*, in the Ohio Senate, in 1848. We hope his forebodings relative to the fate of California in the House may never be realized; but there appears still to be danger. His position, nevertheless, is the true one, which no northern man, in any party should swerve from a hair's breadth Then he walks into whiggery with such suavity and ease! But you must read his speech

☞ We would have been glad to have published the notice of the Proceedings of the late Agricultural Meeting, and the programme of arrangements at the Fair that is to come off on the 3d Wednesday of Sept. next, *this week*, and should have done so, had it not been kept back from us until 11 o'clock on Wednesday, when the matter for our paper was too far advanced to admit it without *great* inconvenience and delay Our *neighbor*, we understand, was furnished with a copy early in the week.

The Candidates.

We promised, last week, to say something at a subsequent day in relation to the Ticket put in nomination by the late Democratic Convention of this county—not because we deem it a Ticket that needs bolstering up, but because some of the gentlemen constituting it may not be known to all the Democratic voters of the county. We begin, therefore, with the name of F. B STREETER Esq (who happens to be known, and favorably known, the nominee for State Senator In reference to him; his occupation or his qualifications; not a word need be spoken He has already received the suffrages of his political friends in this district for the same office, which he has filled in a manner eminently satisfactory, as his *unanimous* renomination, at this juncture, amply testifies.—Sound in the true Democratic faith, and faithful to all trusts, he will, if placed upon the Ticket by the Senatorial Conference, be returned to the Senate by a largely increased majority.

For Representative, ISAAC RECKHOW, of Great Bend, has been selected with great unanimity — By occupation he is a mechanic, a "*laboring man*"—who is emphatically "self-made." He has already served the people of this county in the capacity of County Commissioner, and without any disparagement to others who have filled the same office, or the least exaggeration, we can say, he made one of the most popular and efficient officers the county has ever had This feeling is universally entertained, and no doubt had its influence in giving him the nomination Besides, he is a true, active, intelligent Democrat of the "straightest sect," and will make an efficient and popular Representative in the next Legislature of this State. A hater of Banks and all special privileges, chartered monopolies and swindling shops, he will show them no mercy. Of course he will receive his full party vote, and the vote of all others who agree with him in hostility to such soulless, plundering institutions.

For County Commissioner, SHUBA L. DIMOCK Esq, of Herrick, is the nominee. Mr. DIMOCK is a brother of Col. JOHN A DIMOCK, long known to our citizens as a very accomplished and popular officer, and possesses every qualification requisite for that office. He is a farmer by occupation—a *systematic, thrifty* farmer, who manages his own matters prudently and economically—and will be pretty sure to manage the affairs of the county in the same judicious and economical way His nomination is everywhere hailed by those who know him best, as a good one, and will be strongly ratified by the old-fashioned majority at the polls.

For Prosecuting Attorney, Col. J. H DIMOCK, of this Borough, has been very properly selected The Col. is every way competent, has full knowledge of the business—having served in that capacity previously, very satisfactorily to the county—and will make an efficient and obliging officer. Of course his Democracy needs no endorsement, for no one will question it.

For Auditor, M. J. MUMFORD, of Thompson, has been placed in nomination. With Mr. M. we have but a very slight acquaintance, but he is represented by those who know him to be fully competent and a first rate nomination.

For County Surveyor, ORIN S. BEEBE, of Bridgewater, is the nominee. No person who knows Mr. BEEBE will hesitate to say that he is all that a candidate for that post should be—amply qualified in every respect, courteous and obliging, and a true, radical Democrat. He will make a capital run.

Altogether, the Ticket presented is a good one—a strong one—calculated to command respect and support in no ordinary degree. It is "bound to shine."

☞ Congress has done nothing worthy of record during the past week, except to pass the Fugitive Slave bill through the Senate by Monday, and to quash an attempt to restore the Tariff of 1842, in the House. The House is still "hilling time," on the appropriation bills.

WHAT NOW?—Hon. Thos. McKennan, has resigned the post of Secretary of the Interior, and left Washington. The reason of so sudden a change is wholly unaccounted for even by the wise ones of the whig party.

The Peak Family.

That part of the citizens of Pittston who succeeded in gaining entrance into the Odd Fellows Hall on Wednesday evening last were regaled with music which might well have been mistaken for celestial melody. The Peak Family rank among the first in the musical world; the youngest, a child only nine years, delighted the audience with her fairy-like appearance, her silvery voice and correct pronunciation. The fine soprano, of the elder daughter, mingled delightfully with the melodious alto of Mrs. P. aided by the tenor of the son, relieved by the deep bass of Mr P. The whole forming one of the most exquisite combinations of sweet sounds to which we have ever listened. We wish them God speed, and will be happy to welcome them again —*Pittston Gaz.*

☞ This family give a concert in the New Academy, in this village, THIS (Thursday) EVENING. Go and hear them.

The Presidency—Getting in a Hurry.

We notice already a restlessness among a certain class of politicians, in this State, in relation to the next Presidential candidate, which is somewhat remarkable at this early day, if not ominous The Cameron clique, having made all they can out of the "favorite son," are now doing everything in their power to slaughter him; and to do this effectually, and at the same time *Democratically*, they are lending all their energies, and passing resolutions in every county convention that they can control, in favor of the re-nomination of Gen Cass

The Lancaster *Intelligencer*, the immediate organ of Mr Buchanan, thus comments upon these premature movements. We much approve its sentiments, although, we admit that "dad's being under the hoad," *may* have been the principal motive in editing it:

"Although nearly two years must elapse before a candidate for the Presidency will be nominated by the Democratic party of the Union, there are those in our ranks who appear anxious to force a public opinion on the subject, either for the purpose of preventing an honest expression of opinion in reference to the several candidates whose names may be presented to the National Convention—to give some partisan aspirant an undue advantage over his competitors—or to throw an element of discord in our ranks, so as to insure to the benefit of the Whig party at the elections which precede the next National contest The unsemlily policy, we believe, is entirely and exclusively confined to Pennsylvania—the Democracy of the other States, with more discretion and honesty of intention, choosing to wait until the proper time arrives when it will be proper to make known their wishes in regard to the next candidate—and wisely preferring to first settle the agitating questions which are distracting the country.

We respectfully suggest to our Democratic friends throughout the State, that, inasmuch as there is a very important election pending this fall, and a yet more important one is to take place next year, whether it would not be as well to husband all the energies and resources of the party for these two campaigns, in preference to making calculations and concocting plans with a view to committing the party on the Presidential question, all of which may only have the effect of placing it in a wrong position when the proper time arrives.

The great State of Pennsylvania might occupy a much prouder position before the Nation than she does, if it were not for the suicidal policy uniformly pursued by some of her politicians No wonder that her claims are disregarded by the Democracy of other States, and that, of late years, she wheels into the Whig line at almost every important election, when she is made to pursue so fatal a course in reference to her own interests—The great body of the people—the masses who control the elections—are never consulted at all in these matters It is exclusively the work of the politicians, to whom we are indebted for all the reverses the party has met with in the last twenty years—and until the masses take hold of the subject for themselves and correct the evil, the same disastrous consequences must inevitably follow

We are in favor of doing one thing at a time—We want to succeed this fall—we want to elect a Governor next year—after which it will be time enough for Democrats to commit themselves on the Presidential question. By pursuing this course, the people would have time to deliberate and make their wishes known on the subject—not in a stealthy, under-handed way, as is the practice of some who wish to use the great Democratic party of the State to subserve their own purposes, but in an open, honest and manly manner, that will ensure success to the Democracy of the Union, no matter who may be the nominee. The time for management and trickery has gone by in Pennsylvania. The people will no longer sanction such conduct—and as often as it is resorted to, just so often may defeat be expected at the ballot boxes These are our sentiments"

☞ The Bradford *Reporter*, in noticing the resolutions of our County Convention on Monday night week, takes occasion to express a decided preference for Mr. WILMOT as the next candidate for Congress; but closes up by saying that if the people of the district choose another man, who occupies an unequivocal position relative to free soil, why "trot him out," and it will support him with cheerfulness, and in good faith. That's the talk, friend Goodrich. It is "*measures*, not men," that we should fight for. And if the voice of the majority of the district is for giving Tioga county the *candidate* at this time, as we think it is, we should cheerfully acquesce, provided he is a sound, true man.

We trust, however, that our *Reporter* friend is not disposed to be so fastidious in relation to *what constitutes* a proper candidate for his support, as to determine to be suited with no body *but* Mr. Wilmot, no matter who else is nominated. Some think his article squints that way; altho' we cannot believe this to be his intention.

POLITICAL ESTIMATES.—It appears from recent disclosures, (says the Philadelphia Times,) that the present census is to be converted into a piece of political machinery. Instructions have been issued from high quarters, which, if obeyed, will convert the whole system into one of oppression and evil. Subordinate officers have been ordered to go beyond their legal instructions and duties, and ascertain the political sentiments of every family, whom dwelling they may enter in the course of their progress. The scheme is intended to institute and promote a political organization, which could be consummated by no other means. The simple disclosure is sufficient to place every family on the alert for the petty intrigues of Whig officers. It should be resisted at all hazards.

—TOM Hyer is in California according to the latest accounts. Yankee Sullivan is also there, and not dead, as reported.

—Henry Clay returned to Washington on Monday from Newport.

For the Democrat.

MR. HEMPSTEAD—The enclosed manuscript appears to be a diary of some Deputy Marshal, who probably dropped it inadvertently while on his tour of duty As it might contain some valuable statistics, I enclose it to your address, for your disposal: X. Y. Z.

Pencil Notes of a Deputy Marshal.—No. 2.

Monday, Aug 19.—I am off. Portfolio under my arm, and my pockets full of newspaper bills, I have started like the morning sun, for a grand round. People on the road stare at me with a broad grin, as if I was the *poquette guarde* of a Caravan of wild beasts, or the poster of a mountebank exhibition Passing a blacksmith shop, a fellow standing in the door called out to his comrade inside, in a cockney accent: "I say, Bill, get hout your hoptical instrument,—if 'ere be not something 'orth looking at then I can't see thro' a ladder!" Very reprehensible, thus flippantly to lampoon an official dignitary. Passed on, and when nearly half-a-mile from the shop, heard a great ballooing in the rear. Looking back, I saw the people vehemently beckoning me to return, which I did unhesitatingly. Imagine my chagrin when I found I had retraced my steps to be insulted with the question, whether I wrote that piece in the Democrat about the census? With out deigning a reply, I wheeled and rode forward with such desperate speed that there was a continual buz-z-z in both ears. Succeeded in enumerating four families to-day! Brave! Stopped at the house of Mr. Y.——g the evening, and concluded to remain the night, although my assured one there was a tavern a little further on—Very nice people, clean beds, good fare, but rather inquisitive The youngest daughter, who was as graceful as the curling smoke from a mussulman's pipe, asked me, with a wicked twinkle of the eye, if my name was Cuddle? Told her it was. Said she had heard of me. Old gentleman asked if I was editor of the *Bedlam Gazette?*—Told him yes O'd lady asked if I wrote those pieces in the Democrat about taking the census? Grinned like a monkey fighting a black-snake, but made no reply *Mem*—To remember to forget to offer to pay these people for my lodging

20th—Stopped at the house of Miss Z.——, a maiden lady of 60 years. Asked her how many *births* there had been in the family during the last ten years? She replied by hurling a missile at my head which fortunately missed the mark, and I whipped up and got out of range just in time to prevent a catastrophe, for the enraged dame quickly re-appeared at the door with a fowling piece of frightful calibre —10 A M. Called at the house of a friend. Found the lady making apple dumplings. Wishing to make her believe that I had never been assistant cook of a mud scow, I professed to be greatly interested and astonished at the dumplings, and assured her that the conical pile on the table reminded me of the piles of round shot in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Taking up one of the dumplings, I accosted the lady in the language of my late illustrious friend, George the Third:

"'Pon monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed! What makes it, pray, so hard?" The dame replied,

Low curtesying, 'Please your majesty the apple.'

'Very astonishing indeed! Strange thing!' Turning the dumpling round) pointed the knife: "'Pon most extraordinary then, all this is—"

It beats Reette's conjuring all to pieces: Strange I should never of a dumpling dream! But goodly, tell me, where, where, where's the seam"

"Sir, there's no seam,' quoth she, 'I never knew That folks did apple dumplings sew;' 'No?' cried the staring monarch with a gun; 'How, how the devil got the apple in"

I was *ostensibly* pleased when she explained the process by which the apple got in, but *really* pleased when she invited me to remain and discuss one of them at dinner. Having dined, I started on, and after getting a mile or so on the road remembered that I had forgotten to enrol the family. Went back, attended to my business, and again took the road, when a boy from the house overhauled me, completely exhausted and out of breath, saying that his mother wanted me to come back. Thinking she wanted to pay her subscription, I returned to the house a second time, when I was taken all aback with the infernal inquiry, whether I wrote those pieces in the Democrat about taking the census? Being late, concluded to stay over night. Enrolled three families to-day! Brave!

21st—Called on a staunch Whig—a farmer, worth $30,000. Found him seated in his piazza, reading the *Tribune*, and looking like a fair specimen of republican royalty. Having transacted my official business, I presented him a bill for subscription to the Bedlam Gazette. Said he had never taken the paper; considered it worthless; would not have it in his family; and gave me the comfortable assurance, that unless I left his presence in the short space of thirty seconds, he would rub me down with a timber-towel, as Webster did Parkman. I left *instanter*, and informally. My head is greatly confused, but I believe I have taken the dimensions of two families to-day! Brave! say I.

22d—Called on the Widow Sharpe, who, together with her amiable daughter, answered my questions like the clattering of a steel-trap auction, in which every purchaser tried his wares. To my question of how many blacks there were in the family, the widow replied indignantly, you scoundrel, do you insinuate that any of my children are niggers? By no means, madam, I replied; I only meant servants. We don't keep any servants, said the lady, and the girls chimed in with a galling cross-fire, animadverting severely upon all my questions. I got safe off, but had scarcely left the door (as I afterwards learned) ere the widow started her youngest son across lots to head me by the cornfield, and give me a broad side of rotten pumpkins, stones, &c. The boy, who was sharp and energetic enough for a West Point Cadet, obeyed the instructions of his mother to the letter. As I came leisurely along by the hedge-row, never dreaming of guerrillas in a yankee country, the vigorous lad just naturally took me on the wing with a rotten pumpkin, then another, and another in quick succession, and I will do him the justice to say that he hurled them with great force and precision. Now the Deputy and his nag commenced one of those graceful French *pantomimes*, in which the impressive language of action, instead of words, is used. It was but of a moments duration, however, as Pomme off victorious, having possession of the field of battle, while my horse was kicking up his heels in the direction of home. I was badly bruised by my fall from the horse, but managed to crawl to a house, where an Inquest of old women—notoriously my foes—held an *ante mortem* examination upon my body, and decided that, in order to have an immediate effect upon the brain, the poultice should be applied where the waggish tailor sewed on the broadest officer's mail-plate! I have commenced but one family to-day, and came very near writing my own name in the dead list; still I say, Brave!

23d—Stopped at a public house on the corners. Bar-room full of red noses and bloated cheeks.—Quite picturesque! Filled up my blanks with a rush, and after dinner started on. When a hundred yards or more from his door, the landlord yelled at me savagely, to come back. Supposing of course, that he wanted to ask me if I wrote those pieces in the Democrat about taking the census, replied in the simple language of the "Bowery b'hoys" by placing the tip of my thumb to the tip of my nose and extending my fingers vertically. But it would'nt go down; the bar-keeper soon overtook me and took me over to the tavern porch, *vi et armis* Then it was I learned that I had forgot to pay my bill. Explained and apologized to every person I could see, that it was entirely accidental, very awkward, &c., on my part. Was greatly interested in a very aged man on one of the tavern benches, intently engaged in making mysterious diagrams with the tip of his staff on the dirty floor. He appeared to be very ancient, and though I had been a wedding guest, I could not have broken away from the charm of his glittering black eye. Said he was a firm whig and a warm admirer of Henry Clay. Boasted of his political consistency. Said he had lived, man and boy, over an hundred years; had stood, like the forest oak, while three generations withered, drooped, dropped, and mingled with the *free soil party*; and that his whole political course had been as undeviating as the first diagram in geometry (drawing a direct line on the floor with his staff) Said he was a native of New England; was present at the Boston tea party in 1773, and took an active part in the affair Indeed! said I, you were one of the Indians, then? At these words he gave me a look of ineffable contempt, and said that he was sneaking on board the tea ships trying to find out who the Indians were, in order to report their names to the British governor in Boston And how did you succeed? I asked. Said he succeeded in getting hustled overboard along with the tea chests Said he was in the battle of Brandywine in 1775; showed the disposition of the opposing forces, by a diagram on the floor; and when I asked him to designate the precise spot which he himself occupied in that affair, he placed the tip of his staff on the rear of the British line; and he was a retainer of the British army, well drilled in the efficient corps denominated "*camp tinkers*," being amply armed with sharp knives to rip open the pockets of the dead after a battle Said he always esteemed Gen. Arnold a masterly diplomatist, and a pure, unspotted, unadulterated, virgin patriot; had discovered many points of resemblance between the course of Gen Arnold and that of Gen Corwin, but had no time to point them out. Said he was a lobby member of a patriotic Convention held in the city of Hartford, and loudly applauded the resolutions there adopted. Was himself sent up a craggy cliff on the coast, with a barrel of rectified whiskey, to kindle a blue flame, but come "Capt. Grando" over his employers by making the blue light of brimstone, and drank the whiskey. Said he was present at a horrible massacre in the Independence Hall, Phila, on the 7th of July, 1848; done all he could to get Clay nominated; never thought much of Gen. Taylor; too much of a Democrat; glad he was dead, and hoped Clay was one of his assassins; hoped Clay would be renominated Said his course as a politician was perfectly straight and consistent, and I fully conceded with him. Entered my aged friend's name on my free list. *Mem.*—To employ him in case I should want a 2nd assistant editor for the Bedlam Gazette Registered an immense number of names &c to-day. Brave! Brave!

24th—Called at a hotel in a pleasant little village Found an exhibition, entitled "Mysterious Knockings," in full blast Always patronize such exhibitions, paid my fee and went in. Humbug of course; no confidence in it; but I may get a little fun to send to the Bedlam Gazette. The knockings appear to have been suggested by the dotting operation of a telegraph machine; the alphabet being designated thus: A, one dahmed knock; B, two knocks close together; C, three knocks, &c., a tedious process, but very interesting when the operators are in this instance, are handsome young ladies. I was put in communion with the invisible spirits, and being a total stranger there, I first desired them to give my name in full. The rapping commenced and spelled my name accurately, "*James Waystaff Caudle!*"—Very good, but any fool of a spirit would know that was my name, by looking at my face. Next inquired what was my occupation in life, which was correctly answered, "*editor of the Bedlam Gazette!*" I now thought to pose them with a very subtle inquiry, whether I was a Whig or a Democrat? After a long pause the rappings answered, "*at least, you are a blue light federalist!*" This answer came upon me like "the bold thunder and brisk lightning in person;" here was a fact made known which I had carefully concealed from my most intimate friends; my mind was overwhelmed with the thought that I was really in communion with genuine spirits of 'tother world, and my knee-caps clattered like the castinetts of Christie's Minstrels. As I was in for it, however, I mustered courage to proceed a little further. Like an unwashed heathen, I had always lived an ungodly life, paying no attention whatever to the ultimate salvation of my soul, and this seemed a good opportunity, while my friends should know nothing about it, of getting an inkling of what was really to become of me in future! Accordingly, with my teeth chattering, and my eyes sticking out like the ornamental knobs of a stucco cornice, I inquired what was to become of me after death? To my surprise I was answered, "*you will never die!*" What! I exclaimed, (rubbing my hands with glee,) am I then to be translated, like Elijah of old, *to Heaven?* After a moments pause the rappings commenced, and spelled out the words, plain and fast, "*t-o h-e-l-l!*" This was literally running the thing into the ground. I kicked over the operators, and left the room in a rage of universal indignation.—A curse on all humbug, say I. Bar-room full of people; asked them if they intended to abide by the small note law? They all looked astonished; bar-keeper asked me if I had any friends; told him *I had not anything else!* He said if my friends did'nt take charge of me, I should be sent to the Utica Lunatic Asylum at the public expense. It was my turn then to be astonished.—But I soon became convinced that I was actually in the State of *New York*, where, for the last two days, I had been driving the census business to a perfect rush of customers. Hired a guide to conduct me over the line. *Mem.*—By all means not to lose those notes; the publication of the last has given me great annoyance and trouble. Alas for "the urgent necessity of my bestowing my whole time henceforth (forever) to my duties away from home," my gracious!

☞ There has been two arrivals from Europe since our last; but the news is entirely void of interest.

IOWA.—The Democrats have an average majority in the State of about 1500, the Legislature, and both members of Congress. Good for Iowa!

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE, for September, far surpasses itself, both in beauty and richness, as well as number of embellishments, and excellence of its papers. Among the former are The Victim, a Portrait of President Fillmore, and one of Miss Fredrika Bremer. Among its contributors are Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs Martineau, Mrs. Neal, Anne C. Lynch, Miss. Bremer, Thos. Dunn English, Rufus Griswold, and others of equal celebrity.

MISSOURI.—The whigs have three, and quite probably four, of the five members of Congress from Missouri The Legislature is in the hands of the Democrats, the Benton men about equaling the whigs in point of numbers, while the anti-Benton men number but some 30, all told. "Old Bullion," therefore, is sure of being nominated in the legislative caucus, and will without doubt be re-elected, unless the anti-Benton men go in for a whig

☞ The attempt to attach a Tariff clause, (so as to change the act of 1846 very essentially, as desired by the Protectionists,) to the General Appropriation bill failed in the House of Representatives on Saturday by a vote of 81 to 77.

☞ Alexander Irvin, Marshal for the Western district, this State, has been removed, and his brother has been appointed in his place. The cause of his removal is drunkenness.

Notice—A Camp-meeting

Will be held at *Hart Lake*, in Bridgewater, commencing on Sept 12th, at 2 o'clock P. M — Tents will be provided by Br Northrop at reasonable charges, for all who will give him notice.—We most earnestly invite our friends throughout the country to attend.

To the notice, Mr. Editor, I wish to append a few remarks. One principal objection, often raised against camp-meetings, is that they are the cause of much evil: but it is important to distinguish between the *cause*, and the occasion of evil They may be the innocent occasion of evil, but not the cause. We may look for the cause of bad conduct at camp meetings, and elsewhere in bad hearts. In all great gatherings of people, there will be some who are rude and misbehaved, but after all we cannot dispense with great gatherings. We must have them for political, moral, and religious purposes

Now I suppose no one will question the right of worshipping God in any part of his dominions in tents, or groves, or under the open heavens; and if we have this right, no one has a right to disturb such worship While the methodist people choose to worship God sometimes in the groves and have often been blessed there, they most cheerfully accord to others the right and privilege of worshipping God, their own way, without let or hindrance

At the last camp-meeting, held in this county some six years since, there was some bad conduct, and the church was censured, but I think if the church had not been troubled, the church would not have troubled others

But I am not anticipating any bad conduct at our approaching meeting. I will assume in behalf of the whole committee, that we shall treat all persons with that courtesy and friendship that is due to enlightened people, and have no doubt but that they will be reciprocated

We will only add, that we sincerely hope that no one will have the presumption to avail themselves of a season designed exclusively for religious devotion, to the worship of Almighty God, for traffic and speculation, in the huckster line, or in any other way; it cannot be allowed. God's House in the wilderness, or out, must not be "made a house of merchandize"

Respectfully yours,
E B. TENNY.

Liberty, August 27, 1850.

Dobbs says: "The more libels that are written in a country, the more deeply are the community endowed with liberty. To live in a land where newspapers don't blackguard people, is to live in a country where tyranny takes the place of constitutions In Austria, newspapers never utter an unpleasant remark from year end to year end.—In New York, there are always a half a dozen editors under indictment for nothing else."

Great Excitement at Harrisburg.

The greatest excitement prevailed at Harrisburg on Friday and Saturday last in consequence of the arrest and examination of two runaway slaves, from Virginia. The negroes were pursued by their masters and brought up on habeas corpus, charged with stealing horses to escape with. A dispatch from Harrisburg on Saturday afternoon says:

The Court, which was occupied during yesterday hearing the testimony on the habeas corpus of the negroes charged with stealing horses in Virginia, rendered their decision this morning. It appears the negroes were slaves and had stolen horses to escape with. The Court decided that the slave who steals a horse to escape with commits no crime—no criminal offence.—The prisoners were thereupon ordered to be discharged.

About a dozen men from Winchester, Va. assembled at the prison door and attempted to seize and handcuff the slaves on their coming out. A great crowd of whites and free blacks also assembled, and a general riot immediately commenced. One slave effected his escape amidst a shower of stones and clubs—the other two their masters, with assistants, succeeded, despite all resistance, in handcuffing. Several negroes were stabbed, others wounded. The owners of the slaves were slightly hurt.

The Court immediately issued warrants against the owners and all engaged for assault and battery with intent to incite a riot. The slaves and masters are now in jail, and a large number of other arrests have been made, which the Court are now engaged in disposing of. The Court also ordered a posse to be employed for dispersing the Irish assembled in front of the jail at all hazards, which they succeeded in doing without much resistance. The town is now comparatively quiet.

FEELING IN THE SOUTH.—A great parade is made about this time of the resolutions passed at sundry Southern meetings. They are intended to operate upon Congress, and prevent the passage of the Senate bills.—We have confidence enough in the lower House, to believe that members will vote upon this bill in accordance with their own convictions of right and justice, and not under the pressure of extraneous influence of the kind alluded to. If Congressmen do their duty, they need not fear ulterior consequences.

☞ Hon. Mr. Bancroft's only daughter and eldest child, died at Springfield, Mass., on the 6th inst. She was a lovely, interesting young lady, of 17 years.

Later from California.

The steamers Philadelphia and Ohio have both arrived at New York, bringing fifteen days later news than any previously received. She also brought about one million of gold dust, and 131 passengers.

The intelligence from the gold regions continues as exciting as ever, although the gold lake bubble has exploded.

The Odd Fellows have erected a grand edifice at San Francisco, for the accommodation of their order. The *Pacific News* says:

"The first lodge in California was established in this city in October last. We now learn from John H. Gihon, the Grand Secretary, that twelve lodges have been warranted under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge for the State of California, created in April last, at Sacramento City, of which Col. J. D. Stevenson is the Grand Master. There are located one each in Benton City, Sonora, San Jose, Monterey, Benicia, Stockton, Marysville, three in Sacramento City, and two in San Francisco. Some half dozen others, it is supposed, will be opened in the course of as many weeks. A 'Royal Arch Chapter' was also organized in this city a week since, under the most favorable auspices, Col John W. Geary, the Mayor, being its presiding officer, and numbering among its members many of our most intelligent, enterprising, respectable and influential citizens."

The steamer Sonora is said to have cleared over $500,000 in navigating the Sacramento river.

Quite a trade has sprung up between San Francisco and South Australia, from which latter place the former is now supplied with most of the substantial vegetables in its market.

We learn, says the *News*, by a gentleman who arrived from above, on Saturday last, that Col Fremont's agent has some trouble in levying contributions upon those who are mining in the immense region claimed as the property of Col. Fremont Thousands are upon the claim, and they perfectly hooted the collector, when he talked of rent.

A THIRTY POUND GOLD PIECE.—The Sacramento Transcript says:

"Last evening we examined the largest lump of gold, we believe, ever dug in California; it is a mixture of quartz and gold, the whole weighing thirty pounds (360 ounces, troy) From the tests made, it is ascertained that the lump contains about twenty-three pounds of pure gold. This mammoth piece was dug from a ravine in the dry diggings, between the North and Middle Forks of the Yuba river, (the location is known as the Jim Crow diggings,) by Mr. Wm. H. Julius, of New York city, and Mr. John Grives, of New Orleans.—The first of these had been a year in the diggings, and had not averaged $10 per day. Himself and partner had taken possession of an old hole which had been worked out and deserted by two negroes.

Finding that they could not work to advantage without draining the water off, they dug a trench or canal, and as soon as the water dispersed, commenced work—They had dug several hours, when one of them thought he espied a piece of gold jutting out from the earth in the canal which they had dug to carry off the water from the main hole He stooped to examine it, and finding it to be the pure metal, he drew forth his case knife, scraped the earth loose around it, while it continued to grow larger, until the thirty pound lump above mentioned rolled out at his feet.

They kept the matter a profound secret, and started off for Marysville, where they were offered $10,000 for it, which they refused. They are exhibiting it at McKnight's Sutter Hotel, at fifty cents per head.

The ravine from which this mammoth lump was taken, is nothing more than a small brook, running through a flat; the ground rises gently on the sides, and is covered with a rich coat of grass It was found about two feet below the surface.—The young men are on their way home, and expect to realize a fortune from exhibiting it in the States."

Murders have been frequent in the southern mines, perpetrated by Mexican and Chilian *ladronces*, upon Americans. The foreign miners' tax is the provocation.

THE DISORDERS AT THE SOUTHERN MINES.—A most alarming state of things exists in a portion of the southern mines Around Sonora scarcely a night passes without a murder, and when the miner retires to his repose, he knows not but to-morrow's sun will find him the victim of the assassin's knife. It is thought, that within the two last weeks, twenty men have been murdered in that neighborhood.

FIRST WAGON ACROSS THE PLAINS.—Mr. William H. Moore, of Mishawaka, St. Joseph county, Indiana, says the Sacramento Transcript of the 9th inst., reached this city, with his wagon and team, yesterday, bringing his family, consisting of wife and son, with him. He left St. Josephs, Mo, on the 10th of April, leaving Fort Hall on the right, and Salt Lake on the left. He took the "Sublette cut-off," and followed it and its continuation, intersecting the Fort Hall road on Raft river, thereby saving one hundred miles travel. He found this road good, and says the feat of crossing the plains is not such a great one after all. Thirty miles of his route was over snow twenty-five to thirty feet deep, but frozen so hard that the wagon wheels did not cut much into it. He found no difficulty in crossing the mountains or the desert, no trouble with the Indians, and plenty of feed for cattle. His animals consisted of five American horses, and they are in first rate condition. He brought grain enough to feed them the five thousand miles. Mr. Moore says there were a number prospecting and digging for gold in Carson Valley. He saw some of the specimens; the largest lump he heard of having been found was $15.

Apples.—A kind friend presented us, yesterday, with a bag containing about a peck of fine, large sized apples, of very rich flavor. They were brought from Van Diemen's Land, and were in an excellent state of preservation, not withered like those brought from Manatlan. In this country an apple is indeed a rarity. We hereby caution all persons against trespassing in our apple orchard.

The steamer Senator is said to have cleared over $500,000 in navigating the Sacramento River.

The Fourth of July was duly celebrated in all towns of California.

The people of Portland, Oregon, have sent as a present to the city of San Francisco a Liberty Pole 120 feet long, 1 foot thick at the base, and 8 inches at the top. Slim stick that.

Sacramento City is said to be a bad place for the elopement of married and other ladies.

Great pieces of gold are now found frequently. Wm C. Satterfield picked up a lump of pure stuff near Nevada City weighing 8½ ounces, and another person found a piece of gold mixed with quartz weighing 33 lbs. He shows it at Sacramento; price of admission to see it $1.

It is now said that the pure white quartz resembling most the finest marble, contains the most gold. If this proves to be a general fact, and not an isolated case, the golden deluge has yet to commence. All that has heretofore been done, including chunks and all in the gold line, is but a foreshadowing of a more glittering shower.

Important from New Mexico.

ST. LOUIS, August 22.

The *Republican* has received intelligence from Santa Fe to the 10th ult. The elections under the State Constitution of New Mexico took place on the 20th June, and resulted in the choice of Dr. Henry Connelly for Governor, and Emanuel Alvarez for Lieut. Governor. William S. Messerdy was elected Representative to Congress by 500 majority over Hugh N. Smith. Members of the Legislature were also elected, and the body convened at the time appointed by the State Constitution, when some curious scenes were enacted.

The parties are divided, one advocating territorial, and the other State Government. A member of the Senate presented his credentials and was admitted, but it being afterwards found that he would not vote with the majority, he was excluded from taking his seat, and his opponent admitted;—hereupon a number of Senators and Representatives withdrew, leaving the House without a quorum—the remaining members took upon themselves the responsibility to fill the vacant seats with men enough to form a quorum, and proceeded with the business. Major B H. Weightman, and Major F. A. Cunningham, both late Paymasters in the U. S. Army, were elected U. S. Senators. The indians were continuing their depredations through all parts of New Mexico An express, which left Santa Fe several days after this party, brought sealed despatches and orders for 2000 stand of arms. The wife of Captain Eustin, U. S. A, died at Santa Fe on the 20th July The crops in New Mexico were very fine and promising. Major Weightman is expected to arrive here (St. Louis) in a few days, on his way to Washington.

Highly Important from Texas.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 23.

Galveston dates of the 18th have been received. The Legislature met on the 12th inst. The Governor's message has been received. It proceeds to speak of the unwarrantable assumption of power of the federal Executive by direct interference with the municipal affairs of the Sovereign State. It pronounces discussion useless, as no reliance must be placed on the delusive hope of Justice to Texas, but we must assert and maintain our rights at all hazards and to the last extremity

The only course left is the immediate adoption of necessary measures for the occupation of Santa Fe, with ample force to repel the arrogant and rebellious spirit existing. Should such measures produce a conflict with the present authority, unlawfully established, and shake the confederacy to its centre, Texas will stand exonerated before the world.

Authority is asked to raise supplies for two mounted Regiments for the occupancy of Santa Fe, also for a military force sufficient to enable the civil authorities to execute the laws—it says, however willing Texas may be to dispose of a certain portion of her North Western territory, no respectable party could accept of the propositions embraced in the Compromise Bill, but if a proposition had been offered to purchase that part north of 34 degrees latitude, with proper guarantee and observance of the rules of annexation it would have been satisfactory.

The news of the engrossment of Pearce's Senate Bill with the President's message respecting Gov. Bell's Letter was received on the 17th and produced great dissatisfaction.

The papers say the message will arouse feelings of indignation throughout the state not easily allayed.

Serious Riot in Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH, Tuesday Aug. 27.

The riot mentioned in yesterday's dispatch, among Irishmen on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, commenced with a part of the men employed on the County Road. The riot was continued all last night and part of to-day. The rioters levelled a number of houses along the road, and the inmates, men women and children, fled to the woods. The Scott Guards, with Sheriff Curtis, went to the seat of War yesterday, and returned this afternoon, having in custody 36 prisoners, who are now in jail. Many of the ringleaders are still secreted in the woods, and people in the neighborhood of the scene express much fear of being maltreated and robbed. The rioters are called "Fardowners" and Corkonians."

CAZENOVIA, Aug. 21.—The no-religious, no-condition, no-union, black and white convention met in this place to-day, and show their utter contempt for all white men and white things. Frederick Douglass was made the presiding officer of the convention; he was, however, assisted by white officers.

Two thousand persons were present, not many of whom, however, were members of the convention.

The convention, being against all churches and all corporations, met in one of nature's finest groves.

Resolutions were adopted against the North, against the South, against Free Soil, and against almost everybody and everything. Their vituperation has disgusted even the extreme people of this ultra section of the State.

☞ Seven persons were taken to the Penitentiary on Friday evening last, from the Jail of this county.—*Wilkesbarre Farmer.*