

entwater, and shook it most violently, while another came open-mouthed at a colored man, who was cutting a harpoon out of one of those captured alongside, but was arrested by a well directed thrust of a spear, which penetrated far down his capacious throat. The six sharks that were brought to the wharf, were found to measure respectively as follows: 9 feet 3 inches; 9 feet 4 inches; 10 feet 1 inch; 10 feet 9 inches; 11 feet 6 inches.—Charleston Mercury.

The Locust, says the Germantown Telegraph, are just now in the height of their joy—singing from morning to night. The females in the midst of this universal concert, are busy laying their eggs, each one depositing a large number. The apple, pear, and peach twig and currant stalks, of last year's growth, are usually selected for this purpose; perforations are made in them by a long, hard, stationary substance, similar in appearance to a sting, which starts from the centre of the under part of the body, projecting rearward, and which is concealed along the body except when the insects are perforating the branches with it—an operation which they perform with mechanical skill. The females, only, are armed with this singular tool, and it is by many pronounced its sting. We are certain, however, that they do not use it as a weapon of defense, and that the persons who have been injured by it, have accidentally struck against it. It is as sharp and as hard almost as the point of a pin.

These performances are made nearly to the heart of the branch, the wood being pulvized or ground until it is quite fine and soft, but not detached—into the bottom of which their eggs are very regularly and compactly deposited in a single layer, from two to four inches long, nicely lapping over each other like the scales of a fish.—The egg is perfectly white, about a sixteenth of an inch in length, having a hard, smooth shell, which cracks on being pressed, the whole being completely buried between the bark and the heart of the twig—at one point even penetrating the heart.

In less than a month hence, the whole tribe, having performed the errand upon which they were sent, of propagating their species, will in a great measure have disappeared; and in a little while after, the eggs having produced their young, the larvae will penetrate the earth and remain there—but in what particular localities, has never yet been satisfactory decided?—until another periodical revolution shall come round, when they will visit us, as have their predecessors upon the present occasion.—And may we all be here to see.

\* The theory recently started, that they lie concealed among and live upon the roots of trees, we regard as quite untenable, being contrary to the daily facts transpiring around us, in relation to the insect.

A COINCIDENCE.—It is worthy of note, as is somewhat extraordinary coincidence (says the Reading Gazette), that the three first officers of the Democratic Mass., Meeting on Thursday evening—Hon. John Leopold President; and Gen. William S. Ross, Vice President on his right and Hon. Strange N. Palmer, Vice President on his left—were old schoolmates and intimate companions, who grew up together at Wilkesbarre, and the sons of three of the 132 Democrats in North Eastern Pennsylvania, who voted for Thomas Jefferson in the dark days of 1799. This striking coincidence proves that the same devoted spirit which nurtured the fathers of democracy to combat the tyranny of Federalism, still lives in their sons and descendants.

MONARCHY IN ITALY.—The last accounts from Italy are interesting, in illustrating the differences between monarchy and republicanism. One of them is that a boy about 13 years old, was beaten to death with rods, by order of an Austrian officer. The officer was riding with a big dog, the boy walking with a little dog, precisely as the kings of Europe always attack their weaker neighbors: the boy to defend his favorite, attacked and killed the big dog with a stone; and the officer to avenge the death of his favorite, ordered the boy to receive twenty-five blows of the bastinado, who expired under the seventeenth blow. The father of the boy, a widower, frantic at this murder of his only child, sought the officer at breakfast in a coffee-house, and dispatched him with seventeen stabs with a stiletto, or in Dutch, a dirk, in America, a Bouicciere. The seven stabs with a stiletto seem to have been designed for equality with the seventeen blows of the bastinado.

This is monarchy.—*Ledger*

A VIOLIN ATTACHMENT TO THE PIANO.—Dr. Smith is writing letters to the Boston Transcript descriptive of the curiosities exhibited in the Glass Palace at London. In his letter of May 23, the following paragraph occurs:

To the group of musical instruments is an invention by T. S. Wood, of Virginia, that is never without a crowd about it, when the doors are opened. It is the attachment of a violin to a piano. It is a bona fide fiddle, played with four bows producing the softest vibrations of sound. Paganini could not have excited more wonder in the meridian of his celebrity. If the performer is master of the piano, the horse hair runs to and fro on planes with an activity that puts all equestrian efforts to shame. It is an original idea, clearly an American one, to fiddle by machinery.—Sir George Smart, the distinguished composer and organist, the chairman of the music jury, contemplated its movements a long time with evident amusement. If there could be invented some time-keeping attachment to the heel of ungraceful dancers, the American Eagle might flap his wings in triumph!

MORTALITY IN ST. LOUIS.—During the week ending June 9th, there were 119 interments in St. Louis, 59 of which had been from cholera. Three cemeteries, the baptist, Lutheran, and Methodist, had not reported. This showed a considerable increase of mortality, but it is attributed to the partial abandonment of the quarantine. Sixteen persons were buried by the city on Monday, twelve of whom were recently arrived emigrants. Seven permits were issued up to ten o'clock on Tuesday morning. The steamer Columbus, for St. Louis from New Orleans, buried five deck passengers on the passage up, four of whom were women.

THE DEMOCRAT.  
The Largest Circulation in Northern Penna.  
S. B. & E. B. CHASE, Editors  
MONTROSE, PA.  
Thursday, June 26, 1851.

## Democratic State Nominations

FOR GOVERNOR,  
**WILLIAM BIGLER,**  
Of Clearfield County.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,  
**SETH CLOVER,**  
of Clinton Co.

FOR JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT.

**Jeremiah S. Black,**  
of Somerset Co.

**James Campbell,**  
of Philadelphia.

**Ellis Lewis,**  
of Lancaster.

**John B. Gibson,**  
of Cambria.

**Walter H. Lowrie,**  
of Allegheny.

Join Work.—We invite our friends wanting Job Work of any description to give us a call. We will do it cheaper, better, and more expeditiously than any other establishment in this section of country.

## RECOLLECT

That we will furnish the *Democrat* for the coming Campaign, from July 15th to October 15th, a period of three months, as follows: 4 copies \$1; 10 copies \$2; sent to one Post Office.

Send on your orders.

## THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

Now that the Campaign is fairly and fully opened on our part,—our candidates, and their claims and qualifications for the respective offices for which they have been nominated, submitted to the people of the State—so great and wise people; it may be well to present them and their claims to the attention of our readers in a general manner. In doing so, it shall be our aim to deal faithfully and honestly, not suffering partisanship to blind our judgment; but rather to speak of them as applying to us, both in public and private.

At the head of the list, as the standard bearer of the Democracy and his country, stands WM. BIGLER. A happy smile ever and anon lights up his pleasant countenance, and his mild blue eye flashes with determination, with intellect and honesty, as like a man who scorns the artifices and intrigues that low-minded and selfish politicians resort to for personal gain, he plants himself on principle and right, disdain concealment, and openly invites the strictest scrutiny as to his public, private, and political character.

A few years since, (for Mr. B. is now but about forty years of age) this same WM. BIGLER was an orphan boy—God bless the orphan—applied to the business of printing. All may imagine, but experience only can appreciate, the difficulties in the path of a youth thus unfortunately situated;—the many obstacles, opposing almost impregnable barriers, in the way of such one to honor and renown. Instinctively, we ask, who thought then that that poor and perhaps almost friendless print boy, would ever be named, by admiring thousands of his fellow citizens, for the highest post of honor and trust in this great Commonwealth? But such is the genius of our institutions, that honesty, integrity and fearless perseverance, blended with industry and ardent devotion to the object in view, scarcely ever fail to bring a rich, an ample and honorable reward; though penury, misfortune and low estate have all to be battled with and conquered. Every department of our government, state and national, time past and present has been and is filled, almost exclusively, with men who have earned out their own fortunes in the world, with fearful odds against them. They are emphatically the men of our country,—and the lion-hearted, young men, who, like WM. BIGLER, go forth a bold heart, are the material from which they are wrought.

Thus started WM. BIGLER in the great battle of life. His friends were few, his fortune on his hands. We say his friends were few, because his circumstances confined him, necessarily, to a limited sphere of action and acquaintance. To him the future was uncertain itself, but he struggled on, overcoming one obstacle after another, till to-day he occupies the proudest position, we may safely say, of any man in Pennsylvania.

Such, Democracy, is the man presented for your consideration and your suffrages. We consider him worthy of all your honors, of all your confidence; for, he will neither disgrace the one, nor betray the other. To the man who has risen from humble life by the force of his own talents; whose sympathies have ever been with the people,—with the toiling masses of whom he is one, that people may easily confide their every public interest. Their rights and interests are his, and their wrongs and grievances find a responsive sympathy in his bosom. His experience in life too has been of a nature that it is invaluable in the position of a Chief Magistrate—on his past has been all grades and conditions, and can appreciate the wants and circumstances of all.

Much has been said of Mr. BIGLER's popularity, and no more than is true. We will abide to the man at home, where of course he is best known and appreciated. In 1816 he was a candidate for the State Senate. The present Gov. Johnston, who will probably be his competitor this fall, took the stump against him, laboring with all his artfulness and zeal, and received but one vote in Clearfield County, the county of Mr. BIGLER's residence.

We recollect a remark made by Mr. B. in private conversation soon after his nomination

at Reading. A friend of his spoke of the policy of pursuing a certain course, to which he promptly replied: "I submit to no policy, sir, that compromises principle." In that we have the great abilities are historical. His decisions are received everywhere with the highest respect, and by the legal profession he is venerated and esteemed. Long absent from active political life, because for many years a part of the highest judicial tribunal of the State, he is, nevertheless, a decided Democrat. Thousands of men of all parties will rejoice to see him a candidate for the popular suffrage under the new system.

The fifth, though last not least, is Warren H. LOWRIE, of Pittsburgh, now President Judge of the Common Pleas of Allegheny county. Judge LOWRIE is a complete lawyer, and his name was backed with an ardor and influence at Harrisburg by the members of the bar with whom he is daily associated, that shone how well he deserved the high honor he has attained. An enthusiastic evote of an arduous and trying profession, a courteous and courageous magistrate, and a ripe scholar; these are grand pre-requisites, and go to make up a candidate worthy of the Democracy.

SUCH is the Democratic ticket for the Supreme Court. Such is the selection of the grave and dignified Convention which closed its session on Thursday. We present it to the people without a doubt that it will be triumphantly carried through at the polls. It is in truth a proud prospect to be called upon to vote for five such men, and the friends of the Executive Judiciary have reason to congratulate themselves upon a result which the efforts of the enemies of that system had led us to fear, would not be effected without the most disastrous dimensions.

COMPETENCY.

It is most fitting that the experiment of an Executive Judiciary should be commenced under solemn auspices; and it was an imposing scene to witness the convection of the able and experienced men who congregated on the 11th of June, to give proper tone and efficiency to the Constitutional provision that gave to the people the important trust of electing their Supreme Judiciary. Never in Pennsylvania has any Convention equal in dignity, ability, and experience, been called together. There were democrats from all parts of the State; and the weight of intellectual superiority, political knowledge, and legal acumen, seemed to impress every spectator, and gave an effect and a power to all the doings of the Convention, such as rendered them more than usually binding and conclusive.

The grave question that suggested the Convention, called out, at the same time, many who, though ardent Democrats, have not been enabled to mingle in the heart of former party strife.

Many an old name, almost historic in our annals, was found among the list of delegates, and as the debates progressed, an amount of research and of learning—of strong common sense and of inspiring eloquence—was displayed, that showed how well the question at issue was appreciated, and how far all were to achieve a satisfactory and triumphant result.

Every interest was represented, though naturally enough, the Bar preponderated; while every county in the State, and every opinion in the Democratic ranks, had its delegate or its champion. It is easy to say that the selection of such a body of Democrats are entitled to the support of the Democratic party; but it is at the least true, that the selections which have been announced, for the responsible positions on the Supreme Bench, should be endorsed, also, by many even of our political opponents. The Convention itself, and the candidates it hasominated constitute a thorough refutation of the allegations, that to confide in the hands of the people the choice of their Judges, is the last as well as the first resort, is a dangerous and may be a fatal venture. Let us take up the nominations in the order in which they were made.

Fifth on the list is JEREMIAH SULLIVAN BLACK, of Somerset county, a man who did not need the prompt and emphatic endorsement of more than three-fourths of the delegates, to indicate that he is one of the master intellects of the day, and that his great Judicial merits are unquestionable as his character is spotless. Judge BLACK has been a presiding judge of his present district for a number of years. He was appointed when a young man; he is still a young man—only a little over forty—and though always associated with the Democracy, and recently urged in connection with several others for the highest political offices, his decisions have been received with the respect that the just man obtains even from his adversaries, and his integrity and fitness are applauded by those who have strenuously opposed him in politics.

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Their rights and interests are his, and their wrongs and grievances find a responsive sympathy in his bosom. His experience in life too has been of a nature that it is invaluable in the position of a Chief Magistrate—on his past has been all grades and conditions, and can appreciate the wants and circumstances of all.

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JOHN BANISTER GIBSON is now the Chief of the Whig party proper and the Native Americans. We care not whether our friends leap to Native Americanism or no; look at the fact. There is a body of men professing certain anti-Democratic principles, calling themselves Native Americans; when they hold the balance of power they play into the hands of another body of men professing other principles, calling themselves Whigs, and notoriously to divide the spoils of office.

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